CHINOOK DAYS

by

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CHINOOK DAYS

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Tom McInnes Author.

CHINOOK DAYS

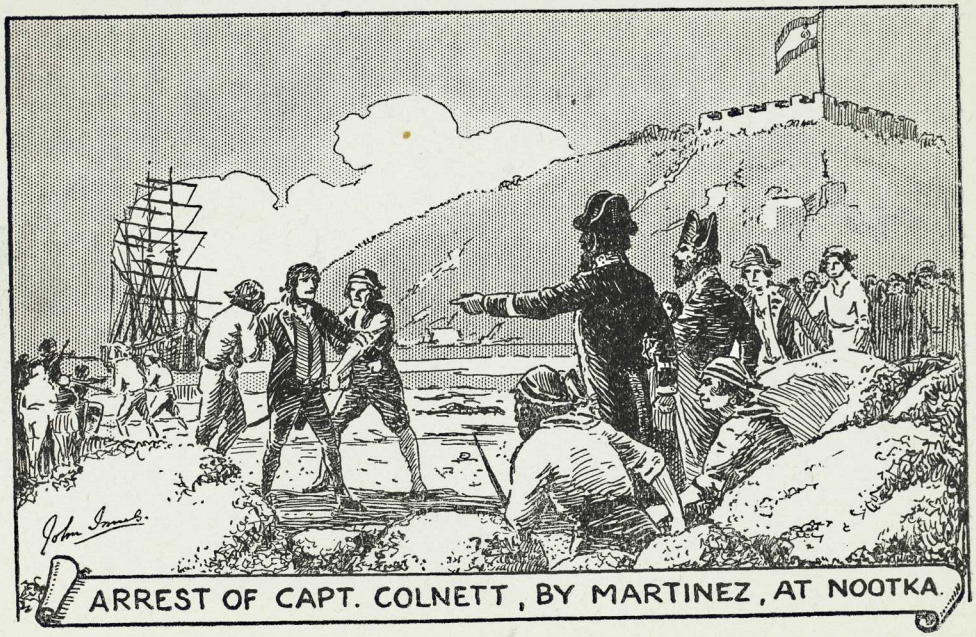
BY

TOM MacINNES
Author of
Roundabout Rhymes

Nine Drawings by J. Howard Smith
Two Drawings by John Innes

CONTENTS

	Page
Chinook Days	13
Chinook Jargon	25
Slolikum	37
Legend of Wa Wa Rock	43
Legend of the Blue Grouse	53
Legend of Ko and Klon	63
Yahda of Capilano	75
Grouse Mountain Plateau	95
The Lure of Placer Gold	107
Early Days on the Inlet	119
Captain Jack, the Poet Scout	129
A Night with the Sea Wolf	149
Mike King and the Bear	161
Song Wong Tai	171
Morrison of Pekin	179
Joss	191
Yolana	197
Notes	201



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Chinook Days

CHINOOK DAYS began at Nootka. Except for errant Norsemen, who cut the runes on the rock at Spokane, recording a battle disastrous to them, and also somewhat else which has not yet been deciphered on a cliff in one of the unfrequented valleys beyond Jasper Park; except for such and, if you like, the Fair Swift People of legend who came down this way before the Ice Age, and who were superior to any race now living in our ply of things, no Nordics seem ever to have touched this side of the Pacific until Sir Francis Drake, sailing abroad bravely for Queen Bess and Spanish plunder, proclaimed sovereignty in 1578 over the stretch of coast for some distance on either side of San Francisco; calling the land New Albion. A little later it was occupied by Spaniards hostile to our interests. They must have gone ashore on a warm day, for the Don in command gave the land the name of Hot Furnace in his own tongue. Thus it was labelled on old maps; and the name stuck. That label was no libel; and it is still rightly applicable to most of the inside of its long-drawn outness. But the lower end of California was in the knowledge of Italians and Greeks, as well as of Spaniards, before Drake's voyage. It was not until two hundred years later that the British and Spanish sailing on further voyages of discovery, crossed each other in laying claim to British Columbia.

Nootka, which is of no commercial standing now, had long been a centre for such primitive trade as there was among the Indians of the Coast. And Nootka acquired not only exploratory and international importance toward the end of the 18th century, but there was also a far-fetched religious significance attached to it long before that. Hoey Sien, Flower of Universal Compassion, was still dimly remembered as Hozeen in my youth among a few elect Indians. At least I feel sure that the Yo Hozeen of Skookum Sokalie Tumtum, what little of whose doctrine I made out for myself intrigued me because of its distinction, indicating a direction through the unseen quite other than that which was taught me in the Presbyterian Sunday School and the Catholic Brothers College at New Westminster; and not countenanced in the orthodoxy of True Believers so far as I could gather that from my old copy of the Arabian Nights—yes, I feel sure that he could have been none other than the devout and courageous Buddhist visionary, Hoey Sien, of whom I was to learn much later; and who in his gospel junk the Tai Shan came to Nootka from China 1400 years ago to spread the knowledge of the Lord Buddha and the Mahayana, the Wide Raft of Salvation, among the aborigines. Leaving three monks at Nootka, after having wintered there, he sailed south, seeking a harbor and finding none until he came to Acapulco in Mexico; which land, because of a certain cactus plant and product found there pro-

fusely, he described under the name of Fusang when he made an official report to the Emperor on returning to China. Thirteen hundred years later that alert English promoter and trader, John Meares, sometime a lieutenant in the Royal Navy, induced the Governor General of India, who was a Scotsman, and some British merchants in Macao, to back him financially in a scheme to go get the fur of the Americans and sell it in China. So in 1786 he sailed away from Macao eastward and northerly across the Pacific in a little brig which he named the Nootka, and which, for expediency and economy in the matter of harbor dues, he first placed under Portuguese colors. He made direct for Nootka, as if he were drawn by a magnet; all the sailors of those days being much better sailors than now; braving uncharted seas and most unfamiliar oceans in ships of sometimes less than 100 tons, and no equipment or conveniences or stores to compare with ours. Meares reached Nootka toward the end of summer. Later his Chinese carpenters and smiths built in that port the first ship of European model ever built on the Pacific Coast of North America. It was called the Northwest America, and in its lifetime was captured and held once by Spaniards. It was the Chinese of Meare's crew who first became excited at finding old Chinese cash of the Tsi Dynasty among the Indians. I had an antique iron one myself when a boy, which I was told had come from Nootka. I treasured it with some choice agates and

a panther's tooth which I had found. But long ago I lost the lot; cash included. These coins had come down to the Indians from they did not know when; so they said. They made good trinkets and charms; being so readily slung on a string by reason of the square hole in the centre of each. The Chinese of Meare's crew concluded that at some time in their interminable history this land had rightfully belonged to Ta Han, the Empire of China. Of course there may have been Jews trading down this way via the Aleuts and Alaska out of Mongolia; naturally leaving a little money of very little value as they passed through. There is other evidence, perhaps more plausible, to show that something of ancient Jewry was perpetrated on this side of the Pacific at a remote period. Or maybe Queen Yoma, who from Point Loma ruled California beautifully at one time so very different from now, may have spent among the Indians whatever coins she found in the pockets of Gino Dorio, a personable Italian officer, mingled with which may have been a few luck pieces of Marco Polo. This Queen Yoma had become enamoured at sight of Gino Dorio, whom she allured from his superior officer, Giano Sanguinettas; making him marry her and settle down in San Diego. Giano Sanguinettas was an Italian officer who in the year 1540 was sent north along the Gulf of Old California by Cortez to explore. Cortez was one of those sort of soldiers and politicians and explorers so gangrened with jealousy that they cannot bear to have

another mentioned for any brilliant part taken under them in any campaign or expedition. So in his reports Cortez ignored Sanguinettas and his comrades. But many things were going on up and down the Coast in those days of which we have only a few brief narratives now; most of them so romantic that grave historians and college-confined professors are averse to taking them seriously. Just for instance: Captain Candish, an Englishman with a good ship under his command, about the end of 1590 was happily able to detain a ship of the Spaniards at Cape California which was on its way from the Philippines and China to Mexico. In this ship, among others, there was an astute Greek sailor and free-trader who had goods of his own on board valued at 60,000 ducats. Having taken about all there was of movable and merchantable value out of the Spanish ship, and transferred it to his own, Captain Candish, who was no bloody walk-the-plank pirate but rather a gentlemanly hijacker, as we would say, wished the survivors Godspeed; leaving them with enough provisions and supplies to make Acapulco. The Greek, whose name was Apostolos Valerianos, although stony broke on a foreign shore, was a superior person of sufficient wit to work out of his head. So he soon contrived to come again to good food and clean linen; eventually acquiring a standing with the Spanish Governor of Mexico by the convincing manner in which he related his experiences as a mariner around the world, and his special qualifications as a

pilot in unknown waters. Now the Governor at the time was outfitting three ships to sail north and fortify the Straits of Anian against passage by the English; and, being impressed by the Greek, he made him chief pilot of the expedition. He was at the same time honored with a Spanish name; being known thenceforth as Juan de Fuca. On the voyage north, however, the Spanish commander proved to be such a dirty dog that there was a mutiny among the men, who took control of the ships and returned to Mexico. On all the facts being laid before the Governor the mutineers were not only exonerated but praised; and the captain was put in jail. Then, in 1592, the Governor sent Juan de Fuca north again; and this time in command. He made 47 degrees north latitude in the Southern Ocean, as the Pacific was then called, and as he sighted the inturn of the straits which now bear his Spanish name he flattered himself that he had come at last to the long-sought Western entrance of the Straits of Anian, through which there was wide and easy passage one time from the North Pacific to the North Atlantic. But it was not realized by any of those navigators then how time had passed enormously. They did not know that those legendary straits which once were open all the year round, and through which was as pleasant sailing one time among islands as now through the Gulf of Georgia, when a warm ocean washed the north coasts of Canada and Alaska, had been frozen hopelessly against men in ships ages and

ages ago. Juan de Fuca did not more than round Cape Flattery when by reason of bad weather, and insufficient stores and equipment to begin fortification of the Straits against the English, he thought wiser to turn back and report what he had found; on the strength of his report being confident that he could promote a stronger and better-equipped expedition for the purpose. He was ashore for awhile, however, in small boats; obtaining furs and fresh meat and water from the Indians with whom he traded. The story of Juan de Fuca was written down from his own lips at Venice in 1596 by Michael Lok, a reputable English merchant. I am thinking now that maybe he might have left some of those old Chinese coins with the Indians in Washington territory; the finding of which among the Indians at Nootka in 1786 has been the subject of conjecture ever since. But seems to me more likely than any other way those old coins of the Tsi Dynasty were brought to Nootka just one year earlier than Meare's first visit. For James Hanna, the first white fur-trader on the North Pacific Coast of America, sailed out of Keesai, China, at the close of the year 1784 in a lorka, a small type of vessel with hull European fashion and copper-bottomed, but with rig and sails of Chinese pattern; being for that reason more familiarly handled and with a maximum of efficiency by a Chinese crew. This lorka was of only 74 tons burden. Its crew consisted of 30 men. It had two masts; and its junk-ribbed sails could be slung

square to make like a brig or schooner-wise, according to convenience, in the wind. It arrived safely at Nootka in August of 1785; Hanna being guided to the place from the report made about it by Captain Cook. Hanna cleverly surmised from Cook's report that Nootka would be a likely place at which to obtain valuable furs for the Chinese market; and possibly ginseng. He obtained a large number of sea-otter skins; after an introductory fight with Chiefs Makwinna and Kaliko, who naturally thought that because his ship was so much smaller than the one in which Captain Cook had come there might be a good chance to capture it. But the Chinese seamen, who with two Lascars constituted the majority of Hanna's crew, proved their mettle, and the attack on the lorka was handsomely repulsed. After the fight all became proper good friends; and when Hanna left Nootka and returned to China he netted over $50,000 clean Mex profit from the sale of his furs at Canton. This started the foreign interest in Nootka. I heard that before sailing back to Macao Hanna left a Scotsman by name of McKay on shore at Nootka, at his own request, and that Makwinna provided him with a capable wife. It may have been the Scotsman who took the Chinamen's money, gaining with it among the Indians, and they agreeing never to tell how they came by it. The mere fact of the coins being of the Tsi Dynasty argues nothing against a late entry to Canada, for the older the thing is the more of value

it has in the eyes of the Chinese, except the way the English eat their game and the Germans their cheese, and they hold money until it is very old indeed. Others say that this McKay was left at Nootka a year later by Meares. So the whole matter remains in doubt as to the time when the Tsi Dynasty coins came first to Nootka. But of one thing there is no doubt: the first of the valuable Scots blend found in British Columbia originated at Nootka through the efforts of the McKay and that blend later was much appreciated in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Thus by going roundabout, as did Captain Vancouver, I come back again to Nootka; and the name means just that: all around to a conclusion. But before concluding the beginning of this book I would like to explain a little, if I can, what I intend. I would recall the clarity of four, which is the sacred number in Chinookery; I would give a breath of the four winds and the four mysteries in each; I would give at least one whiff of the four colored smokes; and perhaps some flavor of the four regimes and the four atmospheres, into any one of which I can yet dip for myself a little straw of memory, drawing from one level or another; gem-clear and excellent like the layers of various liqueurs in a proper pousse kafay. Of course I will fail in what I intend. But, soberly and historically, there was an era beginning with the coming of Captain James Hanna to Nootka, and ending with the founding of Vancouver City,

which may as well be called Chinook Days. That era was colored under four distinct regimes; one not lasting a decade, two counting several decades, one still going strong in a strong atmosphere of its own. There was the flash-in-the-pan of the Spanish; there was the business men's government of the Hudson's Bay Company; there was the admirable rule of Governor Douglas and the lesser Colonial Governors following him; and there is the chain of the catch-as-catch-can Provincial Governments with which we have been largely afflicted since Confederation.

At the end of 1885 Vancouver City was being plotted; and with that the new time began for British Columbia. I left the Province in 1885, and when I returned, six years later, grapes of a kind undreamed of here before the Canadian Pacific Railway came across were ripening along the shores between Hastings and Coal Harbor, and False Creek and English Bay; holding a sour promise of eventually being very large and juicy and reasonably sweet.

But those grapes were of the future; and I by nature preferred the accomplished sweetness of the Four Crown Layers to which I had been accustomed. My boyhood had been spent mostly under four influences; three sophisticated and finished cultures, each keeping amiably to its own; and a fourth in the making. I could be at my ease and content with correct and urbane Europeans of an early Victorian type; with Canadian trappers and miners and pioneers; with the good Indians of neolithic outlook

and habitudes; and with the elusive and everlasting Chinese. These all met and did business through Chinook Days on the Coast of British Columbia. Very peaceable and tolerant of each other they were within limits; each class living in the comfortable conviction that no new experiment was necessary so far as it was concerned; its own norm having been settled, and naturally being the right norm. Everything would continue as it was; and the old order would not change. They did not realize how they might be pushed to one side in the coming expansion; they did not foresee the poverty-stricken end of most of the old-timers who had laid the foundations upon which others were to build; who had sown where the chechacos now reap and grow rich.

In most of the sketches which follow I have tried to outline truly a few unique characters as I knew them; but I have been more concerned, as already intimated, to recover somewhat of the authentic scenarios in which certain events nearly or remotely touching this Coast occurred; preferring the trivial rather than the momentous from a historic or political standpoint, since one may have more of truth in this line from the trivial. Not that I am any truth-hound for ever nosing after immaterial exactitudes; and thus losing the trail of the only actual worth-while. But seeming irrelevancies are often otherwise.

What I have written for this book is true as I remember it, or at least as it was told to me. Little

chancy things which happen against the proper and the probable intrigue me perhaps too much. I remember now the dark night when the bear came down the Big Ravine and stole a pig out of the pen back of Bonson's Saloon. And I well remember the wide grin with which Captain Adolphus Peele of the Rifles, Town Apothecary, who lived on the edge of that same ravine, across from us on the handy side of the saloon, told me one afternoon how a blue grouse had just risen from among the trees below, and had perched on his back verandah; making off then with a little bunch of raisins from a plate lying by; and he too pleased with the audacity of the bird to think of shooting at it, although his gun was handy and he fancied grouse for his own dinner.

Easy and bountiful days; pigs and bears and benevolent apothecaries; blue grouse in the deep ravines and raisins in layers from London. Maybe these remnant memories might be puffed out to pumpkin bulk in a novel if one had the knack; some squashy thing achieving best-sellerhood for a week. But not having it in me to make a novel I will be content if I recall a little out of the past in such a way as to please a few of the old-timers remaining. A dry bunch of raisins maybe; but maybe good enough at that to find a place with some of the little nuts of literature.

Chinook Jargon

WHAT is known as Pidgin English, that is Business English, derives mainly from ordinary English, with addition of a few Cantonese and Portuguese and Malay and Hindustani words, spoken in fashion easy for the Chinese ear; with a sloppy touch of comicality about its delivery and phrasing as a rule; but sometimes attaining a sharp, laconic content equal to Latin. Pidgin English can do on a caricature of Cantonese construction; and sufficient fluency for trade and travel purposes may be acquired in the use of it within a month; whereas command of any Chinese language proper usually costs a foreigner years of intensive study. Likewise, in almost as short a time, one may become proficient in the use of the Chinook jargon; while most of the Indian languages once spoken along this Coast and west of the Rockies, maybe east also for all I know, took long to master because of intricate inflections, and variations of verbs and pronouns according to the rank or relation of the speaker to those addressed; and other ridiculous complexities like in Latin which I am not learned enough to name. Pidgin English still serves at a pinch in China for any necessary business between Chinese from various Provinces and Districts of the Empire who otherwise would be unable to understand each other's speech as spoken; and it is useful

also for the foreigners who trade out there. Even so the Chinook jargon once served along the Pacific Coast from Oregon to as far north as the Queen Charlotte Islands. It served for communication be tween various nations of Indians; differing in language and customs as widely as Spaniards differ from Swedes. It served the purpose also of the pioneer whites and the French and Scotch employees of the Hudson's Bay Company.

About 1870 an Anglican priest, the Rev. Canon Good, compiled a list of about four hundred words of the Chinook in common use. His little dictionary containing them, together with examples of their use, and a version of the Lord's Prayer in Chinook, although not the first of its kind, was the most popular while yet there was a demand for such a thing.

Canon Good had an old book which contained the first written list of Chinook words. It was called "The Captive of Nootka," and was printed at Middletown, Connecticut, in 1815. The author was an English sailor named John Jewett; and I understand his plain narrative was a favorite with Edgar Allan Poe. John Jewett hailed from Boston, England; and at that port he joined an American ship from Boston, United States, which was outfitting there in 1802 under command of Captain Salter. An old British tar by the name of William Thompson, formerly in the Royal Navy, joined along with Jewett. The Boston sailed around the Horn and up to Nootka to get a share of the fur trade. Arriving

safely there all went well until March, 1803, when Captain Salter, just as his ship was about to sail, insulted the old Chief Makwinna, then well advanced in years, but prouder than ever in his memories of friendship with Captains Cook and Hanna and Meares and Martinez and Quadra and Vancouver. So as a result of the insult the Indians, under Makwinna's command, attacked and captured the Boston; killing all the crew except Jewett, because he was an armourer and likely to be of use to them; and also old Thompson, because Jewett pretended Thompson was his father, and said that if Thompson were killed it would cause him such grief he would be unable to make knives and spearheads properly from the ship's metal. It was after this affair with the Boston that all Americans became known in Chinook as Boston men; just as all British were known as King George men. During his three years' captivity Jewett wrote down a list of nearly three hundred Chinook words. He was finally rescued in July, 1806, by the original Sam Hill, Yankee captain of the brig Lydia of Boston; his fellow-captive, Thompson, having died shortly before that. Old Thompson had been made personal attendant on Chief Makwinna; and among other duties was required to wash and keep in order the Chief's blankets. On one occasion an insolent Indian from another village, seeing the blankets spread out on the grass to dry, deliberately walked across them to soil them and show his contempt for the white slave. Thomp-

son, in a fury, warned him not to ever do such a thing again or he would kill him. The Indian laughed, and deliberately walked across one of the blankets again. Thompson had always been permitted by Makwinna to carry his cutlass; and the old tar was still handy with it. He sprang forward, expert boarder that he was, and with one blow of the cutlass he cut the Indian's head off clean. Then he rolled the head up in the blanket and took it to Makwinna, who was much pleased when he heard the circumstances explained; and Thompson was advanced in honor thereafter. When the Canon would be telling that, and he told the same story often, he would refer to a Biblical incident which he claimed to be somewhat similar, and justifiable; the time a handsome Jewess delivered the Lord's people by bringing to the Elders of Zion the head of their chief enemy rolled in a blanket. But that Jewess had first gotten her customer dead drunk with wine before she did the business of decapitation; and she must have made a bloody, slow mess of it. Anyway, to me as a child, the outrightness of the English sailor seemed far more commendable.

I conversed with the Canon at different periods over a stretch of twenty-five years. For long he was a character in Nanaimo, a town once noted for odd characters. In his day and in his way he helped to make things pleasant for all, irrespective of creed. He was never so evangelical as to be an affliction to the community. In the matter of Chinook he

once informed me, with more or less precision, that about half of its vocabulary came out of the original Chinook, which was a highly inflected language; that about a quarter was derived from other Indian languages; that about a quarter more was made up of English and French disguised; and that half as much again was straight French and English. Seems to me there must have been in addition a few auxiliary fifths, and possibly even tenths, expressed by emphasis and ululation, spaced by comprehensive silences; with a few gestures thrown in for full measure.

But I have forgotten all but a little of my Chinook; and make no claim to be accurate now. The use of English words in the jargon naturally increased after the regime of the Hudson's Bay Company, with its Gaelic factors and French trappers, had ended; what time the King George men and the Boston men were busy founding their towns, and rounding the lands where the Indians lived; taking over all of the immemorial No Man's Land between the recognized reserves. Canon Good told me that the original Chinook Indians were a remarkable but unfortunate people, who for centuries had been the leading traders at Nootka, before the white men came; but after that, being up against the mouth of Columbia and under the administration of Washington, they were soon decimated. Yet they left a name for many things; including this jargon called Chinook.

It was at Nootka, where the tribes met to trade, that Chinook came to form. The Chinook of the Nootkas kept chiefly to the k consonant; although some have disguised the stark kukluxity of the fact by using hard c instead of k, and x instead of ecks, and qu instead of kw in the spelling of it. There was also a lot of yah and wah about Chinook; and it easily ran to l with the French; incorporating the article le or la with the approximate French sound of the word adopted; and sometimes even with an English word. For instance, lecallat was the Chinook word for carrot; and lapuss for cat; hyas puss-puss being a cougar. Compounds were also made of English and Indian; and indiscriminately either way. Thus chuck was Chinook for water; and salt-chuck for the sea. But again the English word water would be joined with a Chinook word, as in the Chinook tumwata, a cascade or water-fall, or the rapids of a river; tum being Chinook for tone or sound. In Chinook variation was by repetition of the same; by such device indicating increase of size or intensity or quality. Thus tum, which meant a sound, by doubling into tumtum served to indicate the identifying tone or keynote of a thing; hence the mind, the heart, the soul, as we would say. The Salish Indians in general seemed incapable of the clear r; slurring it, as one finds r mistreated in utterance by certain of the English; and also by Americans from the lower Southern States; and negroes, and denizens of the Bowery.

A standard spelling for Chinook could hardly be expected by those who compiled its various dictionaries; for one thing, because the Indian accent and the several accents of the French and English-speaking whites were so pronouncedly different. All of them naturally claimed to be right about words out of their own language; and they were not finicky about the others so long as they made their meaning clear.

I have spoken of the prevailing k tone; but that k was sounded for accommodation of our own tongue, and was not quite the sound given by the Indians. For instance: sokalie, meaning high, had a growling k in it when uttered by the Indians, more like what one hears from a sober Scot saying loch. Perhaps if the word were spelled saughalie to convey a throaty gh, it might be nearer to the Indian way. But why be precise about a dead jargon which served a good purpose once, but which is now almost extinct; and which left no literature! So it is not my purpose here to expatiate on the structure and peculiarities of this once easy, useful and odd jargon. I am not qualified, anyway. But I will say this: For all its paleolithic crudity some could work with it for expression as exquisitely as an artisan of the Stone Age worked with his rude stone tools; and he did more than many of us now could do if left to face life in the wilderness with the best of steel tools. When I recall the grammatic poverty of Chinook, its limited vocabulary, bare of ornament, and yet

remember the rich syllabic music which could be made to run through it with right enunciation; and when I recall also the ease with which an expert in its use could convey accurate directions, and express strong opinions concerning his enemies, and cover new situations as they arose; I am wondering if in structure it were not of a kind with whatever primitive language slowly crystalled in the subconscious of men before Adam left Lilith and took to Eve; or before the Lunar Pitris descended; or before the Pithecanthropus Erectus ascended; or whatever be the truth of the creatures and our origin, if ever we had any definite origin, which I very much doubt.

The proportion of English increased as time passed. Now many of the Salish Indians speak only English; and have no such difficulty with certain letters as once their fathers had; the time when in Chinook the English words fire, fish and rum became pia, pish and lum. The root syllable pot, with its give and take significance, became, when mixed with rum, potlum; meaning the state of being intoxicated; also, by association, any strong drink by which that state was attained.

This unexpectedly leads me to things of the spirit. There was more outlet for spiritual expression in Chinook than one knowing it only in terms of hunting and trade might think. Even obscure spiritual concepts could be hinted at through Chinook. Naturally the words and combinations for such were not in the traders' working list of words; and some of

them were left out of the missionary lists because not comprehended; or because it was considered expedient to ignore them. I tell in another article about slolikum. An ekonay was a beneficent spirit; contained of an order above slolikum. The kahwok was what we mean by a person's guardian angel; one's own special totem or guiding spirit; kahwok-oo was the topmost reach of a man's nature when purified and in possession of the other sight and hearing. A cheehah was generally an evil influence, vague like a hoodoo; but again it might be concrete as an Arabian jinn, or even one of the devouring ogres of our own folklore.

Slolikum, and spirits in general, were not thought of as having any proper sex in our sense; although they may have all the tantrums of it. When they desire to exist they strike like lightning where right ethers are assembled; and presto, there you are! They hook on and explode the stuff; and then grow it to form, seen or unseen in this world, to exist for a moment or an age; independent and parentless as the spirit of a snowflake or a quartz crystal. Some are gentle, and some are rough; some go straight at a thing, and some travel more quickly by going roundabout. Some succeed by extreme action; and others do by not doing. For that reason, perhaps, we now and then ascribe a gender to their manifestations.

