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CHRONICLES

of the

CARIBOO

Dunlevy's Discovery of Gold on the Horsefly

1938

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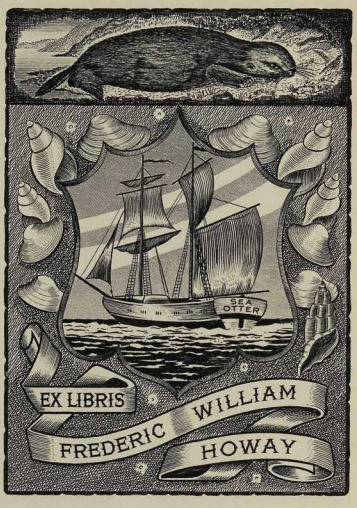

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Chronicles

of the

CARIBOO

NUMBER ONE

Being a True Story of the First Discovery of Gold in the Cariboo District on the Horsefly River by Peter C. Dunlevey

WRITTEN BY

ALEX P. McINNES

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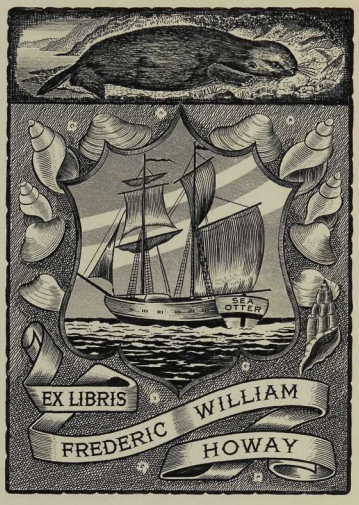
ERRATUM

The Publishers regret the incorrect spelling of "Fort Alexander" and in tendering their apologies to the author, Mr. A. P. McInnes, we beg to state that we were led into the error from the accepted spelling on the monument which marks the site of the old Northwest Company and the Hudson's Bay Fort. For this and other irregularities in our first attempt to publish a historical brochure, we beg consideration—The Publishers.



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FORWARD

Undoubtedly the credit for finding the first gold in the hills of the Cariboo by a white man belongs to Peter Curran Dunlevey, who led a party of prospectors into the Horsefly country in the spring or early summer of 1859.

It is a curious fact that while many accounts have been written of the early gold rush into the Cariboo, the full story of Dunlevey's trip has never been written to my knowledge. Even Father Morice gives but a bare mention of it in his "History of the Northern Interior of B. C." And yet from the chronological and historical point of view and by right of priority, it is the most important of any of them, since the whole fabric of the story of the Cariboo and its bearing on the of the province rests upon it.

Alex P. McInnis. Born at Barkerville, April 11th, 1868. Residence, Marguerite, B. C.

In preparing this booklet, I am glad to acknowledge valuable assistance from Rev. Father G. Forbes O.M.I. of St. Joseph's Mission, where Dunlevey was buried and from my old friends Robert N. Campbell of Horsefly and Charles Moffitt. son of the late Tom Moffitt of the story. But in the main, I have to rely on my memory of the story as told me in my youth, and not once but many times, by Dunlevey himself, Begbie, Baptiste, the guide, and the late Thomas Moffitt, who was one of the original partners.

Let us hope the reader will find so much of interest in the story as not to pay too much attention to the manner of its writing.

—Alex P. McInnis

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INTRODUCTION.

In setting down a record of the original discoveries of gold in Cariboo, Alex P. McInnis has done a valuable work. In these days when the dividends of Cariboo mines may be estimated in the millions of dollars, we are likely to forget the names of the great hearted adventurers who made it all possible.

There were three main phases of gold discovery on the Pacific slope during the last century beginning with California in 1849. The men who found the yellow metal on the Horsefly River were Americans who had come north when the original stakings at Marshall's Mill, in California, had petered out. Indeed the very word "petered", may have come from the circumstances of the departure of the famous Peter C. Dunlevey from the exhausted placers in California. All of San Francisco rushed to the Fraser River in 1858-59.

Then they rushed back in the early sixties to find the dazzling millions which awaited on Sun Mountain, Virginia City, Nevada. But Peter C. Dunlevey remained in British Columbia and his ashes lie to-day at St. Joseph's Mission, Williams Lake, Cariboo. Others were hot on the trail and other made fortunes during the boom which followed the first discoveries of gold in Cariboo at Horsefly by Dunlevey and his partners; but to him and his partners the credit of discovery must go. This little book, written, illustrated printed and published in the Cariboo, is therefore a permanent record of the birth of the mining industry in Northwestern America.

It is fitting that it should be published in time for wide circulation at home and the great fair next year at San Francisco. It should be but the first of a series of historical publications dealing with the deep Cariboo from the pen of Mr. McInnis.

—George M. Murray, M.L.A.
Lillooet, B. C.

Pencil Sketches for the Illustrations Used In this Booklet Were Made by the Author

Chronicles of the Cariboo

Then raise your glass to Dunlevey
And Moffitt and Old Ira Crew,
Jim Sellers and Ba'tiste the packer
Who started the whole blinkin' show.

And to all of the mighty trail blazers
Who sleep 'neath the palm or the pine,
The sage brush, the cactus or gum tree--
And their sweethearts of auld lang syne.

THE STORY OPENS on a Fraser River bar at the mouth of the Chilcotin River in the Spring of 1859, where a party of miners were so absorbed in the interesting business of washing up their rocker at the end of the day's work that they did not notice the approach, on silent moccasined feet, of a stalwart young Indian, till he accosted them in Chinook with, "Klahowya, Whitemans! Ikta mika mamook yawa koopa ookook?" ("How are you, Whitemans! What do you do there with that thing?"—indicating the rocker).

The sun had already dipped behind the rocky cliffs to the west, which were so close and high as to cause an early sunset right there, although it would be hours yet before sundown on level country. And that was just the condition that left the bar in such deep shadow at the moment and probably contributed to the Indian's unseen approach.

The startled miners showed their surprise by springing for their weapons instantly, while the Indian stood calmly, watching them covertly, his short flintlock musket resting across the hollow of his left elbow, his right hand upon the lock. Presently an amused smile lighted his swarthy countenance as he waited for someone to answer his question and salutation.

The smile reassured most of the miners, including a young man who, from his better clothing and authoritative bearing, the Indian had already singled out as leader of the party by regarding him directly. The young miner was Peter Curran Dunlevey, and was indeed the leader of the party. He now spoke rather bruskly to the Indian.

"Who the hell are you and where do you come from?" The Indian laughed as he said—in more English than Chinook now—sensing that they didn't understand his Chinook.

"Whas matter you Whitemans? No eye, no ear. Me come. No see! Bad Injins stop yawa up dat river"—indicating with a gesture the Chilcotin River and country to the West. "You watch goot. Kloonas bom by Chilcotin kill Whitemans." Saying this he dropped the butt of his musket to the gravelly bar, probably in token of good will and confidence.

Dunlevey noted all this shrewdly, appreciating the Indian's evident friendliness as he replied with his ingratiating smile: "Yes, we hear about bad Chilcotins over there; but I guess we can take care of ourselves," indicating with a grin the long Kentucky rifles now in the hands of his partners, then added: "But you good Indian? Friendly anyway. You tell Whiteman watch out. You not like Chilcotin?"

"Nowitka, yas," replied the Indian. "No like Chilcotin. Oh some good mans, some mean buckas. Some nice womans, hiyoo plitty," gesturing with a grin, "but mos' wil' buckas. Like fight Shuswap. Fight Yabatan—Fort 'Lexander Injins—steal klootchmans" (women).

"Mmm!" considered Dunlevey, grinning in turn. "You sound like you could steal a pretty woman yourself if you had a chance, young man! Yes, and fight for her like blazes too, by the look of you. But what's your name and where do you come from?"

"Me name Tomaah," replied the Indian gravely, probably not quite getting the significance of Dunlevey's remarks. "Kamloops niha illihee. Kamloops Tyee nika papa. Me wuk Hudsam Bayh. Now me come Fo't Yale. Go Fo't 'Lexander pack paper for Hudsam Bayh Tyee. What you do dat one?" again queried the Indian, pointing to the rocker.

"Oh, I see. Hudson's Bay Indian runner, eh?" said Dunlevey. "Well, you do look as though you could run some as well as fight and steal pretty women," he continued, sizing up again the young Indian's lithe yet powerful form appreciatively. "And you do look like a chief's son at that. Come, I'll show you what we do with that one." Leading the Indian to the rocker, where two of his partners were again busy with the wash up, the others standing near, he said to them: "I guess, boys, this should be a lesson to us. We'll have to be more watchful or we'll have those Chilcotin savages sneaking up on us as this fellow did." Then to the Indian: "We miners. Wash gold. You savvy gold?"

