

NOTES OF A JOURNEY  
FROM  
TORONTO  
TO  
BRITISH COLUMBIA,  
VIA  
*THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY*

(JUNE TO JULY 1884):

BEING  
LETTERS TO HIS SISTER AND MOTHER

FROM  
CHARLES WESTLY BUSK, C.E.,  
M.A. TRIN. COLL. CAMB.

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*[For Private Circulation.]*

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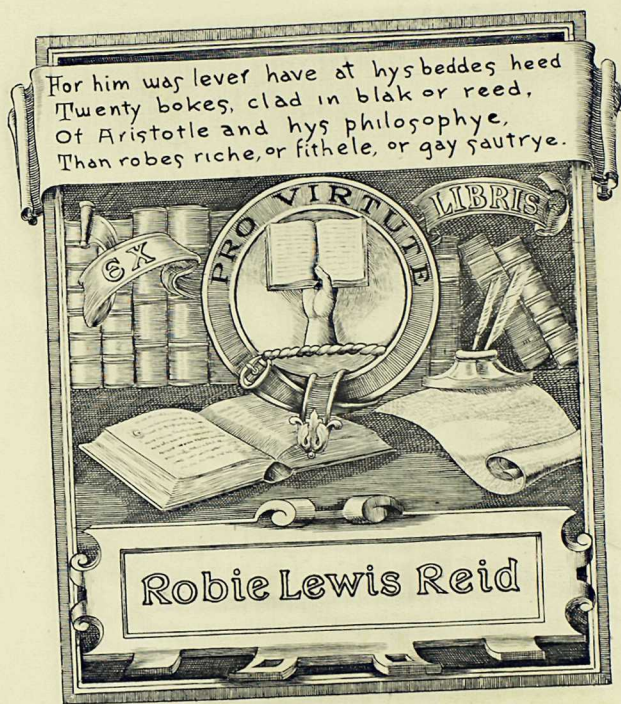
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The University of British Columbia*

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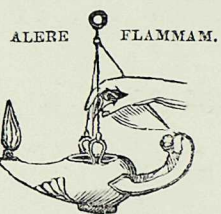
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Victoria, British Columbia,  
July 9th, 1884.

MY DEAR MADELINE,—

You will probably have received, by the time this arrives, the post-card I sent you announcing my safe arrival at this city of the Far West, as also I hope, in their due order, the cards I posted almost daily *en route*. I now propose to give you a short account of the journey and the country and scenery on the way. A good deal of the information and the Indian stories and legends are all from reliable sources, as far as I have been able to obtain such; and I trust the combination may prove instructive, geographically and historically, as well as afford amusement. As the country between Toronto, Chicago, and St. Paul is comparatively well known, and is a route constantly traversed by hundreds of people, I do not propose to enter into any details of that part of the trip, but only to confine myself to the Northern Pacific Railroad and its connection with the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company, which, as you should know from the post-cards received, is that part of the journey lying between St. Paul and the "Queen City of the West."

There was a good deal of hesitation as to how I should travel; I don't mean whether on foot, horseback, or rail, but as to the class of train to be used, for there is not only a difference in time of two days, but also a very considerable difference in the price of the ticket. A first-class ticket right through costs 128 dollars. This entitles the passenger to one seat in a first-class car, and nothing else; but it will also take him through to Portland, Oregon,



in six days. In order to obtain sleeping accommodation and a through-car from St. Paul, it is necessary, in addition to this, to take a bed in a Pullman Car; this adds an expense of exactly 20 dollars, making a total of 148 dollars for fare, to which must be added 75 cents a meal for the entire journey. The choice lay, therefore, between this and the third-class, or emigrant rate, which is 71.50 dollars per ticket, right through. This entitles to a seat and bed in a through-car from St. Paul; but the journey takes, as I have said, two days longer. I finally decided to adopt this latter course; and I have had no reason to regret it—rather the contrary, for I have been able to see considerably more, and probably gather more information on account of the slowness of the travel, caused principally by the very long stops at different stations, which are avoided by the regular express passenger-trains. In order that you may have some idea whereabouts the various places are that will be mentioned, I send you the official map of the Northern Pacific Railway; but you will find that it has been badly printed, the coloured parts are all a little to west and by south of their proper places, but you will easily rectify this; the black outline is, in the main, correct, and so you can go by that and ignore the colour altogether.

The train left the Union Station, Toronto, at 1.5 p.m. on Monday, June 23rd, and drew up in the Michigan Southern Station (or depôt), in Chicago, at 7.50 the following morning, the clock being put back one hour at the Detroit river. On presentation of a through-ticket to a Canadian port, the baggage is all passed without examination. At Chicago I posted you a card. I would have preferred to leave Chicago by way of Milwaukee, but the tickets did not read that way, and so it was necessary to travel by the Rock Island and Pacific Railway, *vid* Albert Lea, to St. Paul, and this was accomplished with extreme punctuality. Up to this there is no difference, either in time or accommodation, between one class and another. First-class passengers leave St. Paul again shortly after 4.0 in the afternoon, and arrive in Portland at half-past 11 in the morning of the fourth day. Emigrant passengers have



to remain in St. Paul till 10 minutes to 8, and are due in Portland at a quarter past 4 in the afternoon of the sixth day. It was quite early when the train reached St. Paul; so I went to an hotel for the day, for meals and general refreshment. Of course I walked about the city a great deal, and looked down on the Mississippi river, and so on. St. Paul is the capital of the State of Minnesota, and is situated on the Mississippi river, rather over 2000 miles from its mouth, and at the head of steamboat navigation. Thirty-four years ago the city was a small out-of-the-way settlement, near St. Anthony Falls, now it has over 80,000 inhabitants. The Indian name of the locality, before there was a city, was Immigaska, which means White Rock, and was so called by them, I suppose, on account of tall white cliffs of sandstone which lie along the course of the river, and, in fact, the city is itself on the top of one of them. It seems an extraordinary place on which to have built a city, as it is quite apparent to-day that many hills have had to be levelled and thrown over into valleys to make a kind of level place; and this must have cost, and does still cost, a lot of money. The streets are lighted with gas and electricity; street-cars (*i.e.* tramways) are numerous, and so are the suburban and local trains. St. Paul is almost midway between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and therefore is enabled to carry a considerable trade both east and west.

Minneapolis is another large city, about ten miles west of St. Paul, and containing about the same number of inhabitants; but I did not visit this, merely passed through in the train, and so it does not come within the scope of this letter to say anything about it, except perhaps that there seems to be every appearance of the two cities being united at no very distant date.

In order to make the journey of six days in the same car pleasant and in fact endurable, it was necessary to make preparations in advance; and in the furtherance of this a certain Captain Cook (a policeman!) was extremely useful. The emigrant sleeping-car is really a thing to be seen. It is built by the Pullman-Car Company expressly for the Northern Pacific Railway, and is arranged exactly in the same way, only there is in addition, at the rear of the car, a



cooking-stove, so that with a kettle and so on, tea can be made at any time, and also, when travelling in families, dinner can be cooked comfortably from provisions the passengers bring with them; but for lone bachelors, spinsters, and the like there is every opportunity of eating to satiety at regular stations the whole way through at 50 cents a meal. The difference between these cars and the Pullman Palace Cars is the lack of upholstery; this is entirely absent, and it would not do were it otherwise. It is necessary for each passenger to provide his or her own mattress, pillow, and pair of blankets; and these you can procure for a charge, all told, of 2.50 dollars, at the Union Station at St. Paul. This is, of course, the plan I adopted; and a berth on the north or shady side of the car having been previously secured for my own personal use for the whole way, by the gallant Captain, and the necessary bedding arranged therein, with my instruments and so on under the seats, I was ready for the voyage, or, more strictly speaking, journey. There are upper and lower berths, exactly as in a Pullman, the upper berths being capable of being closed up when not in use, and so made as to contain the bedding of both. The lower berth is formed out of the seats, which draw together in the usual way. The cars are amply supplied with fresh water for washing and drinking purposes (this latter is "iced"), and thoroughly swept out at least twice a day. In addition to this, the passengers do not select their own seats or berths, but have them appointed; and in the doing of this the great Cook shows great discrimination and sense. The result was that I enjoyed the trip immensely, and was, on the whole, more comfortable than in a Pullman.

On Wednesday evening, then, June 25th, at 7.50 p.m., the train steamed out of the Union Station, St. Paul, and the trans-continental journey was begun. We were bound for oft-read-of scenes, —the Red river of the North, the mighty Missouri (the longest river in the world), was to be crossed; then there were hundreds of miles of prairie, with Antelopes and Buffalo, and Wild Indians, and Cow-boys, and Prairie-Dog villages without end; then there was to come the far-famed Rocky Mountains, the Columbia river and its



plains, and this was to be followed by the mighty Andes, and, last of all, the wide expanse of the Pacific Ocean. Who would mind sitting in one room 50 feet by 10 for six days and nights to see all this? and who is there who, having done so once, would not want to have the days halved and the nights doubled on the next occasion? Answer, I!

On waking about daybreak, the first station passed was Frazee, 217 miles from St. Paul, and 1694 from Portland. Of this 217 miles I, of course, saw nothing; but I can tell you what it was like from hearsay, and shall of course have to do this always on the night journeys. The course of the railway is along the left side of the Mississippi river, the country scenery consisting of small lakes and streams, patches of timber, and occasional tracts of open prairie or grazing-land. Anoka is on the Rum river. There are 4000 inhabitants; but I did not learn whether the Rum water affected their heads at all. Sauk Rapids is a village of some little importance, on account of large beds of granite. Crow-Wing is 128 miles from St. Paul, and is famous for its Indian history, nothing else. A little west of where the station is, a celebrated chief of the Chippeways, whose name was Hole-in-the-Day, had his habitation. This chief is said to have been a fine-looking man, and also to be a great dandy in his dress, but was looked upon by his tribe at conniving with the Agent in his evil practices. On each Indian reservation is a Government Agent, who is supposed to look after the tribe like a father, and also to dole out the Government bounties; but it is well known that these men all over the States are fearful rogues, and swindle the poor Indians to their own personal gain. It was at these practices that Hole-in-the-Day was supposed to wink. The Government determined, on one certain occasion, to send out a man to inspect the Agency. The Agent became frightened; and so to make the chief secure he bought him a beautiful saddle and bridle. When the inspector called, the chief showed these as great treasures and with great pride; then, putting the bit in his own mouth, he said, laughing, "This no horse-bridle; this Indian bridle. Indian no talk." And the Inspector had to go without his information.