It is difficult for certain spirits to move through our world; but many move like the wind; or radio them-

selves all around to come out where they please. The Skookum Tah, or Stone Spirits, are connected with the earth. But they are usually remote; and unconcerned with the affairs of men. They make their point of contact with our world through great rocks and mountain peaks; into some of which they may enter and dream. The good influence from their dreaming is received by the land and the right creatures below.

The word tah in Chinook corresponds very nearly to every meaning we ascribe to spiritual; and it was variously conjoined with other words to express aspects of the supernatural. For instance: tah is the qualifying word in tahlapuss, the spirit cat or kyotee ghoul; the loup garou or were-wolf as we would say. At Nootka from the Spanish it would seem as if something like lamana and manus was taken to signify the hand. Then tah was prefixed to this to indicate the spirit hand or touch of wizardry; making the word tahlamanus, and later tahmanawus, to cover every form of sorcery. Also by Tah or Latah was sometimes meant a supernatural race of people next above the human order; and yet an order attainable by living men. These Tah, comparable to the lesser Gods of the Greeks, dwell apart in the Kloosh Illahie, the Delectable Land; which is by no means the abode of ordinary persons who die and wake in ghostland. Just as siyah, meaning distance, meant great distance with the last syllable long drawn, siya-a-ah, so tah-oo, meaning spiritual distance, or distance in

time, was intensified by dwelling on the last syllable.

Long ago, and alone under a pine tree on a hilltop, an Indian came and told things to me between sound and silence that were tah-oo. When leaving he gave an all-round wave of his arm and said: "Kwonsum Sokalie Tyhee mamook kopa sokalie. Pe kwonsum Yo mitlite Yo." That is to say: "Forever the Lord on High works high. But forever Yo stays Yo." How about that? How about that notion of Yo, the eternal, unexistent yet potential matrix; anterior to God as the sky is anterior to the sun? Such a notion was neither acceptable, nor perhaps comprehensible, by such of our people as were engaged in giving the comfort of our religion to those who were being killed off by our culture.

I remember how that unusual talk with that unusual Indian came back to me many years after in Dr. George Morrison's library at Pekin. I was being shown characters at the back of a Chinese book, beginning a rare version of the Scripture of the Heavenly Way. Those characters were turned into words for me: "Dau ko dau fay chwang dau!" That is: The doing that can be done is not the regular doing! I knew then without more ado that it meant: The doing that can be done is not the eternal doing! And that is only another way of saying what the Indian said to me on the hilltop under the pine tree when I was a boy. The Divine that can be divined is not the Eternal Divine!

Slolikum

SLOLIKUM are plural like trout. Also a slolikum is just as singular; more so, in fact. Slolikum is a wide word in Chinook, intended to cover nature-spirits of most kinds below the rank of the Stone Spirits and the proper Totems. But used alone it does not include wilfully malevolent devils; massatchee slolikum, like tahlapuss and chehah; nor yet anything like ghosts or vampires or other such dismal astral remnants of human origin. Slolikum, as a rule, avoid humans, whether in the body or out of it; except they come by a good chance to tease or upset them. But in the mass they are not malicious; knowing many better ways of enjoying themselves. There are a few persons of our kind, indeed, to whom they become attached; proving their affection in such little ways as they can through the thickness of our affairs; the recipient often never suspecting the source of the favours, and attributing them merely to good luck.

A friend of mine did not come home after the War, but settled in the Old Country, where he married a native girl, one of the plump, fair-haired, blue-eyed, red-cheeked Saxon type, with whom he still lives happily. Now this girl was bred in the open country near ancient ruins, and seems to have gotten herself in touch with certain nature-spirits for whom such places and round hilltops serve as nodal points to

come through into our thickness when they have business on our side, which is not very often. My friend, knowing my interest in these matters, noted down from her talk certain phases of faery which I have not found in the books, but which are so much in line with what I myself have felt in the open of Canada that I am inclined to credit her sincerity. This English girl has seven different names for distinguishing the nature-spirits with which she has come in contact. It is well known also that among the Norse, and the various tribes of the Irish, there is an extensive terminology respecting the nature-spirits and creatures in faery. Brother Allan, who was well up in the ancientry of Ireland, and the lore that was before his own religion, told me many things useful in this field; wherein wasps, so to speak, are not to be confounded with butterflies.

Slolikum will not be sufficiently comprehensive to connote all manner of the elusive etherials of faery; lucent in octaves that quiver beyond sense of human eyes in the ordinary; nor can the word discriminate among the orders as it should; no more than hyas oluk and bolothumpia horrida could for all the vanished monsters of physical geology.

But in the meagre way of Chinook the word slolikum served well enough for indication of all that could be sensed here of the kind, I am told, until before 1860. Very few were concerned, or even believed in the existence of the creatures; and,

moreover, Chinook as a jargon was contrived to serve mainly the business of muskets, and what came of their use; and with much gesticulation otherwise Chinook was used for the explanations and confinements of missionaries. And there is little of faery in that; either way you take it.

Long ago I heard of the migration of the Little People to British Columbia. Such migrations may occur I suppose, as often as among our own kind, but I have only come in touch with the edge of this one. It was in 1860 that the queer colony formed here from the Old Country; a colony which will never be mentioned in the school histories, nor in the very Blue Books of the Canadian Immigration Department. It seems that, just as certain insects for good and evil have gone overseas to new lands along of cargoes of plants and fruits, so when a few British children came around the Horn to this Coast, the ships bringing at the same time English roses, and Scotch broom, and fox-gloves and slips of cherry trees and apples, then veritable fairies and elves came along too; whether in the seeds or how I do not know; and whether because of the flowers and fruits, or whether because of the liking they had for the few children who would have been forlorn without feeling their presence around; that I do not know either. But Brother Allan seemed to think it might be both ways when I asked him.

I am glad that so much of British Columbia is so much on end and up in the air that men can never

plow it; nor make the air around too thick from habitations in the reserves held by the Stone Spirits. And through those reserves all slolikum, native here from before the Ice Age, and the chechaco fairies and elves that came but lately out of England, are welcome to go their own way and live their lives untroubled by the sounds and smells and clash and grab of the like of us in crowds.

When slolikum are intrigued by birds or children or any clean, frolicing things living in our ply of the world, they do not watch them as we do from the outside. They enter into the spirit with them. They enter as light enters water; and thus they know them, and play with them and through them. But from adults who strut for admiration, or from their painted lips demand; and from all who are too strong of themselves for themselves alone; something goes forth like a bad breath. This passional effluvia is offensive to the slolikum; they do not like it, and so they will only plague such persons from the outside when they can. But it is seldom they can; account of being too thin of their fine substance to come into the thick of things where we dwell. Besides that, most of them are very exclusive; they keep far off in their own provinces.

In this world I have met a few people, some of them young, some of them old, but not many between; and also a few stray dogs and kittens and little parrots and wee flowers peeping up through ash-can alleys; at whose dream-shrouded forms I

have wondered. Indeed I have felt like asking: "My and oh my, what are you doing here? You, down and out here?" But there would be no use; for they could not answer. They only know they do not belong; and life is a sad puzzlement which they for the most part endure bravely till they can be quit of it. They have forgotten; and yet they have the feel of what they have forgotten. Seems to me they belong to the domain of the other emperor; of which I know something. The entrances are secret; but once over the high rocks, and in through them, they lead on into beautiful parks. These are so fine that I never wanted to go farther into anything finer. Mistake to be a hog about heaven. You may halt just anywhere you please. Life in the domain of the other emperor is easy nearly all the time; and earnest people are not allowed. There the slolikum find happy employ.

I came to a little of these things by myself; and I was made to understand more through the teachings of Brother Allan, and what I had of his wisdom when he said nothing at all in the woods, the times he would be taking a few of us boys up through the old Government House ravine; which was later blasted from all its greenery and hidden ways and waterfalls to make place for the hellery of a Federal Penitentiary and a Lunatic Asylum. It was transformed to such ugliness that it went away altogether, like our other haunts, the Brunette and the Coquitlam, their streams industrially enslaved; and I do not care for that which has followed.

In the old days, not only in the territories of the Stone Spirits, where they may be known and felt like the fragrance of hidden wildbriar in the wind, but by the unfrequented pools, and by dogwood and arbutus trees on the edge of unmolested forests, the fairies and eleves and little slolikum came through. An English country family with many children, all dead now, once had a ranch off the old Douglas Trail at the end of a big lake. Their house is gone to ruin, and no one ever finds the place but a few stray Indians or persons who are led. But there are yet trees of wonderful Queen Anne cherries growing and bearing there for only the birds; hidden deep away in a forest of fir and hemlock. Both fairies and elves have been seen there; and some Indian children, who had the sight, naturally took them to be children of the Fair Swift People come back; the people of whom no Indians ever tell, even the few who know of them now, unless and unless.

Legend of Wa Wa Rock

WHEN I was a boy at New Westminster old Joe Armstrong told many stories to me of the great Cariboo Gold Rush, culminating between 1860 and 1865. He told of adventures and mishaps at roadhouses and with the stage-coaches along the wonderful Cariboo Road. Among these stories was one of how a party of miners, returning to the coast in winter by way of Harrison Lake, went ashore in their canoe toward the lower end of it, being nearly chilled to death, and intending to make a fire and use the last of their beans. But as the bow of the canoe touched shore, and one of the men stood up to make a landing he toppled into the water from weakness. The others were so far gone with cold, and so cramped and fatigued with the long paddle down the lake, that they scarce could stir to help him. To their surprise he crouched contendedly down in the water; calling to his fellows to come in with him. They at first thought he had gone crazy. But the water was so warm as to seem almost hot. Then the others stripped and got in; staying till the chill had all gone out of them, and they could feel their strength returning. They drank some of the water, and it had such a bad taste that they knew it must be good medicine. The hot sulphur spring at that time was right on the edge of

the lake where they had landed. Feeling better they came out of the water and made a fire and killed a porcupine and recovered. When they reached New Westminster two days later, and told their story, that was the first ever heard among the whites about Harrison Hot Springs. The Indians of course had always known about them; and they knew also of the Keekwully Tyhee who sent up the medicine waters all hot from below.

It was Joe Armstrong who finally decided to own and exploit those springs. No one cared much about them in 1885; and it was easy to acquire title to them from the government at Victoria. Joe intended to dedicate them to St. Alice; and to build a camp and lodge there for invalids. But before he did that he invited some old-timers, one of them a Forty-Niner and the other a veteran of the Crimea, to go along with him on a trip there in July, 1885. And with them went four lucky boys; Charlie Dickenson, Charlie Tilley, Mat Phillips and myself. One of the first sternwheelers of the Fraser was the Onward; and on her we went up the Fraser as far as Harrison River. There we were met by Big Alek, a noted Indian of the coast in those days. He was usually available and always trustworthy for any hunting or fishing or prospecting party. I had known him myself at that time for seven years. Big Alek had provided one war canoe, which might easily have accommodated twenty men; and along side of that one small canoe, the tenas canim, which

we towed to serve our lighter purposes when at camp.

It is now forty-one years since I have been up that way; and so the distances and the sceneries glimmer hazily in memory. But, because of my turn for color perhaps, I clearly recall the clean contrast of the blue Harrison where it met the muddy, swirling, wide Fraser. We camped that night among some alders near a clear little stream running into the Harrison River. While yet it was light, and so as not to be in the way of the others who were pitching the tent and gathering firewood and making things ready for supper, Mat Phillips and I went for a paddle up river in the little canoe. After ten minutes or so we came abreast of a flat rock near shore, and to our surprise a big salmon lay stretched out on it. Evidently it had just been caught by someone who had laid it there, thinking it would be safe until his return. So we took it and paddled back to camp as fast as we could. The others were very pleased when they saw what we had brought back of our forage. It was cut into steaks and fried. Early next morning I went out along the little stream and managed to catch three speckled trout; each of them nigh a pound in weight. I was all the more proud because of having caught them with my new red fly.

Then we piled all into the big canoe again, and paddled up Harrison River until we rounded into the lake. Before we came to the Hot Springs, how-

ever, Big Alek stopped us close in front of a square cliff, and called in a loud voice:

"Klahowyah Salal! Pe klatawah cultus wawa! Klatawah tum kopa kloosh illahee!"

We all knew Chinook; so we all knew that he was saying.

"Salute Salal! But go away empty voice! Go away and make your sound in the good land!"

Why this was said we did not then know. But the clearest, nearest echo that ever I heard came right back at us; it was talking out of the rock before our faces. Big Alek knew just where the best point was to stay and speak to it

After that we soon reached the Hot Springs. One is hotter than the other; but each tastes worse than the other as you try it. Fortunately, being boys, we had no call to drink the waters. But from the hottest spring we would fill the little canoe; using it as a bath-tub when the water had cooled.

We lived very well there for ten days. We climbed the mountains; and we caught many trout in a small upper lake, which by this time no doubt has been fished out. Too many people have come to our Province since then for the liking of old-timers; and such like fauna needing unfrequented spaces wild and wide. But now what comes to me most clearly out of that holiday is a memory of stories told us by Big Alek at nights around the fire. Indeed it was myself who started him at it for the others, because more than once before I

had heard him tell stories on Burrard Inlet, and I knew what a storyteller he was. Allowing for the years that have passed, and for the language of Big Alek, and his signs and intonations of which I had great meaning, I would tell now in my own way some of the legends I had of him. And as I have just mentioned the rock of the wonderful echo I will begin with the story he told about that.

Salal was the youngest daughter of a chief in the time very long ago. She was slim and skilful; her eyes could see very far and also very close into little things that others would not notice. Her ears could hear the fall of a snowflake. But her tongue was ever too quick with words that stript all cover from ones decent pretences; and stung like the loose touch of nettles on bare flesh. Her two elder sisters were good girls, and both married active young hunters, and had children, and were happy. But Salal would marry none of the young men who came to her; and neither her mother nor her father could control her. One day she said that she was going to marry Quatla, who was an old medicine-man, and who did not want to be bothered with her because of things he loved doing better than being married. But Salal was stubborn as she was cunning for whatever thing she wanted; so in the end she had her own way, and married Quatla. Now Quatla was the greatest medicine-man of his time in all the region round. It was from such medicine-men of long ago that we come by our

pale teachers and preachers and doctors of today; having the ways they have, and living by them. But in Quatla's time a medicine-man was indeed a medicine-man. He could talk with the children of the wind. He could see what was doing on the other side of mountains. He could make such a face at any tricky slolikum that ventured to come through bent on mischief for fun that it would vanish in fright back where it belonged. And he could fool sick people into being well even when they were not well.

Yet in every lodge and tent the people wondered why Salal took Quatla for a husband; he being so old that he would rather look to the ground for strange herbs than into the eyes of Salal for the brighter magic held by them. But Salal knew what she wanted; she was cunning in finding the ways to what she wanted; and she was not afraid to take them. She gained the secrets and powers and wisdom of Quatla. And as Quatla grew feeble and indifferent of life Salal grew lithe and beautiful as a young wildcat. Her tongue, which from her youth had been so quick with words, could now wilt even a great warrior with its evil way of telling the truth so as to hurt. And more and more as she began to grow fonder of Quatla and more careful to shield him from others and from himself, she scolded him bitterly about this and about that until at last the old man could stand it no longer. So he whispered to his friends in the wind after a fashion

that he had; and the next morning there was no trace of him to be found.

Many seasons passed before Salal was able to find Quatla again. She located him at last on top of a great rock at Harrison Lake; whispering contentedly to the wind and making medicine. Then Salal was very glad, and her heart leapt with the relief to find that dear husband once more; and immediately her tongue was loosed upon him in the old way for leaving her, so that the old man smarted and twisted with what she said and the way she said it. Suddenly it was as if the strength of his youth had returned; and in a rage he caught Salal and hurled her over the edge of the rock into Harrison Lake. Then he leapt after her. Both were drowned without the other knowing it. But then happened a thing quite out of the regular course when people die; a strange thing. It is said that as Salal was coming to herself in the reverse side, somewhat dazed and upset by the way she had died, a chancy band of slolikum passing by in the wind caught her spirit, and by their craft of impression they impressed her spirit in the big rock before she was wide enough awake to resist; and there they had her for their entertainment, just as we would cage a wild and pretty bird. They were the simple kind of slolikum that delight to dance to thunder and heavy falling rain, and to swing back and forth in echo waves and in passing they had heard the voice of Salal before she was hurled over

the cliff, and had much admired the cleave and clang of her tongue. That was why they so adroitly and hopefully slipt her spirit into the rock while they had the chance.

But when Salal realized what had happened she was in a fury. She seemed caught fast beyond escape until dissolution of the rock. Only the voice of her could not be stilled; and hour after hour and day after day and year after year she poured out bitter words in the spirit, and cursed everything within reach of her words in the three Indian languages she knew, and in one of her own which she had for talking to slolikum. Her words went echoing all around the shores of the lake, and up in the mountains to the very top of Cheam where the snow never melts. At first the slolikum danced for joy in the sharp and novel sounds, even as children do for a long, long string of exploding firecrackers at the incoming of the Chinese New Year. But after years and years of the never ending clatter their spirits began to chafe. This voice of Salal was a rasping noise; especially after she learned the trick of making the slolikum sore with the things she called them what they were. And at last it became annoying even to the grave totems of the woods, and the Stone Spirits high up on the mountains. So all the things concerned bestirred themselves; and by the ways that are proper it was arranged to have the spirit of Salal extricated from the big rock so that she might be born again of her

own people. But Salal was no ordinary spirit; and such force had to be used in freeing her that half the rock was smashed down, and it is not so high now as once it was. Moreover, in extricating the spirit of Salal from the cling of the rock her voice in some fashion was left behind, as if tangled in the lay of the stone so as to be no more than an echo. Thus it came to pass that Salal was born again as a beautiful and cunning girl; very quick to understand all things as they touched the occasion; but with no power of tongue ever to say one word. She was considered very desirable as a wife; and she was sought after by many. But for a long time she showed no interest in any man, and would listen to no proposal, even from the richest wooer. Then one day after she was older there came to her village Tslan Tala, the strange young hunter out of the North. She went to him at once, and altho he was somewhat younger than herself she made up her mind to have him. For she knew that he was Quatla of long ago. That was divined by Salal most clearly; altho it was not up in the memory of Tslan Tala. So Tslan Tala and Salal lived together in adventure for a long time after that; and many strange stories are told of them.

The voice of Salal is still in the big Wawa Rock. But since Salal is gone from it there is no complaint from men or slolikum about what it says or the noise it makes. Because now there is nothing behind it to think things for it to say, and so it can

only say what is said to it. For those who remain so young or become so old that they would rather hear their own voice than see their own face it may yet remain an entertaining place to go—that Wa Wa Rock at Harrison Lake.

Legend of the Blue Grouse

AS SOME have the knack of dreaming right meanings out of the runes and glyphs of vanished races, and as some can ponder antique Chinese characters until they open their gates and send forth a parade in his honor with richly-clad, swaggering, far-fetched notions never heard of in the cut-and-dried of the scholars, so from the uncouth jargon of Big Alek, and the queer signs he made while the Douglas firs whispered darkly to the cedars between campfire and starlight on the shores of Burrard Inlet while yet Vancouver was only Granville, I found entry into the dry sweet aura of Chinook tales now almost lost. That aura of them was of value to me far beyond the tales themselves around which it wavered; an aura as it were of August at its best for a child on holiday in some abandoned land of fruit run wild. I had of it hints and fragrances of precious histories and appearances, and of things that are only to be found by those who know the hills and forests of indirection; the verifiable lands and seas of the other geography. The tales themselves as put in words may be stark as fossil bones and broken totem poles; signifying little to those who are not in the know. A remnant few of them are dissected and mishandled by profes-

sors with religious and scientific theories, and one here and there by earnest ladies enamored of eugenics; all the lot as void of romance as any mummy in a museum. Seems to me in these affairs that where there is no romance there is no quality of truth worth saving. Yet in so far as I can tell the truth I will tell truly what once was told to me about Tslan Tala and the Blue Grouse.

One morning one hundred years before the solid oak, British built, squat little Beaver, first steamship to enter the Pacific, sailed through Lions' Gate, the old Chief Tslan Tala rose to look in stillness at the sun which was coming up very brightly beyond the Second Narrows on the Inlet. Tslan Tala had been doing that on every fine morning for many years. But this fateful morning as he did so he suddenly felt that it would not be with him that day as it had been on other days. He did not know what. Some magic of the sunlight had entered his heart. There seemed a silent gladness over all around him, as if Salal were very near. She had been long dead, that Salal.

Till that morning Tslan Tala had kept his strength and he had never felt old before. But now suddenly he was very outworn; yet with the great peace over him like an ancient cedar in the sunlight resting erect and green with the heart of it gone.

The lodge of Tslan Tala was among the high trees close to the beach at the Lions' Gate. The

tide-rips there were often strong; and the fishing then was always good. When he had finished his morning look at the sun in stillness the young men of Tslan Tala came to him as was customary, and asked him to return to the lodge so that all might eat. This he did; but without a word. He went along as in deep thought; and at such times none would disturb him. Yet he was not deep in thought. His mind was empty of thought as the sky is of clouds on those days when the gossamers float their long fine threads through the air from tree to tree and flower to flower; knowing clear weather is sure. The leaves of the vine-maple were just beginning to color red; and the big leaves of the big maples to color yellow; and the blue flowers of the end of summer had come.

After he had taken breakfast Tslan Tala rose, moving as one who walks in his sleep, but making a sign that he was not to be followed. Silently as a shadow he passed down to the shore, and pushed off in his canoe; taking with him his axe and bow. He paddled with the tide which was running in through the Lions' Gate swirling and swift: looking ahead to the sun as it rose higher and higher up the sky from beyond the Second Narrows. After he had paddled well into the middle of the Inlet it seemed as if an unseen paddle at the bow were veering his canoe toward the North Shore. So he let it go that way, as if yielding to the leading of another. When he landed he drew the canoe up on

the beach beyond reach of high tide; leaving it hidden under low salmon-berry bushes skirting the shore. Then he went deep into the forest, taking his axe and bow along. Straight and tall and close together the firs and cedars lorded it everywhere as now they are only seen to do in Stanley Park. But they made room also for hemlock and spruce and balsam and yellow cypress and tamarac a-plenty; and here and there for the big maples with the big leaves and the thick moss along their branches where grow the licorice ferns, and also for the little vine-maples with dainty leaves and slim, elastic trunks from which one can make a good bow, or at need cut a handy fishing-pole. There were occasional thickets of alder and black birch and hazel; and now and then a lone dogwood or copper-colored arbutus. Over all was a brooding silence, except for the chanting of the wind aloft in the tree-tops. The Old Gods of long ago were dreaming deep in the air.

Tslan Tala walked on into the forest; but for what he did not know. Then after a time he heard the hooting of a blue grouse. This recalled him out of his trance, and he was wide-awake and alert again; the hunter that he was. Very quietly he advanced. Not a twig cracked under his tread, nor a branch rustled with its switch-back as he passed through. The hooter was nearer now, but farther up the hill. Tslan bent his bow and had an arrow in place. But as he drew near the thicket where

he thought the grouse was hidden he heard its amorous challenge again farther on and farther up. Again and again he heard the whir of it rising and going on up, just as he thought to come in sight of it. With the still persistence of the primeval hunter he followed. On and up, on and up he went; and there was no tiring him. He found himself climbing the steep side of a mountain. Tslan Tala intended for that to have that grouse if he had nothing else all that day.

It was long past noon before he had his first glimpse of the hooter. It was standing on a log, as if waiting for him; and surely it was the biggest, plumpest blue grouse that ever was seen. When he let his first arrow fly it barely grazed the neck of the bird. But on the instant it had flown farther on and up to a new covert, where it hooted to all the woods and the listening things again as in no way frightened. Tslan Tala caught up with it again and again, but always his arrows just missed making a hit. Come on up here with me; come on, come along! That is what it seemed to be saying now to the old Chief. And he noticed with wonder how the dun and gray-blue feathers of the bird, edged with a little white on the sides, were brightening as he followed it up the mountain. Soon they were brilliant as those shown by a bluejay flying in the sunlight; and just as blue. Soon they were bluer. He had never seen the like before.

It was late in the afternoon when Tslan Tala at last sent an arrow clean through the breast of that grouse. Then the old Chief knew that he had chased no bird of this world. His arrow quivered in the trunk of a tree after he had seen it pass through the breast now shining as blue as the sky. The bird flew on and up ahead of him as before, and was in no way hurt. Tslan Tala put by his bow, and followed the Blue Grouse no longer as a hunter, but reverently; believing it now to be a messenger of the Sokalie Tyhee, or even a sparkle and meaning of Yo. Again he was wrapt in the trance of the early morning, and he climbed on and up with never a thought but to follow as he was being led.

It was nigh sunset when he came out upon a gray plateau of solid rock; and on that he stood and watched the wonder bird as it circled higher and higher in the air as no mortal grouse would do. Then it turned to a straight course, and flew across the Inlet to the South Shore. And in the unusual as it flew it grew larger in his eyes instead of smaller; and more brilliant was the blue of it till it seemed like a winged blue moon; and it thinned and widened then till at last it went all blue into the blue of the sky and could be seen no more.

Then came the vision to Tslan Tala. Across the Inlet and the outer bay, and beyond to the far point, and on over to the low river lands; he looked down from the Plateau and saw it all. But

he saw more than all; for he saw what was not then there. The old forests were gone. There were strange ships in the Inlet. There were many strange people in great lodges of smooth wood along the South Shore. He saw the straggling, ugly embryo of a huge camp unknown to him. Then, as the years reeled rapidly by, from the camp spread many arms as from an incredible vast devil-fish over all the land, destroying the noble trees, and choking the little streams, and filling the gracious hollows and ravines; driving away all that was dear to him. Later in the vision shapes arose unaccountable and strange beyond his understanding. There was a dismal city of envious groups, deriding and obstructing each other. But against the spirit of the dismal graspers grasping from each other a brighter spirit struggled long and hopefully and at last it prevailed. Much of the old despair was clean blown away; and out of the first ugliness arose a swan-like city, rich and fair, till in fair fame it was among the richest and fairest of the earth. The very climate changed. It seemed to Tslan Tala as if a fluttering of luminous blue wings were sending good influences down over that city through all the long good year. He looked to the waste places where charred and dead trees had been; and they were all stripped away. He looked to the nearer mountains and from bottom to top they were terraced and lined with beautiful lodges built of stone and materials unknown to him in many colors. He saw men coming and going from

the city to the mountains in ways swift and airy beyond his understanding. But all that was far from then, and is surely far from now.

