THE BRITISH COLUMBIA HISTORICAL QUARTERLY

JULY-OCTOBER, 1955

The

BRITISH COLUMBIA HISTORICAL QUARTERLY

Published by the Archives of British Columbia
in co-operation with the
British Columbia Historical Association.

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Subscriptions should be sent to the Provincial Archives, Parliament Buildings, Victoria, B.C. Price, 50¢ the copy, or $2 the year. Members of the British Columbia Historical Association in good standing receive the *Quarterly* without further charge.

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BRITISH COLUMBIA HISTORICAL QUARTERLY

"Any country worthy of a future should be interested in its past."

VOL. XIX | VICTORIA, B.C., JULY-OCTOBER, 1955 | NOS. 3 AND 4

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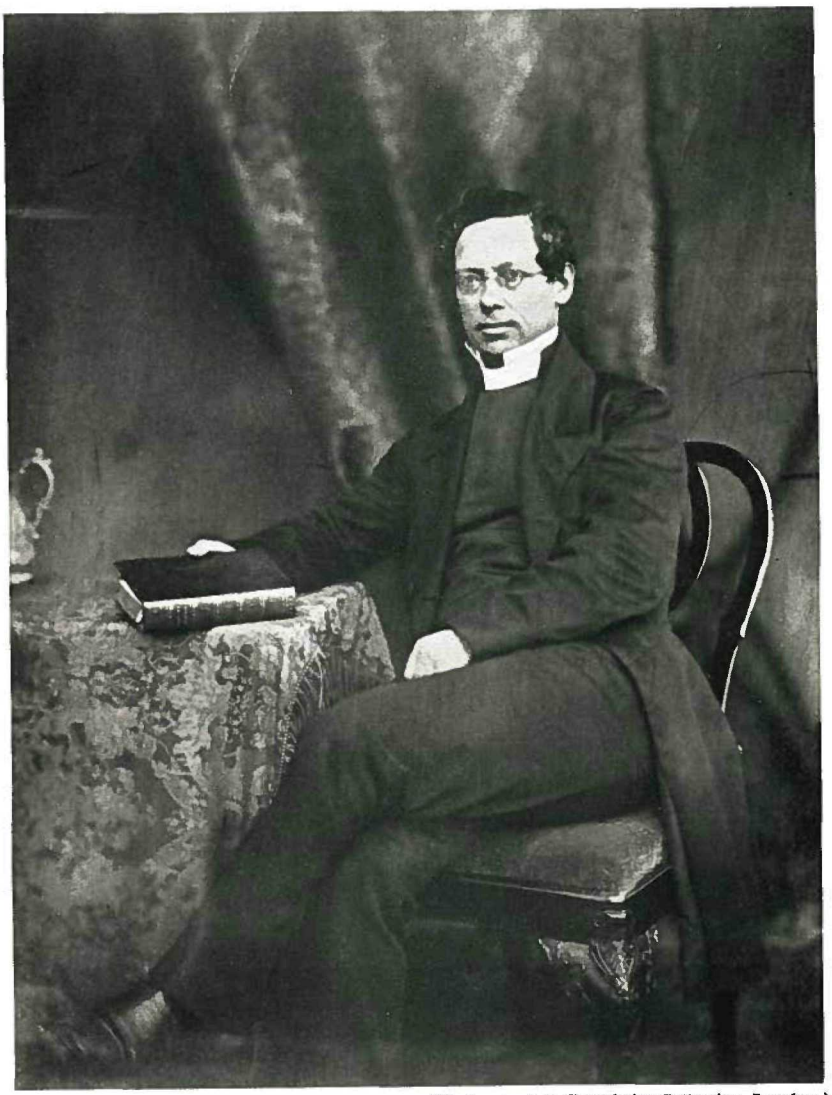

(Photo courtesy Gernsheim Collection, London.)

Henry Press Wright.

HENRY PRESS WRIGHT: FIRST ARCHDEACON OF COLUMBIA

I

Among the notable clergymen who served the Diocese of Columbia in its pioneer days, few had as varied a career or as forceful a personality as Henry Press Wright, first Archdeacon of Columbia and later Archdeacon of Vancouver Island. Some of his descendants still live in the Province whose great future he foresaw and proclaimed, but he himself has been unjustly neglected in the work of historians and biographers.[1]

He was born in India on December 9, 1816, and his early years were spent with the 59th Regiment, of which his father, Captain John Wright, was Paymaster.[2] He commented, when an elderly man: "In days long past, as a boy, I longed for adventure and travel."[3] His circumstances encouraged this very natural ambition, for not only did he travel with his father's regiment in the east, but one of his brothers was an officer in the regiment, and another served in eastern seas: Lieutenant E. D. Wright was wounded when leading the forlorn hope at the taking of Bhurtpore in 1826, and Captain C. M. M. Wright, R.N.,

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(1) I would like to thank all those whose co-operation, as indicated in footnotes, has made this article possible. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel has given permission to consult and quote from documents in its Archives and books in its Library, and its staff have been unfailingly helpful. The Rev. L. E. M. Claxton, the Rev. R. W. Tyler, several of Archdeacon Wright's descendants, and officials of the War Office Library, Public Record Office, and British Columbia Archives have also given considerable assistance.

(2) Captain Wright's name appears on his son's marriage certificate, and his service, commencing on October 31, 1799, is recorded in the *Army List*, October, 1829, p. 37. According to Manuscript Location Returns in the War Office Library the 59th Regiment was in the East from 1806 to 1829, being based in Bengal from 1815. H.P.W.'s date of birth has not been traced in any register, and that given is derived from the retirement of Army Chaplains at the age of 60; in his case this was on December 9, 1876. *See also* note 260.

(3) *Portsmouth Times*, May 8, 1877.

took part in such actions as the attack on the pirate stronghold of Ras-al-Khyma in the Persian Gulf, where he was wounded, in 1819, and in similar operations in the Straits of Malacca in 1832.[4]

The 59th Regiment returned to England early in 1829. On October 24 Captain Wright died at Weedon.[5] Details of Henry's early education have not survived, but in 1833 he entered the newly established University of Durham. This university was primarily designed for those preparing for the ministry of the Church of England; it therefore seems likely that his future career had been decided by that time.[6] The Divinity Lecturer there was the distinguished theologian, the Rev. Hugh James Rose, whom he later described as " a leader in everything high and heavenly . . . one from whose lips it was my privilege to receive many a learned lesson."[7] His progress at the university was satisfactory, and in 1836 he was awarded the University Essay Prize.[8] Perhaps the most significant aspect of his years at Durham, however, was the beginning of his friendship with George Hills, a man of his own age who was to have a profound effect on his life.[9] Another friend was James Skinner, two years his junior, whose erratic and rather un-

(4) Wright, *Portsmouth,* p. 93. (H.P.W.'s books are cited in these footnotes by short titles, as indicated in the list of his works at the end of this article.) He had a sister Sophia (Mrs. Wroughton); G. A. Wright, B.C.S., and Capt. W. B. Wright, B.C.S., to whom he erected memorial windows at Greatham, may also have been brothers.

(5) *Army List,* November, 1829, p. 83. It is not clear if H.P.W. came home earlier than this, but references in *Church in Army,* p. 2, and *Crimean Chaplain,* p. 24, suggest that he spent some years in India.

(6) Registrar of Durham University to author, April 5, 1955. He signed the Matriculation Register in that year, but there is no other record of him at Durham.

(7) Wright, *Portsmouth,* pp. 52–53. Hugh James Rose (1795–1838) was ordained in 1818 and soon attained a high reputation as scholar, writer, and preacher; he was a friend of most of the leading Tractarians. In 1833 he was appointed to the Chair of Divinity at Durham, but ill health compelled his resignation after only a few lectures.

(8) Crockford's *Clerical Directory,* 1884, p. 1362.

(9) O. R. Rowley, *The Anglican Episcopate of Canada and Newfoundland,* London, 1928, p. 37. In 1878 H.P.W. referred to " my old friend of 50 years standing," so their acquaintance may have begun earlier. George Hills (1816–1895) was ordained in 1840; in 1841 he became a Curate at Leeds and in 1846 incumbent of St. Mary's. From 1848 to 1859 he was Vicar of Great Yarmouth, and Bishop of Columbia from 1859 until his resignation in 1892.

studious disposition gave little hint of his later eminence as scholar and divine.[10]

In 1836 Henry Wright moved to Peterhouse, Cambridge, where he was admitted on October 1; he obtained a Gisborne Scholarship in 1838, and was Classics Prizeman.[11] Two years later he was rusticated for twelve months,[12] but employed part of that time in translating six lectures by Bishop Luscombe and writing a long historical introduction. *The Church of Rome, compared with the Bible, the Fathers of the Church, and the Church of England* was published in 1841,[13] and he proceeded to a B.A. the next year.

Ordained Deacon by the Bishop of Bath and Wells in 1841, with a title to the curacy of Croscombe in Somerset, Henry Wright spent two years in this beautiful village below the slope of the Mendips, with its mediæval church furnished with a profusion of Jacobean carved oak. His ordination to the priesthood by the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol took place in 1842; the following year he was appointed one of the three curates of Frome Selwood, but on April 27 returned to Croscombe for his marriage to Anne, eldest daughter of Isaac Nalder, a silk manufacturer in the neighbouring hamlet of Darshill.[14]

St. Peter's, Frome Selwood, the parish church of a market town of over 10,000 inhabitants, was built on the site of a church founded in

(10) Maria Trench, *James Skinner; a Memoir . . .* , London, 1883, pp. 11–12 (note by H.P.W.). James Skinner (1818–1881) was a foundation scholar of Durham University in 1833 and eventually became a Fellow. He was ordained in 1841, and from 1846 to 1850 was Officiating Chaplain at Corfu. Bad health limited his activities for the rest of his life, but he wrote a number of theological works and hymns, and was a pioneer of the English Church Union.

(11) T. A. Walker, *Admissions to Peterhouse 1615–1911,* Cambridge, 1912, p. 456. His mother was then living at 16 Marshall Place, Perth. His tutor was Mr. Hind, M.A.

(12) Professor H. Butterfield to author, November 21, 1955. It is recorded that on " 3 February 1840 it was agreed at a meeting of the Master and Fellows that H. P. Wright be required to leave the University until 13th of January 1841," but no reason is given.

(13) According to the preface, he had read this attempt to explain the position of the Church of England to the French, while in France in the summer of 1839. Bishop Luscombe, British Embassy Chaplain in Paris, had the oversight of British congregations on the Continent.

(14) Crockford's *Clerical Directory,* 1884, p. 1362; J. A. Venn, *Alumni Cantabrigienses,* 2nd series, VI, Cambridge, 1954, p. 593; Certificate of H.P.W.'s marriage, of which a copy is in the author's possession. His M.A. dates from 1861, when he went to British Columbia.

Saxon times by St. Adhelm; Bishop Ken was buried near its walls. After a year there, Mr. Wright moved to a vastly different parish as Curate of Guiseley, a busy manufacturing town in the West Riding of Yorkshire which had sprung up round what was once a quiet village.[15] When he left, the esteem he had gained was shown by the presentation of a beautiful little travelling communion set in a cone-shaped case. The chalice was inscribed: "Presented by the teachers of the Guiseley Sunday Schools as a token of love to their clergyman, the Revd. H. P. Wright B.A., Easter 1845." It was indeed a suitable gift for one who was to travel so many thousands of miles as a military chaplain and missionary.[16]

His new appointment was as Perpetual Curate of St. Mary's, Quarry Hill, Leeds.[17] This was in the gift of Dr. Hook, Vicar of Leeds, one of the outstanding parish priests of the nineteenth century, who was doing much to counter the spiritual desolation of the great manufacturing city.[18] It was said that he never made an error of judgment in selecting clergy for work in the city or for his staff of curates, and many men who later attained eminence in the Church began under his supervision.[19] One of his curates at this time was the Rev. George Hills.[20]

Though Mr. Wright now had an independent charge, with a curate to assist him, his stipend was miserably low and the work most arduous. He later wrote:—

> In the year 1845 I became incumbent of a manufacturing district, containing 17,000 operatives. Of necessity thousands of the people were never seen by myself or curate, and every street possessed its haunts of vice and blasphemy. It seemed, however, that this overwhelming population was not sufficiently oppressive; for, shortly after my induction, I received a War Office letter, addressed to me as the officiating chaplain in charge of a regiment of foot, a troop of horse artillery, and a troop of cavalry. The endowment of my living being only 68*l* 5*s*., I was glad to receive an additional 20*l* a year for the troops, and I felt justified in taking the money, inasmuch as, every Sunday, I accommodated in my church sev-

(15) J. A. Venn, *loc. cit.*

(16) Mrs. K. Mitchell (H.P.W.'s granddaughter), who now owns this gift, to author, March 8, 1955.

(17) *Clergy List*, 1846, p. 258.

(18) Walter Farquhar Hook (1798–1875) was ordained in 1821. His strong personality soon made its mark, and in 1837 he became Vicar of Leeds, a city with a population of 123,000 and totally inadequate religious provision. He succeeded in dividing the parish into smaller districts with their own parish churches. In 1859 he became Dean of Chichester, and died in that office.

(19) D. W. Duthie, *A Bishop in the Rough*, London, 1909, p. xi.

(20) Rowley, *The Anglican Episcopate*, p. 37.

eral hundred soldiers, and, during the week, visited the sick in hospital, and superintended the military school. I need scarcely observe, that, all I could do, under the circumstances, was unworthy the name of spiritual care; the minds and souls of men, who of all others required my special attention, were of necessity neglected. As to church parade, it was literally hated by the troops: they had to march, nearly a mile, through streets crowded with a noisy rabble, and then, after *divine* service, to return under the same escort.[21]

This military duty, however, was the means of introducing Mr. Wright to the main sphere of his clerical life. At that time the religious care of the army had devolved, through years of neglect and parsimony, on four commissioned chaplains, all elderly, and a number of officiating clergy, who in most cases had civil duties as well and did not regard the army as their career.[22] In April, 1844, a new Principal Chaplain, the Rev. G. R. Gleig, had taken over the direction of the Chaplains' Department, and was already laying the foundation of knowledge that was to result in its complete transformation.[23]

Mr. Gleig was gravely concerned at the evils arising from expecting overworked clergy such as Mr. Wright to give adequate service to the troops for an additional pittance, and in 1845 he introduced a scheme for soldier curates, at a stipend of £75 per annum, who would make attendance on the troops their main concern, and thus take a greater interest in the work than was possible under the existing scheme.[24] Mr. Wright was given this appointment for Leeds in the autumn of that year.[25]

He did not lose his connection with general parish life, however, and in 1846 was first editor of a new publication, the *Church Sunday School Magazine,* which contained such items as a serial, *Piety and Prosperity,* notes on Scriptural geography, paragraphs on the meaning of Holy Days, and accounts of overseas missions.[26]

His stay at Leeds was not a long one. Mr. Gleig had obviously marked him as a suitable man for full-time military service, and when

(21) Wright, *England's Duty,* pp. 3–4.

(22) *Journal of the Royal Army Chaplains' Department* (hereafter cited as *J.R.A.C.D.*), III, p. 519; IV, pp. 34–42.

(23) George Robert Gleig (1796–1888) was Principal Chaplain 1844–46, and Chaplain-General 1846–75. His remarkable career is described in *J.R.A.C.D.*, IV, pp. 14–77, 320–358; V, pp. 9–29, 95–114.

(24) *Ibid.*, IV, p. 47.

(25) Gleig to Dr. Hook, August 12, 1845. W.O. 4/348, p. 429. (This letter and the other official letters subsequently quoted are in the Public Record Office.)

(26) Crockford's *Clerical Directory,* 1884, p. 1362, says 1845, but Vol. I begins in 1846. The contributions are unsigned.

a vacancy for an officiating chaplain occurred in the Island of Cephalonia in June, 1846, he offered it to Mr. Wright, who accepted.[27] The Chaplain-General described him, in a letter to the outgoing chaplain, as " earnest, devout, & sincere."[28] He sailed in August with his friend, the Rev. James Skinner, who was appointed officiating chaplain at Corfu.[29]

Corfu and Cephalonia are the most important of the seven Ionian Islands off the coast of Greece, which at that time were under British protection. There were British troops on four of the islands, and Mr. Wright, in addition to his duties on Cephalonia itself, had to pay a monthly visit to the regiment on Zante, and an occasional one to the detachment on Ithaca.

The conditions he found were startling. " When I landed in Cephalonia, in September, 1846," he wrote,

> the soldiers worshipped in a barrack-room, a part of which was curtained off for two married men, so that we were liable to be interrupted, periodically, by the cries of a sickly or newly born child—there were no vessels for Holy Communion, not even a surplice for divine service.[30]

He wrote to Mr. Gleig, and received a sympathetic but bracing answer:—

> Do not however permit a disappointmt. of this sort however keen to damp yr. zeal. St Paul had neither surplice nor Communion plate yet in synagogues & market places & wherever else he cd. find an opening he spoke the truth with power & brought over daily converts to the truth. You must consider yourself as a Missionary in Cephalonia & bear all manner of privations for the sake of Him whose minister you are. The time must come wherein the indecency of having no place wherein a British Garrison may assemble to worship shall force the Governmt. in office, whatever it may be to build one.[31]

Mr. Wright settled to his task and within two years produced a scheme for building a church on Cephalonia by subscription among the officers. The Chaplain-General reluctantly rejected this plan, since the action of one garrison in this way might give the authorities an excuse to justify taking no steps on other cases. This point of view, while understandable as a long-term policy, must have been discouraging.[32]

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(27) Gleig to H.P.W., July 2, 1846. W.O. 4/349, pp. 164–165.

(28) Gleig to Rev. W. Hare, July 2, 1846. W.O. 4/349, p. 163.

(29) Trench, *James Skinner*, pp. 32–33; Gleig to Skinner, June 26, 1846. W.O. 4/349, p. 156.

(30) Wright, *England's Duty*, p. 5.

(31) Gleig to H.P.W., December 8, 1846. W.O. 4/349, p. 215.

(32) Gleig to H.P.W., August 3, 1848. W.O. 4/349, p. 418.

In 1851 he was transferred to Corfu in place of Mr. Skinner. Here there was a handsome new church, built in the Greek style. During his duty in the "lovely island," he found much gratification in the support he received, not only from leading officers such as General Tylden, R.E., but from N.C.O.s and men, led by Sergeant Gibbon, who met every Sunday in his house.[33] For him personally, however, it was tragic, for three of his four children died there, and in 1853 he returned to England on leave to save the life of the fourth, his daughter Mary, who was ill.[34] While the family was in England his son Frederick was born.[35] During this leave, too, he joined the small band of commissioned chaplains, his appointment dating from May 6, 1853.[36]

II

During the closing months of 1853 there was an increasing likelihood that Britain and France would go to war with Russia in support of Turkey, and preparations began. The Chaplain-General, in spite

(33) Wright, *Crimean Chaplain*, pp. 59–60, 67, 74–75.

(34) *Ibid.*, pp. 2–3. The children of Henry Press and Anne Wright were:—

Mary Jane Pearson, born Cephalonia, January 17, 1847. Married Captain (later Major-General) Henry Spencer Palmer (1838–1893) in New Westminster, October 7, 1863. There were four or five children. She died in Victoria, January 10, 1934.

