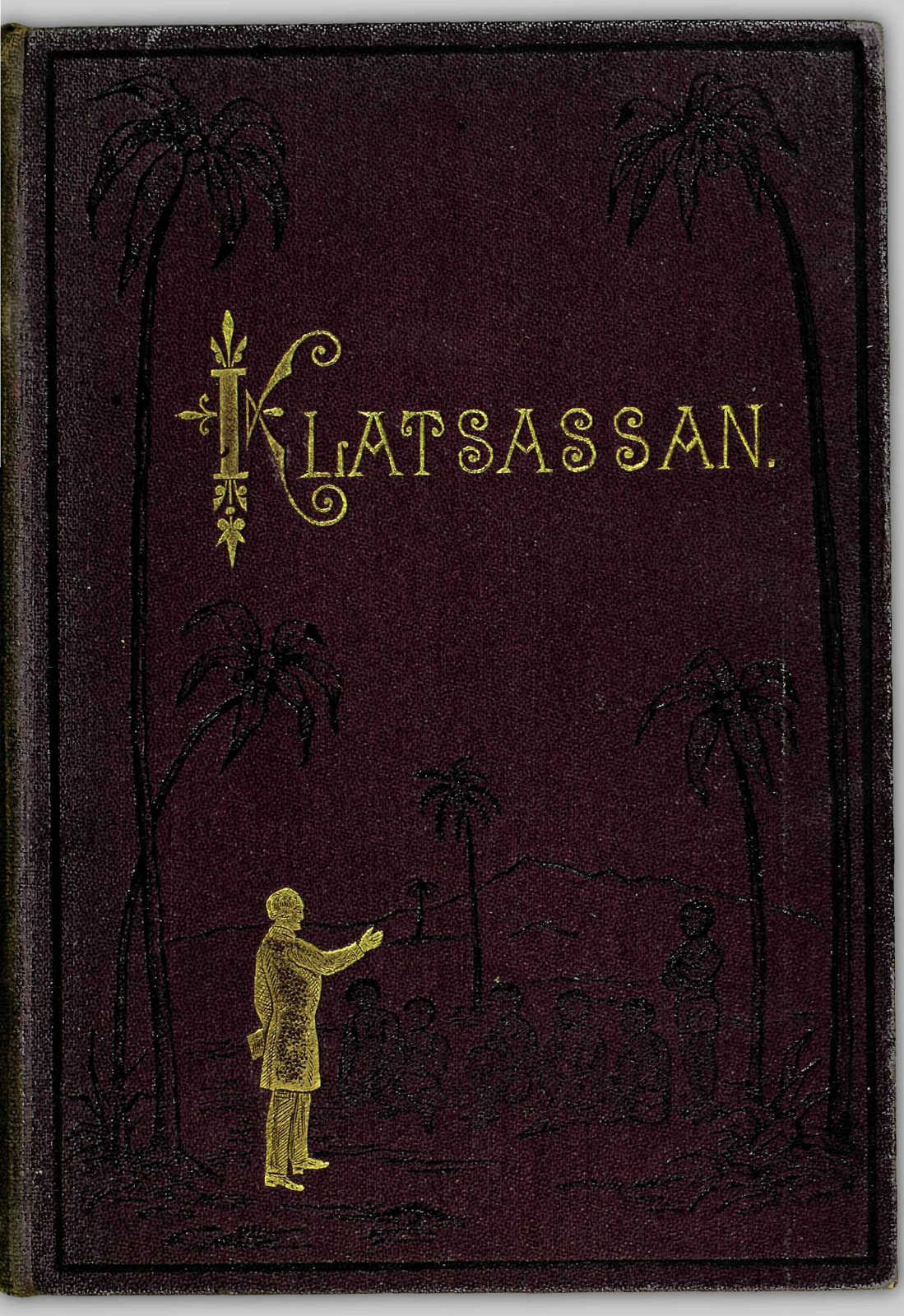
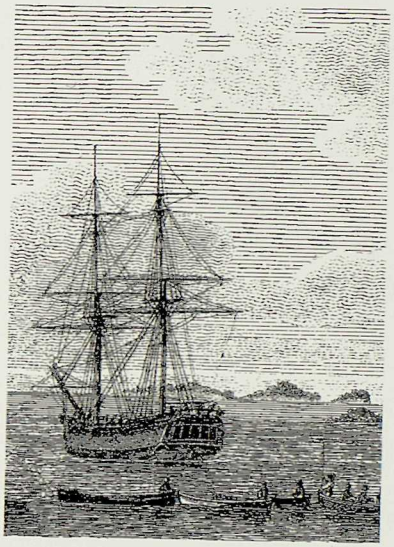
# KLATSASSAN.



The University of British Columbia Library

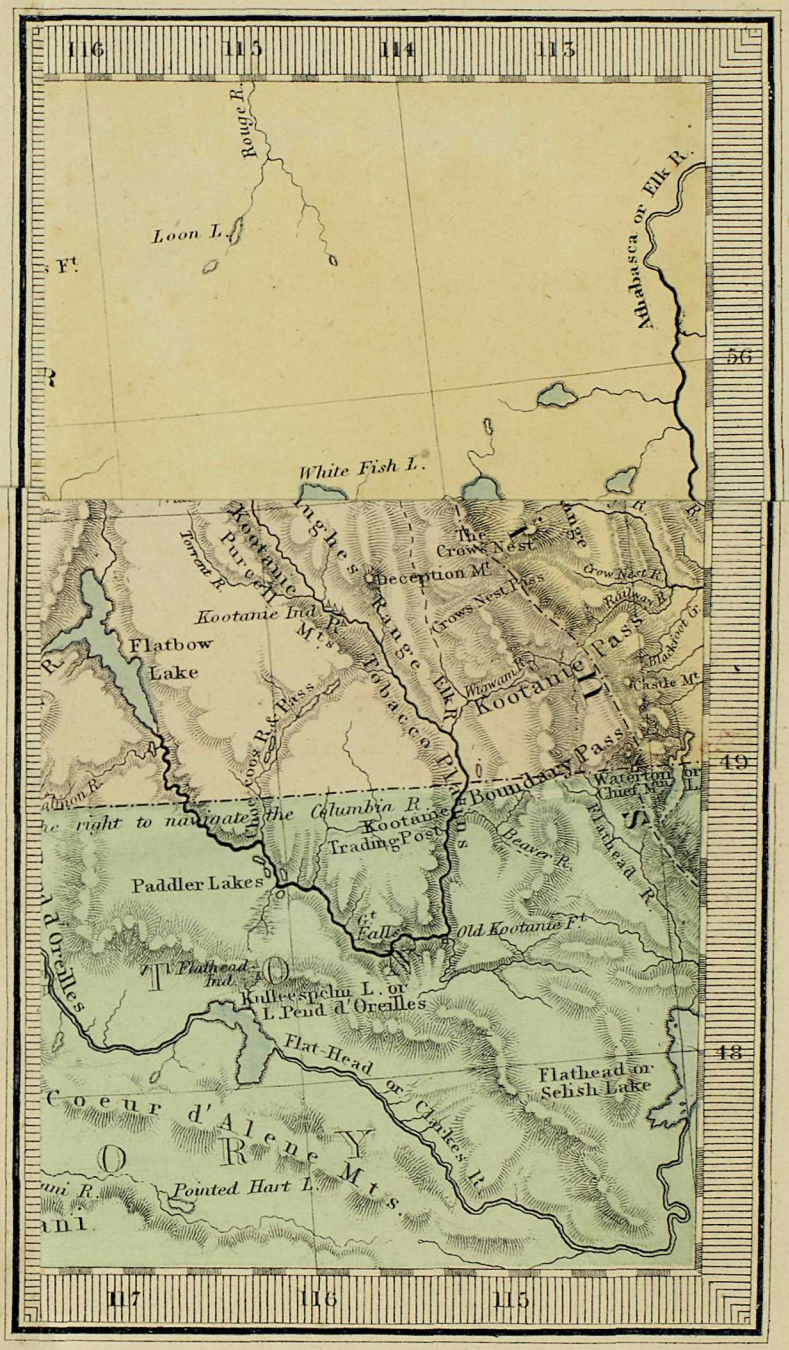
THE
CHUNG
COLLECTION



Sarah Hale
From Mrs Kinchliff
Nov 9th 73

CC661

LONDON:
GILBERT AND RIVINGTON, PRINTERS,
ST. JOHN'S SQUARE.




Drawn and Engraved at Stanford's Geographical Establishment.

Wade.
30-VIII-12.

# KLATSASSAN,

## AND OTHER REMINISCENCES

OF

## MISSIONARY LIFE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

BY THE
REV. R. C. LUNDIN BROWN, M.A.
VICAR OF LYNEAL-CUM-COLMERE, SALOP.

---

PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE TRACT COMMITTEE.

---

LONDON:
SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE;
SOLD AT THE DEPOSITORIES:
77, GREAT QUEEN STREET, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS;
4, ROYAL EXCHANGE; 48, PICCADILLY;
AND BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.
1873.

*Reprinted from the* PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE, LEISURE HOUR, *and other Periodicals.*

# CONTENTS.


PAGE

§ 1. Our First Meeting.

A Sunday at Fort Alexander . . . . . 3
Klatsassan and his Tribe . . . . . 5
Sign of the true Shepherd . . . . . 7

§ 2. A Night by the Homathco.

"You owe us Bread" . . . . . 9
A foolish Word . . . . . 11
A Night of Blood . . . . . 13
The Murder of Brewster . . . . . 15

§ 3. Macdonald's Party.

Departure from the Coast . . . . . 17
Romantic Scenery . . . . . 19
Klymtedza the Squaw . . . . . 21
Klatsassan's Speech . . . . . 23
The Whites threatened . . . . . 25
The Whites entrench themselves . . . . 27
The Attack . . . . . 29
A dead Warrior . . . . . 31
Indian Treatment of Lunacy . . . . . 33
Death of Klymtedza . . . . . 35
Lessons from her Fate . . . . . 37

§ 4. The Story of William Manning.

The Indians conspire to kill Manning . . . 39
Indian Ruffianism . . . . . 41
Feeling against the Whites . . . . . 43

PAGE

§ 5. GOVERNMENT EXPEDITIONS IN PURSUIT OF THE CRIMINALS.

The Colonial Government takes Action . . 45
Gold-Commissioner Cox . . . . . 47
A stiff Rein in a tight Hand . . . . 49
Mr. Cox's Party leave Alexandria . . . 51
They encamp at Puntzeen . . . . 53
Reappearance of Klatsassan . . . . 55
He sends away the Women and Children . . 57
The Volunteers enjoying themselves . . 59

§ 6. ARRIVAL OF THE GOVERNOR.

Bunch-grass of British Columbia . . . 61
A Stampede . . . . . 63
Advance to the Homathco . . . . 65
A Chase . . . . . 67

§ 7. DEATH OF MACLAINE.

The Avenger of Blood . . . . . 69
Maclaine shot by the Indians . . . . 71
Grief at his Death . . . . . 73
An interrupted Conversation . . . . 75

§ 8. RETURN TO PUNTZEEN.

Governor Seymour goes on to Cariboo . . 79

§ 9. KLATSASSAN IN THE WHITE MAN'S CAMP.

The Indians try to make Terms . . . 81
In Captivity . . . . . 83
Indian Manner of Life . . . . . 85
The Salmon of British Columbia . . . 87
Toowaewoot . . . . . 89
Indian Babies . . . . . 91
Klatsassan taken to Quesnelmouth . . . 93

§ 10. TRIED AND SENTENCED.

Chief Justice Begbie . . . . . 95

PAGE

§ 11. PRISONERS OF HOPE.
The Five Condemned Men . . . . . 97
First Visit to the Prisoners . . . . . 99
Instruction . . . . . 101
Baptism . . . . . 105
"God be merciful to me a Sinner" . . . 107
Hours of Darkness . . . . . 109

§ 12. THE LAST NIGHT.
Arrival of the Death-warrant . . . . . 111
Preparations for the Holy Communion . . 113
Conversation about the Future . . . 115
The Divine Purpose for the Land . . . 117

§ 13. THE LAST MORNING.
Holy Communion . . . . . 119
The Message from the Gallows . . . 121

DOWN THE RIVER.

American Humour . . . . . 123
Pandemonium . . . . . 125
The Start . . . . . 127
A Narrow Escape . . . . . 129
Fine River Scenery . . . . . 131
Fate of our Boat . . . . . 133

FROM NEW WESTMINSTER TO LILLOOET.

Gigantic Pines . . . . . 137
Taking the Mails up the Harrison . . . . 139
The Fraser . . . . . 141
Lillooet . . . . . 143

KENADQUA.

The Flower by the "Flower of Waters" . . . 147
Sold to a White Scoundrel . . . . . 149

PAGE
Redemption . . . . . 151
Obedience . . . . . 153
Deliverance . . . . . 155

THE CRY TO THE UNKNOWN GOD.

A frightful Scene . . . . . 157
The unknown God declared . . . . . 159
A Small-pox Visitation . . . . . 161
The Living in the Arms of the Dead . . . . . 163
"The Eyes of the Blind shall see" . . . . . 165

LIGHT IN DARKNESS . . . . . 167

MY MAN CHENTA . . . . . 171

AN INDIAN MEDICINE-MAN . . . . . 177

A SUNDAY IN CARIBOO . . . . . 181
An Uncivil Greeting . . . . . 183
Sunday Services . . . . . 185
No Congregation . . . . . 187
A Gospel Sermon . . . . . 189
The Valley in Flames . . . . . 191
The Illuminated . . . . . 193
"Faithful among the Faithless" . . . . 195
Looking-up a Congregation . . . . . 197
Monday Morning . . . . . 199

# KLATSASSAN.

## I.

### OUR FIRST MEETING.

On a lovely autumn day in 1861, I was riding through the "forest primeval" which extends along the left bank of the Upper Fraser River, in British Columbia. My destination was Fort Alexander, where I was to hold service next day, which was Sunday. In the morning I had left William's Lake—that region of ideal loveliness, with its glorious pastures, its superb trout-streams and—its never-to-be-forgotten mosquitoes; and now, having travelled more than forty miles, and seeing no signs of any white men's habitation, I began to feel curious as to where I should pass the night, for darkness was coming on apace. Presently, at some distance off the trail, I noticed a light flittering amongst the trees. Towards this I proceeded, and found it to be the night-fire of an Indian encampment. Two stalwart Indians were sitting by it, who sprang to their feet as I

approached; the rest of the band were asleep in their tents.

I explained who I was, and how I came to be there, and then asked them for something to eat. They were uncommonly gruff and disagreeable, but still had enough of humanity to produce what food they possessed, consisting of some rather dirty dried service-berries. Of these I partook but sparingly, and then, perceiving that my hosts were not much disposed for conversation, I said good-night, and lay down by the camp-fire to sleep. Naturally, I took care to keep half an eye open, not knowing what the Indians might take it into their heads to do; although, in general, I felt tolerably safe amongst Indians. Many a solitary traveller, indeed, has been cut off by them for the sake of his blankets or what coin he might have on him, or to avenge some Redskin. But they rarely touch any one who is known in the country, and whose death would be noticed and avenged; least of all a clergyman, for, like all men, they have a veneration for the office: call it superstition or call it natural religion, the fact is undeniable.

Next morning I reached Fort Alexander. The canoe in which I was paddled across the Fraser River was of the tiniest, and I was

commanded to sit right in the bottom, to prevent her capsizing. The horse was towed behind, and right gallantly did he breast the powerful current. We landed close under the fort.

Fort Alexander is the chief post of the Hudson Bay Company in that district. Without doubt the place has improved in the course of these ten years, but when I saw it, it was a very unimposing edifice indeed, built of logs, and surrounded by a stockade. The agent received me with the hospitality which invariably characterizes the Company's servants in those outlying parts. On the morrow he gathered together for service the whites and half-breeds, every one in short who could understand English or French. After service, the agent told me of a tribe of Indians who were camping in the neighbourhood, and promised after dinner to take me to them. They were the Nicootlem Indians, a branch of the Chilcoatens, a powerful tribe (although, like all the British Columbian Indians, in a state of decadence), whose fishing-grounds extended over the vast tract of country which lies between the northern part of the Fraser River and the Gulf of Georgia.

We found them encamped on a hill-side, not far from the fort, commanding a lovely view of

the windings of the river. It is worth mentioning, as showing how the love of scenery exists even in savage breasts, where there may be little else that is noble in sentiment or refined in taste, that the Indians always choose the most romantic spots in the country for their camping-grounds. Assuredly the appearance of those Chilcoaten Indians was little in keeping with the beauty of the scene. A set of men and women more squalid and repulsive I have rarely beheld. Dark faces, with big mouths, high cheek-bones, ferocious black eyes, narrow foreheads, long tangled hair black as night; their thin and sinewy frames with little on them save dirt and a piece of blanket or a deer-skin: no, their appearance was not prepossessing. And yet wherever there is a human face, however disfigured by sin, is there not a human mind which can apprehend God's truth, and a human heart which is in need of it? And as those Indians, when my companion explained to them who I was, were willing to hear me, I proceeded to speak to them the message of salvation. My words had to pass through more than one medium before reaching their ears. Spoken in French, they were first translated into Chinook, which is, as the reader is probably aware, the jargon

used on both sides of the Rocky Mountains for communication between whites and Indians; then, finally, they were given in the vernacular of the Chilcoatens. The savages were gathered round me in that attitude of deep attention which marks an Indian audience. One appeared more attentive even than the rest. Sitting a little in front of the group, his knees drawn up, his elbows resting on his knees, and his chin socketed on his hands, this Indian kept his eyes fixed upon me. His was a striking face; the great under-jaw betokened strong power of will; the eyes, which were not black, like most Indians', but of a very dark blue, and full of a strange, it might be a dangerous, light, were keen and searching. He never took them off the speaker, but seemed to be perusing with them my inmost soul, as if he meant to ascertain not only whether I spoke true, but whether I believed in my heart what I said. When the service was over, this man came up to me, and without a word proceeded to fumble in my breast. I hardly relished this, but I merely asked what he wanted. Upon this he pulled out of his bosom a crucifix, which was tied round his neck. He said he wanted to see whether I wore one. He wanted in fact to see whether I had what he had been

taught to recognize as the mark of the true priest.

For I was not, it appeared, the first to preach Christianity to his tribe. Some twenty years previously, certain Roman Catholic missionaries had crossed over from Canada into British Columbia, and with their wonted zeal had preached to the natives. Probably from want of time, they did not teach them very much of religion, but what they did teach had been received with ardour and retained with amazing fidelity. They had baptized many Indians of all tribes, had taught them something about Jesus Christ and the Virgin Mary, had also given them a notion of the sacraments. They had given them a form of prayer to be used night and morning: and so faithfully had the Indians adhered to this, that go where you would in British Columbia, you would find Indian tribes assemble, daily, to say their matins and their evensong, herein putting to the blush the presumedly civilized and Christian miners who could live without worship, not only on weekdays but on Sundays too. Those missionaries had, it appeared, given the Indians as a token whereby they should distinguish the true shepherd, the Roman priest, from the devouring wolf, him of the Anglican

KLATSASSAN.—CHILHOSELTZ, A CHIEF.

faith, this sign, the wearing of a crucifix. This is what the Indian was in quest of when he thus unceremoniously fingered my waistcoat. I had *no* crucifix, I was accordingly in danger of rejection as a false priest. I told him, however, that I was a "King George" or English priest, not exactly like those he knew about: and that the King George priest wore no crucifix about his neck, but carried it inside his heart. I need hardly say that by this answer I did not intend to teach that the Roman priest had *not* the cross in his heart as well as in his bosom. The Roman missionary may have the crucifix in his heart as much as we Anglicans. In self-crucifixion and self-abnegation he often excels us: pity 'tis that he is so prone at the same time to self-glorification, and flaunts his sacrifices before our eyes! Such at least is my experience of him.

The Indian seemed satisfied with my answer. We shook hands and parted. I inquired who he was. His name was Klatsassan. He was a great man amongst the Indians. Indeed, although not hereditary chieftain, he was looked upon as their chief by all the Chilcoatens. His physical strength, his power of will, his courage, his unscrupulousness, had won him this pre-eminence. He was the terror of the

foes of his tribe, and by his clansmen, too, rather dreaded than loved. The little children would peep in through the holes in his tent, to catch a sight of the terrible chief, and run away crying with fright. Such was Klatsassan: and such the occasion of our first meeting.

## II.

## A NIGHT BY THE HOMATHCO.

It was on the 5th of May, 1864, that news reached Victoria, Vancouver Island, of a fearful massacre perpetrated on the mainland—the coast of British Columbia—by Indians of the Chilcoaten tribe. The bearer of this distressing and alarming intelligence was Mr. Frederick Whymper, an artist whose account of his travels, since published, has interested and delighted the public. The victims of Indian ferocity were a party of road-makers who had gone over from the island to construct a waggon-road from the coast, at Bute Inlet, to the interior. There were seventeen of them, and of this number fourteen had been killed, two of the survivors being wounded, and one alone escaping unhurt. Among the killed was Brewster, the foreman of the party. The scene of this disaster was the Homathco River,

about forty miles from Bute Inlet. The following were the circumstances which led to it.

In the autumn of the preceding year, a party who had gone to Bute Inlet to survey for the new road, left there on their departure some twenty-five sacks of flour in a log-house in charge of an Indian named Chesuss, one of the Chilcoaten tribe. Chesuss, however, appears to have left the neighbourhood, and, during his absence, another tribe passing that way, had broken into the log-house and stolen the flour. When, in the spring of 1864, our people returned to Bute Inlet, finding their flour gone, and no Indian near the place, they naturally caused inquiry to be made far and near. At last they got hold of some Chilcoaten Indians, and asked them what had become of the flour. The Indians were surly, and would say nothing. At length one of them said, "You are in our country; you owe us bread."

On this the man in charge (it is needless to mention his name, he did not act with wisdom), began to take down, from the mouth of the interpreter, the names of all the Indians present. When he had finished, he asked if they knew what he had done. They said, "No." "I have taken down your names,"

he told them, "because you would not tell me who stole the flour." At this the Indians looked frightened, and he went on: "All the Chilcoatens are going to die. We shall send sickness into the country, which will kill them all." A foolish word, lightly spoken, but one which was to be dearly expiated.

The Indians were much alarmed and distressed by these proceedings. They have, be it observed, a very special horror of having their names written down. They look upon paper as a very awful thing, they tremble to see the working of a pen. Writing is, they imagine, a dread mystery. By it the mighty whites seem to carry on intercourse with unseen powers. When they are writing, there's no telling what they may be doing. They may be bidding a pestilence come over the land, or ordering the rain to stay in the west, or giving directions for the salmon to remain in the ocean. Especially is the Indian appalled when he sees his own *name* put on paper. To him the name is not distinct from the person who owns it. If his name is written down, he is written down: if his name is passed over to the demons which people his hierarchy, he is sure to be bewitched and given as a prey into the teeth of his invisible foes. So when those

Chilcoatens saw their names taken down and heard themselves threatened with disease, they were only too ready to believe the threat. They talked about it a great deal among themselves. They recollected that something of the same sort had been said by another white man two years before, at a place called Puntzeen, in the interior; he had said small-pox was coming, and in the winter of 1862-63 it had come—ay, and carried off the best part of whole tribes. Had not the Shuschwaps lost many of their warriors? and the Indians who lived away at Lillooet, on the great river, as many as two-thirds of their whole tribe? It was only too likely that those awful whites would fulfil their threat, and send the foulest of all the diseases which ever came forth from the jaws of hell, to sweep their tribes away into everlasting night.

It was not long before the news of this threat reached the ears of Klatsassan. On hearing it the chief at once formed his resolution. He would kill off the whites before they should have time to carry their threat into execution, or send small-pox to destroy the Indians. He accordingly called a council of the Chilcoatens, to consult as to the best way of exterminating the whites. They simply

agreed to kill all they could lay their hands on. They were to begin with the party of men engaged on the new road. Accordingly, on the night appointed, the Indians met near the white men's tents. First Klatsassan gave out to his comrades, that whatever Indians were in the tents of the whites must be called home. One of them was Chiddeki or George, long a faithful servant of the whites. This George was asleep in the tent of some of the road-party, whose servant he was. Thither his father-in-law, Taloot, was sent to fetch him. Taloot quietly raising the tent-door, looked in, and seeing George lying there, awoke him, and said in a whisper, "Why sleep you so long, Chiddeki? Rise up, Klatsassan wants you." On this George got up, and putting on only a blanket, for he thought something wrong was afoot, went after Taloot. As soon as he was brought into Klatsassan's tent, the chief caught hold of him, and made him sit beside him. "Have you a good heart towards the whites," he asked him, "or the contrary?" "My heart is good towards the whites," said George; "they have given me money and food these three years." Klatsassan looked hard at him, and said, "I am going to kill all the whites. You know they have

killed most of our men with small-pox, and they have taken our names on paper to kill us next. Will you join us against the enemies of Owhalmewha? Will you help us to wipe them out of the land?" Chiddeki sat for some time in silence. The chief then said, "If you will not go with us, go back to your masters, and we shall do to you as we do to them."