"Gol'?" queried the Indian, evidently puzzled. "No savvy. Halo kumtux gol'."

"Will you listen to that, fellahs?" cried the no less puzzled and astonished miner. "He says he doesn't savvy gold! Here, I show you." Then picking up one of the largest flakes of gold on the bottom of the rocker, he showed it to the Indian. "That gold. All same money. Good money."

The Indian took it between his finger- and thumbnails and whipping out his sheath knife began to cut at the gold flake, which was about the size of a large flake of wheat bran. "Haah! Yas!" he exclaimed presently. "Niki kumtux ookook! Me know dat one. Dat you call gol'? But small one, too much tanass. Me know ka higoo beeg one stop. Lots um."

"Big ones? How big?" exclaimed the miner, interested at once.

"Oh, all same," said the Indian, picking up a small pebble about the size and shape of a Lillooet bean. "Some like dat. Some more small."

"Look, fellahs!" cried Dunlevey, now excited as were all the others having heard. "He says he knows where there's lots of big pieces—nuggets the size of beans!"

"Where? Where?" they all cried at once.

"Far in a mountin. One li'l river"—waving his arm to the northeast.

To their eager entreaties as to how far, how long it would take to get there, and would he show them the way, the Indian went to a smooth patch of sand nearby and drew a rough map showing a river of clear water, not like this dirty water here, and a big lake into which it emptied. Then a river flowing out of the lake to the West until it joined this river—the Fraser—and on down past here. The gold was in the little river above the big lake. Another line he drew indicated the Hudson's Bay Brigade Trail from Kamloops to Fort Alexandria, and about halfway between a small lake that he called Lac La Hache. From there, he said, it was not so far to the little river, in a Northeasterly direction through a pine forest. But, he said, he was working for the Hudson's Bay Company, bearing important letters, and must go on without delay to Fort Alexandria, and there the factor would probably send him on another trip.

But Dunlevey and his partners were unanimous in the belief that the matter was worth looking into seriously. So they persuaded the Indian to camp with them that night so they could talk it over and make plans, finally the Indian agreed. Before they slept that night it was arranged that the Indian was to meet them at the Southeast end of Lac La Hache, on the Brigade Trail, at the end of sixteen days. They first said two weeks and then decided to add two days in case of delays. They further agreed that if either party was at the rendezvous before the other, it would wait one week before taking further action. Also that if th factor at Fort Alexandria would not let Tomaah off, the latter was to provide another Indian to take his place.

He said he had a friend—another Hudson's Bay runner called Long Bacheese—probably Baptiste—who was even better acquainted with that country than he was. In the meantime, the Dunlevey party was to make all haste in dropping down the river in their boat to Lillooet, and thence by way of Marble Canyon to Kamloops, where they were to go to Tomaah's father, the chief, to arrange for packhorses to pack a summer's supplies, purchased from the Company's stores, to take in with them to the little river. Tomaah said the Shuswap name for the little river meant "Wild Water." When the miners awoke the next morning the Indian was gone.

But it had transpired during the night's talk that upon being questioned as to what the Indians did with the gold nuggets they found on the little river, Tomaah had explained they made little trinkets of them by beating and carving the pieces into shape. He said some of the tribes even had rings which they had somehow beaten and carved to shape and which had been held in great veneration by certain families for generations past—evidently with some sort of

superstitious awe and reverence for the rare, precious metal. This gold and not "fool's gold," as some of them until then had suspected. Anyway, they decided to take the chances of the venture. Then, too, the river would be rising to drive the miners off the bars, and if the venture proved a failure they could return when the water went down and resume the bar mining.

While the party is dropping down the river in their boat is as good a time as any to describe them:

Peter Curran Dunlevey was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., U.S.A., October 21st, 1834, so he was in his twenty-fifth year at the time of which we write. He was of Irish descent and "proud av it," yet thoroughly American in his allegiance and feelings; so much so, in fact, that he never renounced his United States citizenship. Regarding this he used to say: "No, I was born an American citizen and by God I'll die one"—and he did. He was about five feet nine inches tall and would in his prime weigh about a hundred and seventy-five pounds; of light complexion, fair straight hair and blue eyes. Mostly he used to wear the Yankee beard, or chin whisker as it was called, sometimes with a moustache, but usually not. I have seen him clean-shaven also.

In his younger mining days he wore the conventional miner's garb: heavy, mostly blue, woolen shirt and corduroys, but always of good material. After he quit active manual mining for a businessman's life he was never seen except in a white shirt with a stiff starched front, the "boil'd shirt of the time, but without collar or tie —unless the occasion demanded a coat—with a vest always open except for one or two buttons at the bottom, and carrying a gold watch and heavy gold chain and gold-mounted magnifying glass. But so rarely as to be almost never did he wear a coat in his own house. And there were many Americans like him in those days, who seemed to consider the boiled shirt stood for everything in the businessman's conventional dress. He prided himself on his personal appearance, but had his own notions of what a gentleman should wear.

Yet among his other occupations he was first, last and all the time a miner, so, to distinguish him and his ilk from the manual miner, he was known in those days as "Pete, the gentleman miner." He would grubstake anyone in whose character he had confidence to go prospecting on a fifty-fifty basis, and it mattered not at all to him that the man knew nothing of mining. To his friends who would remonstrate with him for this he would say:

"What's the odds? It's all a gamble anyway. I love the element of chance in it and I'm willing to pay for it, and besides they say 'a fool for luck.' So, if he's a fool as a miner, and I'm a fool for staking him, why then there's two fools, so we should have double luck. That's sound logic, isn't it? Anyway it's what I'm betting on."

And in that attitude to the miner's life and fortunes you have Dunlevey's character portrayed. You can see from this what great persuasive force he had, even though at times his arguments were pure sophistry like the above. But sophistry or not, he could always

make them ring true and sound convincing, as we shall see, and that told, though it sometimes led him and his friends into losing ventures. But he always played for big stakes, and when he won—which was nearly always—he came out with enough to cover his mistakes.

So it is that here we find him and his partners making good wages on a river bar with their rocker, saving gold without quicksilver that any miner would know was fairly coarse for river dust, yet leaving it without hesitation or regret, for the powerful lure of the unknown, simply because he had confidence in the character of an Indian whom he had never seen before. An Indian who didn't even know gold by name. But Dunlevey knew he must have seen it before when he knew the metal again when he saw it and tested it with his knife.

There is dramatic force and interest in this episode that would be hard to beat, or even equal, and that is why I have dealt in such detail upon this phase of the story. For the whole story of the discovery of the rich gold deposits of the Cariboo at that time is based upon it and so too, incidentally, is the story of the change from a Crown Colony to a Province of this mighty Dominion.

"From a tiny seed is the mighty fir tree sprung,
By a paltry deed from Fate is an Empire wrung!"

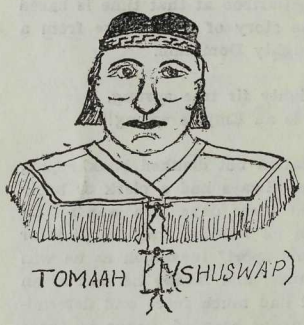
He had a better-than-average education but disliked bookkeeping and the drudgery of office work, so he always had a clerk or bookkeeper—"secretary" he would be called these days. He was an inveterate gambler, as most miners must be whether they admit it or not. He was what is known as a "good sport" inasmuch as he was a good loser and never a boastful winner; and finally he was of an extremely bland and mild manner, yet had much force and determination of character for all that. He never brawled, hence in those rough days he had to have someone at hand to take care of the rough stuff, and in Jim Sellers, one of his partners, he had such a one who could—and did. He was built for it.

Jim Sellers was a big, brawny bruiser, but a good-natured one withal. He had both power and speed and, like most men who have those physical properties, who had brains and courage as well, he had taken care to acquire skill to use them. He never started a quarrel and usually his good-natured grin and: "Now don't you start sompen you cain't stop" would prevent others from starting one either, his appearance and reputation helping, of course. But when Dunlevey's suave diplomacy or Jim's raillery failed of their object, as when a bad loser at a card game returned for a showdown filled with Dutch courage, Jim usually made a short job of slowing him down, and then dressed his bruises for him. A formidable antagonist yet a reluctant one, and that suited Dunlevey's policy perfectly. An American, as were all Dunlevey's partners; from his speech I should say he came from down Texas way. He was a good miner, boatman and woodsman and a dead-shot with his Kentucky rifle and Colt powder-and-ball

revolver of the time. A first-rate all-round frontiersman.