Frederick George, born November 17, 1853. Married Jane Kathleen Good (died 1893) in Victoria, September 16, 1880. There were eight children of this marriage, and one of his second marriage. He died at Barholme, March 22, 1926. For his career *see* note 253.

Nina Geldart, born Canterbury, December, 1856. Married Rev. Robert Stewart Hare, M.A., later Vicar of Beighton, May 30, 1885. There were seven children. She died at Mickleham, October 1, 1948.

Alice Alford, born Canterbury, 1860. Died unmarried in Victoria, February 9, 1879.

Ernest Augustus, born Victoria, May 16, 1862. Died unmarried in Saskatchewan, 1929.

Three children, name and sex unknown, were born between 1844 and 1852, and died in the Ionian Islands, 1846–1853. It is possible that there were two other children, but if so they did not survive infancy.

This information has been derived from the British Columbia Archives, from Mrs. Mitchell and Mrs. Kirkham (children of the Rev. F. G. Wright), the Rev. A. N. Hare and other children of Mrs. Nina Hare, from Somerset House, and other sources. H.P.W.'s many descendants have travelled all over the world, including British Columbia, China, Central America, South Africa, Australia, and India.

(35) *J.R.A.C.D.*, II, p. 264.

(36) *Army List*, December, 1854, p. 82.

of great efforts, had only seven commissioned clergy, and all save one were at key posts.[37] The remaining man was Mr. Wright, and when he returned to Corfu he was warned to hold himself in readiness to proceed to the seat of war as Principal Chaplain if hostilities seemed imminent.[38]

He left London for Newhaven on February 9, 1854, and had a pleasant journey through France, Piedmont, Rome, and Naples, his route including the battlefields of Marengo and Cannæ. He finally reached a little fishing village, Molfetta, on the eastern coast of Italy, and thence sailed by Austrian Lloyd's steamer to Corfu. Hardly had he arrived than he received orders, issued on February 23, to proceed to Constantinople.[39] War was declared on March 28.

Mr. Wright now prepared for active service, reducing his baggage to two portmanteaus and a hand-bag, a saddle and bridle, metal plates, a gridiron and, thanks to the ingenuity of a sapper friend, a folding bed which could be reduced almost to pocket size. Early in April he left by steamer, voyaging by Zante, Syra, the Piræus (whence he paid a short visit to Athens), Smyrna, Mitylene, and Tenedos to the Dardanelles. At Gallipoli he saw the lines of tents that indicated part of the British expeditionary force, but the main base was at Constantinople, and after a brief halt the steamer continued to its destination. Mr. Wright was assigned a lofty and spacious room in the Turkish barracks at Scutari, across the Bosphorus from Constantinople. This accommodation, he found, had to be shared with all manner of vermin.

More and more troops arrived, and encamped on the plain behind Scutari. A small staff of chaplains, drawn from officiating clergy hastily selected and sent out, also arrived—five of the Church of England, one Presbyterian, and two Roman Catholics. These numbers were small for the minimum duties required, and quite inadequate when there was sickness to contend with.

At the end of May an allied force was sent to Bulgaria to strengthen the Turkish resistance to the Russians, who were invading the Balkans.

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(37) *J.R.A.C.D.*, IV, pp. 64–65.

(38) The author has utilized his own unpublished history of the work of Chaplains to the Forces in the Crimean War for most of the background material in the following pages. The account of H.P.W.'s experiences until October, 1854, is derived from his *Recollections of a Crimean Chaplain* unless other sources are indicated.

(39) H.P.W. to Gen. Windham, April 12, 1856. W.O. 28/191.

Mr. Wright found a friend in a French Protestant pastor, M. Roerig, and was also able to befriend a lonely French midshipman who, feeling very homesick, found in the chaplain someone who not only treated him with understanding kindness but could speak his tongue fluently.[40] The other chaplains also accompanied the forces, and he shared with the Cavalry Chaplain the only servant they could obtain, a drunken Irish lad.

There was very little fighting in the ensuing months, but there was great distress due to the ravages of sickness among the troops. Mr. Wright took charge of the hospital at Varna, the headquarters of the allies, where the lack of beds and proper equipment added to the sufferings caused by disease. "The mortality at Varna was quite appalling," he wrote. "I buried twice, and sometimes thrice, daily; and my average, including deaths in two small encampments, was nine." The other chaplains did valiant work in the camps, and the *Morning Post* correspondent commented: "How these clergymen stand the work I cannot imagine; they are from morning to night in hospitals, or on horseback, or burying the dead."[41]

To add to the perils of disease, there was a disastrous fire on August 10 in which half the town of Varna was destroyed. Mr. Wright was in the area at the time, and hurried to the scene, where he took his share in handing buckets to quench the flames—a dangerous task, since the magazine was threatened, and a terrible explosion only avoided by the gallant work of those who checked the spread of the fire.

At the end of August the weakened armies left the tragic scenes of Bulgaria to engage the enemy in open conflict by invading the Crimean peninsula and attacking the naval base of Sebastopol. The troops were embarked at Varna; Mr. Wright sailed on the *Georgiana,* leaving behind on the wharf his grey horse, ready saddled and bridled, since there were no official instructions for its transport.

The armies began to land in the Crimea on September 14, and by the 17th disembarkation was completed. Mr. Wright was assigned to headquarters, but when he found that the 4th Division had no chap-

(40) Mrs. Kirkham (Archdeacon Wright's granddaughter) to author, May 27, 1955. This episode was told to her about fifty years later by the Frenchman, then a retired admiral. The date is not definite, but the period when Britain and France were both using Varna seems probable.

(41) *Colonial Church Chronicle* (hereafter cited as C.C.C.), VIII (1854–55), p. 116.

lain, he volunteered to act in this capacity as well, and the troops were paraded on the sands for divine service. He then proceeded to the small group of tents that housed the staff, and took a service for the devout Commander-in-Chief, Lord Raglan, and his officers.

The next day the march south towards Sebastopol began; there was a brief cavalry encounter in the afternoon of the 19th which came to nothing, and later the army pitched camp for the night. Mr. Wright was fortunate enough to fall in with a friend of Corfu days who had the rare luxury of a bell tent. After a meal he was invited to share this covering, and with a number of officers " packed closely together like herrings in a barrel " spent a rather unsettled night. A battle was obviously imminent, and before going to sleep all joined him in prayers. At 2 a.m. he was roused by the entry of a messenger bringing orders for his left-hand neighbour to make preparations to meet the Russians, who were known to be ahead in strength.

The armies were astir early on the morning of September 20 and advanced to the River Alma, which was to give its name to the battle fought that day. The Russians were on the heights on the other side, but after a gallant and keenly-fought action were forced to retreat. The British 4th Division was in reserve, so Mr. Wright was not closely involved in the action; but as soon as he could he waded the river and helped to tend the wounded, including the mortally-wounded Russian General Karganoff. As it grew dark he rejoined his Division, first meeting the 3rd Division and noting with concern that its Chaplain, the Rev. George Mockler, who had been ill in Bulgaria, looked extremely unwell.

The next day, after many hours among the wounded, Mr. Wright conducted the burial service over the 200 dead of the Light and Guards Divisions, buried in a common grave on the spot which had seen the fiercest fighting. It was too dark to read, but he spoke the impressive words of the service from memory and gave a short exhortation to those present to prepare for a soldier's death.

The armies marched again on the 23rd, and disease began to strike down men on all sides. Mr. Wright's friend and helper, General Tylden, R.E., died of cholera and was buried before the march began. " I buried the old warrior in the vineyard close to the Burliuk bridge," wrote the chaplain, " and when I left,—a wild plum-tree hung mournfully over the grave."

Camp was pitched that evening by the River Katcha. Mr. Wright commented on his appearance at this time:—

> Since the night of the 19th my bed had been the bare ground, of which I had nothing to complain, save that it acted very disparagingly upon black cloth . . . nothing could defend my dress; by night and by day it gathered not dust but dirt; as to changing, that was impossible, for my baggage was far away on board the "Georgiana." My hat was the most curious article; it had often been found under nests of pickaxes and shovels and other heavy things, and more than once I had reduced it to the pancake form by the all night weight of my own body; indeed, it was only by the most delicate manipulation that I could get it into wearing condition: so that altogether my costume was in a very dilapidated state; I believe I was very much like a broken-down waiter on a begging expedition.

The next morning he was delighted to meet members of the 57th Regiment, friends from his Corfu service. That evening he had his first glimpse of Sebastopol. At this point there was some possibility that the city would be attacked from the north, but it was finally decided to by-pass it to the east and attack from the south, and on the 25th the armies moved, in blazing heat, towards the plateau where the rest of the campaign was to be fought. In the evening camp was pitched by the Traktir Bridge; Mr. Wright, after some foraging, found tomatoes, beetroot, and cabbage, and with these and some salt ration meat, seasoned with pepper " of which I always carried a supply in my waistcoat-pocket," cooked an agreeable stew in his camp-kettle.

The following day the advance continued to Balaclava, which was easily captured and became the very inadequate port for the entry of British supplies. Three days later the little band of chaplains suffered its first loss; the Rev. George Mockler, who had completed the journey on a stretcher, died of cholera. Mr. Wright hurried to his bedside and read the service for the Visitation of the Sick; his stricken comrade murmured " Beautiful prayers, beautiful prayers " and shortly afterwards died.

It was hoped that a rapid campaign would reduce Sebastopol before the winter, but this hope was frustrated by two Russian counter-attacks. The first, aimed at Balaclava, was delivered on October 23, a day famous for the charges of the Light and Heavy Brigades and the " thin red line " of Highlanders.[42] The Russians gained some ground by this action, and on November 5 delivered a heavy attack on the British right flank. This battle, known as Inkermann, ended with the Russian

(42) It is possible that Mr. Wright witnessed this incident, as Lord Raglan and his staff were on the heights overlooking the battle.

repulse; but the allied casualties were such as to prevent any possibility of a successful assault on Sebastopol, and a winter campaign, for which the armies were inadequately prepared, became inevitable.

A number of senior officers fell at Inkermann, including General Cathcart, commanding the 4th Division, and General Strangways of the Artillery. The summit of a hill formerly used as an observation post by the dead General, and known as Cathcart's Hill, was chosen as their burial place, and this became the chief British war cemetery in the Crimea. Mr. Wright conducted the funeral late in the afternoon of November 6; he was deeply moved by the death of one whom he described as a "true nobleman."[43]

November 14 brought a great storm, which demolished and destroyed much of the shelter available for the troops and sank a number of supply ships. The winter was a time of terrible hardship. The miserable road from Balaclava to the camp became almost impassable; such supplies and comforts as there were could hardly reach the troops; and disease, cold, and hunger took a terrible toll. Conditions in the base hospitals at Scutari were also very bad. The public indignation and concern aroused in England resulted in the mission of Florence Nightingale and her nurses to Scutari, the *Times Fund* for comforts for the troops, and the establishment by the S.P.G. of a fund for paying part of the cost of additional chaplains to the forces, of whom twelve were sent out between October and the end of the year.

This timely assistance, together with a small increase in the number of Government-appointed clergy, enabled Mr. Wright to go to Constantinople in mid-December, to see something of the work of the chaplains in the hospitals, and to have a short leave.[44] He was very much gratified by what he saw and, though anxious to have the maximum number of clergy in the camp, realized the great need of the hospitals and arranged for a reasonable proportion of new arrivals to remain there.[45]

Mrs. Wright had travelled to Constantinople with her family and had remained there to await the arrival of Florence Nightingale and her party. She then travelled home on a small ship, the only woman

(43) Wright, *Portsmouth*, p. 73.

(44) Rev. T. Freeth to S.P.G., January 15, 1855; Rev. G. Proctor to S.P.G., December 24, 1854. (All quotations from S.P.G. correspondence are from manuscripts.)

(45) Rev. W. E. Hadow to S.P.G., December 26, 1854.

on board. It was an adventurous voyage; the captain was a drunkard, and half-way home the crew came to her to beg her to ask the captain to delegate his duties to the first mate, as otherwise they would mutiny. She accepted this task, persuaded the captain to agree, and the first mate brought the ship home safely.[46]

Mr. Wright returned to the Crimea on January 25, 1855, on the *Melbourne,* where an unfortunate incident occurred when he found that his cabin was also claimed by a doctor. The ensuing dispute, pardonable in men who had done much to strain their nerves, was soon amicably settled; they shared the accommodation, and Mr. Wright helped to put up shelves for the doctor's belongings. Unfortunately Mr. MacDonald of the *Times,* already resenting Mr. Wright's action in forbidding one of his chaplains to act as a distributor for the *Times Fund* without official sanction (and ignoring the fact that he had also made immediate application for such permission), described the incident in most offensive terms in a report which appeared in the *Times.* Fortunately the Chaplain-General made an immediate investigation and was able to submit a complete reply which was duly published.[47]

Mr. Wright's visit to Scutari had convinced him of the value of women nurses. As a result of his report Lord Raglan asked for some to be sent to Balaclava, and this was done.[48]

As the bitter weather continued, the self-sacrificing work of the chaplains took its toll: of twenty of all denominations who served during the winter eight eventually died and eight were invalided.[49] Between November, 1854, and March, 1855, two clergy of the Church of England (the Rev. W. Whyatt and the Rev. G. H. Proctor) and three of the Church of Rome (the Rev. J. Wheble, the Rev. M. Canty, and the Rev. D. Shehan) died in the Crimea. The sharing of hardships and of a great task brought clergy of different denominations together in friendly co-operation: Mr. Whyatt watched by the dying Father Canty only a few weeks before his own death. In later years, when correspondents in the *Times* made overmuch of denominational differences in the Chaplain's Department, Mr. Wright commented indignantly:—

(46) Rev. A. N. Hare to author, December 3, 1955.

(47) London *Times,* February 8, 1855, p. 8; March 20, 1855, p. 10.

(48) I. B. O'Malley, *Florence Nightingale 1820–1856,* London, 1934, p. 275.

(49) Wright, *Crimean Chaplain,* p. 83.

Should we ever have another war in the Crimea (which God forbid), and [the critics] will join the chaplain department of our army, they will find the thermometer at 7° below zero an effectual cooler of all "wretched theological disputes," and a dripping bell tent peculiarly calculated to put a damper upon all unkind feeling.[50]

In spite of these losses, new volunteers were forthcoming. Between March and the late summer the S.P.G. sent out thirteen more chaplains, and there were some additional government appointments. With the spring came renewed military activity and minor engagements—Mr. Wright wrote in April: "There is just now a sharp firing of musketry, but it is so common that we think nothing of it."[51]—but the armies were not yet ready to launch a major assault. Improved weather brought visitors to the Crimea. Mr. Wright may well have been one of the chaplains who welcomed Florence Nightingale at Balaclava when she landed in May to visit Crimean hospitals.[52] He certainly met the eccentric and flamboyant but warm-hearted chef, Alexis Soyer, who came out to improve army cooking.[53] Another traveller was Roger Fenton, the pioneer photographer; he took a photograph of Mr. Wright, whose face showed an unaccustomed grimness, presumably due to the unfamiliarity of posing for this new medium, and a more relaxed group of the Principal Chaplain with eight of his colleagues.[54]

Another photograph taken by Fenton was of Lord Raglan conferring with the French and Turkish commanders. They were completing plans for the long-delayed assault on Sebastopol, but when this was launched on June 18 it was defeated with heavy casualties. Bitterly disappointed, Lord Raglan fell a prey to the cholera and seemed to have no resistance. On June 28 Mr. Wright read the service for the Visitation of the Sick by the Commander-in-Chief's simple camp bed. "At the close of the heart searching service," he wrote, "I placed my hand upon the broad, handsome forehead of the noble soldier, and commended the departing soul to the keeping of God. A few minutes after the great man went to his rest."[55] Whatever his defects as a commander, Lord Raglan was an

(50) London *Times*, October 29, 1857, p. 11.

(51) *C.C.C.*, IX (1855–56), p. 20.

(52) O'Malley, *op. cit.*, p. 304.

(53) Alexis Soyer, *A Culinary Campaign*, London, 1857, p. 287.

(54) Roger Fenton's own prints are now in the possession of Mr. and Mrs. Helmut Gernsheim, through whose kindness copies of these photographs have been obtained.

(55) Wright, *Portsmouth*, p. 62.

honourable and kindly man and, as his chaplain well knew, a devout Christian and reader of the Bible.[56]

Additional chaplains arrived, but there was much illness during the summer, and several died or were invalided home. Early in August Mr. Wright had only seven of the nominal strength of nineteen fit for duty.[57] It was not until the end of the year that the position was really satisfactory.

The campaign continued after the failure of the June attack; there were many small encounters and trench raids, and on August 16 the Russians launched a heavy attack on the allied right flank at the Traktir Bridge. This sector was now held by the French, who defeated the attack without British troops being engaged, but Mr. Wright visited the scene to assist the wounded after the battle.[58] The final assault on Sebastopol was planned for September 8, when the French succeeded in taking the Malakoff, though the British were unable to establish themselves in the other principal fortification, the Redan. The next day the city was evacuated; the campaign was over. There was some outcry at the fact that the last action of the British forces had been a failure. Mr. Wright, however, commented: "Had our army assailed as at Badajoz the failure wd. have been lost in the success but John Bull cannot bear to be in a lowly place even though a mighty blessing is vouchsafed him."[59] It fell to him to draw up the official order of service for the thanksgiving for victory on November 4.[60]

There was no precedent for the exact status of a principal chaplain in wartime, and it was a matter of some delicacy to establish it. Roman Catholic chaplains (who came directly under the military authorities) and Presbyterians were under his supervision only for making certain official returns; his personal contact was with those of the Church of England.[61] He was responsible for their allocation to the camps in the

(56) Wright, *Crimean Chaplain*, pp. 28–30.

(57) W. H. Russell, *The War from the Death of Lord Raglan . . .* , London, 1856, p. 47.

(58) Wright, *Crimean Chaplain*, p. 75; letter to London *Times* published in issue of November 13, 1855, p. 7.

(59) H.P.W. to S.P.G., October 16, 1855, regarding London *Times* article of September 29, 1855.

(60) *General Orders Issued to the Army of the East . . .* , London, 1856, p. 179.

(61) Adjutant-General to H.P.W., September 3 and October 19, 1855, and to Rev. J. Campbell, September 3 and October 10, 19, and 22, 1855. W.O. 28/110 & 111.