Then Chiddeki was frightened, and engaged to do whatever Klatsassan desired. Every thing being now ready, the chief proposed they should say their morning prayer. This they did, but *sotto voce,* lest they should awaken their victims. (The history of civilized nations acquaints us, I believe, with similar consecrations of deeds of butchery.) Matins ended, they sallied forth, innocent of apparel and black with war-paint, on their blood-thirsty enterprise. Armed with guns and axes, they stealthily approached to where the road-makers' tents, to the number of seven, stood silent and white in the grey of the morning. Close beside flowed the dark stream of the Homathco, and the only sound that broke the stillness was the noise of its waters, as they strove with the rocks and boulders which obstructed their course.

The whites, two or three in a tent, were still sleeping the heavy sleep of hard-working men;

for indeed road-making in a rough new country is no light work. But their hour was come. In an instant their tent-poles were cut down with axes; the tents fell on them; and as the unhappy men, in the confusion of waking, feebly endeavoured to disentangle themselves from the folds of the canvas, they were brutally butchered. Some were killed by blows on the head with axes, others, who contrived to escape from the tent-folds, were shot down as they ran. The surprise was so complete that resistance was impossible. And besides, even if there had been time to use them, weapons there were none; there was but one rifle and one revolver in the whole camp. Unhappily, the foreman Brewster had refused arms for his company when, at Victoria; Mr. Waddington—the originator of this Bute Inlet scheme—had pressed him to take them. No: there was nothing, he thought, to fear from the Indians. The poor foreman paid dearly for his too great confidence, or too great contempt.

The death of Brewster was attended by circumstances of signal atrocity. While the work of murder was going on, Chiddeki had stood aloof,—he alone of all the Indians taking no part in it. When all was over, Klatsassan

came up to him. His countenance, marked by that singular wildness and ferocity which characterize the shedders of blood, might well strike terror into the young Indian as Klatsassan, holding his tomahawk over his head, inquired in a voice of thunder why he had not done anything? George, however, nothing daunted, replied that he was there to prevent any one escaping. Klatsassan appeared only half satisfied by this reply: he did not, however, strike the lad, he commanded him to follow him, and went off accompanied by Chesuss, in search of Brewster, whose tent was some way farther on. Having gone some distance, they came within sight of the tent, and then concealed themselves in the brush near the trail by which they expected him to pass. When he came to within three or four yards of them, one of them fired, but the gun missed fire. Brewster saw it, and with Anglo-Saxon coolness, turning to the place in the brush from which the report came, asked into the bushes why anybody wanted to kill him. To this Chesuss answered from his ambush, "We have killed all the rest, and we will kill you." Hearing this, Brewster ran to a hill close by, and got behind a large rock; the ruffians made after him, fired, and wounded him. Then he

sat down quietly, and asked them to put an end to him at once. Chesuss then shot him dead. The murderers first stripped their victim; then they cut open his body, and took out his heart, and—oh, horrible to relate!—one of them *ate* it. This was Chesuss: probably he thought he would make himself very brave. The other, Klatsassan, declined to share this infernal repast. Ruffian as he was, he was not quite so bad as that. Besides, his ferocious courage needed no such stimulant.

## III.

## MACDONALD'S PARTY.

SCARCELY had the good people of Victoria got over the excitement of the tidings brought by Mr. Whymper of these wholesale murders, than more intelligence reached them of fresh crimes committed by the same Indians in a more distant part of the continent. This time it was a party of miners and packers who were the victims. They had started from Bentinck Arm on the north-west coast of British Columbia, for the gold mines of Cariboo, which they sought to reach by traversing a rough and unknown country, where as yet there was no road, but at the best only a trail or bridle-path. The leader, or captain of the

party, was Alexander Macdonald, a well-known packer. The names of the others were Malcolm Macleod, Peter Macdougall, Barney Johnson, packers; the rest, Charles Farquharson, Clifford Higgins, John Grant, and Frederick Harrison, were miners bent on fortune-hunting in the gold-fields of William's Creek.

The party had forty-two pack-animals, twenty-eight of which were laden with provisions for the mines, valued at about 1000*l.* They left New Aberdeen at the head of Bentinck Arm, on the 17th of May, 1864. For two or three days they proceeded without adventure. The scenery was romantic and varied to a wonderful extent. Perhaps it is hardly to be expected that adventurers in a new country will care much for the beauties of nature. Their life is too much a struggle for existence, and the labours and anxieties of each day are too absorbing. Otherwise, these travellers would have found much to charm them. Now they would cross a fine upland plateau, where the famous bunch-grass of the colony waved in all its luxuriance of verdure, and whence a glorious panorama lay at their feet, of vast undulating plains, and silvery streams, and grand snow-capped mountains closing in the view. Then descending by a

steep and tortuous path—(alas, in those rough down-hill rushes, for the poor mules, with their backs torn by the heavy burdens of three hundredweight!)—they would find at the bottom a delicious valley rich in flowers and shrubs, fragrant with the cotton-wood, and watered by a cool bright mountain-stream. Then the long train would wend upwards, passing round some steep "slide" or mountain-slip, where, ages ago, the rocky mountain had been rent asunder, and part of it had slipped away into the valley beneath: while the remaining rock had gone on crumbling away, under the influence of summer rains and winter frosts, until its fragments now flowed round the mountain like a great mantle of sand, dun-coloured, relieved only by one or two flowers, foxgloves or such like, dotted over the ample garment. Across this slippery sand-mantle, the long mule-train, preceded by the jingling bells of the leader, and stimulated by the shouts and threats of the drivers, would take its weary way, and woe betide the hapless animal who on this elevated and uncertain trail should slip: —its fate was to roll and roll down the precipitous slope, till it was dashed to pieces on the rocky bed of yon river far below.

Nicootlem is a lake seventy-five miles inland

from Bentinck Arm, where this branch of the Chilcoaten Indians had their head-quarters. The chief of the Nicootlems was Anahim, one of the greatest and most dangerous of the enemies of the whites,—but one who unluckily has never been brought to justice. Klatsassan, however, as already stated, was looked upon as chief over all the Chilcoaten Indians; he had certainly most power and influence among them. Now Klatsassan had reached Nicootlem only a day or two before Macdonald's party. He had come expressly to look out for Macdonald, and to stir up the Indians to attack him. His success at the Homathco, miserable and dastardly as it was, had convinced him that the whites were vulnerable, and confirmed him in the delusion that their expulsion from the country might be practicable. On his arrival at Nicootlem, he told Anahim and the rest, of the prize that would so soon be within their reach. Their greed was easily excited by his account of the endless supplies of flour and bacon which would attend a successful raid on Macdonald's train, and they all agreed to seize the first opportunity to destroy the whites, and gain possession of their stores.

On the evening of May 21st, Macdonald's party reached the shore of Lake Nicootlem,

and prepared to camp there that night. They had had a long day of it, and were glad enough, we may be sure, to reach the place of bivouac. No one can realize, who has not felt it, the delight to the worn-out miner or packer of gaining the nightly resting-place. Greatly is this pleasure enhanced, when—as is so frequently the case in British Columbia, where the loveliest and most idyllic spots alternate with scenes of the wildest and most savage grandeur—the place of resting is a choice and enchanting scene. Such was the camp by Lake Nicootlem. Sweet indeed is rest after labour, by so fair a lake, on a fine May evening, in a land where the air is so clear that all the colours of earth and sky stand out in striking brightness. The packers hasten to relieve their mules of their loads; the aparejos[1] and the goods are carefully arranged in order; the liberated beasts roll themselves in the grass. Meanwhile the miners have lighted a goodly fire, having felled in the wood a magnificent back-log of sufficient proportions to see them through the night, and again do duty at the morning meal. Presently the saucepan, with its

[1] Aparejo, the padding used by Mexican packers instead of a pack-saddle. It is easier for the animal, but requires more skill in fixing the packs than a common pack-saddle.

mess of Californian beans, which, having boiled all last night, may be supposed to want only a small amount of additional cooking, is placed on the fire, from which also the coffee-pot, supplied with water from the stream which joins the lake hard by, and the frying pan—inseparable *vade-mecum* of miners—may be heard discoursing music grateful to the ears of hungry men.

In giving above the names of Macdonald's party, one person was omitted from the list. When I say that the person in question was a young Indian woman, who was in fact the squaw of one of the packers, the reader will perhaps consider an apology due for her introduction here. The truth of my narration, however, compels the mention of this woman.

Months before, in a distant part of the country, the packer had found her in her parents' tent. Her father was at once needy and greedy, and easily gave ear to the packer's nefarious proposals. Klymtedza had left the Indian camp to be his favoured slave. The packer was kind, and Klymtedza was happy. She had good food and fine clothes. She was attached to her master, and she knew not, poor child—how should she? no one had ever let her know—that she did wrong. She

sinned in ignorance; but, alas! such sins too have their punishment.

Klymtedza's parents were of the Nicootlem tribe, and at the moment of her arrival with the train on the one side of the lake, her relatives were encamped on the other. Accordingly, as night fell, she stole away from the whites, to go to see her people. She was eagerly welcomed by her friends, who praised her improved appearance and wondered at her apparel. When she arrived the men were sitting in council, and Klatsassan was delivering himself of a harangue on the duty of exterminating the whites. The coming of Klymtedza furnished a new argument. "Chilhowhoaz," said he, "see, your daughter. You ought to have shame for letting her leave you—not good Indian, you! far worse, those pale devils who have taken her; for—do you not know it?—Klymtedza is lost. You think not. I tell you she is. It is true she is fat and well-looking—more than if she had stayed with you. She wears a gown now, instead of, as before, a blanket or a deerskin; she has on shoes instead of mocassins, her hair is combed and well greased. But, chief, she is no longer *good*—not as a Red man's wife is good. The Great Father's heart is against the white men. The whites are bad.

Indian women should not live with them. Attend to me! A few years from now, the man she lives with will leave her, and then what will become of her? She can never be an Indian's wife afterwards. No; she will become a bad thing, or, perhaps (best thing she can do), will use rope (i. e. hang herself). This is what happens to all white men's squaws. They die. Our families consume away. We are all dying off together. The whites want to destroy us. They have ruined our families. They have taken our country from us. They have built their stone houses and towns. They have put their fire-vomiting steamboats on our lakes and rivers, and frightened away the salmon. They have set their vile ploughs in our sacred soil. They are going to take every thing, and destroy us. Yes, chiefs, believe me, these palefaces want to kill every redskin in the land. Shall we let them? No; we must kill them off first. And let us begin with those over yonder." So saying, he pointed across the lake to where Macdonald's camp-fire shone forth in the now fast-falling darkness. Klymtedza was not long in discovering that the Indians had determined to capture the mule-train. Indians can never keep a secret from one of their own tribe, else

prudence would have suggested to the Nicootlems to keep their own counsel. But no; it all came out. Their plan was to attack the whites the very next day. As soon as she ascertained this, Klymtedza was anxious to get back to Macdonald's camp, and took an early opportunity of saying good night. As she was leaving, the probability of her making known their plan flashed on Klatsassan's mind. He took her by the arm, and fixing on her a look which made her tremble, said, "Have a care, daughter; see you don't betray us to the palefaces. If you give them a single hint of our intentions, and they change their course in consequence, they shall die all the same, and you with them."

The girl eagerly promised to say nothing, and so left. But on reaching the packers' camp, the first thing she did was to divulge the whole. "The Indians," she said, "had gone on the war-trail against the King George-men, and wanted to kill every white man in the land." They might lay their account with being attacked next day. She advised them to abandon their train and provisions, and to make their escape on horseback to the coast. On hearing this, the men were divided. Some thought the whole a vain alarm. The idea of

Indians attacking a party of eight white men! Such a thing was inconceivable. These men urged their comrades not to allow themselves to be influenced by the fears of a weak girl, but hold on their course. The rest of the party thought the danger more serious. They recalled the recent news from Bute Inlet, and could not but feel that there might be ground for alarm. "These Indians, living in this remote place, must (thought they) be in total ignorance of the power of the whites, and may actually imagine that they can make war with us. Their success at Bute Inlet has filled them with the notion that they can cut us off; and from what the girl says they seem determined to try. And it is by no means so certain that if they were to attack us we might not get the worst of it. Were they to fire on us as we defiled through a wood, or skirted some hill-side, they might knock us off our saddles before we could return a shot." "I guess," said one of them, who had been in California, "I guess in this fix, discretion would appear to be the better part of valour. We'd better do as the girl says, *and make tracks* for the coast, and look for better luck next time."

But in vain did this miner, and one or two more who took this view, endeavour to argue

the others over to their opinion. The packers, especially, were unwilling to leave their provisions in the hands of their enemies without the least attempt to save them. At length a middle course was agreed upon. They resolved to move to a hill commanding the neighbourhood. Here they dug a pit breast-deep, in which they placed their goods and aparejos, and then occupied it. Klymtedza seemed pleased with this arrangement. She said, "Klosh (good); if we stop here we are safe."

Here they remained accordingly for two days, the Indians the meanwhile watching them closely from their camp. It was no slight trial for men of energy to continue for two days in voluntary imprisonment, and on the third day Macdonald's patience became fairly exhausted. Calling an Indian to the foot of the knoll, he asked him what they wanted? The Indian replied, with the most nonchalant air, "We want nothing. You can go on." Macdonald himself was very anxious to go forward, but he vainly endeavoured to persuade the opposite party. Yet all were anxious to take some steps, feeling very tired of their rifle-pit, in which they were wretchedly cramped and uncomfortable. So it was pro-

posed that they should return to Nicootlem, and take up their quarters in an Indian stockade, which was near the lake. This plan was strongly opposed by the squaw. "No!" said she, "that plan is bad; if you go from here at all, go on horseback, and straight to the coast. Don't move a step with the train. If you do, you will certainly be shot. Nevertheless," she added, "if you go, I go also; you will die, I die with you."

At last they determined to make straight for the coast. One thing, however, they would not consent to do, viz. leave their train. All Klymtedza's eloquence could not prevail on them to do that. Unluckily this unwillingness to part with their property was to cost some of them their *lives*.

As they were now proceeding to get ready, they found that two of the pack-animals were missing, and the two bell-boys were sent out in quest of them, to one of whom a gun was given. These boys searched far and near, but saw no traces of the animals; and as they were trying to find their way back, the Indians caught them. They were brought before Klatsassan. Now, one of these, Tom by name (whose evidence subsequently was of importance in the trial), belonged to Klatsassan,

having been taken by him in a fight with a neighbouring tribe. That he was working with the whites was only by sufferance of Klatsassan, who, it was reported, pocketed all the earnings of his slave. When the boys came, the chief told them that he was going to kill all the whites. Tom and his companion were plucky enough to express disapproval of this. The whites had been good to him, Tom said; he didn't see why they should be killed. Upon this Klatsassan drew a revolver (no doubt part of the Bute Inlet booty), and pointing it at Tom, threatened to shoot him, unless he agreed to go along with them. Tom promised to go, and so did the other lad, but with the full determination to slip away on the first opportunity. No opportunity, however, was to occur.

Klatsassan then gave orders to two Indians to keep their eyes on the lads, and if they tried to run away they were to shoot them on the spot. This done, the whole band of Indians moved on to the vicinity of the white men's camp, and concealed themselves near the trail by which the returning train must pass; for the boys had inadvertently disclosed to them the decision of the party to return to the coast.

By this time Macdonald and his party, despairing of the return of the bell-boys, had finished up their packing, and set off without them. Instead of taking the squaw's excellent advice, and "making tracks" as fast as they could without their packages for the coast, they took everything with them, and moved slowly and noisily, with their great pack-train, towards the spot where their deadly enemies lay concealed.

As they approached, they were met with a volley from both sides of the trail. Instantly one fell dead, Clifford Higgins by name. Macdougall, the packer, also fell mortally wounded; Klatsassan, rushing from his ambush, shot him dead. As for Macdonald, his horse was shot under him; he quickly mounted another, but this also was shot. Then he got up and ran for his life with two Indians (Klatsassan and another named Yahoonklis) in pursuit. Yahoonklis, being swift of foot, gained on Macdonald. He fired, and Macdonald fell wounded; then Yahoonklis ran up to finish him. But the wounded man drew his revolver, and shot the Indian through the heart. The next moment Macdonald himself lay dead, shot by another of the assailants.

Of the party five escaped. One of them,

being hotly pursued, ran a long way till he came to a lake surrounded by tall brush-wood. Finding himself for a moment out of sight of his pursuers, he took off his wide-awake, and flung it on the water, whilst he plunged into the thickest of the brush. The Indian coming up and seeing the hat floating there, concluded that this man was drowned, and gave up the pursuit.

On the scene of the fray lay the body of Yahoonklis. Rigid in death was the tall sinewy frame: soiled with dust were the hawk's feathers around his head. His dusky face, rendered more hideous by the black war-paint, looked stern and grim in the grip of death. A large brass ring hung from his nose. Thus he was found by his two brothers. Approaching the body with a mournful dirge, they carefully wrapt the warrior in his blanket, and buried him in the sand close by.

But Yahoonklis' remains were not suffered to repose in peace. White men travelling there a few weeks later came upon a ghastly and revolting spectacle. In the middle of the trail sat a dusky corpse, as of some powerful Indian. The head was surmounted with a wreath of soiled hawk's feathers. From the nose depended a huge brass ring; and in the

mouth—oh, ruthless mockery!—had been stuck a clay pipe. It was the remains of poor Yahoonklis.

The outrage happened in this way. In the first instance the grave had been probably disturbed by wolves, which had dragged the corpse as far as the trail. They seem to have been interrupted in their proceedings, for they left the body there. It was found by an Indian of the Bella Coola tribe sitting on the road, in the same squatting attitude it had been accustomed to when alive. The Bella Coolas are deadly foes of the Chilcoatens; and, so fierce is the animosity of the savage breast, that death itself does not terminate their hate. Instead of decently burying his enemy, this Bella Coolan barbarian thought that he would insult him, and make contemptible, being dead, him whom living he would probably have trembled to meet. And so the scoundrel placed the pipe between the dead man's teeth, and left him there, surely as hideous a sight as any traveller in desert places ever chanced upon.

This incident will serve to illustrate the darker side of savage nature. Is it too much to say, that such a deed could hardly have been done by a civilized man, however low he might have fallen? There are some things

with regard to which civilization leaves a residuum of feeling, even in those who have lost many traces of her influence, and one of these is reverence for the dead. A man must have become "rough" indeed to have lost this feeling. I have known men who could treat the remains of their fellow-creatures with neglect, but hardly can I conceive any one but a savage manifesting such an utter wantonness of insolence towards the body of his deadliest foe, as that Bella Coolan brute showed to the dust of the Nicootlem warrior.

The fate of the two brothers of Yahoonklis is not without interest as illustrating other phases of Indian character. The younger of them, Niko, had been long an enemy of the whites, and had often urged upon his tribe the necessity of exterminating them. He had accordingly lent a willing ear to Klatsassan when he came to Nicootlem to instigate the tribe to attack the mule-train, and aided his efforts. The elder brother, whose name was Chinanihim, grieved at heart for the misery occasioned to their home by the death of its head (for the dead warrior was the eldest of the three), now severely censured Niko for his bad advice, loading him with reproaches, as the occasion of the ruin that had come on

them. Finally, he said that as he had caused his brother's death, he must die too; so saying, he shot him dead on the spot. And now Chinanihim, become the sole survivor of his family, was seized with remorse at what he had done. The loss of his two brothers, and the reflection that he had with his own hand killed one of them, whose fault, now that he was no more, appeared more venial, and whose bad counsel was now felt to have at least been dictated by good and patriotic motives—these thoughts so weighed on his mind that he lost his reason. He would go by day and by night howling through the forest, till the trees and rocks re-echoed his wild complaints; or sometimes he would rave furiously about the Indians' camp, exclaiming with alternate sobs and execrations that Red Indianism was for ever destroyed, and that the whites would come to avenge the murdered men, and kill their wives and their little ones. He had a sister in the camp, and she, seeing his condition, asked her husband to put an end to his life. "For," said she, "do you not see how he is making the hearts of the warriors little with his dark forebodings, and terrifying the children with his frightful cries? Besides," she added, "he has lost his head; he is not fit

to live." The Indian, who knew of no better treatment for lunacy than that which his wife suggested, complied with her request, and slew his brother-in-law. There was thus an end of all the brothers. All this took place on the day following the attack.

The reader will wish to know what became of Klymtedza, the poor Indian girl who had been so faithful to those who had proved but poor friends to her. She died a violent death. This is all the narrative tells us. The probability is that the Indians discovered that she had betrayed them, and simply put her to death for it. On the other hand it is quite possible she may have put an end to her own life. For with the Red Indians suicide is no rare occurrence, and the number of young women, especially, who put an end to their life by hanging themselves is incredible. The occasion is often contemptibly trivial. The following case came under my observation.

The scene is an Indian camp near the Fraser River. An Indian squaw, who had been to all appearance well and happy all day, wakes up in the dead of night, and her mother, on waking, finds her weeping; she asks her why she weeps, but receives no answer. Presently the girl rises, and leaves the tent, and goes out

into the pitch-dark night; father and mother follow; they call to her to come back; no answer; they search for her everywhere—in vain: at length day breaks, and then the hideous truth is discovered; their daughter has hanged herself. At a tree quite near, with a rope round her neck, tied to a low branch, her feet on the ground, there she stands, leaning against the tree, cold and dead. And what had made her do so desperate a deed? Simply this: her husband had gone to a feast the day before, and had refused to let her go. She had hung herself in a pet!

It would, then, be nothing surprising if Klymtedza's death had come from her own hand. The fact that she had lost, by the hand of her own people, the man she had looked upon as her husband, was trying enough, and the feeling that she was cast out by her own tribe, whom she had betrayed, and forsaken by all the whites, a stranger in her own land, would be sufficiently depressing to account for any deed of madness which an uninstructed, undisciplined, savage child, who believed in Destiny and in the Devil, but knew nothing of a Father, might take it into her brain to perpetrate. But whether she actually did this

thing, or whether she died by the hand of others, I cannot say. Enough, she died, and this sad and dark history of the swift extinction of a life which either might have blessed an honest Indian's tent, or, if taken betimes and educated in sound Christian knowledge, might have proved a blessing and a civilizing influence to many of her people, may well teach a lesson to all men, whether white their skin or red, who reading backwards the Christian law—*self*-sacrifice, sacrifice others *for* themselves. The Christian Church, too, ought surely to be more active in its efforts and more bounteous in its offerings to reclaim those daughters of the borderlands of the world, and save them for Christ and for the Future, ere all be swept away through the advance of a Christless civilization, or through the evil passions of unscrupulous men, or through "their own carnal will or frailty."

## IV.

## THE STORY OF WILLIAM MANNING.

THE next victim of the Indians was a settler at Puntzeen named William Manning. Puntzeen is the name of a lake situated at the junction of three trails, one coming from the coast at Bentinck Arm, one from the coast at

Bute Inlet, and one from the Fraser River. It lies in lat. 52° 12′ 10″, long. 120° 2′, 140 miles from Bentinck Arm, 130 from Bute Inlet, and 90 from Fort Alexander on the Fraser River. It is a lovely spot, and was for ages a favourite Indian camping-ground. Its lake and streams were full of fish and the surrounding forest of game. Between the woods and the water, was an extensive space of clear land, inviting to the settler. Passing by this way eastward from the coast, some years before, Manning had cast his eyes upon the spot, and considered that, as the land was a goodly land, he would take up his abode there. So he pitched his tent and enclosed a bit of garden along by the bright clear lake; the ground was found to yield an abundant crop, and as years rolled on, Manning replaced his tent by a good substantial log-house; he extended his garden, and cleared more land; he procured a plough, and turned up the rich virgin soil, and the yellow corn waved by the bank of that far-off lake. Manning had always been on good terms with the Chilcoaten Indians. They readily worked for him and he liberally rewarded them. He frequently made them presents of bread or of vegetables, and one winter, when they were excessively

hard up, and well-nigh starving, he almost entirely supported them.

But notwithstanding all this, the Indians now determined to destroy poor Manning. They had always felt a certain grudge against him for having settled in Puntzeen, and taken from them so old and favourite a camping-ground. Such a crime, they thought, nothing could atone for. To their minds it vitiated all his actions; his kindness appeared mere selfishness, and all his generosity only a bribe to induce them to part unmurmuringly with the immemorial inheritance of their fathers. It was Anahim, this time, not Klatsassan, who planned the deed of blood. Anahim was, however, too great a coward to do the work himself. He accordingly seized on one of his tribe named Tapeet, and ordered him to kill poor Manning. Tapeet was very averse to this (if his own account of the matter is to be believed), but he could not help himself. As for Manning, he was about his work on his farm, suspecting nothing. He had, indeed, had his fears, after hearing of the other murders, and had done what he could to prepare himself against an attack. But the Indians, who were afraid of the man, had resorted to stratagem to put him off his guard.