Ira Crow was the typical lean and lanky all-round California miner, and a good one; experienced and practical, yet with an almost uncanny sensitiveness to "indications." He was the partner who usually planned their mining operations; but practically nothing is now known of his movements in the Cariboo after Dunlevey's party broke up.

Tom Moffitt and Tom Manifee were men of a different stamp physically from the others, but much the same to themselves. Both were rather slight men, but what there was of them was all to the good—tough and wiry. Manifee was the comic of the bunch, a born entertainer. Song and banter emanated from him "like scent from a woman," as Dunlevey would say; or "Like skunk pee!" as Crow would snap when Tom's unpredictable antics would exasperate even his good nature. But they all liked him just the same. He always wore a hat, indoors or out, and always on the back of his head, which gave him a devil-may-care air that fitted him. His bright, close-set eyes, lean, long face and jutting lower jaw and chin whiskers gave him a foxy appearance that fitted him too. He was a foxy guy. When Dunlevey moved to Soda Creek from Beaver Lake in '63, Manifee took up the Mud Lake Ranch. He died and was buried at Soda Creek.



"Whiteman's friend in need and deed."

Tom Moffitt was born at a little place called Williamsport in Indiana, U.S.A. I knew him well for many years at Alexandria, until he died and was buried in Barkerville Cemetery. Apart from his mining and farming, the most notable thing about him, at least in those early days, was his really uncanny skill with cards, coupled with the unbelievable quickness of his eyesight and hands. This last must be a hereditary trait for it is noticeable in some of his descendants to this day. He could take a deck of cards after you had shuffled them to your liking, reshuffle them and deal out four top poker hands, the winning hand to any player he wished; and while he was doing it, both his hands and the riffling cards were just a blur to the observer.

In other words he could stack a deck of cards right before your eyes, and though you watched your darndest you couldn't see how he did it. Of course this entailed a remarkable quickness of eyesight as well as of hands. For example, you could draw a card from a deck lying face down on the table, place it on top of the deck without

looking at it and still face down; then Moffitt would lift the card, turn it up and read it and turn it down again so fast that only he of those present could name it correctly before he turned it up again to view.

There was no illusion about this, nothing but pure manual and visional dexterity. He could also take a playing card, curve it to his liking and then, taking it between his fingers, with a quick backhanded flick of the wrist toss it as far as 300 yards. While Moffitt was an enthusiastic and industrious prospector and miner, he had little mining luck and none of that sensitiveness to indications that Crow had, who told him: "Tom, you got the derndest fool luck in allus pickin' the wrong places ter dig!"

It is probable Dunlevey picked him up chiefly for his skill with cards, as he certainly took full advantage of it in his gambling operations at Beaver Lake from 1860 to '63, the three years he remained there. Yet Moffitt was never a gambler for the sake of gambling or the profits from it, but solely for love of and skill with cards. For he never profited himself from the huge winnings his skill brought to Dunlevey and Sellers, who had no such scruples. Many colorful tales could be told of those three years at Beaver Lake, but there is no space for them here.

"All the rest followed him."

With the foregoing description of the five men who composed the original Dunlevey party, we will proceed with our story.

When the party arrived at Lillooet they sold their boat and most of their equipment, retaining, besides their arms and some prospector's tools for use on their trip, only the sheetiron rocker screen, a crosscut saw and their precious whipsaw and American axes, their clothing and bedding.

Although they tried to be as casual and quiet as possible about their movements to avoid being swamped by applications to join their party or of starting a rush that might so easily get in their way, they well knew the burning fever they were laboring under, because of the Indian's news and which was extremely likely to communicate itself to the other miners, who are ever feverishly alert for any evidence of news of a new strike, even though they be ever so careful to let no word escape them. And this proved to be only too true, as we shall see.

They reached Kamloops in record time on foot, having been able to purchase only two cayuses from Lillooet Indians to pack their

dunnage. There they met with an unexpected surprise. The Hudson's Bay Co. factor in charge at first declined to sell them the supplies they needed when they unsuspectingly told him they were going prospecting into the mountains somewhere East of Fort Alexandria. This was the first time they'd had dealings with the Company, so they were unprepared for its extremely conservative policy and strong objections to having what it considered its Indian fur domain overrun with whitemen. So Dunlevey's persuasive powers came into play at once and he nerved himself for the task, which didn't daunt him at all, of upsetting—even reversing—this great and ancient Company's time-hardened policy of whitemen not wanted in Hudson's Bay Indian Territory.

When the factor asked him: "How do you know there is gold in that country anyway?" Dunlevey caught himself in time and didn't betray his friend Tomaah's confidence and probably hurt him with his employer, the Company. But he had been quietly and steadily studying what the Indian had told him and he remembered about the clear-water river flowing into the Fraser, so he replied: "We are miners, so we can read gold signs and follow them. We have been prospecting the Fraser River bars all the way up from Yale, and we find that the gold is getting coarser the higher up we go, and that means to us that there must be deposits of real coarse gold at the headwaters of these rivers where that river gold comes from." Which was all true enough and sound miner's logic, therefore sound argument. Then he continued on not so sound ground and more in the nature of a random shot which he loved: "There have been explorers up in this country before, as doubtless you know, and they have reported a clear-water river flowing into the Fraser from the East, some thirty or forty miles above your Fort Alexandria. Why, man! they river means that it is flowing through a gravel country, and gravel country means gold country to us miners. So we are taking a short-cut into the mountains, where that clear-water river heads, and we hope to find deposits of coarse gold there."

Then he essayed a frontal attack directly in the face of the Company's pet policy: "Oh, I can see what your policy is, sir; you don't want a crowd of white miners messing up your Indian fur country. But, man alive! you can't keep us out. We're here now already and we're going on. You must know there are thousands of miners swarming up the Fraser River right now, and by Fall they will be buying supplies from your store at Fort Alexander. Why, man! they are coming up this Thompson River too. And this is a clear-water river also. Don't you see the significance of that?"

He was lucky there; for Sellers and Crow had already been panning down on the shores of the Thompson and had met what must have been the vanguard of prospectors on the Thompson. A party of four who had prospected their way up from the Fraser but had not found the gold coarse enough to stop and mine it. They said they suspected there were lakes up ahead that had trapped the coarse

gold and they hoped to find it coarser above the lakes. This was a surprise attack, with the thrust right at the Factor's doorstep.

Then he drove in the clincher: "We are going up into that country, sir, and nothing can stop us. If you don't want to supply us when we have the dust right with us to pay for our goods, we know where we can get them; only it will delay us some. So we thought we would give you the first chance at our trade, and you could take what satisfaction you can from being the first Hudson's Bay Store up in these mountains to trade with the first of the miners coming into them. And I'll miss my guess badly, sir, if before long your trade with the miners won't completely outdistance your trade with the Indians for furs. And that will be all to the good, for you will still have your trade with the Indians, you see."

The shrewd Scotch Factor smiled at that as he replied: "I don't see that last argument of yours nearly so clearly as I see now that we can't keep you miners out of the country. We will lose some of our Indian trade to rival traders without doubt. But we will have to take our chances of that. And I've no doubt, either, but what we can more than make it up with our trade with the miners. My advices from Yale assure me that everything you tell me is quite true and that there are swarms of miners coming up these rivers. But I didn't know they were already here at my doorstep.

"Another thing that surprises me is to find gentlemen like you in the mining game, Mr. Dunlevey. That certainly raises my preconceived notions of miners very considerably. But why shouldn't a miner be a gentleman, too? Only it hardly agrees with what I've read of miners. I must say with all candor, Mr. Dunlevey, that it is a very real pleasure for me to meet with a gentleman who can bring such sound and convincing logic, coupled with as sound a knowledge of his business, to bear on his arguments for its advancement."

Holding out his hand to Dunlevey, who grasped it warmly as he realized he had won his plea—won a signal victory over the traditional conservatism of this great old Company—the Factor continued: "It is a very real pleasure to know you, sir, and I'm sure it will be as real a pleasure to do business with you. And now, having taken this decision, I hope you will consider the resources of this great Company at your service, and I assure you it will be my pleasure and privilege to assist you in every way that I can. Only, I'm afraid that, besides provisions, ammunition, drygoods and the like, I have very little gear in stock that would be useful to miners. So I would be very glad of your assistance in yisting miners' requirements, tools, and the like, so I can order some at once.

"I understand you are buying horses from the Indians here. Well, they have some fairly good ones, though small, and some very poor ones also. Better see that those you take are well broken, else they may give you plenty of trouble up in those wild woods where you are going. We have some expert packers here too, sir, whom I shall

instruct to assist you in getting your packs in order and to the capacity of your animals.

