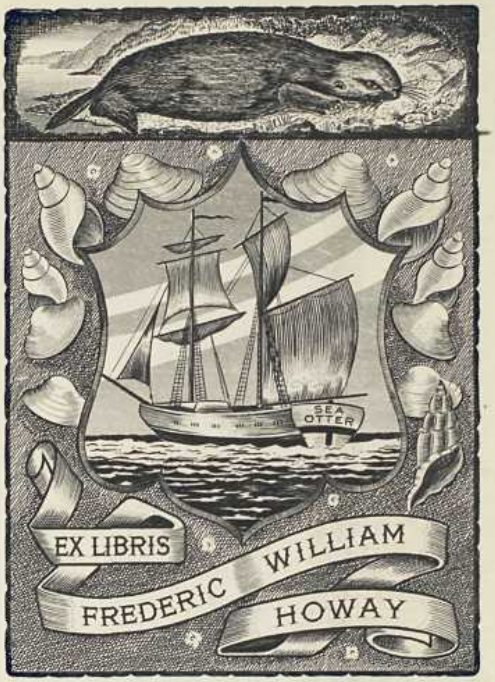
OVERLAND TO CARIBOO

MARGARET McNAUGHTON.



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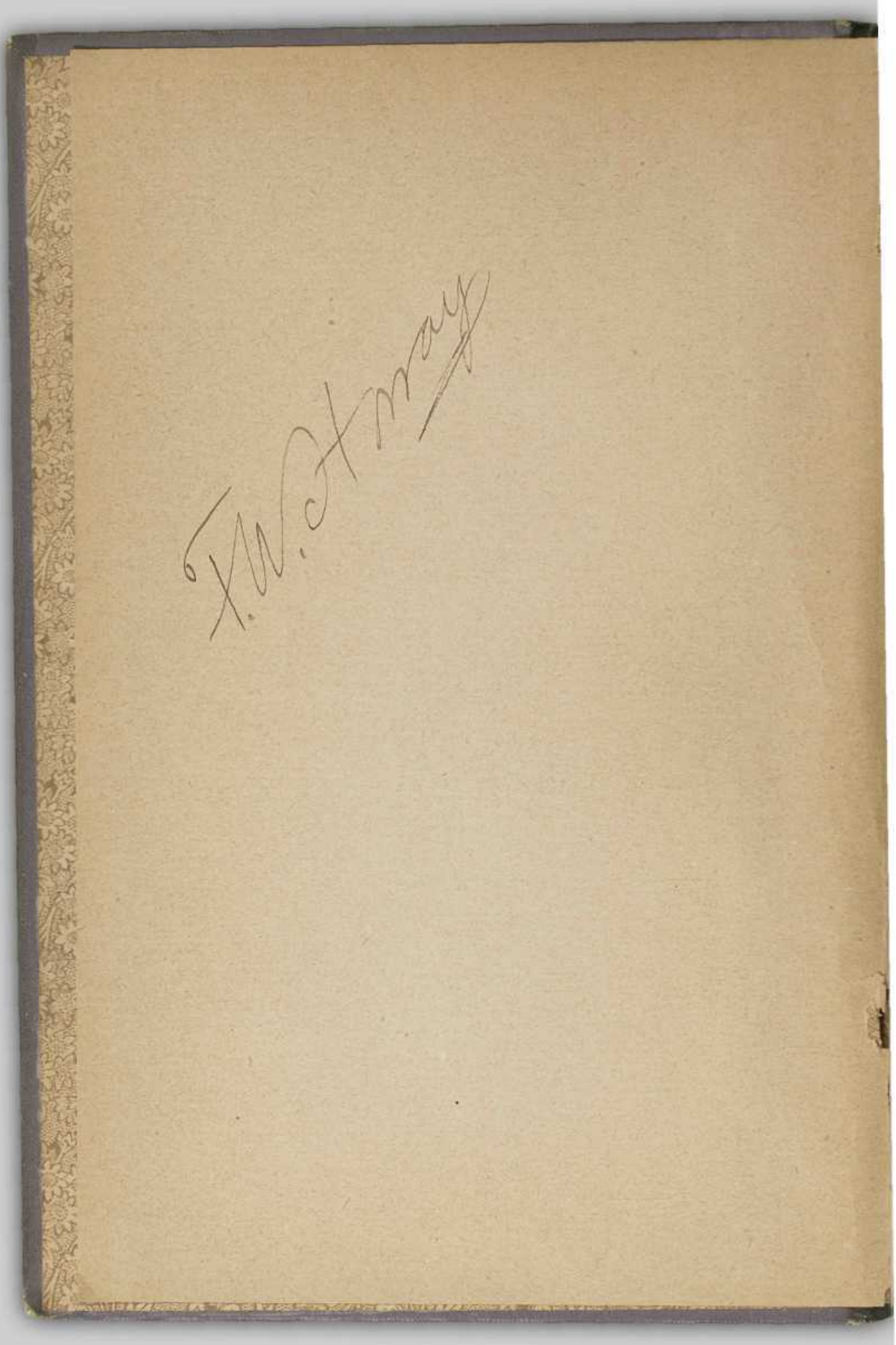
"Overland Journey to Cariboo"

The above, describing "a eventful journey to the Cariboo ...fields in 1862," is the title of a book of 176 pages, exclusive of engravings, by Margaret McNaughton (Mrs. Arch. McNaughton, of Quesnelle, B.C. — formerly Miss Peebles, of this city), which will be published by the Briggs publishing house, Toronto, during Christmas week.

Rev. Dr. Withrow, Briggs' official reader, and an author himself of considerable repute, made the following report on the MSS. of this book: "I have read with much care the whole of Mrs. McNaughton's account of an 'Overland Journey to Cariboo.' It is one of the most interesting narratives I have ever read. It is a clear, concise, well-written story of the adventures, hardships, and privations of one hundred and fifty Canadian pioneers from Toronto, Niagara, Montreal, Goderich, and other parts of Canada, when crossing the continent in 1862, taking then about six months to make the voyage. The moral heroism, as well as the physical endurance exhibited, their strict observance of the Sabbath, their patience under their ...fferings and loss, and their trust in the guiding providence of God, reflect infinite credit upon the men, and the country which can breed such men. Their adventures in crossing the Rockies by the Tete Jaune Pass, and their perilous journey on rafts and in canoes down the turbulent Thompson and Fraser Rivers, in which several of them were wrecked and six of them lost their lives, is one of thrilling interest. One woman, with three young children, shared their adventures. Much curious information is given as to the early days of gold digging in Cariboo, the remarkable richness of the diggings, and the tremendously inflated prices caused by the difficulties of transport. The book is well written, in a plain, simple style. It is the record of a too important event in the history of Canada, not to be preserved and widely made known."

Mr. McNaughton himself, it might be mentioned, was one of the adventurous Argonants who made the perilous and interesting journey that Mrs. McNaughton so graphically describes.

The book, which will be a handsomely bound, illustrated volume, will, it is ...pected, be sold for $1 to $1.50.



MARGARET McNAUGHTON

OVERLAND TO CARIBOO

AN EVENTFUL JOURNEY OF CANADIAN PIONEERS TO THE GOLD-FIELDS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA IN 1862.

BY

MARGARET McNAUGHTON.

With Portraits and Illustrations.

TORONTO:
WILLIAM BRIGGS
WESLEY BUILDINGS.
C. W. COATES, Montreal. S. F. HUESTIS, Halifax.
1896.

F. W. Howay

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ENTERED according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six, by WILLIAM BRIGGS, at the Department of Agriculture.

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PREFACE.

THIS book is not merely a description of the adventures of a party of men who crossed the plains of British North America (known then as the Hudson's Bay Territory) in 1862, but it is intended to show the possibilities of that vast region, for many years so little known to the civilized world, and scarcely less a *terra incognita* to the Canadian Government and people.

Since this journey was accomplished many wonderful changes have taken place, many curious events have come to pass. From the Atlantic on the east to the Pacific on the west the Canadian Pacific Railway is stretched; and to day the perilous journey, which once occupied five and a half months, can be

accomplished, surrounded with every comfort and convenience, in five or six days.

The intrepid pioneers of whom I write were the first to cross from Canada to British Columbia overland, and their courage and perseverance deserve to be recorded in history, even briefly as it may be. The company numbered one hundred and fifty, most of them youths gathered together from different parts of Eastern Canada. Many of them had been tenderly reared and well educated. They left their homes, some of them to perish on the journey, and others to open up and develop this country. They crossed the north-western part of the continent of America from Fort Garry (now the city of Winnipeg), and braved the dangerous rapids of the Fraser River.

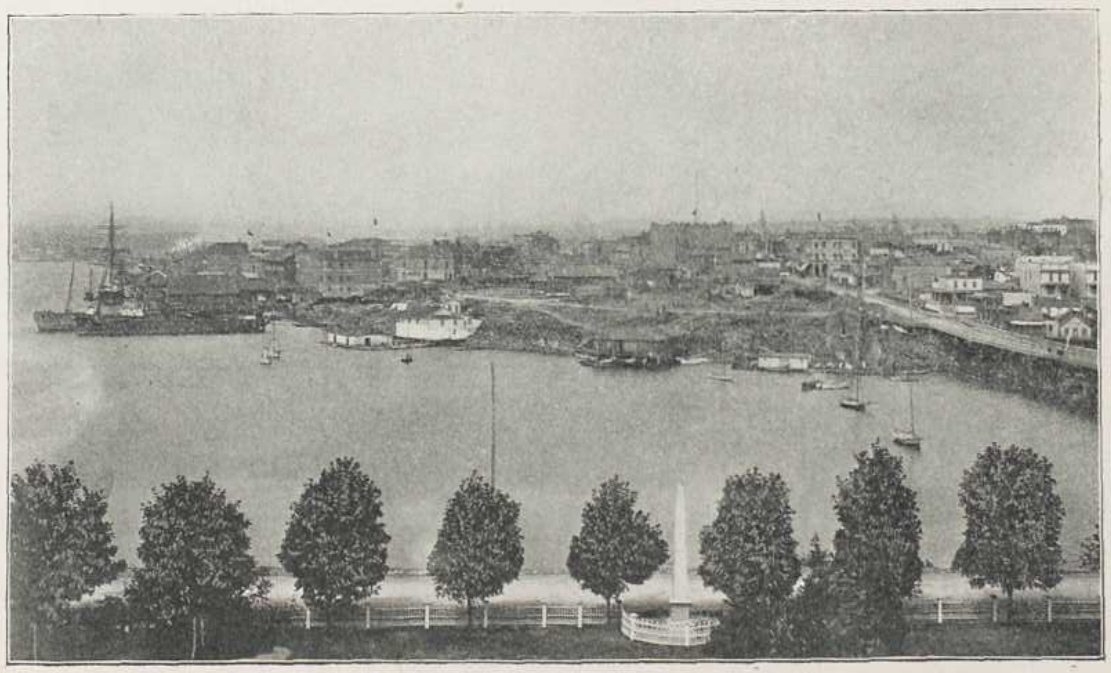
Part of the company reached Quesnelle Mouth, Cariboo, in the months of September and October of the year 1862. Of the one hundred and fifty who formed the expedition, there were some who never reached Cariboo. They separated from the rest of the party at the headwaters of the Fraser

River, and, after enduring untold hardships and suffering, reached Fort Kamloops.

Many of that brave band have long since passed over to the great majority; some of them have left the country; others have filled, or are filling, honourable positions in their country's service. It is to them, and to such as them, we owe the prosperity and progress of British Columbia to-day.

I had also proposed to give a sketch of the early history of Cariboo, but I find it is worthy of a separate volume. Cariboo is famed the world over, and, as the Premier, in a speech delivered on a recent occasion, said, "Cariboo is the father of the Province, and its wonderful resources are only beginning to be developed."

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."



CITY OF VICTORIA.

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CARIBOO GOLD ESCORT IN 1862.

OVERLAND TO CARIBOO.

CHAPTER I.

JOURNEY TO FORT GARRY.

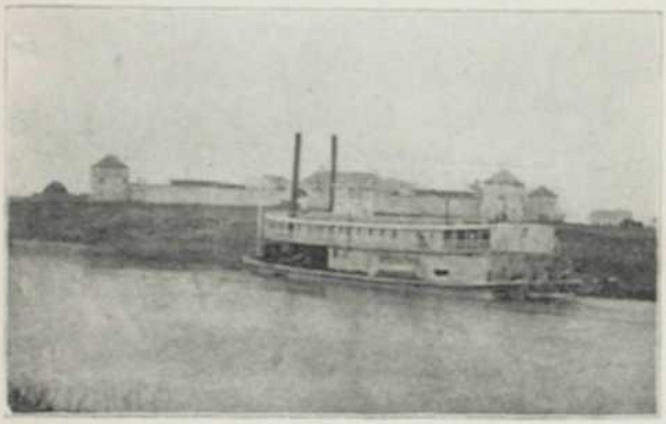
THE Overland Expedition of 1862 was composed of companies gathered from various parts of Ontario and Quebec. The incidents of the journey which I am about to relate refer chiefly to the experiences of the Queenston and Montreal parties, the first of which started out on the 23rd of April and the latter on the 5th of May following. For the facts of my narrative I am indebted to the diaries and recollections of Mr. Thomas McMicking, of the Queenston company, and Messrs. George C. Tunstall and A. McNaughton, of the Montreal contingent.

Before leaving Montreal, the party from that city noticed an advertisement in the papers to

the effect that a stage company called "The British America Overland Transit Company," under the management of Major Snow, was to be established to convey passengers from St. Paul, Minnesota, to Cariboo. Tickets were to be sold at reasonable rates, and the stage-coaches were to be first-class; but when St. Paul was reached, nothing was known there of this company. No such line of coaches had ever existed, and there was no likelihood that one would be established. Misled by these advertisements, eighteen young men had left England, where the fraud had also been perpetrated, and at the time of the arrival of our party were in St. Paul, some of them without sufficient means to go farther. The few who could do so returned; others took employment in the city, and two, pushing through to British Columbia, reached Cariboo, where they afterwards amassed a comfortable fortune. The fraudulent company, which had its head office in London, England, was prosecuted, and an amount recovered from it that was considered sufficient to compensate these men for the losses sustained.

ST. PAUL TO GEORGETOWN.

When the several parties of the Overland Expedition reached St. Paul, they purchased tickets from the Bourbank Stage Company for Georgetown, a small settlement on the Red



H. B. CO.'S STEAMER *INTERNATIONAL* DISCHARGING FREIGHT AT FORT GARRY.

River. There they found the steamer *International* in course of construction. This was the first steamer to run to Fort Garry, and the first that ever floated on the Red River.

About six weeks after the party left St. Paul,

a terrible massacre of women and children took place, and, it was generally believed, had not the Overland party been well armed it would have met the same fate.

ARRIVAL AT GEORGETOWN.

Governor Dallas, of the Hudson's Bay Company, with his family, visited the camps of the explorers at Georgetown, giving them much valuable information about the country. He also offered his protection to the party on the Hudson's Bay Company's Territory, which offer was gratefully accepted and the promise faithfully kept. The camps had to remain over a week at Georgetown waiting for the steamer, and during that time parties from different points were coming in, all desiring conveyance, so that when the *International* was ready nearly one hundred and fifty men engaged passage upon her. After a short run it was found that the steamer would not answer her helm, but collided with the trees on the banks, knocking down her smoke-stacks. When the funnels were repaired, she again proceeded on her trip, but the crew were obliged to

shove her bow off the shore at every bend of the river. The second day out the captain came to the conclusion that it would take some time to reach Fort Garry, and so put the passengers on rations of two meals a day.

The 24th of May, being the Queen's Birthday, was celebrated by having a special dinner, and the health of Her Most Gracious Majesty was proposed in true and loyal style.

The wife of the Governor, her maid and piper, were also passengers on this adventurous trip. One day Lady Dallas was heard lamenting to Bishop Tache the slow progress that was being made, and also how tired she was of the hard fare, consisting chiefly of pork and beans, which was about the extent of the larder on board the *International*.

ARRIVAL AT FORT GARRY.

After a series of mishaps Fort Garry at last was reached. As the steamer entered the Assiniboine, a salute was fired in honour of the occasion. This was answered by a volley from every rifle on board the *International*. Nearly

the whole district was present to meet her, and the day marked a new era in the history of the Red River Settlement.

At Fort Garry the expedition purchased horses, oxen and Red River carts; also provisions, which consisted chiefly of pemmican and flour. The latter, made at Fort Garry, was of excellent quality, but dark and coarse.

A brief description of the making of pemmican may be quoted here as of possible interest to the reader. It was made from the flesh of the buffalo and was very nutritious. "As soon as the animal is killed the lean flesh is separated from the fat and cut into strips, which, after being roasted over the fire, are thoroughly dried in the sun. The meat, being by this time very hard, is spread out on the skin of the animal and beaten with flails until quite fine. The fat is then melted, and about sixty pounds poured into a bag containing about forty pounds of lean meat. The fat and lean are then thoroughly mixed and left to cool, when all is ready for use. It becomes very hard; in fact, it has to be cut with an axe."

FORT GARRY IN 1862.

The pemmican cost the travellers sixteen cents per pound at Fort Garry.