They sent a squaw to fetch a woman known as Nancy, who stayed in Manning's house, and sent word back by her that they were all going away to Alexandria to trade, and Manning need not be afraid. The man was thus thrown off his guard. Meanwhile Nancy took his arms and hid them, and then went off to tell the Indians they might venture to attack him. It was the general opinion that but for this woman the Indians would never have killed poor Manning.

One morning in May, Anahim and Tapeet came up to Manning's together. They met him in his garden, and said, "Klahowya,—how are you," shaking hands, and after a brief conversation, Manning turned to go in. Then Tapeet shot him in the back, and he fell, quite dead. Tapeet then sat down, and covering his face with his blanket wept long and loud. Manning had been a good friend to him, he sobbed out, and it was a shame to make him shoot him. Shame or not, he was to die for it, whilst the other greater villain unfortunately escaped. Tapeet, I believe, never entered the house, nor did he take a pennyworth of the spoil.

Anahim then, calling the other Indians, proceeded to loot the dead man's house. They appropriated all the flour and other edibles

they could find, and destroyed everything else; after which they burnt the house. They then proceeded to devastate the garden and field—the plough and other implements of agriculture they wantonly destroyed. Then, returning to where the dead man lay, they proceeded to indulge their natural ferocity by outraging his remains, battering in the head and cutting the body in a horrible manner; finally, they flung it, or as much of it as still hung together, into the bed of a small stream, and then threw on it, for concealment, roots of trees—roots which had been dug out by the hand of the murdered man as he had cleared his land for the plough.

This was the last of the crimes committed by the Chilcoatens at this time. On the evening of the murder, Klatsassan, who, for some reason or other, had not taken part in this affair, again appeared, and made his men take up a position on an adjoining hill. The hill was thickly wooded, and the Indians, themselves unseen, could from it keep an out-look on the three trails converging at Puntzeen.

There was great rejoicing among them that night at the death of the man they feared, and little regret for the man who had given them flour and potatoes. There was also much

feasting on the spoil they had stolen. As luckily no pire-chuck (whisky) was found on the white man's premises, they had not an opportunity of making themselves mad—for the effect of strong waters upon the savage mind is simply maddening. They quietly smoked their pipes around the camp-fire, and indulged themselves only in strong harangues full of laudations of themselves and of their ancestors, and of denunciations of the whites. In discussing the event of the day, one Indian, more sagacious than the rest, was bold enough to express his disapproval of part of the proceedings. He did not see why Manning's plough need have been destroyed. He had looked on it with admiration almost amounting to adoration, as, moving in the rear of four stout oxen, this wondrous thing had cut its slow but certain way through the most tangled roots and the most closely packed of sod, and prepared, in the primeval soil, a bed for the bread-bearing seed. So he thought they might have spared the instrument and learned to use it themselves. This shrewd Indian, however, was ahead of his age, and no one in the camp agreed with him. The chief, though he had not been present when the plough was hacked to pieces, quite approved of the deed.

He spoke on this occasion somewhat as follows:—"Keoochtan has spoken. The Eye-of-day has declared the Redskins ought to have kept the white man's plough. Not so think Owhalmewha (all men, i. e. all Indians). My children, ye did well to destroy it!" "Well spoken, chief," murmured his hearers. Klatsassan continued. "We do not want the white man's machines, nor do we want to till the soil or sow chappelell (wheat). Our fisheries and hunting-grounds are very good for us. Our way of life, very good for us. It was good for our fathers, it is good for us. We are not better than our fathers, and have no wish to live differently. We want to be let alone to enjoy our country, and our fishing-streams, and hunting-grounds. We don't want these paleskins or their ways. They have no business here. Accursed sons of dogs, why come they to thrust themselves upon our land? They choose our fairest spots—they fence them off—they plough up our sacred soil. We won't have them here, nor their implements, nor anything that belongs to them."

"Their bread, nevertheless, is good, and their bacon not amiss, and I wish we had only a little of their rum, or even their coffee,"

said the other, after the excitement produced by the last speech had somewhat abated.

"Yes, their bread is good, I allow," said the chief, "and so is their coffee, but their hogs are foul beasts, and as to their whisky, it makes our people as mad as devils. You know that no Indian ever killed another tribesman or ran away with his squaw, till the fire-water came. Yes, this is one of their devil's actions, the bringing it among us. Indeed, I don't know anything but ill they have brought us. Now they are going to send small-pox to kill us all. We must be beforehand with them. Let us all keep a sharp look-out from here. We can see all the white men that pass this way from the Great Sea, or from the Homathcò, or from the Sitatqua (Fraser River); whichever way they come we can see them approaching, and we can shoot them from the trees before they even know that we are here. If every Indian does his duty, in my opinion the land will soon be purged of these wretches."

Leaving Klatsassan and his men in their eyrie at Puntzeen, enjoying the fruits of their deeds of butchery, and glorying in the vain dream of exterminating the colonists, we must now follow the steps taken by the Government to apprehend and bring them to justice.

## V.

## GOVERNMENT EXPEDITIONS IN PURSUIT OF THE CRIMINALS.

THE Governor of British Columbia, which was then an independent English colony, the great scheme of Canadian Confederation not having as yet seen the light, was the late Mr. Frederick Seymour, C.B. As soon as news of the outrages described above reached New Westminster, then the seat of Government, it was determined that prompt means should be used to bring the offenders to justice and restore security to the colony. Whether the means used were the wisest, the most practical, may be questioned; when I mention that two expeditions were sent out, that only one accomplished anything, that all it did accomplish was to take half a dozen prisoners, and that these modest results were obtained more by stratagem than anything else, readers may be amused at the Brobdignagian preparations and the Liliputian achievements.

It was thought that the best way to catch the Chilcoaten murderers was to send after them two costly expeditions, which, entering the country at different points, should search for the Indian through the impenetrable forest,

and scour the endless tracts of an unknown country, in quest of men very swift of foot, nowise capturable either by force or fleetness.

One expedition, under the leadership of the late Mr. Brew, police-magistrate of the colony, was to enter the country from the sea-coast at Bentinck Sound, by the way that Macdonald's hapless train had taken.

The other was to start from the Fraser River and pursue a course W. and S.W. This expedition we propose to follow, guided by information derived from no second-hand source. Its history will furnish some interesting notices of colonial and Indian life.

Early in June, Mr. Cox, stipendiary magistrate and gold-commissioner of Quesnelmouth, a flourishing little town on the Upper Fraser, and the principal depôt for the mines of Cariboo (situated about sixty miles distant in a N.E. direction), received instructions to get together a party of volunteers, and go after Klatsassan and his accomplices. No man could have been better selected for the command of such an expedition. Together with great experience of frontier life, he possessed much knowledge of Indian character. Personally endowed with a rare combination of affability and firmness, he was peculiarly well fitted

to command the body of strong-willed and undisciplined miners and backwoodsmen who consented to place themselves under his authority. A man of infinite humour, his very presence made men smile with honest delight, not only from the genial mirth which twinkled in his eye, but in anticipation of the fun which they knew was ready to break from his lips. He possessed the rare power of noting and appropriating the ludicrous phenomena whereof this grave world is full, and pouring them forth deliciously on all who came about him by look and tone and smile, as well as in what he actually said. Such a quality would, of course, make him very popular with his men, and indeed it went far to keep them good-humoured and obedient amid the difficulties and hardships of the expedition.

The instructions Mr. Cox received were to enter the Chilcoaten territory at Alexandria, and travel on until he should meet Mr. Brew's party coming from the coast. He was directed to use every possible means to catch and bring in the murderers. He was to avoid coming into collision with the Indians, who were to be made to understand that the object of the Government was not to make war on them, but simply and solely to apprehend and punish the offenders.

Mr. Cox assembled his men, to the number of fifty, at Alexandria. They consisted chiefly of miners and gold-seekers, out of all nations. A few others there were, who belonged to the estate of gentlemen: retired officers of the army and navy, who had stumbled upon a colony little suited to them. Attracted by the Government grants of land by which a grateful country rewarded their services, they had found the boon a questionable one. For it necessitated their settling amid the solitudes of an immense country, where, with flour sometimes from two shillings to a dollar a pound, and labour from 1*l.* to 2*l.* a day, they had to toil like common labourers at clearing the forest, and making themselves some rude kind of home, for years before they could look for any returns. The recompense would be great, no doubt, when it came, but meanwhile the work was almost more than any man could endure, excepting those accustomed to hard manual labour from their youth. Chances were, long before the harvest of their hopes, they would break down or starve, and selling out at much loss, leave the fruit of their arduous toil for other hands to gather. A hard lot surely, almost unbearable.

A few of those officer-farmers had found their way to Alexandria, and joined the ex-

pedition. I am sorry to say, and this was one of the evils of their mistake, the company they had come to join was not select. They were roughs—"It is a rough country, and the men in it are rougher yet," was a remark I often heard in British Columbia, and never was truer thing said.

Such, then, were some of the general characteristics of the sort of men who joined Mr. Cox's party. Plainly to such men discipline was no welcome thought, if indeed it was an intelligible one; and yet unless their captain could contrive to teach it them, his labour must perforce be in vain. He accordingly determined to show them that, with all his genial kindness, he yet knew how to hold a stiff rein in a tight hand, and so made known to them his first order of the day, which was, that the first man who promoted a quarrel should be discharged, no matter where they were. This decree was likely to ensure peace and quietness, first condition of success and progress in that, as indeed most enterprises. The prospect of being turned out of the camp, perhaps hundreds of miles from a white habitation, into the wilderness to starve, was sure to have a salutary and deterrent influence. Before they had got well clear of Alexandria,

this law had to be put in force. One evening one of the men (who had formerly been a constable in Cariboo) came into camp intoxicated, and drew a revolver and a knife on his comrades. The captain, hearing the noise, came out, and as he saw the swaggering and blatant ruffian brandishing his weapons and threatening to shoot all present, he determined to make an example of him. He bade him decamp that instant, and as the man, already more than half sobered, stood staring at him, the further order was given, that if he did not leave the camp within ten minutes, the men might do whatever they liked to him, and he, Captain Cox, would bear the responsibility. The words had the anticipated effect. The man jumped up and ran off, leaving his blankets in his haste. After this, not an angry word was heard amongst the men during the whole expedition.

The men were armed with the Lancaster rifle,—very unwisely, as it turned out. Of course breech-loaders were hardly in use then, but even the common fowling-piece would have proved a more handy weapon. In Indian warfare quick firing is half the battle, and it happened not unfrequently, that while the rifleman was engaged in adjusting the sight

for the spot where the enemy was first espied, the nimble Indian had materially increased the distance, or even had entirely disappeared.

Thus armed the party set out. They left Alexandria on the 6th of June, taking a westerly direction. They took along with them a pack-train with a month's provisions. On the 10th they gained the river Chilco, sixty-six miles from Alexandria. For the first four days they travelled through a wooded and hilly country. They found an Indian trail, but it was often encumbered with fallen timber. Two axemen had therefore to go in front of the party and clear a path through the logs. Part of the way lay through a burnt forest. Some great fire had swept across the country and turned its greenness into desolation. Nothing could be seen for miles on either hand of the path, but the charred trunks, standing in melancholy crowds—sable ghosts of the monarchs of the wood. Amongst them the wind made a most mournful creaking and clattering with many weird and curious sounds. It was with no small feeling of relief that our party emerged from this forest of the dead, and gained the Chilco river.[2] Nothing could

[2] This river gives its name to the tribe, Chilco-atin,—people of the Chilco.

exceed the beauty of the scene that lay before them, as they descended upon the valley of the Chilco. The clear bright stream gleamed on them, as in joyous welcome. Along its banks stretched meadows clothed with luxuriant herbage, and richly adorned with those countless varieties of wild flowers which form so attractive a feature of the colony. The Chilco was a favourite camping-ground of the Indians; a branch of the Chilcoatens, under a chief named Alexis, had their usual head-quarters there. When our party arrived, however, there was not one to be seen. The Indians, as was afterwards ascertained, had taken fright, and fled. They had heard of the gathering of armed men at Alexandria, and a rumour had arisen that the object of the expedition was the extermination of the natives. So they had all left their homes, and vanished, no one knew whither. This was a great disappointment, for the chief, Alexis, was known to be friendly, and our party had hoped to have had his help in apprehending the men they were in quest of.

Accordingly, finding the Chilco camp deserted, Mr. Cox pushed on to Puntzeen, which he reached in ten days. Here they found the marks of Indian ferocity in the devastation of

the house and property of the unfortunate Manning. After some search they discovered his remains in the bed of the stream where they had been concealed. Mr. Cox held an inquest, when the body was identified by one of the men, after which it was decently buried. Mr. Maclaine (a late factor of the Hudson Bay Company, who had joined the expedition as a volunteer) read the Burial Service.

Mr. Cox had now advanced a considerable distance, upwards of ninety miles, into this *terra incognita,* and he seemed as far from his object as ever. After the funeral of poor Manning, he and Maclaine, and one or two others, discussed by their camp-fire at Puntzeen Lake, the important question of what was to be done next. The natural thing was to follow up the Indians, but how and whither? Which of all the numerous trails diverging from Puntzeen would lead to their camp? "Even if we knew where to go, even if we tracked them to their hiding-place, what," they asked each other, "can we do with them? We cannot attack them, for we are distinctly forbidden to make war on them. Our orders are solely to arrest the murderers, and who is there to point out to us who of any natives we may capture are the murderers?" The only

way out of these difficulties appeared to be to procure an Indian guide, who might both show the way, and point out the criminals. Mr. Cox accordingly determined to make an effort to ascertain where Alexis was, and if possible obtain his assistance. For that purpose Maclaine started, June 13th, with a small party, for the forks of Chilco river, where it is joined by the Chesco, a point about forty-five miles to the s.w. This being a great rendezvous of the Chilcoatens, it was hoped that Alexis would be found there. Mr. Cox was to await their return at Puntzeen.

The afternoon of the day Maclaine left, the party at Puntzeen became aware of the vicinity of the Indians. When last we saw Klatsassan, it will be remembered that he was encamped on the summit of a wooded hill, on the look-out for any unfortunate whites who might pass that way. His position commanded a view of the converging trails, so that, though himself unseen, he could see all who approached. We may imagine the astonishment with which he witnessed the arrival of our party. In his ignorance, he was absolutely unprepared for such a demonstration of power on the part of the whites. His courage did not fail him, but it was, to say the least of it, an anxious hour

for him, as he saw our men defiling round the foot of his hill, and within so short distance of him that he could hear their voices. No eye could better mark the points of a man, and he could easily see that in the matter of *physique* those men were very different from his fellow-countrymen. His eye fell on lithe and stalwart frames, on countenances full of intelligence and self-reliance. A type of character so unlike the Indian, who alone is nothing, however brave he may be at times in company with others, could not fail to strike our chief. He felt they belonged to a race which was destined, wherever they went, to have dominion. "Each man as a king and the son of a king." No, his people never could stand against such as these. All he could do against them he would do, but sooner or later the Redskin (who in fact had been degenerating for generations before the whites came near them) must go down. "Yes, the sun of the Indian race is near its setting. The days of Owhalmewha soon shall pass into eternal night." So thought Klatsassan, and imparted his apprehensions to his tribe, in whose anxious faces, however, he sought in vain—

> "What reinforcement he might gain from hope,
> If not, what resolution from despair."

The manner in which Mr. Cox's men were made aware of the nearness of the Indians was simply this: two of them saw one of their dogs in the wood. On their reporting this to the captain, he sent eight men to the hill, with orders to seize and bring to him any Indians they could catch. Following the tracks of the dog, the men went up towards the Indian camp, when suddenly they were fired upon from amongst the trees. Indians, to the number of six, presently appeared in the wood, and got fired at by our men, though with no particular result in loss of life or limb to any of them. The Indians had dodged behind trees, and reloading, they fired a second time; this time wounding one of the whites. They then darted off, passing swiftly from tree to tree, and were soon lost sight of. Klatsassan, the men said, was of the party. Very probably, we should think. Meanwhile Mr. Cox, hearing the firing, had come out with twenty more men. These dispersing in all directions ranged hither and thither, but did not so much as catch sight of their nimble foes. Some of them passed quite close beneath the Indian camp, as the Indians afterwards declared. For a distance of four miles our men continued the pursuit, but at length they had to return to camp without success.

Klatsassan, now back in his eyrie, saw our men wending homewards; and not without a sense of exultation, for his side had certainly had the best of it. In truth he now felt that the Paleskins were not so dangerous as they had appeared the day before. They were not half so quick as the Indians, and their big rifles seemed far less manageable than the old Hudson Bay muskets his men were armed with, and their bullets hit very wide of the mark. Those big men coming crushing through the bush, could, he thought, easily be evaded by the agile Redskins, with eyes like hawks, and ears like hares, slipping quietly from tree to tree, and ready ever to fire and to flee. So for himself and his men, the chief now felt confident there was no ground for anxiety: and thanks to the trivial success of this first encounter, his apprehensions of the previous day gave way to hope and confidence. At the same time, when he thought of his wives and family—he had two wives and six children—and of the other women and children of the camp—he did confess to himself that the affair had been too close to be altogether pleasant. He was devoted to his family, as indeed Indians invariably are, and knowing nothing of the whites, he could not anticipate what

treatment they would receive at the hands of his enemies. (He need not, of course, have been apprehensive on that score, for the captain of the expedition, who had now absolute control over his men, was the most chivalrous and kind-hearted of mortals.) In any case to let such hostages fall into their enemy's hand, would have been suicidal policy—and Klatsassan was wise in resolving as he did. He determined to abandon his camp, and move to a remote spot where the whites could never find them. Accordingly, very early next day they struck their tents, and prepared to depart. Having rolled up the tents, together with their skins and blankets, having also packed up what rude utensils they possessed, the provisions they had plundered at Manning's, and their own salmon and berries, to those of the squaws who had no babies to carry, they assigned to each her "pack." These bundles were fixed by a strap to the forehead of the bearer, and in the same way the cradled infants were carried by their mothers. The men, *preux chevaliers,* for the most part bore no other burden than their muskets and their hunting-knives. The chief, however, sallied forth with a child perched on each shoulder. And so they defiled in the grey of dawn from their

hill-camp, and passing noiselessly through the wood, went on their way, journeying towards the setting sun.

Klatsassan did not, however, accompany his people to their new and distant quarters. When they were fairly out of danger, he left them to pursue the journey, and returned with a few followers to the neighbourhood of his old camp, to keep watch on the "King George men." Late in the afternoon of the day of their flight, he and his comrades appeared on a hill within sight of the whites, fired a volley of defiance, and then vanished into the wood. Our men wished to give chase, but it was thought better not. Their leader, being in absolute ignorance of the number of the enemy, imagined this a device to lure our men into the wood, where they might be surrounded and shot from behind trees, without a chance to return the fire. He deemed it, accordingly, more prudent to abstain for the time from active hostilities until the arrival of Maclaine with more intelligence of the Indians and possibly with the much-needed guides.

The party were detained at Puntzeen from one cause and another far longer than they anticipated. Indeed, they do not appear to have struck their tents and moved on before

the 7th of July. For men of energy it was no small trial to remain inactive so long. A few, indeed, little heeded what they did or did not do, so long as they had food and good wages and light work. But the majority chafed at the delay. Not that they were altogether without occupation or amusement. On the contrary, scouting parties were sent out every day to scour the country round, always returning, however, without having seen or heard any Indians. Wherever they saw signs of Indian industry, they destroyed them, with a view to forcing the Indians to surrender. Thus they destroyed their fishing-apparatus on the lakes and rivers, and likewise whatever *câches* of provisions they fell in with. At other times, when not engaged on those excursions, the men found plenty of sport in the streams and woods; those teemed with the loveliest trout, and these abounded in blue grouse, and to men whose rations were beans and bacon and flour, fish and game were no contemptible addition to the mess. In those fine summer evenings when the sun went down, they would sit round the log fire (for even in warm weather there is a sharpness about the air in that country at night which makes a fire leasant) and smoke and entertain each other

with yarns out of their previous not uneventful histories; while the sentries posted on the margin of the wood were on the look-out to guard against surprise.

## VI.

## ARRIVAL OF THE GOVERNOR.

Owing to the detention at Puntzeen, the stock of provisions now became exhausted, and a pack-train was accordingly despatched to Alexandria for a fresh supply. A packer known as Missouri Dick was sent in charge of the train. Now, this Dick was by nature a coward; he had, moreover, a very special dread of Indians. His thoughts by night and by day were of mounted Chilcoatens suddenly appearing, or of reports of musketry from the brush. An escort of ten men had been told off to accompany the mule-train as far as the Chilco river. When they left to return to Puntzeen, the men, aware of Dick's weakness, discharged their rifles within ear-shot of him. The packer thought it was the Indians at last. He put spurs to his horse; with vigorous blows he urged on his mules; all set off at a gallop, and never stopped for more than an hour till they reached

their destination. Yet those animals performed this journey of sixty miles on no other provender than the grass of the country. Doubtless fear can inspire man, and, through man, beast, to perform prodigies; but the fact that these animals could have done so much on such feed, illustrates in a curious way the admirable properties of the bunch-grass of British Columbia. It is well known to botanists and to farmers in North America, that the bunch-grass (*elymus condensatus*) of the plateaux in this and adjacent countries has a marvellously nutritious virtue. Pack-animals will work on it better than on oats.

On the 16th of June Maclaine returned from his journey in quest of Alexis. He reported having fallen in with the Indians eighteen miles from Puntzeen. At first the Indians seemed inclined to show fight; but on Maclaine intimating that it was peace, they became quite friendly. They said Alexis was not at home, he was out hunting on the mountains, and promised to send for him. He would be with them in two days, they said. Two days passed, and still no signs of him. In fact, he did not turn up at all at that time. He probably felt that although Klatsassan was his

enemy, still he was an Indian, and it would never do to betray him to the palefaces, whom he no doubt in his heart considered the natural enemies of his race.

One day, July 6th, news reached our friends of a large party of white men having been seen on the trail from the coast. This proved to be the other force under Mr. Brew. This party was formed at New Westminster, and came to the north-west coast in H.M.S. "Sutlej." They were landed at the head of navigation, at Bentinck Arm. The first few days they made but little progress, for they had the greatest difficulty in bringing their pack-train into subjection. This consisted of wild half-broken native horses which gave incessant trouble. Indeed, on the fourth or fifth day after they left the coast, the whole cavalcade "stampeded," resulting in what one of the party[3] describes as "a Bull Run on a small scale; pack-saddles here, ropes there, flour, blankets, bacon, beans, buckets, and a heterogeneous mass of fixins, scattered along the trail in the most delectable confusion, all caused by starting before we were ready, and stopping before we wanted to." The pack-

[3] "Diary of a Volunteer," in the *British Colonist*, Oct. 18, 1864.

horses, this writer goes on to say, were loaded with about three hundred pounds, instead of about one hundred and fifty, and consequently would occasionally endeavour to lighten their grievances as well as their loads by kicking till everything went flying.

On the 28th of June this party arrived at the foot of the Great Slide. A rather startling incident occurred at this point. As the packers were toilsomely wending their way up the steep, they were astonished by the sudden appearance of a stalwart savage, painted and plumed, who, springing up from behind a clump of firs, fiercely shouted, "*Kar mika chako?*" ("Why come you?") After glaring on them for a few seconds, the "brave" sunk down behind the bushes, to the great relief of the packers. The same trick was tried by the Indian on Lieutenant Stewart of H.M.S. "Sutlej," who happened to be some distance behind the train, but the officer brought his revolver to bear on him, and marched him off a prisoner to head-quarters.

Without further adventure, this party proceeded till they reached Puntzeen, where our friends were encamped. Among the party was his Excellency the Governor, who had been anxious to explore this portion of the

vast territory committed to his charge, and had been glad to avail himself of the opportunity afforded by this expedition.

The force under Mr. Brew consisted of forty-five men, most of whom belonged to the Royal Engineers stationed at New Westminster; well disciplined men, presenting rather a contrast to the rougher followers of Captain Cox.

Let it be noted, however, that these last gave spontaneously three cheers for the Governor on his arrival in their camp. It was a singular meeting. Representative of Majesty, soldiers of the old country far away, magistrates or gold-commissioners of the new colony; roughs, the pioneers who had scented out its gold and been the occasion of its becoming a colony at all—here met and fraternized round their respective camp-fires on the shore of this far-away lake as they discussed with hearty appetites the rudest fare, beans and bacon.

The day after the Governor's arrival, July 7th, Mr. Cox and his party struck their tents and packed their mules and marched away towards Bute Inlet. As they travelled, they sent out scouting parties in all directions in quest of Indians. None, however, were to be

seen. One day a party came upon a new trail, where they noticed innumerable horse-tracks: these they followed up a distance of thirty miles (the marks becoming fresher as they proceeded), through a thickly-wooded and hilly country. But all the tracks ended in a village of deserted Indian lodges. Here they found a câche containing flour, bacon, saddles, &c., sure evidence of a robbery. These, as they afterwards discovered, were the spoil of the Macdonald affair.