Hole-in-the-Day was murdered by his tribe about ten or twelve years ago. On another occasion the Government sent out an Agent to try and get this wily man to sign a treaty by which they would sell their land, and go away to live in a desolate place. When the assembly was all met together, the Agent rose and said, "Your great father has heard of your wrongs, and made up his mind to send you an honest man; he looked all about him till he saw me, when he said, 'I have found an honest man; go, make a treaty with my red children.' Look at me! the winds of fifty summers have blown over my head and turned it grey. I tell you, as a man who never lies, it is wise for you to sign this treaty at once." He sat down again in perfect silence. Presently a chief of the Mille-lac tribe, named Shah-bah-skong, got up to speak, and he spoke to the point:—"My father, look on me! The winds of fifty summers have blown over my head and turned it grey. The winds have not blown my brains away!" The council ended at once amidst general roars of laughter.

Brainerd is the station where the line from Duluth joins the St.-Paul line, and is an important town, about 1600 feet above the sea, and planted in the midst of a pine-forest. Somewhere in this neighbourhood (a little east, I think) a survey-party for the Northern Pacific Railway got lost, and had to beg for food at Shah-bah-skong's house. His wife got ready a big feast, and then the family sat down to eat, leaving the hungry white men to look on. When this feast was finished, a second table was got ready, and the white men invited to eat. When they had finished the chief said, "My friends, when I was in Washington, the great father told me that if I wanted to be happy in this world, and go to a good place when I die, I was to keep my eyes open, and do as I saw the white men do. I noticed that a rich white man never had any poor men at his table, and that people of another colour always waited. I am the rich man now, you are poor men and of another colour; and as I want to be happy, and go to a good place when I die, I asked you to wait and eat at the second table."



Frazee, the first place I saw after leaving St. Paul, is only a small place, about eight or ten years old, but is proud of its flour-mill, which is said to be the largest west of Minneapolis. The flour from this mill is shipped to all parts of the world. The country around seems to be a first-class farming-land, and the farmers in good circumstances. Amongst other useful articles, I took note of one of Fairbank's large outdoor scales. The surface of the country passed over all the morning was perfectly flat for miles and miles, and then slightly more undulating, or perhaps better described as rolling-pasture. In one place, for several miles, the road was marked out by a row of small trees; the land was so flat, and the road a mere track, that this is doubtless necessary to guide a stranger in the dark. A little further west you will notice the name Detroit. This is a town small and young, and that is all I know about it. It is situated in an opening in the timber-woods around, and the soil is sandy. A little south lies the most fertile part of Minnesota, known as the Pelican Lake district. Twelve years ago the pioneers of this town were met by a band of Chippewas, and feasted on boiled fish (cooked whole and entire) and baked dog. Here I must put in another story of Indian history, which is well authenticated. Twenty-five miles north of this town of Detroit is a Reservation belonging to the Chippewas (or Ojibways, as they call themselves), known as the White Earth Reservation. They have always been a kindly-disposed tribe, and one in friendly alliance with the white man; but this contact with civilization has brought them to a low state of degradation such as their fathers never knew. During the time Bishop Whipple was a missionary in these parts, he, in company with others, of whom one was, I believe, Lord Charles Hervey, paid this tribe a visit. There was a hospital consecrated and a confirmation held. After the services a banquet was given by the Indians to their illustrious visitors. After the eating was over, the speechifying began, and of course the first man to say anything was the chief. This worthy's name was Wah-bon-a-quot (I do not know the English of this). He began somewhat like



this :—" We are glad to see our friends. Do they know the history of the Ojibways? I will tell them." Then he described the way they lived and so on. "Hunger never came to our wigwams! Would you like to see us as we were before the white men came?" Then there appeared a fine tall young Indian in the aboriginal costume, consisting of a robe of skins ornamented with the quills of the porcupine, and with his face painted, and with him appeared a young woman also in her wild dress. "There," said Wah, "see the Ojibways before the white man came! Shall I tell you what the white man did for us? The white man told us we were poor, we had no books, no tools, no horses, and so on; but, said they, give us your land, and you shall become as we are. But you shall see the story for yourselves; I cannot tell it." Then there stepped out a poor, miserable, ragged, decrepid-looking Indian, with his face all covered with mud, and by his side a still more dreadful-looking specimen of a woman; the chief then addressing this object asked, "Are *you* an Ojibway?" The Indian nodded assent. "Oh, Manitou, how came this?" The Indian then raised a black bottle and said one word, "Ishkotah-wabo" (fire-water); "it is the gift of a white man." This tableau sent a thrill like an electric shock through all present, and tears into many eyes. Then the chief went on and alluded to the labours of the missionaries, and especially the good the Bishop had done to them. "Shall I tell you what this religion has done for us? You shall see for yourselves." Then there came forward an Indian in a black frock-coat and by his side a woman neatly dressed in alpaca. "There," said the chief, "there is only one religion which can take a man in the mire by the hand and bid him look up and call God his Father." There are 1500 civilized Indians on this White Earth Reservation: there is the Episcopal Church of America (in communion with the English Church) and a Roman Catholic; the clergyman in charge is white, with an Indian curate, the Rev. J. S. Emmegahbowh. I regret that the tickets did not allow of a visit being paid to this settlement.

Moorhead was reached at 8 A.M. This is the last station in the State of Minnesota. There are two good-sized hotels visible from



the train: one called the Grand Pacific and the other the Jay Cooke. There were also large substantial red-brick blocks, with stores and offices. The Grand Pacific is said to be almost the largest and best-equipped hotel in the North West; it is reported to have cost upwards of 160,000 dollars. Directly after leaving Moorhead the Red river of the North is crossed. This is the river on which Winnipeg is built, away to the north, and is navigable for small steamers the entire distance. This river runs north, and, as a consequence, is frozen quite firm lower down in its course, away in Manitoba, after the winter's ice has all melted in Dakota and the regions further south. This causes floods, as the water cannot run away. The alluvial deposit thus formed is of very great value to the farmers along its banks. After crossing the bridge, the train is in Dakota—the Red river forming the boundary between the two States, or the State and the territory. The next 294 miles is in Dakota.

(July 10.) I cannot take you for two days through this State without telling you something about it as a whole. The Northern Indians are divided into two great families—the Algonquins and the Dakotas, or Sioux (pronounced “sou,” shoe with the “h” left out). The Algonquins include the Chippewas or Ojibways, the Crees, Ottawas, and other tribes of less note. Some of the tribes of Dakotas are called by the general name of Sautees, and then there are Yanktous, Brulé, Cutheads, Two Kettles, Ogallas, &c. &c. There is a curious difference in the language, by which a person versed in the Dakota language can tell which side of the Missouri river any Indian comes from. Those living east of the Missouri use a D, where those living west use an L. Thus east of the Missouri a friend would be called “codah,” while west of the river he would be called “colah”; so also the part of the family east is called by the name Dakota, and west Lakota. This tribe have always been the friend of the white man, though I think Fenimore Cooper says differently. This territory thus perpetuates the name of the once large and powerful family who claimed a large part of this country as their own.

The first Sioux war was caused on this wise:—A band of



Mormons, migrating west, had a lame ox, which they turned loose and left behind to die; some Sioux found the ox, killed it and eat it. The Mormons saw or heard of this, and conceived the idea of obtaining money in payment, or payment in some shape, probably not in money, but in kind. To carry out this idea they reported the matter to the officer in command of the garrison at Fort Laramie, only stating that the Indians had stolen the ox. The officer, who was drunk, went with some men to the Indian village and demanded the ox. The Indians said they thought the white men had turned it loose to die: "We have eaten the ox, but if you want pay, stop it out of our next annuity." The drunken officer said, "NO; I want the ox, and if you do not give it, I will fire." He fired and killed the chief. The whole tribe then rallied and killed every soul there was in the fort. A war followed. These Sioux are still a source of annoyance to the American government, owing to the corrupt nature of the Agents. On British soil they live peaceably enough.

About 8 o'clock in the morning we arrived at Fargo, where the train stopped 20 minutes for breakfast. For the last two or three years the population has doubled annually, and at present there are said to be over 10,000; its site was hardly known ten years ago. There are tramways and electric lights, four banks, eight newspapers, and a number of hotels, and it seems an exceedingly lively place. The railway company have a large engine-shed and shops here, where rails are rolled and repairs to rolling-stock carried out; all this gives employment to a great many people. Then there are the Fargo Paper-Mill Works, and the Fargo Iron-Works and Car-Wheel Works, employing several hundreds of men each. Not only the principal streets are lighted by electricity, but also, I hear, most of the large business houses and works; and there are five different fire-extinguishing companies. This station is the commencement of the Dakota division of the railway. After leaving Fargo the line runs for miles, all day in fact, over the boundless prairie. In places these prairies reminded me of the appearance of a heavy Atlantic swell; they are not flat plains, and they are not hills; they are for the most part rolling and gently undulating pastures. You have a view right clear to the horizon in every direction, and yet you suddenly pop



upon some house or farm or cattle that were not in sight a half minute previously. In the winter, when the snow lays thick and dry as dust, there is nothing to stop the wind driving it in any direction. Of course you can easily see that when this dry dusty snow is blown in a direction crossing the railway in places where there are cuttings, ever so small, the snow would in a very short time completely fill up such a cutting level with the original surface of the ground. It is necessary therefore to stop this drifting across cuttings; and for this purpose the Northern Pacific have quite a novel plan, which, I should imagine, was very effective, and is certainly an improvement on the usual custom in the Eastern States or in Canada. The old plan was to build a high fence, like a solid wall, 10 or 15 feet high, a few feet back from the top of the cut for its whole length; this of course causes an immense drift to lodge behind, and when level with the top is of sufficient height to clear the railway before falling again; this of course, even in summer, obstructs the view. The Northern Pacific along this part of their line build two fences, open. About 30 or 40 feet back from the edge of the cutting is a fence about six feet high, with vertical rails some distance apart; about 100 feet, or perhaps a little less, further out than this is a fence of the same length and height with the rails horizontal. This arrangement does not obstruct the view at all, and at the same time must effectually break the force of the wind. Between these two lines of fences they are now busy planting trees. This is to serve a twofold object: the trees will not only be a very effective snow-dam, but will also be a pleasant change to the eyes from the weary monotony of endless grass.