Since this eventful journey the noble buffalo has been wantonly slaughtered by thousands, and now only a few domesticated herds remain of the myriads which once roamed over the great North American plains. Many thousands were slaughtered for mere sport, or for their hides or tongues, which last were considered a delicacy. Heaps of bones and skulls may still be seen throughout the vast prairies and along the route of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Even the Indian himself seems doomed to a similar extinction, and boards the railway trains offering for sale the horns as relics of the noble animal that once was the monarch of the plains, and the chief support of his ancestors.

However much sentiment may lament the extinction of the buffalo, and the picturesque lord of the soil over which he roamed, yet their disappearance seems to be the inexorable tribute exacted by the advancement of civilization. After all, the present aspect of the great Canadian North-West is ample compensation for so regretful a sacrifice.

THE RED RIVER SETTLEMENT.

The population of the Red River Settlement, then entirely under the government of the Hudson's Bay Company, was about ten thousand. Mr. McTavish was the officer in charge of Fort Garry in 1862.

The company of travellers spent Sunday at the Fort, where special services were held by the Rev. John Black, Presbyterian minister, and the Rev. Mr. Corbett, of the Church of England. The sermon by Mr. Black was one to be remembered, and produced a deep impression upon the minds of all who heard it. The text was from Revelation iii. 18: "I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich."

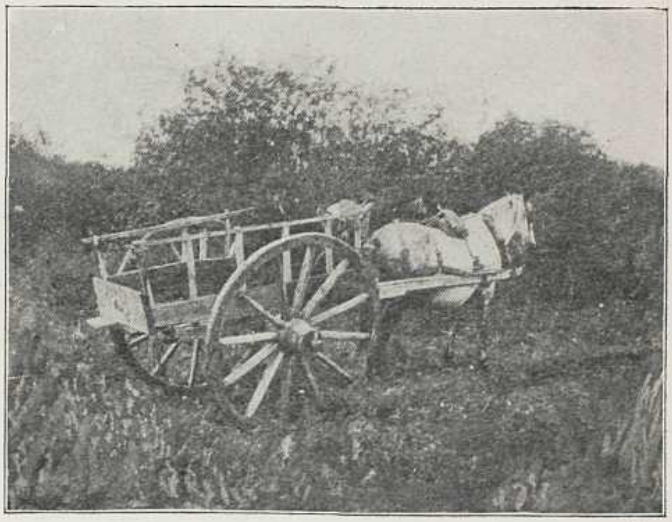
A small weekly newspaper, called the *Nor'-Wester*, was published at Fort Garry, and a few days after our company arrived there, a voluminous description was given of the party and the proposed expedition to British Columbia. There was also a notice to this effect: "We, the undersigned chiefs of the different tribes, hereby give notice that we shall impose

a tax on all parties crossing over our lands. If the said tax be not paid, we shall raid and plunder the camps." Then followed the names of several Indian chiefs.

The men of the expedition were greatly amused, knowing from whence this emanated, and of course took no notice of the threat, but resolved to take every precaution against any attack which might be attempted.

In the meantime everyone was making preparation for the long journey which was to be undertaken. Scarcely an hour passed without the arrival of some exulting jehu, driving his purchase, in the shape of an ox and cart, into the enclosure. The Red River cart was a ponderous affair. Not a particle of iron entered into its construction. The wheels were very cumbersome in proportion to the size of the cart, and were not protected by tires. A semi-circular awning was considered indispensable to shield the occupants from the fierce rays of the sun, and served also as a protection from the rain. From eight to ten pounds sterling was paid for an ox-cart and harness complete.

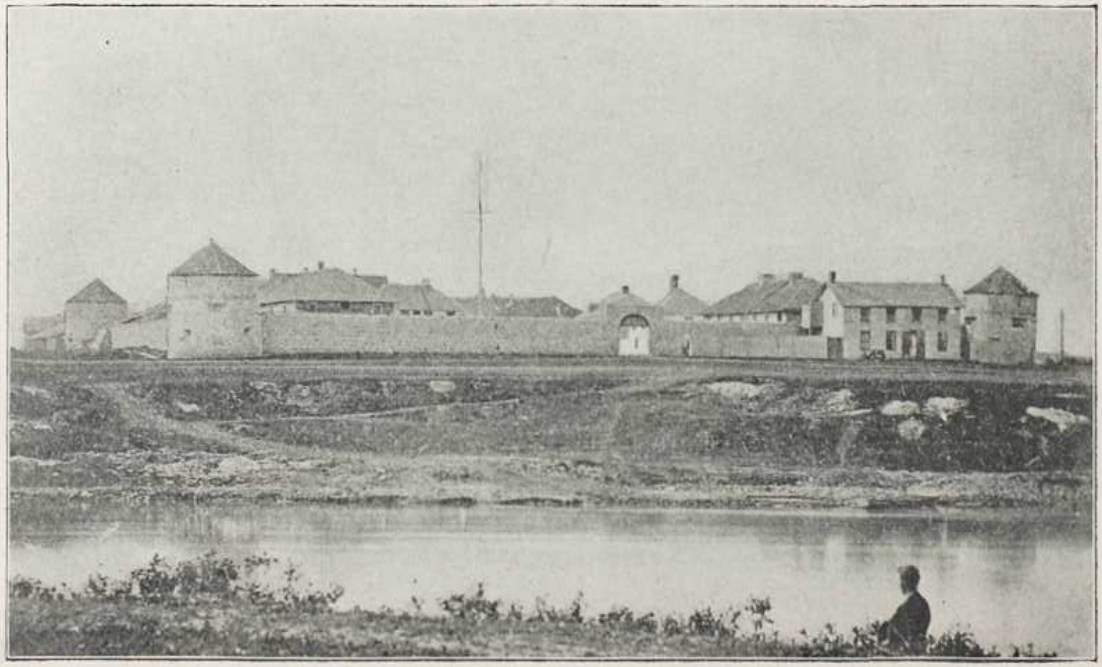
Indian lodges were numerously scattered over the plains which skirted the villages, and many strange scenes were witnessed, all new to the eastern Canadians. The natives, who were expert



A RED RIVER CART.

horsemen, would dash past them at full gallop, their long lariats trailing after them in the dust, through which the forms of the riders were scarcely discernible. In fact so agreeably did the time pass, that many of the young men were loath to leave Fort Garry.

Mr. George Tunstall, one of the Montreal party, speaks of the interesting chats he had with old French-Canadian voyageurs, who had left Montreal when young men. Their remembrance of the city went back sometimes over thirty years from that time. He was amused by their exclamations of surprise, "*C'est il possible?*" when he informed them that the ancient Hochelaga contained a population of nearly one hundred thousand souls.



FORT GARRY IN 1873.

(From south side of the Assiniboine River.)

CHAPTER II.

WESTWARD HO!

On the afternoon of the 2nd of June the company left Fort Garry for White Horse Plains, the place at which it was arranged to organize. Ninety-six carts, drawn by horses and oxen, were collected for the journey, each cart carrying a load of eight hundred pounds. A guide named Charles Rochette, a half-breed, recommended by Bishop Tache, accompanied them. The vanguard reached White Horse Plains on Wednesday, the 4th of June, and it was decided to move on slowly for a short distance farther, to a point where their guide assured them water was to be had in plenty; but they were obliged to travel eleven hours without rest, food or water, and all suffered much from thirst and fatigue before they called a halt at Long Lake. This

was the first of the many weary days, weeks and months to be spent on this adventurous journey. The water of Long Lake was so impure as to be almost unfit for use. Before using it was strained through cloths, which process but partially made the liquid drinkable.

ORGANIZING THE COMPANIES.

The companies were now organized, and Mr. Thomas McMicking, of Queenston, appointed captain. This gentleman certainly acquitted himself well in this responsible position. His patience and good judgment were often tested to the utmost. He was assisted in his duties by a committee, consisting of Messrs. W. N. C. Thompson, Hutchinson, James Wattie, Joseph Halfpenny, Phillips, Fortune, Simpson, Broklebank, Hough, Urlin and A. C. Robertson. They had to take great precautions against attacks from Indians, else the latter would have stolen their goods and animals. The camp was arranged in the form of a triangle, with the carts placed in rows on each side, and the animals tethered inside the enclosure. The tents were pitched on

the outside, and six men placed on guard, two being stationed on each side of the triangle.

At half-past two o'clock every morning the camp was aroused, and was under way by three. Halting for breakfast, they started again at seven, and called a halt for dinner at two in the afternoon. Then as the order of "Every man to his ox" rang out again, off they would go over the elastic turf. The average rate of speed was two and a half miles an hour, and ten hours' march was accomplished each time. It was an inspiring sight to view the train from a distance, winding its way round picturesque lakes, or slowly extending out on the lovely landscape, gorgeous with wild flowers of every hue, their brilliant heads peeping out from the luxuriant grass. Away towards the glimmering horizon, far as the eye could reach, silvery lakes sparkled under the sun's rays, their margins adorned with clumps of trembling aspens, furnishing a scene of beauty seldom surpassed in any land. Those who have travelled this route say that language is totally inadequate to give any

conception of the vastness and the astonishing beauty and fertility of the prairie.

> "And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
> Finds tongues in trees, sermons in stones,
> Books in the running brooks,
> And good in everything."

The lakes and rivers abound with myriads of water-fowl, remarkable for their size and the brilliancy of their plumage. The atmosphere is so pure and bracing that one can endure much fatigue without suffering from languor and debility.

At six o'clock in the evening, the shout of "Camp ahead!" proclaimed to the company that the welcome hour of rest was nigh. The carts were placed in order, and the fires blazed and crackled under the pots, sending forth appetizing odours, which must have been especially pleasing to the hungry travellers. A few songs, and sometimes the sweet strains of the violin, would enliven the solitude for a short time, but the weary soon sought repose in slumber. The sentinels moved among the tents with noiseless

tread, but before long the outstretched forms of some of these watchers testified that, overcome by fatigue, they had fallen under the soothing influence of "tired nature's sweet restorer," in spite of the probable proximity of treacherous savages. All slept soundly.

A PLUCKY WOMAN.

A man named Schubert, with his wife and three children, had joined the party at Fort Garry. Schubert was a German, and his wife a native of Belfast, Ireland. How admirable must have been the courage of the woman who, in such circumstances, and with the care of three young children, ventured on this long and arduous journey. Who can tell what she endured? No doubt her heart often quailed, but with true motherly instinct she would forget her own sufferings in protecting and comforting her children.

The party passed Portage la Prairie, one of the Hudson's Bay Company's trading posts, on the 6th of June, and camped the following night at Soft River. They always rested on

Sunday. This was done by special agreement; they had bound themselves to rest on the Sabbath, and the rule was scrupulously observed. A portion of the day was set apart for prayer and praise, and the service was generally conducted by Mr. James Robinson, of Queenston; but on this first Sunday it was led by Mr. A. L. Fortune, of the Huntingdon party. It must indeed have been a touching sight to witness these men all gathered together, earnestly asking Divine protection on their journey, and imploring that blessings be showered on the loved ones at home.

What a wonderful bond of unity! Surely the arm of the Almighty led them, and the angel of His presence saved them, even as He had led the children of Israel through the wilderness in the days of old. It is such men as these who have ever left their impress on every high enterprise and in every country.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

"Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again."

THE LITTLE SASKATCHEWAN.

On the 11th of June the travellers reached the Little Saskatchewan, a branch of the Assiniboine. This river was found to be about forty feet wide, and its banks from thirty to forty feet high. Its course lay through valleys of surpassing beauty and fertility as far as the eye of the travellers could reach. This stream was forded on the following day, and then a halt was called for dinner on the margin of a small lake, the water of which was found to have a taste somewhat resembling Epsom salts. This lake is about two miles long and one mile wide. The salt purchased by the party at Fort Garry, they were informed, was procured from this region.

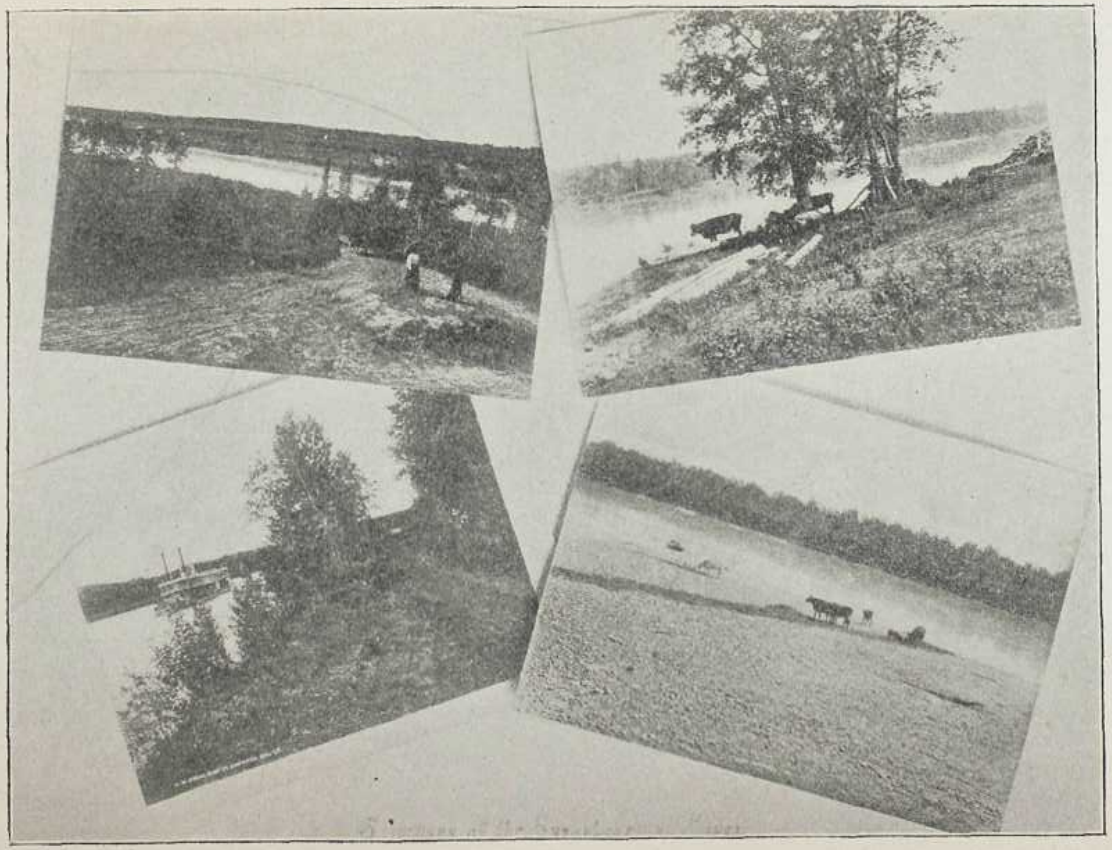
The travellers camped that night at Shoal Lake, a beautiful sheet of water abounding with fish, and which is connected with another small lake that feeds the Assiniboine. The following day they dined on the banks of the Arrow River,

and camped in the valley west of Bird-tail River, another branch of the Assiniboine. Beaver Creek could be seen threading its way between hills of equal altitude. To the right were the waters of the Qu'Appelle commingling with those of Long River; to the left the waters of the Assiniboine wound their tortuous way through the valley below.

The descent to this river was steep and rocky. The crossing was effected in a large scow, which was drawn from side to side by means of a raw-hide rope stretched across the stream and made fast at both ends. This scow was the property of the Hudson's Bay Company, and was capable of carrying an ox and cart at one trip. The current was very strong, so that the crossing process was slow and laborious. The last boat was towed across with a feeling of intense relief.

ARRIVAL AT FORT ELLICE.

Fort Ellice was reached on the evening of the 12th of June. Mr. McKay was the officer in charge at that time, and he was most kind and obliging to every member of the party. The



GLIMPSES OF THE SASKATCHEWAN RIVER.

next day, being Sunday, was spent in camp. An Indian missionary at the Fort at that time preached in Mr. McKay's house to the assembled company. The following day it rained incessantly, and the time of the enforced halt was devoted to the repairing of carts and harness and other necessary work. Some time was also spent in making additional purchases for their outfit.

It was now fully two weeks since the company left Fort Garry, the route taken being due west. From this point they were to travel in a northwesterly direction. They had a very steep hill to descend after leaving Fort Ellice, and several accidents occurred, one being rather serious. An ox, becoming unmanageable, ran down the hill, dragging his owner with him, and the wheels of the cart passed over the man's head. Dr. Stevenson dressed his wounds, and in a few days the injured man was almost well again, though his unruly beast, "Buck," was destined to lay him low on another occasion. The company crossed the Qu'Appelle River in the same manner as they had crossed the Assiniboine, but at this crossing

there was a better scow. The Hudson's Bay Company were paid fifty cents for each animal and cart carried across. The next day they made a long drive of thirty miles, and camped that night on Gulch Creek, a tributary of the Qu'Appelle. On the following morning the guide did not take his place as usual, and on enquiry it was found that he had borrowed a gun, together with other useful articles, and decamped in a southward direction.

A FAITHLESS GUIDE.

Their suspicions had been aroused some days previous, but they did not like to show their distrust, thinking he would not desert them. Night came, however, and as no guide appeared, they were then certain he had played them false. Not knowing what might follow, they put on an extra watch that night, in case the treacherous man might return with Indians to rob and murder them. The party afterwards discovered that this was the third time this guide had performed the same trick. While at Fort Garry it was told them that Rochette was a bad character,

but as he was so highly recommended by Bishop Tache, they thought he had either been slandered or that the parties who decried him were mistaken in the man. This circumstance, of course, created a good deal of indignation and anxiety, but fortunately the trail was sufficiently distinct to enable the travellers to reach Fort Carlton in safety. The country traversed the next few days consisted of open plains, interspersed here and there with small lakes. Most of the water was mineral or alkali, and the lakes were simply alive with ducks. They also passed a deserted post of the Hudson's Bay Company among the Touchwood Hills.