Crimea and, through the Military Commandant at Scutari, to the base hospitals. He had a marquee near headquarters, and a soldier clerk to assist him.[62]

Another of his duties was the organization of books for the troops. Through the S.P.C.K. he obtained a supply of Bibles and Prayer Books ("the small limp-covered Prayer-book . . . as it is easily carried in the knapsack or breast")[63] for issue through the chaplains, and in the *Times* he appealed for comforts and recreational reading: "I would therefore strongly press upon the generous-hearted the plan of sending goods to us at cost price for the use of the body, and amusing books gratis for the improvement of the mind."[64] Unfortunately the books were not always attractive; an officer visiting Headquarters commented: "I suspect some old ladies and gentlemen have been weeding their libraries, and getting a reputation for benevolence at small expense."[65] Mr. Wright, in a second letter to the *Times,* appealed for well-filled boxes, but added:

> When I say well-filled, I do not mean crowded, as some were last year, with old annual reports of the many religious societies, almanacks of 1817, dark mysterious divinity, heavy controversial tracts, last volumes of novels, Armenian bibles, trigonometrical tables, Loo-shoo grammars, pamphlets on turnpikes &c., but nicely packed with tales, novels, biography, Chambers's many publications, Dickens's works, and such like, all of which are read with intense pleasure.[66]

Though his clergy were not numerous they came from varied backgrounds, and tactful supervision was required. Its success was borne out by the tributes of some of the chaplains. One wrote to the S.P.G.: " . . . you are much indebted to him, for his accurate judgment of the soldier's character, his thorough knowledge of the world, added to a simple faith, and a laborious energy in his work, give him an authority which no man can wield more impartially, & to which all most readily submit."[67] Another recalled "the readiness with which Mr. Wright has entered into our difficulties, the alacrity he has always displayed on

(62) Adjutant-General to Sir R. England, May 20, 1855. W.O. 28/109.

(63) *C.C.C.*, IX (1855–56), p. 19 (letter of April 22, 1855).

(64) London *Times,* July 31, 1855, p. 9.

(65) A. I. Shand, *The Life of General Sir E. B. Hamley,* Edinburgh, 1895, Vol. I, p. 76.

(66) London *Times,* August 30, 1855, p. 5.

(67) Rev. H. Robinson to S.P.G., October 31, 1855.

matters of business and above all his affectionate manner towards all the Chaplains."[68]

His own view of his chaplains was summed up in the report he sent to the S.P.G. in October, 1855, a year after the appointment of their first chaplain. In his covering note he commented: "I have given you the truth in a plain print dress." The report did not make exaggerated claims for the results achieved—the task was uphill and the disappointments were many, but "while war hardens the heart of some it calls forth the best of feelings in others & with all that I have said my firm conviction is that God has wonderfully blessed the ministrations of the Military Chaplains whose privilege it has been to accompany the Army in the East. . . ." He gave the highest praise to the S.P.G. for the work it had done, particularly in selecting clergy "known for piety and not for party."[69]

Soon after this he had to enter into a much less gratifying correspondence. One of the Assistant Chaplains at Scutari wrote to the *Times* complaining that chaplains were accorded too little respect there, that quarters were dirty, and that the dress of some of his colleagues was too informal. The other chaplains in the hospitals indignantly denied that their treatment was unsatisfactory, and on October 30 Mr. Wright wrote:—

> With regard to quarters, chaplains fare as princes and nobles have patiently fared, and therefore cannot justly complain. The Quartermaster-General has no control over the insects of the East. . . . In the field the clergy have shared the heavy trials of a noble army, but, while patiently enduring them, they have never failed to receive the kind consideration of all under whom it has been their privilege to serve.[70]

Mr. Wright's health had been unsatisfactory for some time, and he was granted leave; he sailed to Scutari on the *Bahiana* early in January, 1856. On the quayside at Balaclava he was surprised to see the Irish lad, Dennis, whose drunkenness had made him such an unsatisfactory servant in Bulgaria, but who now claimed to be a reformed character.[71] At Scutari he visited the great cemetery by the General Hospital and saw the grave of General Karganoff, whom he had assisted after he

(68) Rev. T. Coney to S.P.G., January 12, 1856.

(69) H.P.W. to S.P.G., October 16, 1855 (report and covering letter).

(70) London *Times*, October 9, p. 10; November 9, p. 5; November 13, p. 7, 1855. (The whole correspondence is reprinted in *J.R.A.C.D.*, IV, pp. 70–73.

(71) Wright, *Crimean Chaplain*, p. 18; Adjutant-General to H.P.W., November 14, 1855 (W.O. 28/111); Sir J. H. Lefroy, *Autobiography*, 1895, p. 183.

received his fatal wound at the Battle of the Alma.[72] On January 10 he sailed for England.[73]

He spent some time at Reading, undergoing surgical treatment for a painful internal illness,[74] and since peace was signed on March 30 he did not return to the Crimea. He retained the post of Principal Chaplain, and wrote to the *Times* to give information about the Crimean cemeteries for the benefit of relatives of those buried there.[75] At the end of the war he was awarded the Crimean Medal (with bars for Alma, Balaclava, Inkermann, and Sebastopol) and the Turkish Medal. He was also one of the British recipients of the Turkish Order of the Medidjie, of the Fifth Class.[76]

The period of his illness and convalescence was by no means a time of stagnation. While still in the Crimea he had submitted to the Chaplain-General a scheme for the permanent enlargement of the Chaplains' Department to twenty Chaplains to the Forces and forty Assistant Chaplains, the latter to be promoted when vacancies occurred and to receive, meanwhile, increases of salary in proportion to their length of service. He took up the plan again with Mr. Gleig, who submitted it, with the exception of the portion regarding pay, to Lord Panmure, Minister for War. The plan was accepted.[77] On October 1, 1856, the Chaplains' Department was increased to twenty Commissioned Chaplains and thirty-five Assistant Chaplains, with Crimean veterans well represented in both categories.[78]

III

On recovering his health Mr. Wright took up his first appointment to a British garrison, that of Canterbury.[79] The state of affairs there was most depressing. There were 1,800 recruits, a larger proportion

(72) Wright, *Crimean Chaplain*, p. 50.

(73) H.P.W. to Gen. Windham, April 12, 1856, from 7 Coley Hill, Reading. W.O. 28/191.

(74) *Ibid.*

(75) London *Times*, May 20, 1856, p. 10.

(76) Crockford's *Clerical Directory*, 1884, p. 1362. These bars were given for service in the Crimea at the time of these battles, and not only to participants in them. *See* note 42.

(77) Wright, *England's Duty*, p. 11–12.

(78) *Army List*, December, 1856, p. 102.

(79) *Ibid.* His letter to the London *Times* in May was written from Canterbury.

than on most home stations. Looking round the dreary barrack-rooms with only one candle for every twelve men, the small and inadequate library, and the oil-lit barrack-square, the only places provided for off-duty hours, the chaplain found it easy to understand the appeal of the warm and well-lit public house, the frequent convictions for drunkenness, and the general low level of conduct. With these and other problems in mind he wrote a pamphlet in the form of an open letter to the Secretary for War.

England's Duty to England's Army. A Letter addressed to the Right Hon. General Peel, Secretary of State for War, on Matters affecting the Body, Mind, and Soul of the British Soldier was published in 1858 at one shilling, and went into at least three editions. The Very Rev. A. C. E. Jarvis, Chaplain-General from 1926 to 1931 and historian of the Department, has called it a "remarkable document";[80] it is indeed remarkable, not only for its wise and enlightened outlook, but for the amount of cogently argued material in its 8,000 words. Mr. Wright opened with a survey of the bad state of religious provisions for the army, illustrated from his own experience, and of the improvements already effected. From this he passed to urging the need to provide military chaplains for the troops in India, in the proportion of one to each regiment. On this basis, the total number of chaplains of the Church of England for the army would be ninety-two. He then proposed that a proportionate number of chaplains of the Church of Scotland (eight) and of the Roman Catholic Church (twenty-five) should be appointed. "When the fight becomes fierce and bloody, there is no cry, 'Presbyterians and Roman Catholics to the rear,' but the one universal shout is 'Forward! forward!'" he commented.

Next he surveyed the deplorable and gloomy conditions of most barracks, and made a plea for well-lit barrack-rooms, club-rooms with canteen facilities, and the opening in all garrison towns of Soldiers' Institutes, with War Office contributions towards the rent. He quoted the experience of such buildings at Scutari in the Crimean War as evidence of their value.

Other measures proposed for the moral welfare of soldiers were to grant the first good-conduct badge after two instead of five years, to issue all recruits with Bibles in the form most acceptable to their religious

(80) *J.R.A.C.D.*, V, p. 95. The pamphlet is reproduced in its entirety on pp. 95–109.

persuasion, and to encourage a greater interest by regimental officers in military schools. Conditions for married men were deplorable: ". . . hundreds of girls who, when they married into the army, were quiet and modest, have been sacrificed by a system unworthy of South Sea islanders, much less of a Christian people renowned for common sense and refinement." He therefore pleaded for decent married quarters at barracks. Throughout he denounced the old cry "The greater the rascal the better the soldier" and urged the development of qualities of moral courage and strength.

The closing paragraphs of the pamphlet put the case for encouraging clergy to serve in the army by commissioning Assistant Chaplains and increasing their pension facilities.

The fact that ideas in this pamphlet have now become commonplace should not obscure their foresight and enlightenment in relation to their time. They played their part in the gradual improvement in the status and condition of soldiers. The proposals regarding chaplains were largely followed in developments of January, 1859, when a new system of grading them into four classes, with promotion and increased pay following length of service, came into force, and Presbyterian and Roman Catholic clergy were given commissions.[81] The former Assistant Chaplains were, for the most part, made 4th Class Chaplains, and the Chaplains placed in the 3rd Class. There were no appointments to the 1st Class, but the 2nd contained two names: John Edward Sabin, formerly Senior Chaplain at Scutari Hospital, and Henry Press Wright.[82]

Mr. Wright's interests were by no means limited to his connection with the army; he gave lectures in St. George's Hall, two of which—on his Crimean experiences and on Prince Daniel of Montenegro—were printed in a small book.[83] He was a man of many friends, amongst them Dean Alford. When a daughter was born to the Wrights in the late summer of 1860 she was christened Alice Alford, the Dean presumably acting as godfather.[84]

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(81) *J.R.A.C.D.*, IV, pp. 327–328.

(82) *Army List*, February, 1859, p. 116.

(83) Wright, *Crimean Chaplain.*

(84) Rev. A. N. Hare to author, December 3, 1955. Henry Alford (1810–1871) was Dean of Canterbury from 1857 until his death. He was a man of many friends, as well as being a prolific author and a classical scholar, and is widely known as a writer of hymns.

IV

The nineteenth century was a period of great missionary expansion, and Mr. Wright was keenly interested in the spread of the Church of England overseas. He had acted as a local secretary for the S.P.G. from the early days of his ordination, and declined a salary for his work in this respect at Canterbury.[85] When, at the close of the Crimean War, the Society was initiating a Mission at Constantinople, he gave valuable if cautious advice, advocating that a beginning should be made with "stray members" of the Church amongst sailors and workmen, rather than an over-ambitious plan for evangelising Moslems, Greeks, and Armenians.[86] In *England's Duty* he wrote:—

> I am no wild enthusiast, ready rashly to violate all the prejudices of the Hindoo, and so invite the Almighty to remove from us our Eastern empire; but this I would do: I would be true to Him who has entrusted that empire to us for a holy purpose. I would, most respectfully but urgently, press upon our rulers the bond we are especially under, to preach the Gospel to all nations entrusted to our care.[87]

His interest in Africa was shown by his *Early History of the African Church and its Missions,* published in 1858.[88]

It was therefore with particular pleasure that he heard in 1859 of the appointment of his old friend the Rev. George Hills, Vicar of Yarmouth, as first Bishop of Columbia, with the spiritual oversight of the colonies of Vancouver Island and British Columbia.[89] The See had been endowed by Miss Burdett-Coutts, who had also given £10,000 to provide a stipend for two archdeacons.[90] Mr. Wright followed with great interest the early days of the diocese, commenting: "The Bishop of Columbia is my dearest friend and I would do anything in the world to support him," but observing with some concern the dispute between the Bishop and the S.P.G. about the proper supervision of mission funds.[91]

Then, on February 19, 1861, he received a letter from the Bishop appointing him Archdeacon of Columbia. "At this hour yesterday,"

(85) H.P.W. to S.P.G., December 7, 1861.

(86) H.P.W. to S.P.G., November 16, 1855. (He suggested the Rev. George Hills as a suitable man to advise.)

(87) Wright, *England's Duty*, p. 16.

(88) Crockford's *Clerical Directory*, 1884, p. 1362. No copy has been traced in the British Museum, the Bodleian Library, or the libraries of the C.M.S. or S.P.G.

(89) *C.C.C.*, 1859, p. 119.

(90) *C.C.C.*, 1858, p. 480.

(91) H.P.W. to S.P.G., December 2, 1860.

he wrote to the S.P.G., "I had no idea that I should ever see B.Columbia—should it please God to spare me I shall ere long have the high privilege of standing among the pioneers of the church." Later in the letter he commented, with typical bluntness:—

> There is no great sacrifice made in serving the Church in Columbia where the climate is good and hardships comparatively few—so I can lay no claim to a Missionary Spirit but should I be permitted to be useful in the new Colony to the Church & the Bishop most thankful shall I be.[92]

He secured his release from army duties and having been placed on the seconded list, so that, though drawing no pay, he retained his commission and seniority, he prepared to leave England with his family.[93] There was some initial difficulty with the S.P.G. about his stipend. The Bishop, who had assumed the right to dispose of the Archdeaconry Fund as he thought fit, assigned the whole of the interest (£400 per annum) to Mr. Wright, adding £100 annually for four years from the £800 accumulated interest and allowing him the balance for his passage.[94] The S.P.G. Committee did not agree with this, as Miss Burdett-Coutts had intended two Archdeacons. She herself was content to abide by the Committee's decision, but felt that any plans made should be limited to three years.[95] Mr. Wright wrote that £200 would be a reasonable annual augmentation of an existing stipend for archidiaconal duties, but would not suffice for a special appointment. His own position was quite clear:—

> To me personally the decision of the Society will signify nothing as I have agreed to go & go I must. . . . Were I a man of property I should not write upon the question but leave it for the Bishop himself to consider with the Society. Not that I think unpaid Missionaries of whatever rank they be, are to be deemed prizes. The Labourer is worthy of his hire and the man paid as a general rule is best kept to his work because he has no temptation to take liberties with it.[96]

In a later letter he added: ". . . if it be said that the family is not a necessary part of a missionary's kit I answer and I think you will agree with me that a missionary without a family in such a colony as Columbia

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(92) Bp. Hills to H.P.W., December 20, 1860; H.P.W. to S.P.G., February 19, 1861.

(93) His transfer to the seconded list does not appear in the *Army List;* he appears in italics in November, 1861, p. 130, and his promotion to the 1st Class in 1864 describes him as " on Seconded List " (February, 1864, p. 330).

(94) Bp. Hills to S.P.G., December 20, 1860.

(95) Miss Burdett-Coutts to S.P.G., March 1, 1861.

(96) H.P.W. to S.P.G., February 21, 1861.

has not nearly the happy influence upon society that a married man has."[97]

In March, 1861, the matter was settled by the decision of the Committee that Mr. Wright should draw £300 per annum from the Archdeaconry Fund, £100 as a missionary, and receive £200 passage money from the General Fund and £200 from the Colonial Fund of Columbia.[98] He sailed on the *Tasmanian* across the Atlantic to St. Thomas, which was reached on July 1, and came to Colon on the 6th. After a four-hour journey by train across the Isthmus, the party was delayed for two weeks at Panama. Here the Archdeacon conducted a service in the American Clubroom, for there was no British chaplain there. Eventually the journey was continued to San Francisco on the *Sonora*.[99]

A further delay took place at San Francisco, but the time was pleasantly spent. A six-day visit to the Big Trees in Lady Franklin's carriage took in some hundred miles of California, " a state teeming with riches," including Stockton and Sacramento. Sunday was spent at the Big Trees, where the Archdeacon arranged for Divine Service to be held " on the stump of one of those giants of the forest, for the protection of which a circular building has been raised. I measured the stump accurately, and found it thirty-three feet in diameter. A congregation of a hundred can worship upon it very comfortably." Many of the hotel visitors were otherwise occupied, but he gathered about fifteen for morning and evening prayers.[100] The *Sierra Nevada* sailed on August 17.[101]

The journey from San Francisco to Portland, Ore., took a week. The Archdeacon was able to call on Bishop Scott, with whom he discussed church matters, and the journey was resumed at 5 p.m. on the 24th. Esquimalt was reached on the 26th, and the last stage of the journey, across the 3-mile neck of land to Victoria, began. " When near the half-way house," wrote the Archdeacon,

(97) H.P.W. to S.P.G., March 2, 1861.

(98) Journal of S.P.G. Committee, 1859–64, pp. 140–141.

(99) *C.C.C.*, 1862, pp. 9–11. (Pp. 9–14 of this volume contain a long letter from H.P.W., written on October 7, 1861, from Victoria, and headed " Voyage of Archdeacon Wright.") As a result of the Archdeacon's suggestion, the Rev. W. E. Smith, R.N., wrote to the S.P.G. asking for their help for a chaplain at Panama (Smith to S.P.G., July 22, 1861). No action appears to have followed, but by 1865 a South American Missionary Society clergyman was there (*Report of the Columbia Mission*, 1864, p. 15).

(100) *C.C.C.*, 1862, pp. 10–11.

(101) Victoria *Colonist*, August 27, 1861. (He was accompanied by Mrs. Wright and three children.)

two horsemen greeted us with a heartiness not to be described; the one was the Bishop, who looked the picture of health and high spirits; the other, his valued chaplain, Mr. Dundas.[102] I at once alighted from the carriage; and my joy grew more and more full, as I more and more realized that God had brought me and my family to my future home, and permitted me to become a worker in this blessed portion of His vineyard.[103]

The diocese presented many problems and difficulties. In later years the Archdeacon summed up its atmosphere and paid tribute to the work of Sir James Douglas and Sir Matthew Begbie:—

Thousands had flocked to it, daring and adventurous gold seekers; men of all nations, of all ranks, of all creeds and of no creed;—men with noble hearts and men of dark doings, good men and true, bad men and false. Here they were in a strange land; bowie knives and revolvers abounded, and not a few thought that lynch law would soon be at work. But, happily, there was a Governor who, while he had a generous heart, possessed a determined will—one who ruled with gentleness the honest and upright, but with a daring firmness, all who presumed to defy authority. The colony had further strength in the judge whose high intelligence was only surpassed by that strict sense of justice which always commands the respect of the right thinking and drives home terror into the heart of evil doers.[104]

He soon became acquainted with the state of the church in the colonies, and was favourably impressed by the progress made:—

Victoria is beautifully situated, and I was agreeably surprised by the extent of the town. Several of the streets are well macadamized. Brick buildings are fast taking the place of wooden; and country-seats are dotted about on spots, which in England would, with their views, command fabulous prices. I rejoice to say that I found the state of the Church far more advanced than I expected. The oldest church is Christ Church, of which Mr. Cridge is rector.[105] It has a large congregation; the responses and singing are heard from all the pews; and there are more communicants, considering the number of worshippers, than in any of the churches I have attended at home. At the other side of the town stands St. John's Church, a capacious iron building, brought out by the Bishop. The interior is very striking, and affords accommodation to a congregation about the same in number as that of Christ Church. The choir is of a high character, and the service is altogether beautiful. To show the influence of the Church in Victoria, I may observe that these two churches are self-supporting; the offertory alone at Christ Church having produced during the last year 240 *l.*[106]

(102) Robert James Dundas, M.A. (1832–1904), arrived in British Columbia as the Bishop's Chaplain in 1859, and took services at New Westminster, Victoria, and Esquimalt. Rector of St. John's Church, Victoria, 1860–65. Returned to England and later became Rector of Albury and Canon of Winchester.