On these prairies not a single natural tree is to be seen for immense distances, and then only where there is some stream or water. Another idea of these trees is to show people as they travel along that it only requires a little time and trouble to make a house on these prairies a very nice place to live in. A farmhouse at present does not look inviting: these are generally placed on the top of some rising ground, exposed to every wind and storm that chooses to sweep that way, and must be fearful habitations in winter; with trees planted around, the keen winds of winter and



the hot suns of summer would be considerably tempered and made more endurable.

At 11.20 the train reached Valley City. This is another small town, very prettily situated in an amphitheatre of hills rising about 100 feet above the plains on all sides of it. The Cheyenne river circles round this valley, having its course marked with a fringe of oaks and elms and other trees. The river is between 60 and 80 feet wide, I should say, about half a mile east of the town, where the railway crosses it; its bed is gravelly. There were visible from the train several fair stores (*i. e.* shops), a bank, and an hotel, and should increase in population at a fair rate, but not so rapidly as many other of these new towns. The hills circling the valley in which the town lies sheltered are like low English downs, covered with fine pasturage and many cattle grazing thereon. Hills of this character extend westward about two or three miles along the railway on the north side and then flatten out to the never-ending prairie; on the south of the line they rise somewhat in height to perhaps 150 or 200 feet, and run away as far as the eye can see. This little piece of line is quite a pleasant surprise and a very welcome break to the stiffened Atlantic swell.

Jamestown is 368 miles from St. Paul, and here the dining-car was put on to the train. In 1880, when the town was incorporated, there were 400 inhabitants; now the population is not far short of 3000. The town is well situated on the east bank of the James river, and seems to be the centre of a good agricultural district, and therefore ought to thrive well. There is only one main street, running north and south for some length, and in which are situated two or three banks and several hotels; there are a few ungraded cross-streets, and several houses are in course of construction. Coal is said to be cheap, and therefore, I suppose, easily got at; but I did not see any. In the vicinity of the city the ground becomes rather more irregular and gives one the idea of bowling along on the ocean on a fine day with a fair wind, the vessel leaning over steadily on one side, and the water just not rough enough to have white tops to the swell. Leaving Jamestown you continue the journey over the treeless waste



till far away, about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile from the line on the north, is a white speck, which the glasses show to be an inhabited house; it looks like a piece of wreck halfway up the side of a long sweeping wave. Unexpectedly the train stops; you go out to see what part of the train has come to grief, or whether the coupling has broken, and you are left cast away on the face of the globe, when you are surprised to find nothing wrong: the train is at a station. You have to be told this, because no human eyes would ever discover the fact; but such is the case, and the name of it is Medina. There is literally and truly one house only 50 feet south of the line, about 24 feet by 18, and one storey high, built of wood like a large packing-case, and a barn that has suddenly developed near it, away to the north, almost out of sight. At this station there is also a siding, but we did not use it, nor was there any visible sign that it was in the habit of being used. The snow-fences about here, that I attempted to describe a while ago, give place entirely to the little belt of trees which I mentioned as being planted. The cuttings are only four feet deep at most; but still if these were full of snow they would inconvenience a train.

Tappan is one of the prettiest, certainly the prettiest station I had yet seen on this line. It is very small, merely a hamlet, with about 100 inhabitants, but is one of the places where the tree-planting scheme is being very successfully carried on. The railroad company do this to encourage and set an example to the farmers of these vast Dakota lands. 200,000 trees are said to have been planted here by this department of the railroad, and several bushels of box-elder seeds, from which have been raised about three hundred thousand shoots. The varieties tried so far have been chiefly cottonwood, box-elder, and willow (white willow); but the white maple and the ash will be tried also. So far the great majority of the trees planted are doing well and appear vigorous, only a few having died, this probably having been the fault either of the tree itself or the man, and not of the soil or climate. The company offer premiums to the farmers who settle on their lands to plant ornamental trees around their houses and farms.



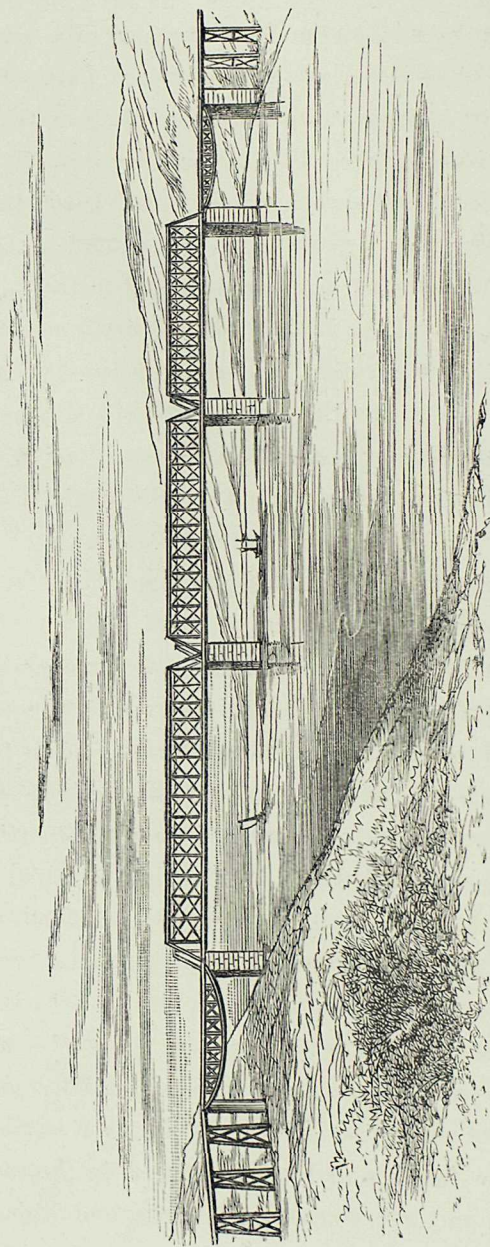
The next place of any importance is Bismarck. This city is built close to the great Missouri river, on its east bank, and in the centre of all the steamboat navigation of the North-Western States. Steamers now can navigate about 2000 miles north and west on this great river and its numerous tributaries, and then *ad infinitum* past St. Louis to the sea, thousands of miles more; its elevation is said to be 1700 feet above the sea, and is on an elevation above all liability to flood from the river. The place was in 1872, when the Northern Pacific Railway engineers finally decided to cross the Missouri here, called Edwinton, but was soon after changed by the directors to its present name; why, I know not. It is one of the oldest cities in Dakota; its surroundings are all that are necessary to make it a large and thriving place. The approach to the bridge over the Missouri river is through a very deep cutting with several sharp curves for about two miles from the station. The river is 2800 feet wide at the spot chosen, and is spanned or, rather, crossed on a bridge of three main spans, which cost over 1,000,000 dollars. The channel of the river is so shifty that it was necessary first of all to confine the stream or current of the river to one place and make it stop there. In order to do this a large dyke or dam has been built from the west side, leaving a channel of 1000 feet between the end of it and the cliffs on the east side. This was a work of great difficulty, but has been successfully accomplished; and then the base of the cliff on the east side has been protected by rip-rap, *i. e.* a sort of wall of loose stones, without mortar, put on as a face to the natural surface. Thirty thousand tons of granite boulders were used in the rip-rap necessary to prevent the artificial dam from being wasted away. The real bridge, a beautiful iron structure, has three spans of 400 feet each, allowing 50 feet clear above the water, and an approach span at each end of 113 feet. The easternmost abutment is made of granite, with the natural bluff for a foundation. The three large 400-foot girders are supported on very large and massive granite piers, which have to withstand a fearful crunching of the ice in the early spring. The westernmost abutment is an iron beam resting on iron cylinders, supported by piles driven into the sand-bar, and



protected by the dam. The four piers and east abutment combined occupy a space of over 10,000 cubic yards. The piers do not have their foundations on any rocky surface at the bottom of the river, but on artificial foundations made of wooden piles and caissons, in which style of work American engineers are particularly cunning. Each of the three girders, 400 feet long, is 50 feet deep, and have a floor made of oak timbers 9 inches square, 6 inches apart. The level of the ground on the west side is about that of the river, so the west approach is on a steep grade, 1 in 100, and is 6000 feet long. About a quarter of this distance is a timber trestle, in one place 60 feet high, *i. e.* next the bridge, which is built across that portion of the bed of the river which has been reclaimed from the river by the dam. This is where the regular steamboat channel was four years ago; there is now a considerable growth of willows on the spot. Each span was tested with a weight of about 500 tons, and the deflection maximum was not over 3 inches.

This is the narrowest part of the Missouri river for thousands of miles!

Mandan is 474 miles from St. Paul, and we arrived there at 7 P.M.—that is, 23 hours' run. This was with the ordinary daily passenger-train, called the Mandan express. This train runs no further; and we were to wait over here till a freight-train came and took pity on us. There was ample time for inspecting the town, for we did not leave till 11.20, *i. e.* we had a stop of 4 hours and 20 minutes. A large building, the Inter-Ocean Hotel, was inviting; and so I had a good supper there, and posted you a card afterwards. Many Cow-boys and Indians were about on horseback. Cow-boys are, for the most part, a wild, lawless, and reckless set of men, whose lives are spent almost entirely in the saddle, and whose occupation is looking after and driving the herds of cattle and horses belonging to the farmers and ranche-owners in the country. The city is enclosed on three sides by a low range of hills, which must afford it considerable shelter in times of storm. In 1879 the ground where Mandan now is was occupied by a tribe of Indians, and buffaloes grazed freely on the hills; in fact, in that year there was a



*Sketch of Bridge over Missouri River at Bismarck, Dakota.*  
(Done by guess.)



regular pitched battle between the Sioux and the Rees, a branch of the Mandan tribe. The city is two years old, and there are about 350 houses, perhaps a trifle more. Main Street is the principal one, and runs parallel with the railroad, being divided therefrom by what is called the City Park, but what I call a wide space. There is more than one ecclesiastical building, and a school and a public hall. The railway-station, too, is a good building for its kind in this part of the world. There are large machine-shops, engine-house, freight-sheds, and so on, for the railway make this the terminus of the Dakota and the beginning of the Missouri divisions of their line. There is a daily and two weekly newspapers. The Inter-Ocean Hotel is built of brick, is about 100 feet square, and three storeys high.