On the 25th of June alternate woods and streams were passed. The grass here was most luxuriant, and evidently was the haunt of herds of buffalo; but although there was evidence of their presence at a recent period, none of these animals were seen by the travellers. Dr. Symington's party, and others a few days later, saw many herds.

The weather at this time was hot and oppressive, and the mosquitoes swarmed in

myriads, causing both man and beast the utmost torture. Few people know the exasperating annoyance and discomfort that this persistent pest is able to inflict on its helpless victims. Against the probable treachery of the denizens of the plains the travellers felt themselves able to fight successfully; the wild beasts would have only afforded them so much sport; but the mosquito, with its relentless bite and its irritating war-song, caused the strongest heart to quail. Men have been driven frantic, and animals have fallen through sheer exhaustion, tortured to death by these blood-thirsty insects.

But to return to our travellers. They found it very difficult to procure water in this region, owing to the salty condition of the lakes, and, for lack of a better place, had to encamp one night on the bank of a sulphurous lake.

The fatigues of the journey were now being felt, and the patience of the men and the docility of their beasts were strained to the utmost; but Sunday's rest generally left them refreshed and in a better frame of mind to face the toils of the coming week. The men

were more inclined to look at the bright side of things, and to contemplate the future with greater hopefulness. Thus the troubles and trials of each succeeding week were met in a cheerful frame of mind.

AT FORT CARLTON.

The leaders found the trail to Fort Carlton well marked, and on their arrival there purchased more buffalo meat. They had again to cross a branch of the River Saskatchewan, and remained a short time at each of the six successive forts on the way to Fort Pitt. A large number of wolf-dogs were prowling about these places, and they proved disagreeable company to the "Overlanders." They were precisely the same as those used by travellers in the Arctic regions, and were well trained to their work. These dogs were considered indispensable for the purpose of travel between the different posts during the long winter; but the poor animals were half starved during the summer months, and now they were making night hideous with their melancholy howlings.

On the 31st of June the travellers reached the south branch of the great River Saskatchewan. Here they found a boat, the property of the Hudson's Bay Company, and with it they transported their goods and animals across. First they unharnessed the horses and oxen, then unloaded the carts, took the wheels off, and in this manner were able to take across six carts at a trip.

Mr. Robert Kelso, of Acton, was nearly drowned at this place while attempting to swim the horses across the river; but Mr. Strachan and Mr. Reid swam out to the rescue, and by quickly resorting to the usual treatment of the drowning, he was successfully resuscitated.

CHARACTER OF THE COUNTRY.

The country traversed in approaching Fort Pitt was found somewhat different from much of that passed over before, being broken and hilly, and abounding in running streams. The Thickwood Hills had been passed on the 3rd, and the Lumpy Hills on the 4th of July. Much of the land was covered with strawberries.

DOG-TRAINS FROM PEACE RIVER

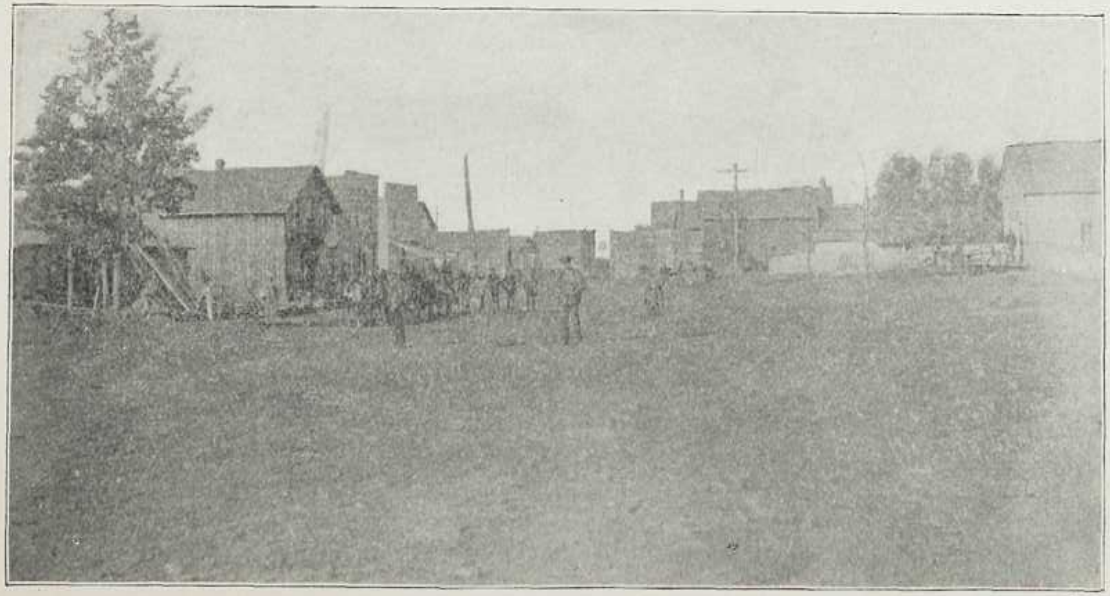
The company reached Fort Pitt on the 9th of July. This post is situated on the north side of the North Saskatchewan. Here they were advised not to attempt the journey farther without a guide, so the services of an Iroquois Indian named Mitchell were engaged.

At Fort Pitt our travellers' real troubles began. It had rained incessantly for eleven days, and the small rivulets were now swollen by the freshets into large streams, and were impassable for fording, so that the construction of bridges was rendered imperative. From the 18th to the 21st of July they were under the necessity of building eight bridges, varying from forty to one hundred feet in length, besides wading sometimes up to their shoulders in the water, where fording was possible. At times they waded through deep mud, and in some instances many resorted to swimming when the depth exceeded the height of a man.

The way those bridges were built would have done credit to the great Cæsar himself, and might be copied with profit by present-day military authorities. Trees were felled as near

the margin of the river as possible; then several men would swim across the river, one carrying a cord attached to a rope, which was fastened to the tree. By hauling on this rope they would pull the tree across and then fasten the log on each side of the stream. Tree after tree they continued to draw across, until the bridge was made the width required; then chopping down small trees, they placed them across the supports, and thus formed a bridge somewhat after the style of the old-time Canadian corduroy road.

These bridges enabled the horses and oxen and the carts to pass over, and it was with no small measure of joy that the company reached the crossing of the Saskatchewan opposite Fort Edmonton, on the 21st of July. Here the Union Jack was displayed from the tall flagstaff as a mark of respect on their arrival. The distance from Fort Pitt to Fort Edmonton is one hundred and ninety miles.



EDMONTON IN 1891.

(Main Street, looking east.)

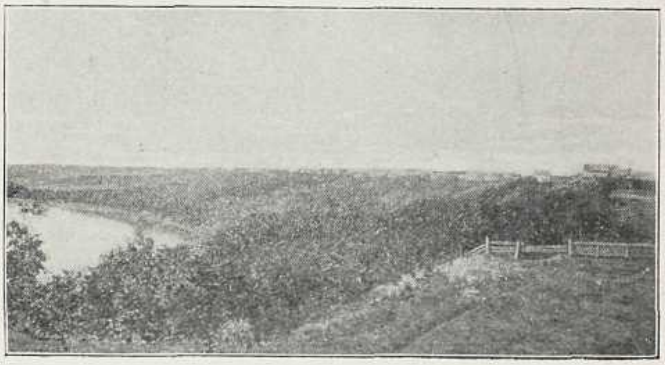
CHAPTER III.

IN THE HEART OF THE CONTINENT.

Mr. Brazeau was the clerk in charge of Fort Edmonton at that time. The pilgrims encamped on a grassy slope within full view of the Fort, and here they remained a few days until a boat could be procured to ferry them across; all the Hudson's Bay Company's boats had been swept away with the late floods. Those pleasant days were profitably spent reposing their weary bodies after the arduous toils of the past month. What a contrast they presented to the smart-looking company who had left Fort Garry. Their clothes had not been dry for eleven days, and were hanging on them in tatters. Their courage, however, was not diminished, and with hopes still high they were determined to push

on and finally overcome all the obstacles of the journey.

A salute was fired from a cannon on their approach to the Fort, and the piece was fired in a manner I would not recommend to artillerymen of our day. A half-breed deliberately



VIEW OF EDMONTON.

stationed himself a few yards off, and fired his musket priming into the "touch-hole," and bang went the cannon without any accident, amid the cheers of the whole crowd.

At Fort Edmonton the travellers received every mark of attention and kindness from Mr. Brazeau, and, in acknowledgement, gave a

course of three concerts. The performers were dressed to represent as nearly as possible a troupe of negro minstrels. Some of them possessed finely trained voices, and the concerts were much appreciated by the good people of Edmonton, among whom the memory of this pleasant time lingers to the present. The old residents still speak of the short stay of the party of pioneers on that occasion, and the happy time they had.

ST. ALBERT'S.

Our travellers also traded a good deal at St. Albert's, a small place nine miles from Edmonton, where a Roman Catholic Mission was established. The settlers were mainly half-breeds from St. Ann's who had removed to this place. Here the party sold the greater number of their carts, and exchanged oxen for horses, as three hundred and fifty miles had to be traversed before the Rocky Mountains could be reached. There being only a trail, the horses were used as pack-horses.

It surprised the travellers exceedingly that

only a small portion of land was cultivated by the Hudson's Bay Company, either at Fort Edmonton or at St. Albert's, and especially as the settlers seemed to set so high a value upon flour. Little attention was given to agriculture, although the soil was most fertile and the climate well adapted for the growing of wheat. From one field of ten acres there were reaped four hundred bushels of prime wheat, and this had been growing year after year for thirty years successively, without the application of fertilizing aids. Barley yielded fifty bushels to the acre; potatoes, and all other roots, grew most luxuriantly—from one field of five acres fifteen hundred bushels of potatoes were taken.

THE SASKATCHEWAN VALLEY.

The strangers thought that the Saskatchewan valley was beautiful beyond description. Their eyes beheld with admiration wide fertile plains destined to become the homes of many thousands of people. Vast beds of coal were evident in that region, extending for several hundreds of miles in a north-easterly direction. Gold

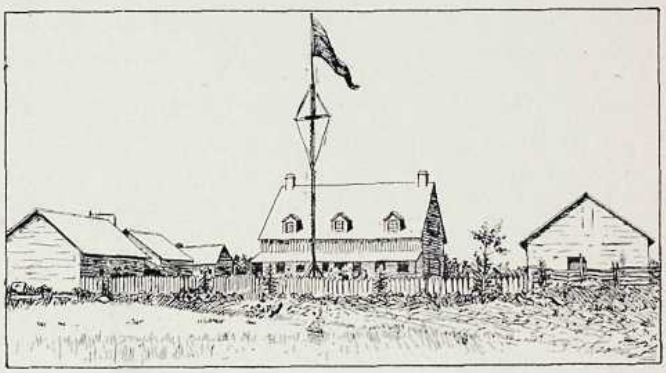
also existed, and in most of the streams colours were found. Fourteen men remained behind at Fort Edmonton to prospect, and did not reach British Columbia until the following year.

After adding to their outfit and buying provisions, the route by which to proceed was now the problem. Some members of the party advised the Leatherhead Pass; others the Cowdung Lake, or Jasper, as being the shortest route to Cariboo; but they finally decided to try the first-named pass, especially as the guide, Andre Cardinal, had passed over the road twenty-nine times between Tête Jaune Cache and Jasper. They paid this guide fifty dollars in cash, an ox and cart, one hundred pounds of flour, and some groceries.

On Sunday, the 27th, a sermon was preached by the Rev. Thomas Woolsey at the Fort, in the morning, and another at the camp in the evening. The company left Fort Edmonton two days later.

ST. ANN'S IS REACHED.

The roads between Edmonton and Lake St. Ann's were almost impassable. Fallen trees, logs, swamps, and every kind of obstacle strewed the path. However, St. Ann's was reached



H. B. CO.'S POST, LAKE ST. ANN'S.
(Fifty miles north-west of Edmonton.)

two days after leaving Edmonton. This is a trading-post of the Hudson's Bay Company. The beautiful lake from which it takes its name abounded with fish, which were greatly appreciated by the hungry travellers. St. Ann's contained a small church, and also an establishment consisting of four nuns from the Grey

Nunnery in Montreal. These devoted women had consented to eke out their existence in this desolate spot. They were young and beautiful, and appeared happy, being daily, indeed hourly, engaged in performing innumerable kindly deeds for those around them. The half-breeds restricted their agricultural labours to the cultivation of small patches of potatoes. They seemed to spend the long summer in singing and sleeping, until the commencement of the hunting season, when they deserted the village to enjoy the recreation of slaughtering the buffalo. The wolf-dogs in this as in other places were a source of great annoyance. The poor brutes were almost wild from hunger, their owners during the summer giving them only enough food to keep them in existence; consequently they devoured everything edible within reach. Large pieces of pemmican would disappear every night. The dogs even became so bold that they would bound into the tents and seize any food within reach, and be off again before the astonished inmates were able to prevent them from carrying away the food.

So voracious indeed were they that even the rawhide lariats, with which the party tethered their animals, were gnawed away by the poor famishing beasts.

FRACTIOUS OXEN.

A most ludicrous spectacle presented itself when the animals were undergoing the process of being loaded for the start from St. Ann's. All that day the camp presented a busy scene, the men bartering away trunks, valises, and articles of clothing for ornamental buckskin suits, moccasins, and saddle-bags. They had no difficulty in exchanging horses for oxen, but the most of the men preferred keeping the latter, as being the more useful animal for travelling through the swamps. The oxen, however, had a decided objection to the unwieldy bundles tied on their backs (and the owners were by no means expert packers), which they indicated by running off at full speed, kicking their heels in the air, and strewing the ground with a variety of pots, blankets and provisions.

One of the Ottawa party received a kick on the jaw which sent him on his back, while Mr. Morrow, of the Montreal party—the man who was run over at Fort Ellice—was foolhardy enough to try and stop his runaway ox, the headstrong "Buck," by clinging to his horns, and for his effort received the imprint of a hoof on his face.

This last accident compelled Mr. Morrow to remain behind at Lake St. Ann's. Mr. McNaughton, of the Montreal party, stayed with him for eleven days, attending him until he was able to travel, when both followed with Dr. Symington's company, which arrived at St. Ann's a few days after the others had left.

During their stay at the Fort the two young men received much kindness from the sisters of the Roman Catholic Mission. The ladies were delighted to meet anyone from their native city, and they importuned Mr. McNaughton to tell them all the latest events, standing around and eagerly listening to every detail. When he left St. Ann's they said they would ever pray for him.

HOSPITALITY OF MR. COLIN FRASER.

Mr. Colin Fraser, the Hudson's Bay Factor at the Fort, was very hospitable, and entertained them in his own house, loaned them fishing-tackle, books, etc., and being a true Highlander, played the bagpipes for them in the evening. Many affect to sneer at the music of the bagpipes, but to hear them among the mountains and hills, with the echoes reverberating around, the music is both inspiring and beautiful. The pipes have led the brave Highlanders on to victory in many a hard contested battle, and at the siege of Lucknow was it not the pipes which Jessie Brown heard in the far distance, and springing to her feet cried, "Dinna ye hear them! dinna ye hear them!" thrilling every heart with the welcome news that relief was at hand. Mr. Fraser had two fine-looking daughters, but they were as shy as young fawns, and could speak only the Cree language.

The priest in charge of Lake St. Ann's Mission had a box of homœopathic medicines, and on the arrival of Dr. Symington's party was very

anxious to know how to use them. The priest could not speak French, but Mr. McNaughton, knowing French well, acted as interpreter, so the difficulty was overcome, and the good priest was able afterwards to minister to the wants of his people, both bodily and spiritually. He afterwards presented the Doctor and Mr. McNaughton with a bucket of milk, as an expression of gratitude for the service rendered.

A DIFFICULT TRAIL.

The trail from Lake St. Ann's was such as to baffle description. Six axemen were continually ahead, cutting a road through the dense brush. The way was rendered almost impassable by a succession of swamps, bogs and morasses, into which the animals sank up to their bellies, and this frequently necessitated an immediate removal of the packs to a place where the ground was firmer. The whole company became disorganized. Individuals now and again detached themselves from the main body, and set up their tents in swamps, where they had a lively time of it in the mud, while others would

push on perseveringly through the mire. The vanguard, led by Captain McMicking, encamped on the 4th of August at the Lake of Many Hills. Here Mr. W. Sellars, of Huntingdon, overtook them, he having waited for Dr. Symington's party, which brought letters from Fort Garry for some of the company. They also brought a copy of the Toronto *Globe*, which was the last intelligence received from the outside world until they reached the end of their journey.

COAL IN SIGHT.

The Pembina and McLeod Rivers were forded within three days of each other. A seam of coal about eighteen feet thick protruded from the banks of the Pembina River, and was visible down the stream as far as the eye could reach. The value of this mine, if of the kind suitable for commerce and within the reach of civilization, would indeed be incalculable. The coal was used for fuel, and burned brilliantly in the camps.