On the 12th of July they reached the head-waters of the Homathco, which flows into Bute Inlet, where they remained a few days, still scouring the country as well as they could for Indians, much as one might search for needles in a mountain of straw. All the while they were searching for them far afield, Klatsassan and his friends were hovering close by, laughing, I dare say, in their sleeves, or at least in their blankets, at their futile attempts to catch them. By July 16th provisions had again run short. What was to be done? Stay where they were, whilst they sent back for fresh supplies? But *cui bono?* This sort of thing might last for months, and their object be as far from gained as ever. In the summer time the Indians could easily elude their pursuers

in the thick foliage of their woods; they could find means of life in the service-berries and many other kinds of berries which all these months, one kind after another, in rich variety and thick profusion, clustered in the trees and bushes, or amid the grass. Winter, Mr. Cox accordingly concluded, must be the time to catch them, if they were ever to be caught. So he determined to give it up for the present and return to Puntzeen.

Our friends accordingly packed up their traps, rather crestfallen, we may suppose, at the complete, and, in some respects, ridiculous failure of their expedition, so far at least. Still, like pioneers and others who have been pretty well knocked about by circumstances, they resolved to make the best of things, and departed on their home journey. On the day of their leaving the Homathco, one of the men having occasion to return to the place where they had camped, found several Indians sitting complacently smoking the calumet of peace by their late camp-fire. On his reporting this, some of our men were sent back to catch them, if they could. As soon as the Indians saw them they bolted; our lads fired, and gave chase. For three hours they ran them through and through the wood; and smart

THE ESCAPE OF KLATSASSAN.

fellows they must have been to keep sight of any of them so long. At last they could see but one :—the rest had vanished no one knew whither. The Indian was tall and well built, very muscular as well as very swift of foot. Nevertheless, he appeared to be getting exhausted, and the pursuers were gaining on him. They fired at him two or three shots, but did not succeed in hitting him. At last he ran forth from the forest, and, crossing a plain, reached a lagoon. Crack went a rifle, and a bullet went hissing over his head. In a moment he had thrown away his blanket, and plunged into the water. The whites, reaching the water, saw only the ripples which indicated the plunge. A minute or two later Klatsassan, for it was he, was replenishing his lungs among the reeds under the opposite bank.

As for our unsuccessful volunteers, they hastened to make the best of their way after their party, whom they found already encamped for the night in an open space on the margin of the forest. In front, beyond a lovely stream, rose a stately mountain, steep, and covered with the sombre pine. Near the summit was a single bare space, the rest being densely wooded. A rugged ravine intersected the mountain, down

which, hardly discernible for the trees, a noisy stream hastened to join that other which, less impetuous and less jubilant, wandered by the white men's tents. It was whilst camping here that the only casualty of the expedition worthy of the name took place.

## VII.

## DEATH OF MACLAINE.

In the death of Maclaine the colony lost a valuable man, and one of its oldest immigrants. A native of the Isle of Mull, he possessed the true Highland fire and dash; perhaps, indeed, rather a dash too much of it. Early in life he joined the Hudson Bay Company, and became in time one of their most successful agents. In the course of a life full of adventure he had had many dealings with Indians of various tribes, and not always of a friendly nature. In fact, he seems to have made it his business to be among them a kind of incarnation of wild justice, and to avenge, by swift and summary retribution, crimes which had otherwise gone unpunished, and bred fresh deeds of violence. For instance, he it was who slew the treacherous knave who murdered Black, the Hudson Bay agent at Fort Kamloops; the

Indian also who, in cold blood, did to death a Canadian at that river of doom, known in consequence as Deadman's Creek (*Rivière des Défunts*), fell by his hand.

In consequence of these exploits, Maclaine had become to several tribes an object of hate and terror indescribable; among these he was known as the Fierce Chief (Küschte te'Kukkpé). Often they tried to wreak their vengeance on him, but he seemed to lead a charmed life: and instead of falling into the hands of his enemies he slew them on each occasion, even as the brave wild men of Jewish history were wont to do in days in yore, or like the stout and unscrupulous chieftains of his own Scottish mountains. He had stories to tell which would stir men's blood and make their flesh creep. And the listener, whilst enthralled by the horror of his tales, was hardly less horrified to think that the principal actor in such scenes, even though of necessary retribution, should be able, with flashing eye and impassioned look, with his own lips to relate them. It was said, although this was probably an exaggeration, that in the course of a tolerably long career as many as nineteen Indians had by his hand met their doom, and some thought that an occasion might arise for completing the

score. I doubt the accuracy of the statement, but if it was true, the tale remained unfulfilled: for that twentieth time it was himself who fell.

It appears orders had been given for no one to leave the camp without permission. But Maclaine, who chafed at the delays and ill-success of the expedition, so great a contrast to his previous raids against Indians, where, being his own master, he had known how to strike swift and sure, grew impatient, and determined to try if he could not do something himself. He invited an Indian lad, a camp-servant, to go with him up the hill in front of them. He said he was sure there were Indians there. Jack said it was dangerous to go there. "Are you afraid?" said the Highlander. Indian Jack said, "No, he was not afraid, but he had no particular wish to be shot." "Oh," said Maclaine, "there's no danger, come along." So the lad went with him. Leaving the camp, they went up the trail in front of them which led up the hill by the ravine. On either side of the trail the trees and brush were very thick.

"See," said Jack, "fresh tracks on the path; men and women both, I think." Then when they had gone a little farther: "Look

out, Mr. Maclaine, these tracks quite fresh; Indians not far away." "No, no," said Maclaine, "no Indians here, they've run away over the hill. We'll go up on the hill, and try and find their camp." Jack asked him not to speak so loud. "If Indians on the hill, they hear us, and shoot us." So they went on up the hill. Presently Maclaine caught sight of a slight screen of fir boughs piled against the trunk of a tall tree, and commanding the approach. "He at once threw forward his rifle, and prepared to fire, but for once Indian cunning proved too much even for his thorough knowledge of Indian tactics. The screen of boughs was merely a blind, and while Maclaine's eagle eye was fixed on the spot, expecting to see the muzzle of a musket protruded, the sharp click of a gun-lock was heard from a clump of willows on the opposite side of the trail." [4] Jack heard it, and hastily threw himself down. But Maclaine was not so quick. Another second and he fell pierced through the heart by a bullet. Jack, over whose prostrate body a second bullet passed harmlessly, now sprang to his feet, and raising a loud war-whoop, hastened back to the camp

[4] Letter from a Volunteer, in the *British Colonist*, Oct. 18, 1864.

with his sad intelligence. Meanwhile, the shots had been heard in the camp below, and the smoke seen rising from among the trees. Then the Indian's shout was heard. Captain Cox at once inquired who was missing. Presently Maclaine was found to be absent, and the boy Jack. The Captain, who well knew Maclaine's disposition, saw how it was, and surmised the worst. He ordered a party of twenty men out in pursuit.

The men seized their arms, and hurried up the ravine; as they went, the ground being rough and the trail narrow, one of them accidentally discharged his rifle, and the ball passed through his leg. Those in front instantly wheeled round, for some one cried, "They're behind us!" The man whose gun had gone off, cocked it, to have a shot at the Indians supposed to be in the rear; he, too, turned round and said, "Where are they?" The others, however, noticed that he was bleeding and saw he had shot himself. The unfortunate man was taken back to the camp.

The rest went on up the trail till they came upon the body of Maclaine. He was lying on his face quite dead. They tenderly lifted him up and bore him down to the camp.

Great was the consternation among the

men when the body of Maclaine was brought in. The deceased had been immensely popular for his kindliness, his unwearying energy, and the good will with which he undertook any work that wanted doing. Besides the regret at losing a comrade, there was the humiliating reflection that, without having struck a blow, or caught a single Indian, the Captain had lost the bravest, most experienced, and most available man of his party. Anxious as he was to avenge his death, he yet hardly knew how. Of what avail to attempt to find their enemies in so dense a network of brush as that which covered the mountain side? As he stood considering, and thinking what to do, his lieutenant, Mr. Fitzgerald, standing beside him, was scanning with a glass the mountain opposite. Near its summit there was, as already observed, a bare space amid the dark surrounding mass of forest, and on that Fitzgerald descried five Indians. One of them, a man of imposing height, was standing in an attitude of defiance, with a red blanket depending from his right arm. His right hand grasped the muzzle of a gun, the stock of which rested on the ground: his left hand was doubled under his left shoulder. Thus stood Klatsassan, like a veritable son of the

mountain, seeming monarch of all he surveyed. His face was turned in the direction of the white man's camp, as indicated by the blue smoke curling upwards in the still evening air. The four other Indians were sitting grouped round this central figure, evidently engaged in close conversation. Their subject was undoubtedly the great event of the evening—to wit, the death of their great enemy, the Küschte Kukkpé.

One of those four sitting round was Chesuss, of whom we have heard before, and shall hear again; another was Taloot; a third was Shililika, the man who fired the fatal shot.

"You have done good work to-day, Shililika," said the Chief; "the Küschte Kukkpé will never send a Redskin more to the land of night."

"Ay," said Taloot, "that was a brave shot, and many a warrior's spirit will gain entrance to-night to the hunting-fields of the blessed."

"How, who is he?" asked Shililika.

"What, the man you shot?—not know him, Shililika? Why, man, it's Mr. Maclaine, of Pasilqua. The place they call Buonaparte."

"Surely I have heard of him," said the other.

"Heard! who has not heard of him? He

was the terror of all Tlakalmooch (the Indians) in the south and east. He was cleverer than a thousand Bostons (Americans) or King George men (English) either. These don't know us or our country. They can't track us or catch us, not they. But Mr. Maclaine was different; he was sharp as a weasel, and stealthy as a panther, and brave as a grizzly bear. It's a good job; we've little to fear, I fancy, from the rest of them, now that he's gone."

"Hist!" said Klatsassan, "see that smoke!" and half a dozen bullets came whistling above his head, and lodged themselves in the trees behind where he stood. The Indians did not wait to give our friends below an opportunity to improve their aim. In a twinkling, Klatsassan, dropping the heroic, swung his red blanket round him and was off. The rest followed, and the bare spot on the mountain's brow was empty and silent as before.

It is hardly necessary to add that a party was instantly sent off after them, but they only got a flying shot at the savages as they ran. Cox then ordered the hill to be surrounded; this was done on three sides—on the fourth was a deep lagoon about sixty yards wide. The Indians plunged in, and got safe

to the other side, though again fired at. On proceeding to the spot where the Indians had been seen as described, the men found the marks of their bullets in the trees five feet above where Klatsassan had stood.

That evening the body of poor Maclaine was consigned to the earth, one of the party reading the Burial Service. A great fire was made over the grave and for yards round it. This was done with a view to conceal the place of burial, lest the Indians should dishonour the remains of one whom they had so feared and hated.

## VIII.

## RETURN TO PUNTZEEN.

## THE FIRST GOVERNORS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

On July 20th the party regained Puntzeen. Mr. Brew's force was still there, having been occupied in exploring all the surrounding country. The Governor was also still with them. Mr. Cox made his report to his Excellency, and stated his opinion that it was impossible to catch the Indians, and that, unless they could be induced to give themselves up, they must be let alone till winter,

when another expedition could be sent after them.

This, however, was not to become necessary. "The Indians, who had kept aloof at first," writes Lieut. Cooper, in a Government Despatch, published by Mr. Birch, then Colonial Secretary, in the *Columbian* of Aug. 5, 1864, "began to familiarize themselves with the presence of the white force in the centre of the country. Women first came into the camp to trade, and finally Alexis was induced to present himself to the Governor. He came on horseback with a considerable retinue. There was great embarrassment and some alarm in his manner at first, but by degrees both disappeared, and he agreed to take active steps for the apprehension of the murderers. For several days he professed to consider the whole affair as a war in which it was his duty to remain neutral. The supply of provisions having become exceedingly low, it was a matter of regret to the Governor, that the reception given to Alexis and his party was not of a liberal nature. Indeed, but for the indefatigable exertions of the Bella Coola Indians in fishing, the New Westminster party would have been reduced to considerable straits for want of food. The scale of rations was cut

down very low; but the Volunteers and others bore their privations without a murmur, and the most perfect order prevailed in camp."

Nothing definite appears to have been arranged with Alexis at this time; but it seemed that matters were in train for bringing the business to a close, and getting possession of the prisoners. The Governor accordingly determined to carry out his intention of visiting the gold-diggings of Cariboo; and, indeed, his presence was much desired there. The miners felt that the representative of the Queen would do well to come and see the most important part of his whole dominion, its treasure-house, and, in summer, its most peopled district. Thus, when his Excellency, leaving Puntzeen, and performing successfully the arduous journey, appeared at Richfield, he was received with much enthusiasm. The miners took him over their claims, and loaded him with "specimens." They gave him a "big" dinner, in the course of which, I recollect, the room waxing close, and air being wanted in—an honest miner simply pushed his elbow through the window, as the most expeditious means of ventilation. They bestowed on him every mark of their rough but honest regard. Among such men, a spirit of enterprise and an

affable manner go far to make a great man popular, and Governor Seymour possessed these qualities in a high degree. Indeed, he was a man liked by all classes of the community, and when, three years later, his life came to an abrupt end, there were many to regret the sudden and untimely close of his career.

Mr. Seymour was the second Governor of the colony. The first was Sir James Douglas, K.C.B., a man to whom the colony owes much; more, probably, than it will fully acknowledge while he lives. One who could raise himself through sheer force of character, from a clerkship in a Hudson's Bay Company's office, to be chief factor of that Company, west of the Rocky mountains, and then to become a Governor of one of England's colonies, and who, after his elevation, had skill and patience to preside over the colony's early struggles and laborious development, and finally had wisdom, when his work was done, to retire from the Governorship, and leave it to men better versed in liberal institutions, and more able to form a constitution such as a British colony requires; surely such a man deserves the admiration and gratitude of his fellow-countrymen—above all, of the colonists themselves. And if he was

apt to rule them somewhat arbitrarily, was not such mode of government, indeed, the best suited for men engaged with the struggle for existence which marks the early years of a colony, and, consequently, with little leisure to bestow upon politics?

## IX.

## KLATSASSAN IN THE WHITE MAN'S CAMP.

August 5th, an Indian, named Joe, arrived from Klatsassan's camp. He insisted on being taken at once to the white chief's tent. The captain received him with his wonted courtesy, and motioned him to a bearskin. He said he had come from his chief with a message for the whites who had been at Tatla, the place where Maclaine was shot. He was to say that the Indians wished for peace, but if the whites dared to come into that country again, they should be shot—every one of them. A plucky thing surely, for an Indian to venture into a camp of whites with such a message! On hearing it, the captain, astounded, as he might well be, at such audacity, was yet more delighted at the man's courage. However, he expressed no astonishment, still less admiration, but quietly bade the Indian go back, and say

to his chief that the men who had killed the King George men, at Homathco and elsewhere, must all be given up; that he should give the Indians no rest until they were given up. This was the work which his chief had bade him do, and he would do it if it took him twenty years. Then came a second message from Klatsassan, inquiring what Captain Cox would do to the men who killed the whites in the event of their being given up, and whether he would kill them. The Indian who came with the message brought some money, about twenty-two dollars, whether as a token of the chief's humility and willingness to treat, or as a sort of ransom-money, I cannot say. The answer to this was that Captain Cox would not destroy them, he had no power to injure them, he should only keep them, till the great chief came down country (Judge Begbie), and then pass them on to him to be tried. If they did not give themselves up within four days, he added, war should be waged against all Indians indiscriminately.

This message was unfortunately misunderstood. Klatsassan supposed it to mean, that if they gave themselves up, their lives should be spared. I am not prepared to say that any one is to blame for this, but it is a thing to be

regretted. Under the false impression, then, that they should not be killed, those Indians (who might, unquestionably, have kept their enemies at bay for an indefinite period, nay, might, had they judiciously watched their opportunity, have shot them down, one by one, just as they had Maclaine) came in and gave themselves up on the 16th of August. They were in number seven, Klatsassan, Taloot, Tapeet, Chesuss, Pierre, Georges, Chaloot.

They came into camp unarmed, save with knives. They looked very fearless and defiant. The idea of having come there to be killed was evidently the farthest from those fierce and fearless faces. They were ordered to give up their knives. As soon as the order was understood, an expression of hesitancy and alarm came over them. As for Klatsassan, he refused point blank to give up his. "Take it from him," was the stern command. Instantly two stout Californians came forward to seize the chief. He shook them off him, and rushing aside, drew the knife, and dashed it on the floor. Irons were then brought, and their hands and ancles fettered.

With no slight astonishment and disgust did these Red Indians, who all their lives had been free as the winds, now find themselves manacled

and fast bound in misery and iron. They had fancied that they would have been allowed to retain their liberty, and come and go about the camp as they pleased, until the chief arrived who was to try them. They now found out what a terrible mistake they had made! But, most of all, Klatsassan seemed to feel his downfall. He was plunged in misery. He tried to lay violent hands on himself. Foiled in this attempt by the vigilance of his guard, he next sought to bribe the Captain. He offered him two thousand dollars' worth of furs if he would let him go. He promised him his daughter if he would restore him his liberty. Her attractions, as he explained to the Captain, were of no common order, and she would be no unsuitable mate for even so great a Warrior. She was very tall, he stated, and graceful as a deer. She had hands and feet of surprising smallness and beauty. Her gifts were many and rare. She could run with a wondrous swiftness; and (crowning accomplishment!) she could eviscerate salmon with twice the celerity of any other woman.

But no! Justice was not to be seduced, even by such fascinating attributes. The chief was told he must remain a prisoner, and be taken to the white man's town on the Sitatqua,

namely, Quesnelmouth, on the Fraser River, and there remain till the arrival of the great judge, before whom he and his compeers must be brought. Then Klatsassan resigned himself to his fate with true Indian stoicism. By degrees he found his bondage grow less irksome than at first. There was much to excite his interest and curiosity in the ways and manners of the whites, to him so novel. Then, the fare of the camp was anything but ungrateful to a man who had been living for the last two months on dried berries or roots, or even sometimes on the bark of trees.

And here a word on the food of these Indians may not be without its interest. The *hunting* Indians—and Klatsassan's tribe belonged to this division—are very different from the *fishing* Indians of the coast in many respects, amongst others in their food; for as the one subsist mainly on fish, the other have considerably greater variety in their fare. In the winter months there were different kinds of game. Deer abounded in all parts of the country. There was also, in the Chilcoaten district, the Cariboo, the British Columbian reindeer, often met with on his way from the woods which cover the slopes of the Rocky Mountains to the valleys near the sea, or on his return

journey. Or, again, there were plenty of mountain-sheep, or mountain-goats, occupying the high lands. Then there was the bear, grizzly (more rarely met with), black, or brown, which would furnish an excellent steak (of which the present writer can vouch that there might be worse fare for a hungry man). These and other quarry would reward the cunning huntsman. The Indians are naturally indolent, and when all their supplies are exhausted, it takes a day or two of starvation to move them to go forth on the chase. They are also somewhat voracious, and when the hunter has returned with his deer or sheep, they often eat thereof more than is seemly.

Falling on the half-cooked venison or mutton, the huntsmen, with their squaws and papooses, devour it ravenously; when they have had enough they sleep, and on waking seek it yet again, until all is consumed. The more prudent or less gluttonous, dry and preserve what is not required for immediate use. The next article of Indian consumption is the roots, which are very abundant in that country. The squaws dig them up with long pointed sticks. In April come the salmon, which, till September, continue to ascend the streams. They come shoal upon shoal of varying degrees of

excellence. Those that appear in June are the finest. They are a good size, averaging from twenty to thirty-five pounds: some have been caught much heavier, sometimes reaching the extraordinary weight of seventy pounds.

By the Fraser and other rivers and their tributaries, these creatures pass up into the interior all over the country in search of their spawning ground, which they find sometimes only in the streams which rise in the Rocky Mountains, after a weary journey of well-nigh a thousand miles. Some idea of the rate at which they travel may be formed from the fact that in the year 1862 they appeared off Lillooet, on the Fraser River, ten days after they had been seen at the mouth of the river, 250 miles distant. They come in such crowds that they crush one another to death, and thousands are seen dead along the river's bank. The Indians catch them in large numbers: one way is by spearing them, a picturesque sight. In the bow of the canoe is the flaring pitch-pine, which both attracts the fish and gives light for their capture. The Indian stands with his two-headed spear ready to impale his victim, flashing to and fro in the dark stream beneath. Around are the grand old rocks. No sound is heard save the cease-

less roar of the not distant rapids, or the gentle plash of the paddle, as the Indian in the stern keeps the tiny craft in her place.

The Indians smoke and dry the salmon (at least the more provident of them do), and stow them away in câches for winter use. Yet in a severe winter the supply will sometimes fall short, and then they have nothing left to live on (unless, indeed, there chance to be a white settlement near, where they can beg or pilfer flour) save and except their stock of dried fruits or berries. These grow in great profusion and variety. They are vastly superior to the wild fruits of Europe, often attaining a size and flavour such as only cultivation can impart in England. The most serviceable of these berries is the "service-berry," perhaps so called for this reason. It is twice the size of a black currant. The other principal berries are the sallal, the huckle-berry or blue-berry, the wortle-berry, salmon-berry, cranberry, raspberry, strawberry, Oregon grape, gooseberry, and currant.

More need not be said to show that, in ordinary times, the active Indian hunter need never be at a loss for means of life, particularly if his squaw do her part in the matter of roots and berries, and in drying the salmon

and the venison her lord brings home. But of late our friend Klatsassan had been on very short commons. Indeed, ever since the whites' occupation of his country he and his people had been half starved. Their câches and fishing-gear in the lakes and streams had been destroyed, and they hardly dared fire a shot for fear of wasting their ammunition, or of attracting the attention of their foes. It was accordingly a welcome circumstance, and no slight solacement of their imprisonment, that the captives had now plenty of good plain food. True, beans and bacon may not rank as luxuries; but then all things go by comparison, and victuals at which many persons might be pleased to turn up their noses, may seem as the food of gods to a Chilcoaten savage, who for weeks has had to sustain his strength on a diet of bark and berries.

The prisoners were allowed to have their families, or part of them, with them; Klatsassan had one of his two squaws, and some of his younger children; the fair daughter, however, does not appear to have been of the number. Toowaewoot, the squaw, was at least twenty years younger than Klatsassan. She was well featured, with black eyes, and jet black hair, and but for the manifest absence

THE WEDDING OF KLATSASSAN. *Page* 89.

of soap, would have passed for pretty. Her history was this: she was the daughter of Shopeadz, head of a tribe lying north of Chilcoatendom. Shopeadz had given offence to his neighbours by poaching on their hunting-grounds and streams. So Klatsassan had put on the black paint and thrown back the eagles' feathers, and gone on the war-trail. His people had defeated their enemies, and slain several of their warriors. The chief had escaped, but his camp and his household gods had fallen into the hands of the Chilcoatens. Among these, his daughter, Toowaewoot, whom Klatsassan took to himself to wife; he had a squaw already, but their chiefs are allowed more than one. The marriage ceremony was of the simplest. The couple repaired to a running stream, narrow enough for them to shake hands over it. They joined hands, and swore to be man and wife together. The water flowing beneath symbolized that henceforth the currents of their two lives should flow together in one stream, even until they reached the ocean, death.

Toowaewoot had brought two children into the white men's camp; the younger was a baby, not "in arms" exactly, but in cradle. This was a very narrow basket, hardly big enough to hold the little creature. The place

for its head was padded on either side, the narrowest space conceivable being allowed for it. The reason for this was, that as the child was a girl, it would be her fate to bear burdens, should she grow to woman's estate. The burden would have to be fastened by a broad strap to her forehead, for which purpose a high forehead would be most serviceable. It is sad, the moralizer might here put in, thus to see, amongst so romantic a people, too, the merest Utilitarianism so prevail over all considerations of taste, health, and beauty. Nevertheless, the future squaw might some day rejoice to find the pack of skins or salmon which she should have to carry for her lord, or indeed the cradle with her own papoos in it, ride so easily upon her lofty brow, instead of for ever slipping off over her head or down upon her eyes. The phrenologist, too, if disciples of Gall still exist, would incline to think that this treatment of the infant cranium, while in the cradle, must be injurious, changing the mental structure and conditions of the subject. It is not, however, found that in those tribes where such liberties are taken with the skulls, the minds of the women are less vigorous or apt than in others where no such barbarous practice obtains. The heads of the

male infants are never so compressed, because the men do not carry the packs; but the boys' cradles are also very narrow, and it is curious to see how tightly the babies of both sexes are swathed and tied up, before they are fixed into them. The object of this peculiar treatment is to make the small savage grow up "straight-limbed and tall." Thus wedged into its basket, the child is easily carried. The whole is slung round the mother's back, the strap being adjusted on her forehead. The cradle is studded with brass nails for ornament, and has attached to it one or two small bells, which tingle the babe to sleep as the mother trudges along. Should she stop to gather berries or dig for roots, she will hang the cradle to a tree lest some snake should approach to hurt, or some wild creature bear the precious thing away.