Close to Mandan are to be seen mounds formed from the accumulation of successive layers of camp-refuse, which camps, or native villages, have been destroyed and rebuilt, and destroyed again by successive prairie fires. The Indians say they know nothing about these mounds; but there are to be found in them stone implements and vessels and spear-heads, and bones of men and animals. The pottery discovered is said to be of a dark material, delicately finished, light as wood, and beautifully decorated, and is evidently the work of a people possessing a high degree of civilization. Who can all these belong to? It was too late in the day to visit this place or procure specimens.

Mandan lies in the valley of the Heart river; and this river has a legend amongst the Indians, which I think is interesting enough to quote at length. It is taken from an old copy of the 'Mandan Pioneer,' a daily paper, dated about fifteen months ago:—

*"A Legend of the Heart, by a Mandan Indian named Red Bird.*  
—Many moons before the red man lived in the land of the Dakotas a powerful tribe or race of people lived on the banks of the Heart river. They were skilled in the arts of war and the chase—a nation of giant men and beautiful women, living in tepees built like the pale faces make their houses. This people, like the leaves of the forest, could not be numbered; they possessed large herds of horses,



cattle, and other animals. All other tribes were subdued by them and became their servants. They went mounted on powerful and fleet horses, armed with large spears and bows and arrows. They had large quantities of gold and silver and precious stones, and made handsome vessels of burnt clay decorated with flowers and animals. This people, like the white man, worshipped the Great Spirit in grand tepees erected in their cities, filled with gold and silver vessels, adorned with coloured flints and agates. They were ruled by a renowned and valiant chief, a mighty giant, whose will was law, and who established great schools of learning, and encouraged arts and sciences. They were a grand, proud, and happy people, and lived many years on the banks of the Heart. But a powerful nation of dark-skinned men came from the north and made war on them. After many battles, and thousands of slain, one final battle was fought at the mouth of the Heart, lasting many days; and in this battle the dark-skinned men surrounded the people of the Heart, killing every man, woman, and child, piling up the dead bodies in trenches, pulling down the tepees upon them, and setting fire to the whole. After feasting many days celebrating the victory a pestilence broke out, a spotted disease, which destroyed the last man, leaving not one man, woman, or child, or four-footed beast of any description to mark the victors or the vanquished. Only bones, ashes, broken pottery, and a few implements of war, in these little mounds, are left to tell the tale of the once happy and powerful people of the Heart. Nothing more; and Red Bird too will soon pass to the happy hunting-grounds, almost the last of his once powerful race."

Various rumours were abroad as to the time of our departure from Mandan, but nothing definite could be learned. It was some time after we had all retired for the night before we were at last coupled to the tail of a freight-train, and our trans-continental journey resumed. So ended the first day.

Friday morning discovered the train toiling up a very steep grade. A few antelopes were seen about half a mile from the track, and these were the first wild creatures sighted so far. There was



still the same unsettled vast expanse, but now in much larger hills; in fact during the day we went up some very considerable elevation, only to descend again towards evening. The freight-train was long and heavy, and we were not overjoyed at finding ourselves about breakfast-time only as far as Dickinson, 110 miles west from Mandan—that is, 110 miles in 8 hours. The soil on this part of the prairie is not so good as east of the Missouri, and in consequence the houses and towns are practically non-existent. The train allowed 40 minutes at this place, which is little else than a railroad *dépôt*. There are one or two hotels and some tolerably fair stores. The population is about 400. There were several waggons loaded with bones standing about, and these are the bones of buffalo which have died or been killed on the prairie. Parties go out to search, and bring back tons. They are all sent off to some place or other by rail. This is a trade carried on at many other points along the line—in fact, is one of the industries of the country. While we were there a cart came in from the country having a fine young elk deer for freight. They only stayed a few minutes, and then drove on. Elk are said to be very common in the neighbourhood, but that is the only one I saw.

The rolling prairies roll on for about twenty miles further or so, and then the train suddenly enters upon what is known by the general name of "The Bad Lands." This looks like a very good name for the country, but it is said to be a great misnomer. The designation is said to have arisen from the times when the old French "*voyageurs*" used to penetrate these desolate regions in the service of the fur-trading companies. They described this part of the country as "*mauvais terres pour traverser*" with ponies and pack-animals. The name is said to give a stranger a very wrong impression of the agricultural value of the country. I will try and give you some idea of the scenery. Another name given to this region is "Pyramid Park." These curious-shaped mounds or hills are called Buttes ("u" is pronounced like "u" in the word tube). Their tops are for the most part level with the prairie, the spaces between having been evidently washed away. These buttes vary in height,

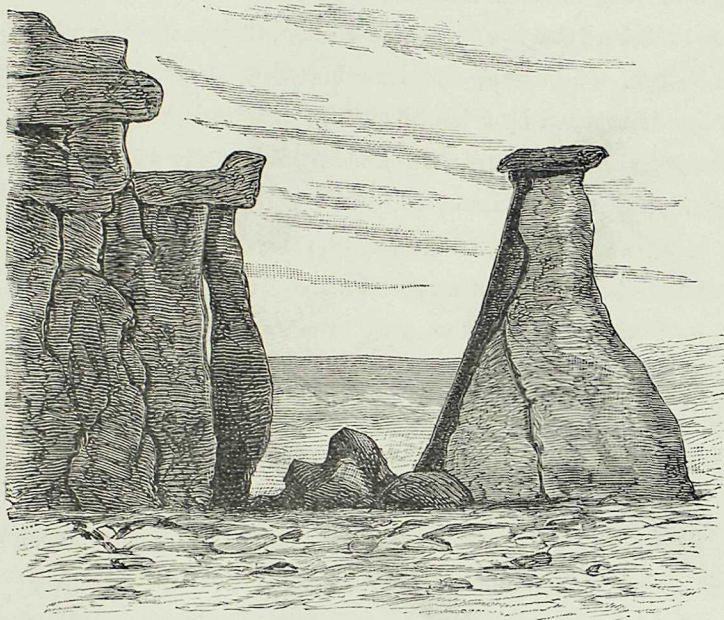


and perhaps are as much as 200 feet high, though the average, I dare say, will be 120 to 150 for the highest, and 40 or 50 for the lowest. They have mostly rounded summits, and steep, often perpendicular, sides, which are richly coloured in stripes or horizontal bands of black, brown, red, grey, and a perfect snow-white. Between these buttes are sharp ravines, which frequently have some shallow stream running in them, and covered with good-looking grass and small shrubs. There are no trees except an occasional stunted pine, all that is now left of the mighty forests that used to grow here in bygone ages.—(*July 11.*) There are evidences here of the destructive work of both fire and water, as I think both of these have had to do with making a scene of so much confusion and disorder. The mounds are of every possible shape and form you can imagine, and appear to be composed of limestone, with sandstone and lignite in alternate strata. Some of these buttes have bases of yellow and tops of a deep red, with pure white bands between. Others are blue, brown, and grey, and so on, in every possible variety of colouring as well as form. Just before entering upon this chaotic region the line is ballasted with what appears to be broken bricks and flower-pots; and it is necessary actually to handle the stuff to convince yourself that such is not really the case.

I mentioned just now that there were mighty forests here; and the evidences of this primæval growth are abundant in the petrifications of tree-stumps, 6 and 8 feet in diameter (there are trees here in B. C. as much as 15 feet in diameter, now!), and these are said to be often as translucent in portions as rock-crystal, and capable of being highly polished. Specimens of fossil leaves, still retaining all their reticulations perfect, are found, but of a bright scarlet hue, changed in this way by the heat of the burning lignite. The black and brown streaks of colouring are veins of lignite, from the burning of which the shades of red are produced. There are seams of coal on fire, one in the railroad-cutting and others within sight, that have been burning for years and years, the Indians don't know how long. It is supposed that the lignite or soft coal is ignited by prairie fires, and then fanned by a high wind. This produces suffi-



cient heat to fuse the strata or beds contiguous, both above and below. In this way the clay makes a slag, which is very hard, and looks like the pottery and bricks I have mentioned, which is also



*"Buttes," Pyramid Park.*

green and brown. I fancy there is also an iron element, giving a tinge to the whole. One of these buttes was exactly like Table Mountain and the Devil's Peak, as seen from Table Bay (in miniature, of course), but the Lion's Head was missing. In one of the valleys in this district, which can be located on the map by the three stations of Fryburg, Sully Springs, and Scoria, appeared to be the remains of an old Indian village with semi-underground houses, the roofs or coverings having all been burnt or washed away. There is no doubt, I think, that all this part was at one time a lake, and some volcanic action or other cause has given the waters an outlet into the Missouri river; and so the streams that once fed the lake now merely meander through the ravines and valleys that were washed out when the water hurried away in a flood to the river.



At Little-Missouri Station we saw the first prairie-dog village. Natural-history books will give you a very good and correct account of these little creatures, that are more like ground-squirrels than dogs, and their mounds were not as high as the pictures in Wood's book would lead one to expect—of course, they may be so elsewhere. At 3.30 P.M. we crossed the line between Dakota and Montana. This line is marked by a board on a post, with the names of the two territories painted thereon in black. Little Missouri is where a young man from the East, when the railroad was first opened, or only being constructed, complained to the landlord of the hotel or inn of the dirty towel in a common washing-room. "Look here, stranger; thirty men have used that towel this morning, and nobody has complained of it but you. We don't allow grumbling in this hotel." Soon after leaving this little out-of-the-way place the rough ground comes to an end, and the prairies begin again, only they are in larger undulations than before. There is nothing more worthy of note till the city of Glendive is reached, on the south bank of the Yellowstone river, which was duly accomplished at 7.0 P.M. The freight-train had taken us 260 miles in 20 hours. Here we had to wait till 10 P.M., when the ordinary first-class express with its Pullmans and dining-car would take us for some considerable distance.