"Now if you will give me a list of your requirements we will proceed to get them out at once. Oh, and by the way. The Indians will not know what to do with your gold, Mr. Dunlevey. May I suggest that you bring the chief in here and I've no doubt we can arrange matters to our mutual satisfaction." Then he stopped and laughed as he said: "Well, now this is a good one on the good old Hudson's Bay! Do you know, Mr. Dunlevey, I haven't such a thing as a set of troy scales to weigh your gold on, and that's one thing I'll have to order right away."

"Oh," Dunlevey said, and grinned, "that is easily remedied for this deal anyway. We have a set of gold scales with us. It is small but will do nicely."

So we see how Dunlevey's persuasive sophistry based on sound sounding logic won again—how a prospector has to be something of a diplomat at times. And this time had, in a way, actually reversed the trading policy of this great trading company.

"For him no gold, no bottle. Only ruin for his Hunting Grounds."

Dunlevey used to take great delight in relating this episode of his trip, going over and over the details of the conversations and imitating the gentlemanly Factor's rather stilted language. Especially as to the Factor's naive allusions to Dunlevey's own gentlemanliness. He must have told this to his cronies many times, so who knows but that was how, in those early days, he came to be known familiarly as "Pete, the Gentleman Miner"?

Dunlevey lost no time in interviewing the prospectors that Sellers and Crow had met. By that time many more had reached Kamloops, and from some discouraged ones of these, he bought miners' tools he found he couldn't get at the Hudson's Bay Store. It must have been here, too, that John McLean, Jim Moore and one or two others joined Dunlevey's camp. But not as partners. Dunlevey agreed that a few more good axemen would be all right in cutting their way from Lac La Hache through the woods to the little river.

With the aid of the Hudson's Bay expert packers it was but a few days till the party was ready to set out. They now had twelve packhorses, counting the two they had brought from Lillooet, with packing

equipment purchased from the company which, at that time, had hundreds of animals packing from the South and on over their Brigade Trail to Fort Alexandria. Little interest seems to have happened to the party on its way over the Trail to the agreed rendezvous at Lac La Hache. The party arrived there just within the allotted time, so it is certain they had lost no time since leaving the mouth of the Chilcotin River.

They found a large gathering of Shuswap Indians at the lake campsite, which seemed to be a favorite meeting place for the Northern tribe of these Indians for a potlach and pow-wow before proceeding to Kamloops, their customary trading post and headquarters of the tribe, to trade in their winter and spring catch of furs.

Dunlevey was immensely pleased and relieving to find that the young Indian, Tomaah, true to his word, was there to meet them. And with him he had brought his young friend, Long Baptiste, mentioned before. This was the first meeting between Dunlevey and this Baptiste, which later led to their becoming great friends. Dunlevey had thought Tomaah a fine specimen of Indian manhood, and so he was, and clearly above the average of Shuswap stature. But this Baptiste was immense.

"He saved the situation."

He was evidently older than Tomaah, yet probably not over the age of twenty-five at the time. He stood some six foot three or four inches tall, broad and thick in proportion, with an immense chest, and massive though lithe-looking limbs. He had the true Dene cast of countenance: high, broad, sloping forehead, prominent brows emphasized by his deep-set eyes that were rather smaller than in the Shuswap type, jet black and piercing. He had high and wide cheekbones from which the cheeks fell inward a piece and then down to powerful jaws, wide and square at their base and reaching far forward to a jutting, rather pointed chin. He had the long eagle nose with wide nostrils, long upper lip, wide mouth with thin, firm lips that flashed back when he smiled or laughed, showing rows of strong, even, perfect teeth. The ears were small for so large a head. He wore his straight, coarse, shining black hair long till the ends rested on his shoulders and bound in place by the usual buckskin band ornamented in beadwork and colored embroidery. He had curious little crow-foot blue tattoo marks, one between the brows and one on each side from the corners of the eyes back on the temples; also on each side of the chin there were three parallel lines slanting down from just below the corners of the mouth.

These were said to be distinguishing Dene marks symbolic of the race. Set this head on a neck that was rather long, but didn't seem so it was so thick and powerful, like a tree trunk that grew there and filled the space between the wide, high and heavy shoulders, and perhaps you will get the picture of the type of physiognomy I am trying to word-paint for you. A type that astonished and won the immediate admiration of Dunlevey and his partners—especially Sellers the athlete. The Indians erect carriage, head usually thrown well back as if used to gazing on far horizons, massive build, intelligent and commanding mien gave the impression of immense power, high courage and rugged endurance, directed by a superior and authoritative intelligence. When he spoke in low, deep tones that seemed to actually rumble in his great chest, and dropped that far gaze so that his bright, black and thoughtful eyes rested upon you and pierced you through and through, it was then you got the thrill of realizing this forceful savage was very much present indeed.

Besides his native Dene, Chilcotin and some Shuswap and Chinook, Baptiste spoke rather fluently the Hudson's Bay French patois and some English, but the latter with a curious, soft French accent. In fact, he was much in demand as an interpreter in the Company's dealings with the tribes and by the missionary Fathers as well.

Dunlevey's astonishment burst forth: "My God, man! Are all the men in your tribe big fellers like you?"

The Indian's smile flashed and his black eyes twinkled as he replied: "Oh non! some li'l feller lak ma fren Tomaah here! One more small feller, same name lak me dey call "Short Bacheese. Me Long Bacheese! Now you fin' out someting?"

Dunlevey's astonishment grew as he laughed: "My God! Such neat humor in an Indian!"

It is no wonder that Baptiste attracted the admiration of such sportsmen as Dunlevey and Sellers at once. And little wonder either that later, on Dunlevey's recommendation, Judge Begbie, a keen sportsman also, accepted him even proudly as his travelling guide and companion on his many official trips through the country, and that they should have become great friends. It was from this association that Baptiste came to be known as Begbie Baptiste.

When Dunlevey saw him first Baptiste was dressed only in a pair of stout Hudson's Bay pants, held in place by a buckskin beaded belt, over which was wound the inevitable bright-colored Hudson's Bay voyageur sash. Over the pants from mid-thigh down to the mocassins he wore the voyageur's fringed buckskin leggings. From the waist up he wore only the tough dark-brown hide he was born in, and on ceremonial occasions he wore his string of bear claws around his neck as symbolic trophies of his hunting prowess.

He never wore a hat. At his waist hung the inevitable hunter's heavy sheath knife—which he could throw with the precision and

force of a bullet. At his waist also hung a light Hudson's Bay axe or tomahawk and a buckskin pouch containing his valuables. He possessed also, if not carried in the hand always close within reach, a splendid example of the old-time Indian war bow sheathed in a long, slim rawhide scabbard that was heavily pitched to make it waterproof, chiefly to protect the powerful bowstring of twisted sinew from wet which would ruin it.

These old war bows were indeed a work of art as well as a fine example of savage artisan efficiency, and so powerful that it took a strong man, who knew how, to string one—that is, bend the bow so as to slip the loop of the string up into the notch at the tip. It took a strong man, too, to draw even a twenty-six inch arrow to the head. These bows were a little over four feet long and about one and a half inches wide in the middle, and were backed with a single long strip of sinew taken from the back of some large animal.

They were tipped with caribou horn as no wood available could stand the strain of their mighty twang. They were wound with wet sinews, which shrinks with great binding force in the drying. Then the whole was carefully pitched, put on so hot as to penetrate the sinew and yet not burn or scorch it. The wood most prized for these bows was a small tree that grows on the Western slopes of the Pacific Coast mountains, probably a species of yew. But there is a species of juniper here that did very well when a section free from knots could be found long enough. The woods most used for the arrows were straight sections of the saskatoon berry bush, vine ash and vine maple, prized in the order named.

The Alexandria Indians have a legend which is said to be verified by the North-West Co. records that, at the last fight between the Chilcotins and the Yabatans of the Fraser Valley, when the objective of the Chilcotin attack was the Company's fort and stores, an arrow from one of these bows in the hands of a defending Yabatan warrior killed a challenging Chilcotin war chief who stood on the far side of the river. This took place right in sight of where this is being written and the distance must be at least six hundred yards.

The present writer himself can vouch for Baptiste's amazing skill with his bow, having as a boy seen him use it. And also for the fact that it could shoot an arrow much farther than six hundred yards. Offers of considerable sums of money for his bow never interested the old Indian, but to redeem a promise he presented it to his friend the Judge sometime after he quit guiding for him. It probably now reposes as a much-prized memento in the possession of some of Judge Begbie's descendants in the Old Country.