Tslan Tala had been wise in many lives forgotten; and also he had in him the wisdom of many others which had come through to him though gained by others in lives forgotten. Therefore he had the gift of knowing how to do many things which he could not remember ever having learned to do, or ever having done before. But in the flow of this vision that came to Tslan Tala there was little of the past to help him to understanding after the first; and after he had seen with sorrow the coming abasement of his own people. But then he remembered the old tradition of the teaching of Hozeen who came from out of the sunset over the sea in the strange ship of long ago. And in that teaching he thought that later on his people might find a medicine trail back through the dust of the land in which their old bodies had gone to dust; and thus have a chance to reap of what they had not sown, and enter into what strangers had established.

The tale of what Tslan Tala saw in his vision has been told variously on the Inlet; a bit here and a bit there. But in books it may be dull and blurred and tamely put to what Big Alek told me. For Tslan Tala also saw a time toward the end of his vision when the world was in terror; a time when men looked wildly at the sky. And he saw the aftermath when all that had passed. But if what

he saw then were clear to Tslan Tala it was not to Big Alek; and it certainly is not to me.

It was two days before Tslan Tala returned to his lodge near the Lions' Gate. There the next week he died. To his men he left instructions to take his body far out to sea. He foretold that he would come over the waters again some day with a new name, and as a great man of a ruling race, to be a great man and rule in the city of his vision. He said that some of his men would be born of that race with him. But in the day of its high splendor Tslan Tala said that the totem of the city would be the Blue Grouse.

Legend of Ko and Klon

INDIANS say that once in the remote North there was an age of great ease and golden weather and green abundance. They say that up there from island to island through warm seas men sailed and were happy, and that also they were so clever and well armed that they seldom came to harm from the huge animals and dragons and hyas oluk which then were living there with the lesser things. But on a sudden that time was over. The Ice Giants came down from the sky and killed all the trees and nearly all the animals. Such men as were left fled from the remote North to this land. They were Tah, the Fair Swift People; and we see no people like them now. There were not many Indians here when they came. The Fair Swift People were good with the Indians. But after a time they said more trouble was coming; and they found a way to open through on the other side of things. Never an Indian could follow, unless in dream or by magic they led him through or unless he were a great medicine man who had learned the trick and the trail all by himself. I am told that the in-turn is easiest made on mountain-tops and through certain great rocks of indication. So the Fair Swift People quit the world as we know it, and left no trace of their ever having been here at all, unless, as some think, the glyphs and pic-

tures graven on the high rocks in vacant or slolikum-haunted valleys were made by them as a sign before leaving. We have nothing of them on this side of things now; and to us they are as if they were not, except perhaps when our doing and handling of things excessively makes a disturbance go through to their annoyance. Then they are like to upset something roughly against us, and we never knowing how or for why. "Now, just for that you all get off," as the sleepy tramp said to the flies on his nose when he was stung on the tip of it by a bee. And that maybe is about all there is of reason or justice in any of these upheavals when the powers become exasperated and men and the lesser animals perish. Yet they are not slolikum nor totems nor spirits of any kind, these Tah in the likeness of men who found the way to open through and live on the other side of things.

Indians then were the only people left in this land for a long time after the Fair Swift People went through. They lived on here as they had always lived; and comfortably, because there were not too many of them. The same mountains were here then as now, only they were higher and smoother and rounder. But there was no Vancouver Island, and our Coast was a long, unbroken line with no bay or inlet; it was no better than Washington Territory and Oregon and California. Yet all went well until the Ice Giants made war against this land; coming down from the North and covering and crushing all deep down and up

over the highest mountain-tops with solid layers of ice, miles thick, and with great boulders which they brought down with them on their way. The Giants called to their allies in the air, the Leloo Wahna; and these were loosed in endless packs against all things that lived. The Leloo Wahna are the Wolf Winds that bite and kill the children, and the weak and old; killing sometimes even the strong ones who go too careless of them.

The Giants would have destroyed all life except life of their own sort in ice and snow; and perhaps such things as can live under frozen seas. But the Indians clung stubbornly to this land; retreating and advancing as the edges of the ice-walls varied. The outermost lines of the ice reached clear down at times as far as Washington Territory. Through years and years of desolation the sky was low and heavy overhead; whirling grey and then darker grey to all black. There were no other colors to the sky. And it was that way for a hundred years, and then for a hundred years, and for longer than all those put together. Under that dismal roof men no longer kept count of time. How could they? For there was no change in the sky except that when it was not raining it was snowing, and when it was not grey it was black; and no time can be kept by that. Stories, indeed, were handed down by the few survivors to their fewer children; and among them the great story of one round, warm, yellow, moving light in the sky, and one cold but beautiful moving

white light, changing its fashion of shape regularly from a horn to a ball and back again, and of lights that twinkled farther away in a shoreless lake of blue overhead; twinkling with many colors, and bearing tidings of seasons and changes in the affairs of men. But after a while and longer this story was not given much credence by practical hunters, who had come alive to the reality of things as they were. It was a tale for women and children and those feeble in age; although apparently some birds were yet deluded with it, for they regularly flew away at a time after they were hatched; flew away in faith to find some truth of it. Practical men were not yet learned enough to explain it all as a sun myth; but of course they knew well enough that there was nothing but an endless dullness above them, and that their only businesqs in life was to kill enough to live. Bravely and bitterly they did that; and it kept them so busy that there was scarce any time left for making love; or even for making war on each other. It was a dreary age of no diversion; they could not get away from themselves; they could not even amplify their minds to mitigate their misery with the passing exhiliration of intoxication. I mean to say there was no way of getting drunk. No, not even by doing the ghost dance, for that as yet had not been devised.

But after what time no man can tell there came a day that was a real day. The sun broke at last through the thick entanglement of cloud;

shining out of a pool of blue above, and sending its warm brightness down over the desolate world. Men were amazed. And then for the first time in remembrance of these parts, a few of the spiteful believers had the spiteful joy of saying to the others: "I told you so!" But who cared? For all believed the story now; indeed they believed more than the story. They hailed the sun as Sokalie Tyhee; and the sky to them was the proof of Yo, because of its having no beginning and no ending but only a middle; and because everything that stands out anywhere is always exactly in the middle of its stretch.

Men soon realized that the sun was fighting against their great enemy, the ice; and they began to count the rounds when he was up in the sky fighting, which were the days; and the times when he had gone down to his corner to rest, which were the nights. The nights were the times when the moon and the twinkling ones beyond it were consulted.

The fight to release the land from the cling of the ice was long. Sometimes the sun would prevail; and then great blocks from the ramparts would split and fall and melt away into water. And the green things began to grow and creep defiantly nearer and nearer against the ice-walls. Then the Giants would rally their forces, and the Leloo Wahna would return to the assault on men. The sun and the ice were like wrestlers locked together; straining and scarce moving, so that it seemed to

men as if there would be no final winning one way or the other. Always, however, at the darkest and coldest time, when the sun seemed weak and did not climb high to any vantage point in the sky from which to shoot hot arrows down against the ice, there would be a turn. And from that turn the Indians remaining began once more to note the times and seasons. Already the rising and setting of the sun marked the day; and every time the moon was born again in the sky it marked the month; and now the turn of the sun when the days were the shortest marked the year. A great feast was observed for the occasion. Down thousands of years, and under many names in honor of this or that Great One from on high that feast continues to be kept gladly through all the lands of the North. And above all it is the Feast of Children; holding the new hope, and the drama of rebirth to the Golden Age.

At long last all the ice ramparts of the Giants were broken down and melted away, except for a few of their blue castles on the mountains. These we call glaciers. But the Great Ice Age was over; the Giants were driven back to their fastnesses in the remote North. Yet one good thing came of their incursion upon our land. For it was in the cleaving and crashing and upturn and final settlement of the fight between the ice and the sun that our bays and inlets and our fringe of lovely islands on the edge of the sea were shaped and made as they are; all so useful

for commerce and scenery. Otherwise we would now have had no better front to the Pacific than the people in the territories to the south of us. But of that we must not boast. For it all came by chance of the mix-up, and without any design for us in particular, as if we were a particular people in the eyes of the powers. Caves in the mountains were not designed for bears; although for bears and their business they serve very well.

I have heard that when all was coming to order again, as it was before the Great Ice Age, then the totems and stone spirits and the lesser slolikum of this land settled into things as beforetime; each to its own. Now, although the Ice Giants had retired, yet the Leloo Wahna and the Thunder Birds still howled and bellowed and roared all around here; and sometimes even an Oluk Wahna came. Then it happened that two great stone spirits, strangers from a land now under the sea, came slowly up this way. In the sunken land they had for ages been Protectors; and they had there been known as Ko and Klon. But now they were beaten refugees, and their country and all its habiters were gone. The way of it was this: Before the Great Ice Age there had been war of another kind between other powers. Far over the sea to the south there had been an outbreak of Fire Slolikum from below, with great rocking of the earth and outpouring of rivers of flame and ashes and poison winds; and although all the powers above fought

in counteraction, they could not save the land from going down. Ko and Klon were sorely hurt as spirits are hurt; and for long they found no place to content them. Then they followed in the trail of the green things growing to the North again, as the walls of the Ice Giants fell.

It is a great ignorance on our part in these days to fancy that all spirits can travel like the wind or like light. Some may when the ways are clear for them; and some are even at once wherever they think they are. But also spirits may be blocked, just as electrics may be blocked by glass. There are spirits that needs must creep through the times and places of our world, as glaciers creep with centuries for their minutes down the mountains to the sea. And few of us in these days seem able to realize that some spirits may be more solid than we are, and more solid than the solidest seeming of our world, carrying on as we do. And just as light is bent sometimes or colored in passing through a drop of dew or a church window so our course may be altered and something may be detracted from us as we pass unknowing through the unknown solidities. That is why I am not so quick to laugh at a spirit wall protecting my door in China. If rightly made and placed, it may be, for all I know, just as effective as a lightning-rod in turning an evil aside. But no matter about that now. Ko and Klon kept together in their slow travel; and they arrived here together at a time long after the Great Ice Age. There was a

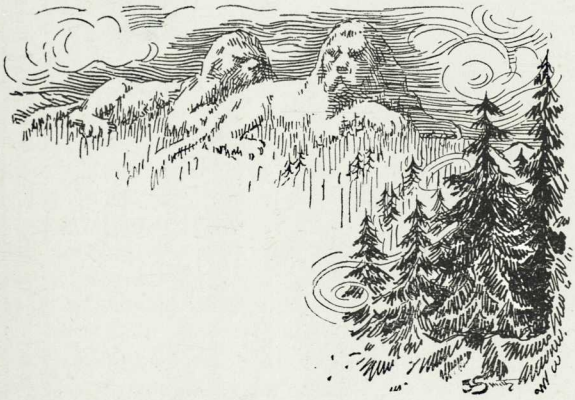
curious sympathy between them, like as between a man and a woman divorced and then married to each other again; too exasperatingly intrigued ever to be quit of each other. That was the way it was with them. Ko, the female, as we might say, being very positive; and Klon, the male, being very negative. Klon said no to everything Ko proposed; yet he always went along her way just the same. Now in the sunken land their high sign had been a great beast like a lion, but greater. And so, when they reached here to the inlet through the water, and saw their sign standing up high to the sky in twin forms, one beside the other, Ko was content at last to settle down, and Klon did not say no. Thus it came about that Ko and Klon went into the two great stone peaks that we in Vancouver call the Lions. But first, before Ko and Klon went into them to find rest, they sent a sweet medicine—the olo moosum medicine—through all the air around here, so as to dope the Thunder Birds and keep Leloo Wahna and Oluk Walma and other such uneasy and awful things of the air from disturbing them too much. Ko and Klon, being weary and sore, were desirous of going into the peaceful dream for ten thousand years or more, and so they took precautions. Even the Thunder Birds, the flapping of whose wings makes thunder, and the anger in whose eyes strikes down in flashes and bolts of lightning, continue to feel the sweet influence of the medicine put through our air by Ko and Klon. That is why around Van-

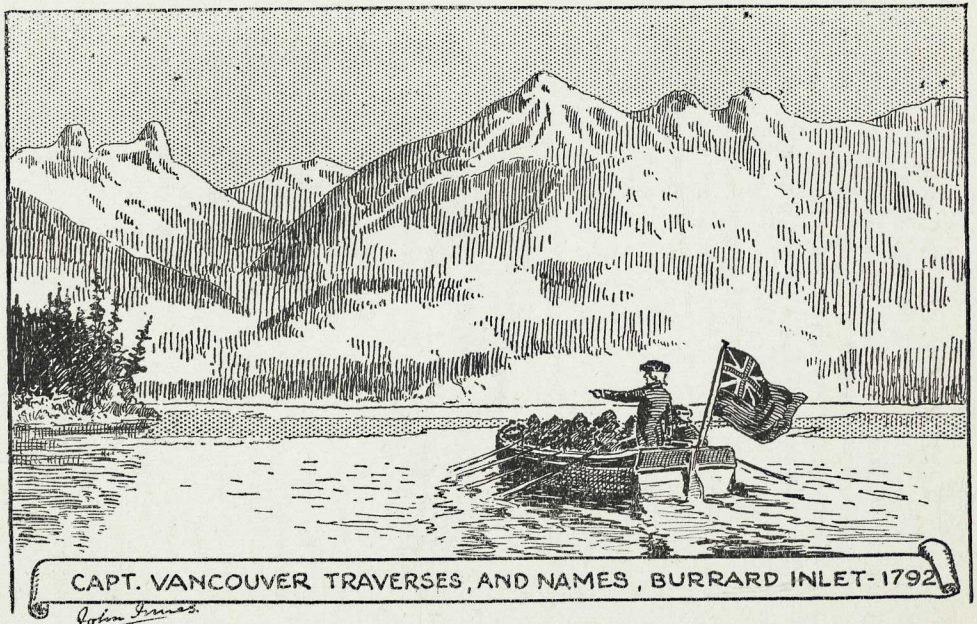
couver and its outlying dependencies they can seldom storm enough against us even to startle a child.

The trouble with these legends is that they never tell how the medicine is made or the magic done. This leads to unbelief. Nevertheless, the fact remains, that in other lands less favored than ours, whether the air be reeking damp or splitting dry; whether the forests be jungle-thick or all cleared away in farms; whether there be mountains many and high or the land be flat entirely like the Prairies; in all these places cyclones and typhoons and cloudbursts and thunder storms sweep down every so often and upset and damage the arrangements of man. But not in Vancouver. It may be the fun of the scientists playing seriously to explain some other way for why we live in such peaceful air up here in our parts. But whether they guess right or wrong we do. And if you believe as I believe, then at least you will think it no harm to burn a joss-stick on occasion to the old Protectors, Ko and Klon, or to any proper copper paper-weight made in the likeness of them, and sitting on your table, thus sweetening the air to their dreaming and keeping mosquitoes away.

I heard a saying in a place where I go that some day there would be a great wizardry of skill and of forces gathered on the heads of Ko, the Eastern Lion, and Klon, the Western Lion; and that energies now unknown would be induced and balanced in the air between them, and then streamed out as directed

for service and defence of Vancouver. Not being an energician, I am unable to guess how that may be. But I remember now that in boyhood I was taught to lift mine eyes to the hills for aid; and to pray for peace in our time. And so I suppose I should end by saying: May peace continue in our midst for so long as these mountains stand and a little longer. But me—I love a storm—now and then! And I have thrown a kiss—more than one—to a Thunder Bird!





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Yahda of Capilano

YAHDA was not so long ago. But now she will be for so long as Capilano runs. Yahda was an Indian girl. How she came to be that no one can guess; seeing that she was so much against much of the human arrangement, and the things a nice girl must do; even though she live in an Indian way and be free as free can be. Her people are no more; all dead and away now to wherever they went. Once they lived far up along the coast of the Island across the Gulf; and their name—it took a click of the tongue to say it their way—but it meant seashells; so it will be easier to call them that.

In the eyes of her tribe, excepting those who were but children or else having the great age upon them, Yahda was not what she ought to be; running off all by herself in the woods when no one was looking, and for what no one could find out. Every so often she had to be soundly beaten until she grew too big for that if her face was to be saved. However agile and bright she was, yet she continued to be mistrusted sadly as she grew older. By the young matrons she was regarded as bad medicine. So when, at a conference of the elders, it was suggested by a wise woman that Yahda should be married to one of an enemy tribe, thus putting the affliction of her on that tribe with a friendly ges-

ture, this was considered excellent good politics by the politicans assembled; and presently the plan was approved by the Chief in Council. Therefore, a messenger was despatched across the Gulf from the Chief of the Seashells to the Chief of the Squamish at the mouth of Capilano on the big Inlet; making an offer of peace and alliance, and proposing to confirm this by marriage of Yahda to the Chief's son. It was no lie that was told by the messenger to the Chief of the Squamish about how beautiful Yahda had grown to be; and, of course, it was not necessary to tell how queer she was. The elders of the Squamish debated the matter doubtfully for several nights; but at last the advantage of peace and intercourse weighed with them, and the proposal for an alliance was accepted. Also the Chief's son was eager; for he had heard of the beauty of Yahda. Then the messenger said that at the first of the fifth moon, four canoes with select men of the Seashells would come to Capilano; bringing Yahda with them, and all assurances of peace.

When Yahda heard of what was afoot, she did not receive the news with a show of modest compliance and dignity; indeed, she did not seem to care a one-eyed doughnut for dignity; she just naturally raised a howl like a wildcat caught in a trap; and then, declaring she would never be married, she ran away into the woods as fast as she could. But they found her and forced her to come back Then she refused to eat, and was stubborn in her fast for awhile; so that the elders feared she might

become thin and lose her beauty, and begin to see spirits and otherwise do herself and them a mischief. But Yahda, being at least a fine, natural girl about whatever she wanted, became at last too hungry to stay foolish about a fast, when there was good food to be had. So she cursed the elders and the wise woman and the young matrons as well as she could in her poor, inadequate, heathen way; and then ate and was thankful, and took on flesh rapidly. By the time all was ready to escort her to Capilano, she was plump and comely once more, as every girl ought to be.

Then four great war canoes were provisioned and manned; and along with Yahda went two girls to attend her, and two more to wash and cook. Also there were presents for the Chief of the Squamish and his son, and for the elders of the Squamish and their wise woman, if they had one. All this time, however, Yahda had been making secret signs that she knew to her friends of the slolikum, telling them she did not want to go away and be married. But her little friends of the slolikum could find no way to prevent the politically advantageous matrimonial alliance so cleverly arranged by the big men after it had been conceived by the wise woman. The slolikum who loved Yahda were too thin of things to be able to bother the big men except in their sleep. They could not bump their canoes over; and they were too flustered to think of any other good trick in time. Yet, because they were so very fond of Yahda, and be-

cause she kept on crying so much in a way that the others could not hear, the little slolikum began to cry also, and sent a doleful appeal through the wind to the Stone Spirits of the nearest high mountains. They kept this up with such importunity that their repetition was by no means vain. Four of the Stone Spirits wakened a little at the unusual quiver of their appeal; and these four transmitted the effect of it to Tolo Wahna then passing. Tolo Wahna, as you may know, is one of the twin tah of Yo; the other being Yolana. They may be thought of as sisters. Usually they flow free of all form, although they may weave themselves through living forms and mix in affairs. Yolana is the dream of stillness through all moving. But Tolo Wahna is in the whirl of every wind that blows for a chance of romance; whether good or ill. If we knew what Destiny really means, we might say that Tolo Wahna is Destiny in our way of talking; for Tolo Wahna means Win from the Wind.

Now the four Stone Spirits which had wakened a little realized well enough that if anything were to be done about Yahda's business, it must be done with rapidity. Tolo Wahna happened just then to be in an odd mood. She really is never in any other; and so one can never tell anything for sure about her but just that.

Four war canoes, crossing the Gulf on their way to the Lions' Gate, were nearing the far point which we now call Point Grey. Suddenly the paddlers stopped paddling. They were astonished

at seeing ships. There had been ancient tales of ships; and recently there had been rumors of their having reappeared. They were there now for all to see; two of them. Two great ships; and it was plain that even the smaller one would hold more than could be held by all four of the war canoes together, maybe twice as much. Each of the ships had two tall masts, but of different rig for the sails. The men in the canoes were grave at the sight, for they felt that no good thing was likely to come for Indians out of ships from overseas. But Yahda was entranced. It was as if something greatly desired, but not believed, had all at once come true. And her spirit shone bright in her eyes as her arms reached out toward one of the ships; the one from which came on the wind a music trembling sweeter than any that ever she had heard before. She went all athrill to it. Then it was that the canoes were caught in a sudden, unknown tide; and things unexpected began to happen. The canoes were drawn toward the ship from which the music came. The canoe with Yahda in it was carried swiftly, in spite of the expert paddling of its crew. Soon it was close to the stern of the schooner Mexicana, from which a rope ladder hung down. The Commander, Don Cayetano Valdez, rose from where he sat on the deck with his superior officer, the Commander Don Dionisio Galiano, who had come over from the brig Sutil to compare notes of the coast survey, and while the time with a drink or two. They both looked down with interest at the

canoes so queerly caught in a strong, narrow current, on either side of which no tide-rip or motion of the water was visible. A young Spanish sailor, who had been playing the guitar, rose also and looked at the approaching canoes, and then at the one with Yahda, so close now to the stern; and then only at Yahda. And Yahda, with outstretched arms, stood up in the canoe. Her hair was parted and pleated in two thick coils down her back; her prettiest shells were strung around her neck. Otherwise she wore only her summer kalikwhatie, which is a light short petticoat woven of the silky inner bark of young cedar, colored with yellow and red. Then, as the canoe swirled around the stern, this Yahda girl leapt like a panther at the rope ladder. She caught it and climbed quickly into the ship. That was how the trouble came. For it was the young sailor who helped her over the side on to the deck, and in doing that he gave her hand a squeeze that meant much all in a moment to both of them.

Valdez gave a sharp order, and the rope ladder was hauled up out of reach of the Indians. But now the canoes seemed as if held to the ship in the grip of that cantrip tide. Then the Indians made as if to board the schooner and recover Yahda. She sensed what was in their minds. And she sensed the signs made to the Indians by the men in the schooner, and the meaning of the glance directed toward her by Valdez; who may have thought she was a slave attempting to escape.

It all meant that she would be forced back into the canoe. Like a wild thing of the forest suddenly loosed from a cage, she darted along the deck to the prow. She turned and looked back at the young sailor, who had started to follow after her. One look was enough; she read the admiration in his eyes; she beckoned him to follow and straightway plunged overboard. The Spanish sailor followed, and it seemed as if the tide took hold on the two of them. They were borne by it toward the shore at Kitsilano more swiftly than any but a fish can swim. But that same uncanny tide reversed against the canoes and held them back from pursuit.

Now, if I were free to tell a story of this affair as I should like, then I would arrange a happy time for Yahda and the Spanish sailor for so long as they wanted to be together in the forest at Kitsilano; and never let an Indian or any interfering foreigner find them there. But in that which is written for schools one should tell the truth as it was, rather than as it should have been.

Yahda landed in advance of the sailor; skilfully avoiding the great boulders lying along the shore. They are cruel hard to be dashed against, and that is just what happened to the poor sailor. In the twist of a third wave he was thrown against one of them just as he was making his feet; striking the side of his head with such force that he sank back in the water, limp and stunned. Yahda went swiftly in to him, and, taking a firm hold behind his neck, dragged him safely to shore.

Yahda knew much of what should be; and also of what would be. She knew what she knew in truer fashion than may be taught in any school. She was able to feel the way of unremembered things, doing it by instinct, as we would say; and she was able to flash the way of new things, which is called intuition by those who believe in it, but for which the few who have the trick of it may have other names, or no name at all. When one can do that way in the natural run of affairs, then there is no need for the talk and palaver of logic. One knows what is what; and what to do instanter. Yahda knew well enough that this man she held was sorely hurt and like to die; this lover who had come to her all in a twinkling minute out of the unexpected. She felt sure that Tolo Wahna had a hand in the happening; but whether for good or ill, or for both good and ill delightfully together, that she could not tell. But as soon as she had her man well out of the water, she helped him to his feet, and led him in a daze across the sands. He sagged heavily against her before she had him where there was thick moss at the foot of a cedar tree. There she eased him down at full length with his head in her lap. Deftly she passed her little hands with their healing power around the wound on the side of his head. But it was a wound that would not bleed; or that was bleeding within. What next could she do? Her ears detected the sound of a stream near by, and she poled directly to it. She fashioned a cup of the big maple leaves,

and in that brought water back to the sailor. Although he was in a stupor, the water seemed to soothe and please him.

Yahda lived through the hours that followed as if they were years, and as if they were all the real years of life worth having. It was in the time of the long twilight. She saw the slim yellow canoe of the new moon go westering down the sky. Over the Bay a flush of crimson lingered for hours. Then the blue night came with the large few stars; and the one sad golden star of summer that she looked to as her own. What all happened that night under the cedar in Kitsilano we do not know; but the Spanish sailor moaned at times, and at times he laughed low and happily, muttering Spanish words of love and dreaming himself back home into a Spanish town. He heard a music of many guitars and bandurrias together; he heard the stimulating click of the castyanet; he knew warm women near him, and he smelled the new wine for the autumn frolic.

Yahda listened to his words. It seemed in the sound of them as if memories came to her through a thin blue smoke of things that never were. And after that there was like the unrolling of vast, rich curtains of light, one shimmering behind the other endlessly, discovering new vistas and fashions of life, but coming never to any clearance of this from that. Yahda built a fire.

Shortly after the sun had risen next morning, the two of them were found in the forest at the foot of the cedar tree by a landing party from the ships and

by the men of the four canoes. The young sailor was dead. And from the look in the eyes of Yahda, the Indians knew that she was not there at all, but was beside herself or even farther away. For a certain sort of madness the Indians show careful respect; guarding and tending the body of one whose mind is absent. Yet in the circumstances the omens for a happy marriage and a lasting alliance with the people of the Squamish were not promising. Word of the strange happening,of the conduct of Yahda, and the death of the foreign sailor, would surely reach the ears of the Squamish Chief and his people; with swift growing additions quite untrue, but very effective for discredit. So it was thought better not to conceal, but to construe. It was thought that by skilful interpretation the event might be shown as in some way favorable; as if Yahda at least were under special protection of spirits.