(103) *C.C.C.*, 1862, p. 12.

(104) Wright, *Synod Sermon*, pp. 6–7.

(105) Edward Cridge, B.A. (1817–1913), was Hudson's Bay Company Chaplain at Victoria, 1854–65, and Dean of the Cathedral, 1865–74. Joined the Reformed Episcopal Church in 1874 and became a Bishop the following year.

(106) *C.C.C.*, 1862, p. 13.

In the parish of Christ Church were the two Collegiate Schools; the Principal was the Rev. C. T. Woods,[107] and the Vice-Principal the Rev. Octavius Glover,[108] " a Fellow of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, who has nobly given his services for five years to the Mission."[109]

The older boys evidenced that they had suffered from the irregularity attendant upon a wandering life. Mr. Woods said that while he could wish his older boys had not suffered so much from the breaks so constantly made in their education, he had the highest expectations from his younger boys, and could give the school altogether a good name for diligence. I was particularly pleased with the English bearing of the school. The Principal has evidently inspired his pupils with a deep respect for his office, and while he is notorious for great decision of character, his rule is one of love.[110]

In the girls' school there are between thirty and forty scholars, who attend regularly, and find the Bishop's early provision for education a great boon.[111]

The Collegiate schoolroom was used for Christ Church Sunday School.

The attendance was larger than I expected to find it. As a new comer I was not aware that many married families in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company have lived in the colony for years. Much credit is due to Mr. Cridge, the rector of Christ Church, for all he has done in Victoria. He is the father of the Church in the colony, and possesses the respect of all for his faithfulness, especially in the care of the young.[112]

About a mile from the town, across the harbour, was the Indian reserve, containing an octagonal mission school presided over by the Rev. A. C. Garrett,[113] " a most amiable hard working pains taking missionary with more than ordinary talent."[114]

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(107) Charles Thomas Woods, M.A. (1826–1895), was Principal of the Collegiate School, 1860–68, and ministered in country districts. He was Rector of New Westminster, 1868–89; St. Mary Sapperton, 1889–95; Archdeacon of Columbia, 1868–95.

(108) Octavius Glover, B.D., Vice-Principal Collegiate School, 1860–62. Later Rector of Emmanuel Church, Loughborough.

(109) *C.C.C.*, 1862, p. 13.

(110) *Third Report of the Columbia Mission* . . . , 1861, pp. 31–32. (Pp. 27–32 contain " Extracts from the Journal of the Archdeacon of Columbia." Subsequent references to these reports, whose titles vary slightly, are given as *Report* followed by the year concerned.)

(111) *C.C.C.*, 1862, p. 13.

(112) *Report*, 1861, p. 29.

(113) Alexander Charles Garrett, D.D., was Principal of the Indian Mission at Victoria, 1859–67; and also served at Cedar Hill to 1865; Esquimalt, 1865–68; and Nanaimo, 1868–69. Became Bishop of North Texas (later Dallas), 1874.

(114) *C.C.C.*, 1862, p. 13; *Report*, 1861, p. 28; H.P.W. to S.P.G., December 29, 1861, and January 19, 1864.

He speaks freely the Chinook, a curious jargon, known very extensively among Indians of various tribes, and has evidently gained the good-will of his charge. The reading, writing, sewing, and knitting would not be surpassed in any village school in England. Of the spiritual progress of the children it is very difficult to speak. Some are certainly impressed by the Gospel so far that their lives are somewhat influenced by its rules. These are few in number, but quite as many as we could reasonably expect. I grieve to say that the vices of Christians are the destruction of these poor heathens. With the grown-up Indians who live in the neighbourhood of Victoria, drunkenness and worse than drunkenness are the rule, sobriety and purity the exception. Against all this array of temptation presented to his poor charge by the white man, Mr. Garrett has to contend; but he has never been cast down, and God has so blessed him in his labours, that he may fairly hope, with time, to see some of his scholars intelligent and consistent Christians. Two superior Indian boys are now being prepared for the Collegiate School, with the hope that one or both may eventually be sent to St. Augustine's College, Canterbury.[115]

The clergy engaged in educational work in Victoria also assisted the parochial clergy, Mr. Garrett at St. John's Church and Mr. Woods at Christ Church.[116] The latter also visited the Esquimalt district. Another town on Vancouver Island was Nanaimo, " the Newcastle of the Pacific," with a population of 300, where the Rev. J. B. Good ministered to white men and Indians with marked success.[117] Saanich was served by the Rev. R. L. Lowe.[118]

In October Archdeacon Wright sailed to the mainland on the *Otter,* which took nine hours to cover the 70 miles to New Westminster, the capital. " The scenery, as you thread the several islands, is very much that of Scotland," he wrote.

It is difficult to realize that you are not steaming upon a lake, so smooth is the water, and all so seemingly land locked. In the distance was seen the ever beautiful, though ever varying Mount Baker, capped with its eternal snow. The entrance to the Fraser is very grand. It is commonly thought in England that the navigation of the mouth of the river is intricate and dangerous. It is quite the reverse. The passage is narrow, but can be made with ease at all seasons of the year, provided ordinary care be taken. Even admitting danger, it would be entirely avoided by means of a steam tug.

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(115) *C.C.C.,* 1862, pp. 13–14.

(116) H.P.W. to S.P.G., December 29, 1861.

(117) H.P.W. to S.P.G., December 29, 1861, and February 28, 1862. John Booth Good (1833–?1918) served as an S.P.G. Missionary in Nova Scotia, 1859–61; at Victoria in 1861; Nanaimo with the Indian Mission at Comox, 1861–66; Indian Mission at Lytton, Yale, and Hope, 1866–82; Nanaimo, 1882–99. Canon of Christ Church Cathedral, 1892–1906.

(118) Richard Lomas Lowe served at Nanaimo, 1859–61, and at Saanich with Lake, 1861–65. He was later Vicar of Bradeley.

As we reached the wharf about six o'clock, there was little to be seen in the dusk but dark-looking buildings, backed by a still darker-looking forest. The Colonial Hotel received me with a glowing fire, and well-supplied table. It is quite surprising how well these establishments are managed out here. My board and lodging were, I should say, better than at many town hotels in England, and the prices very moderate.[119]

The following day, October 10, he rose early and visited the church.

The site of New Westminster is noble indeed, and the plan of the city, as designed by Colonel Moody, R.E., is spoken of as a great success. Considering that three years ago New Westminster was a forest, its progress has been something incredible. Already it has the appearance of a large town, and having the advantage of the waters of the giant Fraser, one feels that it must in time become a wealthy city. The church, designed by Captain Lempriere, R.E., has architectural beauties beyond anything I have yet seen in these colonies, and they are the more striking as the building occupies a central and commanding position. The internal arrangements are all good—everything simple, substantial, comfortable, decent and in order. With the assistance of the Royal Engineers, Mr. Sheepshanks,[120] the rector, has an excellent choir, and I am told he has that which is much more important, a large and earnest congregation.

The military settlement is situated about a mile from New Westminster. I found only a few men under one officer; the main body is up the country making roads to the interior. The thoroughly English character of the capital of British Columbia is attributed largely to the influence of this small body of troops. The officers are spoken of in the highest terms, and those under them as noble specimens of intelligence, manliness, and Christian bearing.[121]

The population of the interior consisted of about 4,000 people spread over an area 500 miles by 300. Small towns of from one to three hundred inhabitants were scattered at points where the depots for supplying the miners with food and implements required them. In spite of the difficulties, a number of missionary clergy were at work, and churches were being erected.[122] On November 7 the Archdeacon accompanied the Bishop to Hope for the consecration of its church. "As you ascend the Fraser the scenery becomes charming," he wrote.

Dark mountains hang gloomily over the rushing stream, their sides far up thickly studded with trees. Pines of various kinds, curled maple, juniper, birch, and poplar, are mingled together—the pine ever the most abundant. At this season the

(119) *Report*, 1861, pp. 29–30.

(120) John Sheepshanks, D.D. (1834–1912), arrived in British Columbia in August, 1859, and was Rector of New Westminster, 1859–67, though absent from the colony for part of that time. He paid several visits to the mining districts, described in D. W. Duthie, *A Bishop in the Rough*, London, 1909. He was Bishop of Norwich, 1893–1909.

(121) *Report*, 1861, p. 30.

(122) H.P.W. to S.P.G., December 29, 1861.

autumn tints, although fast disappearing, add largely to the beauty of every turn of the river. We touched at Fort Langley, anchored for the night at the mouth of Harrison River, and reached Hope about noon.

November 8.—Hope is for all practical purposes the head of navigation, and must therefore become an important place. At present its population is small for want of roads to the interior of the country, but soon a way will be opened to Kamloops, when the prosperity of Hope will commence. The site of the town is most picturesque. As I looked from the window of the parsonage, I could easily have fancied myself in the heart of Switzerland, had not my eye fallen upon the camp of the Royal Engineers, of whom a few were in British uniform. All preliminaries having been arranged, we proceeded without delay to the church, a neat wooden structure, ecclesiastical in character, externally and internally. The houses and stores are all after the American fashion; but the church gave the place an English look. It was a cheering sound to hear the much-respected magistrate, Mr. O'Reilly, reading the petition for consecration. Highly as I value the daring of the British soldier, the solemn request made this day at the door of Hope Church assured me for the colony a protection far beyond that of the most daring earthly arm. The Rev. W. B. Crickmer, Missionary from Yale,[123] presided at the harmonium, and led the choir, which was formed chiefly of soldiers. The Rev. J. Sheepshanks, rector of New Westminster, read the Lessons, the Prayers being read by the Rev. A. D. Pringle,[124] the incumbent of Hope. I preached a short sermon as applicable as I could make it to the circumstances of the place and day, and the Bishop consecrated. At all these new stations communicants are few. They have to be made by the steady perseverance of God's ministers, who have cause indeed to walk by faith, and not by sight. The church was well filled, and my prayer went forth to God, that He would in mercy bless the labours of His Church in this rising colony, and give to the people of Hope a teachable spirit to learn the things belonging to their peace, and to value highly their house of prayer.[125]

Later experience led him to make some interesting comments on Mr. Pringle:—

He is an earnest and able Clergyman and has been at all times an exemplary Missionary save in one thing his love of politics. Even in that his failing is on virtue's side. He believes that the Colony is shamefully oppressed and desires that its interests temporal as well as spiritual should be defended. That is well and as a Clergyman of perception and warm heart he yearns earnestly for a change political but unfortunately he is inclined to be a little too active and perhaps so hurts his position as a Minister of God.[126]

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(123) William Burton Crickmer, M.A., was the first missionary on the mainland, where he arrived in December, 1858. He served the Colonial and Continental Church Society at Langley, Yale, and Lytton, 1858–62.

(124) Alexander St. David Francis Pringle, M.A., (1829–1908), was at Hope from 1859 to 1864. He was later Vicar of Blakeney.

(125) *Report*, 1861, pp. 30–31.

(126) H.P.W. to S.P.G., December 29, 1861.

Other clergy on the mainland were the Rev. W. B. Crickmer (Colonial and Continental Church Society) at Yale and the Rev. J. Gammage of the S.P.G. ("a good servant well worthy your confidence")[127] at Douglas. North of these were the Rev. R. C. Lundin Brown[128] at Lillooett and, working voluntarily among the miners,[129] the Rev. Christopher Knipe.[130] On the north-west coast, at Fort Simpson, the C.M.S. had established a mission to the Indians in 1857 under a very remarkable layman, William Duncan, who had been joined in 1860 by the Rev. L. S. Tugwell.[131]

The general quality and zeal of these missionaries was high, and the Bishop, in addition to visiting remote areas himself, had shown foresight in placing clergy at key points, so that all significant centres were served by the Church. Archdeacon Wright summed up his impressions: ". . . the Bishop of Columbia has done wonders and his work is being blessed largely."[132]

By December, 1861, the Archdeacon had secured the gift of 5 acres of land on the banks of the Fraser River, on the outskirts of New Westminster, for an Archdeaconry House, with room for a church and school. He estimated that it would cost £125 to clear the land, £75 to fence it, and £500 for a house. He and the Bishop gave £250 each, and the S.P.G. advanced the remainder.[133] The work did not proceed without setbacks, for the winter of 1861–1862 was unduly severe, and construction was stopped in November. It was a worrying time. "We have had snow and frost since 17th Novr. and it is now snowing hard," he wrote in February, 1862.

The degree of cold has not been so low as in Canada but seven below zero is quite cold enough. The Nn. shores of the Pacific have suffered terribly. Throughout

(127) *Ibid.* James Gammage (1822–?1896) arrived in British Columbia April, 1859, and served at various places, especially Douglas, until 1864.

(128) Robert Christopher Lundin Brown, M.A., Chaplain at Lillooet (Cayoosh), 1860–65, visited other mining centres. He died in 1876.

(129) H.P.W. to S.P.G., February 28, 1862.

(130) Christopher Knipe, M.A. (1834–?1896), was in the mining areas, including Cariboo and Alberni, from 1860 to 1865.

(131) William Duncan (1832–1918) started missionary work under the C.M.S. at Fort Simpson in 1857, and was joined by the Rev. Lewen Street Tugwell from 1860 to 1861. In 1862 Duncan founded the Indian town of Metlakahtla. After disputes with the C.M.S. he founded New Metlakahtla in United States territory in 1887.

(132) H.P.W. to S.P.G., December 29, 1861. See also *Report,* 1861, p. 31.

(133) H.P.W. to S.P.G., December 7, 1861. Journal of the S.P.G. Committee, 1859–64, pp. 224–225, February 21, 1862.

California the large towns have been utterly destroyed by the floods—Sacramento the Capital, Stockton etc. etc. have been swept away—property worth millions of dollars destroyed. In Oregon the mills have been so much injured that flour which three months ago was 5 Doll. a barrel is now 10 Doll. and there is every prospect of an advance. Cattle to Oregon, British Columbia & Vancouver I. have been starved by hundreds, so that in all directions meat is scarce & therefore dear. These severe winters occur I am told once every 20 years. This island from its salubrity and mildness of climate has been called the Madeira of the Pacific. I certainly cannot endorse the comparison. The high price of provisions will be felt more during 1862 because of the numbers coming up to the B. Columbia mines. Already the steamers from California are bringing their hundreds and as soon as the weather breaks we may expect an influx of at least 10,000 miners—common opinion says 40,000. If more than 10,000 come we shall not be able to feed them as all our foodstuffs & cattle are from Oregon & Washington Territory. We shall be sadly in want of Missionaries to meet the demand of this vast immigration and know that the good old Society will help us to the utmost.[134]

The general picture of church life, however, was still favourable. There were two losses—Mr. Crickmer and Mr. Tugwell—and some sickness amongst the clergy, but the churches at Victoria were flourishing and plans for new ones continued. Those at Lillooet and Douglas were ready for consecration; that at Nanaimo, where Mr. Good was making valuable progress, would be ready in about two months, and tenders were being received for two more. Plans were being made for another visit to the Cariboo gold-fields by the Bishop and two or three of his clergy. He himself was very content, and concluded his letter: "My children are playing around me so take these scraps as they are—mere jottings hastily put down mid much chattering singing etc. Thank God we have excellent health and are very happy."[135]

The spring brought renewed activity to the Diocese, and on June 3 the Bishop, accompanied by the Archdeacon and Lieutenant Verney, rode out from Victoria at 7 a.m. on a beautiful day to open the new church at Saanich, the first to be erected in the rural districts. A cart with provisions had been sent the previous day, but the travellers found it by the wayside, broken down. "We took up some of the lighter articles," wrote the Bishop. "I carried the butter, the Archdeacon the bread, Mr. Verney something else, and afterwards other friends who came by gathered more, and brought them on." A good congregation of villagers, augmented by visitors from Victoria, attended the Communion service, at which the Archdeacon read the Epistle.[136]

(134) H.P.W. to S.P.G., February 28, 1862.

(135) *Ibid.*

(136) *Report,* 1862, p. 12. *See also* Victoria *Colonist,* June 4, 1862.

Five days later another church, that at Nanaimo, was opened, though owing to the lack of title deeds it could not be consecrated. The Bishop and his party, including Archdeacon Wright, the Rev. C. T. Woods, and the Rev. R. L. Lowe, arrived on the *Enterprise* on June 7 and on the following day, Whitsunday, three services were held, including a confirmation.[137] The Archdeacon preached in the afternoon.[138]

On Monday, June 16, the Bishop set out for the mines, leaving Victoria on the *Enterprise* with the Archdeacon and Mr. Garrett. At New Westminster they embarked on the *Colonel Moody* river boat, crammed with eighty-four passengers and forty horses. In the course of the journey the boat caught fire from the hot wood-ash; but this was a frequent occurrence, and the blaze was put out with little difficulty. The party landed at Emory's Bar and rode to Yale.[139]

The Rev. H. Reeve[140] was stationed at Yale, undertaking mission work to white settlers, Indians, and Chinese. Services were held there on Sunday the 22nd, the Archdeacon preaching in the evening, and next day they set off again. One of the heavily-laden pack-horses slipped over a precipice and down the rocky slope into the river below, but the load on his back protected him, and the Bishop was able to pull him out. The Bishop's blankets and the Archdeacon's carpet-bag were amongst the baggage that was immersed, and the evening was spent drying blankets and clothing by a camp-fire.

The next day they reached Chapman's Bar, and met Mr. Trutch,[141] who was in charge of a road-making party. About eighty of the men assembled in the evening for prayers and hymns, with an address by the Archdeacon. Meanwhile Mr. Garrett was vaccinating local Indians. The journey was resumed the following morning, and by the 27th the party had reached Jackass Mountain, where the danger of falling rock from blasting operations during road-making caused delay. There were

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(137) A. E. Hendy, *St. Paul's Church, Nanaimo, B.C. A Brief History . . .*, [Nanaimo?], 1953, p. 8.

(138) *Report*, 1862, p. 13.

(139) *Report*, 1862, pp. 14–21. (This and the following three paragraphs are summarized from Bishop Hills' diary, printed in this report.)

(140) Henry Reeve, formerly a missionary in Shanghai, was at Yale from 1862 to 1866.

(141) (Sir) Joseph William Trutch (1826–1904), a civil engineer, went to British Columbia in 1859. He was later Surveyor-General and, from 1871 to 1876, Lieutenant-Governor.

some anxious moments when, after taking the wrong trail, the horses had to be led back along a pathway which in places narrowed to 10 inches.