Of course there was a quiver for the arrows, made of the same materials as the bow sheath. It hung from the waist on the left side much like a sword. Baptiste's arrows were not tipped with the old-time stone heads, but with steel or iron ones made by a Hudson's Bay blacksmith. The Dunlevey party witnessed many examples of Baptiste's wonderful skill with his bow. On one occasion Dunlevey had

been arguing with him on the superiority of the Kentucky rifle over the old-fashioned bow, but could not convince the Indian, who had his own ideas, born of experience, and could demonstrate them.

"Oh, non, non, you' musket not better. Too long; too heavy; too slow; too much smoke; too much nize; mak' scare everyt'ing. Me, I show you." After stringing his mighty bow he selected two light arrows somewhat shorter than the others, slim and straight. He fitted one to the string and placed the other in his teeth by the middle; then he snatched Dunlevey's hat from his head and, with a quick flick of the wrist sent it sailing in the direction of an open sidehill that arose some 300 yards away. So fast the motions could hardly be followed with the eye, the black bow twanged twice viciously. The two arrows were shot cleanly through the hat, to fly on like one was chasing the other till theyboth struck quivering in the sidehill.

Grinning at Dunlevey, he asked: "W'at you t'ink now? You' musket he shoot fas' an' sure lak dat?" Seeing the whitemen were struck dumb with amazement, he threw his head back and laughed his silent hunter's laugh that yet shook his whole huge frame. Checking as quickly he disclaimed: "Waugh! Dat one eezay! Hat he go straight 'way, all sam' stan' still. Goose, duck, chicken he fly fas'. Not eezay. Waugh! But kill jes sam'. No use miss, lose arrow!"

"A sweetheart on the gold trail."

Tomaah explained that the Factor at Fort Alexandria would let him off only conditionally; so he thought it best to bring his friend Baptiste along in case one or the other got orders to go on a trip somewhere. Such an order might come by another runner or by one of the pack trains or brigades now travelling the trail. In that case the other would be free to go with the Dunlevey party.

As most of the cayuses had already developed sore backs from the heavy loads on ill-fitting pack saddles, the party decided to lay over a few days to treat them and, incidentally, take in the sports and games being enacted at the camp.

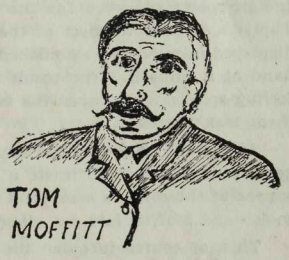
Then the female element had to be interjected into their plans. Among the Indians who swarmed into their camp the morning after their arrival were a middle-aged Shuswap squaw with her two daughters of perhaps sixteen and seventeen years. They had come to trade beautifully worked buckskin gloves and mocassins for tea, sugar and whatever else they fancied. The girls were the most beautiful natives

Dunlevey had ever seen. The elder was called Agat and the younger At-t'uss—the Dene name for the black-headed chickadee.

Their straight black hair, hanging loose down their backs to their waists, was bound behind the neck by strips of bright-colored ribbon and by the usual beaded band around the head. Their very large eyes, to be found in no tribe so numerously as the Shuswap, were of a brilliance that in their deep-soft depths was indescribably beautiful, and their straight, frank and fearless yet quetsing gaze was captivating in the extreme. So also were the fine regular features of their oval faces, that showed none of the coarseness noticeable in some other tribes. The elder girl, however, with her longer, narrower face, leaned more to the Dene type, while the younger, with her broader lines, betrayed the Shuswap type of her mother.

Yet both were much taller than their mother, and the soft and delicate curving lines of their superb young figures was but half-hidden in the voluminous folds of their calico dresses. Save for the hair ribbons and headbands they wore no ornaments of any kind. "And by gad!" said Dunlevey, "they didn't need any." The marvelously healthy coloring in their cheeks showed up beautifully even through their dusky skins. Their mother, too, showed unmistakable signs of having been a beauty herself in her time, though she was of the short, broad type of figure more common among the Shuswaps, yet it was easy to see where the girls got their beautiful big black eyes. But Dunlevey wondered where they had got their tall, stately stature, particularly noticeable in the elder girl.

The mother wore her hair in two thick braids hanging down her back and covered over the head by a magenta-colored kerchief, the ends of which crossed under the braids at the back of the neck and tied over the braids in a bow knot. The two styles of headdress differentiated the married woman or widow from the young girl.



"His long suit was shuffling cards. He followed mining to demonstrate his exceptional skill but his luck was only in the gold he made over the table and not under the riffles."

Baptiste explained that the mother had been the wife of an uncle of his named Taghtliel, who had married into the Shuswap tribe at Soda Creek on the Brigade Trail, some twenty miles below Fort Alexandria. Of course, that explained the tall figures of the two girls, daughters of the stalwart Dene hunter, who had been killed in an encounter with grizzlies in the mountains East of the fort.

"Dat tam you' kin' musket no good for hunt grizzly," declared

Baptiste with feeling. "He go poof! No shoot, man die!" Which describes the flash in the pan of the flintlock that only too often failed to ignite the powder in the barrel.

It was evident that the widow and her daughters were immensely proud of their huge relative, and delighted to enlist his guidance and protection. It became evident, too, that the young Shuswap, Tomaah, was tenderly interested in the younger of the two girls. Thus it was that when Dunlevey observed members of his party—notably Sellers and McLean—sidling up to these two beauteous young women, buying their wares with quite unnecessary arts and graces, clumsily executed yet meant to be extremely ingratiating, it excited his, at first, amused attention. But when he saw that these antics had not escaped the watchful eyes of the two young braves, but was viewed with a dark brooding frown by Tomash and a half amused, half stern disapproval by Baptiste, he decided to be warily on guard lest any trouble between his party and these virtual savages should wreck his enterprise.

It is no part of this story to describe the two days of Indian sports indulged in with such whole hearted enjoyment and competitive zeal by the tribesmen.

Suffice it to say that the whitemen witnessed for the first time exhibitions of skill, strength, speed, prowess and horsemanship that were truly amazing particularly in running, horse racing, archery, wrestling and knife and javelin throwing, the three latter being purely Indian sports observed for the first time by the miners. Of course Baptiste excelled in most of these and the power, skill and speed he displayed in wrestling astonished Sellers, who considered himself a top hand at it himself. The result being that a strong sportsman fellow feeling sprang up between the two and the two days suffised to make them fast friends.

At the end of the second day Dunlevey thought it would be a nice gesture of good will to invite a few of the chiefs of the gathering to supper at the miner's camp and he and Manifee - who was their chief cook - and Moffitt laid out plans for a modest feast.

This, of course included the two runners and Baptiste's relatives the window and two daughters. In fact, of all the Shuswaps the widow and her daughters were the only ones who could speak any English or French - probably learned from the late husband and father - and, proud of their accomplishment they sometimes chipped in as interpreters when Tomaah and Baptiste were otherwise employed.

None of Dunlevey's partners were reckless drinking men. McLean was a wild, reckless and adventurous spirit in those, his young days, but he was not a partner. But Sellers had brought along a few bottles and flasks of Hudson's Bay Rum in case of need in illness caused by exposure and hardship.

This night after all had eaten their fill, Sellers and McLean made their way quietly and casually as possible to the sides of the young beauties where they squated, Indian fashion, a little apart with their mother. Presently, Sellers finding that his advances to the elder girl

were received all too coolly to suit him, thought he'd try and warm her spirit with a sip of the spirits of alcohol. Surreptitiously producing his flask he said to her: "Try some of this, Agat. Just a little sip. It's nice. Make you feel good - all happy like. See."

After taking a sip himself to show her how, he handed her the flask and she took it without question. Probably out of pure curiosity, as she had never yet tasted liquor; but she must have heard plenty about it - enough to know what it was Sellers was handing to her. But she must have thought if a little sip would make her feel good, a big sip should make her feel better; so, disdaining an experimental taste she took a big sip - a good mouthful in fact - Wagh! - with disastrous results. The raw spirits gagged and choked her, of course, and she coughed it all out instantly. She must have been a cool hand too, at that; for she didn't drop the flask. Probably swallowing but a tiny portion, she quickly recovered and handed the flask back saying: "Waugh! You cultas Whiteman! You try for keel me? Pizin, dat one, Waugh!" Springing up she tried to wipe the stuff off her dress with her little brown hands.