A thick smoke being visible over the brow of

the hill, a few of the men ascended to it, and discovered that they were standing on what seemed to be a volcano, the crater of which was choked by stones and debris, which were constantly tumbling in. The smoke was issuing through the surface of the ground, which was quite hot, and surcharged strongly with escaping gas.

The McLeod River, a tributary of the Athabasca, has so rapid a current that it may be likened to a sheet of foam as it surges along. Even with a couple of persons on one horse's back, the force of the current was so great that the animal could barely hold its footing while fording shallows of only three feet of water. This stream they crossed with much difficulty and even danger to man and beast.

On the 8th of August the camp was set on Buffalo-dung River, a tributary of the Pembina. The trails here were in a terrible condition, lying through swamps, over which the men carried the packs on their shoulders, sometimes being almost mired in the mud.

A LONELY GRAVE.

At noon on the 9th of August our travellers camped at Root River, the point from which, on a clear day, the first view of the Rocky Mountains can be obtained. On the following day they came upon a solitary grave. On investigation they found written on a tree near by these words: "Here lie the mortal remains of James Doherty, who died when passing through these wilds in 1860." What thoughts must have filled their hearts while looking on that lonely grave. What toils, hardships and suffering this man must have endured before succumbing to the fell destroyer in this desolate spot.

Far away in the civilized world somebody watched and waited in vain for the son, husband or father, who would never return. Did they ever learn his fate? Would they ever know how he died, or where? But the giants of the forest waved their branches over his head, and the tears of these strangers fell gently on the grave of James Doherty. It was a saddening scene.

"I hear it now, and o'er and o'er,
Eternal greetings to the dead;
And 'Ave, ave, ave' said,
'Adieu, adieu,' for evermore.

"The high Muse answered, 'Wherefore grieve
Thy brethren with a fruitless tear?
Abide a little longer here,
And thou shalt take a nobler leave.'"

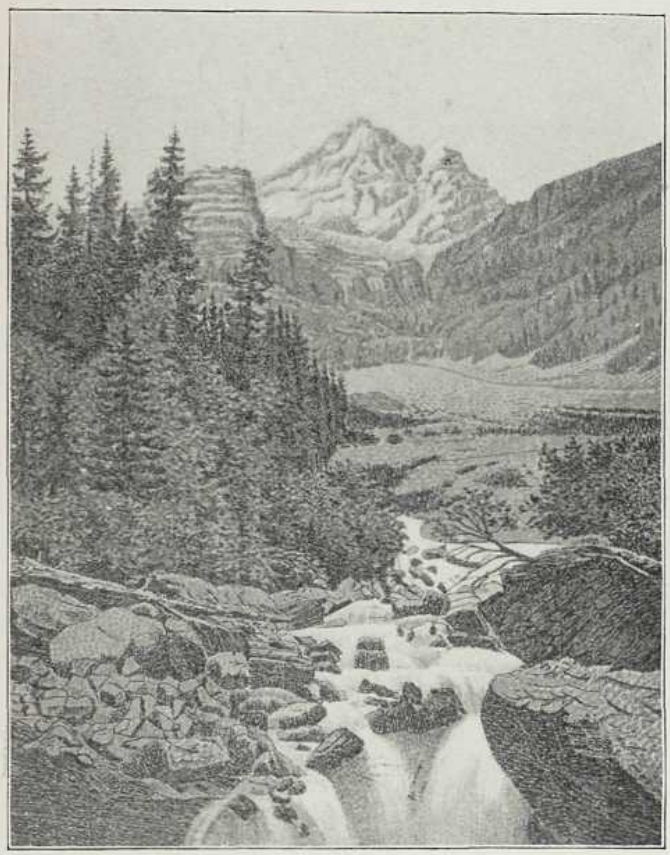
FIRST VIEW OF THE ROCKIES.

It was on the 13th of August that our travellers had their first view of the Rocky Mountains. Although yet one hundred miles away, their dark outlines were plainly visible far above the horizon. The lofty peaks, covered with snow, could be seen standing out in bold relief against the blue sky, flashing and scintillating in the glowing rays of the setting sun, and giving the appearance of fleecy clouds in the distance.

The whole party were enraptured while gazing on this sublime scene, and, whatever troubles and dangers were yet in store for them, they were willing to welcome the change, so weary were they of the monotony of endless plains, streams,

hills and swamps. All were willing to face any danger that would either terminate or vary the toils of the journey.

On the 19th of August the guide had to find a new trail, so they camped on the following day on the banks of the Athabasca, a beautiful stream, which takes its rise in the mountains and is supplied by the springs and the melting snows. This river was apparently navigable for boats of considerable size. After travelling along its banks for a few days, they arrived at a spot where those who had preceded them had constructed rafts wherewith to cross the river. A raft was soon made, and, crossing in safety, they entered the great Leatherhead Pass.



BATH CASCADES, ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

CHAPTER IV.

THE EXPEDITION ENTERS THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

THEY were now in the Rocky Mountains, surrounded by nature in her grandest forms. A sight at once sublimely grand and awe-inspiring greeted the view. The passes in the Rockies are most extraordinary—the glaciers; the torrents and cataracts rushing through them; the lofty peaks of the mountains, covered with eternal snow, piercing the clouds and overwhelming the observer with their vastness, especially when looking upon them for the first time.

MAJESTIC MOUNTAIN PEAKS.

Overlooking their camping-ground a stupendous rock arose perpendicularly to the height of about one thousand feet above the waters of the

Athabasca, and directly opposite Mount Lacombe reared its rocky head. At a still greater elevation behind them, Mount Maquette lifted its cold and craggy cliffs, towering proudly above the rest. Looking upward, the eye could distinctly trace the different stages or belts of vegetation, from the spruce trees at the base to the mosses and lichens of the frozen Arctic, above which shone peaks covered with perpetual snow. Two of the party ascended the cliffs to the left of the camp. When they were near the top they were scarcely discernible, and their loudest shouts were barely heard by those who remained below. Huge fissures and clefts were observed in every direction, fringed with stunted spruce trees. These concealed the torrents that dashed down with deafening roar, well calculated to appal the bewildered beholder.

On examining and comparing these apparently confused and disordered masses on opposite sides of the river, a striking similarity was observed in many particulars, both as to the order of the strata and their thickness—indeed, their whole geological structure revealed such a correspond-

ing sameness that the most casual observer could not fail to be convinced that at some period of the world's history these had been contiguous portions of the earth's crust; while the present disrupted condition of these huge masses of rock, and the violent convulsion to which they evidently had been subjected, conveyed to the mind some faint idea of the possible power of their internal fires—the mighty agency through which these changes are believed to have been effected. The meditative and pious mind will naturally rise to the contemplation of that almighty and infinite Being who has made all the powers subservient to His divine will.

As the season advanced, the days became much shorter, and climbing over hills and windrows of fallen trees was most fatiguing to both man and beast. About ten miles of distance was considered an average day's work. To add to their anxieties, provisions were becoming exhausted, and game in this region was very scarce. Even chipmunks were considered quite a luxury—and a man must be very hungry indeed before resorting to a diet of chipmunks.

THUNDERSTORM IN THE MOUNTAINS.

A terrible thunderstorm was encountered on the 18th of August, the effect of which was greatly heightened by the nearness of the party to what appeared to be a conflict of the elements. A heavy black cloud slowly floated across the zenith, shutting out all light and enveloping them in complete darkness. Then came flash after flash of lightning, illuminating the surrounding objects for an instant, while forked streaks of quivering light flashed along the cloud or darted from peak to peak, to be succeeded by even deeper darkness than before. Close on these vivid flashes followed deafening peals of thunder, which reverberated again and again from all sides of the natural amphitheatre. Such a scene of terrific grandeur was produced as left an indelible impression on the minds of all who had the privilege of witnessing it.

One of the worst portions on their trail lay along a narrow pathway with a perpendicular wall of rocks on one side, and a steep declivity down to the edge of a precipice several hundred

feet deep on the other. A single blunder, one false step of either man or beast, and nothing could possibly save either from instant destruction. Happily all passed over in safety, giving thanks to the Giver of all good who had mercifully preserved them, and who, they believed, would bring them in safety to their journey's end. On the top of this mountain they could see Jasper House (another station of the Hudson's Bay Company), a picture of loneliness in the valley opposite. At this place the Company trade with the Shuswaps. After crossing the mountain they called a halt at Whitefish Lake.

WHITEFISH LAKE.

This lake is surrounded by Russian Jack, Black Mountain, and Smith's Peak. On the 20th of August the party again crossed the River Athabasca; but rafts had first to be built, on which to float the goods and animals across. The river at this point is very swift, and about one hundred yards wide and twenty feet deep. Here were found good prospects of gold, which would yield on an average from three to four dollars a day.

On the following day they passed the ruins of Henry's House, a deserted trading-post of the Hudson's Bay Company. From that point they followed the river until they struck the headwaters of the Fraser River. Their progress across the Maquette River was very slow on account of the quantity of fallen timber, and also the frequency with which they had to ford the stream. One morning they crossed the Maquette River eight times. They would be travelling along its banks, when unexpectedly they would arrive at a spot impossible to make way through. Nothing remained but to cross again to the opposite side; then in a short time would come a place that was as impassable as the last, and so again they had to cross to the opposite side.

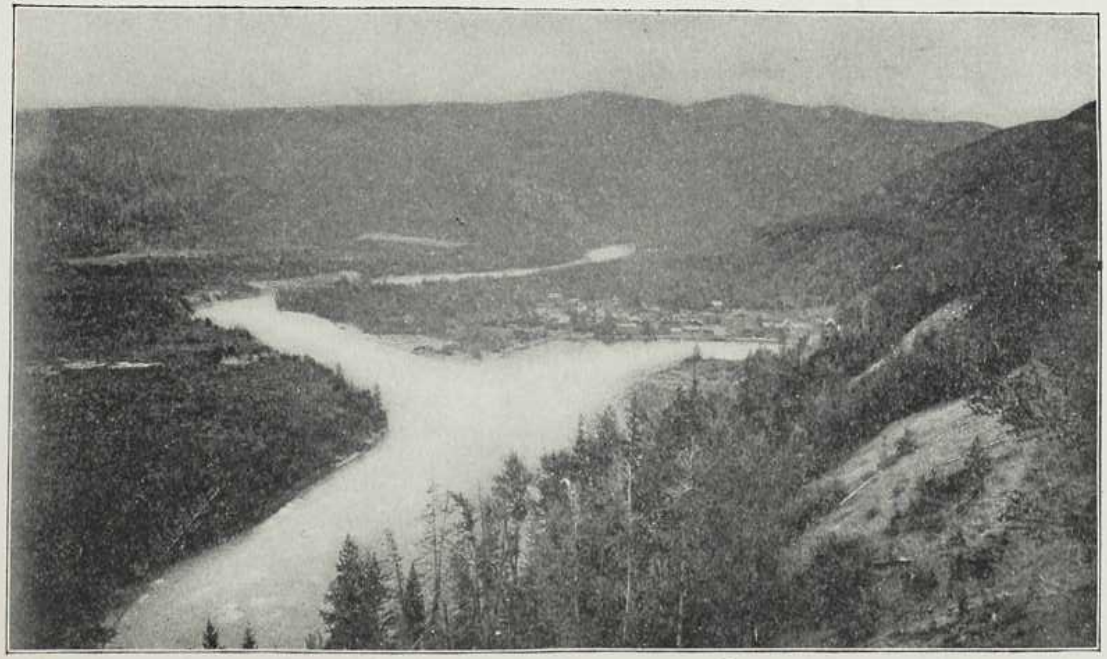
The water was extremely cold, yet the men had to wade through the stream, which proved very trying both to the patience and strength of the weary and almost famishing travellers. At noon on the 22nd of August the party crossed the Maquette River, and set up their tents on the shores of Moose Lake. They had now

passed the height of land, or dividing ridge between the streams that flow east and those which flow west of the Rocky Mountains. The weather in the valley of this elevated region was mild and warm, though on the summits of the surrounding peaks lay stupendous piles of snow. The atmosphere was clear, bright and exhilarating. Shortly after passing the dividing ridge the weary travellers came upon the long-looked for, mighty Fraser, striking it at a point where it could be crossed at a single step.

THE FRASER RIVER.

The Fraser is the most important river in British Columbia, and flows entirely through the Province, entering the Gulf of Georgia a few miles north of the international boundary line, at 49° latitude and about 122° 40′ longitude. The course throughout is nearly parallel with that of the Columbia River. The main or central branch takes its rise in the Rocky Mountains in latitude 53° 45′ north and longitude 118° west, thence meeting with the Riviere de Mette, a tributary of the Athabasca, which

afterwards unites with the Peace River in its course towards the Arctic Ocean. A few miles from its source the Fraser River enters Cow-dung Lake, a beautiful sheet of water some nine miles in length; thence with rapid current it flows to Tête Jaune Cache, about six hundred and thirty miles from the sea, where the limit of canoe navigation is reached. About three hundred miles lower down the stream it is joined by the Cranberry Fork, a tributary flowing from the south between Tête Jaune Cache and Fort George. An important branch falls in from Lakes Stewart and Fraser. Quesnelle River, issuing from a large lake of the same name, flows into the Fraser one hundred miles lower down. Forty miles below, on the left bank, is Fort Alexandria. At Lytton, about one hundred and eighty miles from the sea, the Fraser River is joined by the Thompson River, a large tributary flowing eastward. Yale, a small town at the head of steamboat navigation on the lower Fraser, is fifty miles farther down, and New Westminster, the chief city of the mainland of British Columbia, is about one hundred miles



QUESNELLE FORKS, CARIBOO.

from Yale. Between Lytton and Yale the Fraser River flows through some of the grandest scenery in the world.

THREATENED WITH STARVATION.

But to return to our travellers. At this point of their journey the feed for animals was of so

VIEW OF YALE.

poor a quality that two or three of the oxen had to be abandoned every day. The journey had been much longer than was originally anticipated. They even were running short of provisions, and now it would appear that starvation stared them in the face. Hearts less firm

might have given way to despair. They were as yet only at the summit of the mountains, and the last of the pemmican was eaten, so they killed an ox and dried the meat over the fire, Indian fashion. Many of the party suffered greatly from hunger before they reached Tête Jaune Cache.

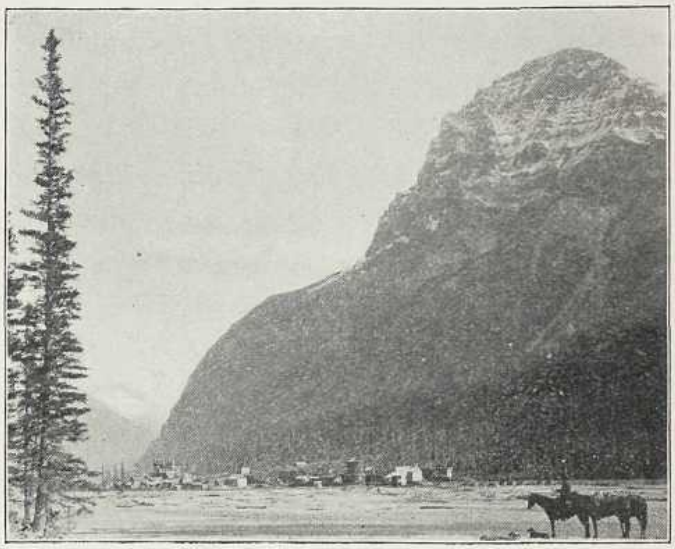
LARIAT ROPE AS A DELICACY.

To such extremity were they driven that an old horse that had been left on the trail was slaughtered and converted into food for their use. Few things there are but have a humorous side, and an incident is related of a young man of the party who, after inhaling the smell of the horse flesh while being cooked, resolved to try some other food, and was discovered in the act of toasting a piece of lariat rope! This not very appetizing delicacy was actually eaten to appease his hunger. Lariat rope is made from the hide of the buffalo, but the tough morsel does not seem to have done the young man any harm, for he is still stalwart and strong, successfully filling one of the responsible positions under the Govern-

ment of British Columbia. After partaking of this strange food, he made the philosophical remark that he could understand now, and ceased to be surprised at, Esau selling his birthright for a mess of pottage.

Moose Lake is the source of a small creek which a little farther on attains the magnitude of a river flowing in the direction of the great El Dorado The party were apprised by the blazes on the trees that this was the celebrated Fraser River. Every day as they advanced the stream became larger, its banks higher and more rugged. As they followed its winding course, ever and anon an opening afforded the travellers a view of the torrent below, rushing onward with irresistible fury over boulders and rocks at the base of lofty mountains. Great cataracts tumbling into dark abysses filled the beholders with reverential awe.

Much the same route was followed day after day, and many streams of very cold water were forded.



FIELD STATION.

CHAPTER V.

THE McMICKING PARTY DESCENDING THE FRASER.

THE vanguard, led by Mr. Thomas McMicking, arrived at Tête Jaune Cache on the 27th of August. Here they found a camp of Shuswap Indians, and from them obtained dried salmon and berry cakes in exchange for ammunition clothing, handkerchiefs, needles, thread, and even matches.