The party reached Lytton at 3 p.m. on June 28, and were greeted by Mr. Knipe, who had been there for two weeks. On Sunday services were held in a store, as a court-house formerly used had not been well attended. Archdeacon Wright preached in the morning. They continued north to Foster's Bar on the 30th. On July 2 the Bishop and the Archdeacon parted, the latter going with Mr. Knipe to Lillooet. Thence he returned to New Westminster to take over the duties of Mr. Sheepshanks, who went up-country to join the Bishop in the Cariboo mining area.[142]

Archdeacon Wright was also responsible for the supervision of Vancouver Island. He arranged that Mr. Garrett should visit the new settlement of Cowichan every other week; on these occasions he took two services (6 miles apart) for the settlers and two for the Indians. On other Sundays he was at Cedar Plains.[143]

At this time New Westminster was making good progress, and the church was well supported—£400 was raised for church purposes in 1862, and there was an average congregation of 150. After Mr. Sheepshanks' return the Archdeacon continued to preach at New Westminster every other week, but his main concern was with the Royal Engineers' camp at Sapperton, not far away. Out of the 350 people living there about 220, including seventy young children, were at least nominally Church of England. In addition to parade services there was a voluntary service with about fifty present, a Sunday School with twenty-five children run by the Archdeacon, and a day school which he visited.[144]

Side by side with the Archdeacon's pastoral work went Diocesan administration. The Bishop valued his counsel and companionship as a man older and more experienced than the majority of missionaries. In conjunction with Mr. Edward G. Alston, the Diocesan Registrar, they invested the Archdeaconry Fund in mortgages and land in the colony and worked to raise local endowments, while church building steadily continued.[145] In the hope of eventually organizing a synod, a Diocesan Church Society was planned as an initial step in diocesan unity.[146]

(142) He had intended to go there in March. H.P.W. to S.P.G., December 29, 1861; February 28, 1862.

(143) *The Mission Field*, VIII (1863), pp. 11–12, 60.

(144) H.P.W.'s report to S.P.G. on Sapperton, December 15, 1862.

(145) H.P.W. to S.P.G., February 16, 1863.

(146) H.P.W. to S.P.G., April 30, 1862.

Nevertheless, the Diocese was very large. On March 29, 1863, the Bishop sailed for England to attempt to arrange for its division and also to raise more interest and support for the Mission.[147] Archdeacon Wright assumed charge of the Diocese.[148] During 1863–64 he travelled 1,200 miles on the mainland (900 on horseback) and 400 on Vancouver Island.[149] He established a mission at Comox, travelling there from Nanaimo with Rev. J. B. Good on June 21, 1864, to fix a site for a chapel, and arranging the transfer there of Mr. J. C. B. Cave as Catechist.[150]

Travelling was primitive: " . . . I always slept on the ground in the midst of miners, wrapped in my two stout blankets, a saddle for my pillow; the fare plentiful, but rough," he commented.[151] There were lawless elements, and much crudity, but he summed up his impressions:—

> I have travelled the length and breadth of the colony, days and weeks utterly unprotected, save by the honesty and uprightness of those amid whom I passed. Never did I receive from white man or red man aught but the kindest expressions, often the most generous hospitality, the heartiest welcome.[152]

As a result of his travels he drew some conclusions on the future of British Columbia. Of the Kootenais, he wrote, one must " hope much and believe little." The areas west of the Fraser and from the Columbia to the Rockies were covered by forests. He did not expect much from the Cut-off Valley, and the area up to Alexander would need irrigation; there was also the danger of frost. Okanagan would not draw a large population. The development of agriculture would follow the settlement of the country.

> British Columbia, beyond doubt, teems with riches, but they are hard to reach. In good truth it is a hard colony to deal with, and nothing save its minerals can bring to it a population. . . . Develop our minerals, and my belief is British Columbia will prove in due time, not in a hurry, but steadily and surely, one of the richest possessions of the British Empire.[153]

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(147) *Report,* 1862, pp. 53, 68–70.

(148) *Report,* 1864, p. 52.

(149) H.P.W. to S.P.G., October 13, 1864.

(150) *Report,* 1864, p. 31. Jordayne Cave Browne Cave served the Nanaimo Indian Mission as a layman from 1862 to 1867 and was at Comox, 1864–67. Ordained deacon, 1867, he was at Sapperton, 1867–68, and as a priest served at Saanich with Lake, 1868–70.

(151) *Mission Life,* VIII (1877), p. 531.

(152) *Report of S.P.G., 1865,* London, 1866, p. 62.

(153) Undated letter, printed in New Westminster *British Columbian,* October 5, 1864.

Mrs. Wright meanwhile stayed in New Westminster or Victoria. A child, Ernest, was born in 1862, and in August, 1863, Mr. Alston wrote to H. P. P. Crease: "Mrs. Archdeacon babby [*sic*], etc. have come down upon us for a visit—a regular flight from Egypt & the plagues thereof—no small addition to our small establishment. Mary & Fred are distributed at Mrs. McCreight's & Nina at Mrs. Reece's. I never saw such a whopping big baby & a terrific roarer."[154] Mary Wright married Captain Henry Spencer Palmer, R.E., on October 7, 1863.[155] It is said that as a wedding present they were offered an oil painting or a piece of ground on the present site of Vancouver, and chose the picture.[156] They returned to England before the end of the year.

Early in 1865 the Archdeacon agreed to speak on the Crimea at the inaugural meeting of a series of lectures at the New Westminster Library. The meeting was postponed because of bad weather, and the series was eventually abandoned.[157]

The Bishop returned on March 10, bringing with him his wife, Maria, second daughter of Admiral Sir Richard King.[158] He received a formal welcome from Archdeacon Wright and the clergy and laity of New Westminster on March 31.[159] The Archdeacon soon returned to England, on his recall to military duty by the War Office. His reluctance to go was tempered by the thought that a Bishop would shortly be appointed to the See of New Westminster, and that Mr. Sheepshanks would soon return to his parish. Neither of these hopes, unfortunately, was realized.[160]

Before he sailed, the Archdeacon had the pleasure of seeing the Church of St. Mary, Sapperton, whose erection he had done much to promote, consecrated by the Bishop on May 1.[161] The congregations of Sapperton and New Westminster united to bid him an affectionate farewell, and after his last service and sermon the two church committees presented him with an address:—

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(154) Alston to Crease, August 3, 1863, in *British Columbia Historical Quarterly*, XII (1948), p. 89.

(155) Victoria *Colonist*, October 8, 1863.

(156) Mrs. Mitchell to author, March 8, 1955.

(157) *British Columbia Historical Quarterly*, XI (1947), p. 171.

(158) *Report*, 1864, p. 25; *Burke's Peerage*, London, 1953, p. 1187.

(159) *Report*, 1864, p. 27.

(160) *Ibid.*, p. 53. For the projected division of the Diocese see *Report*, 1862, p. 69; 1863, pp. 5–6; 1866, pp. 9–15. Mr. Postlethwaite of Coatham was designated Bishop, according to *C.C.C.*, 1865, p. 462.

(161) *Report*, 1864, p. 57.

We acknowledge with grateful feelings the deep interest you have steadily manifested through the whole of your career amongst us in everything which could tend to promote the material and spiritual welfare of our church. Prominent in all educational matters, your views, at once sound, liberal and practical, have commended themselves to other religious denominations besides our own, and will leave their mark, and, we trust, bear fruit abundantly, long after you have ceased to be among us. . . .

Receive also our acknowledgment of the hearty readiness with which you have aided us in every good word and work that could tend to promote the welfare of British Columbia and its inhabitants, for your sympathy indeed with everything British Columbian.

In his reply the Archdeacon said:—

Though absent in body I shall continue with you in spirit, and of this you may be assured, that my every exertion shall be made at home to further the well-doing of a colony which has such vast resources, and in which we all take so deep an interest. You truly observe that my sympathies have been with everything British Columbian. I trust that they will never cease to be so.[162]

Archdeacon Wright and his family sailed on the mail steamer *Sierra Nevada* at 6 p.m. on May 25, seen off by the Bishop and Mrs. Hills.[163] On his arrival in England, the Archdeacon preached a sermon in which he summed up his impressions of church life in the Diocese.

In every place where men have gathered, there a house of God has been erected, and a resident clergyman stationed. At Langley, Hope, Yale, Douglas, Lillooet, Cariboo, Sapperton, and in New Westminster, houses of God have been built. . . . Five of those churches have been served by resident ministers, whose work it has been to deal with souls gathered together from various nations of the earth, of all creeds, and no creed. Many who once had a creed and a love of God, by long wandering have lost their faith and forgotten their God. . . . The general influence of the Church upon the white man has been great, and with the red man not a little has been effected.[164]

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Mr. Wright's attention had now to be directed to military duties. While in British Columbia he had been promoted to the First Class, and now headed the list of chaplains with a rank equivalent to colonel.[165] His first station was Gosport, but by the end of the year he had been posted to Portsmouth, and another period of fruitful work began.[166]

(162) *Report*, 1864, pp. 52–53.

(163) *Report*, 1866, p. 16.

(164) *Report of S.P.G., 1865*, London, 1866, pp. 61–62. He also did other preaching for the Columbia Mission Fund (*Report*, 1866, p. 86).

(165) *Army List*, February, 1864, p. 330 (with effect from January 1, 1864).

(166) *Army List*, September, 1865, p. 137; January, 1866, p. 137.

The Garrison Church of Portsmouth was a building of unusual interest; it consisted of the hall and chapel of the ancient hospital or " Domus Dei " founded early in the thirteenth century. With the passage of time, however, the group of buildings surrounding it had been demolished, and what remained was in a deplorable condition. " Externally and internally it offered every deformity which ages, ignorant of all laws of ecclesiastical architecture, could supply," wrote the chaplain.

The roof had been so frequently lowered that it was nearly flat; a parapet of brick ran completely along the north and south sides of the nave and chancel; eight long repulsive windows in the nave admitted a flood of light from the north and south, while at the west end was a curiously hideous window, which when designed was deemed, I doubt not, a marvel of talent. The windows of the chancel were equally bad, save those at the east end. These were a part of the original building, but unhappily had been so shortened that they looked stumpy and uncomfortable. Add to this a shabby hovel for a vestry attached to the north aisle at the west end, a huge box for a porch before the west entrance, and a lofty thick unseemly wall, effectually shutting out worship, save on Sundays; and you will have some idea of the appearance of God's House outwardly, after well intentioned ignorance had for generations laboured to preserve it.

Around it was the church-yard:—

Brick graves abounded; some tottering, some in ruins; lofty iron railings covered with rust and sadly mutilated, stood round begrimed tombs, of which much was hidden by accumulated dirt and rank grass; head stones were everywhere and in every direction; deep hollows and irregular mounds alternated; and round all stood a thick, high wall, inviting the thoughtless to use God's Acre as a receptacle of dead animals and old kettles.

Within, the appearance was little better, in spite of some attempt at cleaning and rearrangement; it was smoky and dingy, with shabby chocolate-coloured pews and yellow walls.[167]

The first positive step towards something better was made in 1861, when the noted architect G. E. Street surveyed the building and made suggestions for its restoration; but nearly four years elapsed before, through the efforts of Colonel Shadwell and the Rev. J. E. Sabin, the Senior Chaplain, a public meeting was held to set up a Committee and start a fund for the work. The objects were to provide a new roof and new windows, clean and repair the walls, rebuild the west front to give an extra bay, renew floors and seats, build a bell turret, and fence the graveyard. The original estimate was for £3,500, to which the War Office undertook to contribute £1,500.

(167) Wright, *Portsmouth*, pp. 1–39, 43.

Preliminary plans were still being made when Mr. Wright succeeded Mr. Sabin (though the latter remained a member of the Committee). Before the end of 1866 it was possible to place orders for the work on the walls, roof, windows, and west end. Early in 1868 the bell turret and boundary wall were authorized, and this was followed by the flooring of chancel and nave. On October 30, 1868, the building was reopened at a crowded service, at which the Bishop of Winchester preached.

Rising costs had made it necessary to spend £4,700 on this work, and though the War Office grant was increased to £2,000, nearly £1,000 was unpaid. The debt was steadily reduced, however, and in 1870 a new Committee undertook the reseating of the church in oak, and the completion of the building by erecting a porch and vestry.[168]

In addition to the work which was undertaken from the general funds raised by the Committee, the furnishing and decorations were provided entirely by direct gifts, including the altar (presented by Mr. Sabin), organ, pulpit, and lectern. Forty-two oak stalls were given as memorials, including one by the Chaplains' Department in memory of their comrades fallen in the Crimea. The twenty-three stained glass windows also included one to commemorate the Crimean chaplains, and one depicting David and Jonathan which Mr. Wright erected to his brothers Captain C. M. M. Wright, R.N., and Lt. E. D. Wright of the 59th.[169] A smaller set of communion vessels was obtained and the large Queen Anne plate reserved for great occasions.[170]

Mr. Wright's account of the work of restoration paid tribute to the Rev. John Sabin, " one of the very first movers in the work (they so often are forgotten while others get the credit)," but made no mention of his own share.[171] He was, however, the only member of the Committee to serve from the early days to the completion of the work, and, as his gravestone records, " to his large hearted zeal, their Garrison Church owes its successful restoration."[172]

The restored church was architecturally and artistically a transformation, but what chiefly gratified the chaplain was the fact that " the soldiers now speak of their church with pride, and many of them find it a true

(168) Wright, *Portsmouth*, pp. 39–49.

(169) *Ibid.*, pp. 54–117.

(170) London *Times*, September 30, 1885, p. 4 (letter of H.P.W., September 26).

(171) Wright, *Portsmouth*, pp. 42, 48, 57–58.

(172) Rev. R. W. Tyler, Rector of Greatham, to author, March 28, 1955.

house of peace to them."[173] He had become very much interested in the past of the Domus Dei during the years of restoration, and embodied the result of his researches in a volume published early in 1873, *The Story of the "Domus Dei" of Portsmouth,* which recounted its fortunes from the earliest times and gave a full description of the restoration and present appearance of the building.[174]

The research necessary for this book had interested him in Christian work for the sick. When in the spring of 1875 he took a holiday in France and Germany, he not only made inquiries into the methods of the chaplains' departments of continental armies, but sought out old hospitals, with varied success. "Among other classic places," he wrote,

> I went to Bayeux, Caen, Sens, and Chartres, hoping to find some relics of those noble hospitals, of which Frenchmen were once so proud. To my deep sorrow, not one stone was left upon another. At Bourges I found a lovely Gothic building fast going to destruction; Ourscamp, a magnificent remain, partly a church, partly a cotton store; the Maladrerie du Tourtoir, a barn, cottage, and squire's house; whilst Angers, the hospital of which city was built by our own Henry II, presented the saddest picture of all. Its universally admired grange is now a brewery and its Gothic hall, unsurpassed for chaste beauty, was threatened with immediate destruction to make way for a new road. . . . I visited with delight the fine hospitals of Tonnerre, Dole, and Beaune, and can only pray that they may long remain in their present substantial condition.

He also visited Lubeck: "The journey was long, but I was amply repaid by the sight of a fabric unsurpassed as an example of mediæval charity."[175]

During his years at Portsmouth Mr. Wright did not limit his interest to military affairs. His work in the restoration of the Domus Dei brought him into touch with the leading men in the public life of the city; he preached at local harvest homes, and was a widely known and popular figure in the area.[176] His kindness of heart was exemplified by the assistance he and Mrs. Wright gave to a stevedore and his family of eleven children; they gave particular help to one of the boys, paying for his education, securing him a post as clerk in a London office, and afterwards

(173) Wright, *Portsmouth,* p. 50.

(174) He dedicated the book to the Commander-in-Chief, the Duke of Cambridge, whose Chaplain he had been since 1857. The Church continued in use until 1941, when the nave was badly damaged, chiefly by fire bombs, in a German air raid.

(175) Wright, *Stamford,* pp. vii–viii; *Chichester,* pp. xxvii–xxix; *Church in Army,* pp. 7–8.

(176) *Portsmouth Times,* May 8, 1877.

assisting him to emigrate to Australia, where he became very prosperous.[177] A photograph of Mr. Wright taken at this time shows him with greying hair, but straight-backed and firm-jawed, proudly wearing his Crimean medals and grasping his umbrella like a sword, though his eyes give a pleasant hint of humour behind his spectacles.[178]

In April, 1875, a great change came to the Chaplains' Department, when Prebendary Gleig retired at the age of nearly eighty. It was generally anticipated that Mr. Wright would succeed him as Chaplain-General, but there had been some feeling that episcopal orders would be an advantage in the post, and it was filled by the appointment of the Rt. Rev. Piers Claughton, former Bishop of Colombo. Apart from his status Bishop Claughton, kindly, devout, and hard-working though he was, seemed little suited to the work. He was sixty-one, had only the slightest knowledge of military life and its problems, and retained outside posts which took up much of his time.[179]

The new Chaplain-General presided over a session of the Church Congress at Stoke-on-Trent on October 6, at which an address, "The Church in the Army," was given by the Rev. H. P. Wright.[180] One wonders what Bishop Claughton thought of it, for though it opened with a friendly tribute to his own qualities, there followed a careful consideration of the office of Chaplain-General, leading to the conclusion that episcopal rank was not a necessity, but that experience of soldiers was essential. "He should be an experienced chaplain . . . who has long lived with the soldier and studied closely his many virtues, and not less his special vices and the way to meet them." Such a man might well, thought Mr. Wright, be over sixty, but should retire at seventy. Though there may have been a touch of personal feeling in these remarks, the argument had much force in it.

The rest of the address was on less delicate ground. It urged that ability alone should decide appointments, and that able clergy would be attracted to the Chaplains' Department if some of the livings in the gift of the Lord Chancellor were reserved for those who had served in it.

(177) Mrs. Kirkham to author, May 27, 1955. She met the emigrant in Foochow in about 1910. The date is not certain, but Portsmouth is a more likely place than Canterbury for this episode.

(178) Now in the possession of Mrs. Vellacott (Archdeacon Wright's granddaughter), of Victoria, B.C. A copy is in the B.C. Archives.

(179) *J.R.A.C.D.*, IV, pp. 357–358; V, pp. 420–425. London *Times*, December 12, 1876, p. 6.

(180) London *Times*, October 8, 1875, p. 5.

Extreme men of any sort were undesirable, since church attendance in the army was compulsory. Other suggestions included an annual synod to promote unity and consistency in work, greater continuity between successive chaplains on a station, and the provision of better chapels.

Finally Mr. Wright turned to the welfare of the soldier, reiterating some of the arguments of *England's Duty*. Some soldiers' institutes had failed because they had been " that miserable mingling of the conventicle and the club." He urged the need for attractive canteens, entertainments, sports grounds, and decent married quarters.[181]

During his last year in the army Mr. Wright endeavoured to gain a wider public for some of his ideas on army welfare by a series of letters to the *Times*. After careful discussion with N.C.O.s, he suggested that more recruits would be attracted if barracks were warmer, rations better, and new, instead of second-hand, uniforms issued to recruits. Men were required to be in barracks at 9 p.m., which was very early, and the procedure for obtaining passes was far too elaborate. To set aside 3d a day for every man serving six years would result in £30 deferred pay being available at the end of his term, and this could be issued in six-monthly instalments of £10. Discharge pensions should be permanent.[182]

In a second letter he took up the case of N.C.O.s. They too were hedged about with petty restrictions on passes; lights had to be out in sergeants' bunks by 9 p.m. in the winter. Pay was small in relation to extra responsibilities, and the gratuity after eighteen years' service, ten as a sergeant, had been reduced from £15 to £5. Promotion to commissioned rank was theoretically possible, but the small number who sought it were unable to obtain fair treatment. Official appointments should, he thought, be available to retired N.C.O.s.[183]

These proposals were severely criticized by officers and other correspondents, but Mr. Wright stoutly defended his views, urging that comfort for soldiers did not mean absurd luxury, but conditions that would attract worth-while men. Conscription was no answer; in Prussia this policy harmed the national economy by taking men away from everyday work, and drove many able-bodied men to emigrate in order to avoid military service. Britain, as the head of a rich and prosperous Empire, must calculate the cost of an effective army and pay it. The

(181) Wright, *Church in Army, passim.*

(182) London *Times,* December 30, 1875, p. 8.