The body of the sailor was buried as a sailor at sea off the Spanish Bank. He was said to have been a distant relative of the great Gabriola; belonging to a branch of that illustrious family fallen on hard days. Somewhere in Spain the wraith of him appeared before his mother; and she mourned and went forthwith to the church to pray for the repose of his soul; hopefully handing over her widow's mite for aid to that end. And a singing came of her prayers and her religion which worked to relieve the soul of that sailor out of a bad dream

in the state that he was; whether you believe it or not.

But on the schooner Mexicana that day there was more ado over a new page of history which was just being turned than there was over the untimely death of one of the crew. For on the morning of that day the Englishmen who were the first Europeans to go through the Lions' Gate and enter Burrard Inlet, naming it that; and then Howe Sound, naming it that; and then Jervis Inlet, naming it that; they came back across the Bay and in so doing made it English, and they headed direct for the Spanish ships. They sailed in a pinnace from their own ships, the Discovery and the Chatham, which were lying somewhere farther south, off Boundary Bay. The pinnace was under command of Captain George Vancouver, and with him was Lieutenant Peter Puget and nine sailors. They were received courteously on the brig Sutil by both Galiano and Valdez, who invited them to breakfast and conferred with them as to the formal surrender of land at Nootka by Spain to Great Britain. The terms had been fairly arranged in Europe; and they were told that the Spanish Envoy, Commander Don Juan Francisco de la Bodega y Quadra, awaited them in the Fort at Nootka.

But unconcerned with all that, and what was to follow of it, the four war canoes of the Seashells went through the Lions' Gate and landed at the mouth of Capilano, with Yahda staring stonily. The

marriage party was expected. The coming ashore was with all proper ceremonies. The presentations and the delivery of presents were made. Then followed a long address by the orator of the Seashells to the Chief of the Squamish. But now strange glances were beginning to be directed by the women of the Squamish toward Yahda, who stood as if she neither saw nor heard nor cared. Utsina-a-a-h! There were whisperings indeed. Then the story of what happened off the Spanish Bank was told to the Chief and the elders in council. After that there was silence. The Seashells could say no more. The elders waited for their Chief to speak first. The presents had already been accepted. The assurances of peace seemed as good as the assurances of politicians ever are. But that girl Yahda—she was the question. The Chief of the Squamish was slow to speak. Then happened a thing irregular and quite out of order. The Chief's son had set his eyes on Yahda, and he was hot in his heart for her; stricken with her beauty; and regardless of nothing else, so only he would not lose her. His name was Itka Mak, and he was very strong and bold. But Yahda looked at him without seeing him. He feared that he would never attain her; he felt there was something in the wind. And that is why he broke tradition and did the untoward thing. He entered the council circle unbidden, and declared that he knew all that was being said and thought about Yahda. He said that if it were all true, and even if she were the child of a Chehah, yet he

would marry her and none other. When he had ceased speaking there was a dread silence again. Then the old Chief rose, and, looking sternly at his son, proclaimed his decision. He said that he would put Itka Mak to the ordeal of Slolikum Lake in the mountains above; and that he would put Yahda to the ordeal of the Tah Lake above Slolikum Lake; and that if all went well of the ordeals then the marriage should take place; and if not then not. He had spoken, and there was no more to be said.

I am not telling the story of Itka Mak, nor the nature of the ordeal at Slolikum Lake in those days. All I will say is that Itka Mak was taken there; and that Yahda was taken to the Tah Iake, which was five hundred feet higher than Slolikum Lake on the Dam Mountain, beyond Goat Ridge. Slolikum Lake still lies—beautiful, mysterious, icy cold and very deep—more than three thousand feet above Vancouver. It is held as in a cup formed by an old crater from which no fire has flamed forth for ages past.

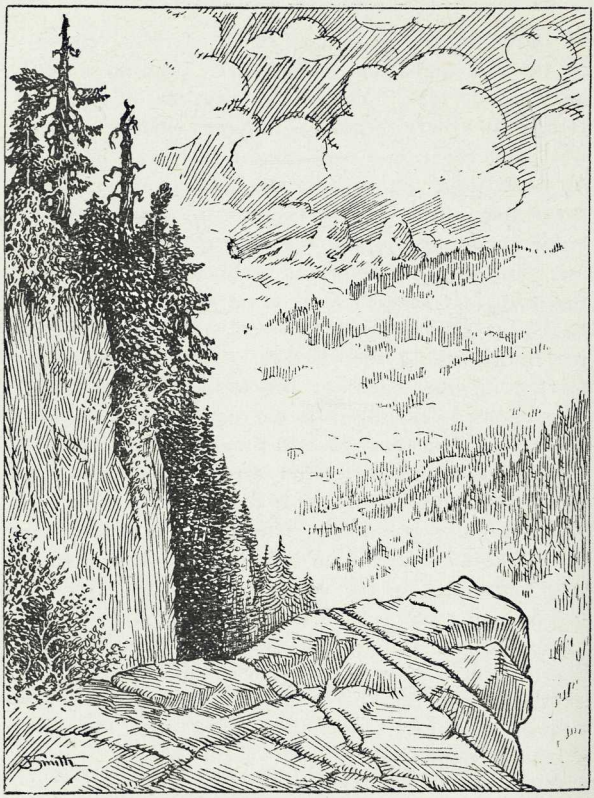
Without giving Yahda a morsel of food or allowing her any assistance, the women made her go climbing with them all the way up and down and up again to the Tah Lake. Yahda's servants were told to follow behind, and out of touch with their mistress. Yahda went silent and unheeding, as if the other women were but shadows and less on the way that she was going. When they arrived at the Tah Lake it was night; the time intended for

the ordeal. The Tah Lake was as much smaller as it was higher than Slolikum Lake; and it was shaped then like a human heart.

Little those women of the Squamish dreamed what magic Yahda was doing in her silence all the way up and over the mountains. Little they suspected what slolikum were gathering around her, trying to help, and whimpering like children unseen in the air because they were of no avail; whimpering and calling to the high ones over them. And none of them, not Yahda nor any, knew how Tolo Wahna was smiling as the wind smiles; waiting the event.

Having arrived at the lake, the women lost no time in starting the circle of sixteen fires all around the edge of it. The night was clear, except for one black cloud just overhead. Then Yahda was stript of all her clothing and ornaments, and without paddle was put into the white canoe kept there for just such an occasion. The canoe was then pushed out from the shore where it floated motionless, with never a stir of Yahda naked in it. The fires were blazing high, and the beating of the sixteen tomtoms now began. They were beaten in time to the ancient chant which the women sang. Very red now were the fires, red with the medicine that was sprinkled over them in a powder. The sky grew darker overhead; and the beat of the tom-toms blended now into one; making a powerful quiver for the magic to be done. The Tah Lake was entire all round with rock; there was no break

or outlet in the oval loop of it. It was fed only by the rain and snow from above. And so it could have no current. Yet in the rhythm of the tom-toms now there began a circling current in that lake, and the canoe was caught in it and began to go round and round the shore against the circle of the sixteen fires; but at each turn doing a shorter circle incoming toward the centre. But what was this rumbling, doubling and trebling the beat of the tom-toms? It seemed as if great echoes of it rolled back, yet always catching evenly on the next beat without breaking the rhythm. The Indian women started in amazement at the supplementing sound. They peered fearfully into the darkness. But those having the tom-toms to beat dared not rise or cease to beat; knowing not what disaster a sudden stop might bring upon them all if they did. There was a sound of slow rending. There was a tremor that came like a command to halt. And now the canoe was motionless in the very centre of the lake; and Yahda had risen with arms outstretched above her head, and she was saying words that none had ever heard before. Then in a flash a Thunder Bird was overhead. In the roar and split of blue flame the end of the heart-shaped lake gave way, and went crashing thousands of feet sheer below. In a smooth, swift flow all the water of the lake rushed through the gap in the broken heart, and with it, standing gloriously naked and erect in the white canoe, lit with the red fires and the blue lightning,



THE DEVIL'S LEAP, FROM GROUSE MOUNTAIN PLATEAU
The drop here is sheer 2000 feet into Keekwullie Chasm.

Yahda sailed fearlessly into the darkness and the abyss and never was seen again.

That is all we know of the matter for a fact. But if you care to climb to the Broken Heart Lake that now lies empty forever, then you may see for yourself. You may reach to it by going over Grouse Mountain and Goat Ridge and the Dam Mountain beyond.

Now this is the conclusion come to by the wise women of the Squamish. Yahda was taken of Tolo Wahna. It is not often that a mortal is taken over to the Tah; still less often to the spirits that run formless in the formless of wind and water. Yet because this Yahda girl had been so alien among the people and so averse to the human way of life, and so queer altogether in the desire of her heart, what else was to come of it than just the thing that did? For in the ultimate each makes itself and fits to its own roundure in the color of the fire at its own inmost centre. But however that may be, there was a wild turn and sequel to the taking over of Yahda. The unconforming spirit of her went with the water of Broken Heart Lake a-flying through the air, and naturally if left alone she also would have found her place in the Lynn Valley. But something had happened after the ordeal which had been successfully endured by Itka Mak on Slolikum Lake. Returning to the Plateau of Ceremonies on Grouse Mountain to await the women from above with the bride uneasy echoes of things in the air from the multiplying tom-toms, the sud-

den coming of the Thunder Bird, and the distant roar of rocks crashing from the Dam Mountain eastward toward Lynn Valley, led to a stop in the preparations for a happy time. And the bridegroom Itka Mak, in whom the other sight and hearing attained at the height of the ordeal had not yet grown dull, suddenly sensed the smashing disaster and the rapture of his bride from this world into the world of the formless spirits. At that he went mad. Some say that in his hot and frustrate desire he went beside himself, and that a devil out of the chasm took advantage of him and slipt into his body, running it then and casting it to destruction down the steep, as devils delight to do. And ever since they have called the crag jutting out over Keekwullie Chasm, where the body of Itka Mak was cast, the Devil's Leap. It goes down there plumb two thousand feet. But myself, I do not think there was any devil to blame. I think Itka Mak committed suicide; feeling the way he did. Yet it may very well have been that act which whipped out like a last lassoo of despair to Yahda, veering her spirit from the Lynn to the Capilano. It is a way in which these things sometimes work.

And now for Yahda through the long, free years all the body of her desire is clean coming and clean going. It is the Capilano River that serves her for what body she wants; leaping, tumbling, flowing down from the heights in glacial purity over the rocks and among the deep greenery of the Canyon to the sea. Therein the tah and tum of Yahda entered.

Out from that river which is a living body for her she may slip sometimes and venture, even assuming a form; just as we may sometimes unknowing slip quite loose of our body in reverie or deep sleep. But all the while between Yahda will be lilting and crooning happily in her river till all be over. I think so. For Yahda no longer is of the human order; nor like ever to be again. But the spirit of her lover Itka Mak will not let go. He in spirit is human as ever. And it is he that is heard wailing through the wind in the chasm for Yahda sometimes in the winter night. But now Yahda dreams out of her river in the summer they say; and in her dreams she comes as near as may be to the barrier of Itka Mak. Maybe at last she is beginning to love him in the way he wants; and maybe when she is willing, and he can come, she will take him over to her entirely and both will be content.

THE OLD PACK TRAIL UP GROUSE MOUNTAIN

Now abandoned for Grouse Mountain Highway; constructed for motor cars.

Grouse Mountain Plateau

I STARTED one way, but went another. Sometimes that seems to work best; especially in the climbing of a mountain. Leaving the far end of Lonsdale, I walked along a stony road till I came to the reservoir at Melawahna Creek. Once this delightful mountain stream was misnamed Mosquito Creek by some lustreless hot miscreant, who could not see the beauty of the great grey and white boulders over which the ice-cold waters are foaming down forever to keep North Vancouver clean, and give its habiters a drink. From a cabin near the intake I was hailed by a boy of about five years, who asked if I had any rubber. He spoke casually and confidently, as one man might ask another for a light to his pipe. In his hand he held a small forked stick, a piece of string, and the back of an old leather glove; that is to say, all the makings for a slingshot except the propulsive rubber. He explained that he intended to shoot hawks; and that as soon as he could get rubber and make his sling shot he would kill a great many; because he could shoot very far and very hard. I promised to bring him some rubber if I found any up in the mountains. For that he told me of an old man who lived near the first mountain; and he advised me

to try and see him, because this old man knew all about mountains and the things that lived in them.

Not far along after crossing the bridge at Melawahna Creek, I came by the road to the regular trail, which I had been told to take. But it started up so steeply, and it was at the outset so discouragingly plain, just like a duty, that I passed it by in hope of finding an easier way. Thus it was that, half a mile or so farther along the road, I did indeed meet an old man; and I believe that he was the one meant by the little boy. He was sitting on a flat stone by the roadside, smoking a short pipe, enjoying the hot sunlight, and apparently asking nothing more of life. I gave him good-day, and sat down beside him. Being in no hurry myself, I felt content to rest well before starting to climb. We were at a point high enough to overlook Burrard Inlet, English Bay, and across to Point Grey. I talked for awhile of nothing in particular, and my companion smoked on in silence. I took him for an old-timer, and so chanced a remark about going once about forty-five years ago in a canoe with Big Alek, the Indian, and James Wilson, the Telegraph Superintendent through the Lions' Gate and across to the logging camp of Angus Fraser and Jerry Rogers at Jericho. That made the old fellow prick up his ears; and it loosened his tongue. He took me on then as an equal in age; just as had the little boy who was in want of rubber for a slingshot. In half an hour I had some new stories

from him to add to my own about the early days. He had lived on the Coast for fifty-three years. He had worked along with John Hendry, both mill-hands at New Westminster Mills before John ever came into his fortune by lumbering. He had been a foreman at Moodyville Mills under Hugh Nelson before ever it seemed likely that Nelson would become a Senator and Lieutenant Governor of the Province. But better for remembering than either of these was Lonely Jo, the flute player, who came up from Peru on a lumber bark in 1880. He was the finest flute player ever known on the Inlet. When the old-timer heard me tell of listening to him in years between 1880 and 1885, playing his flute on the wobbly pier at Hastings, or on the near-by verandah of Maxime Michaud's hotel, playing in the summer night alone, or to the accompaniment of some Kanaka sailor with a guitar, why then he knew that I belonged, and he was ready to believe all that I had to tell him. Lonely Jo, or Crazy George, as some called him, because he really was not a Peruvian, but an Englishman, had fought on the Hauscar, the most famous fighting ship of the world in its day. Built at Birkenhead by the British for the Peruvian navy in 1865, and the first fighting iron-clad with a conning tower, the Hauscar turned pirate on its way out to Peru. After some preliminary successes in that line it eventually had a fight with two British wooden frigates. The fight was inconclusive; but in the follow-up the ship was

forced to come to terms with its rightful owners, the Government of Peru. The Hauscar had various fights after that. The last was against two larger Chilean ironclads which it attacked in 1879. This was one of the most famous naval duels in history. After most of the crew of the Hauscar had been killed the ship was captured. Lonely Jo, all unhurt, was made a prisoner. It was not the fighting that made him crazy. When the Chileans released him at the close of the war, he found that his Peruvian girl had gone off with another man. It was then that he became forlorn, and took to the flute. I told the old-timer that I thought Lonely Jo had died long since in the Asylum at New Westminster. But the old-timer emphatically said no; he declared that Lonely Jo had escaped, and he believed that he had gone up into the mountains above us. He said he often heard sounds coming down in the still of the evening, like as from a distant flute. And up there seemed a natural place for a crazy person to go. I left it at that, as I was on the way up myself. The old-timer said that so far as he was concerned, he had always stuck to the levels, and that he had worked on the level like a decent citizen as long as he could. But of late it was very hard to manage for himself. He had been assured, however, that soon he was to receive twenty dollars a month from the Government for the rest of his life. I had not the heart to tell him that the grudging plutocrats, old pensioners of

the Senate, most of them neither useful nor entertaining now or ever, had blocked the grant of twenty dollars a month to common folk of over seventy, who had pioneered and founded the country, and but for whose work there would be nothing for the clever accumulators to grab. There was no use in trying to explain to him why, in the politics of Canada, the partizan is always favored above the patriot. But out of my bag I took a small bottle of elixir, highly recommended for a dry throat or a dry heart, and I gave him half of that before leaving, so that he might go his way and forget his poverty. For half an hour, perhaps; but the dignified decrepits of the Senate are made comfortable for life by the mass who are working now as this old-timer worked in the work of British Columbia for over fifty years.

Those wiry sports who climb mountains for the sheer physical joy and mental elation of surmounting them may have a full life of it here in British Columbia. Fortunately for the rest of us, the Sunset Province is even a better place for other pursuits. By choice I am no uplifter; not even of myself. So I will not tell of the antics and ejaculations of a short, stubborn, fat man, more up in years than in climbing, who, nevertheless, managed, after four hours, to haul himself topside through thicket and morass, over slippery stones, to the wide, rocky Plateau of Grouse Mountain.

After leaving the old-timer, I met no one on the way up except a chipmunk, who had quite a lot to

SILVER CASCADE
Below the Devil's Leap on Grouse Mountain.

say, and two grouse—a blue one that sat on a stump and stared at me, and a ruffled one that flew away. I am told that there are always regular hikers on Grouse Mountain. Being regular, no doubt they have sense enough to keep to the regular trail. But I was on an abandoned trail part of the time, and sometimes on no trail at all. Yet finally, when, from the edge of the Plateau, I turned wearily to look see below, then I felt no more lonely. All Vancouver was at my feet. Intimately, from the Lions' Gate to the Fraser Delta, and across the Gulf to the Island, and mistily miles and miles beyond that, to the south into the territory of the Americans, I filled my eyes with far sights and blue distances.

Below me to the right was the Capilano Canyon; and up out of it I heard the lovely monotone of Yahda, the water-sprite of many a Chinook tale. The sun was setting behind Klon, the Western Lion. Ko, the Eastern Lion, which shows so well beside Klon when seen from Vancouver and other points, has not the same lion aspect in body from the Plateau edge where I stood; but yet she lifts a head proudly enough beside her greater mate. Mountains like humpy buffaloes ran below the Lions; and there were other mountains whose names men have not yet found out. But the new shapes then that caught my unfamiliar eye were the Pyramid and the Camel of the old volcano, Crown mountain. These shapes cannot be seen so well from Vancouver. But in fine

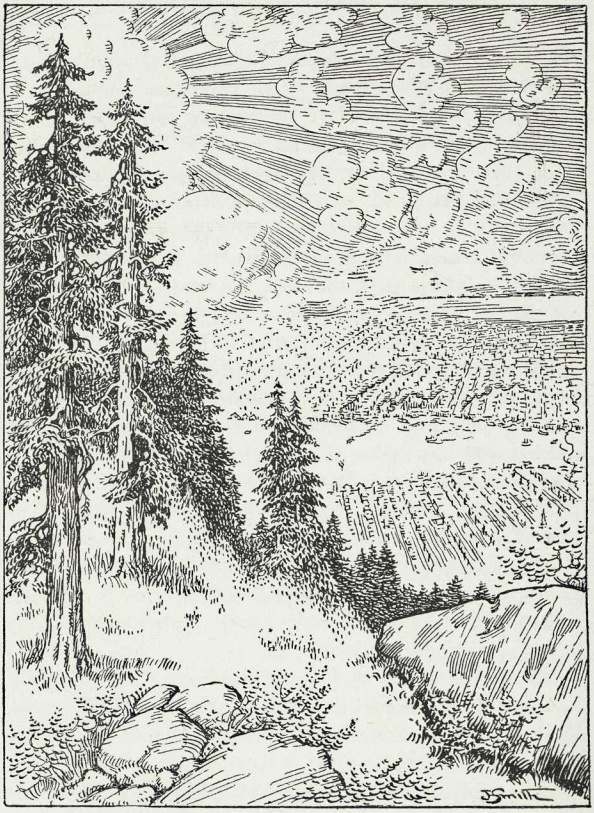
similitude from Grouse Mountain Plateau their outlines are cut clear on the horizon; unique as a new moon. With lion and camel and pyramid stupendous in stone beyond all monuments of man, what a natural place of pilgrimage, I thought, this region of giant symbols would be for Shriners and other Calithumpians from the United States. When they can come in their cars, they surely will come in annual tens of thousands; and surely some of them will be moved to build a temple here. Anyway, the mountain highway now building will be complete this summer; and then those who, like myself, prefer to ascend mountains on comfortable cushions, will be accommodated so far as the Plateau, and will there find a first-class mountain hotel open to receive them winter and summer alike, and supply them with all that makes for winter and summer sport in the high places. I heard a hard-faced, sinewy female hiker lamenting in Vancouver that everything in this age was being so dreadfully commercialized; and that it was a shame that the exclusiveness of Grouse Mountain would soon be gone. She feared that it might be thronged by all sorts of persons, just as Stanley Park now is on holidays. I ventured mildly to express my opinion that she and her like were excessively selfish creatures; that multitudes not built of rubber and wrought-iron like herself were yet just as desirous of making intimate acquaintance with a mountain here and there; and that for those of the elite in the climbing world who must have

the going hard and rough and exclusive before they can come to the ultimate thrill, there would ever remain a whole sea of mountains and cliffs and canyons beyond the Plateau where no car would ever turn a wheel or cast a speeding shadow.

Mountains hold an order of life which we cannot touch or see. But from mountains come emotions for those who are sensitive to the peculiar fast and loose spirit of them; for those who can tune in on the fitful, ethereal quiver that is ever going out from them; a quiver changing in quality with every angle of reception. Mountains are very moody. Seen remotely through the blue, they have for us the far promise of beauty and romance; they lure us beyond ourselves although we may never stir from our standing. But at other times, and hard up against them, they may be big with gloom; they may be for us ugly, evil, ominous, impending; as if they would drive our littleness to self-destruction. Then one must defy them as cruel, chaotic upheavals from what once were fruitful and easy-going levels.

But as long as the sun is shining, or the night is clear with stars, the spirit of peace and assurance for most of us seems to brood over all mountains.

Probably the steadiest, best thing we have for taking our minds off the scenery and releasing common sense from time to time is our stomach. Just as the sun went down, I caught the gleam of white



VIEW FROM GROUSE MOUNTAIN PLATEAU

Sketched from point where a mountain chalet is now open for guests, and showing part of Vancouver city, 4000 feet below, across Burrard Inlet.

tents through the green fir and cypress below me. I had been told it would be Osterman's Camp. Contentedly I quit the ethereal, and climbed down where a kind cook was good enough to give me a pot of tea with much bread and sausage. On making myself known to the foreman in charge, he gave me the key to a small cabin on the cliff above, where I was to sleep. Going back over the blasted rocks to the cabin—blasted, I mean, for the new hotel foundation—I was taking a last look at the new moon over the Canyon before turning in, when a sturdy young fellow appeared over the south edge of the Plateau with a pack on his back. He asked if he might spread his blanket on the verandah for the night. I was quite glad to have him come inside and share one of the mattresses with which the cabin was provided. He was a young Canadian, born on the Prairies, having lived there always until the last few months. Coming from the rich flat lands, he had quite fallen in love with the unplowable mountains. He could not get enough of them. He worked in a mill at Vancouver, but every Saturday afternoon left town for a hike over the high rocks; no game or jazz dance or church service holding any allure for him equal to that of the mountains. Next morning at sunrise he would go down the far valley almost to sea-level, and from there make the ascent to the Camel on Crown Mountain. Then he would return to the Plateau, and thence down and across to Vancouver by the

next night early, so as to be in shape for work again Monday morning. An uncomfortable way to be crazy, some may say. But that young man is leading the artist's life; and the more like him in muscle and vision and keen, clean pursuit of a seemingly profitless fancy, the better for the coming citizenry of Vancouver.

After my first two hours' sleep, I came out again on the Plateau to see the queer alteration of Vancouver; the great twinkling squares 4000 feet below me across the jet-black Inlet; a dream city jewelled for adventure and romance. I recalled the vision of Tslan Tala from this very Plateau; and I thought of the wonders and hazards to come. Then I went back to my blanket; and thus ended my first day on Grouse Mountain Plateau.

The Lure of Placer Gold

TO GET new gold free of the earth; to get it on your own with your own hands; accounting to no corporation, and dependent upon no intricate machine; in that there is romance. When you can pick the nuggets and pan the yellow, heavy dust—never before touched of man in the loose gravel—there is a glow in winning even a little wealth that way which never comes from coin had in the more regular respectabilities of business; nor from banking or bootlegging or brokery in crowded cities. In the getting of placer gold you rob no man. Something new is added to the world's supply, instead of merely passing around what already exists; squeezing a profit for one to the loss of another. Moreover, what the independent placer-miner gets from his pan or sluice-box is his own; and no matter how little it may be he is generally disposed to handle it in a large way. That comes of the open, and the free manner of getting it.

Ontario and the Rand have a great record for gold produced from lodes and ledges and reefs. But what does it all mean to the mass of miners engage in the work, except that there is so much more heavy stuff which is not theirs, and which will be locked away in vaults for others? The men who sweat to get it out of the rock have not even the frolic of harvest hands at their labor. Common

laborers they are, hired by companies and capitalists with no human touch to them; at least none that is amiable. It takes much equipment and expensive machinery to crush and chemicalize dividends from rough ore in a rougher wilderness; and no single man can do it. But the fellow who will pack up on impulse some fine morning, and set out for the far, new regions, from which a rumour of gold has come, equipped with no more than pick and shovel and blanket, and what of bacon and beans he may carry to see him through; the like of him, except for hard luck or mischance, is seldom found working for wages in a rock camp. He would rather be out on the meanest grubstake a-prospecting for himself. And there is always a chance for the high thrill from what may look up at him some day from his pan or from the riffles; look up, perhaps, just when his grub is almost gone, and he feels he can hang on no longer.

Even to pick up a single nugget from a pocket in the gravel will give to the true gold-seeker, chechaco and old-timer alike, what Izaak Walton may have felt when he had a fine trout unexpectedly on his line or maybe what an authentic orator may feel when he catches some sudden, singing phrase on the edge of the moment, and sends it out in full swing; cracking like a whiplash over his audience.