Glendive is 90 miles from the mouth of the Yellowstone river and over 2000 feet above the sea. The town is situated on a piece of land sloping gently northwards towards the river, and is confined on the south by some large buttes, I dare say 300 or 400 feet above the river, and about  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile from it. There are crops of vegetables in fine condition to be seen in the little gardens that many of the inhabitants have round their houses. The soil is a sandy loam, and water is easily obtained at a depth of 20 or 30 feet—the proximity of the river, no doubt, accounting for this in a good measure, though very likely the wells would tap the water draining from the elevated plateau on the south. There are here, again, large shops belonging to the railway company, built of brick, which is said to have been made in the town. As there was three hours to wait here, I had



supper in the hotel (which would appear to be a very comfortable house). Sent you a post-card and made a tour of inspection. The population is a little over 1500; the town was founded and laid out in 1881. As it was late (10 p.m.) before we were taken on, I was unable to see any of the scenery in the immediate neighbourhood, but it is said to be very good. The line follows the south bank of the Yellowstone river pretty closely for about 300 miles.

Saturday morning found us at Custer Station, 172 miles from Glendive. This place is named after a famous general Custer, who lost his life in the Yellowstone valley fighting with the Indians. Several Indians in blankets and paint were on the platform, and a considerable number of their wigwams were pitched between the rail and the river. The Yellowstone valley is here about  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile wide, the river being about 300-400 feet, with a very strong current.

The immediate banks of the river are marshy, and many small islands thickly covered with trees and bushes make the scene very pretty. Further on the valley narrows a good deal. The line follows all the sinuosities of the river, and has been cut through the rock in many places; but the hills that confine the river are not very high nor rugged. I suppose they are what are called the Foot-hills of the Rockies. All this part of the country, as far, I believe, as the Rocky Mountains themselves, and for a considerable distance south, is the Reservation of the Crow Indians, and so both they and their wigwams were frequent objects in the landscape.

At ten minutes past seven I caught first sight of a snow-capped peak, which was part of the Rocky Mountains proper, but must have been 150 miles away. The atmosphere is so remarkably clear that distances are very deceptive. The mountain seen was close to Livingstone, a little south. An hour after this we reached Billings. Just before reaching this town, however, there is a curious high and rough promontory across the river on the S. called Skull Butte. The train has meanwhile crossed the river, and is now consequently on the north side.

There is another legend here, which I must put in just to keep up your interest in this little note. Seventy years ago



small-pox broke out amongst a large encampment of the Crow nation, and the plague was so virulent that the tribe was in danger of becoming exterminated. The chief medicine man said that in order to appease the Great Spirit, it was necessary that forty young warriors should sacrifice themselves. Very soon the required number of volunteers was obtained, and the preparations for the sacrifice were commenced with much ceremony. When all the rites were duly performed, the forty young warriors mounted their ponies, forded the river, and ascended the heights opposite, ready for their fate. The intention was that both men and steeds should be blindfolded, and, rushing at full speed to the edge of the cliff, should plunge to the rocky bed of the river, several hundred feet below. The word was given, and then, with a great shouting, the warriors urged their ponies to the brink of the cliff, and all went down to destruction. For many years afterwards the bones of men and horses and bleaching skulls could be found at the foot of the cliff, which thus takes its name of "Skull Butte."

Billings is so named in honour of the late President of the railroad, and is pleasantly situated on a plain sloping down to the Yellowstone river on the south. This town is two years old, and has over 400 houses and 2000 people. The railway have here another divisional station, with engine-sheds, &c. Large veins of coal are said to lie near the town and extensive beds of it about 30 or 40 miles away. It is the principal centre of Montana for shipping cattle, and its wool-market is good, large shipments being made. The Snow Mountains are very conspicuous away to the west, and appear to be only 30 miles or so away, but are in reality a hundred. Nearly all the inhabitants came to see the train. It is the only passenger-train from the east in the day, and as it remains 20 minutes for the purpose nominally of enabling passengers to breakfast, there is plenty of opportunity for an interchange of news. Leaving Billings, the line passes for the whole of the morning across and around undulating plains, with large herds of cattle, and Indians and Cow-boys, but hardly a house, except just in the neighbourhood of the stopping-places. The mountain-views in the distance are



beautiful, and there is a wonderful fascination about them as they draw nearer and nearer, and begin to be on each side as well as right ahead, most of the tops heavily laden with snow. The day being gloriously fine, the bright rays of the sun and the clear atmosphere added to the beauty of the distant scene.

At Stillwater, where the line again crosses to the south of the river, is the Agency for the Crow Indians, who assemble here twice a year to receive the Government supplies. There were very few about there on this occasion.

Livingstone is the real beginning of the mountain scenery ; it is also a great railway centre, there being a branch line to the Yellowstone Park, and also a large freight depôt. The Yellowstone river is here crossed for the third and last time, after having followed it pretty closely for 340 miles. The railway buildings are second only to those at Brainerd, far away in the east. The town is quite a new place, and consequently very small at present. There appeared to be but one real street, but several stores and two hotels were visible from the car window. Supplies of fresh milk at 10 cents a quart, also bread and tarts, were hawked through the train for the convenience of passengers ; a very good trade in all three was carried on in the emigrant-car, while the milk found customers in all parts of the train. This latter was the pure, genuine, fresh article. The town is located at the eastern foot of that spur of the Rockies known as the Bell Range. Continuing on west from Livingstone the train has to climb a steep grade of about 116 feet to the mile, till it reaches an elevation of 5570 feet above the sea, when it enters the Bozeman Tunnel, which is 3500 feet long. There is a spiral steep-grade track going over the top of the hill, which was in use before the tunnel was finished ; the trains were taken up in two or three sections, according to their length and weight ; but now the tunnel is completed I believe this overhead route is not used at all, but the rails appear to be there still. The scenery is of course fine, but there is nothing to call for especial comment ; places as picturesque can be found in Wales and Scotland, and whilst in Switzerland you must have often surpassed this Bell Range at all events,



if not the Rockies themselves, in some of the Alpine passes. There is nothing that surpasses the far side of Bain's Kloof, or the Michael Pass at the Cape, in any of it; in fact I do not think it comes up to it. It is only 26 miles from Livingstone to Bozeman station.

The town of Bozeman I could not see, as it lies a little way away from the line on the south, and is hidden by trees. The place takes its name from a man of that name who was in charge of a party of emigrants, who were so charmed with the picturesqueness of the spot and the fertility of the soil that they decided to go no further, and located accordingly. It is said to be a substantially built place and to do a good business. There are certainly two hotels, for two busses, or a buss and a waggon, were awaiting the train, each labelled with the name of some hotel; the buss had four horses, and drove off in style; the roads, as far as visible, were deep sand. The grade down the mountains on the west is about as steep, though not quite so long, as that on the east. The station is situated at the east end of the Gallatin valley, which is here about three miles wide, but subsequently widens out to twenty or more, and has a length of about thirty. The soil is very good for agricultural purposes, being composed of a dark vegetable mould. There are many farm-houses in this valley, but nothing worthy to be called even a village. Plenty of cactuses (or cacti) were in flower, all that were visible being yellow. The plants were seldom over 6 inches in height. At a place called Gallatin City, which consists of one flour-mill, two or three stores, and a ranche (*i. e.* inn), and nothing more, is the source of the mighty Missouri. The three streams called the Jefferson, Madison, and Gallatin rivers here unite, and the united stream takes the name of Missouri, which name, as you know, is kept as far as St. Louis, where uniting with the Mississippi, the latter name is kept to the ocean. Which is the longest of the three sources I do not know. The course of the Missouri from the Three Forks, as they are also called, is 3000 miles till it joins the Mississippi.

In the first 150 miles between its origin in this beautiful Gallatin valley and Fort Benton away to the north the river passes through some wonderful ravines called Cañons, whose walls rise from one to



two thousand feet perpendicular from the river on either side. For the whole of its course from St. Louis to the Gallatin valley this wonderful river is navigable for steamboats of 200 tons burden and more, except just at Fort Benton, where there are some falls, and for 18 miles further south. The line continues along the Gallatin valley, following close along the right bank of the Missouri, as far as Townsend, where it crosses over to the left bank, and gradually recedes away from it till you reach the town of Helena. This station is the end of the Montana and the commencement of the Rocky Mountain section of the railway.

Helena is considerably the largest place we had come to for some time; it has a population of slightly over 7000. It is the capital of Montana. Its situation is pleasant, on the slope of the eastern foot of the main chain of the Rockies, Lat.  $46^{\circ} 30' N.$ , Long.  $112^{\circ} 4' W.$  The place originally was a mere miners' camp, and was known as "Crab Town." There are six churches, four banks, a public library, a classical school, a public school, a Board of Trade, a Fire Department, with electrical fire-alarms, and the streets are lighted by the electric light. There are also several good hotels, in one of which I had supper. I was on the point of writing you a card when the train showed signs of starting, and though it was hardly the proper time it would not do to be left, so I ran like mad after it down the street, and just got on board in time to get shunted back into a siding. Had I remembered the good old proverb, "Look before you leap," I should have seen a freight-train standing right ahead, and being a single line should have known that the train could not be going really, or that if it was it would be better to let it have the collision by itself. As it turned out, the half-hour was prolonged into a whole one, because after the freight-train had been allowed to pass, a Pullman car and a luggage car containing a company of a travelling show and their belongings was hitched on in the middle; and this all took time, and the post-card might have been written after all. I must not forget, which I nearly had done, to mention the telephone. This is in active use between all the principal business houses and hotels, and also communicates over the moun-



tains, for upwards of fifty miles round, with the various mining camps. Here's civilization indeed on the Rocky Mountains, and in mighty London this is scarcely more than an amusing scientific experiment. The slope on which Helena is built forms one side of beautiful valley known as the Prickly Pear valley, whose soil can and does produce 100 bushels of oats to the acre. The city is of course entirely surrounded by mountains, which tower away in peaks one above the other, visible from every part of the town, the summits all covered with snow or lost in the clouds. The Missouri river is 12 miles to the north; and there can be distinctly seen from the station a curious jagged peak, called by the Indians some name which means "Bear's Tooth." This peak is situated at the lower end of the wonderful Cañon of the Missouri river, known as "The Gates of Rocky Mountains," which is the gorge by which the great river forces its way through the Bell Mountain Range. It commences eighteen miles from Helena, and for 12 miles the cliffs, for the most part vertical, rise from 500 to 1500 feet sheer from the water's edge. It is at the lower or farther end of this gorge that the Bear's Tooth stands, almost overhanging the water, rising abruptly from the river to a height of 2500 feet!!