(183) *Ibid.*, January 1, 1876, p. 10.

great need was for a period of steady working out of recent army reforms, the wise spending of money, " and a grateful care of old and deserving soldiers."[184] In a final letter, after his retirement, he again put the case for setting aside one or two Crown livings annually for retired military chaplains.[185]

On December 9, 1876, he retired from the Chaplains' Department after more than thirty-one years, a time which had seen immense changes in the army as a whole and in the work of army chaplains in particular.[186] He had a pension of 17/6 a day, with a special award of £100 per annum for his Crimean services, but he did not contemplate an idle retirement.[187] Bishop Hills welcomed the idea of his return to British Columbia, and appointed him Archdeacon of Vancouver Island and Canon of Christ Church Cathedral. "At sixty years of age, strong and well, thank God, I gladly go to spend the rest of my days in the service of the great Head of the Church," he wrote. " Having my pensions and other means I shall require no stipend from Missionary societies, nor shall I be a cost to the good and faithful Bishop."[188]

Before he left England he accepted Bishop Hills' request to raise £1,000 for missionary and educational work.[189] In seven months he travelled as far afield as Manchester, Porlock, and Norwich, addressing ten meetings and fifty-eight services, as well as obtaining personal subscriptions, and collected £1,633.[190] Tribute was paid to his work at a meeting of the S.P.G., at which Bishop Claughton presided.[191]

The people of Portsmouth also expressed their regard. A testimonial was set on foot in April by the Mayor, under distinguished patronage, including that of the Commander-in-Chief, the Duke of Cambridge;[192] on May 7, 1877, a gathering was held at the George Hotel to make the

(184) London *Times,* January 11, 1876, p. 8; January 22, p. 12; April 10, p. 4.

(185) *Ibid.,* December 15, 1876, p. 3.

(186) *Army List,* January, 1877, p. 870.

(187) *J.R.A.C.D.,* IV, p. 327; Crockford's *Clerical Directory,* 1884, p. 1362.

(188) *Mission Life,* VIII (1877), p. 41.

(189) *Ibid.*

(190) *Report,* 1877, pp. 49–50. (His expenses were £57.)

(191) *Mission Life,* VIII (1877), p. 96.

(192) The original Committee included the Mayor (Chairman); Sir Francis Hastings Doyle; Lord H. Scott, M.P.; Cowper Temple, M.P.; Sir J. D. Elphinstone, M.P.; Mr. Bruce, M.P.; and Viscount Templetown. (London *Times,* April 19, 1877, p. 9.)

presentation. The Mayor spoke of the work done by Archdeacon Wright in restoring the Domus Dei and of his concern for the welfare of the soldier; he then handed him a purse, an elaborately chased service of plate, and a salver. The latter was inscribed:—

Presented to the Ven. Archdeacon Wright, M.A., Chaplain to the Forces (1st Class), together with a service of plate and a purse of 125 guineas, on his leaving England for British Columbia, as a memento of his long and valuable services, but especially of his eleven years of untiring exertions for the restoration of the Royal Garrison Church, the old *Domus Dei* of Portsmouth.—William Pink, Mayor of Portsmouth, chairman; R. W. Ford, hon. secretary.

In replying, the Archdeacon spoke of the restoration of the Domus Dei and the work of others in this project. Of his own share he added:—

Well, indeed, was I repaid by daily watching the marvellous change from deformity to beauty; and now I am repaid a thousand times over when standing in the midst of this gathering—the recipient of public thanks. . . . To a man who never in his life had one penny left him the money will be extremely useful, and the salver and tea and coffee service will, I am sure, be ever valued by my family as a treasure of inestimable worth. . . .

Yesterday [he concluded] I spent my hours—from eight in the morning to eight in the evening—chiefly in the old "Domus Dei"—that soldiers' House of God so valued by us all. To-day I am the object of your generous consideration, and on Holy Thursday I shall, after Divine service in the church of a distinguished missionary, once my close friend and neighbour in British Columbia, embark for my new home to join the good Bishop of Columbia, the friend of my boyhood, of my manhood, and of my old age. Many have said that I ought to have had provided for me a quiet retreat where the old soldier priest might have had rest. I value their kindness and thank them. To me, Mr. Mayor, the best rest is that which comes from the respect of those mid whom I have laboured. Being still hale and strong, my truest repose will be in busy doing, without which life would be a burden to me. The kindness of the citizens and garrison of Portsmouth, and of my many friends, so generously expressed this day gives me renewed vigour, and I do indeed feel grateful to all who have so liberally dealt with me. I can simply again thank them, and may every blessing be on them.

In the concluding formalities, several speakers expressed the hope of seeing the Archdeacon again on a visit, the Mayor adding that "with the advance made in science, he might some day come over in a great hurry by means of a pneumatic tube."[193]

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(193) *Portsmouth Times and Naval Gazette—County Journal,* May 8, 1877. A complete transcript of the account of the ceremony has been supplied through the kindness of the City Librarian of Portsmouth.

VI

Archdeacon Wright sailed from Liverpool on May 10, accompanied by Mrs. Wright, two sons and two daughters, and by Miss Alice Perceval, who was to be Lady Principal of Angela College. The ship left Moville on the 11th and reached Quebec on the 19th.[194] From there the route lay to Montreal, Chicago, and thence across the continent. "Crossing the Sierra Nevada Range presents grand mountain views, but oh, the dreary days of sage grass desert, teeming with alkali, or of uninteresting prairie land as level as a croquet ground!" he wrote. They reached San Francisco on May 28 and two days later left for Esquimalt, where they arrived on June 2. The Archdeacon attended Divine Service at Christ Church Cathedral the next day, and a week later was instituted to his new post. The same afternoon, June 10, there was a confirmation at Metchosin.[195]

On June 14 the Church of St. Peter at Cowichan was consecrated. The Bishop and his party, including Archdeacon Wright and the Rev. H. H. Mogg,[196] left Victoria by the specially chartered steamer *Cariboo Fly* at 6.30 a.m. and landed at Cowichan Bay. Here they were met by wagons to take them to the church.

> But oh, the waggons! If ever divines were much shaken, the Bishop and his clergy were that day. Mr. Mogg and I sat immediately over the hind wheels, and as there were no springs the jumping, jolting, and jogging were terrible to endure. At last we could bear it no longer, and took to our feet and comfort. The walk was delightful, and we reached the church just in time.

The Archdeacon preached (from 2 Sam. vii: 2) and after the service about 200 sat down to a lavish open-air meal in the shelter of the trees. The Bishop stayed for a few days, but most of the party returned to Victoria by steamer that evening, singing hymns as the vessel crossed the moonlit waters.[197]

On July 5 the Archdeacon was one of the party that rode to Saanich with the Bishop for the consecration of St. Stephen's Church and ceme-

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(194) *Mission Life*, VIII (1877), p. 433; *Report*, 1876, p. 43.

(195) *Mission Life*, VIII (1877), pp. 434–435.

(196) Henry Herbert Mogg, B.A. (1850–1929), was Principal of the Collegiate School and Curate of the Cathedral, 1876–80, Rector of Esquimalt in 1880, and Secretary of the Diocesan Synod. He was Deputation Secretary in England for Bishop Sillitoe. He was Vicar of Bishop's Cannings, 1907–27, and Prebendary of Salisbury, 1919–29.

(197) *Mission Life*, VIII (1877), pp. 436–437; *Report*, 1877, pp. 20–21.

tery. The chaplain was the Rev. F. B. Gribbell.[198] Archdeacon Wright took over his earlier charge, St. Paul's Church, Esquimalt, which had recently been redecorated after being damaged in a storm.[199]

A Diocesan Synod had been established in 1875, and at its third session, which opened on July 12, 1877, the Bishop welcomed back his old friend: "The Archdeacon of Vancouver comes amongst us, full of interest and zeal and old love for the Master's work here, to assist us with the experience and energy which have won for him honour and gratitude from those best capable of forming an estimate of character and usefulness in our mother-land," he said.[200] The Archdeacon preached the opening sermon of the Synod, recalling the early days of the colony and the share of clergy in its moral and spiritual progress, as well as discussing the successes and difficulties of the present.[201]

September brought a visit by the Bishop and Archdeacon to the mainland, to see at first hand the work being done by the Rev. J. B. Good and his assistant, the Rev. G. Ditcham,[202] at the Indian Missions at Yale and Lytton. They sailed for New Westminster on the *Enterprise* early on a crisp sunny morning, and the Archdeacon wrote: ". . . as we skirted our own picturesque shore, or threaded our way among lovely islets, memory went back to scenes I had so often revelled in while steaming over the blue Mediterranean." At New Westminster they were met by Archdeacon Woods and other old friends. From there they set out for Hope, Yale, and Boston Bar and on the fourth day, after lunch with a party of men surveying the line for the Canadian Pacific Railway, they reached Lytton, where they were met by at least 200 Indians.[203]

The first event of the visit was an open-air service at which the Bishop spoke. He was followed by the Archdeacon, who was some-

(198) Frank Barrow Gribbell, B.D., C.M.S. Missionary at Metlakahtla, 1865–67; at St. John's, Victoria, 1867–68. Principal of Collegiate School, 1868–75; Rector of Esquimalt, 1868–75; and of Saanich, 1875–77. Later Vicar of Ringmer.

(199) *Report,* 1877, pp. 10–11; Bp. Hills to S.P.G., February 16, 1878.

(200) *Report,* 1877, p. 13.

(201) Wright, *Synod Sermon, passim.* (His text was Acts xv: 23 & 25.)

(202) George Ditcham was a lay catechist at Yale and Hope, 1875–77, and on his ordination remained there another year, subsequently serving at Chilliwack, 1878–81. Ordained priest, 1881, he was at St. James Granville (Burrard Inlet), 1881–87; a missionary on the Fraser River, 1887–1901; and Superintendent, New England Indian Boys' School, Lytton, 1901–10. He then retired to Sapperton.

(203) *Mission Life,* VIII (1877), pp. 530–532 (the visit was Sept. 8–10); Bp. Hills to S.P.G., February 16, 1878.

what embarrassed by Mr. Good's preliminary remarks to the Indians. "I was now introduced as the Bishop's friend, and one who had gone forth into great battles—a patriot and a warrior," he wrote. "That seemed to move my hearers powerfully towards me. Possibly some deemed me the hero of a hundred fights, while to the mass I must have seemed a mystery, a mingling of priest and general." In any event, he secured their earnest attention.[204]

Saturday was spent in preparing candidates for confirmation. There was a celebration of Holy Communion, with 110 communicants, on Sunday morning, and later a long service of addresses, prayers, and singing. Archdeacon Wright spoke on 2 Kings xix: 14. At 2.30 there was a baptism service for thirty-five Indians (one child receiving the names "Henry Press") and fifty-seven were confirmed. The next day the Archdeacon baptised nine more, and the Bishop conferred with some of the leading Indians about Christian life in their villages.[205] The whole visit greatly impressed the Archdeacon, who wrote: "I went an unbeliever in it with the Bishop to see for myself on the spot and never did I behold a more glorious sight."[206]

Mr. Good came to Victoria with his catechist, Silas Nalee, to work on the translation of the liturgy into the Thompson Indian dialect, and the Archdeacon saw a good deal of him. Soon after his arrival he had heard from Mrs. Good of the financial distress of the family, which included eight children of whom the eldest son, aged seventeen, had a diseased hip bone.[207] To relieve them he had circulated an appeal which had raised over £100, and early in 1878 he urged the S.P.G. to waive repayment of a loan they had made to Mr. Good. If they did so, "a faithful Missionary—possibly not always discreet as regards money (who is?) will be restored to peace and comfort."[208] Unfortunately the Society was unable to do this.[209]

In his letters and articles the Archdeacon had at first written enthusiastically about events and activities in the Diocese, but he became increasingly aware that all was not well. When visiting New West-

(204) *Mission Life,* VIII (1877), pp. 532–533.
(205) *Ibid.*, pp. 533–536; IX, pp. 157–162.
(206) H.P.W. to S.P.G., February 23, 1878.
(207) *Ibid.;* Bp. Hills to S.P.G., February 16, 1878.
(208) *Mission Life,* VIII (1877), p. 437; H.P.W. to S.P.G., February 23, 1878.
(209) Standing Committee of S.P.G., XXXVIII (1877–79), pp. 247–248 (meeting of April 18, 1878).

minster he noted changes in his old friends and commented: "My habit is to fancy that all grow old save myself, but then I was compelled to say, if I am as altered in appearance as they are, surely my looks must tell well of sixty summers."[210] The trouble, however, was that he had changed too little and the Diocese had changed too much, with setbacks and problems which had not existed twelve years before.

There were several factors in this. Perhaps the gravest was the dispute between the Bishop and Dean Cridge. The Dean, who had arrived in 1855, was widely known, loved, and respected, and as an old Hudson's Bay Company servant had a special status in the eyes of its officials. His religious outlook, however, was extremely evangelical and congregational, and he objected to the higher churchmanship of the Bishop and to his proposals to establish a Synod. Existing tension came to a head in December, 1873, when Archdeacon Reece[211] preached an unwise sermon, commending ritual, in the Cathedral, and the Dean rose after it to express his opposition.

This conflict was the beginning of months of bickering and dispute. The exchange of acrimonious notes between Bishop and Dean ended in the trial of the latter before an ecclesiastical tribunal, whose proceedings were later declared valid by the civil courts. Mr. Cridge seceded from the Church of England and established in Victoria a church of the Reformed Episcopal denomination; he was made a Bishop in 1875.[212]

There was a severe split amongst church people in the city, Sir James Douglas and many leading members of the Cathedral congregation siding with Mr. Cridge.[213] The effect was also felt outside the capital; at Metlakahtla, William Duncan pursued his zealous course, but on lines that caused the C.M.S. many doubts, since he refused to admit his converts to Holy Communion on the grounds that they would regard

(210) *Mission Life,* VIII (1877), p. 530.

(211) William Sheldon Reece, M.A., was Vice-Principal of the Collegiate School, 1862–66, visited Leechtown in 1865 and moved to Cowichan in 1866. He was appointed Archdeacon of Vancouver in 1868 and left British Columbia in 1873.

(212) There is no full modern account of this dispute, but *see British Columbia Historical Quarterly,* XII (1948), pp. 298–304. There is much material in *Trial of the Very Reverend Edward Cridge . . .* , Victoria, 1875.

(213) *See,* for example, *British Columbia Historical Quarterly,* XII (1948), pp. 301–302.

it as a fetich.[214] His links with the Diocese had never been strong—". . . the distance of Victoria from these Northern Indians and the rarity of the Bishop's visits would have been quite sufficient to prevent any very active sympathy," commented the Archdeacon—and his support was entirely given to Mr. Cridge, who had always shown great interest in his work.[215]

Hopes that the Synod would promote Diocesan unity were lessened when Archdeacon Woods attended the first session to move its dissolution (a proposal for which only he voted) and later refused to attend its meetings. This lessened the already meagre representation of the mainland in its deliberations.[216]

Finally, there was friction over one of the clergy, the Rev. F. B. Gribbell, who roused considerable hostility amongst leading laymen, and seems to have had little clerical support apart from the Bishop.[217]

At first Archdeacon Wright had hopes of acting as a peacemaker. His address to the Synod touched on many of the major problems. His reference to the Cridge schism was firm but sympathetic:—

> Schism did its desolating work, and one who, by his moral life and kind heart had long been universally respected and admired fell into its snare; so that he, who began his career an honored clergyman of our primitive and apostolic branch of Christ's Church, is now cut off from her communion and forbidden to minister in any one parish church of his native land.

He went on to urge support for the Synod, citing scriptural and other authority for its existence, and stressed the need for increased funds for mission work.[218]

Already, however, he had forfeited any chance of exerting real influence by a false step soon after his arrival. Before leaving England he had dined with Mr. Trutch, formerly Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia, who " urged the Bishop through me to get rid of Mr. Gribbell as no peace could ever exist in the Diocese so long as that clergyman remained. I knew nothing of the poor man & simply conveyed

(214) E. Stock, *The History of the Church Missionary Society* . . . , London, 1899, III, pp. 249–253.

(215) *Mission Life,* X (1879), p. 258. The Bishop visited Metlakahtla in 1863 and 1866; Dean Cridge, in 1867. (*Report,* 1862, pp. 53–64; 1866, pp. 29–45; 1867, pp. 44–53.)

(216) *Report of the Synod,* 1875, p. 23; J. B. Good to S.P.G., May 18, 1878.

(217) *See,* for example, Executive Committee to S.P.G., March 28, 1878. The cause of dispute is not clear.

(218) Wright, *Synod Sermon,* p. 10.

the message of one who in all Xtn. matters had been the Bishop's faithful and influential supporter. My fate was sealed. . . . " The Bishop and Mrs. Hills were staunchly on the side of Mr. Gribbell, and the old friendship was broken.[219]

As the months passed the Archdeacon found other things to worry him. The clergy (except for the Rev. H. H. Mogg, headmaster of the Collegiate School and Curate of the Cathedral) seemed to him less effective than their predecessors; the Bishop was, in his view, remote from his clergy and autocratic in financial matters, including the use of S.P.G. funds and the money the Archdeacon had collected in England. The religious state of the mainland was deplorable. For New Westminster there were Archdeacon Woods and the Rev. C. Baskett;[220] the Rev. G. Ditcham, a deacon, was at Chilliwack; and Mr. Good had moved his headquarters south to Yale, " leaving an area almost as large as France without a clergyman! Wesleyans and Presbyterians have been busily engaged taking positions which we have not been able to occupy, and the feeling towards the Church which years ago was so warm is now fast growing cold, I may add even careless." Church buildings were deteriorating. " The past liberal assistance of the Bishop and his frequent visits years ago seem to be utterly forgotten."[221]

Matters seemed better on Vancouver Island, but some of this success was superficial. In Victoria the Cridge schism had gravely hampered school work. Of church life the Archdeacon wrote:—

> I regret to say that our churches in Victoria scarcely know artisans as worshippers. We are, alas! too respectable. Dignitaries abound; intelligence and position are represented; but we cannot set forth that among our flocks the " common people hear Christ gladly." We have a Bishop, an honorary Dean (the only one, I believe, in the colonial empire), an Archdeacon, and two Parish Priests; and as their supporters we have the Governor, Chief Justice, and Puisne Judges, the Mayor, leading professional men, and a certain number of our chief storekeepers. Further we cannot go, for the artisans and hand-workers generally are not with us.[222]

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(219) H.P.W. to S.P.G., May 8, 1878.

(220) Charles Robert Baskett, A.K.C., was at Victoria, visiting the country districts, 1875–77; New Westminster, in a similar capacity, 1877–80; Hastings, 1880–81; Chilliwack, 1881–83. He was later Rector of Winterbourne Monkton.

(221) H.P.W. to S.P.G., May 8, 1878; Good to S.P.G., May 18, 1878; *Mission Life,* X (1879), pp. 258–259.

(222) *Mission Life,* X (1879), p. 261.