I mind when first I saw gold coin in a heap. There is a little Ontario village called Dresden, on a littler river called Sydenham; yet, however little

it was not unfamiliar in the old days just after Confederation with the masts of schooners and barkentines trading in there from England. In that village, on a day in 1874, when my father left Ontario for British Columbia, I was fascinated at sight of the twenty-dollar gold eagles which he was stowing away in his money-belt. In September of that year we followed him; my mother and brother and sister; and with us young Dave Curtis, who afterwards became Mayor of New Westminster. There were no sleeping cars then; no dining cars; and because of unconnected railway systems and many changes, it took us seven days of weary travel to reach San Francisco. But we went in the height of luxury, compared to those who made their way across in the covered wagons a few years earlier.

In San Francisco for the first time I breathed the atmosphere of easy gold. It is not there now. Free indeed was the Lady of Ventures who ruled over that city in those days; rich with all the West, and yet with a touch of the Orient in her eyes as she looked outward over the blue Pacific. It is a common mistake to think that the San Francisco of that time was in the United States. It is so now, irredeemably. But as I knew it, off and on from 1874 till 1881, I realized, though but a child, that I was in the outermost gay port of Bohemia. And all its glad, mad, sad, bad inhabitants, as Swinburne might say, were loyal above all to their lady.

I have a few fair and rare-colored memories of the first Palace Hotel as it stood in all its pleasant opulence. There the best was to be had; and it was not beyond price for a poor man to pay when he felt like doing his appetite proud. And I remember Woodward's Gardens. There was a circular boat there in a lily pond in which children could row themselves round and round to their hearts' content. Associated with that circular boat, going round and round and going nowhere, there stands out the figure of an emperor; the first emperor that ever I saw. He used to stand sometimes by the edge of the pond and speak to the children in a way that made them like him at once. A gentle, smiling, big man he seemed to me; wearing a cocked hat with an imposing plume, and looking very noble in a military coat of dark blue, lit up with gold lace. I believe when young that he had been a soldier in the Mexican War of 1848; helping the Americans to take such land as they coveted from the Mexicans. Afterwards in the balmy and frequently foggy climate of San Francisco he became that way himself. The Emperor Norton, I think they called him; and he collected taxes as he required them from the hotels and shops and saloons of the city. Of course, such a person now would promptly be run into some dismal prison by the police if he had no money; or into some corrall with a fancier name, haunted by alienists and psychologers, if he had much money. But the men who then

handled gold so easily thought well to humor him, and honor themselves, by contributing generously whenever he chose to make the rounds of his loyal subjects.

You bet I have not forgotten the novel city that was there, and that can be there no more. Early I caught the glamor of a place where gold was loose in the hands of men, men beforetime accustomed to pay with a pinch of gold-dust from their poke; and that never too accurately calculated, but with a gleaning one way or the other as luck and the Lord would have it between seller and purchaser. The smallest coin circulating there at that time was a dime, known in local parlance as a small bit. It was taken in courtesy as on a par with the Mexican bit—eight of which made a dollar. Such was the custom all along the Coast for many years; last of all in British Columbia, where the Yorkshire shilling passed also as a long bit, equivalent to the Mexican coin. This, of course, could not continue after men who were men of business and nothing more intruded from the East, and from Jewery. But it was good while it lasted. It made for largeness of mind, and a lordly inexactitude in matter of mere lucre.

In modern times there have been four great stampedes at the cry of placer gold; one in the United States, one in Australia, and two in Canada. There was a rush to California in 1849; one to Cariboo in 1858; one to Coolgardie in 1891, and one to Klondike in 1897. There may be more than one

yet to come in Canada; but so far the most concentrated and dramatic of all was to Klondike during three years beginning in July, 1897. It was toward the end of June in that year that the coastwise steamer, City of Portland, came down from the North with three million dollars in gold-dust; all of which had been panned by individual miners working independently. A great new strike had been made in the Sub-Arctics of Canada. In all the resorts where men gathered on the Coast, from Victoria to San Diego, there was talk of scarce anything else. The old-timers went about with a dream in their eyes; and legions of hopeful and hopeless younger ones all around the world who had never thought of such a venture, equipped themselves in ignorance and went North.

In July, 1897, I sailed on the steamship Islander from Victoria with the first four hundred. I could not go rolling high to Dawson with the others, being what I was, and just because. So I went very subordinately in Government service. I was instructed to station myself at Skagway, and do what I could toward getting supplies through the White Pass to a party of special officers sailing in the same ship with me, who were to open a Customs station at Lake Tagish and collect duties from Americans and foreigners entering the Klondike; and turn back such as seemed too objectionable or unfit.

When we arrived at Skagway five days later

there were not more than two dozen persons there. In six weeks after that there were over five thousand; and as they went on inland their places were taken by newcomers arriving daily. We landed from row-boats at dawn, the ship lying in stream; and then had to drag our supplies over a long, muddy stretch of tide-flats into a clump of spruce and cottonwood trees.

Skagway, which at first was a muddle of tents, soon became more or less organized under an efficient United States marshal. But later, because of mean politics and a sloppy administration of good-enough laws, it fell under control of a ruffian known as Soapy Smith.

From Skagway the majority of those bound for Klondike went in by the White Pass; the others went around to a near-by landing called Dyea, and from there went straight up the Chilcoot Pass and over the Divide. The latter route was thought more risky and arduous than the White Pass; but once up and over the Divide the descent to Lake Linderman was easy, and from there the survivors had a good waterway, except for the White Horse Rapids, by raft and barge downstream to Dawson. The White Pass offered a gradual climb; but, before the railway was built there, many attempting to carry on through it with supplies thought it more heart-breaking to man and beast than was the Chilcoot. Even some of the pack-horses committed suicide.

In service with me was a British soldier, for-

merly a cavalry officer in India, who somehow on the winds of chance had been blown to British Columbia. For an Irishman, bred in England and tempered in India, Captain Rant was exceptionally good-natured and adaptable; and when out of my dunnage-bag after landing I gave him two Imperial quart bottles of mature Scotch to add to his one lone bottle of London Dry, he adopted me pronto as a younger brother in need of his special supervision and protection. Together we built the first log cabin in Skagway; that is, in Skagway proper, although over to the left, toward the first mountain, was the cabin built by the pioneer, Bernard Moore, long before gold was found in Klondike. Our cabin was not very finished in appearance. We made the walls of crooked cottonwood trees and stuffed the gaping cracks between with thick Alaska moss. We had no roof over it for quite a time; only a canvas stretched topside over part of it. Eventually, after the regular Mounted Police arrived, we turned it over to them; and I do not know if it be standing now or not.

Officers came and officers went; and somehow we managed to get supplies pushed forward as they arrived by the Ajax and the Bjax and the Danube from Victoria. Unfortunately for Vancouver, it was in too fractious a mood with itself to take full trade advantage of the Klondike rush, as did Seattle—Seattle with its spirit of pull together and down the knocker.

I did not go in to the Klondike; but as Skagway was the greatest gateway to it, I saw all the early types passing through, and I saw many broken ones coming out. They were from all over the world. Some of them were exceptionally well fitted for what was ahead of them; some seemed unfitted as a rabbit might be for exploring a den of foxes. But at that, many of the unfit got by and made good; and many a Brer Rabbit among them survived where the wolves went down.

I remember how bright the August morning was when the first girls came to Skagway. We called them girls; but for the most part they were seasoned veterans, who could hold their own with any man. When the spacious first marquee was pitched, and a plank floor laid to it, with a small upright piano at one end, but no professor yet arrived to play, then the Captain betrayed my accomplishments to the proprietor of this rough and ready dance-hall. It was his belief, he said, that I could make music for dancing out of almost anything between a banjo and a piano. Politely I was offered twenty dollars to play for the opening night. Foolishly, I had scruples then about accepting money for such a service; but gladly I played, and freely, for the fun of it. It was a great night before it ended. Through that marquee passed many a Port Wine Mary and Pop Corn Kate and Diamond Tooth Gertie to greater fields of service and conquest in and around Dawson.

In those feverish first months many types of men passed through Skagway and so far as I could see the great majority of them were good enough to get along with for a time. The hairy horribles pictured by cinema fakers as typical Klondikers were seldom seen; and, smooth or hairy, when any of the rough stuff or gun play so delightful to peaceful devotees of the screen was attempted on the Canadian side of the border, those who started it were hanged or deported or put to the woodpile. There soon were bearded men, of course; handsomely bearded, as men should be in the wild. So far as my brief experience went, all who were on the trail were helpful and considerate of each other, regardless of race or language. These men soon were as handy at knitting their own sox at nights around the campfire as they were with axe and pack and gun in the daytime. They could bake the best of bread in a Dutch oven. They could cook a ptarmigan, encased in clay and put in the hot embers and ashes, till it had a flavor beyond the art of any chef working with all the shining contrivances of a great hotel kitchen.

Alongside our Skagway cabin, shortly after it was half built, an American named Reed pitched his tent. He was a rather dour but civil surveyor; and when he found that once I had been a boy in New Westminster whom he had known over eighteen years before then we became very good friends. I used to slip some of the Captain's

whisky to him before bedtime. There was a nip in the late September air.

One morning, quite a time after that, Reed went down to the wharf in performance of his ordinary duties, but determined that he would perform a special duty, if an expedient occasion arose, as seemed likely. It did. So he shot Soapy Smith, who, with his gang, had long terrorized Skagway. That was because Skagway was even then conceded to be American territory, and in consequence the Canadian Mounted Police could exercise no jurisdiction to keep it clean of thugs. I felt very sorry when Reed himself died of blood-poisoning from a wound received in the fight, a slight wound, which was carelessly treated. No honor was done him in the way of a civic funeral. But the body of Soapy Smith was stuffed in some fashion and taken to the United States. There, for a time, I am told, it was a vaudeville exhibit for morons and degenerates of the weaker criminal strain, who are intrigued by bandits and blackguards. Later the body was returned to Skagway and given honorable burial at the base of a mountain. That made the mountain sick, I think. At any rate, a landslide of rock and gravel was spewed down from it all over the grave so thick and deep that its exact position is now indeterminate. However, in summertime, when the tourist ships land at Skagway, men and women may yet be seen hastening to pay

their respects at the approximate grave of Soapy Smith.

On the Summit which marked the boundary between Alaska and the Yukon the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack flew peacefully together. There were a number of early and efficient hangings on the Canadian side; and shootings and even robberies in the Yukon were comparatively few and far between. Yet there was much more of the dramatic in Klondike, where the Red Coats ruled, with clean, cold justice; and where freedom and protection were assured for all who were willing to play the game with fairness to all others.

Before I went South I saw up there one of the few survivors of the original Forty-Niners, the white-bearded Joaquin Miller, Poet of the Sierras, and well known in the early days of the West for his "Songs of the Mexican Seas." The old man, in a last flare of memory about placer gold in California, when he was young, felt the lure of it once more, and decided to make Klondike before he died. Bravely he tried to climb over the Chilcoot Pass. But on the way he fell and sprained his ankle so severely that he had to be put on a ship and sent South again. I do not know when he died.

A new strike in placer to rival the Klondike may be made again any day now in the blank Sub-Arctics of Canada. If so, then be sure the old crowd or the like of them will be there, hot-foot from all over to the lure of free gold in the wild!

Early Days on the Inlet

I DO not know exactly when the lumber business began on Burrard Inlet. But I do know it was that business which first brought settlers to its shores; and the first mill was at Moodyville, followed soon after by one at Hastings. All that is now Vancouver was at that time a hamlet here and there; a sort of sub-colony or dependency of the Royal City of New Westminster. Nevertheless I remember how I was impressed by the mill at Hastings, and by Granville, one summer day in 1876 when first I was taken to the Inlet by my father, then a practising physician at New Westminster. Nine miles through the cool, untouched forest we had driven in a little buggy, till we came to the sea at the end of the road, rounding a little ravine over which was built Maxime Michaud's Hotel. From my earliest years I was always excited by the smell of the sea and the sight of ships; especially ships with sails. In those days there was usually a fair showing of sailing ships, both at Hastings and Moodyville. I would be always coming over after that first visit in the summertime whenever given permission; sometimes driving with my father, sometimes riding on Lewis's Stage, sometimes walking all the way alone. I knew that if I must needs walk, yet that I could always look for a

welcome from Jack Fannin the soutar, and from Alister the bartender and Ah Kwei the cook at Maxime's, when dusty and tired I arrived at the End of the Road.

At first there was only a trail leading from Hastings to Granville, or Gasstown, as some called it, after Gassy Jack Deighton, who ran a hotel next to the Skookum House, then in charge of Constable Jonathan Miller. In addition to Deighton's hotel, there was another conducted by Joe Mannion, and there was the Sunnyside. From the standpoint of any boy between seven-come-eleven like myself, the Sunnyside was the best hotel in Granville, because it projected far out over low-tide water, so that from its back kitchen verandah I could catch whiting and flounder and tommycod. These would be turned over at once to the Chinese cook, who would soon have them in the pan for lunch or supper. It was a handy arrangement, and there was no mess of a big city to spoil the harbor waters for fish in those days.

At all these hotels there was usually a drift of hand-loggers coming and going. The shanties and log-cabins of these men were to be found from remote distances up the Gulf all the way down to the Inlet. Generally two or three men would be in partnership. They would cut the timber with their double-bitted axes on their own account, and build skidways and chutes on the hillsides to slip the big logs down to the water. They were all big

logs, for they had the pick of the timber. The trees cut would be only those which ran fifty or sixty feet clear without a branch. Flooring was in demand without a knot showing in it; and there was a very profitable market in China for square timber of exceptionally large size. The hand-loggers would make up their own booms, and wait for a tug to come along up coast after it. The logs would be scaled after they reached the mills on the Inlet; and it was the quality of these logs which made the name of British Columbia famous in the lumber markets of the world.

Angus Fraser and Jerry Rogers, and Daggett and Furry had logging camps at Jericho Beach and at Stanley Park. They had their choice of the big trees. It was at Angus Fraser's Camp at Jericho that I first remember seeing Mike King, whom I was fated to know well in after years. He struck my boyish fancy as a very proper woodsman, and equal in appearance to any pirate. He had rather long, curly hair and he would not wear a hat, nor coat, but always wore a bright blue flannel shirt, wide open and rolling at the throat. I remember him giving an exhibition of axemanship at New Westminster for the entertainment of the Governor General, the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise.

I have a rough pen-and-ink sketch of Granville, made from a rowboat offshore from the present waterfront, in 1877. It is a mere glimpse and incomplete. But so far as it goes, it is authentic, and

it shows the dense growth of timber coming down to the shore where Vancouver wharves and mills and grain-elevators now make their concrete appearance. A favorite lounging place was in front of Gassy Jack's hotel, under a big maple-tree which became famous in the year Vancouver was founded. From there a road ran to False Creek through as heavy timber as I ever remember to have seen. George Black had a slaughter-house down that way, and for some reason we boys from New Westminster gave all that region a wide berth. We much preferred the End of the Road at Hastings, where Jack Fannin would tell us stories about the stuffed birds and animals he had in his shoe shop. He gradually acquired such an exact and wide knowledge in this line about the fauna and bird-life of the province that he was made the first Curator of the Provincial Museum in Victoria. And at Maxie's, as we called Maxime Michaud's Hotel for short, a wonder was introduced in the way of roller-skates. They had just been invented in San Francisco. The children who came to the End of the Road from New Westminster in the summer vacation were allowed to skate freely and to their heart's content on the ball-room floor; for Maxime had built quite a sizable ball-room over the ravine back of the saloon. In the sunny afternoons, after lunch sometimes, I would sit alone in a corner of the saloon, delighted with the chance to strum on the bartender's banjo. Often there would be a quiet game

going on—seven-up or poker, or cut-throat euchre—I do not know, as I never had the right order of brain to learn how to play cards, and had no pleasure in them. But I used to be taken with the little piles of gold coin on the table; there seemed to be more gold coin circulating than bills in those days. They were all very quiet at their play; I remember no rows, nor even an oath. The men won or lost with the apparent indifference which was considered good form among them. The gun-play which characterized American territories to the south was seldom attempted in British Columbia. A hanging was too certain to follow a killing; it was current belief that Judge Begbie would hang with his own hands if there was any lack of sheriff or executioner to carry out his sentences.

Most of the men on the Inlet drank; but there was very little downright drunkenness. The men in their freedom simply did not act that way; they would not put themselves in a Siwash class; it was not thought manly to sit down and drain a bottle to the bottom, as if it were the last possible bottle in the world. But in saying that true thing, I do not wish to be understood as saying that it should or could be that way now. It may be that we are no longer fit for the old freedom in which our fathers held themselves erect against excess. It may be that the increasing and thickening entanglement of outer restrictions and prohibitive enactments, and our capitulation to multiple puritanic

systems of verbotenry devised by male and female meddlers who fancy themselves uplifters, has so weakened the moral fibre of the masses that they can no more be trusted now to use and not abuse than monkeys can be trusted to behave in a melon-patch, or motor vulgarians be trusted among wild flowers along the country roadsides. However that may be, it is a fact that the hand-loggers of the old days did not drink to excess; and some of them never touched liquor, nor even drank beer. There was a certain seriousness and personal dignity, even among the most common of them, which was characteristic of all our pioneers to the end of last century; a seriousness and dignity enhanced by living so much alone in forests by the sea. Moreover, there was dignity of language among them. The few books they had were of the kind that can be read over and over again with interest in the solitudes; and the remembered words and phrases of these books did much to keep them to clean, vigorous, correct English. They never affected the artificially degraded dialect and intentional outrage on natural grammar such as is slobbered out to us now by American magazine writers as typical speech of men in the West. This slum chatter may be a good thing for the lower classes in the United States; it helps to keep them low. But it certainly was unknown among men of the early days along our coast; the men who founded the Province of British Columbia.

Only an odd name here and there stands out in memory now of the many old-timers on the Inlet who were friendly to the children who came over from New Westminster to spend their summer holidays. From the pier at the End of the Road we would sometimes cross over to Moodyville in a canoe or sailboat. I was there with my father when he was entertained by the manager, Hugh Nelson. Neither of them at that time expected to become Senators and Governors; they were talking more about mines than about politics. Phil Swett was foreman of the Moodyville Mill, and I thought it was a good name for the job he had. Yet he was not always working, for I remember him taking me along shore in a punt one afternoon to spear crabs. I have a fainter recollection of a genial man they called Captain Raymur who was manager at Hastings Mill, with R. H. Alexander under him. Henry Harvey kept the mill store there, and was postmaster as well. And there was a Charlie Coldwell who lived to become an alderman of Vancouver.

In the saloons and dining-rooms the blue coats and brass buttons of officers from the ships always impressed me with the chance of romance. They were the blue-sea sailors who handled ships with sails. They were easy to me in their uniforms, those master mariners, and many a story I had of them about South America and China and the Sandwich Islands. I always tried to sit close to them in the dining-rooms and listen to their talk. Those dining-rooms

were all panelled in plain cedar with cedar ceilings overhead, from which would depend festoons and knots of brightly-colored paper ribbons which were supposed to attract flies from the tables. Whether the flies took to them or not I do not know; but at least they added a gala touch to the rooms.

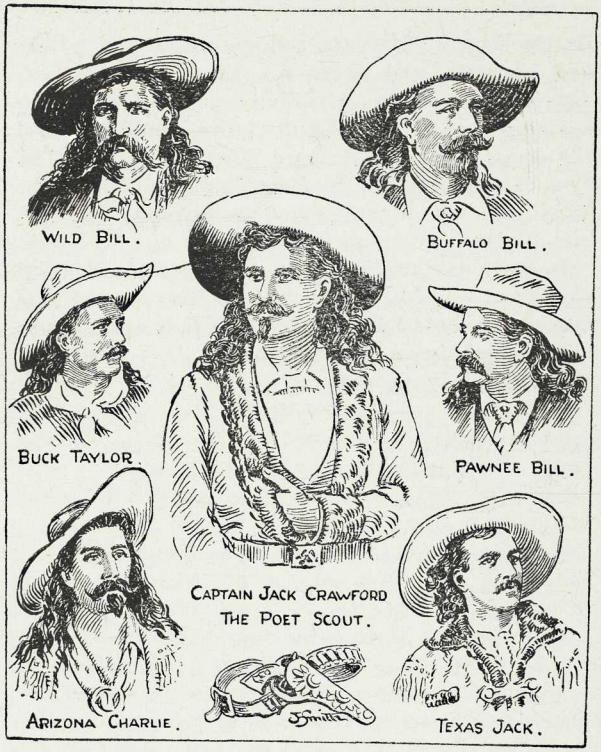
At the immemorial winter feast of the Sun, observed in some fashion by nigh all men far north of the Equator, and held sacred by us as Christmas there would be a general reunion on the Inlet of all hand-loggers scattered along the coast. They would begin to arrive a week or so before Christmas Day, and they would remain till after New Year's Day, which was more insistently celebrated than Christmas by the Scotch and French and Dutch among them. But on both days the hosts of the various hotels and logging camps—Joe Mannion, Ben Wilson, Angus Fraser, Old Dad Daggett and the like—would take the head of their respective tables, close-lined with guests for all the length of them, and would order the feast gorgeously with never a thought for profit. And at whatever table droll Ike Johns, the first Customs Officer on the Inlet, would have his dinner there would be heard the funniest stories; some of them fresh as the oysters and some of them old as the port, but all enjoyed alike.

There were not many women on the Inlet at the time, but some of them were great ladies indeed; and all did well with their own hands for the comfort of the men and the children. At night there would

be the dancing; lancers and mazurkas and polkas and gavottes, and above all, the waltz that was danced when it was a waltz; round and round to the strains of Straus. Or in chorus would be heard the songs that are not heard now: Nancy Lee, The Son of a Gambolier, Juanita, Taragona Twin, The Blue Alsatian Mountains, The Spanish Cavalier, and Black-Eyed Susan.

In their day and in their way they were all good people; at least they knew how to have a good time while they could have it. But now they are all gone away—siyah kopa kloosh illahee!

Vancouver, July, 1926.



SEVEN SCOUTS OF THE WEST THAT WAS

From originals in author's possession. James B. Hickok (Wild Bill); Col. F. W. Cody (Buffalo Bill); John B. Omohundro (Texas Jack); Charles Meadows (Arizona Charlie); G. W. Lillie (Pawnee Bill); William Levi Taylor (Buck Taylor); and Captain Jack Crawford (The Poet Scout).

Captain Jack, the Poet Scout

ON A SUMMER day about forty-five years ago, I was returning along with other outlaws from a secret cave in the Big Ravine of the little British Columbian town of New Westminster. The cave had been chosen as headquarters for a powerful organization numbering nine members, the eldest of whom was thirteen years old. We called ourselves THE JOLLY OUTLAWS. As we were emerging from the ravine at the back of Benson's saloon, all alert and cautious, as befitted our calling, we were startled by a rapid succession of pistol shots. Peering through the low arrow-wood bushes skirting the edge of the ravine we saw Romance go blazing up Mary Street; veritable, undeniable Romance. A handsome man with raven-black locks curling and streaming back from under his sombrero, mounted on a black horse and with a revolver in each hand, was shooting at the blue sky all regardless. Close behind rode three others of equally intriguing appearance, wearing fringed deerskin jackets, and with all the proper trappings of western riders to the wild. Then galloping after them were half a dozen mounted warriors of the Sioux tribe, whooping to glory and brandishing tomahawks and lances. It was a brave sight for boys like us. Captain Jack Crawford, poet scout of

the Black Hills, had come to town with all his gallant company. It did not take us long to find out why. We knew who Captain Jack was. More than once, between 1877 and 1879, he had passed our way on the road to Cariboo, where he had mining interests. Captain Jack was always on the go. But this time he had come to us with a show. He was the first to originate what afterwards became known as the WILD WEST SHOW. Years after that it was made familiar to Eastern America and Europe by the elaborate troupes of Pawnee Bill and Buffalo Bill. But it was the Poet Scout who first worked out the idea; although as usual with a poet in such cases he had precious little profit of it.

The New Westminster of those days was remote from the world in a primeval forest of cedar and fir, sloping gently from the hilltop to the Fraser River. Its citizens called it the Royal City; and it had not forgotten the glamour of Government House when it had a Governor of its own to represent the Queen. It still had its fine chime of bells; presented to the Cathedral by the famous Baroness Burdette-Coutts. Three times a week it had communication with Victoria by boat; and every three weeks a ship sailed from Victoria to the City. To all who lived on the Pacific Coast THE CITY in those days meant San Francisco. There was then no Vancouver and no Seattle. Apart from this occasional communication with the outside we lived between the mystery of the scarce known ocean on one side and the

mountains untrodden on the other. Now the people have lost the feel of those mysteries; and the town that was is no more. In its place has grown the far end of Industrial Vancouver, criss-crossed with contraptions undreamed of by the sensible fathers of our day. The Big Ravine is filled up; the deep forests, which pressed so green and dark around us, are slashed down or charred to ugly skeletons with fire. Scarce a grouse or deer is left; the once happy streams have been put to grinding work, and have long been empty of trout; and I doubt if there be any such tangles of berries now around the town as there used to be. In the Seventies and early Eighties we still had some survivors of pre-colonial days; when the country was roughly administered by the Highland Factors of the Hudson's Bay Company. Also there were a few of the original Forty-Niners from California, and many who had come well-to-do out of the gold rush to Cariboo in the Sixties. Besides that there were choice veterans of the Crimea War, who had come over in a body from the Old Country when British Columbia was made a self-governing Crown Colony. These ones delighted to exercise the younger men at arms in the Drill Hall or on the Commons, and they all turned out in full regalia to head the parade on the Queen's birthday. Below the old Battery on the Crescent the Rancherie, where the Siwashes lived, still clung to the high banks of the river. And living in their own quarter were Chinese. Some of these had come

across the Pacific without let or hindrance to San Francisco during the Gold Rush; and later in greater numbers they came to do the rough work of railway construction through the mountains; first for the Americans, and later on for us when Onderdonk's Railway, as we called the Pacific section of the Canadian Pacific, was being rushed to completion. These Chinese built a bit of old China along our waterfront, bizarre and necromantic; and I recall how, with dried lichees and Pekin dates and kumquots and preserved ginger and firecrackers, they made glad the hearts of small boys who went to visit them during the nine-day festival of the Chinese New Year. That festival ranked equally in our eyes with Christmas time and May Day; being only surpassed as a time of good cheer by the month of summer holidays. New Westminster was unique in having then the authentic atmosphere of the early American West, mingled with the atmosphere of the early Victorian England. The first settlers coming around the Horn brought with them seeds and cuttings of English roses and Scotch broom and foxgloves and useful fruits; and in a few years they had strawberry patches and cherry orchards unequalled outside of Kent in the Old Country.