In the semi-darkness few had seen the manoeuver. But Baptiste and Tomaah were covertly watching and saw it all. In a single leap they stood confronting the group who had all now risen. Silently and swiftly, as if by instinct, the several chiefs stepped up beside their tribesmen, their faces like masks betraying no emotion save for their darting glances from restless black eyes glinting in the firelight. An ominous silence brooded for a moment. Then Baptiste spoke: "Jeem, ma frien', dis not good you do dis tam. Mebbe you not know Injin much, you mak mistake. You mak' eet dronk dem gel, Shuswap mad lak' Hell. Shuswap good mans, good frien' spose not mad. Shuswap mad, he mean lak' Hell, mak eet plenty troub' for whiteman. Mebbe fight, mebbe keel. Dat not good. Me, I know ma frien' Jeem he's good man inside; good head, too, Jus' mak' wan mistake dis tam, das all." Offering his hand he continued: "Shake han' me, ma frien' Jeem!"

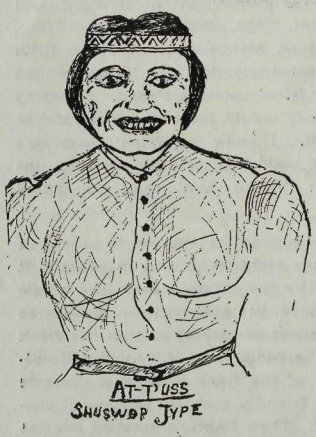
Jim's cool head and good nature assisting, he essayed to accept at once; but he still held the flask in his right hand and in passing it over to his left, it was adroitly siezed by the astute Indian in a single movement so fast and so perfectly timed, yet apparently effortless as to constitute a perfect dream of dexterous precision; so that the flask seemed to jump from Jim's hand to the Indian's as if by magnetic attraction. Probably, to get possession of the flask without a struggle was the main motive for the Indian's friendly gesture. Anyway it succeeded and they shook hands warmly. Then Baptiste stepped over to the fire where he picked up a stone and said: "Now, Agat, At-t'us, I show you what kin' devil fire water whiteman dreenk is not good for Injin." Holding the stone over the fire he broke the flask on it dashing its inflammable contents into the flames. He had to step back quickly to avoid the sudden flare up of bluish flames that leaped into the night air.

Waugh! You see! Whiteman devil fire water not good for Injin, Waugh!" he declaimed, evidently immensely pleased with his experimental demonstration. At this critical juncture one of the Shuswap chiefs, a man of middle age and short, broad figure, clad all in fringed buckskins, in whose countenance intelligence and benevolent good feeling blended so well that it fairly shone with it, stepped up to Jim and shook hands also saying in rapid Chinook: "Conaway tillicum coopa Bacheese, skookum tillicum coopa Tyee Willyam mitlite!" (All friends of Baptiste are good friends of Chief William also.)

This was the famous Chief William of the William's Lake Shuswaps whose wise and eloquent councils during succeeding years helped so much to prevent the execution of the Chilcotin plan of joining forces with the Shuswaps and Denes that would surely have resulted in a general massacre of the whites then in the Cariboo.

It was in recognition of this signal service to the country that the early whites named William's Lake after him. Hence "William's Lake", Cariboo's com town - now erroneously spelled "Williams Lake" - without the apostrophe.

Then he led his little following of chiefs around the circle of whites saying in his Chinook as he shook hands with each in turn: "Good bye, friend, Good feast! Good friends!" Then in Shuswap: "Cook statchem!" (Thank you!) This little ceremony over they all disappeared silently into the night.



"Belle of the Cariboo."

All but Baptiste and Tomaah whom Dunlevey detained to tell them of his sudden decision to start out in the morning for the little river. He had been half expecting a break of the kind and was thankful it had ended no worse and to Baptiste for his quick thinking and acting that had forestalled a row.

As if to verify the wisdom of his decision, McLean now spoke up: "Jim, we shoulda just grabbed them wenches and if the bucks objected we coulda cleaned up on 'em." But Jim didn't agree. He said with his good natured grin: "You'd have had to clean up on me first, though, John, and I don't think you could do that." Immediately Baptiste stepped in between them facing McLean and said with a grin matching Jim's:

"You lak' sombodee clean up you, John? Me, I do! Demn queek, too, waugh! No tak long!"

But McLean had seen both Sellers and Baptiste in action at the

Indian games and he wanted no muss with either one.

Was the big Indian stepping in now to prevent a row among the whites? thought Dunlevey. Before McLean could reply he said quietly: "No, Baptiste. Going to be no cleaning up around here to-night, and to-morrom we start to look for that gold."

Here Baptiste interposed again: "Now you talk 'bout gol. Me, I lak' show you someting Messeur Pete." Throwing some more wood on the fire to make a light, he drew a small buckskin sack from another puckskin pouch hanging from his belt and took from it a small object that shone brightly golden in the firelight. This he handed to Dunlevey saying: "Dat one you call gol'?"

The object proved to be a plain circlet or ring that had been beaten out of a nugget of pure gold and then exquisitely carved in an Indian lattice-work design.

"Gold?" said Dunlevey, now excited. "Of course its gold, pure solid gold." "Heavy too, weighting it in his hand. "Isn't it Jim?"

While the rest of the party were excitedly examining the trinket, Dunlevey extracted from the Indian that he had not found the gold himself. That the ring had been in possession of his family for unnumbered years and had been found on a creek that emptied into another little river away far in the mountains, but not far from where his uncle had been killed by the grizzly. That this other little river came from the North and eventually emptied into the river, they were bound for below the big lake.

This new little river eventually proved to be what became known as the North Fork of Quesnel River and the creek where the nugget was found might have been any one of the many creeks emptying into it in Keithley section, but most likely Goose Creek from the evidently pure quality of the light yellow gold, as Goose Creek gold is still rated the finest in the Cariboo.

The Indian added: "I tink, me, is beter I show you, so we know for sure is gol' we go look for tomorrow."

This little incident certainly has great historical signifigance and value, as we shall see, in relation to the discovery of coarse gold in the Cariboo Mountains of the Quesnel River.

"The jester. He chased the blues away! His banter and wise cracks were the delight of miners."

Anyway after that golden audience Dunlevey found no further trouble about getting his party off in the morning. And he wondered:

Did that big astute Indian foresee and deliberately plan that timely help to his plans?

The reader may well wonder, also, and the writer, who knew Baptiste well in later years, is still wondering. Remember he had marked with silent disapproval the covetous eyes of the whitemen dwelling ardently upon his beautiful young cousins.

In the morning it transpired that Tomaah had decided not to go with the miners, saying he expected a message any day directing him to go out on another dispatch trip, but Dunlevey suspected that the beauteous young Taghleil girl was his chief attraction and he said he couldn't blame him in the least.

So it was Baptiste who took over alone the task of guiding the miners' party. An efficient guide he proved, too. A bit taciturn for the most part, but always good humoredly so. He must have known the country well, or so the whitemen thought, for he never seemed to hesitate about his direction, and there was no sign of a trail to follow, except game trails and they almost always crossed their line of travel, which was almost directly North. He seemed to use uncanny judgment about choosing camp sites nearly always at a meadow where the water and horse feed were good and the animals could feed in the open and be easily kept track of. Though how he knew where to find those meadows, in that pine forest, whose chief characteristic was its eternal sameness, was a mystery to the whitemen.

Baptiste had three cayuses with saddleis of his own which he turned in to the services of the miners and that lightened the loads of some of the other horses. But even so, having to cut their way through many thickets and some stretches of wind-falls they never made more than ten or twelve miles a day. But at that the miners thought it better going than they expected to make through unknown woods. He proved an expert hunter, too, and kept the party supplied with fresh venison that fell to his mighty war bow, and fresh fish caught in the lakes with his net, which he had to swim out to set. He also chose the smaller doe deer as they could be all used before the meat spoiled in the hot, fly infested weather. Neither would he kill a bear, explaining that neither the meat nor the hide were any good at that time of the year.

When Dunlevey asked him why he didn't kill a buck he explained:

"Buck he seek inside dis moon. Not seek, jus' look seek. Whiteman see, not lak', no eat."

Nearly always when hunting, and at other times as well, he wore only his moccasins and a breach clout, and the miners wondered why the myriads of big hungry mosquitoes didn't seem to bother him, 'till they saw him anointing his skin with some sort of preparation, which he explained was made of a sort of fungus growth, found on old cedar trees, mixed with other oils and animal secretions - even a small quantity of skunk secretion. The odor of the combined concoction was very powerful but not at all unpleasant to humans. Baptiste claimed it killed the man smell, so he could hunt and track down wind

as the game travelled when feeding, and often he met game coming back questing the strange scent.

He showed the miners how to dig the roots, that grew in the pine woods, with the picks that some of them carried to prospect with. He showed them shrubs and bulbs to cook for greens - chiefly Indian rhubarb, and solomon seal - also watercress that grew to profusion in the cold springs they passed.. He didn't greatly relish the bacon, beans and yeast powder bannock of the miners' and by providing the fresh meat, roots and green stuff which they all relished he saved considerably on the miners' food supply.