Even his efforts to help Mr. Good seemed fruitless since, when he thought all was well, he learned of other debts which had not been mentioned to him.[223]

Matters came to a head at the Synod of 1878, when, to quote Mr. Good, the acrimony between Bishop and Archdeacon led " to a wide estrangement between them, very distressing to contemplate when one considers the circumstances under which the Archdeacon of Vancouver came out to join us only last year & which is working so much mischief with no prospect of any speedy change for the better."[224] The Synod did, however, result in the passing of two important motions. One, moved by Archdeacon Wright, appointed a Committee to obtain all possible information to help in planning to relieve " the great spiritual destitution of the vast mainland portion of this diocese." The other ran:—

> That this synod is of opinion that a division of the diocese into three separate dioceses, viz. (1) Vancouver Island, (2) New Westminster, (3) Caledonia, with a view to forming a provincial organization for British Columbia, is very desirable, and that this synod cordially supports the endeavour of the Lord Bishop to carry out the scheme when in England.[225]

After the Synod, the Archdeacon wrote to the secretary of the S.P.G.:—

> As to Church matters of which in my ignorance I used to speak so hopefully and so confidently nothing could be worse. It is simply Gribbell & the Bishop & wife or no Gribbell & the Bishop with wife bitterly arrayed against the unbeliever. . . . On my arrival Mrs. Hills refused to receive us and never have I spent one evening with my old friend of 50 years standing. He the Bishop is entirely under the dominion of a warm hearted but virulent woman. The whole cry is we can never have peace & a blessing as long as " that woman " remains in the Diocese. At first I dreaded the retirement of the Bishop—now I say it is our only hope. . . . The sad part of the story is that the Bishop is a truly good man but as ignorant of his fellow man as he is obstinate in having his own way. Of this I am quite certain that G. Columbia can never more do any real good on this coast. You will have an application for a division of the Diocese—May God speed the proposal for at present the mainland is in a state of wretched spiritual destitution. As I said at the Synod gathering for 400 miles square there is not a clergyman to plead with white men. If the Diocese be divided good must come as a new Bishop must bring with him some clergy whereas now there are none.
>
> Metlakatla may well be given over to the Bishop of Athabasca as neither the Indians nor Mr. Duncan &c. will have anything to do with the Bishop of Columbia.

(223) H.P.W. to S.P.G., May 8, 1878.

(224) Good to S.P.G., May 18, 1878.

(225) H. H. Gowen, *Church Work in British Columbia, Being a Memoir of the Episcopate of Acton Windeyer Sillitoe . . .* , London, 1899, p. 4.

They have behaved badly to the Bishop but Duncan's sympathy is entirely with the Cridge schism. . . .

As for myself I never endured greater misery than during the past twelve months.[226]

While matters had reached this bitter climax in the Diocese, the Archdeacon had been greatly worried by the illness of his daughter Alice; though she recovered after her life had been almost despaired of, her health was impaired and she died in Victoria on February 9, 1879, at the age of 18.[227]

The Bishop left for England in May, 1878, to further the plan for a division of the Diocese, leaving the Rev. G. Mason (Honorary Dean) and Archdeacon Woods as his commissaries.[228] Archdeacon Wright energetically supported the division. A mainland diocese including New Westminster, was, he wrote, absolutely essential.

What we really want is a devoted, zealous, hardy Bishop, about forty or forty-five years of age, of sound learning and possessed of a large stock of common sense—one who among other qualifications is able to ride from twenty-five to thirty-five miles day after day, and ready to make his home in the houses of his few and scattered people.[229]

In April, 1879, he was invited by Bishop Morris, of Oregon, to a Missionary Convocation at Seattle, "a young but promising town lying some little distance up Puget Sound." He was very much impressed by the Bishop who, though sixty, was constantly travelling about his Diocese, sleeping where he could, and only at home for two Sundays in the year. "I was particularly pleased with the free and friendly bearing of the Bishop towards his clergy, who, while paying him every possible respect, were as loving sons, bright, happy, and confiding," he commented, adding that New Westminster needed "just such a man as Bishop Morris, only fifteen or twenty years younger."

The Convocation was very enjoyable for the Archdeacon, who preached at the morning service on the second day, and in the evening,

(226) H.P.W. to S.P.G., May 8, 1878.

(227) *Ibid.; Colonist*, February 11, 1879.

(228) *Report*, 1878, p. 51; Good to S.P.G., May 18, 1878. George Mason, M.A. (?1829–1893), was a missionary in Honolulu, 1862–73, and came to Holy Trinity, New Westminster, in 1873; the following year he was appointed Principal of the Collegiate School, but almost at once became Rector of Nanaimo; he left this post to become Dean in 1878, and after the Bishop's return in 1880 was Assistant Rector of the Cathedral and Archdeacon of Vancouver. He returned to England in 1881. *See* A. F. Muir, "George Mason, Priest and Schoolmaster," *British Columbia Historical Quarterly*, XV (1951), pp. 47–70.

(229) *Mission Life*, X (1879), pp. 301–305.

at a meeting concerned with foreign missions, spoke on the history of missionary work in Africa from the earliest times. He also spoke at a meeting of Sunday School scholars on the final day, and gave some farewell remarks at the end of the closing meeting. He found the Americans loud-voiced—" a body of clergy who one after the other shouted forth good matter "—but generous, active, and kindly.[230]

By the end of the year the Diocese had been divided. Bishop Ridley, of the Church Missionary Society, took over the difficult task of supervising and building up Caledonia, which included Mr. Duncan's Mission at Metlakahtla, the Rev. R. Tomlinson (Skeena Forks), and the Rev. W. H. Collison (Masset).[231] To the Diocese of New Westminster, with its four clergy, the Rev. A. W. Sillitoe, a man of thirty-nine, was appointed. Archdeacon Wright wrote to him, sending a report on the state of the mainland. " The letter is a gloomy one," commented the Bishop, " but it has not made me gloomy. I am prepared for trials and for disappointments, but I don't believe we shall overcome them any the easier by magnifying them or dwelling too much upon them."[232] The Bishop was such a man as the Archdeacon had hoped for, and during his episcopate he achieved a great deal, but the work and worry ruined his health, so that he died at the age of fifty-four. At times the support he received seemed so feeble that he may well have realized that Archdeacon Wright had not been unnecessarily gloomy.[233]

The Diocese of Columbia was now limited to Vancouver Island, and contained, besides the Bishop, eight clergy: Archdeacon Wright, Dean Mason, the Rev. H. H. Mogg (Headmaster of the Collegiate School and Curate of the Cathedral), the Rev. P. Jenns (St. John's, Victoria), the Rev. D. Holmes (Cowichan), the Rev. J. X. Willemar (Comox), the

(230) *Mission Life,* X (1879), pp. 487–492.

(231) *Report,* 1878, *passim.* Robert Tomlinson was originally a C.M.S. missionary at Metlakahtla, Nass River, and Kispiox, 1867–1883. He then supervised an industrial mission at Meanshkinisht until his death in 1913. William Henry Collison was also a C.M.S. missionary, being at Metlakahtla, 1873–76, and Masset, 1876–78, as a layman, and after his ordination in 1878 at Metlakahtla and, from 1883, Kincolith. He was appointed Archdeacon of Caledonia in 1891 and died in 1922.

(232) H. H. Gowen, *Church Work,* pp. 6–8, 9–10.

(233) *Ibid., passim,* and especially pp. 86–89. The Bishop used the former Archdeaconry House, but it required much repair (Violet E. Sillitoe, *Early Days in British Columbia,* Vancouver, 1922, p. 8).

Rev. H. S. Newton (Nanaimo), and the C.M.S. Missionary the Rev. A. J. Hall at Fort Rupert.[234] The Bishop did not return until May 3, 1880.[235]

In spite of the disputes which marred his diocesan activities, Archdeacon Wright found considerable pleasure in his parochial work. Soon after 9 a.m. on Sundays a buggy came to the door. "It is exceedingly light, with spider wheels, and specially fitted for colonial work," he wrote. "A thick rope and a bag of oats having been carefully placed under the seat, and a paper of sandwiches snugly cared for, we make for St. Paul's, Esquimalt, some four miles from the capital." The drive was along good roads, amid delightful scenery. The congregation included many men from ships of the Royal Navy which had no chaplains, and the choir had a strong representation of sailors and marines. About 12.30, after the service, he went to the Naval Hospital, and at 2.45 there was a Sunday School some 2 miles away. At 4 p.m. he returned to Victoria. Evening service was at 6 p.m., and he returned home at about nine. During the week there was parish visiting, such activities as a working party for the Indian Mission, and visits to the Royal Hospital on Wednesdays. His son, Mr. F. G. Wright, acted as Lay Reader to the gaol.[236]

As his pension was adequate to his own needs, Archdeacon Wright devoted the income of his post to the enlargement and embellishment of St. Paul's Church; an organ was shipped out from England, transepts were built, and a triple window depicting the childhood of Christ, "in memory of our loved and loving Alice," was presented. In December, 1879, the church was reopened after these improvements, and addresses from the congregation to the Archdeacon laid stress on the value of his work, not only materially, but in the improved congregations and trebled

(234) *Report*, 1878, *passim*. Percival Jenns was at New Westminster, 1865–66; Nanaimo, 1866–68; and Rector of St. John's, Victoria, 1868–1915. David Holmes came out as a layman in 1867 and was ordained deacon 1868, priest 1872; he was stationed at Yale, 1867–73; Cowichan, 1873–85; and Chemainus, 1890–94. Jules Xavier Willemar was a Roman Catholic priest received into the Church of England in 1868 and then stationed at Alberni. He was moved to Comox in 1871 and was appointed Vicar of St. Andrew's Church there in 1906; he retired in 1913. Henry Swift Newton was catechist at Cowichan, 1874–75, and was ordained deacon, 1875, when he moved to New Westminster. Ordained priest in 1878, he then served for two years at Nanaimo. Alfred James Hall, B.D. (1853–1918), was at Metlakahtla, 1877–78; Fort Rupert, 1878–81; and Alert Bay, 1881–1911.

(235) Victoria *Colonist*, May 4, 1880.

(236) *Mission Life*, XI (1880), pp. 20–22.

Sunday School. In his reply he expressed his pleasure at the very happy atmosphere that had always prevailed amongst the congregation.[237]

But the Archdeacon's work in British Columbia was almost at an end. On the division of the Diocese the S.P.G. diverted most of the grants to the mainland, and the Bishop, whose cavalier treatment of these in the past had always been opposed by the Archdeacon, turned on him, saying that the balance must be made up by diverting the income of the Archdeaconry Fund to the purpose, and that he should therefore resign.[238]

The exact course of events that followed is not clear, but apparently Archdeacon Wright, feeling that he could achieve no real good in the face of the Bishop's hostility, determined to resign,[239] and early in 1880 he returned to England, visiting Salt Lake City on the way.[240] The Bishop, who in 1876 had written: "My old friend Archdeacon Wright is coming back as Archdeacon of Vancouver," now commented: "There is a general feeling of relief amongst Clergy & laity at the departure of Archdeacon Wright."[241] In spite of this unhappy atmosphere the Archdeacon retained his faith in the future of British Columbia, commenting, "As to the Colony itself I believe in it thoroughly."[242] His son Frederick remained there for three more years; he was ordained deacon and priest by Bishop Hills and served at St. Stephen's, Saanich.[243]

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(237) H.P.W. to S.P.G., December 18, 1879, and enclosed cutting of December 13. Rev. F. C. Chapman, *Diamond Jubilee Historical Sketch 1866–1926; St. Paul's Royal Naval Station and Garrison Church,* Esquimalt, 1926, pp. 7, 13. The name *J. P. Wright* on p. 7 should be *H. P. Wright.*

(238) H.P.W. to S.P.G., December 18, 1879.

(239) Victoria *Colonist,* December 31, 1879 (letter of H.P.W., December 30, 1879). His letter of December 18, written ten days before he decided to resign, was read by the Standing Committee of the S.P.G. on March 18, 1880, but no action was noted. *See* S.P.G. Standing Committee, XXXIX (1879–80), p. 317.

(240) Wright, *Siena,* p. xxxvi.

(241) Bp. Hills to S.P.G., October 11, 1876, and July 1, 1880. It may be noted that by September, 1880, he had lost two other clergy, the Rev. H. S. Newton and the Rev. H. H. Mogg (Bp. Hills to S.P.G., September 22, 1880), and, although Mr. Mogg retained his interest in British Columbia, he became Deputation Secretary for Bishop Sillitoe. In 1881 the Rev. George Mason also returned to England, and there is some indication that he was not on the best personal terms with the Bishop. *British Columbia Historical Quarterly,* XV (1951), p. 69.

(242) H.P.W. to S.P.G., May 8, 1878.

(243) Bp. Hills to S.P.G., June 29, 1880.

VII

In April, 1880, the Rev. H. P. Wright took up his duties as Rector of Greatham in Hampshire, a village of 285 inhabitants about 24 miles from Portsmouth.[244] The old Church of St. John the Baptist had been built in the 13th Century; in 1875, owing to its dilapidated condition, it was partially demolished, and a new church built a short distance away.[245] The parish was in the Diocese of Winchester, and the new Rector's relations with his Bishop were very cordial, to judge from the dedication of one of his books: " To the Right Rev. Edward Harold, Lord Bishop of Winchester, D.D., &c., &c., my deeply respected Father in God, whom to know is to love and revere. . . ."[246]

Hardly had he settled at Greatham than Mrs. Wright died, at the age of sixty. She was buried on June 12 by the Rev. F. H. Freeth, Rector of the neighbouring village of Lyss. Neither this bereavement nor his own advancing years would seem to have lessened Mr. Wright's activities. He was a vigorous and outspoken parish priest, as his entries in the service book indicate. On the Sunday after Ascension, 1882, he wrote:—

> The privilege of alsmgiving is but little felt in this Parish. A collection is deemed an affliction instead of a cause for thanksgiving. The rich give feebly, very feebly; and the poor have so much done for them by the Church that they miss the point that it is more blessed to give than to receive. We are all called upon to give according to our means but with too many the giving of a sovereign—or a penny, is like the extraction of a tooth.

At the Harvest Festival on October 4, 1884, he recorded: " Congregation so crowded that many could not get seats. Excellent singing for a country village "; but on April 13, 1885, he noted: " Good congregation—disgraceful alms."

He was no respecter of persons. On October 10, 1886, his comment was: " Seats of the well-to-do empty. God gave them great worldly advantages, and therefore has special places for them in heaven. It is just possible that empty seats in Church mean no seats in heaven." In the following January he wrote: " To my disgust 2 gentlemen? & 2 ladies? from my Parish were going skating—passed Church as people

(244) Rev. R. W. Tyler to author, March 28, 1955. No formal induction is recorded, but H.P.W. took his first services in that month.

(245) Crockford's *Clerical Directory*, 1884, p. 1362; article in *Hampshire Chronicle*, September, 1954. The net income was £305, but this later declined to £250.

(246) Dedication of *Leprosy and Segregation*.

were coming in. What an example. Six days for skating but must have the Lord's Day also. And in the morning these same rebels called to this same Lord—' Have mercy upon us miserable sinners.' "[247]

He had not been many years in the parish before he began to fill the windows of the church with stained glass. In 1883 he erected a window in memory of his brother, Capt. C. M. M. Wright; in 1888–1889 three more windows on the north side were added in memory of Lt. E. D. Wright, Capt. W. B. Wright, and G. A. Wright. In 1890 a threefold window was placed on the south side: to commemorate his sister Sophia and her husband, Major Wroughton; " in loving memory of Anne the devoted wife of H. P. Wright . . . and of their loved and loving Alice "; and to commemorate his niece Isabella and her husband Capt. Fulton. Finally in 1891 the threefold west window was filled with Old Testament scenes in memory of Brigadier-General and Mrs. Herring, John Nalder, and Surgeon-General and Mrs. Bass.[248]

His interests were by no means limited to his parish; he read and corresponded widely, had many friends and acquaintances, and was a member of two London clubs, the Wanderers' in Pall Mall, and the Clergy in Bond Street.[249] It was perhaps as a result of his membership of these that he was moved to a vigorous denunciation of falsely labelled sherry in a letter to the *Times* in 1888: " Such vile productions, shipped from Cadiz as honest juice of the grape, not only seriously injure the sherry-growing districts of Spain, but must be terribly detrimental to the health of all those who use them."[250]

Though retired from military duty, Mr. Wright no doubt followed events in the Chaplains' Department with interest. Bishop Claughton, with whom he had remained on cordial terms, died in 1884, predeceasing the nonagenarian Prebendary Gleig by four years.[251] The new Chaplain-General was a serving chaplain, the Rev. J. C. Edghill.[252] On April 7, 1885, the link between the Wright family and the army was renewed when the Rev. F. G. Wright, who had returned to England two years

(247) Rev. R. W. Tyler to author, December 13, 1954, and September 5, 1955.

(248) *Ibid.*, March 28, 1955.

(249) Crockford's *Clerical Directory*, 1885, p. 1335. The names later changed to the National Conservative and the Grosvenor. He was also, for a short time, a member of the New Athenaeum, Pall Mall.

(250) London *Times*, February 4, 1888, p. 15 (letter of January 28).

(251) *J.R.A.C.D.*, V, pp. 24, 445. He dedicated *Siena* to the Bishop from "one who knows well and heartily esteems the British soldier."

(252) *Army List*, March, 1885, p. 789.

previously, received his commission as a Chaplain to the Forces. Appropriately enough he began his notable career with a period at the Domus Dei, Portsmouth.[253]

Mr. Wright's main activity during these years was the resumption of his writing. As early as July, 1880, he published a translation of the Statutes of the Hospital of the Holy Virgin Mary of Siena, A.D. 1305. In connection with this work he became a corresponding member of the Royal Literary and Scientific Association of Siena.[254] In a preface he outlined the history of Christian work for the sick, and in the following years he developed his knowledge of this. When in 1880 the Warden of the Stamford Domus Dei called his attention to the long and interesting history of that building, he began to study it,[255] but his next published volume, based on researches in the Bodleian Library, the muniment room of Chichester Cathedral, and elsewhere, was a history of the Domus Dei of Chichester, to which he added an inventory of St. Mary's Hospital, Dover, made in Tudor times. The volume was published in 1885, and is an agreeably written record, with some pertinent comments on recent restorations.[256]

This study of mediæval hospitals, combined with his interest in missionary work, aroused his concern about leprosy.[257] It seemed to him that far too few people realized that the disease was still prevalent

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(253) Frederick George Wright was born November 17, 1853. He left St. Mary Hall, Oxford, to accompany his father to British Columbia in 1877 and became Lay Reader to the Gaol in Victoria and Vice-Principal of the Collegiate School. He was ordained deacon August 1, 1880, and was incumbent of St. Stephen's, Saanich, 1880–83. He was married to Jane Kathleen (d. of Capt. Henry Berkeley Good, 1/24th Regiment) at Christ Church Cathedral on September 16, 1880. He was ordained to the priesthood on September 14, 1882. He returned to England in 1883 and was Curate of Purleigh for two years. As an Army Chaplain he served at Portsmouth, 1885–86; Devonport, 1886–90; Malta, 1890–96 (where Mrs. Wright died); Preston, 1896–98; Aldershot, 1898–1900; South African War, 1900–1902 (being twice invalided); Netley, 1902–10; and Cosham and Hilsea, 1910–13. After his retirement on November 17, 1913, he was Rector of Hopton Wafers, 1913–16; P.C. of St. John's, Chester, 1916–24; and Vicar of Barholme from 1924 until his death on March 22, 1926. *J.R.A.C.D.*, II, pp. 315, 264; III, p. 97; information from members of his family; Crockford's *Clerical Directory*, 1926, p. 1713.