Into such a town, then, came Captain Jack; a real hero of real adventures. How different he was from the carefully guarded and high salaried screen actor of today, pretending to pass through impos-

sible places and do impossible deeds. In the Drill Hall that night, which served also as the Theatre Royal, we had the first of the Wild West Shows. Between acts of Indian fighting and camp life on the Plains, Captain Jack would step before the curtain and tell us about himself and his experiences, and he would read to us some of his poems, after he had first explained them so that we could understand. He told us that his book of poems would be on sale soon at Moresby's Book Shop, and heartily advised us all to buy a copy. I got my father to buy one for me. Not long ago, looking among forgotten odds and ends of mine, I came across that book. It has my old markings in it. And I have pictures once treasured by the Jolly Outlaws; pictures of Captain Jack and Wild Bill, Texas Jack and Buffalo Bill, Arizona Charlie and Broncho Bill, and Buck Taylor and White Beaver. I look again at these men with admiration; an admiration all the deeper now because of what I have found the world to be. They truly were the Knights Errant of the Golden West. Look at their long, curling hair. It gave one touch of pride in the appearance of some unnecessary thing to be kept in order, some trifle to be hotly vain about, like a game-cock's tail; usually so useful for fighters. Same way, maybe, as the wig on the head of the Lord Chancellor, or the feather on the head of the Indian Chief, or the plume on the hat of the General, or the Arabian rig of a Mystic Shriner; but yet more proper, as being truly part

of them. Anyway, these gallivanting gallopers wore their hair long, as did the Goths who wiped out the short-haired Romans; the Saxons and Danes and Vikings who wiped out each other; the Golden Horde of Tartar swordsmen who rode out of China under Jhengis Khan and conquered half of Europe, leaving their racial stamp on Russia and Hungary and even part of Poland before the main body of them rolled back. Yes, I know about Cromwell's crop-haired Ironsides; but they only bobbed because of their dismal notion of ugliness being next to godliness; and so as just to be different from the Cavaliers, and become Pilgrim Fathers and Quaker chasers and joy killers in general. The battling tars who won victories for Lord Nelson had their hair long and done in queues down their sturdy backs. I never wore my hair long like Samson and the other strong men, but while still it was thick I let it go a bit beyond the ordinary, and I was not a very profitable patron for the barber at any time. One night at Government House in Victoria I was rebuked by a Brass Hat for hair. General Hutton, with whom I had sharply disagreed about the status of the Dominion in the Empire, said to me abruptly, and, as I thought, quite inappropriately: "My boy, if I had you under me, the first thing I would do would be to order you a close hair cut!"

This was in 1899, during the early part of the Boer War, and our troops had been meeting with reverses. The General was my father's guest; but

for all that, I could not resist telling him then and there that he and his kind and an army of his kind, man for man, were being beaten into the dust by men who wore their hair long and seldom shaved. That made Hutton hot under his military collar. Fortunately, I was not under his control. But, after his first snort of indigation, he was a good enough sport to admit that it might seem for the moment that I had scored. General Hutton was the first to insist upon sending mounted men instead of infantry from Canada to South Africa for the kind of war that had to be waged there; and it did not take the War Office at London longer than a year to find out that he was right. I admired him much as a man, and a general with a head, and I think he sensed that. So, however I might venture to differ with him on occasion, we remained friends; and I was delighted for his sake when the order finally went out for mounted men only from Canada. Well, so much for hair, as the flapper of today with no hair to flap might say; and so we come back to the long-haired rovers of the West.

There is a very admirable and agile kind of wasp in California whose chief business and delight in life seems to be hunting and killing tarantulas and centipedes. Just so it was with these scouts. With the same zest, and like hunters of big game, they went after bad Indians when they were bad, and worse whites who were always bad. But when they killed it was in defense of others or of themselves; or else

in pursuit of their duty as marshals of the United States. Look again at these men who might have been Royalists pictured for us by Vandyke! Wild Bill of the mournful eyes killed no Indians; but he killed eighty-five whites before he was murdered. He was shot in the back by a hireling of gamblers whom he had checked in fleecing strangers. In one pistol fight he killed ten horse thieves single-handed, miraculously escaping with a few flesh wounds. His marked characteristic when not fighting was gentleness; and he was ever ready to help women and children, and men in any way handicapped. On his gravestone at Deadwood in 1876, Captain Jack wrote this epitaph:

WILD BILL

Sleep on, brave heart, the still earth under!
Bravest scout in all the West!
Lightning eyes and voice of thunder
Closed and husht in quiet rest!
Rest to you at last is given;
May we meet again in Heaven—
Rest in peace!

They were all clean men, those scouts. Referring to them, Captain Jack wrote:

"They were lovers of right and haters of wrong."

But their right was a man's right; their wrong meant something cruel or unfair or useless. They

were not busybodies about other people's morals. Their rule was to make everybody let everybody alone; leaving things then to work out freely as they would. They had faith enough in the general rightness of the world to do that. Apart from Captain Jack, I never saw but two of those whose pictures are here shown; but I met a few of like kind between British Columbia and Mexico before I was fifteen.

At Skagway in 1897, I was told that Captain Jack was heading for the Klondike. I did not see him when he passed through Skagway. But an old Canadian friend, J. W. Fraser, still living in Vancouver, met him at Lake Bennett in May, 1898. Bennett was still a tent city of about 15,000, mostly men waiting for the river ice to break and go down north so that they could follow clear after in boat and barge to Dawson. Captain Jack, as an old veteran of the American Civil War, felt like celebrating Decoration Day on the 30th May; and, as about two-thirds of the waiting gold-chasers were Americans, it was easy to round up a large crowd of them for such an occasion. Fraser helped him make arrangements. About seven o'clock in the evening, on the hill slope towards the south back of the town, the entire population gathered to hear the Poet Scout orate. This he did at his best for over half an hour, saying, among other things, that he believed it was the first time Decoration Day had ever been cele-

brated north of Washington State, and also the first time it had ever been publicly celebrated on British soil; acknowledging the courtesy of the local authorities and the Red Coats in facilitating there a memorial observance in honor of foreign, fallen soldiers.

When the river opened on the 8th of June following, Captain Jack went down to Dawson and prospected around rather intermittently for about two years. But he made no success of it in the Yukon. He was still much addicted to giving temperance lectures, and was ever in great demand for church entertainments. In 1900 he left the Klondike and went to serve as a scout with our troops for awhile during the last stages of the Boer War in South Africa. I would not be surprised if it were Captain Jack who there gave some notion of scouts and the scout code of honor. I would not be surprised if Baden Powell had his noble inspiration for the chivalrous order of Boy Scouts from Captain Jack, with his stories and songs of an earlier day, whether he knew it or not. The sources of great movements are often obscure or forgotten. They may begin in the roundabout of the subconscious. I suggest now that Captain Jack might properly be canonized by the Supreme Council of the Boy Scouts; and for that I here show cause. I speak of him only as I remember, and my memory is only bright in spots. I am told that he died peacefully as a miner in the Black Hills some time before the World War. But I can tell something of his life

up to the time I saw him. I heard most of it from his own lips.

Captain Jack was Scotch, although born of an Irish father in Donegal, Ireland. His mother was a direct descendant of Sir William Wallace, and a very noble woman. But while Jack was a young boy his father made himself so obnoxious because of his upsetting politics, which the authorities were anxious to confound, that it was considered wise for him to leave quietly and quickly one day for America. So he did that, and settled himself for a time in Minersville, Pennsylvania, where he took to tailoring and did very well at it. Later he took to drink, and that interfered much with his business. But finally, at the end of four years, he wrote to his wife, and with the aid of some friends she was enabled to go out and join him in America. After a year of reform on the part of one, and hard work on the part of both, they were able to send for their children. But after another bright year, the father's weakness again overcame him, and the Crawfords had, for a time, a most unhappy home. Then the American Civil War broke out, and the father joined the 28th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. In 1864, when he was barely sixteen, Jack joined his father's regiment, and was severely wounded at the Battle of Spottsylvania Court House. He was removed from the field hospital to Washington, and thence to West Philadelphia. Here, during a long convalescence, a Sister of Charity taught him the

rudiments of reading and writing, which until then he had had no opportunity of acquiring. The war continued, and the elder Crawford was wounded in the head and discharged as unfit for further service. Jack, however, rejoined his regiment the following year, and was wounded again in April, 1865. A few days before the surrender of General Lee terminated the war, the President, Abraham Lincoln, visited the hospital where Jack was, and all the wounded who were able stood in line to shake hands with him. Great exertions were made by the men to do that, and Jack thus tells the story of it: "Although crippled in one foot myself, I helped to hold a man up who requested to be carried out on a chair, fearing old Abe might not come to him. I shall never forget the touch of the President's hand; soft and warm from contact with so many great rough hands of the soldiers. It seemed as if to squeeze it the least bit would hurt him. But old Abe, I remember, squeezed my hand so that it almost hurt me; and the man whom I was holding up shed tears as the President shook his hand. 'Where are you wounded, my man?' said he. 'In the right thigh, Sir, and I'm glad of it.' 'Yes, you will soon be well again and you can say you bled for the old flag.' 'No, Sir, not that so much will I say; but I will say that I shook hands with Honest Abe.' 'God bless you, my man,' said he, passing on to the next. After this handshaking, and before leaving, the President picked up an axe in front of the steward's

quarters, and made the chips fly for about a minute, until he stopped for fear of hurting some of the wounded, who were trying to catch the chips in the air as souvenirs. Although some on catching a ball myself, I failed to get a chip. All I got was a hard fall in trying, and I had to be carried into my bunk."

Shortly after the war ended, Jack's father died, worn out and broken after a strenuous and by no means unworthy life, through which he had indeed lived dangerously. Then the mother died also, and Jack struck out for the West, where all was yet new. He became one of the pioneers of the Black Hills; and he was one of the founders of Custer City. In the Indian War of 1876, he superseded Buffalo Bill as Chief of Scouts. As a swift and careful long distance rider he proved himself superb. On one occasion he rode 350 miles from Slim Buttes to Fort Laramie, through a country swarming with hostile savages, in less than four days; carrying both official and press despatches. In that same year, on the other side of the world, there was a feat to match that, when Colonel Fred Burnaby of the Horse Guards rode to Khiva, defying Russia in the service of the British Raj, and making 341 miles through mountain defiles in nine days and two hours on his return down from Khiva, and that on one horse, which had already carried him 500 miles after only one week's rest. The New York Herald gave Captain Jack $500 for

his despatches and the scoop they had of his exploit; paying, also, with seemingly mean exactitude, the sum of $222.75 for two horses killed under him while galloping through. But that was big pay in those days from a newspaper to a free lance frontier correspondent. And it showed how quickly Jack had learned to use his pen as well as his pistol. Later, for nigh a year, he kept up a column in the Omaha Bee, which was eagerly looked forward to always by its readers.

Captain Jack was, I think, among the first of those who soon after became known as "temperance lecturers." These men, a few of them as sincere, perhaps, as Captain Jack, gradually made a lucrative profession of this role; finding it easier and more colorful than steadfast preaching in one place; almost as good, in fact, as being a popular evangelist bringing lost souls to salvation. However, we did not hold that against Captain Jack in our town. We knew his story, and his amiable ways. I am sure now that he would not have stood on the same platform with those who have brought about the unfortunate conditions of today in America. I mean to say that although in the matter of abstaining from liquor Captain Jack was as religious as a Turk, yet I feel sure he would not have been a militant Prohibitionist; creating a continental culture for bootleggers and stool-pigeons and dope peddlers; loosing worse devils on us than we had at first; maybe seven, as Jesus said was like to be the re-

sult in any such case. His method was by example and appeal to reason and moral suasion rather than force. He would never have arrested Jesus for turning water into wine. I remember he said something like this to us at his show in New Westminster:—

"The day my mother died was to me the greatest epoch of my life. Kneeling by her bedside, I held one of her hands while the other rested on my head. She said 'My boy, you know your mother loves you. Give me a promise to take to Heaven with me.' I answered: 'Yes, Mother, I will promise you anything.' "'Johnny, I am dying now. Promise me that you will never drink intoxicants, and then it will be easy for me to leave this world.' I promised, and whenever in after days I was asked to drink, then that scene came before me. Why was it that she exacted that promise of me, who had never known the taste of liquor? Because liquor deprived me of a good father; it made him forget his own flesh and blood; it prevented me from having even a common school education; and it sent me to bed many a night crying with hunger. Once, at the close of a hard day's ride during the Custer campaign, and in the midst of a terrific rainstorm, one of the officers seated around the camp fire of smouldering buffalo chips, took a long drink from his canteen of whisky, and then said: 'This is the soldier's best friend. Pass it along to the scout!' 'Thank you, Captain, but I never drink,' I said. 'What, never drink? Why, man, that sounds incred-

ible. You are the first man I ever met on the Plains who refused good liquor.' So then I told him and the others, as I have told you: 'That stuff robbed me of a good father, and changed him from a man into a brute. And in the Invisible Presence of God and holding the hand of my dying mother, I promised that I would never drink what now you offer. I consider that vow registered in Heaven, and I have kept it. I do not even know the taste of liquor.' "

Captain Jack had a few pretty whistling notes; fighting his way through a rough but clean and open world of pioneers. I had wandered by myself, untroubled by any teacher, through the masterpieces of Coleridge and Keats and Edgar Allan Poe before I was fourteen. So I realized that Captain Jack as a poet was no more than a musical child with a mouth organ; pleasing enough in camp or out on deck. Yet for me the hero overshadowed the poet; and Captain Jack was a hero singing out in the Golden West, through the years that it remained golden. I think he must have had great joy in the making of his verses; and in his scamper after rhymes to carry them along cantabile. Then he let the lines slip from him as they came; with never a thought of fame or money. Perhaps were he young and alive today, and content to remain in the United States, he could make a good living by rhyming banalities for the one-hundred per cent mass. He might be another welcome guest in those

papers that print a daily syndicated dose of right sentiments in verse, by Gosh! Even at that he would be a cut above the popular, ever-repeating, self-winding, home and mother rhymsters of today; whose rank is determined by the money they make. Captain Jack wrote much in this vein, for instance:

MY TEMPERANCE PLEDGE

Mother's prayers around me linger,
  Still they echo in my ears,
And a boy again I'm kneeling
  Near her while she calms my fears;
Now she whispers: "God protect him!
  Be his guide when I am dead!"
And I'm sure a Guardian Angel
  Must have heard what mother said.

MOTHER'S PRAYERS

In the dreary hours of midnight,
  When the camp's asleep and still,
Not a sound save rippling streamlets,
  Or the voice of whip-poor-will,
Then I think of dear, loved faces,
  While patrolling on my beat,
Think of other scenes and places
  And a mother's voice so sweet.

THE GRAVE OF MY MOTHER

There's a green, grassy mound in the valley I love,
  Where angels their vigils are keeping;
The pine trees are singing a dirge far above,
  The sky pearly tear-drops is weeping;
And cooing on high is a bright turtle-dove
  O'er the grave where my mother is sleeping.

Chorus

  Peacefully sleeping she sleeps 'neath the clay;
    This world cannot give me another;
  No one to guide me, no one to pray,
    While I weep o'er the grave of my mother.

But now listen to this one, written at Barkerville, in 1878. There is in it a lilt of Tom Moore; even a hint of deeper treasures of poetry never uncovered:

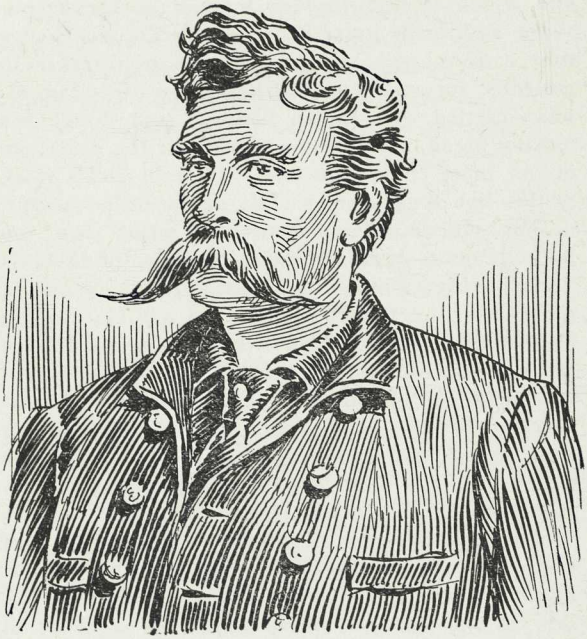
TO CARIBOO

At last I must leave you, dear home in the mountains;
  At last say farewell to you, dear Cariboo;
No longer I'll drink of your morning-bright fountains,
  Crystal cold waters that sparkle like dew;
They murmur a secret of deep hidden treasures,
  Beyond any yet they have loosen'd for men;
Of gold-dusty gravels and nugget-sown measures—
  And to find them I vow that I'll come back again.

Captain Jack also opened up a vein of sourdough dialect verse, originally prospected by Bret Harte, and which Robert Service worked in his Yukon years with such great success. In Captain Jack's time a Sourdough meant a veteran gold-seeker in the hills; for such a man, when out prospecting, always carried with him a lump of sour dough for making bread; such serving instead of the yeastcake of our more convenient days. Captain Jack's work in this line consisted mainly of narrative poems, dealing with frontier incidents, and which are too long to quote here. I think the best of them is "Rattlin' Joe's Prayer," wherein is told how an old prospector uses a deck of cards for a Bible; finding right symbols in the cards for what he considered the essential religious doctrines. From the lay of the cards he was able to advise the Almighty as to the merits of a young friend of his recently killed; and, urging that proper allowance should be made for the failings of youth, he recommended him to favourable consideration.

But, however minor his rank as a rhymster, yet Captain Jack was a poem in himself; and his life was epic. The best of his verse wes written on our side of the line and there should be a stone at Cariboo to remember Captain Jack Crawford, the Poet Scout of the Black Hills.

Vancouver, Christmas, 1925.



CAPTAIN ALEXANDER McLEAN
From photograph taken at Victoria, B. C., in 1898.

A Night With the Sea Wolf

SATURDAY, the 5th September, 1914. In the case of Captain Alexander McLean a coroner's jury at the port of Vancouver found that he had come to his death by accidental drowning in three feet of water. A shallow reach of False Creek, as it then was, ran north between the railway tracks of the Great Northern and the foot of Union street, and there Captain McLean had anchored his little steam tug, the Favorite. To reach it one had to cross two other small boats, and it was supposed that he slipped and fell between them, striking his head on the gunwale of one and drowning while dazed and trapped between the two. He had last been seen alive a week before. Evidence was given at the inquest showing that he had been quite sober at the time. This was considered important, as the good townspeople in the kindly way which is second nature to them might have assumed that he had been drinking somewhat to excess when he met with mishap.

Saturday, the 5th September, 1914. The world was in the first uproar of the first World War. And so it is scarce to be wondered that the passing at Vancouver of as picturesque a picaroon and master of little ships with sails as ever figured in a story book was barely noticed in the local press. When the

news reached me through an old associate, I thought what a shabby trick of fate that so excellent a sailorman should meet with so paltry a death in a puddle of False Creek; a sailorman who had such an acquaintance with the wildest winds and most swinging great waves and shark-infested depths of the Pacific; a sailorman who skilfully raided the Russian and American seal rookeries in Bering Sea, and almost as successfully robbed the French pearl fisheries of the Polynesian islands to the south. Just at a time when the Empire might have made the best use of his skill and courage at sea he went away to regions beyond all seas. But thus, it seems, interesting characters sometimes play on a stage of their own contriving; in dull circumstances they can weave romance to bright distances, with no need of waiting big events or devastating wars. Then unfitly they may end. So with the Sea Wolf.

I associate him three times with September; in 1914, in 1907 and in 1896. In September of 1896 and of 1907, I had to do with him pleasantly. Nothing with a smell of danger on either occasions; nothing even of the dramatic. But sometimes hours of no special moment lie happily in memory; when we gladly forget times of risk and clashing events. The September of 1907 was when the mob in Vancouver was stirred up to attack and ransack Chinese and Japanese quarters in Vancouver, egged on in the background by certain parties then making headquarters in San Francisco. I wanted to know about

some things in Vancouver, Seattle and San Francisco at the time, and the Sea Wolf was helpful to me.

But the September I prefer to remember was in 1896 at Victoria. One evening George and I were in the Garrick Head for a cocktail before dinner. It was a whiling hour, and between drinks the bartender told me there was a man sitting alone at a table near the window who wanted to speak to me. I sent word for him to join, and he came up. He was slim, trim, medium height, with very broad shoulders, blue eyes and an unusually large reddish brown moustache. He was of the handsome Highland type found among Nova Scotia seamen. I mind he wore grey trousers and a heavy, dark pea-jacket with brass buttons and cap to match. He had been told by the bartender that I was one of the secretaries just appointed to the Bering Sea Claims Commission, which was about to open its sessions in Victoria to assess damages to be paid by the United States to Canada and Russia for illegal seizure of sealing schooners. Captain McLean was an important witness for some of the claimants and he wanted to ask me how long a time I thought would be taken in preliminaries before he could give his evidence and get away. He was negotiating even then for the purchase of the Carmencita, a schooner lying at anchor up the Gorge, sister to the Casco, lying alongside. It was in the Casco that Robert Louis Stevenson first sailed to the South

Seas. Subsequently McLean found it expedient to forge some credentials for the Carmencita, getting Mexican ship's papers after being outlawed by United States coastal authorities. And it was in the Carmencita that McLean limped back into Victoria with the biggest cargo of sealskins ever taken there, after having been chased by Russian and American revenue cutters. It was when McLean was raiding Robbin's Island, in the North Pacific, that he had a running fight with an American revenue cutter, in which some of his men were killed. But with his skillful sailing and his fearlessness in chartless and rock-concealing waters and his elusiveness in friendly fogs, he always escaped capture. McLean was a Canadian, born in Nova Scotia, but he had taken out papers as an American citizen. After his fighting encounters with the American revenue cutters he kept clear of American territory, except when on a raid.

Captain McLean asked us to have dinner with him. But George had a pressing affair that night and left, promising, if possible, to look us up later at the Poodle Dog. So McLean and I went there alone.

The Poodle Dog of that time, of course, is no more. It could not be; it belonged to a politer age, and one vastly more at ease with itself. Wine was cheap; love was free. Louis Marboeuf was of the old school, in which cookery was reckoned with the fine arts and dishes were prepared with the same care one gives to the structure of a sonnet. The

traditions of the place had not yet vanished in the gobble-and-get-out atmosphere of the cafeteria and good eats and white lunch hustleries of today.

They had a ravishing way of cooking mussels, which were then in season. And we were told that two fine blue grouse had just been received. There was no law against serving them. Then, the substantial part of the meal having been ordered, with proper accompaniments, I looked around to see who else might be there. And in one dim corner of that dim kafay I saw Vanilla. Her glance and smile were enough to light it up for me; I had a very friendly feeling for her as a right good chum, and no more. I had known her elsewhere as one of the quality; but she was then living quietly and in reduced circumstances at Victoria. I had been of some service to her in voiding certain deeds and saving a little property. But her troubles had only left her sweeter than in her earlier years; as one may find a ripe hot berry in July sweeter by far than the tart impudence of the berries in early June. I introduced the captain and the three of us dined together.

McLean was by no means the aggressive ruffian pictured by Jack London some years later in his novel, "The Sea Wolf." Incidentally, in 1907, he complained bitterly to me about the way Jack London had maligned him. He expressed a hot desire to be in a position some day to shanghai him; and having him at sea to put him through his paces in a way that he had never treated any man. I argued

that in Jack London's nature there was evidently a perverse feminine streak, which made him fall to thoughts of cave conduct and stone-age standards, with a throwback to the delight of being mauled by gorilla lovers; a streak such as puts a certain psychopathic type of women in an ecstasy at bull-fights when they see blood flowing from men and beasts. Apart from that, and whether it were true or not, I suggested that London might have taken all the proven valor and skill of the McLean and blended it with what he knew of Bloody Fritz Hansen, the German captain, and Sapinza, the half Chinese half Filipino smuggler, once known on the American stretch of the Pacific as the King of the Opium Ring. I said it was London's right as a writer to try and make a new character out of them all, however beastly and unlikely a mix he made of it. But at that McLean only scowled. He did not quite understand me; and of course I knew well enough that he was sky high above any fictitious character drawn by Jack London. I knew him for a fair-going man with his men. Yet once, on being asked how he controlled his crew at sea, when things went wrong in whatever odd business he had in hand, he answered:

"Mac, I always carry enough handcuffs on my ship for the whole crew; and I have never sailed with a crew that I could not put the handcuffs on!"

But in the Poodle Dog that night his manner was gentle, and his words carefully chosen. He was

evidently much impressed by Vanilla. It was only after the wine, however, that his tongue was loosened to tell us some of his experiences. That sparkling pink wine was like tourmaline come alive for color; it had a heavy, fruity flavor. Partridge Eye I think we called it.

McLean took out of his pocket a small chamois bag; like a miner's poke for gold-dust, but shorter. He rolled out on the tablecloth eleven pearls, and they glimmered in the rice which he had packed in the bag with them for some reason. I have heard that pearls keep well alive, and even grow larger when packed in with good rice. Most of the pearls were round and creamy, and very sizable for rings. Two were like clouds of indigo touched with the moon as you turned them. And one was a large, oval, salmon-pink pearl. Vanilla was greatly taken with that one. Naturally she asked him how he had come by them. He answered that he had gotten them honestly and openly as a poacher in the South Seas.