While they were in camp there were ever a pair of watchful eyes on the prisoners, lest they should attempt escape. So it happened that some of their peculiar customs were noted. For instance, in the middle of the night, the Indian mothers, Toowaewoot among the rest, would rise, remove their infants from their baskets, and unbind them. Then taking water into their mouths (probably to take off the chill) they would proceed to squirt it forth

over the papoos, and so wash it from head to foot. Next they would pour a whole basketful of water over it, then dry it, and put it back in its cradle. This was done at midnight. How they guessed the time of night nobody could imagine, but it was observed that the ceremony was performed never much before or after twelve o'clock.

The object of the expedition seemed now gained, at least as far as could be hoped. True, all the criminals had by no means been captured, yet most of the ringleaders were prisoners. Anahim, who was thought by some to be the worst of all, was still at large, and the whole tribe might justly be held responsible for crimes which they all had aided and abetted. But evidently nothing was to be gained by remaining longer in Chilcoaten territory. It was plain that the Indians could not be caught, and it was not likely that any more would freely surrender themselves, now that they knew that their comrades, victims of their own simplicity, were held in strict captivity, manacled and guarded and reserved for the great judge—a sound which seemed to imply some fearful prospect, and perhaps might turn out to mean death by rope. Accordingly Mr. Cox broke up his camp on the 2nd of Septem-

ber, and journeyed by easy marches to Alexandria. Here he disbanded his force, retaining only a sufficient number to guard the prisoners, with whom he proceeded by the "Enterprise" steamer to Quesnelmouth. Here he remained awaiting the arrival of the judge from Cariboo, where he had been holding his assize during the summer.

## X.

## TRIED AND SENTENCED.

THE judge who was to try Klatsassan and his accomplices was Matthew B. Begbie, first Chief Justice of British Columbia; a man to whom the colony owes so much, that we can hardly pass over his name without more notice. Other border-lands and new mining countries have been notorious for lawlessness and violence, but British Columbia has had the foundation of its social structure laid in comparative peace and quietness, and this blessing is due in great measure to the wisdom and integrity with which Judge Begbie has held the scales of justice. He has been emphatically a terror to evil-doers, and has not borne the sword in vain. A man at once of strict justice and unbounded benevolence, his was a sympathy extended to all living things, and not least

to the unhappy wretches whom it was his duty to condemn. Year by year since 1858, he has gone on his vast and ever widening circuit—a circuit which, at the time we are writing of, reached from Victoria to Similkameen and from Cariboo to the coast—a district 300 or 400 miles long and nearly as many in breadth —travelling often through the roughest of countries; at times where a path would have to be cut for him through the densest brush, or corduroys extemporized over bottomless swamps—over mountains 5000 feet in height and crowned with snow, through valleys thick with undergrowth and infested with clouds of mosquitoes, numerous as midges but more mischievous. Sometimes, in these distant unknown places, he and his train, now no longer laden with stores, have missed their way and been lost; and then they have had to depend for daily food upon the judge's gun and what game might chance to appear. One day no game whatever could be found, and the only food to be procured was a musk rat, which formed the dinner of the strongest digestion of the party. His lordship, we believe, on that occasion preferred to do penance and fast; doubtless deeming it hardly consistent with the dignity of the Bench to dine on rat.

Judge Begbie reached Quesnelmouth, September 27th; on the day following the trial began, and was concluded the next day. The evidence against the prisoners was unmistakably clear. And as the law was equally unmistakable, the judge had no option but to condemn the prisoners to death, with the exception of Chiddeki or George—against whom there was not sufficient evidence. There were five sentenced:—

*Klatsassan,* for the murder of a man named Smith, at Homathco; of Macdougal, the packer, &c.

*Taloot,* for the murder of several whites at Homathco, and stabbing Buckley.

*Tapeet,* for the murder of Manning.

*Chesuss,* for that of Brewster, and of one Jim Gaudet, at Homathco.

And lastly, *Pierre,* for aiding and abetting in the murders.

## XI.

## PRISONERS OF HOPE.

QUESNELMOUTH is a thriving settlement, at the head of navigation on the Upper Fraser. The features of the country here are very different from those of the lower part of the river. There the banks are steep and precipitous,

often the stream has to force its way through canyons or mountain gorges; often it flows or rushes past where on either side is an elevated ridge. The towns on the Lower Fraser are built on plains of limited extent, and are fenced in on all sides by lofty hills. Such are Lillooet, Lytton, Yale. At Quesnelmouth, on the contrary, there are no hills to be seen, except in the far distance. The plain on which the town is built is extensive. The river banks are low, and the stream, much wider here than it afterwards becomes, flows quietly along, affording little indication of the headstrong fury of its current farther on its course, where it dashes and foams over in its riffles, or roars like muffled thunder through its canyons. I arrived at Quesnelmouth on the 2nd October, on my way down South from the mining district. The place, though very recent in its origin, had an air of comfort and civilization which, after the rude life of the gold-diggings, was most grateful. The little town was alive with home-returning miners. As I entered I observed the stately form of the "Enterprise" steamer, moored by the quay, with her steam up. Hurrying on, I reached the boat in time to exchange a word with the judge, who having now finished his assize had

embarked to return to New Westminster. He told me of the Indians, and I said I would stay and instruct them. He promised to use his influence at head-quarters to ensure sufficient time before the execution of the sentence; then the "Enterprise" blew her last whistle and moved away.

Here, then, was I left with five Indians to instruct. Five criminals to prepare for death! Here was a definite piece of work, work more practicable, seemingly, than promiscuous preaching to gold diggers. But how to instruct them? for their language was absolutely unknown to me. The Chilcoaten dialect is as dissimilar from Lillooet or Shushwap as French is from Spanish or Italian. I was accordingly obliged to look for an interpreter. Through the kindness of the stipendiary magistrate, I found one in a half-caste named Baptiste, the only man in the place who knew a word of the language. We went together to the prison, Baptiste and I, and found it to be no regular gaol but an improvised affair, a mere log house, with part partitioned off for a cell. Here were the unhappy prisoners, sitting squatting on the floor as wretched as could be. To add to their misery, they were all heavily shackled; the insecurity of the build-

ing seemingly rendering this precaution necessary. No doubt the gaoler (who by the way had once held H.M. commission in the Navy —such are the reverses of fortune, now a colonial turnkey!) was as kind to them as the nature of the case admitted, but then that was not much. For men hitherto exulting in liberty to be kept in durance vile was of itself an awful fate, with the terrible prospect of death, too, at the end. Still they bore up wonderfully. First they fancied themselves martyrs for their country, and this thought sustained their courage, but afterwards, as they came to understand more of the real state of the case, they discovered, in the faith and hope of the Gospel, better grounds of consolation and of strength.

The prisoners struck me as fine powerful men, much superior in size and appearance to the Indians of the Lower Fraser and its tributaries. There was no mistaking the chief. He sat opposite us as we entered the cell. His strong frame, piercing dark blue eye, aquiline nose, and very powerful under-jaw, proclaimed the man of intelligence, ambition, strong force of will. On the other hand, the very dark complexion; the face, narrow at the forehead, wide at the centre; and the high cheekbones,

indicated the characteristics of the North American savage. Yet when he spoke one could scarcely believe that this was a man charged with murder. His expression eager and animated, his voice low and plaintive, his gentle manner; could these characterize a brigand and a murderer? One fancied, to hear him speak, that he was rather like a child who had committed some trivial peccadillo, and had been consigned to the dark closet till he should learn better manners, than a ruffian steeped in crimes and blood.

Next to Klatsassan sat Tapeet, by no means a bad-looking Indian, strong, well-built, and in the prime of life. Then came Taloot, a man of great authority with his tribe. Then Pierre, a mere innocent-looking boy of eighteen. And lastly, Chesuss, who quite made up for any failings in badness of expression that the others might have been chargeable with. He looked every whit the villain he was. He had the countenance of a fiend.

The prisoners received us well, and after some preliminary conversation, we set about our proper task. I spoke now Chinook, now French, and Baptiste interpreted in Chilcoaten. We spoke of Law and of Sin, and of wrath consequent upon Sin. They received all this

quietly, but when, in our next visit, I applied the subject, and, speaking of the law against murder, said they had broken it, and incurred the Divine displeasure, they resented this. They had only killed the white men, they said, because otherwise the whites would have destroyed them (alluding to the small-pox story), and they could not see that they had done wrong. I said we were all in one way or other sinners, needing salvation; for all, whites and Indians alike, had broken one or other of God's commandments. Supposing, for a moment, the Indians had not committed murder in what they had done, had they not sinned in other ways? Allowing that they were acting in mere self-defence in killing off the whites, yet, what could justify them in falling upon them so treacherously, and then brutally mangling their remains? Even supposing they were justified in murdering the foreman, Brewster, was it becoming to eat his heart? But, indeed, they were not justified in destroying those men. The law was, "Thou shalt not kill." They said, "They meant war, not murder." But, I put it to them, was it war to fall upon a man who was at peace with you, to massacre him in his house, in the night, to cut down his tent-pole, and break his head?

—that was murder, surely, not war. No; they could not justify themselves in any way. The feelings and passions they had shown,—cowardice, treachery, hate, revenge, and a fiendish thirst for the blood of their fellow-creatures, were not such as their Great Father liked to see in the breasts of Indians. The whites were His children, too, and their behaviour to them was displeasing to the Great Father. And this was not all their sin. Had they not often behaved ill to their own countrymen? God's law was, "Do to others as you would have others do to you." Did they not know that law? Yes; they knew it, for though they had no book like the whites, and no teachers to explain it, still that law was written in their hearts—they knew it. Well, they had often disobeyed it; had maltreated their slaves, stolen from Indians of other tribes, taken their neighbours' wives, told lies, broken their promises, put Indians to death.

Day after day, and visit after visit, the reality of Divine Law, and the offence of breaking it, were set before them, together with the stern facts of Divine displeasure on the disobedient, and punishment of the impenitent.

There was not time to impart to them full instructions in religion; I had to confine myself to what was essential. St. Paul had enjoined repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ: and I felt that if they were only induced to acknowledge and regret their misdoings, and if they could be taught enough about our Lord to accept Him intelligently as their Saviour, they might then honestly be baptized.

Of one of them I had good hope from the first. Perhaps it may seem strange that it should have been the deepest-dyed of all those ruffians and ringleader in all their crimes, who interested me most. Yet, so it was. One could hardly look at Klatsassan without feeling that there was about the man at once something awful, and something winning,—in fact, something *great*. Here was a man, one felt, for whom, if one could do anything for his salvation, it would not be thrown away, but prove amply worth any trouble taken. By degrees, finding how deeply interested he was in all that was said, and how ready to take it all in, I began to feel a strong and growing sympathy for him (not, indeed, for his old bad self, but for the new man that was taking a beginning within his soul), and sincere was my

desire that it should be well with him at the last. Indeed, the image of this man used to haunt me by night and day. I had forgotten his crimes, and thought only of his inevitable doom. The tones of his voice, as he repeated the Lord's Prayer, in the touching cadences of his liquid and musical language, were ever present to my ear, and frequent were my supplications that it would please the Great Dispenser of all grace to vouchsafe to him the blessing of a true penitent heart.

When after several visits I came at length to the main question, and asked if they were sorry for their evil deeds, impressing upon them how indispensable this was to their regaining the favour of the Great Father and entering into life, Klatsassan, to my great joy, said he was sorry. I asked if, supposing he were free and had the chance, he would repeat these deeds and act contrary to the will of the Great Father? He said, "No, he would not."

"What did he now feel towards the white men?" "His heart was good," he said.

"Did he see now how the whites must punish them, not in revenge, but in justice?"

"Yes," he said, "it was all just and right."

I asked if the rest felt like this?

"Yes," the chief said, "they were all sorry. They hoped the Great Father would cease anger and be friends.

They never ceased praying, as Baptiste put it in his Canadian French, "*Toujours,*" said he, "*ils ne lâchaient pas la prière.*" The expression struck me; it seemed to mean, they never let go their hold on prayer, but "prayed without ceasing." I told them that if they were truly sorry there was full forgiveness for them. They must look to Jesus Christ who hung upon the Cross. They said, "Their heart was good towards Jesus Christ." It then seemed to me they had what was required—repentance and faith—what then was there to hinder their being baptized? I spoke accordingly of the blessings of Baptism, and prepared them to receive that holy Sacrament.

We got on much faster than I expected. They knew more than I thought they did. One of them had been pretty fully instructed by a Roman Catholic priest, and he had imparted what he knew to the others. "They are disposed" (I wrote in my diary at this time) "to look on me with suspicion as being not a right priest, but say nothing, thank me for my visits, and for my promise to be with them to the last. But they seem to notice

how little I say about the Blessed Virgin, and from the omission they seem to suspect me. But all has gone well hitherto, and I hope will to the end; though I rejoice with trembling."

One Saturday we had a long interview and instruction on baptism. At last Klatsassan and Taloot expressed a desire to be baptized. I urged them to make a clean breast of their sins; which they did. Now in the crimes for which they were condemned there were certain extenuating circumstances. Those murders were perpetrated by savages, savages threatened with extinction and eager to strike the first blow, savages who were under the impression that they were making war with the whites; some persons in the colony, accordingly, were of opinion that they ought not to have been condemned to death. Let me tell such persons that for other offences the prisoners amply deserved their doom. Without saying more I may state this much.

In a word, they professed such earnestness in their desire to be baptized, and such sincere penitence and faith, that I next morning baptized Klatsassan and Taloot, giving the former my own name, and calling the latter after Baptiste. Their demeanour was grave and

impressed, and convinced me still more of the sincerity of their repentance.

As for the others, two of them, Pierre and Tapeet, had been baptized previously: they also seemed quite penitent. Georges, who was not condemned to death, said he would wait.

One alone remained unchristened. It was Chesuss, who proved to be quite as hardened as his conduct would have led one to expect. When asked if he was sorry for his infernal treatment of poor Brewster's remains, he laughed like a fiend, and said he didn't care. He said he wasn't in the least afraid of God, and again laughed in a way to make one's flesh creep. I told him his conduct was like a son of the devil; his heart was a stone. But the Good Spirit could make it soft: and would yet, before his time came to die.

After this, the instruction of the prisoners went on for a time with little interruption, until one day, when the gaoler sent me a message to say that I need not call any more: the prisoners didn't wish to see me again. Encouraging, was it not? after staying there so long on purpose to teach them, getting up as much as I could of a language that could never be of any use to me again; and above all, after the success that seemed to have been

vouchsafed me! Had they not the very day before said they hoped I would come every day and be with them to the last? After much consideration, I thought I discovered the cause of their disaffection.

In the course of our last interview, I had dwelt on the Parable of the Publican and the Pharisee, who went up to the Temple to pray, and told them that the Great Father had made known to us that He looks with favour on the humble and poor in spirit, but with displeasure on the self-conceited and proud. I taught them all to repeat the words, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Those I said who are for ever glorifying themselves, and saying, "I am a very fine Indian, I don't steal, I don't drink fire-water, I don't lie, I don't carry away my neighbour's wife," such, I said, are persons with whom the Great Father is not pleased, He likes to see men humble. A doctrine this, little palatable to them, I suspect. Self-righteousness is the bosom sin of the Indian (indeed, perhaps, of most of us!) and I have little doubt that it was my remarks on that Divine but ungenial teaching that stirred the devil in them, and roused them for a moment to rebellion against the Truth.

Only for a moment, however; I gave them

a day to recover themselves, and on my next visit they received me with great cordiality. They gave as their reason for refusing me admittance that I was no true priest, because I did not wear a crucifix: but I told them what I believed to be the true reason of their momentary opposition, and endeavoured to reconcile them to the Divine law of humility and lowliness of mind. It seemed they had all agreed to exclude me, though now on my return they all seemed glad enough to see me. Klatsassan, when reproached for his unfaithfulness, said his heart was bad at my not coming, although, for the moment he had joined the rest. He now declared that nothing should turn him against me any more. The others, he declared, might call themselves Frenchman Catholics if they chose (the Roman Catholic priests who had visited the country had been French Canadians, hence the name), but as for him, he was my son, and a King George Catholic, and he was resolved to cast in his lot with me and my religion. I said his words were good. My heart had been water when they had refused to receive me, but now it was strong again. It would be sad for them if they had no priest to cheer them. They had a dark trail to follow, but as the

minister of Jesus Christ, I should accompany them a long way down it, and show them the light from heaven on it. And this would make their hearts strong. They said, "Very good, chief; you stay with us, and make our hearts strong." "God alone can do that," I replied, "but He certainly will do it, if you listen humbly to what I have to teach. Be strong and He will strengthen your hearts."

It was, indeed, little to be wondered at that such moments of darkness and misgiving should come over them, and that they should at times feel inclined to rebel against the Truth. That the new-risen sun in their heavens should always shine unobscured by "earth-born clouds" was hardly to be expected. Poor fellows, how I pitied them! Immured in that dull prison-cell—with so many in so small a place—(for in a new town like Quesnelmouth, the government had to use what kind of prison it could get, and was necessarily compelled to think more of the security of the prisoners than of their comfort), the air foul and heavy, for the weather at this time was wet: living, too, without exercise; men who, all their life long, had been free as the air, or the birds that fly in it, now lying manacled and bound; knowing, too, that each day brought nearer

the inevitable hour, when they should be cut off by a sudden and violent stroke from the land of the living, and die a death whose horrors were increased by their ignorance of its nature: in such circumstances, it was not strange that there were times with them when hope seemed to die, the Saviour seemed away, and the Enemy of Souls re-asserted his power, filling them with misery and despair.

I took occasion also to explain to them about the crucifix, and showed them that it was by no means *necessary* to wear one; the important thing, I said, was to believe in Jesus Christ, i. e. to have a good heart to Him, and to think of Him as dying on the Cross for us. I sought then to prepare them to receive the Holy Communion, and to ensure their having those conditions of the Church which are required of those who come to the Supper of the Lord.

## XII.

## THE LAST NIGHT.

About this time, October 24th, there came despatches from the Government, with the death-warrant of the prisoners. The executive, it appeared, thought not of mercy; all five were to be hanged; and in two or three days.

Fearful doom! Just, no doubt, perfectly just. But—all five! Could they not be contented with one or two of the number? At all events, might not young Pierre have been spared?—Pierre, a handsome lad of eighteen, who had a wife and child at home,—Pierre, who, in what he had done, had only acted in obedience to the chief, whom he believed himself bound by all laws, human and divine, to obey. But no! Justice must take its course. Ignorance in the eyes of the law is no excuse. Terror must be struck into all the Indian tribes. All five must die.

On the eve of their execution, I once more questioned them as to their state of heart. Knowing that, above all things, it is necessary that the sinner be penitent, before he dare appear before God, I again sounded them with regard to this. Again, Klatsassan tried to justify himself. "He would never have killed the whites, if they had not killed his people first, by sending small-pox, and had threatened to kill more of them by sending it again." Once more he was calmed when I told him he was mistaken; small-pox was not sent by the whites. It was God's visitation. He said yes, he understood that now, but he had not done so before: and the white man had said he would send small-pox

and destroy them. I put it to him if he had not been unjust in killing men who had not injured him, and ungrateful in putting to death those who had been kind to the Indians? Klatsassan admitted this. And had he not other crimes to answer for, which he had owned to me, one of which deserved death? Yes, he admitted it. Well, he must acknowledge all this to God, else he could not be forgiven. He really must humble himself and pray for pardon and a new heart. I said much the same to all the rest. But oh, it was uphill work to make them really feel they had done wrong! As a cartwheel will readily slip from off the level road to which (not without difficulty) you have raised it, into the deep muddy rut which through years of attrition it has worn, so would their mind fall easily back into the habit of self-complacency and self-excusing in which all their lives long it had travelled. But every time it became less difficult to lift it out of that old habit, and there was a better hope of its keeping out of it. They were soon brought to acknowledge again the sinful, lost, and disobedient state of their souls by nature; how adverse to God's law; how continually breaking it, and bringing themselves under its penalties. They all,

one after the other, said they had sinned, and wished to be forgiven. They were always thinking of Jesus Christ, they said. They had done with earthly things and they desired to think only of the Great Father. Did they forgive their enemies? I asked; and those who had given evidence against them, the whites, and Indians of other tribes? They said they forgave them all. There seemed, accordingly, nothing to prevent their admission to the Sacrament.

It is vain to expect in Red Indian savages that amount of preparation that we have to look for in educated Christians. Less is required, we are taught, of them to whom less is given. The dying thief was accepted mainly on the strength of his confession of the justice of his sentence, and of his faith in the crucified King. The gaoler at Philippi was baptized with his house, because, when conscience-stricken, he did what he was commanded, and, at the word of Paul and Silas, believed in the Lord Jesus Christ. The grace of God is great, and it is enough that the sinner should repent and believe in Christ as well as he can, and in the Church, as presenting Christ to him, if he understand this much. This I believe my Indians did, and therefore there was hope in

their death. They had learnt by heart, in their own language, not only the verse "I will arise," &c., but also that other, "This my son was dead and is alive again, was lost and is found," and they never ceased to repeat these in their prayers—together with others of the sacred words which they had been taught; and thus, without dwelling more upon their repeated assurances of penitence, I promised to come and administer the Holy Communion to them in the morning.

We conversed long together in a friendly way about many things on that same last sad evening. One principal subject of conversation, I remember, was the Future. After the present race of whites had passed away, I said, there would come a better generation. Indian children would be educated and taught to understand the mysteries of reading and writing. They would also learn trades. Their people would be raised above the low and sensual life they now led, and learn to find pleasure in useful work. They would no longer live an unsettled and roving life, a life in which virtue and religion were alike impossible. They would build good houses and till the soil, and wear respectable clothing; each having his own separate dwelling, being each the head of his

own family, having but one wife, as the Lord had ordained. A race of Indian priests should be trained up who should understand as well as the white priests the knowledge of the Highest, and proclaim it in the Indian language to the Indian tribes. Then they would no longer be at constant war with other Indians. Whites and Indians, too, would live together in peace and righteousness. For the whites would not leave the land. No, they had been sent here by the Great Lord of all! Up till now, that goodly land had been turned to small account. Its inhabitants had been but a handful. Vast regions had been given up to the fox and the wolf, the beaver and the bear. The Hudson Bay Company whites had done nothing in it but trap animals for the sake of their furs. But the Highest, the Maker of all, had other purposes for the land. Thousands of snows ago, He had commanded that men should replenish the whole earth and use it. This command was obeyed by a land like theirs being peopled and developed. No doubt, it was painful for them to see it in the hands of strangers, but it was for the good of mankind, and for the greater glory of the land itself. Above all, it was the will of the Highest. He, who had made so goodly a land and stored its

rocks with untold gold and silver, intended their treasures to be dug out for the advantage of the world. This would in fact be done. Many King George men would come and work, and bring gold and silver out of the mountains, and other metals, such as iron and lead. They would cultivate the soil. They would explore unknown regions. They would search out all its lakes and rivers, and put steamboats on them. They would stretch a mighty trail of iron across the land, even from the coast of the mighty water (the Pacific) to the great Rocky Mountains, and through them away far, far beyond into the east, and men would travel along this road in moving houses fast as the eagle flies; night and day for ten suns they would travel towards the rising sun till they reached the great ocean, the Atlantic. There, I said, are great steamboats, each holding more people than all the Chilcoaten tribes together; floating cities; which, sailing farther east ten days, go to England, the mother-land, where dwells the great Mother Queen, who rules over all King George men in all the world, ruling in the name of the one universal King, the Great Father. Yes, the land would one day become a nation, consisting of Indians, their descendants, and of whites, living to-

gether happy and contented. And thus the will of the Most High would be accomplished. For them, they were not to see this. No, they must go elsewhere. This again was the will of the Most High. For it was He, and not the King George men, Who was driving them hence, in punishment for their crimes. But He was merciful as well as just. He would forgive, He *had* forgiven; He would receive them from the hands of death into the place of the Blessed; because they had owned their faults—because they had believed in the name of the Son of God—because they had hoped in His mercy.

They listened with rapt attention. For the Future is a subject full of charm to the living, even when doomed to be soon numbered with the dead. Indeed, the interest man takes in what is to come after him is almost an evidence of his own immortality. Of all the prisoners, Klatsassan seemed most fully to enter into this contemplation. He sat motionless with his great eyes fixed on me. As the conversation went on, a light came into them: it was the light of hope for his country. For himself there was nothing more here on earth. The world was over and done with. To-morrow he must bid it a long farewell. But he was resigned to this necessity, for faith had made

him strong. And to hear of glad tidings for the land he loved so dearly, and for those who should come after him, was most consoling. His spirit grew stronger to meet his doom as he listened to what God would do unto his people in the latter days.