The river through this wonderful Cañon is perfectly navigable, as I have said, and boats can be hired at Helena to row through. I should like to have seen this close. The Bear's Tooth is plain and distinct, though 30 miles away. Near Helena are the Hot Springs, whose water is a good cure rheumatism, and are resorted to for that purpose. The temperature of the water as it comes from the earth is 120° Fahr. or more. We eventually got away from here at 9.0 P.M., having arrived at 8.0. The grade now became very steep, and we simply crawled along, though with two locomotives; the dining-car was left behind to lighten the load as much as possible, another one being in waiting the other side of the mountains. The Main Divide, as it is called, of the Rocky Mountains was crossed at 10.45 P.M. The line runs through the Mullan Pass, to an elevation of 5547 feet above the sea, when it enters the Mullan Tunnel, 3850 feet in length. This is a considerably lower elevation than either the Union or



Central Pacific lines have to reach. The route from Helena lies through the Prickly Pear valley and then up, up, up, through forests of pine and spruce, and round and through the masses of rock, till you enter the tunnel, and then down, down, down to the dry, arid plains of the Columbia river. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and while lying on the berth, with the window open and the blinds up, the lights being lowered in the car for the night, it was possible and easy to get a very good idea of what we were passing through. During the night we passed along the Deer Lodge river, which afterwards changes its name to Hell-Gate river. Then there is Bear's Mouth Station, and a little further west Hell-Gate Cañon. This valley is forty miles long, and at the western end the Hell-Gate river unites with the Big Blackfoot river, the united stream then taking the name of Bitter Root. It is said that Hell-Gate Cañon is not what its name would imply, but is a picturesque valley some two or three miles wide, but with rugged mountains towering on each side. Across this valley is a remarkable tongue of land, like a mighty dam for the river, and this is called Beaver Hill, and of course has its story, which, being somewhat fabulous, I will relate. Remember we passed all this in the night, and I did not see all these places with the wonderful nomenclature, but learned them all the following day.

July 12.—“*The Legend of Beaver Hill.*—A great many years ago, before the country was inhabited by men, the valleys along the whole length of the river and its branches were inhabited by large numbers of beavers. There was a great and mighty king over these beavers, by name Skookum, which is Indian for ‘good.’ One day the king heard that his subjects lower down the river had rebelled, and were going to set up an independent government. He therefore got together a large army, receiving fresh detachments as he passed down the river. When he came to the part of the valley where the Beaver Hill now is he demanded of the rebels that they should pay their usual tribute and renew their allegiance. This they refused to do, stating at the same time that they owned the whole river from there to the sea, which was larger than the part



above, and that also, as they were more numerous, they would pay tribute to no one. The old king Skookum held a great council of war immediately, and then told the discontented beavers that as he owned the sources of the great river he would build a dam at that point where they now were and turn the channel of the river across through the mountains to the Missouri. As the beavers below could not live without water, this would soon bring the rebels to terms. In accordance with this determination he so arranged his army that in one night they scooped out a great gulch, that there is now on the north side of the river at Beaver Hill, and, with the earth taken out, formed a complete dam, so that not a drop of water passed through. As soon as the rebellious beavers saw their part of the bed of the river dry, they hastened to make terms and paid their accustomed tribute. King Skookum then had the west end of the dam removed, and the river continued running as before. In order to commemorate this great event he had the earth piled up on the top of the hill, so as to resemble a beaver in shape; and this can be seen for a long way up or down the river. This legend the Indians got from the beavers, who were their cousins, more than a thousand years ago, when they first came to settle in the valley; for in those days the Indians and the beavers could converse together, and used to hold communication until some young treacherous Indians made war on the beavers for their furs, when the beavers vowed they would never speak to them again, and have faithfully kept their word."

After leaving the town of Missoula, at the western extremity of the Hell-Gate valley, the train passes along the faces of the mountain, following no particular valley, and finally comes down into the valley of the Jocko river, in the reservation of the Flathead Indians. At the little station of Arlee, where there is only one house, and a tank, and a wood-shed, and a shanty, the train left us in a siding, and took on instead the dining-car, which I mentioned as being in readiness to replace the one left the other side of the Rockies. This was at 5.15 on Sunday morning, and we were now west of the main divide of the Rockies, and in the valleys of streams whose waters flow to the Pacific Ocean.



The freight-train, which was to take us on from here, did not come along for some considerable time, and it was finally 9 o'clock before we got started again. Indian houses and wigwams were again plentiful as we passed through the Flathead Reservation for about 50 or 60 miles. The line follows the course of the Jocko river, which is a mere mountain-stream, two or three yards wide, till it joins the Flathead river, which is a much larger stream. The united waters take the name of the Pend d'Oreille river. For the next 17 miles the line follows the south bank of this river, which appears to be a good salmon-stream. The water is remarkably clear and beautiful, and rocky rapids and picturesque little islets are numerous. It then crosses on a fir-wood and iron truss-bridge with a long timber trestle approach, and then runs along the bank for about 8 or 10 miles further, till we reach the confluence of the Missoula. This river has a muddy, dirty-looking stream, which is made especially noticeable when brought into such close contrast with the transparent Pend d'Oreille. These two united streams, which are now a very considerable flood of about 200 feet in width, take the name of Clark's Fork of the Columbia; and, with the exception of the widening out at Lake Pend d'Oreille, this name is retained until the waters unite just over the Canadian frontier with the south-flowing stream of the Columbia river itself. The mountain-scenery, which is grand and continually varying, is soon changed by two charming little valleys, known as Paradise valley and Horse Plains respectively. These are favourite winter resorts of the Indians, who can feed their ponies here in the winter without much trouble; the climate is as warm as in spring, and the snow hardly covers the ground, while the surrounding mountain-sides are white with it for months. Paradise Valley is about four or five miles long and perhaps two or two and a half wide. The Horse Plains is a more circular valley, like a small prairie, about six miles in diameter. These are the only two spots where cultivation appears at all possible for more than 150 miles—as seen from the railroad, that is.

After leaving the Horse Plains we again enter upon unbroken mountain-scenery. The rocky cliffs rise sheer from the river, and



in places the road-bed has had to be blasted from the side of the rock, as there was no natural bench on which to put it. There are a few stations at intervals along the Clark's Fork, but these are merely passing-places for the trains and used entirely for the convenience of the railway; there is no vestige of a town or place to put any. The cottonwood-tree, as a rule, lines the water's edge, and wherever else it is possible for any trees to grow, they are all pines and firs. Many beautiful momentary glimpses are caught up some long rocky ravine down which a tributary torrent comes rushing under a long trestle-bridge or viaduct. The best of them is perhaps at Thompson's river. A station is about a mile further west, which goes by the name of Thompson's Falls. Here is an attempt at a town, and a stop of half an hour is made for dinner; and a very good dinner it was too—broiled salmon to perfection. Every house was built of lumber, and was hardly more than a very large packing-case, but there were many boarding-houses and several stores. The business of the place is merely as a headquarters for the miners, who are in considerable numbers in the surrounding mountains. As the name implies, there is a considerable fall of the river here, or perhaps, more strictly speaking, a big rapid.

We stayed at this station from 1 till half-past, and in 40 minutes afterwards crossed the Clark's Fork on a high bridge. The water just here is navigable, though the current is of course rapid. During the construction of the railway a small steamer was placed on this reach for bringing up supplies and other kindred purposes. For some way after crossing the bridge the line runs along a narrow natural ledge 100 feet above the river, and a stone dropped out of the car-window would almost fall into the water. The other side of the river is just the same. In this way we go on all the afternoon till 5.45, when the town of Heron is reached. I think that no more appropriate part of the journey could have been selected to be travelled over on Sunday than this, where the wonderful works of Nature could be best admired and appreciated, and where the whole of the Benedicite could be sung with all due appropriateness.

Heron is the end of the Rocky-Mountain division and the com-



mencement of the Pend d'Oreille. It is quite a new town, built on a high plateau in the midst of a dense forest. It is entirely a railway town, built, owned, and kept going by the Company. All its inhabitants are in the railroad employ, there being a large engine-shed and repair-shops. The station is a fine large one, with a good-sized comfortable hotel attached; in fact the verandah and "stoep" of the hotel make the station platform. The clock has to be put back another hour here for the last time, and we henceforth used what is known as Pacific standard time, eight hours slower than Greenwich.

We arrived at Heron at 5.45 (Rocky) Mountain time, which was 4.45 Pacific time, and remained till 7.15,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  hours, still resuming our journey on a freight-train; in fact all the way to Portland was travelled in this way. There were a great number of Chinese living at Heron, and, in fact, all along the mountains from Thompson's Falls were numbers of them living in cabins by the side of the railway, for the purpose of getting a living by sawing and chopping wood for fuel for the locomotives, all the wood being stacked up in convenient spots close to the rails, so that at any time when short of fuel the driver has only to stop and load up, a very convenient and economical arrangement. The Chinese chop like women, and their earnings cannot be very great; still their living must be pretty cheap, and so I dare say they get along comfortably enough.

Five miles west of Heron you can just catch a glimpse of Cabinet Landing. The title "Landing" is obtained from the fact that the Hudson Bay Company were obliged to make a portage here while conveying their goods from Lake Pend d'Oreille to the Horse Plains above. The river runs with tremendous force between two columns of rocks 150 feet high, whose tops are crowned with pines. This is a particularly wild and romantic spot. There are many solid rock-cuttings and numerous sharp curves on the railroad immediately about this place. A few miles further, near Clark's Fork station, the train leaves Montana and enters the territory of Idaho. Before long you come to a trestle-viaduct of considerable length and cross the river, catching as you do so a fine view of Lake Pend d'Oreille.



The line then skirts the northern shore of this lake for about 20 miles, winding in and out, for the lake is merely a valley in the mountains filled with the waters of the Clark's Fork river. There was a bright moon, almost full, and a clear sky; and so, although it was after 9 o'clock, I was able to enjoy the scene, though, of course, the extreme distance was lost. The mouth of the Pack river is crossed on a trestle-viaduct a mile and a half long, raised only a few feet above the water of the lake, and making a fine sweeping curve. On its course round this lake the extreme northern limit of the railroad is attained, and its course is now south-west as far as the Cascade Mountains at Wallula.