After trading with the natives and obtaining food, the party held a consultation as to how to proceed. The guide had faithfully performed this part of the journey, and knew nothing beyond the Cache, to which point it was he had promised to guide them. He spoke to the Shuswaps who were encamped there, but they had never heard of Cariboo. All the information

they could give was that they had heard that if the Fraser River was crossed, and the mountains again traversed, they would, in fourteen days, come to a wide road. The Indians, moreover, said that before this road could be reached the snow would be a foot deep; besides, they had no conception where the road led to.

This was very meagre and uncertain information, so the company came to the conclusion that it must be a road used for packing animals from Oregon to Cariboo. As the parties were running short of provisions, time was now becoming a serious matter, and every day's delay meant possible starvation. The Indians assured them that if they went down the Fraser River, after ten days they would come to Fort George; but that the river in that direction was full of rapids and very dangerous.

THE COMPANY DIVIDES.

Finally it was decided that the men who were best supplied should go overland, and try to find the road these Indians spoke of, and so, if possible, reach Cariboo. Should they

find it impossible to proceed through the mountains, they were resolved to build a cabin, kill the animals for food, and so try to live through the winter. About twenty persons agreed to go overland; the rest determined to go down the Fraser River, taking with them some of the animals as security against starvation. The remainder of the animals were to go across the country towards the headwaters of the River Thompson Messrs. Fannin, Thompson, Pitman, and A. L. Fortune, of the Queenston party, volunteered to take this last route; so they, together with Mr. and Mrs. Schubert and their family, crossed the mountains again to the Thompson River.

The Fraser River parties now made ready to start, some constructing rafts, others making canoes. Some of the rafts were forty feet long and eighteen feet wide, lashed firmly together to prevent their capsizing. The Indians were very glad to exchange canoes for horses. The company had only a few tools, which were by now almost worn out, so that the progress o the work was but slow.

THE START DOWN THE FRASER.

The "Scarborough" raft was the first ready. At three in the afternoon of the 1st of September its passengers, taking an affectionate farewell of their companions, proceeded up the stream and embarked. The strong current soon swept them abreast of the canoes and the camp. Here the boys all leaped to their feet and gave the raftsmen three hearty cheers, which were vociferously returned. The Indians looked on with sorrowful faces, and were heard to exclaim: "Poor white man no more!" Three other rafts left the same day, the "Ottawa," the "Huntingdon," and the "Niagara," and all swept down with the current from daylight till dark.

The mornings and evenings, as they proceeded, grew very cold, but this was amply compensated for by the scenery, which presented a moving panorama of beauty and grandeur. The rafts were strongly constructed, and each had a railing around it, to which the animals were tied. The meals were cooked and served without landing.

Several rapids were passed on the 5th of September. They also noticed that from that date the current of the river became much swifter in its flow.

IN THE GRAND CANYON.

Having floated down stream now for five days without any mishap, the voyagers naturally began to congratulate themselves on having taken the river, when suddenly all were startled by a loud noise, and the look-out shouted, "Breakers ahead!" Some of the rafts had barely time to reach shore and make fast. They had arrived at the Grand Rapids.

The "Scarborough" was the first to try the canyon, dashing through the surging currents that appeared like an immense sheet of spray. In midstream was a large rock, to strike which would have been instant destruction. By straining at the oars with all their might, and after an awful suspense of a few moments, but which seemed hours, the danger was passed, and the frail structure was again threading its way amid the shoals which obstructed the intricate channel.

THROUGH A WHIRLPOOL.

At the foot of the canyon was a whirlpool, and into this the raft was drawn. The men clung to the raft; the animals, fortunately, were tied to the railing. Round and round the craft was whirled. At the first plunge those on the shore could see only the horns of the oxen, but the raft being very wide, the suction was not great enough to submerge it entirely, and, to the relief of the anxious watchers, it emerged safely from the angry vortex.

All the rafts had eventually to run the rapids, as there was no means of escape. The banks of the river on both sides were rocky and precipitous, bounding a narrow channel through which vast volumes of water were rushing and dashing over the sharp rocks. No wonder the prospect appalled the stoutest heart; but by the goodness of Divine Providence all passed through in safety.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

At two of the canyons the voyagers were able to make a portage, thus lightening the rafts,

which, with ten men left to steer them, shot downward like an arrow. Before them, on the right, was a rocky reef, against which the furious flood was dashing the water into foam; while on the left was an eddying whirlpool. The first to try the passage grazed the rock, tearing away the rowlocks, then glided in safety down to the eddy below. The gauntlet had again been safely run, and everyone was surprised at the issue.

An involuntary cheer burst from the throats of the men who had faced death so bravely in unknown channels, and every eye was moist with tears as they emerged from so perilous a situation. So intense was the anxiety of the moment to the onlookers that cheer upon cheer re-echoed along the bank, relieving the anxious hearts that had been strung to the utmost tension.

All the rafts passed safely, but those who attempted the rapids in canoes were not so fortunate. Three of the Toronto party, Messrs. Paterson, Carrol and Mackenzie, had left Tête Jaune Cache in a canoe. In this light craft they

naturally made much faster progress, and reached the Grand Canyon two days before the arrival of the first raft. The crew of the latter were surprised at catching up with their companions, and were dismayed to learn that an accident had occurred, by which they had lost everything, barely escaping with their lives. The canoes, containing their tents, clothing, provisions, tools, and even the coats they had been wearing, had all been dashed upon the rocks and carried away. Here the poor fellows had been for two whole days without food or the means of procuring it, looking all the while with longing eyes for the rafts, which seemed to them an interminable time in coming to their rescue.

Mr. Paterson, of the party, a young Englishman, had been suffering from a sore throat, and this was much aggravated by the exposure.

This spot was the scene of other disasters to the voyagers. A canoe containing Mr. McNaughton, of the Montreal party, and nine others, was wrecked here. They struck upon a hidden rock, which split the canoe almost in two; fortunately they were near the shore,

and by rapid paddling got into shallow water before it filled and sank under them.

SAD DROWNING ACCIDENT.

Two canoes fastened together, and carrying Messrs. Douglas, Robertson and Robert Warren, of the Goderich party, experienced even a worse disaster than the others that had preceded them. They had barely reached the rapids when they were suddenly caught in one of the swirls and capsized, throwing the occupants into the water. Mr. Robertson, being an expert swimmer, struck out for the shore, at the same time advising the others, who could not swim, to cling to the canoes, which were rolling over and over in the mad waters of the rapids. However, by efforts born of despair, they succeeded in maintaining their grasp, and when they reached the surface they watched their friend Robertson manfully struggling against the strong current. He spoke again, and encouraged his companions to hold on, evidently feeling more concerned for their safety than for his own. At length the current carried the canoes

to a shoal, or bar, in midstream, and naturally their first thought was of Mr. Robertson; but to their grief and horror he was nowhere to be seen. He had been swept under the surging torrent, either having been seized with cramp or had struck his head on a sharp rock. Poor Robertson, so brave and so strong, so kind and unselfish, was no more: he had passed in silence to the great beyond. Of him it could truly be said, "Mankind lost a friend, and no one got rid of an enemy."

Mr. Robertson's tragic death was deeply deplored, for he had won the esteem and respect of all the party by his kind and manly disposition. The timely arrival of the Huntingdon raft saved the rest of the men from a terrible death, as they certainly would soon have perished on the bar had not the rescuers arrived in time to succour them.

Mr. Carpenter, of Toronto, and Mr. P. Leader, of Huron, were also drowned at this canyon, under similar circumstances. The manner in which Mr. Carpenter met his death was exceedingly sad. When the Toronto party, to which

he belonged, arrived at the canyon they first walked down the bank and inspected the place. The party consisted of four men, viz., Messrs. Fletcher, Handcock, Carpenter and Alexander. Fletcher and Handcock agreed to portage the goods, while Carpenter and Alexander were to run the canyon in the canoe. All being ready, they pushed off, Mr. Alexander in the bow. When in midstream the canoe struck a rock and capsized, throwing both men into the water. Mr. Carpenter appeared stunned, and made no effort to save himself, but sank immediately. Mr. Alexander, however, being a good swimmer, struck out for the shore, but, in the excitement of the moment, swam for the opposite side, and landed safely. After resting, he walked to the edge of the river, knelt down and lifted his soul to God, then plunging into the foaming current, battled his way across in safety.

A SINGULAR PRESENTIMENT.

Mr. Carpenter's companions had observed that when he was exploring the canyon he took out his note-book and made a memorandum

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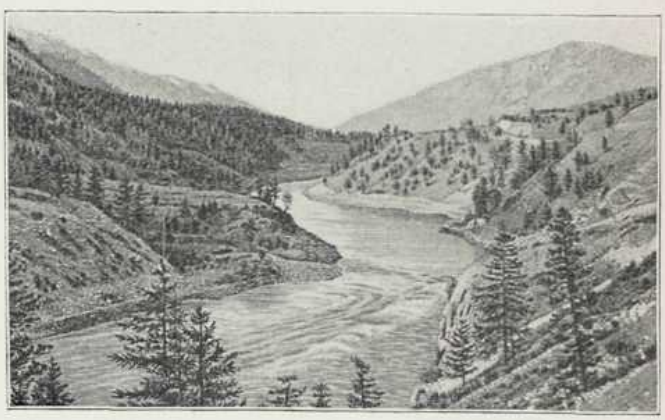
therein, then carefully returned it to his inner pocket, and this coat he left on the bank before attempting to run the rapid. His sorrowful companions opened the note-book, and found this entry: "Arrived at Grand Canyon; ran the



FRASER RIVER, TWO MILES BELOW LYTTON.

canyon and was drowned." Mr. Carpenter left a wife and child in Toronto, and was a man of great promise. This singular incident excited much wonder and speculation. Did the danger which he was going to risk make such an impression on his mind that it amounted to

a presentiment? The poor man was sorely afflicted with scurvy, through being unable to eat the pemmican, which was the only meat procurable on the long journey. Through living almost entirely on flour he was reduced in strength so much that when exertion was needed to save his life, overcome by weakness he sank, another victim of the cold, cruel waters of the Fraser River. It is a rare occurrence for even a good swimmer to be saved if he falls into its deadly embrace; the current is very swift, and the water so icy that cramp almost always seizes the unfortunate one.

Immediately after passing the canyon the channel widened, and the swiftness of the current diminished perceptibly, the stream becoming quite smooth; indeed, lulled into a feeling of security by the treacherous calm, the voyagers floated along all night, peacefully sleeping in their ignorance of danger, and blissfully unconscious of the awful destruction that might instantly have overwhelmed them. The next morning they perceived that the rafts were making rapid progress—indeed, their motion was

increasing at an alarming rate. This put the men on the alert, and in a very short space of time they arrived at a stretch of rapids about fifteen miles in length. Although the channel was much wider than in the Grand Canyon, yet it was full of jagged rocks, any one of which would have torn the raft to pieces had they been so unfortunate as to run against it. In the darkness of the night one raft struck on a sunken rock, but its crew managed to pull it off without much damage. The passage of the rapids was made without other mishap than this, and the party reached Fort George in safety.

FORT GEORGE.

On arrival at Fort George it was found that Mr. Eustace Paterson was in a very critical condition. He was tenderly removed from the raft to the Fort, where, after resting for a while, he seemed to rally. Every attention possible was given him by Dr. Stevenson, but the great exertion and constant exposure of the long journey had been too much for his

strength, and he died on the evening of the same day that they arrived at Fort George.

A small canoe was obtained, and the body of Eustace Paterson placed therein and reverently consigned to the dust by his sorrowing companions. The dangers and trials they had all borne bravely together made a bond of affection so deep and strong that they mourned his loss as though he had been a brother. Mr. Paterson was the son of an eminent solicitor in London, England, and his last resting-place is still preserved. The Indians pay great reverence to the dead, and they still point out at Fort George the grave of the young Englishman.

Fort George is a Hudson's Bay Company's station of considerable importance. Here dried salmon and other necessaries were procured from the Indians. Mr. Charles, the resident Factor, was absent when the parties arrived, having gone to Quesnelle Mouth to obtain supplies for the winter. After waiting a day longer than they intended for Mr. Charles, and he not putting in an appearance, the party

started again on the day following, taking along an Indian guide to pilot them through the rapids, which were reported to be very dangerous below Fort George. The first canyon was reached fifteen miles below the Fort, and found much easier to navigate than many of those that had already been passed.

As our travellers came nearer civilization they saw miners at work on the bars of the Fraser River. This was also an intimation that they were drawing near to the mining district, to reach which had cost them so much toil and danger. After passing through several canyons, the first party arrived at Quesnelle Mouth, Cariboo, on Thursday, the 11th of September, 1862.

CHAPTER VI.

ADVENTURES OF THE SYMINGTON PARTY.

On the 6th of September Dr. Symington's party arrived at Tête Jaune Cache, being eleven days behind the others. This party had suffered even greater privations than had those who preceded them, and on their arrival at the Cache their gaunt, famished appearance so excited the pity of the Indians that, making signs to the travellers that they would procure food, they took their canoes down stream and returned in the evening laden with salmon, which was indeed a luxury to the half-famished men.

Twenty-four matches purchased a very large salmon. Dr. Symington and Mr. McNaughton carried the fish from the canoe by a pole thrust through its gills, and although the ends of

the pole rested on the men's shoulders, the tail of the salmon trailed on the ground. So fine a specimen seldom now finds its way up to this point in the Fraser River. The fish was a great treat to the hungry voyagers, more especially as they had been on extremely short rations for some weeks.

DEAD SALMON.

The Indians procured the salmon seven miles below the Cache, and there dead fish were to be seen lining the bank for miles. At this season of the year the salmon ascend the Fraser River, and are easily caught, either with spears or by wading into the water and throwing them on the bank or into a canoe. It seems to be an accepted theory that the salmon ascend to the streams in which they have been spawned. When they had worked their way up the river to the point just referred to, many of the fish were nearly dead, their fins worn off, and holes in their sides, caused by the jagged rocks in the canyons. Still they kept on ascending, until they either died or reached their own stream.

At Tête Jaune Cache the travellers also

saw a press, somewhat resembling a wine-press, which the Indians used for crushing berries. The juice of the berries was caught in troughs, and this the Indians poured into bottles made of the hides of animals, and drank it as a winter beverage. The crushed berries they made into cakes.

The Indians also had long sheds filled with shelves, on which they spread the berries to dry. The dried berry cakes were found very palatable, and made an excellent substitute for bread. These Shuswap Indians showed great humanity and kindness to the travellers, and certainly seemed advanced in civilization. The Symington company found on arrival that all the different parties ahead of them, except the Whitby contingent, had left the Cache. This latter party had killed their oxen and almost completed their rafts, so that they were able to leave the Cache the day following the arrival of the Symington party. With many good wishes and a parting cheer, the new arrivals watched their friends passing out of sight, longing to follow in their wake; but ere another day had passed

they all had reason to rejoice that they had not done so.

THE WHITBY PARTY WRECKED.

The Whitby party had gone about seven miles below the Cache, when they came to a place where the waters diverge. Here there was a discussion as to which side to take, and it was decided to take the right. After proceeding a short distance, they approached a large rock in midstream, which they came upon so suddenly that, unable to steer out of its way, they struck, and everything was washed off the rafts—provisions, clothing, money, tools; indeed, everything they possessed, even to the coats that had been laid aside as they worked their unwieldly craft. The sudden shock knocked off the man at the helm, but he, being an expert swimmer, reached the shore in safety. The rest of the men were left clinging to the raft, which was wedged upon the rock in a slanting position. Their hearts were filled with dismay, for they were looking death in the face, but they held on with desperate tenacity and waited for rescue.

Meanwhile the man who had reached the shore returned to the camp at Tête Jaune Cache, walking and crawling as best he could through the underbrush. The company, as was natural, were horrified to hear of the accident and of the perilous position in which their friends were placed. They immediately sent off two canoes with men to the rescue. The wrecked raftsmen were found all alive, though much exhausted and chilled from exposure. They returned with them in safety to the camp.

The Symington party, though short of food, generously offered to share everything with the others as long as they needed it, or while they had anything to share. Of course the Whitby party had to construct canoes, but the axes and tools being all in use, they contrived to work by night, so that no time was lost, they working while the others slept. Though with scarcely enough food to sustain life, these heroic men toiled perseveringly, felling large trees and out of them making canoes, for they well knew that life depended upon their exertions.

The parties determined they should leave Tête Jaune Cache in canoes, believing them safer than rafts. When everything was ready they started on their journey with stout hearts, knowing not the dangers ahead, but prepared to meet them as best they could. At this season of the year the salmon were very plentiful near the Cache. This fact had indeed been their salvation, as the whole party must have perished from hunger if it had not been for these salmon. The men, by wading in two or three feet of water, could catch the fish and throw them into canoes. Some of these salmon were nearly dead after coming hundreds of miles from the sea in their ascent of the river, and were hardly fit for food; still the men were very thankful to get them. The next day, after leaving the Cache, not a salmon was to be seen.

This party encountered the same obstacles and dangers that had beset their companions, but no lives were lost. On the ninth day after leaving Tête Jaune Cache they found two empty canoes floating down the stream, which they recognized as belonging to the Goderich party,

and they naturally feared the worst for their late companions. The following day they arrived at Fort George, weary and sore, and very much exhausted from want of proper food.