## XIII.

## THE LAST MORNING.

THE morning of October 26th broke bright and frosty. With that feeling of heart-sickness which those know who have had to approach the King of Terrors, and stand by when, with all its fearful ceremonial, the Law puts forth its hand deliberately and violently to take away life, I rose and hastened to the prison. The Indians were already at their prayers. I stood waiting outside the cell listening to their plaintive notes of supplication. The wailing pathos of their language seemed to come out in those last prayers as in a monotone they poured their plaint before the only Friend of the dying. The voice of the chief was heard above the rest in its deep, subdued tones. Never more (I thought) shall he pray those prayers on earth. Soon—within two brief hours—he shall have gone hence—gone

to join the penitent thief, and the Magdalene, and all the innumerable company of souls, who, having sinned much, have also been forgiven much.[1]

I then entered the cell, and asked if they were ready to receive the Holy Communion? They said they were most desirous. In celebrating, I said the principal parts of the service in their language; the rest in English. This, of course, they did not understand; but they knew the general meaning. They were very devout in receiving, and seemed cheered and encouraged by the Sacrament.

After the service the prisoners took breakfast, and then the gaoler called them out, one by one, to be pinioned. As they went I shook hands with each one, bidding them farewell. First went young Pierre, who wept a little, thinking, no doubt, of his young wife and child at home. Then there was Chesuss, now a changed man, his face no longer fiendishly hideous as at first, but softened and beautified by the touch of Faith. The rest followed. Klatsassan was the last to leave.

He grasped me warmly by the hand, and thanked me. I said he was my son, and I should ever remember him; and that we should meet again in a place where we

should understand each other better, and need no interpreter. I encouraged him to keep a stout heart, and think of Christ, and lean on Him, and soon the worst would be over; then I gave him the blessing of the Church, and let him go.

I forget what happened immediately after this, but I suppose I was talking to one of them outside the cell; however, the next thing I noticed was some one offering Klatsassan drink, and his refusing. I don't think he saw me looking, or that he refused the liquor from any notion save a sense of the impropriety of the thing, and a heroic kind of feeling, as if he thought it nobler to meet the worst with all his faculties about him, and face death manfully. They pressed him to take something, but there I felt I must interpose. They must not press him, I said.

The prisoners were then led on to the scaffold. There was a large crowd of Indians and white men round, but perfect silence and decorum reigned throughout; prayers were then said in Chilcoaten; very short, of course; such is not the time or place for more than a brief commendation of the souls about to depart. I remember saying to each one, as in turn they were blindfolded, and the rope

adjusted, and they were placed on the drops, "*Jesu Christ nerhunschita sincha coontese*" ("Jesus Christ be with thy spirit"). As I was going to repeat this to Taloot, a voice was heard; it was Tapeet. He first called out to his comrades to "have courage." Then he spoke two sentences to the Indians round the scaffold. They were of the Alexandrian tribe, and at feud with the Chilcoatens. Still, in such a moment such feelings must be forgotten. So he addressed himself to them, and said, "*Tell the Chilcoatens to cease anger against the whites.*" He added, "We are going to see the Great Father."

One instant more and the signal was given; the drops fell. All was done so quietly and so quickly that it was difficult to realize that the frightful work was over.

The remains were interred with Christian burial, after the Anglican rite, in a wood near Quesnelmouth, not far from the Cariboo road. A wooden cross with a rude inscription was set up to mark the spot where those poor fellows sleep.

# DOWN THE RIVER.

After the painful events described, we remained a few days at Quesnelmouth awaiting an opportunity to take our departure down the Fraser River to Lillooet. It was amusing meanwhile to watch the miners returning from the gold-diggings.

The summer had been a prosperous one; and now, warned by the appearance of snow on the mountains round William's Creek of the approach of winter, miners were leaving Cariboo to seek in Victoria or San Francisco a more agreeable place to winter in and get rid of their gold-dust. And so each day brought fresh detachments to Quesnelmouth, where they usually passed the night, the second out from William's Creek. Fine, erect, manly-looking fellows they were, with a grace and power of action such as betokened a life of freedom from the "trammels of civilization." So you would think as you saw them entering the town. Attired in blue woollen shirt, buckskin trou-

sers secured by a strap, from which depended on one side a revolver, on the other a bowie-knife leather-cased, and in top-boots, they would bowl along as freely as if they had not done their thirty miles since breakfast, with their blankets and baggage, too, strapped across their shoulders. A liberty theirs, however, apt to run over into licence and excess, as you would perhaps have thought had you gone an hour or two later in the evening into the billiard-saloon, and there seen them swaggering up to the bar, and with much loud and profane ejaculation, "liquoring" together in the strongest of possible "drinks;" or had you noted them as they sat clustering round the little gambling-tables all over the room, with their piles of gold before them, absorbed in the maddest games of chance, and recklessly risking their hard-earned summer wages.

How long they may have sat, or what sums may there have passed from the pocket of the hard-working miner to that of the professional gambler, we stay not to inquire. But morning sees them sally forth apparently as vigorous and as gay as if they had spent the night peaceably in their blankets: such the elastic buoyancy and vigour they had imbibed from

the mountain air of Cariboo: alas that treasures so precious should be so idly squandered!

Their next sixty miles are to be by water, and a boat lies awaiting them by the bank of the Fraser River. A fine large boat it is, big enough to hold forty of them, built by an enterprising carpenter, a Nova Scotian, all by himself. The "boys" get on board, each with his kit and blankets; they are in great spirits at the prospect of getting to the lower country, and show it by a free interchange of chaff. As one particularly long-legged Yankee advances to embark, one suggests that if they should capsize he would only have to wade ashore. The notion of wading in that river of unfathomable depth and furious current receives due appreciation from the miners on board; "and I say, Abe," adds one of them, "you'll just take my bundle, and hold it well up over your head, will you? for I would like it kept dry." And now, as they are starting, the clerk of the hotel heaves in sight, walking leisurely towards them. His appearance is greeted with a shout —"Shove her off, boys: here comes the Barkeep!" and as they begin to move away, one sings out, "Too late, Barkeep! I guess you won't be able to correct grub-bills today."

We followed in due course of time in a similar boat, and with a similar detachment of miners. By night we had done our sixty miles, and reached a place called Soda Creek, considerably below Fort Alexander. Here was a rude inn, where we passed the night. The place did not certainly look inviting, and was swarming with miners; but there was no choice. Mine host was as courteous as circumstances would permit. He gave me a room all to myself, with a table for my bed and a flour-sack for a pillow. Separated from me by a slight partition was the bar-room with the throng of miners. They drank and gambled all through the night, and their talk ran mountains high. It was something fearful to listen to, and even brought before my mind a vision of the future place of punishment. I thought, as I lay awake on my table, "Surely this conversation is more than human. The gates of hell," I fancied, "must have been left open by mistake to-night, and the inmates have escaped, and are filling the adjacent room. They seem to join in a dance of demons, shouting forth their maddest curses and foulest ribaldry. Would to God I could sleep through it!" In vain, alas! no sleep came. Next morning I breakfasted with those men. I was

anxious to give them my mind, and an opportunity soon occurred. The man sitting next me asked if I was thinking of going down country by the river. They, I knew, were going by the road: I replied in the affirmative. "It's takin' awful chances," he said, "to go down that river." I said I didn't believe in chance, nor in fact did I think there was much danger. "And besides," I added, and here I raised my voice so as to be heard all down the long table, and the clatter of knives and forks for a moment ceased, "and, besides, I'll tell you what it is, I would rather run the risks of the river, were they a thousand times greater than they are, than sleep another night under the same roof with such fellows as you. Last night I heard the language of devils in hell, and believe me, I don't want to hear it again if I can help it." "Do you hear that?" said one of them to his neighbour; "well, I guess that *is* pretty strong."

"You go in that canoe?" said a dusky Redskin to me, as, bundle of blankets and things under my arm, I was making for my boat on the river. "You go in that canoe?" shaking his head in a melancholy fashion; "me very sorry." I inquired wherefore. "Because,"

said he, "that canoe is small, and down yonder" (pointing to a bend in the river) "the waters are very strong, and that canoe will be smashed, and you will be drowned, and I am very sorry, for you, leplate" (which, being interpreted, means clergyman, being a corruption of *le prêtre*), "are good friend to mankind" (by which he meant Indian mankind).

This was rather a sinister start for me, but I had determined to go down country by the river simply because I did not fancy walking some two hundred miles with my blankets and "fixins" strapped across my back, and the boat which my friend condemned chanced to be the only one available. So I bade the kind-hearted Indian cheer up, and told him that the Great Father would look after leplate, and went on my way. Yet let me confess to a slight sensation of anxiety stirred by this doleful address. *Absit omen*, thought I.

But it was impossible to be disturbed by forebodings of evil on such a glorious morning. How bright was the fresh sunshine gleaming on the mighty river! How keen and bracing the mountain air! How stupendous the grand old mountains, standing round with the green of their pines and bright yellow

of their deciduous trees. Soon we were all on board. There were about twenty passengers, men of various nationalities, Yanks and Britishers, Mexicans and Norwegians. The skipper, a "gentleman of colour," managed the rudder, which consisted of a huge oar, and four stout "white men" plied the oars. Presently we started down stream, and at a rattling pace. For about an hour the waters, though swift, were smooth and safe. Then, however, we descried in the distance the white and broken current, which proclaimed a riffle or rapid. This being the first, we rather "funked" it, and all thought we should like to get out and walk past the piece of bad water. Accordingly we landed, and had the pleasure of seeing our craft dropped over the place of danger by means of a rope, with none but the steersman on board. Then we re-embarked, and shot ahead again.

Every five minutes the interest of the trip varied and increased. Every turn in the river revealed some new kind of scenery, of which nothing was commonplace or tame, but, on the contrary, all was romantic, fantastic, or sublime. Occasionally, the banks on either side would slope gently upwards, adorned with graceful trees and shrubs. More frequently they would rise up sheer from the water's

edge, forming lofty ranges of rock topped with sable pines. Now we would enter one of those glorious cañons, or gorges, for which, like the Columbia and other western rivers, the Fraser is remarkable. In these cañons the water is compressed into a narrow channel of unknown depth, and flows peaceably, as though in its great strength it were asleep, or only awake enough to play with its countless eddies. The great brown rocks on either hand towered like massive walls to a height of 1000 feet. The silence in passing down between those walls, with nothing but the depths of brown water below, and the expanse of blue sky above, was something perfectly appalling. We dared not converse then; the only sound heard was the splash of our oars. Presently, however, as we approach the extremity of the defile, we hear the distant roar. The stream, it would appear, has been gathering up its strength in that interlude of slumbering silence. For lo! in the distance "the white horses" are charging the rocks, and we are being quickly borne into the heart of the fray.

It is where the stream is seeking a lower level that these conflicts occur. It then goes raging over the mighty boulders which en-

cumber its bed. There is a twofold danger in such places. There is the risk of your boat having her bow turned by the back movement of the waves striking on those boulders, and there is, of course, the risk of collision with those rough-looking monsters themselves. It is essential to put on all possible headway in running those "riffles," because if your boat were once turned so as to present her side to the current, she would in a moment be swamped or knocked into shivers. And then a long farewell! No swimming in that whirling tide! None! The victim falls into the hands of a hundred contending currents, and, torn to pieces, or battered into jelly, he is hurled along, never to be seen by mortal more. But given a well-steered boat with plenty of way on, there is no danger; the craft will then dash down over those rough places, on the back of those fierce white horses, at a rate of little less than twenty miles an hour. We had, however, one awkward experience.

We had halted at noon for lunch. Hastily gathering some of the timber strewn along the bank, we had made a fire and boiled water for tea, that indispensable ally of the pioneer. Recruited with this, not without adjuncts of bread and bacon, we had re-embarked, and

were moving swiftly through the water. Presently, on a sudden bend, we saw right ahead the formidable waters of what is called the Chalcoaten Riffle, and as soon as we saw we were in it, "Now, boys, look to your oars," shouted the darkey at the helm; "give her way, my lads; that's it; push her through; throw your weight into her!" Encouraged by these and similar appeals, we tore away regardless of the fierce violence and deafening roar of the raging stream. But—ha! what's this? has the steersman missed the channel, or is the water shallower than he thought? I can't tell, but this I know (nor am I likely to forget it!), just where the river was narrowest and wildest, we came bump on a rock in midstream, a cross-beam was stove in, and—well, "the boat was a wreck, and we were all in the water?" Not so, or I should never have survived to tell it; but what *did* happen was this. After a moment of intense curiosity to know what was to come next, a moment which seemed to last an hour, the good boat did the most sensible thing it could do; it jumped from off its boulder full six feet into the seething caldron beneath, and, oh joy! we were saved.

Hereupon the men showed their sense of

relief by profane ejaculations after the manner of gold-diggers. To some who irreverently used the name of the Saviour in speaking of their lucky escape, I remember observing that to Him and to none other they owed a deliverance equally miraculous and unmerited.

And so we bowled along at fifty miles a day, and our trip never lost in interest. Now we would hurry past some ugly boulder lurking in our way, almost touching him. Another time we would mistake the channel and come broadside on to a grim-looking rock in the middle of the river; but just when on the point of being destroyed, we were borne swiftly past it by the mighty current, and taken down a steep and winding way to a still reach of water below. In such a case oars or rudder could do nothing, but providentially the current carried us safe away from the danger.

The excitement of these perils was varied by the charm of the ever-shifting landscape. Countless were the hues of the rocks on either hand; now brown, now grey; here of a bright vermilion, which to miners' eyes betrayed the presence of copper; now black, indicating coal. And oh! with what delight did we gaze on the fantastic or sublime forms those

rocks assumed! Here was a fairy castle like the Rheinstein—that "thing of beauty and joy for ever" to all travellers *am Rhein*—here again a fortress like Ehrenbreitstein—that thing of massive strength. This was a vast pile of rocks many miles in length, and towering to a great height. The precipitous sides had been marvellously wrought by nature into stately columns—quite regular too they were, and, what is still more singular, elaborately carved, such as no architect on earth might carve them. The whole was a perfect picture of massive strength and ethereal grace. I would other travellers might see this giant fortress, but few I fear ever will, for it is only visible from the river, and, unless the river becomes more civilized and less headstrong, few will care to trust themselves on its broad but treacherous back.

To describe all this is a sheer impossibility. Suffice it to say, the whole trip was completed without loss of life or limb. Only the good boat came to grief; this, however, within but a few miles of our destination, and after we had left her, with our effects. It was at a very bad and dangerous riffle, where the water was unusually shallow. The bark was being let down over the place by means of a rope

attached to it; but unluckily the stream got the better of her and took the liberty of rudely driving her upon a rock, where, in a moment, she went to pieces like a box of matches.

FROM

# NEW WESTMINSTER TO LILLOOET.

No one sailing from the green island of Vancouver, can have crossed on a fine day the Gulf of Georgia, which separates it from the mainland, without admiring the beauty of the scenery. The waters sheltered by Vancouver Island are generally tranquil. The islands around present a picturesque appearance of rock and dense wood. The snow-capped coast range of British Columbia lift up their bold jagged peaks. The scene is enlivened by numberless waterfowl of many species. A mile or so to the east of Plumper Pass—the narrow channel between Galiano and Mayne Islands,—the vessel passes suddenly into a stream, turbid and clay-coloured, in which are seen floating masses of driftwood. This is the volume of water which the noble Fraser pours into the Gulf of Georgia. The sand banks caused by the deposit of the stream, extend some five miles to the westward of the entrance. There is no formidable bar to cross

as in the case of the Columbia, and so many other rivers; a narrow channel having been forced through the shoals by the struggles of the river. With an entrance sheltered from storms, and a depth of water sufficient for any vessels save of the very largest class, the Fraser seems intended to be a gate through which the wants of a great country may be supplied, and its riches distributed to all lands.

Proceeding onward we soon leave the low and marshy lands at the mouth of the river, and come to where the forest bristles along each bank. Above the brush rise the maple, the alder, and the cottonwood trees—yet higher are the cedars, and above them all tower the mighty pines, truly the giants of the forest. Viewed from a distance, however, their extreme height is not apparent. The truth is that all being so tall, and everything in sight being on so large a scale, the eye finds nothing with which to compare them. It is only when, standing beneath them, we measure their trunks, or compare them with a building, or pace the length of one that is fallen, that we perceive how vast they really are. The majority of the pines exceed 200 feet, and many of them are over 300 feet;

the cedars, though less in height, are often of amazing girth.

Turning a bend in the river, fifteen miles from the mouth, we come in sight of New Westminster. But a few years ago all here was densest forest, but by dint of marvellous energy a beautiful town has been constructed. We pass up-stream in one of the river steamers, and, sixteen miles beyond New Westminster Fort Langley, an ancient Hudson Bay outpost, is reached. Would we explore the wonders of the "forest primeval," we must endeavour to get ashore somewhere.

It is a strange sight, especially for a traveller fresh from the Old World, to see the exuberance of the vegetation on this humid soil. He enters the wood by the trail or path which has been cut through the dense bush, and gazes silently at the wonders of the forest. The damp soil deprived of the sun is covered with moss, ground creepers, and a rich growth of ferns of various species, and of rare luxuriance. Mingled with them are the berry bushes, the salall, the salmonberry, the raspberry, the huckleberry, loaded with their luscious and many-coloured fruits. Above the bushes rise the hazel and the maple, their light green leaves relieved by the mass of darker foliage.

Verdant pendants of moss hang from the lower branches of the forest trees, which, stretching upwards, tower far above all things else, permitting glimpses, and but glimpses, of the blue sky overhead.

Thirty-five miles above Langley, the Fraser receives the waters of Harrison River, so named after the Ven. Archdeacon of Maidstone. Here is the first divergence in the route to the Cariboo mines ;—one road going by way of Harrison River, Douglas, the lakes, and Lillooet—the other by way of the Fraser, Hope, Yale, and Lytton.

As our destination was Lillooet, to which the Bishop of Columbia had appointed us, our way was by the former route. We started in a canoe, taking the mail along with us. We paddled incessantly all day long up the Harrison River till we reached the lake of that name. The banks of the Harrison as you approach the lake are bold and rocky, thickly covered with pines. As we paddled along, we heard strains of lamentation from the opposite bank. Presently there emerged from the shadow of the rock an Indian canoe, in which sat a solitary woman paddling, and with her paddle keeping time to a melancholy dirge she was singing. She passed us by unheeding, absorbed in her

sorrow. Our Indian told us she was mourning some relation, probably a child. The Indians, like Eastern nations, make more a business of mourning than we do, and consider it due to the departed to bemoan him for a certain number of days. Some tribes, like the Digger Indians, hold a general mourning once a year; till the day comes round the bereaved must postpone their grief.

And so on we paddled till we came into the glorious waters of lovely Lake Harrison, where we camped at night in a delicious little bay, close by the clear and pebbly waters, and within sound of the sweet lullaby of its gentle ripple. At the head of Harrison Lake is Douglas; then follow thirty miles of road, after which you come to another large lake, then a second long portage, at the end of which are Lakes Anderson and Seton. But, let me pause a moment: half way to Lake Anderson, just as you cross the watershed of the cascade range, there is yet another little lake, called Tenass Lake. Ah! well I remember it, for it was a tragic scene I saw there. It was a lovely summer morning, June '62, and we had ridden out there from Lillooet, Mr. Elliott, the magistrate, Phlynn, the constable, and I, and what should we find at that Lake of doom but three bodies

floating under the bank! They were evidently white men, and had been dead for a considerable time. An inquest was held, and we buried them: though unknown to us, their Maker knew them. Two years later, the murder came out. A man on the gallows at the Dalles Oregon for some other crime, confessed that he and others had fallen upon those three men as they lay in their tents by that lone lake, and killed them as they slept. They were miners, but I know not what names they bore. And I sometimes think that even now there may be some loving hearts in a land far, far from where they sleep, who are wondering where they are and why they don't come home; and who are listening, perchance, every night as the darkness falls, for the well-known footstep outside their cottage door —a footstep which, ah! they never more shall hear.

Next we reach, as I have said, Lake Anderson. The name is not romantic, but few scenes in nature can surpass its beauty, at once sublime and tender, especially as seen in the freshness of a spring morning as the sun crests the mountain peaks, ere his rays descend upon the calm waters of the Lake. Its length is sixteen miles, direction nearly N. and S. Lake

Seton, the last in the series, is fourteen miles long, general direction W. and E.; it is winding, rugged and picturesque. Probably this lake will be connected with Lake Anderson by a canal some future day; they are only a mile and a half apart. A new steamer was building on Lake Seton. Four miles farther on is the town of Lillooet.

Hitherto our way from Douglas has been up a defile or pass hemmed in by stupendous mountains, but as we approach Lillooet the hills recede on either hand, and the eye rests once more on an open expanse. A valley lies before us, forming an irregular circle with a diameter of from three to four miles, bounded by lofty mountains. Through this valley or basin the Fraser winds,—the river bed being 200 feet below the plain. A series of benches rise terrace-like, regular and level, and according to the season, snow-clad, grassy, or grey. These singular benches remind us of the parallel roads of Glenroy, and suggest the idea that the whole valley was once a lake, whose waters gradually fell as some obstruction that barred their egress was removed. On one of these benches stands Lillooet, right bank of the river, latitude 50° 41′ N., and close upon the 122nd parallel of

west longitude; its altitude is 1036 feet. The situation is romantic.

From the flat immediately behind the town the spectator has as fine a view of highland scenery as he could desire. Westward, to the right, St. Mary's Mount lifts its pine-clad peaks far into the clear blue sky. Farther south stands Mount Brew, a noble mountain (3000 ft.). During most of the year he is crowned with snow; but his mantle, changing with the seasons, is light green in spring, and in autumn of various tints, conspicuous among which is the bright yellow of the deciduous trees and shrubs. Eastward, to the left, also, are mountains stretching down the basin through which the Fraser River, filling the whole scene with his sullen but majestic roar, rolls on. Before us is the village. It consists of a fine broad street, the houses mainly built of wood; a few being of brick. At one end is the court-house, at the other the church. Unfortunately, it now stands empty and deserted, for there is no longer here a resident clergyman. The pretty little parsonage close by it is also unoccupied. Let us hope that the time will soon come when these buildings will be in use once more, and this place no longer left destitute of the greatest of the means of grace.

Beyond the town, the eye rests with pleasure on a series of terraces or benches, the fields enclosed and cultivated, blossoming and garden-like. Far away, that blue smoke among the dark trees betokens an Indian camping-ground. Farther still, yonder silvery line marks the winding of the river as it disappears among the distant hills.

Lillooet is still in its infancy, but has had a large share in the business of forwarding goods to the interior. Agriculturally considered, it is in the centre of a fertile, if a limited, district. The best of crops are raised, and flour mills also have recently been erected. The soil is most productive. Melons, tomatoes, maize, everything in fact that has been tried, reaches maturity in the open air. Lillooet is also an agreeable place of residence. The climate is fine, the air clear; the winters indeed are severe, and the summers warm; but the cold weather is bright and sunny, and the heat of summer is refreshed by mountain breezes.

Lillooet may shortly become a town of no small importance, for it seems likely that it will be a station on the new G. W. R. or "Great Way Round" (the world). The great scheme of a British North American Railway does indeed appear to be in a fair way of

progress. Its probable course would be: from Lake Superior to Red River; thence up the beautiful and extensive valley of the Great Saskatchewan River, a country ripe for settlement, to Edmonton. Thence to Jasper House in the Rocky Mountains. There is a valuable coal-field here; and emigrants going West by this route build their nightly camp-fires of coal instead of logs. The gorge through which the Railway would thus enter British Columbia is that known to Hudson Bay traders as the New Caledonian or Jasper Pass. It is described as a natural roadway through the mountains which rise on either side like stupendous walls. From Jasper House to Fête Jaune Câche, there is a valley through which a railroad could be carried. Thence the line will probably make for Cariboo; next to Quesnelmouth; thence by Lillooet to Victoria.

# KENADQUA:

## A STORY OF SAVAGE LIFE.

It is well known to all who take an interest in the progress of civilization and Christianity in the earth that many savage races are rapidly diminishing and disappearing. This is specially true of the Red Indian tribes of British North America. Nor is this depopulation to be ascribed wholly to contact with other races more advanced in intellect or degraded by depravity. Long before the whites had penetrated into British Columbia (to give one instance), the savage population of that country had begun to decrease. Only a few years after it had become a colony, and in a district not frequented by settlers, we traced in one place indications of what had once been a populous camping-ground, where scarcely a dozen of the tribe remained, and one wretched tent sufficed to contain all that was left of a people whose warriors and hunters once filled a score of

earth-houses, the outlines of which were still visible on the plain.

At the same time it cannot be questioned that the presence of the whites has done much to precipitate the ruin of those tribes, and this in various ways. In a book lately published on the Red Indians (by Mr. Gilbert Sproat, now agent for the British Columbian Government in London), this baneful influence is ascribed in part to "the despondency and discouragement produced on the minds of the Indians by the presence of a superior race." This is a subtle reflection, and unquestionably has its truth; but despondency seldom kills, and the Indians die before the whites. Doubtless to the vices and diseases introduced among those natives by Europeans, much of this exterminating work is due; fire-water has slain its thousands, and disease its tens of thousands. The following history will illustrate another fatal consequence of the white man's presence, while at the same time it will be useful as manifesting the power of religion, when the seed of truth is sown in an "honest and good heart."