When we awoke in the morning we found we were near Spokane Falls, and the beautiful scenery was over. Between the lake and here I believe there is nothing worthy of special comment; but one begins to be fastidious about scenery after the glories of yesterday. Spokane Falls is in Washington territory, close to the Spokane valley, in the Reservation of the Cœur d'Alène Indians. This is a remarkably well-to-do tribe, and one that has reached a high degree of civilization. They are under the influence of the Roman Catholic Church. To give you some idea of their prosperity I will just mention that their chief, old Sultas, drives about in his own comfortable carriage with a pair of beautiful well-matched horses, and loans money at the town of Spokane Falls on good security at 2 per cent. per month. They rent the meadows also for 50 miles along the valleys of the Spokane and Cœur d'Alène rivers, and also have a monopoly of the forests, so that the white men settlers adjoining their Reservation have actually to pay the Indians tribute. These Indians sent to market in one year 30,000 bushels of wheat.

Spokane Falls is 108 miles from Heron, and is the oldest town in this part of Washington territory; in fact it is the only one which was not called into existence by the railway. It has large hotels, fine stores, and all the other signs of a thriving city; it has also splendid streets, which it is fortunate enough to have already paved or macadamized by nature, as it is built upon a large gravel plain.



The train remained here from half to three quarters of an hour for breakfast.

For the next 100 miles, after getting well away from this city, there is not a tree in sight [the pen has gone crazy !], except those that the railroad company have planted tentatively at the various stopping and crossing places. The whole country is one vast desert, the soil being dry sand with coarse vegetation, or else rocky barren points and corners. The railway follows the courses of old dried-up streams known as *coulées*, and takes many turns and has many ups and downs in its journey. There are few places worthy the name of town in all this country ; but I suppose Cheney and Sprague would not wish to be left without a word. The former of these places is a thriving little town from all appearances, and takes its name from a certain Mr. Cheney of Boston, who gave 10,000 dollars towards building a school. Sprague is another place of about the same size, but would seem to be more important in the eyes of the railway, for they have large repair-shops, and so on, again here. The train remained about an hour, which gave opportunity for a run to the top of one of the hills, from which a great scene of dreariness presented itself. Whilst promenading the streets, an Indian brave, with plenty of red-ochre and feathers, accompanied by his squaw and a really handsome daughter, were to be seen inspecting the shop-windows. A pump, for public use, amused them, and the warrior worked away at the handle, but, producing no water, resigned in favour of the squaw, but she had no better success. When it was pointed out to them that it was necessary to pour a little water down the pump first, they were quite delighted, and drank for the amusement's sake. Several more afterwards rode up from the country. All the tending to the horses, and so on, was done by the lady, while the painted warrior leisurely watched, leaning at ease on a railing.

At Ainsworth, which was reached at 5.50, the Snake river is crossed on a fine iron bridge, just close to its confluence with the Columbia, which is here a great river. The town of Wallula is in sight across the wilderness, with the Columbia on the right hand, and



the sand as white and dry as the Cape flats and Fishhook-Bay sand-hills. The Cascade Mountains are a back-ground to the river, and their snow-topped peaks are right ahead, overshadowing the village of Wallula, which is the terminus of the Northern Pacific Railway proper. From Ainsworth to Wallula took an hour.

We arrived at Wallula at 7, and stayed an hour. This gave ample time for a good supper in the hotel, which, as at Heron, is the railway-station as well. I posted a card here, which should have started on its eastward journey about three hours afterwards. There is no town to speak of, and there would be nothing for a town to do if there was one. It is only important from a railway point of view, being the point at which the Northern Pacific Railway connects with the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company's line to Portland, 214 miles distant. The Northern Pacific Railway are constructing a direct line to Tacoma, across the Cascades, which will save a great deal of time (about a day, I suppose), but will not be ready for use for a long while.

The station is situated at the confluence of the Walla-walla river with the Columbia, and at the entrance of the valley or cañon or gorge that that river makes use of on its way to the Pacific. Immediately on entering this cañon, but only for a few miles, the scenery is fine, and there are some rocky crags and curious columns, which make for the moment a grand scene; but once inside, the river takes to itself low shores which are sterile and sandy. The train keeps the south bank of the Columbia all the way now, and is consequently in Oregon, the river making the dividing line between that State and Washington.

Getting-up time, on this our last morning, found us at Grant's. This is merely a station and passing-place. We had to lay by here while the express, which leaves Wallula Junction three hours after we did, went by. If they would only take the emigrant-car on by this train, 24 hours would be gained in arriving at Victoria; but they don't. All along the south side of the river here the shore is flat for a few hundred feet, and then the cliffs rise steep. The flat shore gives room for a few Indian wigwams, an occasional salmon-



canning establishment, or a fishing-village. It mostly consists of dry white sand-hills with nothing thereon. On the tops of the cliffs on the north side can be seen patches of pasture and now and then a farm-house or other habitation. Report says that there is good farming-lands not only on the plateaux on each side, but also in the valleys running back, but they are not visible from the train.

At Celilo there is quite a good-sized Indian village, and many of the people were asleep, rolled up in their blankets outside their wigwams, though many of the squaws and children were about, I suppose preparing breakfast. Celilo is an Indian name, meaning "The Place of the Winds." From here down as far as Dalles, all navigation is impossible, but up for hundreds of miles, both on the Columbia and Snake rivers, steamboats can and do carry on a trade. In very early days the Navigation Company that controlled these waters had constructed a railway as a portage from here to Dalles, and this is now part of the present system. Near this village I noticed the first salmon-wheel; we saw numbers afterwards. The machine is to all appearance a water-wheel of some mill; but there is no mill, and so it must have some other object, and this object is the catching of salmon. Instead of the ordinary paddles of a mill-wheel are nets, somewhat the shape of a scoop on a dredging-machine. These nets are set, apparently, somewhat eccentrically between the rims of the wheel, and their object is to simply scoop up the salmon as they pass up the river to the spawning-grounds; as it revolves, the salmon are thrown out on the shore and canned. Tons are caught this way and shipped to various parts of the world for consumption; how long the supply will last it is difficult to say. The Indians fish with a spear, which is legitimate sport, and they come regularly at the proper season for their supply, which they dry for winter use.

Commencing at Celilo are the Dalles or rapids. The Little Dalles come first, and it is a fine sight to see the mighty river rush down over its steep and rocky bed; but these are nothing to the Great Dalles, a few miles further down. The whole view from the Great Dalles is fine. In the distance, towering above all the mountains, is Mount Hood, 11,000 feet high, ending in a point.



The whole of this is perfectly white with snow, while the other lower mountains are all dark with their covering of pines and firs. There, with all these mountains for a background, is the town of Dalles itself, and immediately at your feet the mighty Columbia, the greatest river in North-west America, roaring and bubbling and boiling through a rocky channel, across which a child could throw a stone. I don't believe it is more than 150 feet wide here for nearly two miles. It must be hundreds of feet deep, for its width I should suppose to be about the same as the Thames at Westminster everywhere else. The river must, in fact, be up on edge. The rocks that confine it are not high steep crags, but more like rocks at a sea-side place on which people go to sit and see the waves. This is how it was when I saw it; but it is said that these rocks are often covered by floods, and that the roar and turmoil are fearful, as I can fully imagine they must be. Almost instantly the turmoil is over, and the river flows on as calm and peaceful as if nothing had disturbed its slumbers for hundreds of miles. We arrived at Dalles City about 8 o'clock, and remained 25 minutes, during which time I posted you a card in the box at the Umatilla-house hotel. The majestic Mount Hood is in fine view from nearly any part of the town. Had there been time to climb to the first plateau above the town, a fine view could have been obtained of Mount Adams, which is also a great mountain, but not equal to Hood. There is a legend about these two, which I will give presently.

Going on westward from Dalles the scenery changes completely, and instead of the desert sandy shores we have steep rocky precipices and projecting and overhanging cliffs. In many places the line is carried round or past some smooth perpendicular face of rock upon wooden trestles, which saves a deal of expense and rock-blasting. Very soon after leaving the town the pines and the firs return, and get thicker and denser the further we go. From here to the end of the mountains the river has no real valley, and the train has to cling on to the mountain-sides. Close by the water, when there is some occasional level spot, there grow willow, ash, maple, and alder, which are a change from the incessant pine.



Between the Dalles and the mouth of the Hood river are two tunnels. The first is a most wonderful piece of engineering. The approach to it from the east for about half a mile is along the face of a mighty cliff, that towers almost out of sight above you. The base of this precipice has been blown away entirely to make room for the railway. The only way to do this was to lower men down from above in rope slings to the point where they were to drill the holes. The danger of loose rocks falling from above caused by the friction of the rope was very great, and more than a dozen men were killed in this way. The face blown away is from 450 to 600 feet high, and several tons of blasting-powder were fired at the same moment by electricity so as to move the whole thing *en masse*. Many thousands of cubic yards of solid rock fell to the river, and by smoothing this mass a road bed was formed. The tunnel is of no great length, merely through a rocky point, say perhaps 200 feet or so in all. These Cascade Mountains are the same range that runs through the whole continent of America from north to south, with the various names of Andes, Cordilleras, Sierra Nevada, Cascades, and Selkirk Mountains. At the Cascades, the river again for a short space becomes a torrent; but though the scenery is fine, it is not grand and wonderful as in other places.

The Indians have a tradition that formerly the two great snow mountains, Hood and Adams, stood close to the river at this point, one on either side, with a natural arch of stone connecting them. One day the mountains quarrelled, and threw out fire and stones at each other, and so demolished the arch. Up to that time the Indians had been in the habit of passing up and down the river under the arch in their canoes, but when the arch fell, it choked the river, and caused the rapids which now exist. "Sahullah Tyhee" was so angry with the quarrelsome mountains that he hurled them away north and south to the places where they now stand. There is said to be some foundation for this legend, for not far from the brink of the rapids there is a well-known submerged forest, and how long it is since this grew on the shore is not known, probably many centuries ago. With regard to the fire and stones, it is evident something stirring



took place here once. The engineers who have built and superintended for years back the construction of railways in this neighbourhood have had it forcibly demonstrated that for three miles on the south side a great spur of the mountain is at the present time sliding down to the river. The theory is, that the mountain of basalt rests on a conglomerate bed with a substratum of sandstone pitching towards the river, and as the river wears a way beneath the basalt the whole mass moves down towards it. The United States Government are constructing a canal and locks on this spur in order to get steamboats past the Cascades; and the experiments being made to note this sliding of the mountain are watched with great interest, and what the result will be to the canal and locks remains to be seen. The rocky precipices continue for some few miles further, and beyond the continuation of that wild mountain-scenery there is nothing to note, except two remarkable pillars of rock called the Pillars of Hercules, between which the train passes. Very shortly after this the line diverges from the river, and passing through a forest-region for about 20 miles, lands you in East Portland, from where you cross by ferry-steamer to Portland itself. This long-looked-for place was reached with punctuality at 4.15 on Tuesday afternoon, the sixth day from St. Paul. I should imagine that to go from Dalles to Portland by steamboat would be pleasant, for the train running close at the foot of the cliffs, a proper idea of their height or shape cannot possibly be obtained.