The Fort George Indians came down to the shore, and gazed with every mark of profound amazement upon the emaciated countenances and long unkempt hair and beards of the voyagers. For five days they had subsisted on a small supply of dried mountain sheep, a little tea, and a very few dried berries. They traded their clothing with the Indians for food, and had it not been for the succour given them by the latter and by the residents of the Hudson's Bay Company's posts which they passed on their way, this eventful journey would never have been accomplished, and a cruel death from starvation would have been the fate of these adventurous men. They all heard with deep sorrow of the sad deaths of Messrs. Robertson, Carpenter and Paterson. After leaving Fort George they passed safely through all the canyons and reached Quesnelle Mouth on the 4th of October.

QUESNELLE.

The town of Quesnelle at this time consisted of four or five houses, and was one of the principal places on the road from Victoria to Barkerville. Flour was fifty cents a pound; bacon, eighty cents a pound; beans, eighty cents a pound; and all other necessaries of life at the same high rate. Meals, consisting of beans and bacon, cost two dollars and a half. The winter was now drawing near, and the miners were coming down from Barkerville, some sixty miles farther up, to avoid what they thought would be a Siberian winter.

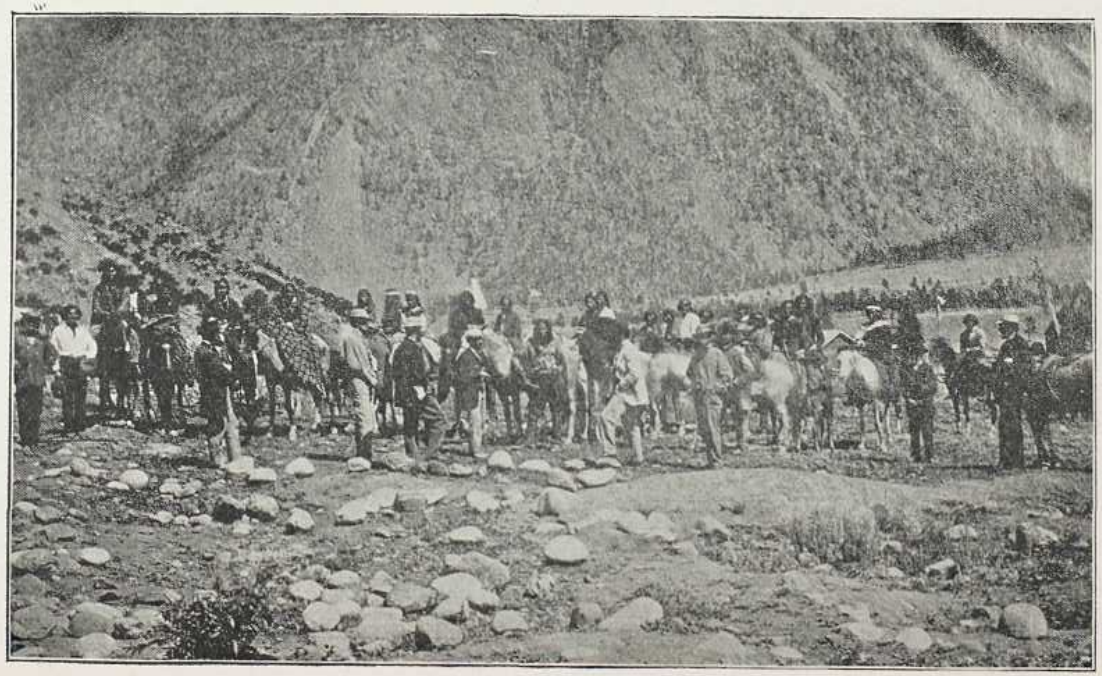
Some of the miners were well pleased with their prospects in the mines, while others were very much discouraged, and consequently spoke disparagingly of the country. This report was rather disheartening to the travellers, after their terrible toil was about ended, and when in full view of the land of gold. A great many "castles in the air" were demolished. Some of the party consoled themselves by remarking that they would reach Victoria in a couple of days, upon which a tall American miner,

QUESNELLE.

relieving his mouth of a large "quid" of tobacco, calmly informed them they would have to "hoof it over three hundred miles first." This was far from encouraging to persons who had walked all the way from Fort Garry to Yellow Head Pass.

Nevertheless, our travellers embarked once more, and floated down to Alexandria (then considered the lowest point of navigation on the Fraser), where they stepped ashore, profoundly thankful to the great Creator, who had preserved them in the midst of so many dangers. Thus terminated this portion of the Overland Expedition of 1862.

At Fort Alexandria they heard that they were still over five hundred miles from Victoria. Here they sold their canoes and everything else except what they could carry on their backs. Some of the men took work on the Cariboo road, which the Government was then constructing; but the most of the company made their way to Victoria, passing through Lillooet, thence to Harrison Lake, and from that point by steamer to Victoria, returning to Cariboo in the spring of 1863.



GOVERNOR SEYMOUR ADDRESSING THE INDIANS AT LILLOOET, IN 1862.

CHAPTER VII.

THE THOMPSON RIVER PARTY.

THE following is a brief account of the adventures of those who went down by the Thompson River:

The party left Tête Jaune Cache on the 1st of September, and crossed to the south side of the Fraser River. On the following morning they began their weary march southward, accompanied by a Shuswap Indian who had agreed to show them the trail to the headwaters of the Thompson River. Andre Cardinal also accompanied them as interpreter. The first two days after leaving the Fraser they found a good road, but after that time the Indian was unable to find a trail, so they cut their way through the bush, which was very dense. Finding their guide of no further use,

they sent him back, and trusted to the skill of Andre Cardinal, who hitherto had proved himself to be a most faithful pilot and guide.

They toiled along for about two weeks, hewing and cutting out a path for themselves, but progressed very slowly, as during that time they could travel on an average only some five or six miles a day. At length they reached the north branch of the Thompson River. Only those who have had the experience of making a trail through heavily timbered country can form any conception of the stupendous difficulties these men encountered.

AFLOAT ON THE THOMPSON RIVER.

The Thompson River appeared so dangerous that the party thought it would be impossible to navigate it in safety, so they attempted to cut their way through the brush; but finding it an almost impenetrable jungle, through which progress could be made very slowly and only with infinite labour, they decided to take their chances on the river, though it seemed that almost certain death awaited them. They were

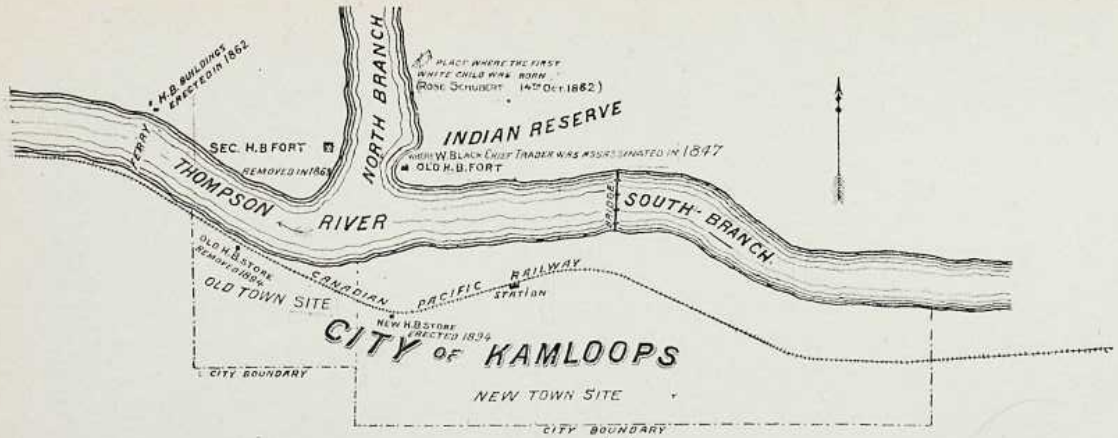
also compelled reluctantly to abandon their animals. Here, at the north branch of the Thompson River, they built rafts and "dug-out" canoes, but after launching out on the river they proceeded with much difficulty, as the channel was broken in some places, and in others full of driftwood, through which they had to cut a passage. After running like this for seven days, during which four of the party, Messrs. Thompson, Fannin, Hagill and W. Fortune were stuck upon a "snag" for two days and nights without a morsel of food, they at length reached a long stretch of impassable rapids. Here another sad accident happened, and the brave and kind-hearted Strachan lost his life. He was drowned while attempting to swim ashore to get help for his companions who were clinging in mid-stream to a rock against which their raft had been dashed to pieces.

The others of the party were rescued from their perilous position about an hour later by Mr. Andrew Hales, who took them off in his canoe. The shock of the collision and the peril

of their position had been awful. For a full hour they were forced to cling to that rock, surrounded by the raging torrent, knowing that any moment they might be swept off and dashed to pieces in the rapids below. They lost everything, but were thankful to escape with their lives.

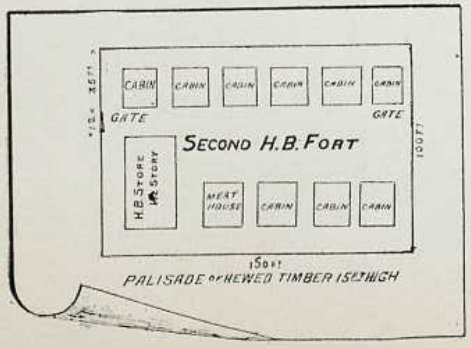
ARRIVAL AT KAMLOOPS.

The party were again obliged to make a portage of eight miles, which they accomplished with much difficulty, and having reached the foot of the rapids, were under the necessity of constructing another set of rafts before they could proceed farther. While building these rafts, a party of miners came up the river on a prospecting tour, and from these men they obtained much valuable information. They had only proceeded about forty miles with the new rafts when they again approached rapids, which proved impassable; but from this point they found a good trail to Fort Kamloops, a distance of one hundred and twenty miles, which place they reached on the 11th of



Compiled fom reliable information kindly furnished by Messrs W. Fortune and G.C. Tunstall.

A.W. Ribaudeau C.E.



SECOND HUDSON BAY FORT KAMLOOPS
(ON THE WEST SIDE THOMPSON RIVER)

October. The party had indeed a hard experience, and must have perished from hunger, even when near Kamloops, had they not fortunately come upon a field of potatoes.

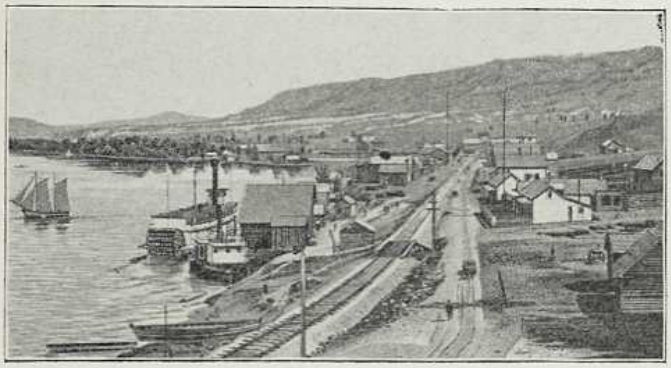
The end of this weary march brought relief and rest, which the party sorely needed. Again within the precincts of civilization, they appreciated fully the privilege of obtaining the many necessaries which they were denied on a journey toilsome, dangerous, and full of adventure.

Mrs. Schubert passed through all the experiences of this long journey, and showed the most remarkable endurance and energy. She had the care of three young children, and in all the dangers and disasters which the party underwent, she and her children came through safe and sound. The day following their arrival at Kamloops, Mrs. Schubert gave birth to a daughter—the first white child born there.

Mr. Frank Pemberton was drowned on the Thompson River, about twenty miles above Kamloops, and his five companions narrowly escaped a similar fate, but were saved by the timely efforts of two Indian lads, who happened

to be near them when they were thrown into the water.

Six lives in all were lost in the Fraser and the Thompson rivers. Nothing shows more strongly than this the unparalleled hardships which the Overland party endured. These men



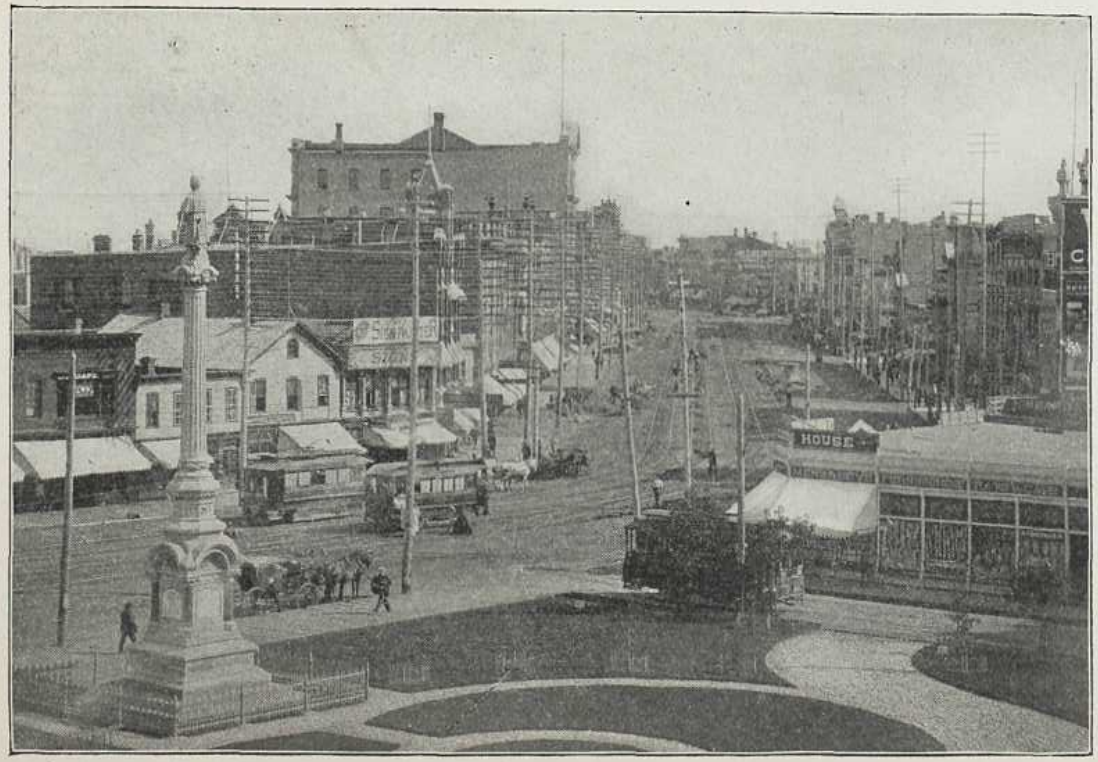
KAMLOOPS IN 1896.

had left their homes full of bright hopes for the future, with the prospect of a long life before them. Their earthly career was brought to an end in the attempt to reach the wealth or the competency which they no doubt thought necessary, and for the obtaining of which they sacrificed their lives.

It is calculated that the party travelled at least three thousand five hundred and forty-seven miles, but many think the distance was much greater than this estimate. That the journey was accomplished shows what it is possible for man to overcome. A great deal of the country traversed was indeed a "lone land," but it was found to be valuable in its agricultural capacity, and with mineral resources practically illimitable. There is a great future in store for such a land.

THEN AND NOW.

Since 1862 the country has greatly changed in aspect. The plains and valleys which the Overland party passed through are dotted all over with towns and cities which some day will be populous and wealthy. Fort Garry, now known as the thriving and prosperous city of Winnipeg, is the metropolis of the North-West. In 1862 it was but a Hudson's Bay Company's post. Edmonton to-day is the centre of a large agricultural and mining district, and is also an important railway point. The town is lighted by electricity, and has within its limits every



CITY OF WINNIPEG.

(Main Street, looking south from the City Hall.)

modern improvement. Towns have sprung up all along the route, and the shriek of the locomotive is now heard where once the war-cry of the savage, the howl of the wolf, and the lowing of myriads of buffalo greeted the ear. The country is being filled up by a thriving, contented, and law-abiding people.

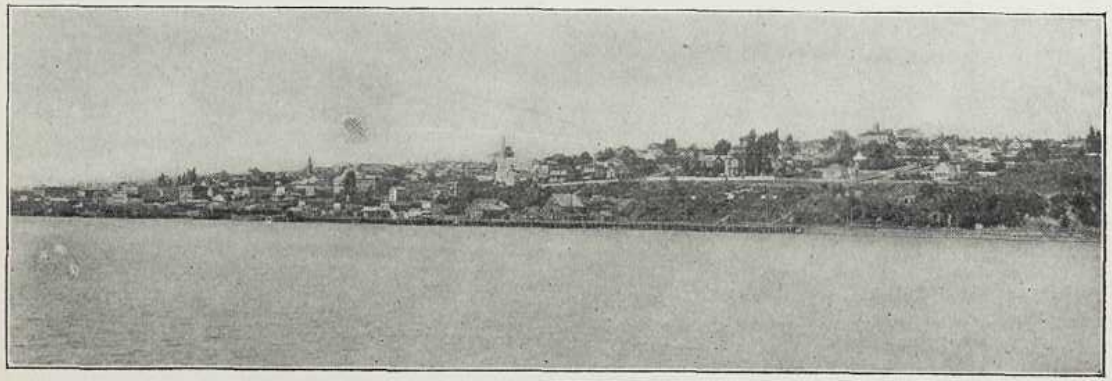
C. P. R. STATION, VANCOUVER.