Kenadqua, daughter of Shilsileedza, was a beautiful girl, after a type of beauty rarely seen amongst the copper-coloured aborigines of British North America. Features so perfect,

an expression so pensive and refined, are usually met with only in civilized races, and Kenadqua rather resembled a maid of Greece or Spain than a daughter of the Redskin; and yet there was withal about her a simplicity and grace in every gesture, such as bespoke the artless child of nature.

At the time when this narrative begins (in the month of November, 1861), she was dwelling with her tribe by the Lillooet stream, the fairest flower by that "flower of waters," for such is the meaning of its name. Kenadqua numbered some sixteen snows; an orphan, having lost her father two years before. Shilsileedza had been the chief of that tribe. A powerful Indian, with a free and kingly bearing, this warrior was one of the few specimens of his race whose physique could bear comparison with those stately savages whom Cooper and other romancers so grandly depict; for the majority of the aborigines, at least to the west of the Rocky Mountains, are slight and *chétif* in appearance. Shilsileedza died a warrior's death. When the whites came up into that country in search of gold, this chief had stirred up his tribe to resist these pale-faced invaders of their hunting-grounds. But the poor half-armed savages were no match for Californian

pioneers, brave and reckless; these, armed with rifles and revolvers, dealt destruction upon their assailants, and, after a brief and bloody warfare, in which Shilsileedza and half his tribe were slain, Indian resistance was at an end.

With loud wailings and lamentations, as is the custom of her people, Kenadqua mourned for her brave father. As her mother too was dead, she now fell to the care of a mean and sordid uncle, and his two dusky squaws. She went to live with them in one of the underground earth-houses in which these people pass their winter months. Here Kenadqua dwelt contented, knowing as yet no other manner of life. She would occupy herself with making mats or baskets, or, when the ground was not frozen too hard, she would go up into the hills to dig for roots for the family meal.

It was about this time—perhaps in one of those excursions, perhaps intruded upon in her own dwelling—that this poor child of nature first came under the eye of a white man who lived in a cabin by the river not far distant. He was a miner, wild and unscrupulous, fearing neither God nor devil, and caring as little for the soul of another as he did for his own. A few days afterwards the wretch came

and proposed to the Indians to sell this poor girl to him! Such, indeed, is the way in which some of our countrymen are not ashamed to treat these unhappy savages. Alas! instead of teaching Christianity to them, they make them more degraded far than they were before. This man, false to his faith, forgetful of the Lord Who is the Father of the whole human family, goes and buys this daughter of the heathen, to make her, so far as he can, a child of hell. Not that, however,—not that! For although those rascally Indians sold her to him, yet before she had lived long in his cabin she was, by God's mercy, rescued, even as "a brand plucked out of the fire."

On a Sunday afternoon, not long after this miserable transaction, we were preaching amongst the Indians, and chanced to visit the earth-house where Kenadqua's parents dwelt. The reader will be able to form some idea of this style of habitation, if I say that the appearance it presents as you approach it is not unlike a huge bowl turned upside down. You climb up the outside of this bowl, and, reaching the top, you find an aperture, which is door, chimney, and window all in one. Through this a pole rises from the floor beneath. In order to get into the place you

must clamber down the notched side of this pole; and as the fire-place is immediately below, you descend amongst the savages in a cloud of smoke, not unlike some heathen deity. You now find yourself in a tolerably large circular earthen chamber, round which are ranged men, women, and children, whose keen eyes and dark faces are at once concentrated upon you, expressing either welcome or alarm. "Leplate," however, be he Anglican or Roman, is ever welcome, because they know his heart is good towards the Indian.

Having intimated our desire to preach, an interpreter had to be appointed,—one who should know Chinook, the only channel of communication then open to us. Now it chanced that Kenadqua was present that Sunday on a visit to her people, and as she alone understood Chinook, the chief bade her interpret. Seated on the ground, Indian fashion, we began; clause by clause, as we spoke, Kenadqua repeated our words in the dialect of the tribe; clause by clause, as she uttered them, they were reiterated by an Indian who stood in the middle of the house, and gave forth each dictum with vehement gesticulation.

Now in our sermon we spoke of the gospel message of mercy (which the savage is glad enough to receive), and then proceeded to insist upon the obedience of life which all who really believed that gospel message would show; a part of the truth which he is not quite so ready to accept. The Indian, we said, whose heart was good towards the Great Father, and towards His Son, the great chief Jesus Christ, would do what He says, and give up what He hates. So on we went, led we scarce knew whither, until we found ourself denouncing the prevailing social evil (concubinage of their women with the whites), as a thing accursed, and quite against the will of the Father,—sure to lead to degradation, misery, and death in this world, and the punishment of fire in the world to come. If any white man wanted honestly to wed with an Indian girl, that, we said, was another thing; they should be married; "leplate" would make them join hands, and give them God's blessing; they should then be no longer two but one, and live together as man and wife for ever till they died. But, as for those temporary and unhallowed connexions, they were thoroughly bad. Indians must steer clear of them, or their canoe would be smashed among the rocks;

and if any girl there was already entangled in such a connexion, so degrading, so offensive to the Great Spirit, so deadly,—she must not hesitate, but do at once what God required of her,—she must break it off.

It was the truth, and we spoke it plainly, lest souls should perish through our silence. Yet we scarcely realized what we said, or rather were made to say. Our spirit was but an instrument through which the Eternal Spirit spoke, a harp on which He played what strains He pleased. We knew nothing of the special circumstances of the poor girl who was interpreting for us. How cruelly our every word must have torn her heart!

But, mercifully, she did not harden herself against the message thus painfully brought home to her. No! for the Lord opened her heart to receive His word. This was the very first occasion on which her duty was made known to her; for, although probably baptized in her childhood by a Roman Catholic priest on his way through the country, she had never before understood anything about the religion of Jesus. Now for the first time she learnt the sinfulness of her manner of life; and for the first time heard that the duty of every sinful child of man is repentance towards God, and

faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, with immediate amendment of life. As soon as she heard this, she determined to obey. Shall we err in believing that this ready faith and obedience on her part was a proof that Kenadqua was indeed one of those who have been "given by the Father to the Son"? "He that is of God heareth God's words."

The service ended, she came and told us of her circumstances and her life. "Ought she," she inquired, "to leave the man at once?" "Tell him he must marry you," we replied; "the priest must make you one to live together till you die. If he says no, then you must leave him." "At once?" she inquired. "Give him a little time to make up his mind." "How long?" she asked; "till the great Sunday?" meaning Christmas, then a few weeks distant. "Yes, that would do."

The man refused to marry Kenadqua, and so in a very short time she left him, and came back to live in that Indian earth-house. The man was furious, swearing he would shoot the "meddling preacher." One day, either thoughtlessly or in spite, he wrote Kenadqua's name on a slip of paper and then threw the paper into the fire. Now the girl's brother was present when

this occurred. What object that brother had in returning to the white man's house, after all the evil he had done to his family, we cannot say; all we know is, he was there when the paper was burnt on which was written the name of his sister. Now Indians, as we have already shown, have a superstitious terror of paper; looking as they do upon writing as a means by which the whites hold communion with the unseen powers, nay, with the Great Spirit Himself. Besides, to them the name means the person bearing that name. So Kenadqua, when she heard that this paper with her name upon it had been burnt, imagined herself doomed. She, poor child, thought that the destruction of her name was a presage of her own destruction; and, there being much sickness in that part of the country to which with her people she had removed, she too fell sick in the early spring, and died. She died,—may we not believe that she fell asleep in Jesus, to awake among the tried and faithful ones in Paradise? Was it not as a reward for her great act of obedience that she was thus early taken from the evil to come? She had heard the voice of God, and, forsaking all, had followed it. Leaving the comfort and abundance of the

white man's cabin, she had followed the mighty call of that still small Voice Divine back into the cold and dismal dwellings of her people,—into destitution and wretchedness,—yes, and even into sickness and early death. Therefore the Lord was pleased to take her from a scene of misery and temptation to the peace of His heavenly kingdom.

Rest, fair child of the forest, in thine early grave, where the dark pines wave on the lonely mountain! Ignorant and untutored as thou wert, thou hast been willing to receive the truth, and strong to obey it: the reward of life is thine. When I think of the dangers amid which the daughters of thy people are placed, and of the men, heartless as wolves, who prowl around the fold, I feel indeed that it is mercy that has removed thee hence, and that in mercy the Good Shepherd has taken His lamb to His bosom.

# THE CRY TO THE UNKNOWN GOD.

Bleak and dreary beyond description is the plain around Lillooet on one of those keen winter days of which fortunately there are in any year but few, when the thermometer is say 25° below zero, and the cutting wind, blowing straight from out the icy gates of the north, drives this intense cold in the traveller's face, menacing his nose and ears with the deadly frost-bite. The scene is grand in the extreme, could one on such a day tarry to contemplate scenery. On either side the Fraser, and at some distance from the river, rise lofty mountain-ranges, stately and majestic in their robe of snow. The mighty Fraser, whose channel is some two hundred feet below the plain, flows in silence beneath its frost-bound surface. But far away its liberated waters may be seen, the only black thing in a landscape of snow, wandering in many a serpentine bend, till they lose themselves among the distant mountains.

On one such day in the winter of 1863 we were out in the neighbourhood of Lillooet, beating up against the "Schwoo'oocht," as the Indians expressively call that dreadful north wind. The hour was noon; and although the sky was clear, no glad sunshine cheered the wintry scene. In truth, the sun was performing his diurnal eclipse; for ever at that period of the year an envious mountain to the south raised his unwelcome head between him and the region below, shutting out his cheerful light.

Striking was it, on such a day, to mark the change produced by the sun's noon-day disappearance. So long as he shone, the cold was not so keen; the bitter wind might pain, but it could not depress: so bright was the snowy scene around, and so clear the sky above you. But when the gloomy shadow began to steal over the landscape, as the beneficent luminary withdrew himself, what a change! Then all nature mourned; the north wind raged with ten-fold acerbity and fury; it was as though its good genius had left the place, and abandoned it to the malignant powers of winter. Such is the Christian in the winter of the world, when some mountain of sin, unconfessed and unforgiven, conceals for a time

the Sun of Righteousness from his soul. Then there comes over his life a deep and dreary shadow. Then the ills of existence, which indeed were there before, and had power to pain, but not to depress, are felt with overwhelming force. His good genius has departed: uncheered and alone he must encounter the fierceness of the blast.

But to come to our story. As we went across the plain, suddenly a cry fell upon our ear—a cry loud and mournful; a cry of supplication of some poor Indian in distress. The sound proceeded from a small tent half concealed in the snow. Approaching the wretched dwelling, we raised the fold which covered the entrance, and crept in. What a scene of misery! On one side of a poor fire sat the Indian we had heard. On the other side lay, huddled in a blanket, his squaw, ill with a malignant type of small-pox, foulest of diseases. Poor thing! she looked like nothing human!—a frightful object—a living death. Next to her was her child, evidently sickening from the same fearful malady. And so this poor Indian, encompassed thus with misery in its most revolting and most overwhelming form, threatened with the loss of all that he held dear, was there pouring out his soul in

cries and groanings, which could not be uttered, because no language might adequately express them. There was something heart-rending in the scene—the surrounding woe, and the poor savage in the midst, the picture of despair, with his dark face, his long black hair, and his hands crossed upon his naked bosom, wailing out in mournful cadences his prayer to an unknown God! Yet in those plaintive tones there seemed, one could not but think, some faint element of hope, as if he felt that his cries could not be really thrown away upon the wild and idle wind, but must be heard by the "Great Spirit," although what that Great Spirit was, and Who, he knew not, nor yet what He meant in being apparently so cruel to him. And indeed the prayers of this "poor destitute" had not been thrown away. They had entered into the ears of the Lord God of Sabaoth. They had come up "as a memorial before God." He Who heareth the young ravens when they cry, was not inattentive to the supplication of one in whom were traces of His own Divine image. For, undoubtedly, it was not chance, but Providence, which sent us to that poor man in the very moment of his need.

After first assuring him that his most press-

ing wants would be immediately supplied (for there was much small-pox about the settlement, and the miners were very generous in relieving its victims), we sought to let in the light of Revelation upon the darkness of his condition. We taught him the nature of that Great Spirit in Whose hands were the destinies of him and his, as our Saviour Christ has made Him known. God was no cruel or vindictive tyrant, who took pleasure in afflicting creatures, but a merciful and loving Father, Who punished His children in order that they might repent and turn to Him, and become fit for that good country to which He meant to take them when they died. He had only, we told him, to believe that God is good, and to have a "good heart" towards His Son Jesus Christ, and all would be well. His past bad deeds would be all forgiven; the blood of Jesus sprinkled upon his heart would make it clean; the Good Spirit Himself would come down into his heart to make him good, and to teach him to do what is right. As for his poor wife and child, they were in the Father's hands, Who loved them a great deal better even than he did. He could recover them, if He thought proper: perhaps He would. Let him ask God, for His great mercy's sake, to

restore them. But if otherwise—if He was pleased to take those loved ones from him—whatever He did, let him understand it well, that was well done which He did. Only he must have a good heart towards Him, for the Great Father loved him well. Was it not clear that He loved him well? Would He else have sent us to him that very hour to speak these good words to him, and make his heart great, which was before so small—so very small?

And then we left. And again the sufferer prayed—but now no longer in despair; no longer to an unknown God. Now, with intelligence and faith, he called upon the Great Spirit as Father, and committed himself and his poor family to Him as to a faithful Creator. And not many days after both wife and child were brought back to him as from the very jaws of death.

Many other cases not less affecting occurred, we need not say, when this horrible epidemic was raging in that neighbourhood. To the Indians of North America small-pox has been a fearful scourge. It is computed that, since its first introduction by the whites, as many as three millions of them have fallen victims to this disease. Amongst the Lillooet Indians

it made fearful ravages, notwithstanding all the efforts made to arrest its progress. It came upon them crowded together in their close winter-houses underground, and in one case struck down twenty in a single night. It found them, too, in their miserable tents unprotected from the cold; and when its feverish touch was upon them, the cold winds of winter blew on them, and they perished. Their old camping-grounds became a desolation. Each spot there had its tale of sorrow, its monument of death. Here a chief, the only brave man among a multitude of cowards, breathed his last; here perished a faithful servant of the whites; and here again is a ruined earth-house, which but a little while ago was the scene of savage mirth and harmless enjoyment, but is now the tomb of its former inmates. Where their camp-fires had blazed—where the sounds of their rude worship had resounded—nothing remained save graves of the dead; nothing was heard save, perhaps, from some wretched habitation, the groan of the solitary sufferer, calling in the forsakenness of his dying agony on the Friend of the friendless.

Much was done to relieve the sufferers. Government came generously forward to assist

private benevolence. A deserted miner's cabin was converted into a temporary hospital. When the patient could not be removed, blankets, tea and sugar, soup, &c., were conveyed to him where he dwelt. A few recovered, thanks to vaccination; and the last hours of those who perished were cheered by this kindness. Above all, the message of mercy, coming though late, and understood but darkly, enlightened their parting moments, and made them close their eyes in hope. Sweet is it to minister to a fellow-immortal those heavenly consolations which rob death of its sting; sweet to speak of a Father's and a Saviour's love to eager souls who, as the hart desireth the water-brooks, are athirst for the living God!

On one of those days of piercing cold in February, 1863, we went to visit an Indian camp on Lake Seton, some four miles to the west of Lillooet. The trail to the lake leads up a narrow defile, through which the clear waters of the Lillooet stream pursue their impetuous course to the Fraser. The scenery is of no common order. Right in front of you, beyond the broad expanse of Lake Seton, rises a snow-capped mountain range; to your left, as you advance up the gorge, towers the great Mount Brew; while to the right is St. Mary's Mount,

lovely and majestic, with its seven jagged peaks in all their irregular beauty, rising sheer and sharp into the clear blue sky.

The Indians we found encamped near the lake in a small thicket of cotton-wood, a spot well sheltered from the wind. Entering one of the miserable brush-tents they were living in, we exchanged greetings with the inmates, who sat, each wrapt in his blanket, crouching over the small fire of wood which burnt in the centre, and was doing its best to send the perverse smoke straight up through the hole in the roof intended for it. We learnt that there were but few cases of sickness in the camp, for by this time the disease had considerably abated throughout the district. Passing on a little farther, we came to a sort of booth which looked even drearier than the rest, for no smoke could be seen ascending from it, nor were there about it any signs of habitation. We stooped and looked in. Silence was there: it was the silence of death. A figure lay rolled up in a corner. Presently from this there came a feeble cry as of a little child. Approaching, we removed the covering, and found, to our intense horror, a dead Indian with a living child in his arms! Disengaging the poor little creature from the cold grasp of its father, for such he

was, we found him to be a child of some three or four years old; but alas! when we looked into his face, the eye-balls staring vacantly told too plainly that he was stone-blind. The Indians, to whom we then took him, told us that the child had lain in that dreadful embrace for twenty-four hours. The heartless ruffians had actually suffered it to remain all that time in the arms of a corpse!

Now the Indians are not usually wanting in kindness to those of their own tribe; on the contrary, they are wont to regard their own tribesmen as brothers and sisters. On this occasion they excused themselves for their brutal conduct by saying that they were very much afraid of the small-pox: more; they were greatly afraid of that child; its eyes, they said, terrified them. In fact, they seemed to fancy that the poor little creature, with its blank rolling eye-balls, was in some way or other "possessed."

There was evidently nothing for it but to have the child brought into the hospital near the town. But at first the Indians absolutely refused to carry it in; and it was only after much *waw-waw* (parley), and sundry threats of the skookkum-house (gaol) and corporal castigation, that one of them was got to

undertake to carry him. So, wrapt in a blanket, the child was packed on this Indian's back, and we set out for the town. So bitter cold was the wind we had to face, that I scarcely expected the little creature to survive the journey. But it did; and in the course of time we reached the hospital in safety. Placed before the fire, the poor blind child revived; it called for its dead father, and began to eat. But its little frame had been too sorely tried; and the next morning at day-break it went its way to the Land where sorrows cease, and where "the eyes of the blind shall see."

# LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

It was Good Friday, in the year of grace 1863. Calm and bright was the day sacred to holiest memories, and full of the promise of the Spring. But, alas! for our white population such days have but little interest. There is no chance of a congregation till the evening. Let us, then, go and visit the Indians at the Fountain, eight miles up the River; for well we know that, if they are at home, they will be glad to hear the marvellous tidings of this wondrous day.

Chilhoseltz, Fountain chief, received us with a hearty welcome. He was one of the best of Indians; not ferocious and treacherous like so many of them, but with much about him that was chivalrous and noble. In fact he was one of nature's gentlemen. On one occasion some time before, we had gone with the magistrate of the district to visit this chief, who was sick —so ill, indeed, that his life was despaired of. As we entered his cabin, he was lying on the

ground, wrapped in his furs; but no sooner did he see the white chiefs come in, than, despite his great weakness, he rose to his feet, and, pulling off his furry cap, advanced and greeted us with a dignity such as many a lord might envy.

Gladly, then, on this Good Friday, did the chief receive us, and at once set about the necessary arrangements for service. In the rough log-house which those Indians had built expressly for Divine worship we were presently assembled, the Indians sitting on the ground in a semicircle, we standing in the middle. With that rapt attention which characterizes the Red Indian did they listen, as we explained to them the meaning of the day, and endeavoured to set forth before them the scene of Calvary. They are susceptible of religious impressions, and were touched (as might be expected) by the story of what the mighty Chief, the Lord of heaven and earth, had endured for love of them. Again was fulfilled the word, "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me." The love displayed on the Cross drew those simple hearts to Jesus.

But when we went on to unfold to them the meaning of that sacrifice, and its effect upon

the souls of men, it seemed as if we were taking them deeper than they could follow. In vain we endeavoured to make them see what sin was, that it necessitated a sacrifice, and that the death of Christ took it away. At length we determined to abide by the simple words of Scripture, trusting to the Divine Spirit to explain it to their souls. So, translating the words, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin," we kept repeating them until they all could say them: "Meetkea Jesus Christ 'ntzowoom howheite te' küschtes." And there was one of them at least to whose heart the Divine Spirit interpreted these words. She was a very old squaw indeed, very ugly and very dirty, and her eyes were almost totally sealed in blindness. But as she heard the message of salvation, her old face was lighted up with a beam of gladness, as she kept repeating again and again, "Ma! *howheite* te' küschtes"—yes, from *all* sin. It seemed that the Lord had opened her eyes, and shown her what most she required to know—that she was a sinner, and that Jesus was her Saviour. Here was the very message she needed, the message of pardon and peace. "Justified freely by His grace, she had peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." Thus may the simple

message of the gospel,—because it is the "power of God,"—even when spoken in broken language to a throng of savages in a barbarous tongue, bring peace to the heart.

# MY MAN CHENTA.[1]

Once, when living at Lillooet, I had a Red Indian as my servant, whose name was Chenta. In such regions one takes what service one can get, and is glad of it; else Chenta had scarcely been my choice. A savage wild from his native woods; fierce and cunning of aspect; face painted fiery red; mane flowing in coarse tangled mazes to his shoulders—altogether not an attractive-looking specimen of humanity. What gave his countenance a peculiarly dark and sinister look was this, that he had but one eye, and the look that it cast was lurid, though piercing—somewhat dangerous and furtive, too—in a word, "no canny."

And, indeed, his antecedents were not much in his favour. He was said to be a notorious thief; indeed he was supposed to have sinned against the sixth commandment as well as the

[1] Reprinted from *Cassell's Magazine*, with the kind permission of the Editor.

eighth. But this was, no doubt, a libel. All I can say is he never stole from me—at least that I knew of—nor did he make any attempt to murder me, and that I probably *should* have known of. He was very useful in doing the rough work about the house—chopping firewood, drawing water, and so forth. For this sort of work these Indians are extremely valuable to colonists. They are not, however, always to be trusted with what may be termed the more delicate and refined portions of household service, such as, for instance, the washing-up of dishes.

My friend hard by, Roskyn, the gaoler and sheriff of the place, told me once of his consternation when, one evening, sitting smoking his post-prandial pipe, whilst his Indian was washing up in the corner of the room, he looked up and witnessed the proceedings. The Indian first filled his mouth with water, then squirted the contents of his mouth on to the plate in his hand, which, having thus washed, he next proceeded to dry, by applying to it his dark and flowing locks.

The vast difference between races may be shown in the washing of a plate. Primeval and savage man might adopt the mode described, and think it natural and becoming;

but to man civilized the process seems unnatural, because abominable. If I was sometimes tempted to forget the hiatus which lay between me and the noble savage, an incident such as the above would remind me of that gulf.

Chenta was, of course, fully aware of the distinction of being servant to the priest, i.e. the chief and great medicine-man of the whites—him who worked in *paper*, and kept a sort of telegraphic office for messages to and fro between the Unseen and the Seen. So Chenta did his best to maintain my dignity. Questionable were the means he sometimes used. One day an Indian woman came to the door to sell "gleece-stick"—that is, resinous pine-sticks for kindling fires. Having no loose cash at the moment, I directed Chenta to dismiss her. To this she replied she would take bread in payment. Now, it chanced that there was no bread in the house. Chenta, however, did not like to tell her so, not wishing to expose the poverty of the family. He said,—

"Oh, the priest never eats; he is always saying his prayers, and doing paper" (that is, holding intercourse with the Unseen); "he has no time for eating." Then, in corrobo-

ration: "Don't you see how thin he is? he's not fat like other white men."

I was amused, but mustered gravity enough to rebuke the knave for his mendacity.

Chenta had, of course, a host of brothers and dearest friends in his tribe whose tents were pitched close by the white settlement. To these he used generously to make over the various articles of apparel I gave him for his own adornment. He would come to me next morning minus some very essential piece of dress, or wearing some shabby substitute for my gift. Exhibiting his tattered attire, he would say that before he left the Indian camp the natives were all out looking at him with the most vivid astonishment depicted on their faces, everybody exclaiming, "Look at Chenta's coat! See, Chenta has no shirt! Chenta, you ought to be ashamed of yourself! You, the chief's man, to be wearing such a pair of trousers!" By this artful dodge the villain would endeavour to extort from me a new change of raiment.

I remember once promising him the coat I was wearing. Shortly after I was taken ill. Said Chenta to me, in a lachrymose tone,—

"Chief, you very ill; hope you not die."

"Why, Chenta?" said I, touched. "Would you be very sorry?"

"Oh, chief, very sorry Chenta, 'spose you die, 'cause then me not get that coat!"

And yet might he not have entered my cabin on any night—the door was never locked—and, assisted perhaps by a brother Indian or two, despatched me in my sleep, and then freely helped himself to my wardrobe and other "fixins"? His conscience would have quieted itself with the recollection of the last Indian whom Justice had done to death in the colony, and whose death would be avenged by mine. But he did not. Chenta, when I think of it, I feel grateful. Yes. Long be thy life spared, as thou sparedst mine!

