Mar 30th/95

Quesnelle
Cariboo
B. C.

Dear father

I had two letters from our Jim last week, saying that he and Tom Fletcher were coming out here, leaving Liverpool by the Labrador, on Mar 14; so I expect that, by this time, they will be a long way on their journey, somewhere between Winnipeg and the Rocky Mts.

We I have written down to them, in care of Foster, Ashcroft, telling them to come straight up to Quesnelle, as, I now think it will be better for them, the farther they come up the Cariboo Rd. We are all anxiously awaiting their arrival. I wish they were here now, for they are all getting ready for work, and there are lots of men on their way up from the coast. I think we shall

all get work; our Jim and Tom Fletcher
will get work sooner than me; being bigger but I am
not afraid for myself.
Jim Shepherd and I did not record the land
yet, that I spoke of in my last letter home—
Jimmie wanted to some information about
it from the Gold Commissioner, and he
wanted to see the land with the snow
off it, so we are waiting a few days,
before taking any steps towards recording. Sta.
Jim had a letter about 3 weeks ago,
from the Horsefly Mining Co, asking
him to go back to Horsefly and take his
wife. He would have an easy job, good
wages, furnished house and board free.
I also had a letter from John Holt. He has
been up in the mountains, about the head-
waters of the Horsefly River, all winter.
He went up with Jack Gordon, Jim
Shepherd's former mining partner. They
have been trapping for furs all the time;
but had not done so well up to then; though
they expected to do better in the next two
months, when the animals will be
stirring about more.

Two weeks ago, I having nothing to do, and being tired of loafing, made up my mind I would have a walk up to Barkerville, 60 miles above Quesnelle, at the end of the Cariboo Rd, and in the centre of the gold mining district. The first night I made the Bonanza Mine, 30 miles, stayed all next day and went down the shaft watching the men at work. They expect having to put on more men in 2 or 3 weeks. I think I would have a show for work, here. They all made me welcome, and wanted me to stay a day or two longer, board and lodging free. The day following, I reached Barkerville, other 30 miles. In the afternoon I passed Stanley, once a city of 10.000 inhabitants, now almost deserted. All the saloons, miners cabins shaft houses, pumps, and mining works are still standing. On reaching Barkerville, — as luck would have it — I put up at Hauser's hotel. Mr Hauser is a German, and an enthusiastic musician, violin, and he has a musical family. I told him I played a 'cello, and he said he had an old 'cello about town, but no one in town could play it properly. He had lent it to the Gold Commissioner years before, who had let it go out of use,

It had been in his stable for the last two years and badly knocked about. The belly was all cracked and pieces broken out, and was minus a bridge and G string. We made use of a guitar string, and made a bridge out of a piece of cigar box, glued it together, and rigged it up good. After that we were having concerts every night and in the daytime too. Everybody in Barkerville was coming to hear the music, they were all surprised that there was so much music in a bass as they called it. Mr Hauser is well known and respected, and he made me acquainted with all comers, so that I soon became well known in Barkerville.

Hauser was very proud of me, and wanted me to stay altogether. He said I should be all right with to stay as long as I pleased. He would get me a job somewhere. I got a kind of promise of a job in a few weeks, in a new mine that is being started. The lowest wages paid up here is about 3 dollars a day and board. When I told Hauser, I must go back to Quesnelle as I was expecting my brother up very shortly, he said, "Well, bring him up here," He said, he would look out for a good job for me, and write down to me about it.