The growth of the country has been steady and marked since the period when the Overlanders came. Our great national highway, the Canadian Pacific Railway, had not an advocate then; now there is a daily train to the city of Vancouver and a daily mail to Victoria. The population of this latter city fluctuated until after the excitement of '62 subsided, when it

settled to the small number of between two and three thousand. The Canadian Pacific Railway called into existence the beautiful and thriving city of Vancouver.

At the period mentioned an irregular service between Victoria and San Francisco was the only means of communication with the outer world. The boats on this route were slow and unsafe. Now there is a fine line of steamers leaving the ports of Victoria and San Francisco every tenth day. There is also a daily service with all the Sound ports. A fine line of steamers ply bi-monthly from Australian ports and our own, uniting the vast Empire in closer relationship by the exchange of commercial products. Three of the finest and swiftest steamers in the world bring every fortnight the products of the Orient to our shores, in exchange for flour and the products of our factories.

The most visionary dreamer of that day could not risk to propose or predict that the communication between London, the heart of the Empire, and Cathay, could or would be accomplished in a few weeks. Then news was still



NEW WESTMINSTER.

new after six months' tossing around the Horn; now the latest events transpiring in Europe are received daily through the agency of cable and telegraphic wire.

Marks of steady advancement are observable on every hand. The present year will usher in a series of developments in gold mining such as scarcely entered into the dreams of the most sanguine of the pioneers. Vast mineral wealth has all along been known to exist in every section of British Columbia, but capital, skill and energy were required, and the knowledge of reducing ores was very limited. Then it was simply placer mining which brought the millions out of "Golden Cariboo"; now, by means of improved machinery and scientific processes, what was then unrevealed wealth is being brought to light. Capital, energy and intelligence are the chief requisites for the developing of a country, and these motive powers are coming grandly to prove the inexhaustible wealth of this glorious Province.

THOMAS McMICKING.

CHAPTER VIII.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF SOME OF THE "OVERLANDERS."

THOMAS McMICKING.

THOMAS MCMICKING was born at Queenston Heights, Ontario, in the year 1827. He was educated at Knox College, Toronto, and taught school for several years, afterwards engaging in commercial pursuits in Queenston. Mr. McMicking joined the Overland contingent which left Queenston on the 23rd of April, 1862, and was elected captain of the expedition when the parties organized at White Horse Plains. This position he filled with honour to himself, and to the benefit of all the company. On his arrival in this Province he took up his residence in New Westminster, and was appointed sheriff in 1865.

Mr. McMicking was drowned in the Fraser River in 1866. He had plunged in to rescue his boy from drowning, but the treacherous waters of the river claimed both father and son.

He was a true Christian gentleman, a genial companion, a ready writer and speaker, and withal a man of strong character. His tragic but noble death was lamented by the entire community, and deeply mourned by his many friends. The accompanying portrait is made from a photograph of Mr. Thomas McMicking when a student at Knox College, Toronto.

ARCHIBALD McNAUGHTON.

Archibald McNaughton, postmaster for Quesnelle Mouth, Cariboo, was born on the 16th of March, 1843, and was educated at Phillips School, Montreal. He assisted to organize the Montreal party, and left that city to join the Overland Expedition on 5th of May, 1862. He followed mining for a number of years in Cariboo, and was afterwards engaged in commercial pursuits. He was appointed assessor and collector for the District of Cariboo on

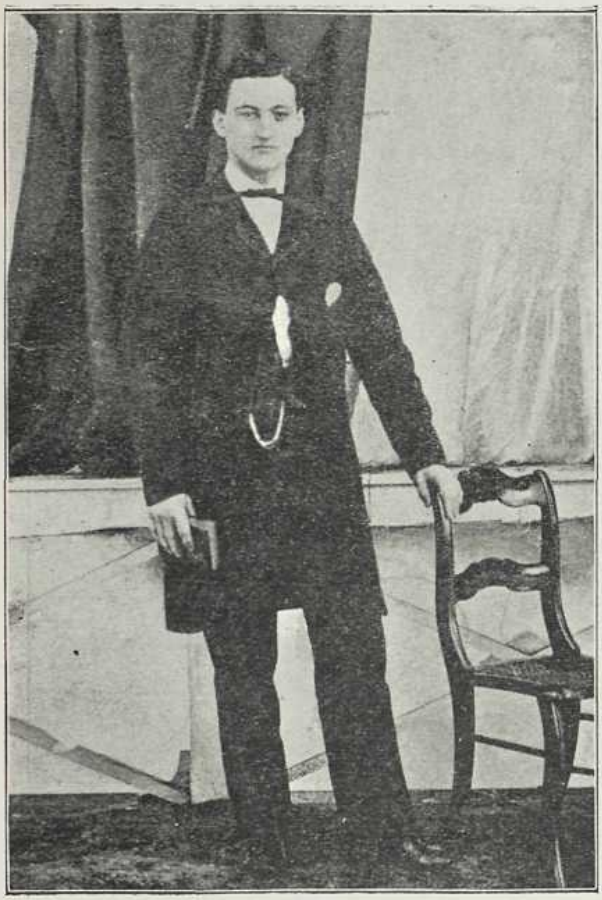
ARCHIBALD McNAUGHTON.

the 7th of March, 1884. In October, 1884, he entered the service of the Hudson's Bay Company; in 1887, was appointed manager for that Company in the Cariboo District, and left their service in the month of October, 1894.

Mr. McNaughton received the appointment of postmaster at Quesnelle Mouth in 1887. This position he still holds with credit to himself and satisfaction to the Government. The portrait here shown is from a photograph taken when at the age of eighteen.

ROBERT BURNS McMICKING.

Robert Burns McMicking was born near Queenston Heights, Ontario, on the 7th of July, 1843. He entered the service of the Montreal Telegraph Company at the age of thirteen. On his arrival in this Province he engaged with the Collins Overland Telegraph Company, then constructing a telegraph line from Behring Straits to connect the two hemispheres. This company was started after the first cable across the Atlantic broke, and was expected to be a failure. Mr. McMicking was Superintendent



ROBERT BURNS McMICKING.

of the Government telegraph lines of British Columbia from 1870 to 1880. He introduced the telephone into British Columbia in 1880, and the electric light in 1883. In this latter year he erected a plant in Victoria for street lighting, the operation of which he still continues to superintend.

Mr. McMicking built up and still manages the Exchange system in Victoria, the capital of British Columbia. He is also Justice of the Peace for the Province. Our portrait of him is from a photograph taken at the age of nineteen.

JOHN BOWRON.

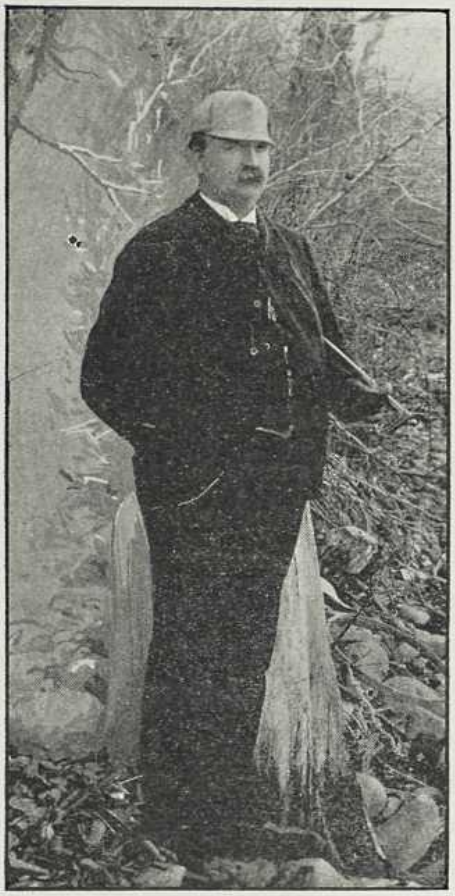
John Bowron, Gold Commissioner and Government Agent for the District of Cariboo, was born on the 10th of March, 1837, and received his education at the Huntingdon Academy. On leaving school he removed to the Western States, and took up the study of law; but upon the discovery of gold in Cariboo, joined the Overland party. On his arrival, he with others went on to Victoria, and returned to Cariboo in the spring of 1863.

JOHN BOWRON.

Mr. Bowron was appointed postmaster for Barkerville in 1886, and held that position for ten years. He was appointed Mining Recorder in 1872, Government Agent in 1875, and Gold Commissioner in 1883. These offices he has filled with credit to himself and satisfaction to the Government. This portrait is taken from a recent photograph of Mr. Bowron.

GEORGE CHRISTIE TUNSTALL.

George Christie Tunstall was born in Montreal on the 5th of December, 1836. He was educated at Sparkman's Academy, Sorel, and at the Lower Canada College, Montreal. He travelled across the Saskatchewan plains to British Columbia in 1862. The following year he proceeded to Cariboo, where he engaged in mining for a number of years. He was appointed Government Agent at Kamloops in December, 1879, and received the appointment of Gold Commissioner for the Granite Creek gold mines in 1885. He was removed in 1890 to the West Kootenay District, with headquarters at Revelstoke, from which place he was subsequently transferred to Kamloops.



GEORGE CHRISTIE TUNSTALL.

Mr. Tunstall at present holds the position of Gold Commissioner for the eastern portion of the Yale District, embracing the Yale, Kamloops and Similkameen Divisions, which contains some of the most important places and most valuable mineral deposits in British Columbia. He is also an Assistant Commissioner of Lands and Works, and a stipendiary magistrate for the Province. This portrait of Mr. Tunstall is taken from a recent photograph.

JOHN FANNIN.

John Fannin was born of Irish parents in the village of Kemptville, Ontario, and was educated at the Kemptville Grammar School. He joined the Overland Expedition at Queenston, leaving that place on the 23rd of April, 1862, and was one of those who elected to take the Thompson River route.

Mr. Fannin followed mining for a number of years in Cariboo, Big Bend and Cassiar. In 1873 he was appointed by the Provincial Government to explore and report on the lands lying between New Westminster and Fort Hope.

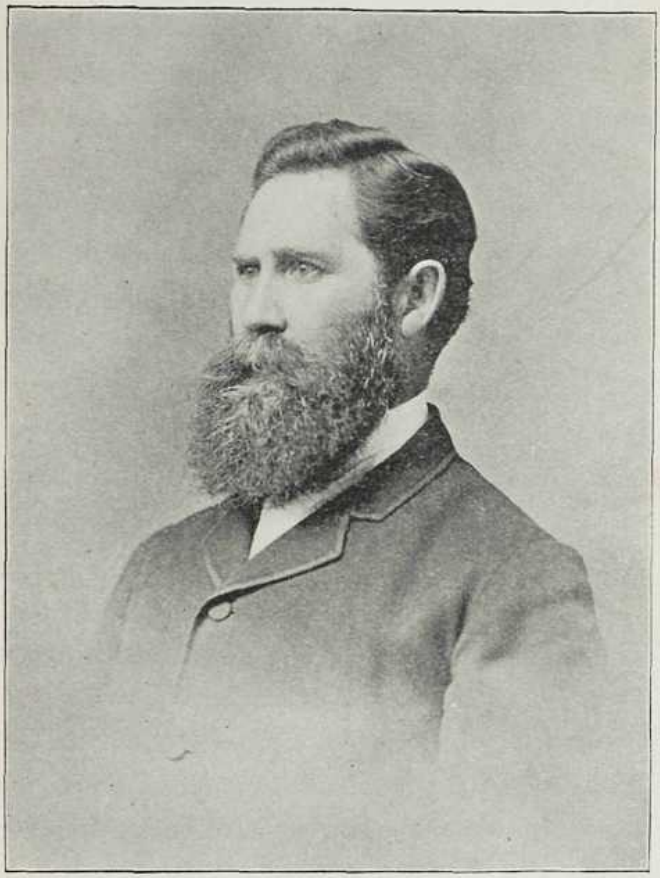
JOHN FANNIN.

On the following year he was sent on a similar mission to the headwaters of the Stikeen River.

Mr. Fannin was also editor of the *Comet* during two sessions of the Legislature. In 1886 he was appointed Curator of the Provincial Museum, which is obtaining a continental reputation for the splendid collection it is making. Mr. Fannin is a naturalist of acknowledged ability. He is also the author of a "Check List" of the birds of British Columbia, and is an associate member of the Ornithological Union. The portrait here given is from a photograph taken in the year 1872.

JOHN ANDREW MARA, EX-M.P.

John Andrew Mara was born in Toronto, Ontario, and joined the Overland Expedition in 1862. He represented the Kootenay District in the Provincial Legislature from 1871 to 1875. At the general election held in 1875 he was returned for the Yale District, and was re-elected again at the general election held in 1878. He sat in the Provincial Assembly until the dissolution of the House in 1886. The following year he was elected by acclamation,



JOHN ANDREW MARA, EX-M.P.

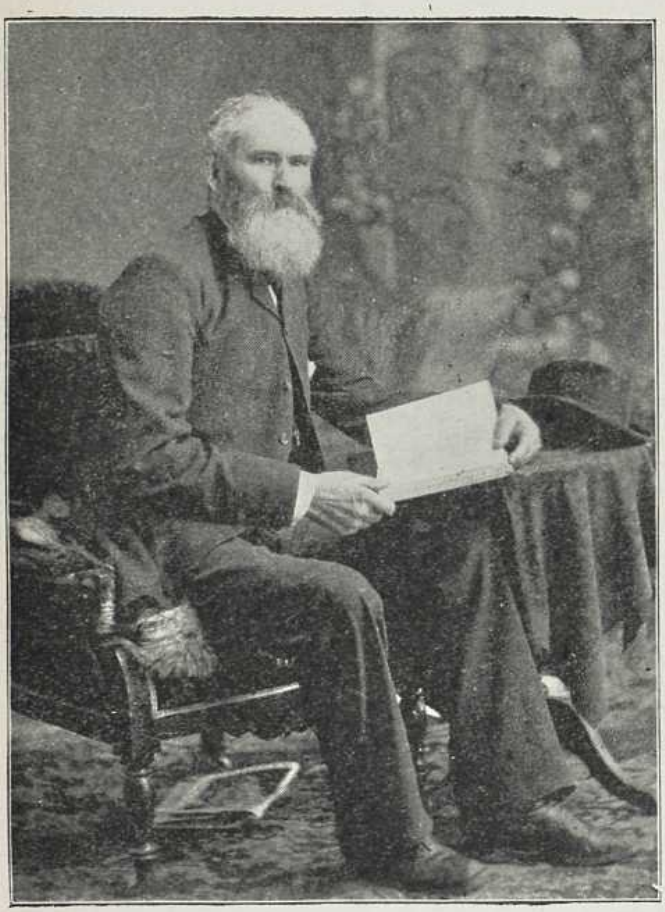
and was also again returned without opposition in 1891. Mr. Mara was Speaker of the Legislative Assembly from January, 1883, until 1886. He exhibited in this capacity good tact and ability, and had the fullest confidence of both sides of the House.

Mr. Mara resides at Kamloops, where he is engaged in business. He is also a Justice of the Peace for the Province. Our portrait of him is taken from a recent photograph.

JAMES WATTIE.

James Wattie was born in Aberdeen, Scotland, on the 29th of December, 1830; came to Canada with his parents in 1838, and joined the Huntingdon party with his brother William in 1862. He left Cariboo in 1863, after amassing a considerable competency in that period.

Since leaving Cariboo Mr. Wattie has been engaged in business in Valleyfield, Quebec, and is still strong and hearty. This portrait is from a photograph taken in 1895.



JAMES WATTIE.

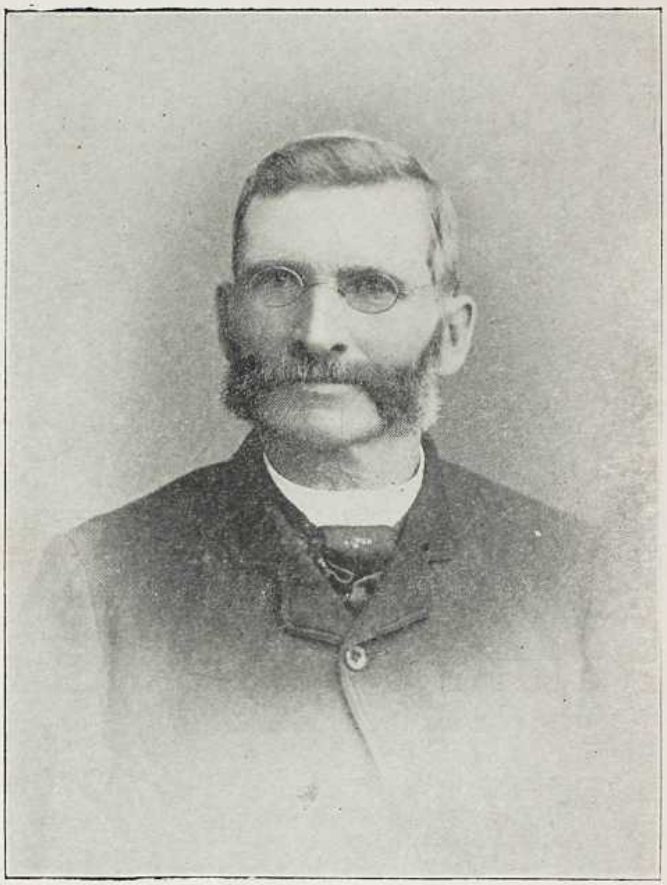
WILLIAM FORTUNE.