# AN INDIAN MEDICINE-MAN.

THE Chief of the tribe of Indians in the Valley of Pasilqua was old Clatumnadza, who was also quiaelox, that is, medicine-man. Although chief, it can hardly be said that he was remarkable for personal beauty or dignity. His face was tanned and wrinkled with the blasts of seventy snows. His long hair floating over his shoulders was no longer white, for smoke and dirt and exposure had dyed it green. He bore some resemblance to the green-haired genius of the River, who used to flourish in the pages of *Punch* under the name of Father Thames.

This ancient personage told me something about the history of his tribe; and among other things, a tradition of the first visit paid it by white men.

To judge from his description, it must have been in the days of his great grandfather, and his tribe were living on the bank of a great river, when, much to their astonishment, there

came down-stream a boat full of palefaces, the first of the race they had ever seen. They had come, he understood, across the Rocky Mountains, from Canada, and were doubtless French Canadians, for the name of one which had been handed down in the tribe was Chapelle. Well, those men, eight in number, were most hospitably received by the Indians, with whom they stayed two days. They appear to have shown their appreciation of this kindness in a somewhat equivocal way, for they taught the simple savages certain strange things. First, they taught them to dance in their religious exercises, and then that the more they danced, and the more vehemently, the better pleased the Great Spirit would be. I have accordingly known them spend a whole night from dusk to dawn in wild jumping and dancing in their earth-houses. They also taught them that it was a bad thing to have only *one* wife—two at least every good Indian ought to have—a gospel which the savages highly appreciated, and practised. It was difficult for one to believe that the old man was not "romancing" in all this; still I hardly think his ingenuity would have been equal to the effort.

It appeared from what he further told me,

that the practice of these strangers was as slippery as their creed; for having completed their instructions, they bade the Indians gather their furs, the black and silver grey fox, the martin, the beaver; they were going, they said, to carry them to the top of the opposite mountain, and there present them to the Great Spirit: pleased, He should call the Indians good, and send them in due season rain and plenty of salmon. Thus exhorted, the Indians collected their choicest furs, and gave them to the whites. But instead of taking the skins to the mountains, the scoundrels took them down to their boat, and made off with them as fast as they could down the river.

My aged friend was, as I have said, the medicine-man of the tribe. This functionary, who is doctor, magician, and high-priest all in one, is held in great veneration. Naturally, a position of such distinction requires certain qualifications. It must not be supposed that their M.D.'s, any more than ours, become so without passing their examinations. Above all, they must prove themselves *men*, as the savage understands it. Courage is the *sine quâ non* of an Indian doctor. The following is the ordeal by which his courage is proved:—

In a large Indian earth-house are assembled

the candidates for a doctor's diploma innocent of apparel. Presently several dogs are tossed into the arena. These the candidates rush at with their teeth. Each seizes his dog. Heedless of the yells and bites of the poor animal, he holds him tight, tears him limb from limb, and ends by actually devouring him. Should any candidate fail in this trial, not only is he "plucked," but for ever after he is looked upon as white-livered, and a woman. Those who perform successfully this truly fiendish work, have next to pass through a season of retirement. They live for a year in the woods alone, engaged in the contemplation of natural objects, and the study of medicinal herbs. This second probation ended, they are duly installed in their office as medicine-men.

It was a sight to see the old man operating upon a patient. One day, passing near a tent, I heard loud and reiterated shouts and vociferations. Lifting the flap which formed the door I looked in, and found that all this noise proceeded from old Clatumnadza. Before him lay his patient, a middle-aged woman. Covered with a buffalo robe (I suppose to make him look the more awful), the medicine-man was doing his best to frighten away the

demon out of his unhappy patient: he would snort, and blow, and spit water on his victim to drive that evil spirit forth. Then, if the creature declined to go, he would roar at him as loud as he could bellow, and stamp furiously on the ground; and he must, indeed, have been a strong-minded demon who could hold out and hold on through all that storm. I need hardly add that I heard of more cases of kill than of cure under this treatment; and there can be no doubt that the medicine-man is a prodigious impostor, who makes his living chiefly by working on the superstitious fears of those benighted savages. Still I do not deny that he sometimes succeeds in relieving pain, or even in effecting cures, through his knowledge of medicinal herbs, as well as by the vapour baths which he recommends largely to those much-exposed and rheumatically-afflicted sons of the desert.

# A SUNDAY IN CARIBOO.

We now give a few reminiscences of the famous gold-diggings of Cariboo. The country in this remote and inaccessible region is wild, mountainous, and bristling with forest. So rough and unattractive is it, that one can well imagine that nothing short of gold could have drawn men into it: but gold is a potent magnet, for it represents all the good things put together that this poor world can bestow. Alas for the Riches, imperishable but invisible: what chance for them in a country where the bright seductive nuggets glitter in the brook?

One fine morning in June, '61, we set out from the Forks of Quesnel for Antler Creek, then the centre of the gold-field. In miners' costume, i. e. coatless, in woollen shirt, belt, and top-boots, with blankets for the night and other indispensable "fixins" strapped across our shoulders, and a stout stick in our hands, we set forth. Heavy walking it was, we remember well. A stout Californian who accompanied

growled at the roughness of the trail, and observed that "Jordan was a hard road to travel." It was indeed. First we had to go up a stiff mountain thickly covered with brush; next we reached a "dismal swamp" in a valley on the other side, through which we went nearly knee-deep in mud. Then came a second most respectable hill known as the Bald Mountain, from its treeless crown —from whose summit bold and bare, cold and snow-spotted, we caught a far-off glimpse of the Rocky Mountains themselves. At length after two days' weary travel we came upon a secluded valley, whence broke the joyous sounds of labour, and presently was disclosed to view the row of white wooden cottages and dark log-huts which rejoiced in the high-sounding designation of Antler City.

And so we were in the gold-mines at last. We were not, however, the first to preach the Gospel in Cariboo. This honour belongs to the Rev. Christopher Knipe, now vicar of St. Clement's, Terrington. We found him there on our arrival, dwelling in a tent, living on little else than beans and bacon, and roughing it thoroughly. Let it not, however, be supposed that the miners cared very much whether we were there or not. In modern days the offence

of the Cross has not ceased, but it shows itself more in indifference, less in violence.

In '64 Antler Creek was *nowhere* as a gold-field, and William's Creek had become the centre of attraction.

When first in '61 we visited the glen now grown so famous, it was nothing but a scarcely penetrable mass of forest and brushwood with a rude miner's hut here and there on the bank, and an occasional miner's wheel in the stream. Our first service was in a half-built store, where the auditors were but seven in number, and where swarms of most blood-thirsty mosquitoes tried their temper, and disturbed our eloquence. But this year a far different scene meets the eye, as descending the steep flank of the Bald Mountain we approach the valley now proved the richest gold-pocket in the world. Since our last visit, a great fire has cleared the hill-sides of their luxuriant vegetation, and the hills of their stately pines, leaving them bare and black with charred stumps. There are now three miners' towns: the first Richfield, with substantial buildings, court-house, church, jail, &c., while an elegant little white cottage on the hillside indicates the residence of Judge Begbie, who spends his summer in this remote and dreary den for the

sake of keeping the Queen's peace among the somewhat excitable gold-seekers. There, too, is the Government-house, abode of Mr. O'Reilly, Gold Commissioner, and so to speak satrap of Cariboo. Government agent, with unlimited authority, and wisdom and benevolence to match, O'Reilly, honoured and beloved among men, who that has known thee can ever cease to remember with regard!

Beyond Richfield, a mile farther down the valley, is the second embryo town of Barkerville, and half-a-mile beyond that is Cameron-town, the busiest place on William's Creek. Here we have our abode, having purchased with fifty dollars a humble mansion, which stands close by the Creek, too close one would think to be comfortable, for this gold-brook has an awkward knack of deviating from its proper course when its channel becomes dammed by stuff brought up from the mines. Our dwelling is six feet by eight, built of logs; with an open fire-place at one end; a door opposite; no window; floor consisting of a few loose planks; furniture, a three-legged stool, and a table nailed on to the wall.

We now give some recollections of a Sunday in Cariboo. But before proceeding, we would express our thanks to Dr. Macaulay, the learned

Editor of the *Sunday at Home*, for permission to use and here reproduce, not unrevised, a paper published some years back in that admirable and useful Magazine.

It is needless to dilate upon the various domestic duties which on rising one must discharge,—duties of a nature not fitted particularly to brace the spirit for the work of the day, but still indispensable, e. g. such as the lighting of the fire, fetching water from the spring, preparing breakfast, not to speak of sweeping the floor with an improvised broom, and sundry other little jobs, or "chaws" as they call them: (having imported from Canada this corruption of an old Shakspearean word "chares" or perchance of the French *choses*).

But to our work. There is first the service at the jail at Richfield. There you have a congregation, if a small and select one: will they *nil* they, they must attend. Next comes the regular eleven o'clock service in the church —for a church has actually been built here by the exertions of the Rev. J. Sheepshanks, Rector of New Westminster, in '62. Here, too, there is sure to be a congregation. The officials resident on the Creek will invariably be present. Unlike many of our countrymen in

distant lands, those in authority at Cariboo, from the Gold Commissioner to the Constables, were faithful in these religious duties. This was all the more exemplary, because our Richfield service was, it must be admitted, somewhat cold; there was scarcely any music to enliven it; nor were there any of those sweet accompaniments of worship which in other more favoured lands help to raise the thoughts to Heaven.

Notice had been given of service at Barkerville in the afternoon. This place was at that time the worst in the mines,—a place where gambling, drinking, swearing, and other vices reigned unchecked. On the Sunday we speak of, service was to be held at a half-built wooden house, for as yet no church had been built. As the hour drew near there seemed little hope of success: for the billiard saloons were more than usually full, and the streets more densely crowded with mule-trains unloading, and miners coming in, their packs on their backs, from the adjacent creeks. These meeting their acquaintances, would hail them with the strange mode of recognition of oaths and curses! These sounds, combined with the shouting of the muleteers, and the jingling of the mule-bells, with an occasional yell from

one of the saloons, made a general uproar not very encouraging to one seeking to hold a service.

Borrowing from a neighbouring restaurant a triangle (the substitute used for a bell to call the miners to their meals), we sounded from the door of the place of meeting a summons to worship. Long we rang, but in vain. The men in the street looked on in unconcern, not to say contempt. Passers-by would cast a glance into the building, and hasten on, as if Divine service was no concern of theirs. Presently a solitary man came in; but, finding no one else there, he went away. Laying aside our triangle, we paced the empty room in bitterness of spirit. "Can it be," we thought, "that the gospel had been amongst men for nineteen centuries, and yet among a multitude of white men—of Anglo-Saxons—of nominal Christians—there are not found so much as two or three willing to devote a brief half-hour of the Lord's day to God's worship? At all events," we said, "they shall hear of their wickedness." Then, taking up an empty box, we went out into the street, and placing our box at the corner of the adjoining billiard saloon, we stood upon it, and began to address the groups who were lounging about. With-

out any preliminaries we plunged at once into our subject, and charged home upon them their sin of indifference to Divine things. "How could they dare," we said (or words to that effect), "to treat the Almighty as they did? Here was His worship brought to their very door, and they would not take the trouble to walk two yards to do Him homage. He had come near to them in the fulness of His love and mercy, and they would not so much as listen to His voice. Could it be that they despised the riches of His grace and long-suffering? Was it that they judged themselves unworthy of eternal life? Perhaps, indeed, they were. It might be that such a cursing, blaspheming, whisky-drinking, cheating, card-playing crowd were not fit to appear in the presence of the Lord, or to receive any of the blessings He has promised. Perhaps there was to be *no* salvation for men like them who so distinctly preferred living in their sins, and who had so little desire after a better life, and cared so little for their God, that they would not move a hand or a foot to gain the way of salvation. And perhaps I did wrong," we said, "in coming out there to speak to them. It might be the will of God that they should perish in their sins, and hear no more

of the offer of mercy. I had come out, however, and had spoken,—because I couldn't help it."

Thus abruptly we concluded. There was no visible effect produced. Their faces wore the same nonchalant aspect as before. Perhaps there was an expression of wonder superadded, as if they would say, "Why, what is 'the preacher' in such a rage about?" Now to be frank, "the preacher" had some misgiving himself about this harangue; in fact, if the truth were told, he was a little ashamed of it; he had spoken harshly, and not with the persuasive "gentleness of Christ." Yet there are occasions when open and careless sinners must hear the sterner messages of the Truth; when they must be warned, and exhorted to flee from the wrath to come. This sermon, as we heard long afterwards, had taken hold on some of them, and set them thinking. May some indeed have been led to flee from the judgment which they had provoked to the Redeemer Whom they had despised, Who is the only "covert from the tempest!"

On the Sunday afternoon, when there was no service at Barkerville, we would cross the ridge over into Lowhee Creek, some four miles distant. The trail from William's Creek leads up a rugged ravine into the thick forest: soon

we pass beyond the sights and sounds of Sunday labour and revelry. In this green forest, on this rugged trail, under the shadow of these lordly pines, there is a peaceful contrast to the scenes we have left. Nature, at least, is in harmony with her Maker, if man is not; and through her the Lord of Nature speaks to the troubled spirit in accents of peace.

Lowhee Creek, though a not unimportant mining ground—for it has already produced a vast amount of gold—is still much smaller than William's Creek, and less thickly peopled. On the Sunday of which we speak, the valley, usually so quiet and so leafy, is a scene of desolation. One of those great conflagrations, so common in the forest primeval, is now raging here. There has been no rain for many weeks; and when this is the case, the pine-trees, which are full of resinous substance, and have quantities of dry moss (the food of the Cariboo deer in the winter time) depending from their boughs, are easily set ablaze. Often from the embers of a miner's camp-fire a flame will creep stealthily along the ground, seize upon a giant of the wood, and ere long cover a whole country-side with the destroying element. Such a fire we now witnessed on

descending upon the valley of Lowhee. The mountain side opposite was one mass of flame. As the fire went roaring up the valley, a flame would be seen to burst forth from the main column of attack, and, seizing upon a monarch of the forest, would rush madly up his side, leaping from branch to branch, until it flared forth from the top like a fiery streamer, then would come on the main body, completing the work of destruction; and the valley, which a few hours before rejoiced in its verdure, and gloried in its graceful and stately trees, has now become a black scene of desolation.

Descending into the bottom of the glen, we made our way over smoking stumps, deadly to shoe leather, to that lower portion of the valley where were the principal mining huts, and entered the public house, where we found a few miners playing cards. Accosting the "barkeep'," whom we knew, we said we had come over to hold service, and asked what chance there was of a congregation. He said, "Wall, the most of the boys had gone over to William's, and there were very few of them there; and he guessed it was hardly worth while."

Having ascertained that at least he had no objections to our holding service there, we

proceeded to look up the miners in the neighbourhood, and succeeded in inducing a few to join.

Our service was short and simple, beginning with the general confession and the Lord's prayer; a lesson from the New Testament followed, and after that a short practical sermon on the parable of the Prodigal Son, concluding with one or two collects and an extempore prayer. They were attentive, and seemingly impressed. No doubt the gospel came before some of them as something new; for reckless living and bad habits soon make men unlearn the religion of their early days.

Yet some of those whom one meets in gold-diggings, such as Cariboo, have probably never learnt much about religion. Some had not indeed the faintest notion what it meant. The only idea they connected with it being that it was something very unpleasant. A friend one Sunday overheard two miners conversing. Said one, "I have been to hear the parson to-day, but," he added, "I reckon he didn't do *me* much good; he didn't convert *me*" (with Yankee nasal emphasis on the *me*). To which the other rejoined, "Wall, I *once* was caught by a parson, and that was on —— (some creek or other in California), when one

came to preach in a public-house, and then I was fifteen years old. But they have never caught me since. Now," he added, "I never see a parson but I laugh."

Once on our inviting a man to church he declined, and said it was a thing he never did. He was a Universalist, and didn't believe in *any* future punishment. He had only once heard a sermon, and that was in California. A Methodist preacher came into a saloon where he was and preached. After preaching, his reverence sat down to a hand at poker, and before he left the place he broke two banks. Our miner looked upon preaching as a mere piece of *business*, and the whole of religion as nothing but a big imposition. As a shrewd old digger once observed of those illuminated ones who pretended not to believe in religion, "At home they believed it; now they know too much, it seems! But where did they get all this new light and this wonderful wisdom of theirs? Here, on the Pacific Coast, was it? And so this is the land of wisdom! A good joke, to be sure."

That there were some good men and true amongst them is an undoubted fact; indeed our somewhat cynical friend just quoted is a proof of this, to go no farther. It cost not a little in the way of banter and ridicule to pro-

fess any religion or attend a service; yet there were often good congregations. There were men not unwilling to sacrifice much for the faith. Thus, a kind-hearted clerk allowed us to sojourn in his house at Quesnel Forks, and eat of his meat, until he found that our presence was driving away customers who refused to come where a parson was, and in this way was injuring his master's business.

Then, again, there were men who would not work on a Sunday, and preferred to pay ten dollars to their company each Lord's day as a fine rather than violate their conscience. How many of our miners at home would pay two pounds a week for the privilege of a Sunday? Yes, good men and true there were even amongst those who had lived the longest beyond the fold of the visible Church, and wandered farthest from the sound of a church-bell; miners who had roughed it long, but whose hearts had never roughened, and who, after protracted and searching probation, stood out as faithful, as humble-hearted, though vastly braver and stronger Christians than when they had left their homes, and come out upon the world.

Such was a rugged, weather-beaten Pennsylvanian, who stopped to speak to us one day

after service at Lytton, in the ower country. After thanking us for the service, he said, "It must be a thankless task for you to preach the gospel among such a people." He said he was going to Cariboo. We spoke of the temptations there. Remarkable and never to be forgotten was his reply. "Ah, sir," he said, "I have been fourteen years on this Pacific coast, and I have seen a good deal, and come through a good deal in that time, you may suppose. I think a man who by grace has been enabled to weather it in these countries so long, may humbly expect to be able to go through anything, and to get to the end in safety." And you saw he was in earnest; a true soldier of the Cross, grown a veteran through much exposure and hard service in many a well-foughten field. To such may truly be applied the oft-quoted words of Milton:—

> "Faithful found
> Among the faithless, faithful only he;
> Among innumerable false, unmoved,
> Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,
> His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;
> Nor number, nor example, with him wrought
> To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind
> Though single."

But we hasten to the close of our Sunday.

Six o'clock, or thereabouts, finds us back in William's Creek and at Camerontown. The bell is ringing at the "restaurant," and miners are rushing in to supper. We join them; no time to-day to cook our own beaf-steak,—our usual practice, for although meals at two dollars and a half (ten shillings) may not inconvenience diggers who are shovelling out their nuggets, and count their gold by pounds and ounces, those prices are hardly within the compass of a parson's purse. The meal is not so bad as it might be, and does not, as in former years, consist of beans and bacon,—far less of "beans straight," which is beans without bacon. We have beef which has been driven all the way from Oregon, we have also potatoes grown not very far from the mines, and we have "pumpkin" pies or peach pies—a "Yankee notion," and not a bad one either. It would be rude to criticize our messmates, else we should observe that Dickens' well-known description in his "American Notes" is hardly an exaggeration after all. The "boys" bolt their food with wondrous rapidity, eat with their hats on, and can hardly out of deference to the parson refrain from the usual seasoning of oaths, though they try to, let us own with gratitude, and follow up the evil

expletive with an apology, which, however, we must receive less courteously with something to this effect:—"It is not *me*, you know, whom you are offending by speaking in that way."

One Sunday evening, in the early days of Camerontown, we were going to hold service there in a half-built billiard saloon. A good-natured young fellow rang a bell at the door, and as no one appeared to be coming, he suggested that perhaps the "boys" might not know what the ringing was for. We accordingly went to gather a congregation. Among other places, we entered a small public-house, which was crowded with miners, standing round small tables on which were piles of twenty-dollar pieces, engaged in that deadly sin and snare of mining-life, gambling. "Gentlemen," we sang out, "perhaps you can't hear it for the noise, but there's a bell ringing outside." Dead silence followed this announcement; the majority did not know our voice, else they would not have listened further, anticipating what was coming. "Gentlemen," we resumed, "let me tell you what that bell is ringing for; it is to invite you to worship. We are going to have service at Mr. Barry's new saloon." These last words, however, were drowned in a

Babel of uproar, oaths, yells, and execrations, which broke forth from every corner of the room. Some bade us go, we won't say whither; others somewhat less discourteously, "Take a drink." And yet for all that, the service was held, and no doubt blest to some of them; and even from that very company of votaries of sin and blasphemers, there came to it two or three stragglers.

One Sunday night, on going home to our humble cabin after our labours, to court tired Nature's sweet restorer, what was our dismay to find our habitation surrounded with water. Wading to the door we entered, and with some difficulty struck a light, which disclosed to us a most melancholy scene. The tiny place was flooded with the dirty water of the Creek, and the planks of our floor and cutty-stool, and other worldly possessions, were swimming complacently about. The water was half way up the legs of our bed, and to judge from the cause, which was evidently the accumulation of tailings (material from the mines) in the bed of the brook, it might as readily as not increase, until it carried away the whole establishment. Accordingly, seizing our blankets we beat a retreat, and were fain

to stretch ourselves upon the softest plank of a neighbour's kindly floor.

So much for the Sunday; and now to conclude, we add a reminiscence of Monday morning, which we extract from our Diary of July 20, 1864:—

"Monday pouring. Buried the young man who died yesterday. (His name, John Curnow, from Canstown, Ludgoan, Penzance, Cornwall. He died of typhus after a very short illness, typhus induced by privations and hardships.) We had a tramp of a mile and a half through deep mud and rain. I walk before, and wonder at the remnant of civilization and love in these rough hearts that follow with their burden—over the knees in mud—up the steep braes—through the searching rain—to the lonesome grave among the stumps—where they lay the mortal remains of this fine Cornish lad of twenty-one."

THE END.

LONDON:
GILBERT AND RIVINGTON, PRINTERS,
ST. JOHN'S SQUARE,
AND 28, WHITEFRIARS STREET, CITY.

F5804.2 8771 C.5

Ainachem - a chief name 14
Alentis 1 do 57
Bardsgear - Thy name condemn 61
Dead Man's Creek 69
Lime of Harrison R 138
Name of Lillooet 149

RV

Bib: 1586017 vbsc

7/a

BRITISH COLUMBIA,
VANCOUVER ISLAND
&c
Scale of British Miles 69.1=1°
10 0 10 20 30 40 50 60 70 80 90 100
The Figures on the Map express heights in feet above level of Sea.
NORTH PACIFIC OCEAN
RUSSIAN AMERICA
Now belonging to the U. States
PRINCE OF WALES IS.
DIXON ENTRANCE
QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLANDS
VANCOUVER ISLAND
GULF OF GEORGIA
QUEEN CHARLOTTE SOUND
NOOTKA SOUND
JUAN DE FUCA STR.
Rocky Mountains
Selkirk Mountains
Columbia Mountains
Cascade Mountains
Great Plateau of Spokani
Great Plain
LESSER SLAVE LAKE
PEACE RIVER
ATHABASCA PASS
Lesser Slave Lake
Tatla Lake
Cross Lake
Stuart L.
L. de Francois
Fort Babine or Killamaurs
Fort Fraser
Fort St. James
Fort George
Fort Alexander
Fort Colville
Fort Okanagan
Fort Kamloops
Lillooet
Lytton
Yale
Hope
NEW WESTMINSTER
VICTORIA
Nanaimo
Cape Scott
Cape Flattery
Destruction I.
Flattery Rocks
Quatsino Sound
Clayoquot Sound
Barkley Sound
False Nitinat Inlet
Esquimalt Harb.
Burrard Inlet
Howe Sound
Jervis Inlet
Bute Inlet
Tolmie Inlet
Malaspina Inlet
Dixon Entrance
Portland Canal
Observatory Inlet
Nass R.
Skeena R.
Fraser R.
Thompson R.
Columbia R.
Athabasca R.
Peace R.
Saskatchewan R.
Red Deer R.
Bow R.
Kootanie Pass
Boundary Pass
Rocky Mountain Ho.
Jasper House
Tête Jaune Cache
Kootanie Flathead
Kootanie Trading Post
Paddler Lakes
Flathead or Selish Lake
Pointed Hart L.
Kullespelm L. or L. Pend d'Oreilles
Flat Head or Clarke R.
Thompson's Rapids
Ross Rapids
Upper Arrow L.
Lower Arrow L.
Platbow Lake
Okanagan Lake
Great Lake
Shuswap Lake
Kamloops L.
Lillooet L.
Harrison Lake
Pitt L.
Green L.
Loon L.
Williams L.
Puntzeen L.
Tada L.
Takla L.
Menicia L.
McLean L.
Stella L.
Natchaten L.
L. Nicootlem
L. Quaw
L. Fuzecho
Carrier Vill.
Stuart L.
Cross L.
Gull L.
Carp L.
Tatla Lake
Babine Lake
Kilhalasca
Hanawes R.
Bundoch R.
Kitimat R.
Kitsumgallum R.
Kitsumkalum R.
Kitkatla R.
Kitkatla Inlet
Kitkatla Village
Kitkatla Vill.
Kitkatla Village
Kitkatla Village
Kitkatla Village