The first morning out he came in with a small doe deer across his broad shoulders, just as the miners were rolling out of their blankets. It was a revelation to them to see him skin and dress that deer. Using his knife very little after the main ripping cuts were made, he literally peeled the hide off with his strong hands; then with a few light strokes of his hunting axe he severed the ribs from the spine, ran a slim peeled willow stick up through them and stuck the other end of the stick in the ground before the fire.

Grinning, he grunted to the miners: "Waugh! Squalam mowitch hiyoo skookum mukamuk you see! Waugh!" (Roast venison very good eats.) While the miners were cooking their breakfast he carefully tended his two sticks of venison. Occasionally turning them upside down so the melted fat would run back down over the roasting meat again. When they were done to his liking - really only half done - and cooled off a bit, he pointed to one of the roasts saying: "You try, mebbe you lak'. You use salt. Me no salt." Seeing the Indian's work was efficient and clean, Dunlevey tried it and declared it was the finest tasting meat he had ever eaten. Baptiste was pleased and explained that if the meat had been allowed to cool before cooking it would probably be more to the whiteman's taste.

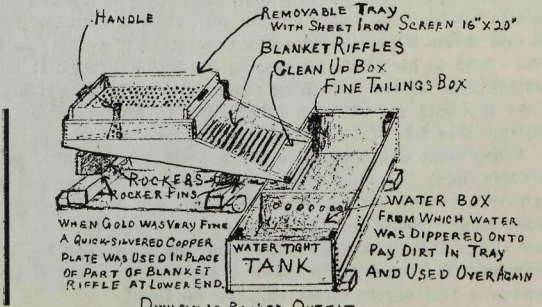
But to see that savage devour that meat! Savage and devour is right! He ate one whole set of ribs himself! But it was the way he ate it! He used no salt. Nor any table manners whatever either! First he would split a rib off with his knife; then taking one end of the meat in his teeth he would rip the rib out of it with one savage wrench and throw it aside. He cut a mouthful off - and such a mouthful - held in his teeth, by passing his knife through it just in front of his lips. A few crunching movements of his powerful jaws and down it would go. Then another cut. In an incredably short time all that was left of his side of the ribs was a neat pile of the bones. When some one wanted to throw these into the fire he protested: "Non, non! No burn good bone. Injun plenty dog eat bone. No dog here, sometam wil' tillicum. Fin' bone, eat. Good! Coyote all tam come behin' where man go. Hongry fin' bone, eat. Tell Injin Stanalia' (Dene for thank you.) Throwing his head back he let out a yelping howl in perfect imitation of a coyote. Immediately out on the meadow a real coyote answered, then another.

"You see!" grinned the savage child of Nature. True, he ate a whole rib of deer himself - but it was a small deer at that and there really isn't much meat on one - but he wouldn't take anything else. In fact he seldom tasted the beans and bannock - and that did him all day - except for an occasional feed of pine sap when he came to a likely tree. At supper he ate less meat and more roots and green stuff. He seldom drank tea either and when he did, he had to have plenty of sugar in it. In fact it seemed he drank the tea for the sugar in it.

It was the guide who insisted that they make each day's journey in one stage. "Better for Kewtin (horse)" explained Baptiste. "Not so much sore back. Better for man, too. Not so much work an' lose tam mak eet pack two tam wan day." Then, too, the horses could feed and men rest before the big yellow mosquitoes got to work on them in the evening. But they were up and away as early as possible in the mornings. In a matter of three or four days they struck Moffitt Creek (afterwards so called) just North of what is now called McIntosh Lakes. It was the largest creek they had come to, and was booming in high water. Of course the miners wanted to stop and prospect it, but they gave it only one day, then. That being sufficient spect it, but they gave it only one day, there. That being sufficient to prove to Crow and Sellers the creek wasn't a gold bearing stream. Not the right formation or the right kind of gravel.

But Moffit was not convinced. Subsequently he spent many weary weeks prospecting it to its source without success. He found no gold worth mentioning except down near its mouth where it emptied into the Horsefly River and that proved to be only a spill from the Horsefly itself and not from Moffitt Creek. So it seems that the creek derived its name, among the early miners from this persistency of Moffit's in following a forelorn hope.

Another two or three days found the party at the end of their trip. They had found their little river. But it didn't seem so little, being in full spring freshette. Baptiste led them to a flat at a bend on the West shore where there was a little meadow and feed for the horses. The Indian was dismayed when he saw high water overflowing the banks. He had expected to be able to show the miners some gold on the grav-



DUNLEVY'S ROCKER OUTFIT

elly beach where he understood some Indians had found it. But now there was no beach, but Sellers and Crow laughed at that as the former said to him: "Baptiste, you sure are the best hunter and guide in the world. And a damn good friend to boot. There's none to beat you there; but you're no miner. How could you be?"

"Right you are," agreed Crow, "All he agreed to do was to show us this river and he's done that in fine style. It's up to us to find the gold now and I'm telling you this layout looks good to me. This low flat once the bed of the river and this bench here where it's moved

By this time Dunlevey and some of the others had joined the three. It was evident Dunlevey was having all he could do to suppress his excitement. His voice ringing with enthusiasm he said: "Well, boys, We're here! We're here! This is the river all right. Now its up to us to find this gold." Turning to the Indian he held out his hand, which Baptiste grasped eagerly; for he was disturbed that he couldn't show these men some of the gold they were so crazy about, as he thought.

"Baptiste, you are one tip-top guide," complimented the glowing miner. "Best I ever saw or heard of. You've done your job fine." Then noting the big Indian's troubled manner he continued: "We'll find the gold, old man, don't worry. That's our business and I agree with Crow this layout looks good to me, too." Then noting the Indian's wistful glance at the others as if for confirmation, he called out: "Everybody up and shake hands with our guide for his grand job of fetching us here!" Of course they all responded, not only heartily but boisterously, catching their leader's enthusiasm, and executed what they fondly imagined to be a sort of war dance around the stately Indian.

"Wizard was he in picking likely ground and making it yield gold."

War dance or not, their enthusiasm got him too. He couldn't hold the stately dignified pose in that prancing yelling bunch of crazy white men. And besides, the Indian loves a bit of ceremony to celebrate any special event, be it happy or tragic. So he succumbed to the moment's magic witchery and was soon war - hopping the highest and yelling the loudest in that whirling circle of celebrants. All except Ira Crow, the inveterate miner, who had seized the first chance to dodge back to his prospect hole. Presently the others heard him on the bank of the river: "Hi boys, here she is! She's here all right! Come an' look at her!"

The war dance ceased abruptly. Looking in his direction they saw shakes, swings and sways to his

gold pan. Racing over they met and surrounded him, most of them shaking in their excitement.

"There she is boys. Luk at her! Shot gold that, I'll say! No flat, flaky Fraser River gold bout that, cause it ain't travelled so far. 'Course it ain't right coarse yit bein' right on top; but wait till we git down to whatever it is goes for bedrock under here an' we'll find her coarse enough. We'll find Tomaah's beans all right."

Staring, they all saw the first Cariboo gold prospect!

Then there were grunts and blasts of breath, gasping sighs from heaving chests, showing that every man of them had been holding his breath in overpowering suspense during this momentous epoch-making moment! There in that pan lay the evidence of the golden goal they had been seeking!

Among the many glittering yellow specks showing through the washing black sand, and spoonful or two of water at the lower angle of the pan, there rolled some larger yellow, roughly round pieces up to the size of turnip or clover seeds.

That they didn't slip or slide but rolled was the all-important fact. The fact that that told these miners they were in coarse gold country. Shot gold, as it is called is always considered a coarse gold prospect, indicating still coarser gold lower down in the vicinity.

Thus had Ira Crow, of the Dunlevey party, panned the first coarse gold prospect among the mountains of the Cariboo or the Horsefly River.

Then didn't they celebrate! Happy miners, these.

All but the Indian. He wasn't impressed. He was disappointed. He had never found any gold himself, probably because he had never looked for any. He had hunted on the Horsefly River—or, "The Wild Water," as the Shuswaps called it—with the uncle who had been killed, but he had never been to this very spot before. Tomaah had told him how to lead these miners to this spot where sizable nuggets of gold had been found by his people on the beach of the river at low water. With the consumate woodcraft which few but the old time Indians possessed he had led them straight to the spot. But the river was high, now. There was no beach. He couldn't fulfill the charge laid upon him by his friend and he didn't like it.