His story was that a friend who was indefinitely confined at San Quentin had secretly passed out certain information to him in gratitude for a favor formerly rendered; and that, having faith in what he was told him, he outfitted a schooner and sailed southwest across the Pacific for a little island among those owned by the French. At this island there was a season of pearling once in every ten years. It was the ninth year when he sailed; and the oysters were like to be in profitable condition. The trick

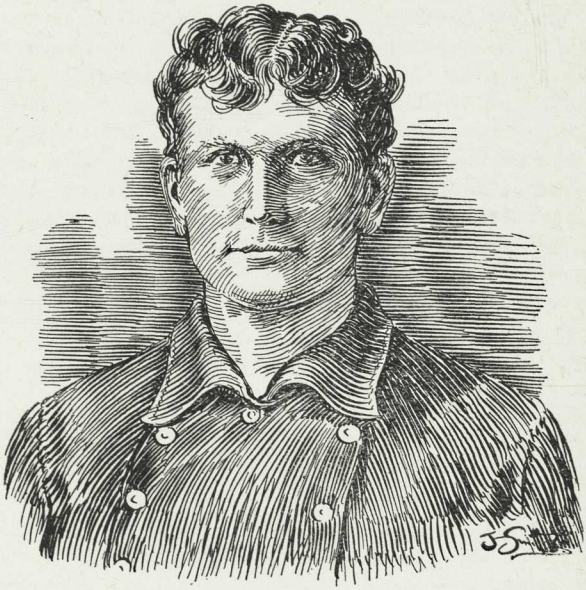
was to get there and away without being noticed by any prowling French gunboat. One morning they sighted an island sure enough, as indicated on the plan which he had received. McLean had men with him who knew just what to do, and was well enough equipped for quick work. So they went at it in the hot sun, and brought the oysters up against time.

But about 4 o'clock on the afternoon of the third day a trail of smoke was noticed on the horizon. It was approaching the island. With all possible speed the mass of opened and empty shells and bottom debris on deck was put overboard, together with pearling dredges and prongs, and every trace of what they had been so busy at was removed. They had been lucky; there were many very fine pearls. These they imbedded and covered in the pitch of the ship seams. By the time the French gunboat sent officers aboard to investigate they found only an innocent little trading schooner, preparing to send some men ashore for a supply of cocoanuts, and intending to catch some fresh fish along the reefs. But French authorities are very stubborn when they get a notion in their heads. Orders were given for the schooner to cast off and follow the gunboat to a French police and penal station on a distant island, where further consideration would be given to the affair. There was no help for it; a shot or two from the guns, and in those remote waters the incident would be closed. The Sea Wolf had to navigate under orders from two men left on board from the gunboat. This gun-

boat was old even then, and slow. It was destroyed by the Germans when they bombarded Papeete in the first year of the Great War. On the second evening after the capture it stopped for the night at an island, and entered through into the lagoon, followed by the schooner. The tropic night was soon over them; breathless, ominous, without a star. Evidently a storm was brewing, but all was safe within the shelter of the lagoon. There was a cable between the schooner and the gunboat, but only two French sailors were left in charge. There was a small native settlement on the island, and some of the officers and men of the gunboat went ashore to enjoy themselves. The storm came down very suddenly and heavily. Under direction of the Sea Wolf the two sailors left in charge were overcome without any outcry. The cable was slipped; the crew manned two boats and drew ahead, and presently, by grace of their oars and the rising wind, the schooner glided to the mouth of the lagoon and was guided through. It was blowing great guns outside. But that was all to the taste of McLean. His crew clambered aboard from the small boats; sails were hoist; they were away before the men of the gunboat realized what had happened. Out through the black raging sea they went, and the McLean did not care where so long as he was heading for the open. The thrill of that night made good for years of trouble. No gunboat followed, and eventually they reached the coast of Australia.

ENVOI

The next time I saw Vanilla she showed me the pink pearl. I asked her if she were going to have it set for a ring or a pendant. She said she was not going to tell me, but I might find out before the captain went away. And so it was that when I said good-by to the Sea Wolf he was rather self-consciously but proudly wearing the pink pearl in his tie, neatly set in five golden claws. For Vanilla was that kind of a girl; she had delight in giving as well as receiving the unexpected gift. And her way was smooth, and her heart was sweet; even as her name.



MIKE KING
Star timber cruiser of the coast. From photograph taken at Victoria, B. C., in 1900.

Mike King and the Bear

MANY of the old-timers along the Coast knew Mike King; especially those who were interested in timber. He was a mighty axeman; and, as a timber-cruiser, he has never been surpassed in British Columbia; which is as good as saying anywhere. From Mexico to Alaska was the range of this wiry and ever-cheery Canadian; but for choice he would always be in the heavy forests of Vancouver Island and the Mainland along the Gulf of Georgia. I knew him as far back as 1879, and at odd times after that. I lost all track of him in 1900. Then a few years before the outbreak of the First World War I met him one day unexpectedly in Montreal. Mike at that time must have been nearing seventy, but he still held himself erect, and at first glance looked as trim and fit as ever. Meeting one whom I had admired since boyhood so far from home after a handful of years, and in a city that always wears a foreign air for everyone, even those who live in it, I wanted to keep him for hours to myself and listen to him talk.

It was toward the end of a warm June day. Across the street from where we met was the Dominion Square, and there we went and sat on a bench under the trees till sunset. Only then did I notice that Mike was not what he had been ten

years before. A twinge of pain would flicker across his face occasionally, and then he would droop his shoulders after it had passed. For a time he talked of Mexico; talked of his troubles with the Yaqui Indians; talked of a certain concession of mahogany limits and mineral claims down there which he had tried to secure, and of which he had not yet given up hope. He mentioned incidentally that he had been on hand for the little earthquake which had started the Big Fire in San Francisco; the biggest fire that ever he expected to see in this world. Waking at the first shock, and realizing on the instant what was up and down in such an affair, he clapped a pillow over his head. This it was that saved him from having his skull cracked by a falling brick. After that he talked back to the place we loved best, and gave me news of British Columbia, which does not find its way into the press despatches—intimate, humorous and useful. Then I asked him straight what was the matter with him. He said that he had been making an examination of certain coal deposits up Nootka Sound way, and that while walking along a fallen fir which spanned a deep gulch the bark had given way, throwing him to the rocky bottom thirty feet below. After he came to himself, he found one leg dislocated and his back injured. Later it was found that he had broken several ribs. He managed to drag himself on through that wild, lovely but unlucky region, avoided by the Indians because it is the home of the

Wild Man, the Massatchee Ikta; haunted by slolikum; and rock-inscribed by warnings from the Vanished People. It is a region which has, in several instances, seemed to lay a hoodoo on British Columbia politicians who meddled with it, pinning their small names to its high spots under the general name of Strathcona Park; and some of them trying to sell it to foreign lumbermen. Mike himself had seen the Massatchee Ikta there on an earlier occasion when cruising through it. This time, half dead, he limped along until he reached the little port of call on the coast, where he knew he would be picked up by a tug bound for Victoria. He was due in New York to make his report within a fortnight about the coal prospects. Concealing the seriousness of his injuries from the doctor so that he would not be sent to a hospital he crossed from Victoria to Vancouver and took train there for New York. When I met him he had just returned to Montreal after making his report on time. His back was beginning to be very painful; but he was still "the indefatigable Mike King by the Lovely Dove!"

As twilight came on he agreed to go along with me and see Dr. Westley at the Windsor. But first of all I suggested that we go to the Grill and follow the advice of St. Paul to Timothy, and then have a planked steak. So we did. And it was then that I got him to tell me of his time with the bear in Cowichan.

Mike was in the woods as usual, and cruising timber. It was far back, about 1893, and logging methods in Cowichan District then were primitive. But at that, and because of that perhaps, the district produced some of the champion axemen of the world, as well as one champion wrestler, little Dan McLeod, whose shoulders and arms were such, and whose swing was so quick and hard and exact, that he could fell three trees while one of the best of the other axemen would be hard put to it in felling one. And for that Dan was paid the wages of three men; and in those days there was no union mean enough to make any row about that. His fellows were all too proud of him.

Mike had been hard at work since dawn; and as noon came on he sat down under an overhanging ledge of rock to rest on the moss. He heard no sound except the whispering in the tree-tops; with now and then the croak of a raven, or the distant drumming of a grouse. Naturally he dozed. When he opened his eyes he saw two funny little faces peering up at him within arms length. They were two cub bears, about ten days old, and looking like toys come alive. Never thinking of harm, Mike extended his arm and petted them, and they took it in good part all unafraid. Mike lifted one on to his lap when suddenly his keen sense of smell told him what was to windward; and he realized as well that he had left the smell of himself on the cub. As he started up he heard a quick crashing through the

undergrowth. He had nothing in the way of a weapon with him but a hatchet. So he quit the premises on a run. He had not gone far forward before he knew that the bear was after him. Now no black bear goes hunting for trouble except when caring for cubs. But then, especially if it be the mother, trouble is a bear's middle name. She follows right after it.

On Vancouver Island are still the primeval forests; forests where the Douglas firs and the cedars grow together till their great columns reach up a hundred feet or more before they even begin to whisper to the blue with their branches. And below, even at noon, there is a green twilight, showing a ground thick-carpeted with moss and ferns; with shafts of light coming through here and there over entanglements of undergrowth and fallen logs. For a hardy man well up in wood craft, and going at his ease in the summertime, such a forest is a delightful and spirit-freeing place; Gothic and solemn it is, and yet in no way depressing. Every old-timer who loved the trees will be remembering that, even although now he must live his life out in the midst of brick-blistered and machine-driven cities. But you be in those same woods with a crazy-mad, black mother bear after you, and nothing in your hand but a small hatchet for blazing trails and marking trees; then you will want to go home, and go quick; then the ugliest habitations of man will be desirable beyond all sight of trees with trunks too thick to be rounded

for a climb, and with no branches within reach. Mike King ran and jumped and ran. He lost his sense of direction, so intent was he on mere speed. His only thought then was to put so wide a space between himself and that bear that she would soon give over and return to her cubs. But as he leapt over one huge log he went plumb into a pool of black mud and water, thick-grown over with skunk cabbage. Odd how in moments of extreme peril one takes sharp notice of trifles! Ever after that Mike King hated the scent of swamp lilies. By the time he had recovered himself and made to firm ground the bear was over the log and splashing toward him through the pool. Mike turned and grabbed from the ground with his left hand a small broken branch at his feet; one that was slivered and old from a tree long fallen. He knew there was slim chance of hitting an attacking bear with a hatchet at first blow. With paw quicker than the fist of any pugilist the hatchet at first blow would have been knocked aside, and on the instant the other paw would have ripped him from face down. At the edge of the pool the bear rose on its haunches. Mike struck straight across to the face with the stick in his left hand; but the stick never touched the bear, and was knocked from his grasp. In the same moment, however, he came down with the hatchet in his right hand, trying to give the fatal blow across the nose. He missed the nose, and the hatchet only cut with little effect into the forehead, and with that slipped from his grasp. Yet

the blow was enough to stagger the bear back over the slippery, yielding edge into the pool.

Mike ran and jumped and ran. Maybe it is true, as Kipling says, that the female of the species is more deadly than the male. Anyway, that bear was up and after Mike again, and he "learned about wimmin from 'er."

There are some men who at a crisis can call up a reserve of strength, although it may leave them limp for long after. Mike ran and jumped and ran. But now the bear was shortening the distance between them. Mike could hear its snarling grunts of rage; the hot smell of it was coming toward him. Then it was that his ears caught the sound of axes; the regular clip-clop, clip-clop of expert loggers. Mike headed for the sound. It is not every city dweller who can tell the direction whence a sound comes through the woods. But Mike could take his directions by ear as a dog can by his nose.

The rest of that run to him was in a dark green haze of horror. A nightmare had materialized, and was after him. Then new sounds were in his ears, sounds of breakage as if a great wind had struck up aloft. The bear now was just at his heels, and there was a great roaring and falling over them both. He felt a ripping blow behind as he plunged, bent double and head foremost—crash—darkness!

Next thing Mike knew there were two men standing by, and a third was holding up his head and telling him to drink from a flask which he held to his lips. He had been flung forward beyond the

trunk of the falling tree just as it came to the ground. The bear had been fairly caught across the back.

Mike was a kindly soul, and could always be depended upon to make others keep the King's peace when necessary. But in the stock of his good-fellowship there was no asset in favor of any bear for a long time after that. And he said to me:

"I tell you, Tommy, old Job talked about escaping by the skin of his teeth; but it was the skin behind my pants that I escaped by; and for weeks after that if I forgot myself and sat down careless like then I had cause good and plenty to curse that bear. You bet I had, by the Lovely Dove!"

* * * * * *

Clean, upright Mike! But that fall at Nootka was his finish. He left Montreal and went to Johns Hopkins or some such place for treatment by specialists, and died soon after.

From the Western Canadian Lumberman

In the early days of the development of logging in British Columbia there was no more striking figure than Mike King. It will be interesting to the present generation to know that twenty-one years ago Mike cruised the limits around Powell River and gave a report of the timber existing above Powell Lake, on the Kingcombe Inlet and elsewhere up the coast. Mike's cruise was used by the Canadian Pulp and Paper Company in a prospectus which was widely circulated in England.

Certain interests were opposed to the launching of a pulp and paper plant at Powell River, and so was formed the B. C. Loggers' Association, who sent a delegation to the Provincial Government to

protest against the enterprise, which Mike and his friends were supporting. The first president of the Loggers' Association was W. H. Higgins, who is still living. The late J. S. Emmerson was one of the directors, and H. G. Ross was secretary.

Mike had represented that there was an ideal site for a pulp mill at Powell River, and that there was ample power there for such an industry. It is interesting to note that one of the persons opposing the granting of timber to the pulp mill at that time stated to the government during the interviews: "Any mill which could be built at Powell River would be washed away by the sea." That was only twenty-one years ago.

Most of the gentlemen engaged in the controversy have passed on, including Mr. King.

The Canadian Pulp and Paper Company was the starting point in the establishing of the great pulp industry in this province. Time has proven that the cruise made by Mike King was reliable; the establishment of a fifteen million dollar plant at Powell River eloquently testifies to the vision of the pioneer.

No one is asked to believe the bear story. The old timers all claim that Mike King was a truthful man, and truth is sometimes stranger than fiction. —EDITOR.

Song Won Tai

Telling the Banquet of Both Kings

AS I went my way on a fine May morning of 1908 along Dupont Street in Vancouver, I was stopped by Lee Kwong. He handed me $150, asking me to go buy good wine with it and bid the right friends for a Chinese dinner to be given the next night in the great topside hall of the Chinese Reform Association. It was to be a rush affair.

Mackenzie King, Deputy Minister of Labor, had been sent to Vancouver some time in March, 1908, as a Special Commissioner to assess the damages which should be paid to Chinese and Japanese residents whose premises had been attacked in the anti-Oriental riots of the previous September. Associated with Arthur McEvoy, I was acting counsel for the Chinese claimants. After an investigation lasting some weeks, the commissioner arrived at an unexpectedly quick decision. Our clients were allowed somewhat over $30,000, and the commissioner announced his intention of immediately returning to Ottawa. Hence the hurry for the banquet of jubilation.

In those happy days, a lot of good wine could be had for $150; and I went to my friends of the Gold Seal, now but a memory, and placed an order

with rapidity, which was most honorably and generously filled. Then quickly I got in touch with those whom I thought would make an appropriate and joyful appearance the next night. The guests of honor were Mackenzie King and Oyang King, then Chinese Consul General at San Francisco, and now Chinese Charge d'Affaires in Peru.

There were a few other non-resident guests of some note at the time. One was a bright little Cockney by name of Crippen, who had been sent to the Pacific Coast from London as special correspondent of the London Times when the anti-Oriental agitation had become acute some months previously, and the relations between the United States and Japan had become strained. Another was Robert Service, who had just arrived down from the Yukon, and whose "Songs of a Sourdough" had brought him sudden fame and success. Till he met me he was innocent of Chinatown; but I told him that, after having so thoroughly absorbed the atmosphere of the Golden North, he had better at least have one whiff of the fragrance of the Far East flung into the Far West. He accepted my invitation with alacrity. I put through an order for souvenir menu cards, with names in Chinese and English of the delicious dishes of Canton; all rightly spaced with the names of the best gloom-dispellers bottled in France. Then I had festoons made of Scotch broom fresh cut in the woods along the Westminster road. The broom was in the first

wonder of its yellow blossoming, and I touched the festoons here and there with the deeper yellow of the heavy-scented thorny gorze, and lightened them with the red and white twinkles of wild flowering currant. The festoons were hung from the roof, beginning at the Altar of the Three Pure Ones and extending criss-cross the length of the hall.

We gathered at eight o'clock the next night, but, as usual at formal Chinese dinners, we sat chatting for an hour, trying vainly to crack melon seeds for the tiny kernels of them, like the Chinese. We succeeded better in taking a nip of tea or something between whiles.

The table for some symbolic reason was in the shape of a great T. Maybe it stood for Tai. I do not know; but there was something of imperial significance about it. Mackenzie King and Oyang King sat at the head centre, both together. Lee Kee was on one side of Mackenzie King and Arthur McEvoy on the other side of Oyang King, and with him Moy Bak Hing, Chinese Consul from Portland, Oregon. Among other well-known British Columbians who graced the board with their beneficent presences were: Hon. W. W. B. McInnes, Dr. Alex. Monro, E. W. MacLean, Gordon Grant and George Powell. Down toward the far end of the table, Crippen sat with Julien Roy. There the orders were given for opening the bottles and more bottles, in right rotation as they were assigned variously to the viands. All except the wine was

served in strict Chinese style. Some of the guests were hard put to it trying for the first time to eat with chopsticks. But for the young and the inexpert, and those stricken with grief, there is always a dainty porcelain spoon which may be used at a pinch for any food. Moreover, many of the best confections of sharksfin, birdnest and snow fungus are eaten solely with this helpful spoon. Also whenever any foreign guest made a slip with his chopsticks, he was called upon in honor to drink a glass of wine. This was consoling and before long all were in happy mood.

About midnight various ones were asked to speak to the occasion. Some of the speakers were quite fluent. When a speech was given in Chinese, it was translated into English, and likewise the English speeches were translated into Chinese. So everybody felt that they understood everybody; and that it did not matter much if they did not.

Of the tyhees and taipans of Chinatown in those days very few remain alive in Vancouver. The bones of most of them are in China. There were about forty guests at the banquet. Among the Chinese I recall: Lee Kee, Lee Kwong, Loo Gee Wing, Sam Kee, Yip Sang, Yip On, Wong Leung, Shum Moon, Chow T. Tong, and my tragedy-doomed law student, David C. Lew.

It was some time after midnight, while the speeches and the refreshers continued, that Crippen

overhead me quoting to myself Ernest Dowson's exquisite refrain:

"I have been faithful to thee, Cynara, in my fashion!"

It seemed to surprise Crippen mightily that I could do this; as one might be surprised to hear a Tartar from the Gobi Desert sit down and play one of Chopin's nocturnes. I have been amused occasionally by certain schools of the English natives who leave their island with the fixed idea that any mastery of English letters is not to be expected among those born overseas. They are very wooden; and one finds them comic or annoying, according to temperament. But happily in this case, misunderstanding a bit of mild sarcasm on my part, Crippen rose and recited the whole of Dowson's most perfect lyric, much to his credit. The lovely lines were gravely listened to by the revellers as if to a prayer spoken before the Altar of the Three Pure Ones between drinks.

Crippen's performance gave an idea to Robert Service, and the relief one has when a way of escape is opened up unexpectedly. For Service had been called upon make a speech and was trying to excuse himself. But brightly after Crippen sat down Service stood up quite steadily and drew a manuscript from his pocket, saying that instead of attempting a speech he would read his newest poem, never uttered before, and which was to be included in his next book: "Ballads of a Chechaco".

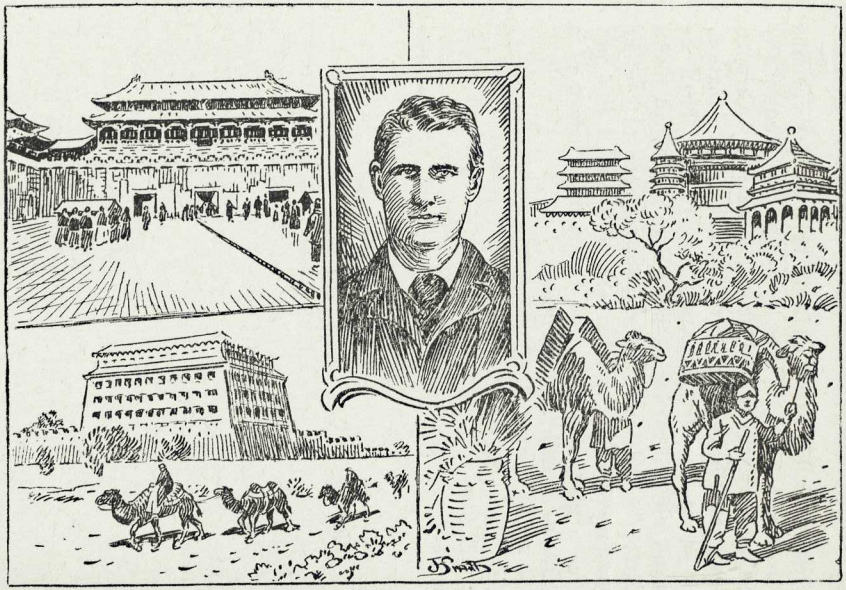
Then, where East and West met in an atmosphere bizarre, was heard for the first time from the author's own lips the "Ballad of Blasphemous Bill". It was loudly applauded, even by the Chinese who could make nothing of it. Those who had any meaning of it here and there were convinced that it was an artistic description of a ling chi execution in the Klondike. Service sat down well pleased. Time went happily on, and we all said that it was the best night of all. Yum poi! Yum sing! Umbrella!

With well expressed felicitations and hopes for better understanding in future between the Canadians and the Chinese, this banquet of both Kings together came to a happy conclusion about three o'clock in the morning.

ENVOI

I noticed the easy motion of the stars, playing around in the blue velvet of the sky, as I walked up town with Crippen and Gordon Grant. The night air of May was crisp and reviving. Crippen fancied a dish of scrambled eggs and bacon; so we went with him into the Bismark, an ever-open and comforting resort which reckoned its work among the fine arts, but lost and gone away into the past along of the Poodle Dog and the Lok King Lam. They do not have such places now. Pete was still in charge, and he looked after us royally, as usual, although for myself I felt I wanted no more to eat or drink for a week. From our box at one side,

Crippen kept looking uneasily between the curtains across the room, where someone was continually looking toward us and scowling heavily. Crippen finally said he was going to demand an explanation. He went truculently across the room. Then he found himself menacing himself in the broad blank mirror of the wall. Poor Crippen, keen of life; he has passed with the other shadows; and I find not even a glass now in which to see the shadow of a shadow of any one of them.



DR. GEORGE MORRISON

From snapshot taken when he first left Australia for China in 1893.

Morrison of Pekin

WHEN first I went in 1916 to the grim, blue-grey, antique and up-to-date city of Pekin I met with much to make me wonder. In a mingle of Mongol and Chinese and Manchu I made my way through that great part known as the Tartar City. I wanted to meet an Australian adventurer who had impressed his personality so favorably on the Chinese Government that his name was given to the important street on which he lived.

My ricksha coolie stopped in front of two symbolic Chinese lions, such as usually are placed in front of official quarters, and residences of magnates in the northern capital. These lions come of a cross between a bulldog and a wildcat; and vary in size from a tiepin to a hippopotamus. Passing through a guarded gate in the usual grey brick and granite wall I found myself in the outer court of a Chinese gentleman's compound. I gave my card to a porter who came forward to meet me and soon I was ushered into a Chinese reception room, partly furnished in European style. I had the honor of making myself known to Dr. George Ernest Morrison, foreign adviser to President Yuan Shi-kai, and some time correspondent of the London Times in the Far East. He was a slim, clean-shaven man of average height, with short grey hair all uncombed. He was dressed in grey; and I was taken with his quizzical bright blue eyes. So I told him that I had been

shown a snapshot photo of him in a saloon at Vancouver one day when I was buying a drink for a friend. I produced the picture, which I had thoughtfully not returned to my friend. This intrigued him. He recalled the time it was taken on shipboard 26 years before when he was first on his way to China.

Dr. Morrison showed me great kindness while I was in Pekin, and we became mutually interested in certain affairs. I happened to have with me an original draft of a Chinese Immigration Act which I had been instructed to draw for the Canadian Government some years before at Ottawa; and Dr. Morrison seemed very pleased when I gave it to him to put among his books and manuscripts relating to China. Through nearly 20 years he had been collecting a unique library devoted entirely to things Chinese. This library was considered of great value. He kept it in a separate fireproof building. After his death it was bought by the Japanese, and taken to Japan. The ship carrying it was wrecked; but the sea-soaked leaves were recovered and carefully dried and restored, so that the bulk of the volumes eventually arrived at Tokyo. I do not know if they survived the great earthquake of 1923.

I had some notions of my own about things in China 3000 years ago which I wished to corroborate, if possible. Dr. Morrison made me free of his library. Owing to my lack of learning I made slow progress but one day Dr. Morrison introduced me to Samuel Couling, a famous scholar in the Orient, who

was himself making researches in the library. Couling was the author of an Encyclopedia Siniaca; and because of his eminence in Chinese literature and philosophy he was decorated by the French Government a few years later, just before his death. It was from Dr. Couling that I first had details of the first Chinese missionary expedition to America about fifteen hundred years ago, conducted by Hoey Sien, an ardent follower of the Lord Buddha. I made a few notes there and then as the old scholar read to me and translated as he read from a Chinese book, quoting the official report of the expedition to Fusang (Mexico), as published in the Pekin Gazette, A. D. 499.

But it was the abstruse nature of my chief quest in China that appealed greatly to the heart of this delightful sinalogue, and he became quite attached to me. I had the privilege of meeting him subsequently in South China.