Mr. William Fortune, now residing at Tranquille, British Columbia, joined the Overland Expedition in 1862, and was one of the party who travelled by way of the Thompson River. He is now a prosperous farmer, and lives in full view of Kamloops and of the River Thompson, the scene of the perilous adventures through which he passed. This portrait is from a photograph of Mr. Fortune taken in the year 1895.

A. L. FORTUNE.

Mr. A. L. Fortune, residing at Enderby, British Columbia, joined the Overland Expedition in 1862. He was one of the committee chosen to assist Mr. Thomas McMicking in his duties as captain of that expedition, and cast his lot with the party who travelled by way of the Thompson River. He is now a prosperous farmer. Our portrait is from a photograph of Mr. Fortune taken in 1894.

WILLIAM FORTUNE.



A. L. FORTUNE.

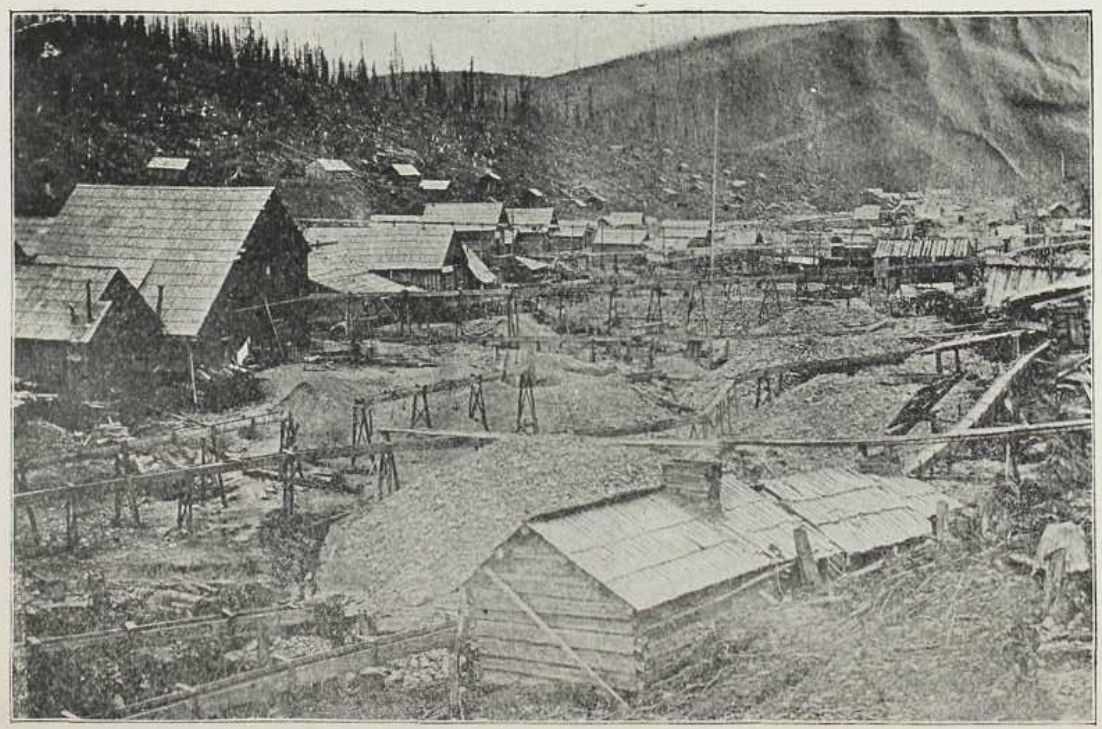
CHAPTER IX.

"GOLDEN CARIBOO."

THE following is a brief account of the gold produced in the early days of Cariboo, showing the extraordinary richness of the gold gravel deposits from 1860 to 1865. These statistics have been furnished by Mr. John Bowron and Mr. A. McNaughton. Gold was discovered in the Williams Creek District in 1860. At once a stream of immigration poured in, until in 1863 there was estimated to be from four to five thousand of a population within a radius of three miles around Barkerville. This number did not vary materially during the two following seasons. The whole population of the district at that time was probably between eight and ten thousand souls. The principal mines worked in 1860 and 1862 were the Cornish, Steele,

Abbot, Adams, Point, Cunningham, and Black Jack Company, all situated above the canyon. These claims, with a few others of lesser note, probably produced three millions of dollars.

In the fall of 1862, the Barker Company, situated below the canyon, "struck pay"; during the winter following the Cameron Company "struck" it, and before the end of the season of 1863 the following claims, situated below the canyon, were all producing gold, viz., the Burns Tunnel, Pioneer, Foster, Campbell, Ericsson, Dillar, Canadian, Barker, Baldhead, Welsh, Wake up Jack, Aurora, Cariboo, Lillooet, Watson, Caledonia, Grizzly, New York, McLean, Cameron, Moffat, Raby, Wattie, Last Chance, Dead Broke, Forest Rose, Prince of Wales, Bruce, Rankin, Elliot & Adams, and Tinker. Some of these mines proved astonishingly rich. Probably five millions of dollars in gold were taken out during the year 1863, notwithstanding which some of these mines are now, and have been continuously, worked from that date till the present time, and yet are profitable to the owners.



BARKERVILLE, CARIBOO, IN 1862.

The yield of gold from a few of the principal claims in Williams Creek may be approximately given as follows: The Cameron, one million dollars; Aurora, one million dollars; Dillar, five hundred thousand; Black Jack, five hundred thousand; Barker, five hundred thousand; Ericsson, five hundred thousand; Caledonia, five hundred thousand; Canadian, five hundred thousand; Wake up Jack, three hundred thousand; Saw Mill, three hundred thousand; Moffat, three hundred thousand; and Raby, three hundred thousand. The longest of these claims is only a few hundred feet in length and one hundred in width. The gold product of 1864 and 1865 was not materially less than that of 1863. The phenomenal gold deposits found in the gravel occupying the deep channels of Williams Creek will be better understood when it is stated that within two miles of the length of this creek, and in a width of perhaps one hundred and fifty feet, on an average some twenty-five million dollars of gold have been produced, showing it to have been one of the most remarkable gold gravel deposits ever

discovered. The claim known as the Burns Tunnel washed up one thousand and forty-four ounces of gold in one day, the value of which is about twenty-five thousand dollars. This was in the year 1863. In 1875 the Van Winkle Company, on Lightning Creek, washed up fifteen hundred ounces of gold, as the result of six days' work.

Billy Barker, from whom the town of Barkerville takes its name, took up a claim below the canyon. The other miners made game of him for so doing, as they believed all the gold was above the canyon; but he, after sinking a shaft sixty feet deep, "struck rich pay," as likewise did the Cameron Company a mile beyond. The seven partners of the Abbot claim left Cariboo in 1862, with forty-five thousand dollars each. The Welsh claim sank a shaft forty-five feet deep, when they found what turned out to be a pocket to the value of fourteen hundred dollars. Great excitement followed, and each member of the mine was offered sixteen thousand dollars to sell his claim. Only one accepted; all the others refused, thinking the mine was of

VAN WINKLE AND POINT CLAIM, NEAR STANLEY.

fabulous richness, but, unfortunately for them, it proved afterwards to be but a poor claim.

The "Prince of Wales" was a very rich mine, but the unfortunate owners were nearly all drowned in the Fraser River, just below Quesnelle Mouth, through the capsizing of their canoe. Only one man saved his gold, it being tied up in his blankets. The rest lies at the bottom of the river.

Wages at this time were ten dollars a day, but food and clothing were very expensive. Meals, as before stated, cost $2.50, and generally consisted of beans and bacon. The miners as a rule were liberal, and sometimes spent their money very foolishly. A few of the Overland party, on their way down to Victoria, met near Alexandria forty mules laden with champagne and tea. A bottle of champagne was sold for an ounce of gold (valued at not less than sixteen dollars). Potatoes were sold at ninety dollars per hundred pounds, in 1864. Nails were a dollar per pound; India rubber boots, fifty dollars per pair. Frozen milk was a dollar per pound; flour, one dollar per pound; eggs, eight

dollars per dozen, and everything else in like proportion. The first piano to reach Barkerville was carried on men's backs from Quesnelle Mouth, a distance of sixty miles, and from that point the freight cost one dollar per pound.

The billiard tables in those days cost thousands of dollars; mirrors and large stoves from five to seven hundred dollars each. Some of these relics are still in good condition and are in use at the present time. One enterprising man tried to bring up his goods on camels' backs, but that was found impracticable, as the camels' feet could not stand the rough, hard roads they had to traverse. One camel could have carried a load of seventeen hundred pounds.

These facts and figures show the great difficulties encountered in procuring food, tools and clothing for the men who were developing the Cariboo gold mines. Fortunes were made almost in a day by some, while others toiled and have toiled on ever since, barely eking out an existence. Such is the excitement of gold mining—one day full of hopes raised to the highest pitch by some good prospect discovered; the next,

SOUTH FORK CLAIM, CARIBOO.

perhaps, cast down to the depths of despair, to be raised again on the morrow, and so leading the gold-seeker on like the "will o' the wisp." Mining, however, is a free and independent life, and has a charm which no other occupation can give, for the miner has no other man to thank for the gold which his own "toil-worn hands" have brought to the light.

"Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference; as the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say,
This is no flattery; these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

SAPPERTON (NEW WESTMINSTER) IN 1862.

(Called Sapperton from the sappers and miners stationed there.)

CHAPTER X.

EXTRACTS FROM SAWNEY'S LETTERS AND CARIBOO RHYMES.

BY JAMES ANDERSON, A NATIVE OF FIFESHIRE, SCOTLAND.

SAWNEY'S LETTERS.

Extract from Letter No. 1, written February, 1864.

DEAR SAWNEY,—

I sit doon to write
A screed to you by caun'le light,
An answer to your freendly letter—
I ne'er had ane that pleased me better.
Your letter cam' by the Express,
Eight shillin's carriage - naethin' less ;
You'll think this awfu', 'tis nae doot—
(A dram's twa shillin's here –aboot) ;
I'm sure if Tamie Ha', the buddy,
Was here, wi' his three-legged cuddy
He hauls shent him wi' a tether,

He'd beat the Express, faith a' thegither—
To speak o't in the truest way,
'Tis Barnard's "Cariboo Delay."

You'd maybe like to ken what pay
Miners get here for ilka day ;
Just twa pund sterling, sure as death—
It should be four, atween us baith ;—
For gin ye coont the cost o' livin',
There's naething left to gang and come on ;
And should you bide the winter here,
The shoppy buddies 'll grab your gear ;
And little work ane gets to do
A' the lang dreary winter thro'.
Sawney, had ye your tatties here,
And neeps and carrots—dinna speer
What price—tho' I could tell ye weel,
Ye might think me a leein' chiel ;
Nae, lad, ye ken I never lee,
Ye a' believe that fa's frae me.
Neeps, tatties, carrots—by the pun,
Just twa and a penny—try for fun
How muckle 'twad be for a ton ;
Aitmeal four shillin's, flour is twa,
And milk's no to be had ava,
For at this season o' the year
There's naething for a coo up here
To chew her cud on. Sae ye see
Ye are far better aff than me ;

For while you're warm an' snug at hame,
And suppin' parridge drooned in crame,
The deil a drap o' milk hae I,
But gobble oure my parridge dry.
Of course, I can get butter here,
Twa shillin's a pund—it's far oure dear;
Aye, a' thing sells at a lang price;
Tea, coffee, sugar, bacon, rice,
Four shillin's a pund, and something mair;
And e'en the weights is raither bare.
Sae much for prices. . . . . .

An' noo, dear Sawney, naething mair
I hae to say—yet canna bear
The thocht o' feenishin' my rhyme,
'Tis like we pairted second time;
But I'll no fret whate'er it seems—
Ye ken that I'm ye're truest freend

JEAMES.

Extracts from Letter No. 3.

DEAR SAWNEY,—Little did I think
That eighteen sixty-seven
Wad see me still in Cariboo
A howkin' for a livin'.
The first twa years I spent out here
Were nae sae ill ava,

But hoo I've lived since syne, my freen,
There's little need to blaw.
Like foot-ba', knockit back an' fore,
That's lang in reaching goal,
Or feather blawn by ilka wind
That whistles 'tween each pole,—
E'en sae my mining life has been
For mony a weary day.
(Will that sun never rise for me
That shines for makin' hay?)
'Tis weel for us we dinna ken
The future as the past,
Oor troubles wad be doubled then
By being sae forecast—
Unless to us was gi'en the power,
Like shelt'ren frae a shower,
To scoug beneeth some freendly buld
Till ilka blast wa oure.
Yet man, sae thochtless an' sae rash,
Nae doot wad often sleep,
An' like the foolish virgins five
Wad oilless cruses keep,
Till waukened by the storms o' life,
Oure late to rin awa',
He'd wish the future had been blank
To him as 'tis to a'.
Twas my intent to show you a'
The hardships o' this life,
But second thochts hae changed my mind,
For ye wad tell ye're wife!

THE OLD CARIBOO ROAD.

An' ere a week or sae was oure
She'd claik it to my mither—
Puir body, wha wad grieve her heart
By adding to her care.
He's but a coward at the best
Wha troubles canna' bear.
Your letters, Sawney, are a boon,
An' postage now is less,
An' Barnard's "Cariboo Delay"
Can fairly claim "Express."
Be sure an' write me every month,
If naithing but "cauld kale."
To see how much hame news is prized,
Read—

Waiting for the Mail.

Man's life is like a medley
Composed of many airs,
Which make us glad or make us sad,
And oft our laughter dares;
E'en so our hearts have many cords
And strains of light and strong,
Which make us glad or make us sad,
Like changes in the song.
Our smiles and tears, our hopes and fears,
Our sorrows never fail,
But every heart knows not the smart
Of waiting for the mail.
A teamster from the Beaver Pass—
"What news of the Express?"

"'Twas there last night, if I heard right ;
'Twill be in to-day, I guess ! "
A miner next on Williams Creek
Arrived from wintering South,
He "heard some say 'twould be to-day
Expected at the Mouth."
But here comes Poole, in haste as his rule—
"Hallo ! what of the mail ? "
From him we learn, with much concern,
"Just two days out from Yale."
Oh, waiting is a weariness.
"The Express is at Van Winkle,"
This makes the face deny the case,
And quite removes the wrinkle.
A few hours more—a great uproar—
The Express is come at last ;
An Eastern mail, see by the bale,
As "Sullivan" goes past.
And now an eager, anxious crowd
Await the letter sale ;
Postmaster curst, their wrath was nurs'd
By waiting for the mail.
"Hurrah," at length the window's up—
"There's nothing, John, for me ? "
John knows the face—the letter place—
"Two bits on that," says he.
And many come and many go,
In sorrow or delight,
While some will say their's "met delay,'
Whose friends forgot to write ;

An anxious heart, who stands apart,
  Expectant of a letter
With hopeful mind, but fears to find
  Some loved one still his debtor.
The day is passed, the office closed,
  The letters are delivered,
And some have joy without alloy,
  While some fond hopes are shivered.
A sweetheart wed—a dear friend dead—
  Or closer tie is broken;
Ah! many an ache the heart may take
  By words tho' never spoken.
But whether good or bad the news,
  This happens without fail—
Your letter read—the fire is fed
  For waiting on the mail.

An' noo, dear Sawney, "Fare thee weel,"
  Tho' we can never meet,
Ye'll hae a big share o' my heart
  As ye hae o' this sheet.
My fondest hope is but to find
  Some hearts as leal an' true
'Mang Scotland's hills an' Scotland's dales
  As friends in Cariboo.

CARIBOO RHYMES.

THE ROUGH BUT HONEST MINER.

Air—"*Castles in the Air.*"

Sung by Mr. James Anderson, at the Theatre Royal, Barkerville, February 13th, 1869.

The rough but honest miner,
Wha toils night and day,
Seeking for the yellow gold
Hid amang the clay,—
Howkin' in the mountain side,
What does he there?
Ha! the auld "dreamer's
Biggin' castles in the air.

His weather-beaten face
And his sair worn hands
Are tell-tales to a'
O' the hardships he stands;
His head may grow gray
And his face fu' o' care,
Huntin' after gold,
Wi' its "castles in the air."

He sees an auld channel
Buried in the hill,
Fill'd fu' o' nuggets,
Sae gaes at it wi' a will;

BARKERVILLE, CARIBOO.

For lang weeks and months,
  Drifting late and air',
Cuttin' out a door
  To his "castle in the air"

He thinks his "pile" is made,
  And he's gaun' hame gin fa'—
He joins his dear auld mither,
  His faither, freends, and a';
His heart e'en jumps wi' joy
  At the thochts o' bein' there,
Ane's mony a happy minute
  "Biggin' castles in the air."

But hopes that promised high
  In the spring-time o' the year,
Like leaves o' autumn fa'
  When the frost o' winter's near;
Sae his biggin' tum'les doon,
  Wi' ilka blast o' care,
Till there's no "a stane left stannin'"
  O' his "castle in the air."

Toiling and sorrowing,
  On thro' life he goes;
"Each morning sees some work begun,
  Each evening sees it close."
But he has the grit,
  Tho' his "tum-tum" may be sair,
For anither year is coming,
  Wi' its "castles in the air."

Tho' fortune may not smile
  Upon his labour here,
There is a world abune
  Where his prospect will be clear—
If he accept the offer
  O' a stake beyond compare—
A happy hame for aye,
  Wi' a "castle in the air."

NEW WESTMINSTER IN 1862.

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