Not being a miner he couldn't understand the joyful attitude of these gold-crazy whitemen, who were so sure they would find the nuggets because they had found the tiny rocklets that rolled. So he didn't celebrate. When Sellers offered him the rum bottle he refused bluntly. Baptiste was never a drinking Indian anyway. That settled it. These whitemen were crazy and that was all there was to it. And it made him sorry for them.

"No," he said. "Me, I go hunt."

And seizing his bow and quiver, his light axe and heavy hunting knife and pack, away he strode at his tireless swinging gait to his beloved native woods and kindred of the wild, where he knew he would not feel so alien and alone as he did now with these crazy whitemen.

Now comes the question of the date of this momentous discovery. It is a matter of record the year was 1859. But after painstaking research I can find no record of the day of the week or month.

While both Dunlevey and Moffitt must have mentioned this important date in relating their stories so many times, such is the recklessness of youth, who takes no stock of time, that such unimportant things to him as dates are completely obliterated from memory, while the very words of the racounteur, on more exciting parts of the story, remain as clearly as if spoken but yesterday.

Imagine, then, the writer's agreeable surprise to find that, in recalling those words to set them down in this record the coveted date in question has automatically set itself down on Nature's own page of Time. And in characters unmistakeable and irrefutable: The characters of Natural Facts!

Oh, don't imagine we can call on Nature to deduce the date to the minute for us; for, Nature, herself is never absolutely exact. But she will, in her own way, give us the date close enough for all practical purposes.

This is how: Baptiste would kill only does to feed the whitemen, for fear they wouldn't want to eat the meat of bucks when they saw they carried tumors in their insides, filled with a matter-like white or grey substance, quite odorless and really wholesome but very ill-looking to white people. This is really horn material and disappears of itself as the horns grow out. These tumors are at their worst stage in June.

Likewise he wouldn't kill bear because neither the flesh or hide are any good in June or July.

The herbs and shrubs he gathered for greens as well as the roots in pine woods are only good the first half of June.

Pine sap is only fit the first half of June.

The mosquitoes were in their vanguard run of the the big variety indicating June.

The second run of the smaller though equally vicious species begin in the latter half of June.

There is no mention of horseflys. They begin the latter half of June.

No mention of berries. There are none in June.

Last and most forceful. The river was at its peak of high water which in those days, when the forests were still intact thanks to Indian husbandry, meant just after the middle of June.

Deducing from these natural facts any experienced woodsman would say that the Dunlevy party arrived on the Horsefly just after the middle of June. If we said the sixteenth we would not be more than a day or two out either way.

Now here is a marvel of exact time record pertaining to this story: Twelve hours after the Dunlevey party arrived on the Horsefly another party following them joined their camp.

Among those in this second party were: Hans Helgesen, one time M. L. A.; George Black, founder of Hastings; Joe Devlin, died in Vic-

toria; Duncan McMartin, died in New Westminster; Neil Campbell, father of Al. B. and Robert N., and their sisters of Horsefly.

Following these, swarms of miners soon over-ran the river. So we see how the goldfever runs. It is not recorded how much gold the Dunlevey party got out of that flat. But it is estimated that, all told, over a million dollars was taken out of it.

The miners made haste to utilize the high water for their sluicing, and to make the lumber for their boxes their precious whip saw came into strong demand. But when later they got down to bed-rock they found it not rock but a solid, sticky blue clay, and Crow recognized it at once as the same sort of stuff as he had encountered in California. They found some of Tomaah's Lillooet beans imbedded in it all right, so they had to dig up the surface of it. But when they dumped this into their sluice boxes it failed to dissolve, but rolled on down over the riffles and out on the dump intact, picking up other precious gold pieces on the way. So the word soon got around: "Look out for that California blue clay or it will rob your sluice boxes!"

As a sort of postscript to this, that same flat just East of the present village of Horsefly is owned by Dougherty and Hooker, now as a sheep ranch, and in "digging around" just a year or two ago they lit onto a small patch of pay dirt, that was somehow overlooked by the early miners, out of which they dug several hundred dollars of that same old Horsefly gold.

The Neil Campbell bunch didn't stay long on the Horsefly. It is certain they heard the story of Baptiste's ring that was made of gold found on some creek on the headwaters of the North Fork of the Quesnel River and that must have been the lure which made them too restless to stay and battle that blue clay on the Horsefly. So, that same summer of 1859 they drifted down to the Forks; then up the North Fork and located and left a partner on each of the three Creeks: Goose, Antler and Grouse, and the following year (1860) pooled their interests and divided $125,000 between the five partners. Some built boats on Quesnel Lake and attempted to run the river in them but the boats were shattered and a good many were drowned.

But that didn't daunt John McLean and a few other reckless daredevils. They built a raft of dry cedar that must have been, as it was said to be, a model of powerful construction; for they succeeded with many hair-raising experiences, in running the river with it all the way to the Fraser. Then they went up the Fraser to Manson Creek. But finding nothing worth their while there they returned to William's Creek.

By 1860 the miners were leaving the Brigade Trail at Mud Lake and going in to William's Creek by way of Beaver Lake, Quesnel Forks and Keithley. Dunlevey saw a chance of opening a stopping place and supply station—with gambling as a side issue, at Beaver Lake with Jim Sellers only as a partner. But Moffitt and Manifree were there too, off and on, as assistants. Dunlevy declared he made more money there than he ever did at mining. But he saw that the

new Cariboo Wagon Road would kill that, and when the road reached Soda Creek in the fall of '63, he left Sellers at Beaver Lake and started a hotel, saloon, store and ranch at Soda Creek.

But he continued to dabble in mining from there, culminating in his Island Mountain quartz venture. He spent a fortune there trying to extract the gold from the rebellious ore, which the assays indicated was in it, and failed only because, at that time, there was no known process of doing it commercially. And, mark you, the Island Mountain ore IS extra rebellious; for, the present company mining it have to use an 88 percent cyanide acid solution, while at the Cariboo Gold Quartz they use only a 49 percent solution.

This brings our story up to the present day.

Jim Sellers must have been sincere in his regard for Agat, the elder Taghliel girl; for he later married her—frontier fashion—and she proved a good and faithful wife.

Likewise Moffitt took a Shuswap girl from Soda Creek and Dunlevey a Dene beauty from Fort Alexandria. Sons of the three were my schoolmates at St. Joseph's Mission; while my sisters were schoolmates of the Dunlevey and Moffitt girls at the St. Ann's Convent across the yard.

Dunlevey died at Soda Creek and was buried in the St. Joseph's Mission cemetery in consecrated ground. So he must have renounced his Free Masonry before he died and returned to the faith of his fathers.

His grave lies neglected and forgotten save for the thorny guard that is a tangle of wild rose bushes which, in their season, are a mass of lovely pink buds and blooms, shedding their short lived glory and their passing petals o'er the grave below. Parting these bushes one may read on the headstone:

IN LOVING MEMORY of Peter Curran Dunlevey.
Born at Pittsburg, PA., U. S. A., October 21, 1834.
Died October 15th, 1904.
Requiescat in Pace — AMEN

THE END

MAKE A GIFT

If you have enjoyed reading this narrative would you please tell your friends about it or order one sent to them. Send us the name and address and enclose 50 cents—Thank you !—The Publishers.

MAKE A GIFT

If you have enjoyed reading this narrative would you please tell your friends about it or order one sent to them. Send us the name and address and enclose 50 cents—Thank you !—The Publishers.

SIRIUS: After that

201 Carnarvon St., New Westminster B.C.
November 18, 1938

The Bridge River-Lillooet News
Lillooet B.C.

Dear Sirs:

The copy of Mr. Alex. McInnes's booklet "Chronicles of Cariboo" arrived a couple of days ago, together with the account: fifty cents.

I enclose herewith a one dollar bill ,which will pay it and leave fifty cents over for which I wish you to send me another copy of"Chronicles of Cariboo."

Yours very truly,

Address:
His Honour Judge Howay
201 Carnarvon St.
New Westminster B.C.

This book is an example of what is believed & passes for history amongst people who take their knowledge from gossip & oft-told tales varnished & burnished in much use - which of course makes for added inaccuracy.

Three quarters of it has to do with the preliminaries - from which it would seem Dunlevy & his friends were mining in 1858 at mouth of Philadelphia River (only two one had reached that far then) & the Indians Tomaah told them of gold in Horsefly - then they descended to Lillooet (p 7) & on to Kamloops. There the Indians showed them a ring made from Horsefly gold beaten out (p. 19). Tomaah didn't go with them from Kamloops to Horsefly (p 20). They made road apparently from Kamloops due North (20) though the brigade trail was then to take them to Alexandria. Then they came on the Horsefly June 1859 (p 26)