Portland is a large city and is rapidly growing; its population two years ago was about 35,000. It is well situated on the west side of the Willamette river, twelve miles from its confluence with the Columbia. From Portland steamers run regularly to San Francisco, and to Puget Sound, British Columbia, and Alaska. The streets are well paved and well lighted. A curious system of street nomenclature obtains here. In addition to the ordinary Front, Second, Third, and Fourth, and so on streets, which run parallel to the river, the cross-streets are A street, B street, C street, and so on, which system I have never seen elsewhere. There are three very good hotels, and a number of smaller second-class ones, all doing a good business.



Chinese abound of course, and seem to have the entire monopoly of one or two streets ; but I can't help thinking the place would be better without them.

I told you in the card I sent from here that I had to remain open all night, as the steamer for Kalàma did not leave till the following afternoon. At one o'clock then I went on board the R.R. 'Thompson,' a "stern-wheel" boat—that is, a paddle-boat with only one paddle, and that placed right behind the rudder. At 3.30 we were landed at Kalàma, on the north side of the Columbia river. There was a strong wind, and it was cold and unpleasant outside, so I kept in the shelter of the saloon. It was so cloudy and misty that nothing could be seen at any great distance ; but the river was pretty, with farms here and there, and mountains and hills in the distance. At Kalàma a train was in waiting, and at 4.45 it started for the five-hour run to Tacoma. It was so cloudy and misty, that it was quite out of the question to see any of the mountain-scenery, which in the distance is said to be very fine. Mount Tacoma, covered with snow, is over 14,000 feet and has many glaciers, but all invisible. It was dark when Tacoma was reached, and there was such a hurry to get us all on board the 'Olympian' for this port, that there was no time for looking around or asking questions. From Kalàma to Tacoma is the Northern Pacific line (Pacific Division), and this will very shortly be opened, all rail, to Portland, the trains crossing Columbia river on a ferry ; this will be a great convenience, and do away with the bother of transferring baggage and smaller parcels.

The 'Olympian' is a fine large side-wheel boat, and is lighted throughout by electricity. Its cabins are spacious, and the beds comfortable and large. We started from Tacoma a little before half-past ten and paddled down to Seattle, which takes, I believe, about an hour and a half ; but I was asleep before that. In the morning when I woke we were still lying at Seattle. It was not long before we steamed away from here, about 6.10 A.M. The trip down Puget Sound, the real salt water of the Pacific Ocean, is delightful ; but the day was very cold, and the wind right in our teeth, so that it



was impossible to remain outside, except while at the landings. We called in at two or three places, and finally at Port Townsend, which is a pretty little town. It is important as being a "port of entry" for the United States. A run of about two hours across the sound-mouth landed us at Victoria safe and sound at 3.0 P.M. exactly to time. Though I had enjoyed the journey immensely all the way, yet I could not help being glad it was over. A room was taken at the Driard House *pro tem.*, and a post-card duly posted announcing the safe arrival on British soil, the due advent into a land of promise.

What has transpired since must be left till another occasion, which shall not be long. Meanwhile, adieu! and with best wishes for Many Happy Returns of 21st and 22nd insts. to you and Mamma, and with love to Papa, and all good greetings to others,

I remain,

Your most affectionate brother,

CHARLES.

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Box 346.]

*Victoria P.O., British Columbia,  
July 28th, 1884.*

MY DEAR MOTHER,—

Many Happy Returns of this day last week! I would have written on that day, only I was travelling, and so was unable to do so.

The object of my travels was a journey to the mainland, to spy out the lay of the country, and get such general information as may be of use to me hereafter. I left here last Monday morning at 7 o'clock by the steamer R.R. 'Rithet,' for New Westminster. The trip is a pleasant one, and, as you will be able to gather from the map I sent a week ago, is mostly in and out amongst islands. These islands are for the most part entirely covered with trees, and are hardly at all settled, though many Indians do seem to find room for their wigwams and get a living by fishing, and other light and easy occupations. There is here a piece of open water, which is often very rough for small vessels, the crossing of which takes about an hour to an hour and a half, according to the state of the tide.

The entrance to the Fraser river is difficult, the channel being exceedingly tortuous and the water very shallow. The banks of the river at its mouth and for some miles up on both sides are perfectly flat, low-lying plains, hardly elevated above the sea-level. These lands yield a splendid crop of hay naturally, but as yet are hardly settled upon or farmed at all. Many dykes have been dug across them, and more are being constructed and planned. The soil is on the surface—peak 2 or 3 feet thick, and then a sandy loam below. I believe that in ten or fifteen years' time this will be a well-farmed district and pretty thickly populated. Further up, the shores of the river begin to be lined with timber—heavy large timber, much of it—and the ground somewhat higher, but by no means mountainous. The steamer calls at several places, where there are



canneries—not birds, but establishments where the salmon are canned, and where they are shipped to all parts of the world, chiefly England.

At four o'clock, we landed at New Westminster. This is later than usual, as the 'Rithet' is rather a slow boat. I was very much disappointed with this place. It is not nearly as large a town as I had expected, and has a poor, poverty-stricken air about it. The people all seem to be devoid of energy, and to take life pretty quietly and easily. This is the case also here in Victoria to some extent; but owing to the constant communication by steam with the outer world, things are somewhat different and a trifle more brisk. The shops in New Westminster are all small and insignificant-looking, and the hotels only very second rate. This used to be the capital of a Crown Colony, and has been a town for more than 26 years; but it looks like one of those mushroom cities in America would look like if from any cause the railway were to stop running for six months.

On Tuesday, Maddie's birthday, I visited Port Moody and Burrard Inlet. This place, or spot, is about six miles north of New Westminster. I went on foot, as there is a good waggon-road, and walking would not, therefore, be difficult. The road runs through a thickly timbered country, and reaches an elevation of 500 feet above the sea, just before you catch sight of the inlet. From this summit it is only about three quarters of a mile, rather less, to the shore, so the road is pretty steep at that end. I visited, of course, the C.P.R. dock. This is capable of taking the largest ocean-going steamer alongside at any time, and, in fact, could, I think, have two moored there of the size of the 'Alaska,' one astern of the other, if necessary. The extreme end of the inlet, about 300 acres, is dry sand and mud at low water, and the shore is tolerably flat. It is here where the present houses are situated, about 30 in number—all, of course, mere wooden packing-cases of about two or three years' growth. There are two hotels, a post-office, telegraph and telephone offices, and several stores. The future town, however, cannot be there; it must be alongside the deep water. There is already a pier or landing-place built there, with a warehouse, the owners of which are



now in China for the purpose of getting up a regular trade-connection. There are also two other hotels at the extreme west end, and a dwelling-house about midway. There is a beautiful view north and west from my lots, which are about 90 feet above the sea, and in what should be, before very long, the centre of the whole place, and I am pleased with the site; of course every thing looks rough and uncouth yet, but the time will come. After seeing and inspecting and foraging about all day, I returned to New Westminster in the evening. The next day I spent in New Westminster, and time hung rather heavy. In the evening, about 6 o'clock, I started on the 'Rithel' again (this was her next trip) and went up on her to Port Hammond. This city has one hotel, with about ten bed-rooms, a grocery-store, kept by Chinese, and a private dwelling. There is a railway-station, an engine-house, a tank, a freight-shed, and a landing-place, *voilà tout*.

This great place is situated just at the point where the C.P. Railway coming from Port Moody strikes the Fraser river, about 15 miles above New Westminster. Here I had to remain all night, and on the following morning at 7.0 I started by train for Yale. As the map shows, the line follows the banks of the Fraser river pretty closely, winding in and out. The country is somewhat flat and good for farming on the left bank, south and east, almost up to Hope, but is more mountainous on the railway side. The scenery is simply magnificent, and from Hope onwards is much superior to any of the North Pacific, grand as that is. The train runs up to the end of the track three times a week, and back on the alternate days. Travelling is, of course, very slow and tedious, as the line is not by any means finished, and the road-bed is of necessity very rough. Yale was reached soon after 2 in the afternoon. This is quite a pretty little place, and seems to be thriving well. There are several hotels and stores. After dinner I walked up about five miles along the waggon-road and returned by the line. The cañon is beautiful, very much wilder and more rocky than the Northern Pacific Railway scenery in the Rockies or Cascades.

I did not care to go back by the train if I could help it; and as I



knew a steamer was going to run from Hope direct to New Westminster, I sought about how to catch it. I found out that a hand-car with the mails went down at about 8 ; and though of course it did not profess to convey passengers, I managed to get a passage thereon. In this way I reached the steamer, which was moored with her nose right in the bank waiting for us, about 9.20, and retired to rest. The boat started at daybreak, about 3.0 A.M., and landed me in New Westminster at 11.30. Of course calls were made at many places, the most important of which is Chilliwack. In this way I was able to see both sides of the river, and to collect more information of the sort I wanted than I could do from the train. I had to stay overnight again at Westminster, and had the opportunity of becoming acquainted with Mr. H. V. Edmunds, from whom I bought those lots at Port Moody. I also met Mr. James Orr, M.P.P. for Westminster, from whom I got much useful knowledge. I left again on the 'Yosemite' (four syllables) at 7 in the morning, and landed here at 4 in the afternoon. We had a disabled steamboat in tow from the mouth of the Fraser, or we should have been in an hour or two earlier, as the 'Yosemite' is a fine boat and fast. The weather is much warmer now than it has been lately, but the nights are cool. There is a daily mail now to and from here ; but the mails to the interior are very vague and uncertain in their character ; and so if you chance to be long intervals without news or replies, you will know that it is on account of my absence, away somewhere on the mountains, or bays, or islands.

The address above given, with Box 346 in the left-hand corner of the envelope, will always reach me the soonest, as instructions as to forwarding will be arranged for.

I feel I am a long way from you all ; but still I have done well to come, and will the sooner be able to return to you. With much love to all,

Your most affectionate son,

CHARLES.



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