One day, at the Morrison Library, I was surprised to find a handsome and clever young Bengali deeply engrossed in a volume. I had been quietly interested in this person eight years previously at Vancouver. A night school of instruction in the arts of bomb-making and bomb-throwing was being conducted at the time among certain Hindus back of the saw-mills in the neighboring town of New Westminster. Not long after that some graduates of the school went back to India to practice what they had been taught; Lord Minto being the first

object of attention. I had some vague idea that this young Bengali was connected with the night school back of the saw-mills; and at least I knew that he was editor of a weekly journal of misinformation and anti-British propaganda called Free India, and published in 1908 at Vancouver. Publication ceased abruptly that year, and nobody knew what became of the editor for some time. But when I went up to him in Morrison's Library and said: "How do you do, Mr. Tarack Nath Das; I am pleased to see that you are as studious as ever?" he looked at me and into me with blank, unknowing eyes; those beautiful dark eyes which made him so admired of one sex at least in Californian colleges during the first years of the war. I mentioned the names of a few friends of his in the United States Immigration Service, and he appeared convinced after that of our having friends in common. We were stopping at the same hotel, and naturally he asked me what I was doing in Pekin, saying that he himself was studying the question of extra territoriality. I told him that I was studying certain phases of an ancient Chinese religion. I think we both believed each other in the same degree; which was quite as it should have been. Morrison seemed upset when I told him a few things; and was dubious about allowing the lad any further privileges of the library. There were not many whom he would admit to study there; but Tarack Nath Das had presented letters from certain Americans of high

standing in the collegiate world. I told Dr. Morrison not to be alarmed; that Tarack Nath Das might joyfully aid in the destruction of the British Empire, but that he was not the sort of person who would steal a book in the circumstances of the courtesy extended to him; not a collector or that sort of person. The next day, however, I met Dr. Morrison returning from the British Legation, and he told me that they seemed to have very complete data there as to the activities of Tarack Nath Das. The following day I missed him at the hotel; I used to enjoy my chats with him at the tea-hour. Nobody seemed to know what had become of him; and I did not hear of him again myself until he was arrested in California on some espionage charge, or other such excuse, after the Americans had entered the war. I do not know if he is at large now in India; but if so, no doubt he is carrying on business as usual. For one so learned he was a very industrious person.

At Dr. Morrison's library I met another man somewhat out of the ordinary. He was a lean, wiry little American of a journalistic turn; having a great aptitude for Oriental languages. He told me his name was Ginko (with the "g" soft as in sloe-gin), but I think when at home his name was Smith. That did not matter, however, as he did not intend to go home. He had been financed to Manchuria years before to be a war-correspondent when the Japanese-Russian war was going on. Later he was

so taken with and by things Chinese that he missed every boat going back to the United States, and finally said he did not care if he never went back. At the time I met him, Dr. Morrison had him engaged to edit manuscript of a new book he was writing; reminiscences to date from his boyhood days in Australia. I do not know if the doctor ever completed the work. But he told me that this Ginko could talk Mongol, as well as two kinds of Chinese. He said that once, having spent all his money in Pekin in an active way, he went to the market place off Hatamen Street one bright morning and succeeded in attaching himself to a Mongol caravan just setting out for Urga, across the Gobi desert. He had nothing, not even his own kind of tobacco. But he took to what the Mongols had, and he was always at home with anything to eat, being cosmopolitan in his tastes. He came back with a caravan two years later, nicely browned, with a knowledge of the Mongol tongue, and possessed of many valuable furs. On the proceeds he lived for a time to his heart's desire at Tientsin, State of Sin, China. I gathered some notes from Ginko about the doctor.

Morrison was born at Geelong, Victoria, Australia, in 1862. He was of an investigating turn of mind from the first, and always predisposed toward unusual places and positions. He was of that efficient type of Britisher not born in Britain, yet imbued with the larger ideal of Empire. He was no mere

drifter; still less a victim of wander-lust. Always he had some definite project in view; preferably of an imperial color. When he was twenty he was an uncommon sailor before the mast in the South Seas; intending to study the Kanaka labor question at its source, because of the trouble being made about it in Australia. After that he took a journey on foot across the wilds of Australia from the Gulf of Carpentaria to Melbourne; making over two thousand miles in 123 days. Next he studied a bit of medicine. Then he ventured in New Guinea, but returned from there discouraged because of two spear-heads planted deeply in his person by the Native Sons of New Guinea who believed in New Guinea for the Guineas. He decided to go to Edinburgh to have the spear-heads properly removed; and incidentally to complete his medical course. In 1887 he received the degrees of M.D. and C.M. from Edinburgh University. Then he was engaged as a mine doctor at the Rio Tinto mines in Spain. Leaving that employ he was for a time court physician to the Wazan of Morocco. In 1890 he went back to Australia and was put in charge of a hospital at Ballarat. But two years later he heard the thing playing the tune again, and felt that he must follow. So he sailed in the direction of China. Morrison reached China in 1893. In 1894 he was at Shanghai, and from there set out as usual in pursuit of the unusual. He made his way by foot and sampan all the way overland from Shanghai to Rangoon; a

most hazardous and uncomfortable thing to do; a thing to be accomplished only by a nervy and lucky expert tramp explorer undeterred by man, beast or insect. Dr. Morrison was unable to speak the languages used in the regions through which he passed. But he had a winning way with him; he could accommodate himself to circumstances; and knowledge of medicine stood him in good stead. Much of this trip is described in his first book: "An Australian in China." While on the SS. Monteagle, going from Hongkong to Shanghai, in June, 1920, I met a famous Canadian missionary whom I remembered as having been senior to me at Toronto University. The name of Morrison came up; as news of his death had been received just a few days before we sailed. "I never met him, but of course I have heard of him," said the missionary. "Poor fellow, he wrote a book once in which he criticized the work of the missionaries in China; but later he was led to see the error of his way, and the book was recalled from circulation wherever possible." To this I gave a rather hot denial. I knew that it was not true; and I told him plainly that he was talking missionary pidgin. For Dr. Morrison had given me an autographed copy of the book in 1916, and I recalled how proudly, I might almost say affectionately, he spoke of the book and what it had done for him. It had made his reputation. But even before publication it was instrumental in opening the gate for him to high places and influence. The way of

it was this, as he told me himself. After tramping China the first time, Morrison sailed from there on a British merchantman. He earned his passage as ship surgeon; but he had scarce one dollar to keep company with another in his pocket. He had, however, the completed manuscript of his book. Arriving in London, he sought immediately the first likely publishing house. Finding that he would have some time to wait before any decision could be made, he tried for a job as a newspaper reporter. Aiming high, he went to the office of the London Times. He was not turned away, as he had half expected, but was listened to and passed on from one to another. Finally one who seemed to have power of deciding took him in hand and asked as to his experience and qualifications. Morrison answered that he had been in China; that he had written a book about it, and that he had crossed overland from Shanghai down through the southern provinces to Yunan Fu; thence through Tonquin, Siam and Burma. At mention of this the examining journalist was all attention, and presently had him before two of the directors. They listened to his story, and invited him to dinner the next night in Soho. Morrison explained that he was not even possessed of a dinner jacket. This was courteously met by his hosts meeting him the next evening in lounge suits like his own. The upshot was that Morrison was told to forget about his book for a while and let it take its chances with the publishers. He was

asked to go forthwith to Singapore and there await orders as special correspondent of the London Times. A handsome cash advance was made; and off he went. At the time there was some serious misunderstanding with France about affairs in Siam. Morrison was able to render service of such marked diplomatic value in Siam during the next two years that, following the closing of the issue there, he was sent in 1897 to Pekin as permanent correspondent for the London Times. From that time on he was "Morrison of Pekin."

His passion for inland traveling remained; and toward the end of 1897 he made the journey by foot and chair and mule and sampan from Pekin down to Tonquin. Which reminds me that once Sir John Jordan said to me at the British Legation in Pekin: "My boy, I believe that you could take one of your Canadian light canoes and from the water-gate at the foot of these grounds, when the canal is filled, you could start out and make the journey from Pekin clear down to Mandalay, with very few portages, following the natural and artificial waterways of the country." This was said in connection with the ancient but admirable system of canals which now need dredging in order properly to supplement the rivers and lakes, and afford cheap and efficient communication, such as once prevailed during the ages of the great emperors.

Dr. Morrison played a brilliant part at Pekin in the defence of the foreigners centred at the British

Legation during the Boxer rebellion of 1900. But this is well known, and has often been described. As typical, however, of the working of the Chinese mind, so selfishly individualistic and grotesquesly detached, contrary to what might be expected by us, Dr. Morrison told me that once during the most distressing days of the siege, an arrow was shot over the Legation walls with a message from a Chinese friend addressed to him, and quite casually, as if it had come most peacefully by post, asking for advice on a detail of ordinary business. The Chinese friend wrote as if the doctor's mind should calmly be given to the question asked; as if indeed there were no such things as war and looting and dynastic downfall darkening over the city.

Well, Dr. Morrison acquired merit; he considered the question asked of him, and then wrote a careful and dispassionate reply, without reference to anything else. The answer, addressed as best could be, was attached to the arrow, and it was shot back in the direction whence it had come. About a year afterwards the doctor was made aware in a pleasing manner that his answer had been received; that it had been acted upon, and that it had been considered valuable. That was more than he could say in later years when he was official adviser to Yuan Shi-kai, and later to Li Yuan-hung. Dr. Morrison had been in sympathy with the revolutionary party led by Dr. Sun Yat-sen. The developments subsequent to the overthrow of the Manchu dynasty in

1911, and the changing attitude of Yuan Shi-kai, made his position difficult. However, one comfort, as he told me with a grin, was that, although he continued to send reams of written advice to the Chinese government, which advice was seldom taken at first, and never taken later, yet his salary, a substantial one, was always most honorably forthcoming when due.

I had arranged to meet Dr. Morrison at Vancouver in July, 1920, when he expected to arrive there from London as I returned from Hongkong. But sitting in the corridor of the Hongkong Hotel on the last day of May, I read that his death had just occurred in England.

Two years later I lived again for several months in the old north capital; prowling through the city of dusty blue and grey little houses hemmed in by enormous grey and dusty pink walls; city of swarming wide streets and rich shops hidden down narrow lanes; city of desolate imperial distances where many trees bloom and no grass grows; weird city of legend and horror and allurement. I have taken tea from beautiful hands in its beautiful parks; I have often stood reverently on the open marble Altar of Heaven to the south, and attended evensong in the Lama Temple to the north; and always with the same zest as I did in my first days. But along Morrison Street I can never pass now without a feeling of something lost; and I lift my hat warmly to the memory of my friend Morrison of Pekin.

Joss

I WONDER how it is; all this unknowable? It gets one no farther to declare it is not. Yeh, Heh, Wey; Jahvey, Jovey, Jeezo; Zous, Dios, Gosh! Say it vigorously just like that, and the flippant may think it a college yell. Well, down the centuries these unconnected sacred names have been ignorantly connected and mouthed profanely abroad by sea and shore. In undistinguishment they slipped from the tongue of wayfaring men because of fear or anger or wonder or anguish; or else for solemn assurance of sincerity and good intention; or else for vain emphasis and customary vulgarity. To and fro from East to West and West to East they passed; but at long last and away they oriented quaintly into Joss.

Now, this funny name of Deus descendant may not be so efficiently used as other high names for cursing or invocation; and yet in its own way lightly it may rise in meaning toward somewhat that plays with the affairs of birds and butterflies as being of as much concern to it as are the affairs of men. Joss will serve the quick intuition of children; and also serves to hold a vague notion and indicate an attitude for those old ones who good-naturedly accept this chancy business of life, and would have a not irreverent joke now and then

at the futility of trying to plumb the ultimate. Joss may do as a name for the fey wind and glimmer of the Eternal; the ripple if you will of Yo.

Neither of light nor of darkness, nor of sound nor of silence; having no body of existence, or witness through the existent unless it be a trackless, avenging, healing and arranging influence; vivid in effect for those who are awake to it, even through the least and most trivial things, and yet elusive from eye or instrument or sensible thing whatever in all the range from an electron to a star; that stays which some gasp to realize; inadequately naming it God. But, of course, we must have some name for it, if only the name of a name. Yo quonsum mitlite Yo.

Below self-consciousness and above self-consciousness, but seldm midway in the spotlight of intellect, we may have the feel of a clear state of being, or non-being, if that be more comprehensible, which in systematic religions we sometimes try to cover with the name of a person. This phase of the affair, however, pertains to the province of theology, wherein I am not versed. But I may discuss Joss a bit; for Joss is not a person and never more than plays at being a person. And Joss is not particular about any particular religion, nor about us any more than about any other creatures. But it seems that every name for any avatar or other apparent manifestation descending from the supreme before and after and over and under of existence,

whether of personal or impersonal aspect, acquires the equivalent of an aroma or a color all its own. This like enough is because of the emotional aura through which it is uttered and repeated and praised and appealed to by the various groups and races that continually use it. Very near and very well-known it may seem when named with a name made sublime or lovely in childhood. But, if it be a live name, it will always retain some aspect looming beyond all races and their languages. It is that indefinable of a name in a name which may give us the relief at times of altogether denying it to whatever face it shows; and denying all for which it was imposed upon us by others. The spirit escapes the name. Thus a thousand names have been sounded and sung to all the winds, and have died away at last with all the worshippers into silence.

But Joss cares not for its name. Joss of the open, and every little Joss around the corner, may carry us beyond the customary of God and Aumen. Authentic are contacts made with the quick quiver of Joss by an apt daft use of this or that symbol or instrument of this or that religion. For although to many all idols and religious allures whatsoever remain inert, yet to others they may become potent and very helpful; reviving vim and spirit, or giving effective consolation. The wine of new life may be served through unlikely vessels. We have spiritual comfort of architectural shapes

and sacred boxes; or in certain postures and costumes; or through graven images of brazen serpents or golden, guardian cherubim; and highly from figures of crucified and finished expiation, or of brooding triumphant quietude and attainment. A little Joss may creep in and find place between old and richly odorous leathern covers, to play among the grim lines of ancient scholarship and orthodox commandments. It twinkles there like sunlight through a dark, deep pool. And by way of Joss in wreathing incense there may be received by those in goodwill some promise of the utter death and oblivion of all that now chains them unhappily to existence in this world. Such then is the value of true idol and religious allure. But the idol or allure must have involved in it a proper passive quality; and the one who would have a magic or consolation or peace of it must have the proper complementary active quality. Then, light or heavy, something is liable to happen. Joss comes in the between of the two; comes vibrant and real as anything can be real while it lasts in this everlastingly unlasting world. Joss may settle comfortingly for the little folk and the good elders in the pots and pans of the kitchen, as well as in flower-decked tablets and shrines. It may be heard warning and appealing in the aftertone of a temple bell. Joss can lead us remotely back till in queer travel we reach to that which wavered for us through the smoky golden visions of long ago. Joss curls in easy-tempered derision

above the concrete allottments of man and his intellect. Joss loves and laughs at dignities.

But this now that in happy jargon we call Joss does not exist as things exist; nor as we exist. It has a way of its own. It was in the wind before men were human; yes, and before ever the earth was rounded. It waves in the contemplation of trees where no men are. It plays through dream valleys with animals. It drapes in beauty of the moon for moths and nightingales. Through waving auroral curtains amazing the Arctic sky Joss may shimmer and dance for the howling adoration of wolves. It may lend itself grotesquely to a jungle devotee of old-time luck. It may come down and agree as a young comrade with the cheery fooleries or the dark forebodings of sailors on the high seas. Often it will flash smiling by in the trivial whim of a child. Joss may be of the littlest thing, and yet unfold and go long beyond all the most sacred names and islands of joy; even as the empty sky enfolds and longs beyond the stars.

One time one place I heard a child preciously apply the word Joss as she had learned it of her Amah; but in spirit all her own. We stood alone on the edge of a wide river. There was a ripple of wind; and the hot air was eerie with passion. Typhoon signals were up. The far shore was dim in a haze, and the sun was sinking redly on that side into black and orange clouds. Then as we stood watching in silence three white cranes flew in direct

line across the face of the sun, disappearing behind a distant pagoda over the hilltop. The hand of the child stole into mine, and low in the fullness of her wonder she said "Belong Joss!"

I knew that she was reacting to the queer come-along of it all; as if she had found by chance a secret door and the secret of its opening, and it had swung wide, displaying vistas of unknown delight. That once in that moment, if never again through the aging years, I felt that she had the pass, and had gone in on the trail of—what?

Yolana

There's a by-road the saints fear,
  And the wizards seek in vain;
Ayont the day 'tis quite near,
But the way of it is too queer
  For me to make it plain;
But we find our track by the Zodiac,
  Then a body parts in twain,
And we be lift in a mode to the mere
  Mass a madness vain—
  A dream or delusion vain.
    Yolana avie, avie, avie!
    Yolana vekana vor!

2

But what and oh what may the mass know
  Of the things that are done of us?
On the round hill where we go
To bide our time in the pale glow
  For Yolana marvellous?
And visions evoke by sweet smoke
  And breathings tremulous?
Nay, the sound of words may not show
  The things that are done of us—
  Remotely done of us!
    Yolana avie, avie, avie!
    Yolana vekana vor!

3

A gold star in the West glow'd
  Thro' a night obscurely clear:
'Twas the dry time when the winds bode
Thro' the tree-tops, and the tree-toad
  Answers eerily:—
The dwarf came with the swart name
  A-whispering in my ear:
And I nodded and took the by-road
  Thro' the night obscurely clear
  Like a smoky topaz when clear:
    Yolana avie, avie, avie!
    Yolana vekana vor!

4

Where the lone pine-tree flings
  A ragged shadow down
We light the fire, and the dwarf sings
To keep away the bad things
  That glimmer around and frown
As we mix wine, and make the sign
  They made in the sunken town:
Then oh what glory of light wings
  Bearing Yolana down!
    Yolana avie, avie, avie!
    Yolana vekana vor!

5

But what and oh what may the mass know
  Of the things that are done of us?

On the round hill where we go
To slumber in the pale glow
  Of planets pendulous?
And out of the skies materialize
  Yolana marvellous?
Nay, the sound of words may not show
  The things that are done of us—
  Remotely done of us!
    Yolana avie, avie, avie!
    Yolana vekana vor!

6

Oh the twinkling stones of faery
  When Yolana comes!
All set in the greenest jewelry,
While the magic smoke goes bluely
  From the burning magic gums!
And we troll the chants in a ghost-dance
  To the monotone of drums
Till we lapse for sheer enchantery
  When Yolana comes!
    Yolana avie, avie, avie!
    Yolana vekana vor!

Notes

CHINOOK DAYS—Vikings in British Columbia

There is a cliff near Spokane, in the State of Washington, just across the border from British Columbia, beneath which the icy waters of a spring still bubble forth as they did a thousand years ago. Nigh the spring is a great boulder, on which are inscribed runic characters. They tell how a little band of Norse Vikings, consisting of twenty-four men and seven women and a baby, and which had been crossing down from the Canadian Sub-Arctics toward the Pacific, fought a battle with Indians at this place because of a quarrel about the use of the spring. The Vikings were outnumbered. They put the women and the baby on top of the boulder, and fought with their backs to it in a circle. Half of them were killed in the fight; two of the men and six women were captured, and the baby was hurled from the rock and killed as it fell. One woman and twelve men escaped. Of these there were six survivors who returned to the spot and buried their dead under one large mound, and then wrote the account of the affair in runes upon the rock. This was in A.D. 1010. Professor Olaf Opsjon, widely known as a translator of runic inscriptions, declares the writing on this rock to be the best Norse record so far found in America. But Tete Jaune, or Yellowhead Jaspar Hawes, was the first white man to tell of finding characters on rocks in Western Canada which were apparently ancient, and not of Indian origin. The story is that he saw them on a cliff in a valley north of the Pass which now bears his name. They may be Norse runes, if there be any such at all; or they may be petroglyphs such as have already been found in British Columbia and on Vancouver Island, and which are not in the knowledge of Salish or Nootka or other Indians now on this coast. But there are so many stories about that daring French-Canadian, and his successful rivalry single-handed against the mighty Hudson's Bay Company when he

established Jaspar House against Henry House, that one cannot be too sure of any of them now. The Hudson's Bay Company is thought to have spread spiteful rumors to the effect that Jaspar Hawes was a man of violent temper; warning the Indians that his flaming shock of yellow hair might set the mountains afire. But the Indians knew that was all in their eye; and Jaspar really proved himself to be a man of singular patience.

I am the last one to be picayune about spelling, but I cannot understand why the publicity agents of the Canadian National Railway do not spell Jaspar's name right; seeing what use they make of it in connection with their big Western Park. Perhaps they are timid lest visiting tourists of the school-teacher type may think that the name qualifying the park is derived from that stone to which a queer sea was likened in celestial topography; and know not how to spell jasper when they write of Jaspar Park. Reminds me that once in Toronto in 1888 a prominent English visitor—one of the funny patronizers patronizing seriously—on going over to the Island was scandalized at a sign reading WIMAN'S BATHS. He asked his companions if it were possible that these Canadians did not know how to spell women.

QUEEN YOMA—Chinook Days

Extracts from the Memorial of Giano Sanguinetti, addressed to His Excellency Don Leonardus Santorius, and dated at Madrid, Spain, the 19th of February, 1543.

"Having landed at La Espagnola with a cargo of negroes for service under Las Casas in 1536, and desirous of winning fame and fortune I continued in my purpose to learn the language and customs, and as much of the geography as was possible, until the end of 1540; and, as I was in the service of Cortez, he soon commissioned me to lead an expedition toward the septentrional regions of New Spain. Several vessels perished; others returned with little findings. But I, after many misfortunes, finally reached a vast peninsula of a gulf which appeared

to split New Spain. . . . As we made sail from there, with Gino Doria and four Indians, the winds favored us in our course, and as we proceeded on we hugged the shores of a monstrous litoral which was covered in parts by dense forests. We sighted very few aboriginates. In this manner we continued our course, touching at several points, and guarding with attention for favorable tides. . . . As we landed we were met at the shore by a damsel of majestic aspect, and richly attired, who told me that her name was Yoma. In the conference we had with her she declared that in the annals of her country they still observed the traditions and customs of her people, who had come originally from Asia, and that she followed in the worship of the Buddha. . . . Upon our return to our vessel the Queen Yoma became enamoured with my companion from Savona, Gino Doria, who was possessed of an elegant aspect. The queen came with us as far as our ship, accompanied by two hundred princesses. Queen Yoma was a person of such striking beauty that my companion Gino Doria immediately made love to her; and they were married, and with acclamations he was crowned to be king under her. . . . The four Indians died of pestilence during our return voyage. I was for this reason ill-treated by Cortez, who forbade me to remain longer in the New Spain. Grant me grace, my lord, and I bow with most humble sentiment of you, my master."

In the rare Memoirs of the Navigator Montalvo reference is made to the Queen of California, and the capture by her of an Italian sailor with whom she fell in love. The Memorial of Sanguinetti to Don Santorius was bound with parchment in the seventeenth century, when Donna Maria Rossi had the document examined by the monks of the Monastery of Fondi. There is a writing on one side as follows: "Visto del Monastero di Fondi pro la Signora Donna Maria Rossi, 1732." On the other side of the cover there appear signatures, dated at the Monastery of St. Stephen, Genoa, 1741, bearing a large seal: Carta bollata dell eccelentis Camera, 1741." And along the margin is a writing to this

effect: "From the account given by Giano Sanguinetti regarding Montezuma, once monarch of New Spain, it appears that his people were descendants of the epoch of Hia, King of Asia, worshippers of the false god Buddha; and this is sufficient to purge the infinite errors of the Spaniards who, with the destruction of human beings, desired at the same time to convert them to the Christian faith, considering it to be one of the imperative necessities of their spiritual mission; armed with humility and Christian charity. There is no jewel more precious nor richer treasure than the cross. Triumphus Crucis."

CHINOOK DAYS—Canadian Pacific Railway

It is not so keenly realized today as once it was forty years ago how the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway made the ocean to ocean Dominion of Canada a reality; how it made possible and marketable the annual rich harvests of the Prairies; and how it laid the foundations for an imperial city on Burrard Inlet. No such great transportation enterprise had ever been undertaken on such slender resources, or put through with more financial courage and adroitness; not even the Suez Canal. Bold and wise and far-seeing, Sir John A. Macdonald took the lead; and then the founders of the Canadian Pacific Railway risked the Bank of Montreal and their own liberty to carry out their national and imperial scheme; while American railway experts scoffed at it, declaring in 1881 that it would not pay for the axle-grease on its car wheels. Agricultural wiseacres, assembled two years earlier at Chicago, had declared that the State of Illinois marked the extreme northern boundary for successful wheat-growing on a large scale on the American continent. They had an appreciation of the situation about equal to that of the good, old clergyman at New Westminster who in 1880 called to assure my father, who had just come from the Parliament at Ottawa perforce via the United States, that the idea of Canadians contemplating a railroad through the mountains of British Columbia was preposterous.

He said solemnly, as if making an unbelievable statement, that it would cost a million pounds sterling. That sum to the old gentleman meant something colossal beyond the wealth of Canada. What would the venerable Archdeacon, with his worldly outlook approximating a period not later than the reign of William IV, have thought had he been told that merely for one hotel, or tavern as he would have called it, such a sum would be spent every here and there along the line of more than one Canadian transcontinental railway; spent as a matter of regular outlay. But British and Dutch money went solidly to back up the preliminary Canadian risk; and the Canadian people supplemented the coin from overseas with a free gift of lands greater in value than the entire cost of the road; after the road had given them value. And so the road came smiling through.

CHINOOK DAYS—The Winds

Besides the wind which is merely the wind and nothing more from whatever quarter it may blow, there were three special winds, and a wind of the wind, spoken of in Chinookery.

Melawahna (sweet wind), is commonly known now as the Chinook Wind. It comes dry and warm in winter, and dry and cool in summer, and is altogether desirable. It comes from somewhere out on the sea far to the West. It may sometimes sweep and curve through the mountains, or vault over them to the very edge of the Prairies.

Oluk Wahna (snake wind), is a cyclone or typhoon. Since the coming of Ko and Klon never a one of the Oluk Wahna have been able to whirl their great coils through the air around Vancouver City.

Leloo Wahna (wolf wind), is a deathly cold wind out of the North and the North East.

Tolo Wahna (win in the wind), is the tah sister of Yolana.

Myself, I think that Nirwahna (nirvana or nibahna), the supremely desirable state sought for

by followers of the Lord Buddha, means merely Beyond the Wind, Beyond Becoming, Beyond the reach of Distressful Change.

JOSS—Jeezo or Jizo

The God, or Gleam of God, recognized by various denominations of the Buddhist Church in Japan as taking special care of children who have met with untimely death. In the wide and deep blue sleeves of the kimono of Jizo, the souls of such children may creep to refuge from the demons that haunt the uneasy, astral region known to them as Sai No Kawara. It is from this region that nightmares and such like maliks may steal out to harass the children of earth while they sleep. Jizo will have no slain thing offered before him; and the children pile only clean little pebbles before his shrine or image to signify they are sorry for being naughty; and also as a happy arrangement by which their love may be radioed to their little friends who have died and gone beyond.

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