(254) Crockford's *Clerical Directory*, 1884, p. 1362.

(255) Wright, *Stamford*, pp. vii–viii.

(256) Wright, *Chichester, passim*, especially pp. 50, 80.

(257) Wright, *Siena*, pp. xxxvi–xxxvii.

in many parts of the world, and was a particular scourge in India, while the possible danger to England was completely overlooked.

In 1885, therefore, he published *Leprosy and Segregation,* in which, drawing freely on the writings of medical authorities, he outlined the extent of the disease and its history, and considered current views on the cause. He inclined to the theory of contagion rather than heredity. There seemed to him a real danger to Europe from those returning from countries where the disease was rife. It was at that time incurable, but he declared that much could be done by better feeding and care to ease the lot of sufferers, and their segregation would help to prevent its spread. He urged the formation of a "Society for the Segregation and Comfort of Lepers" and enjoined support for medical missions in India. "Millions have been spent, wisely or unwisely, I do not presume to say," he wrote,

> to defend our territorial rights, to extend our rule and our commerce, to maintain our honour, and, with all this delicate care of our interests and our renown, shall no heed be paid to the loud piteous wail of the leper heard from every corner of the earth? Shall nothing be done to help the bitterly afflicted, not in the hours, but in the years of their bodily and mental torture? No pen however powerful, no tongue however eloquent, can picture the misery of the despised and helpless leper. Let then, I say, finances public and private combine, that relief may be rendered, and that speedily.[258]

He also urged these points in letters to the press,[259] and four years later he returned to the subject in a smaller volume, *Leprosy an Imperial Danger,* recapitulating most of the arguments of the former book, but citing fresh examples and opinions. The preface, as well as making his general views clear, contained a self-portrait of some interest:—

> Aristotle was very severe on old men. Nothing brave or decided about them; no large-heartedness and but little love; stingy, life-clinging, selfish and unscrupulous; not hopeful, and easily put out. The hard philosopher, seeing that the feeble totterer was of little use, wished him, we may be sure, quiet in the grave.
>
> Leaving the Stagyrite to his harsh judgment, we would say more gently of the aged, that they have not seldom two marked characteristics—they are garrulous and they are kind. Garrulous, because, it may be, the tongue is the only member of the body they can use freely; and kind because their own many short-comings lead them to look considerately on the failings of others. Upon this subject of leprosy I, certainly, in my seventy-fifth year, am inclined to be very garrulous, although still in rude health and active; and for this reason, I believe that leprosy is by far the most trying malady that has ever affected man, and that, in these

(258) Wright, *Leprosy and Segregation, passim,* especially pp. 104, 106.

(259) *Times,* November 8, 1887, p. 13, and November 19, 1888, p. 13; *also* "The Spread of Leprosy," in *British Medical Journal,* 1889.

days of general travel and easy intercommunion of nations, there is a possibility, nay a great probability (unless due care be taken) of its again assailing Europe and the British Isles. As to one's own short-comings, that they exist all will take for granted—the louder the call for me to show a kind and loving spirit towards my fellow-man; and surely, one way of doing so is by my offering warning words in this great matter of leprosy. . . . Anyhow I will ask, in my efforts to be useful, the benefit of the good old proverb, "May he that means well, fare well."

His main appeal was more cautious than before—"In vain is it, in the spirit of a wild zeal, to propose a scheme which cannot be carried out on account of its enormous expense."—but he urged the need for immediate help in India, and proposed the formation of a Leprosy Association to investigate the whole world-wide problem and report on possible means of combating it.

"*Liberavi animam meam,*" he concluded.

I can only add, May God preserve my country from leprosy, and move the civilised nations of this earth to combine for its banishment from man! "If you wish to shoot high you must aim at the moon." Should only partial success follow, great good must attend great and determined efforts in so noble a cause. To England especially I appeal καιρὸν γνωθι.[260]

The final note was written on March 21, 1889, and the book was published at Easter.[261] On April 15 Father Damien, the leper priest, died at Molokai, and world attention was drawn to the disease. In England a Father Damien Memorial Fund was launched with the aims of erecting a memorial at Molokai, caring for lepers in England, endowing two scholarships whose holders were to study leprosy in China and the British Colonies, and sending a commission to India to examine the position and needs of the lepers. All these objects were effected, and an era of greatly increased interest in the alleviation of the disease began.[262]

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(260) Wright, *Imperial Danger*, pp. vii–ix, 121–123. The age given here disagrees with the date of birth suggested in note 2. Possibly there was a printer's misreading of 75th for 73rd. The age on his tombstone, 77, was probably derived from this book, since there was clearly some uncertainty on the point when he died (*Times*, September 20, 1892, p. 7, describes him as over 80, and this is amended to 77 the next day, p. 1).

(261) Wright, *Imperial Danger*, p. 127.

(262) C. J. Dutton, *The Samaritans of Molokai*, London, 1934, pp. 102–106. As an indication that H.P.W. was not needlessly alarmed about the danger to Britain, it may be noted that the *Leprosy Review*, XXI (1950), p. 3, stated that leprosy in England was increasing.

Mr. Wright must have been extremely thankful for these developments, but he wrote no more about leprosy. In 1890 he published his longest book, a history of the *Domus Dei* of Stamford, on which he had been working for ten years. The disposal of the endowments of the hospital gave rise to considerable controversy in the 1880's. Mr. Wright, with his detailed knowledge of the documents, may well have given advice to the Hospital Trustees, but his exhaustive though extremely interesting history preserves neutrality on this issue.

His last literary work took a different form: he collaborated with the Rev. Samuel Kettlewell,[263] a keen student of the life and work of Thomas à Kempis, in a translation of *Meditations on the Life of Christ,* attributed to that author. There is no indication of the share each took in the work, but Mr. Wright contributed some of the material in the historical and bibliographical preface written by Mr. Kettlewell, and in the early summer of 1892 was still actively engaged in research on the subject in the British Museum. The book, being intended as a devotional work for members of the Church of England, omitted some portions which the editors regarded as suitable only for the Church of Rome.[264]

Mr. Wright continued to be active in his parish until early July, noting "Lovely day, crowded congregation" on one of his last Sundays.[265] He died at Laurel Bank, Hill Brow, near Petersfield, on September 18, 1892.[266] He was buried in the churchyard near the old Parish Church of Greatham on September 25, the officiating clergy being the Rev. J. M. Clarke, Rector of Fenny Drayton, Leicestershire, and the Rev. T. D. Platt, Vicar of Holy Trinity, Portsea; the church and churchyard were crowded with parishioners and friends of all classes.[267]

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(263) Samuel Kettlewell (1822–1893) was educated at Durham University. Ordained in 1848, he became one of Dr. Hook's curates at Leeds. From 1851 to 1870 he was Vicar of St. Mark's, Leeds, but resigned to concentrate on literary work, notably the life and writings of Thomas à Kempis.

(264) Wright, *Meditations, passim,* especially 2nd ed., pp. xvii, xlix.

(265) Rev. R. W. Tyler to author, September 5, 1955. His last service was Evensong on July 11, 1892.

(266) *Times,* September 20, 1892, p. 7. It is not clear why he was at this house, which was the residence of Mrs. Henry Kingsley (Rev. R. W. Tyler to author, September 5, 1955).

(267) Rev. R. W. Tyler to author, December 13, 1954, and September 5, 1955.

VIII

On surveying the life and work of Archdeacon Wright,[268] one can see many clear and consistent characteristics, notably a great energy and sense of purpose, allied to a practical outlook. In every post he undertook he found more to do than the obvious duties attached to it, so that church restoration, army reform, missionary work, historical research, and a campaign against leprosy were added to his pastoral work. Though keenly interested in the past, he was never blind to the needs of the future, and to the end of his life he tried to help coming generations.

Though aware of the need for caution at times, he was a man of forthright views and did not mince his words when he felt strongly. This led to the unhappiest period of his life, when his old friendship with Bishop Hills and his hopes of peaceful and constructive years in British Columbia were shattered by the strongly expressed criticisms he made at the 1878 Synod. However much one may regret this, it is not hard to understand his point of view.

In most of his difficulties he found his sense of humour a great help. " God has mercifully given me a cheerful and hopeful disposition, which supported me at all times," he wrote, " and now and then something ludicrous, in spite of circumstances, dragged out a smile from beneath a heap of sorrows."[269]

He loved travel, and even when living in England took holidays abroad when he could.[270] On his journeys he was always interested in talking to chance acquaintances and travelling companions, and he also corresponded widely.[271] He believed in recording his experiences, and carried a notebook in which he could jot down items of interest, while some of his more unusual journeys were recorded in the form of a full diary. His writing was firm and vigorous; the report to the S.P.G. on

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(268) He seems to have used the title of Archdeacon from 1861 until his death, and it appears on his books. For clarity, however, it has been used in this narrative only when he was actually holding such a post.

(269) Wright, *Crimean Chaplain,* p. 17.

(270) For example, France in 1839, Northern Europe in 1875, Lausanne in 1885 (*Times*, September 30, 1885, p. 4). His comparisons of scenes in British Columbia with scenes in other countries also suggest wide travel.

(271) His books on leprosy indicate this; he also wrote to many countries for information on Synod procedure, and even had a correspondent on Pitcairn Island. *Mission Life*, XI (1880), pp. 22–23.

the Crimean Chaplains, for example, was obviously written very rapidly, but it is clear, comprehensive, and free from verbiage.

His historical books are largely collections of documents, the later works showing a greater ease in handling the material than the earlier ones. His own narrative style was clear and pleasing, with an occasional vigorous expression of opinion such as "The godless monarch promised largely, but lied as unblushingly" (Henry VIII), and "the latest, and dearest, and best of England's Queens."[272] He was a linguist of some ability, with a knowledge of Latin, Greek, French, German, and Italian, and he read widely.

Information on his outlook as a churchman is not plentiful. His books and surviving letters are chiefly on the practical application of Christian principles, and this in itself is not without significance. Many of his friends—Dean Hook, Bishop Hills, Dr. Pusey, Dr. Rose, Mr. Skinner, and Mr. Kettlewell—were men of the moderate wing of the Tractarian movement, and he seems to have sympathized with their position. On the other hand, Dean Alford was an Evangelical, and Mr. Wright, addressing the Church Congress in 1875, showed an appreciation of the distinctive contribution of that school of thought:—

> The Church of Christ in England can contain with safety the extreme Evangelical—one of a body ever to be respected, for they it was who fought the great and glorious battle of anti-slavery and boldly preached Christ when a mere cold morality was taught from our pulpits. It can also hold the never weary, ever zealous ritualist, who, we are bound in charity to believe, is as true to Christ's Holy Catholic Church as his fore-named brother.

Neither of these points of view, however, commended themselves to him as an Army Chaplain, since the soldier who had no alternative to attending the service should not be compelled to listen to an extreme point of view.[273] He had no time for missionary societies which considered "party and not principle"[274] and the harm done to the Church in British Columbia by internal conflicts must have reinforced his dislike of extremes.

He lived through a time of religious conflict, when the clash of scientists and theologians over the truth of the Bible, and disputes about the relations of Church and State, caused great controversy, but he seems to have been little affected by them. One of his few comments on such

(272) Wright, Portsmouth, pp. 162, 209.
(273) Wright, *Church in Army*, p. 15.
(274) H.P.W. to S.P.G., February 28, 1862.

matters was: " The rash speculations of Bishop Colenso will I fear do much harm with the unthinking & the ungodly—what I know of them only confirms me in my faith. Is it possible that such a mathematician can be so unreasonable? "[275]

Henry Press Wright was fundamentally a man of simple faith and forthright word and deed. The boy who dreamed of travel and adventure found it as he rode to war with his Guiseley communion vessels, and a screw of pepper in his waistcoat pocket; the pattern of service was continued by the mature man who worked in the mission field and championed the private soldier; and in the old country parson who reprimanded his errant parishioners and compaigned against leprosy an active and valuable life came to a tranquil but still vigorous close.

DONALD H. SIMPSON.

ROYAL EMPIRE SOCIETY,
LONDON, ENGLAND.

(275) H.P.W. to S.P.G., January 12, 1863.

APPENDIX I

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS BY HENRY PRESS WRIGHT

The author is grateful to the librarians who have lent him copies of these books and enabled him to read them at leisure.

The Church of Rome, compared with the Bible, the Fathers of the Church, and the Church of England, translated from the French of Bishop Luscombe. Nisbet, 1841. vi, xl, 119 pp.

Recollections of a Crimean Chaplain: and the Story of Prince Daniel and Montenegro. Ward & Lock, 1857. iv, 141 pp. (Cited as *Crimean Chaplain.*)

A Crimean Chaplain's Winter on the Heights above Sebastopol, mentioned in the preceding, does not appear to have been published.

England's Duty to England's Army. A Letter addressed to the Right Hon. General Peel, Secretary of State for War, on Matters affecting the Body, Mind, and Soul of the British Soldier. Rivington, 1858. 3rd ed. 36 pp. (Cited as *England's Duty.*)

Early History of the African Church and its Missions. 1858. No copy traced.

The Story of the "Domus Dei" of Portsmouth, commonly called the Royal Garrison Church. Parker, 1873. iv, 211, xii pp. illus. (Cited as *Portsmouth.*)

The Church in the Army: A Paper prepared for the Church Congress, 1875. Parker, 1875. 24 pp. (Cited as *Church in Army.*)

A History of the Chaplains' Department of the Army, mentioned in *Church in Army,* p. 2, as being in preparation, does not seem to have been published.

Sermon preached in Christ Church Cathedral on the 12th July, 1877, at the Third Session of the First Synod of the Diocese of British Columbia. Daily Standard, Victoria, 1877. 23 pp. (Cited as *Synod Sermon.*)

Statutes of the Hospital of the Holy Virgin Mary of Siena, A.D. 1305. Translated from the Italian. Skeffington, 1880. xlviii, 72 pp. (Cited as *Siena.*)

The Story of the "Domus Dei" of Chichester, commonly called St. Mary's Hospital; with an Inventory of St. Mary's Hospital, Dover. Parker, 1885. xxx, 104 pp. illus. (Cited as *Chichester.*)

Leprosy and Segregation. Parker, 1885. xii, 195 pp. illus. (Cited as *Leprosy and Segregation.*)

Leprosy an Imperial Danger. Churchill, 1889. xii, 127 pp. (Cited as *Imperial Danger.*)

The Story of the "Domus Dei" of Stamford (Hospital of William Browne). Parker, 1890. xvi, 519 pp. illus. (Cited as *Stamford.*)

Meditations on the life of Christ by Thomas à Kempis. Translated and edited by the Ven. Archdeacon Wright, M.A. . . . and the Rev. S. Kettlewell . . . with a preface by the latter. Parker, 1892. liii, 354 pp. Also 2nd ed., 1892, xlix, 354 pp. (Cited as *Meditations.*)

Also articles and letters published in the *Times, Colonial Church Chronicle,* the *Mission Field, Mission Life, Notes and Queries,* etc., and in the annual reports of the Columbia Mission.

Harry Guillod.

HARRY GUILLOD'S JOURNAL OF A TRIP TO CARIBOO, 1862

When the Cariboo gold discoveries of 1861 reached the newspapers outside British Columbia, another horde of prospectors, comparable in enthusiasm if not in numbers to the pioneers of 1858, was soon on its way from California and the Eastern States, from Canada, the Continent, and Great Britain. This second group, unlike the first, was predominantly British rather than American, for the *couleur de rose* descriptions of the Victoria correspondent of the London *Times* had " excited great attention."[1] In the spring of 1862 hundreds of would-be miners from the British Isles arrived in Victoria on their way to the Cariboo, some to return home impaired in health and daunted in spirit, others to accept with cheerful courage and resourcefulness the hardships for which no newspaper account had prepared them, and to build for themselves, when the gold-rush was over, a new and stable life in British Columbia. Among this latter group of adventurers from Britain was Harry Guillod,[2] whose " faithful and unvarnished record of the arduous journey " to the gold mines in 1862 is one of the most lively and, within its announced scope, one of the most informative documents of this lively period.

Born in London on August 20, 1838, Guillod had served his apprenticeship as a chemist before leaving for British Columbia. In May, 1862, he and his 17-year-old brother George sailed from Southampton aboard the *Shannon,* and travelling via the Panama and San Francisco arrived at Esquimalt on the steamer *Oregon* on July 3, 1862. There

(1) Matthew Macfie, *Vancouver Island and British Columbia,* London, 1865, p. 75. The correspondent was Donald Fraser, who had come from California to Victoria in 1858 and had been appointed to the Executive Council. He returned to England in 1862.

(2) His Christian name is given as *Henry* in the Lightning Creek mining records in the Provincial Archives of British Columbia, and in Bishop Hills' reports to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, but his own reports to the Department of Indian Affairs are signed *Harry Guillod.* Except as otherwise noted, the biographical details in this introduction have been drawn from the journal itself or from the obituaries of Guillod and his wife in the Victoria *Colonist,* July 1, 1906; Alberni *Twin Cities Times,* January 24, 1949; and Alberni *West Coast Advocate,* January 27, 1949.

disembarked along with them one Philip Thomas Johnston,[3] who was to share their adventures on the road to the Cariboo, and later to become a solid citizen of Victoria. After one night in comparative luxury at a hotel the three spent the next few days on "the campground" (for Victoria was again, though to a lesser extent than in 1858, a city of tents) laying in stores for their trip and getting thoroughly taken in over the buying of a horse, a sorry sort of animal which they finally lost for good somewhere between Lillooet and Alkali Lake, rather to Guillod's relief than otherwise: "I don't believe the beast would ever have reached Cariboo, and I only wish we had started at first with only our blankets & a change of underclothes and tramped it we should have saved some pounds."

On July 8 the party left Victoria on the *Enterprise* for New Westminster, where they took the steamer for Port Douglas, at the head of Harrison Lake, on the first stage of their journey over the Harrison–Lillooet route. This was the trail which in the summer of 1858 the miners themselves had built with Government assistance, connecting the chain of lakes in the valley of the Harrison River and thus avoiding what at the time seemed the insuperable obstacle of the Fraser Canyon. Two years later this trail had been improved by the Royal Engineers, with the assistance of the Marines and of civilian contractors, into a wagon-road. Surveyed and built in haste to meet an emergency, the Harrison–Lillooet route proved a long, complicated, and expensive means of access to the upper country, and when the rush to the creeks of the Cariboo began the Government soon realized that a more direct approach to the mines would have to be provided, at whatever cost. Already in 1862 the road through the formidable rock bluffs of the

(3) His full name is given in the Lightning Creek mining records. In the *Oregon* passenger list, Victoria *Colonist*, July 3, 1862, the three travellers appear as "P. S. Johnson, H. Guilford, G. Guilford." After his mining experiences in the Cariboo, Johnston established himself in Victoria in the horticultural business, his partner Henry Mitchell supplying the knowledge and Johnston the capital. The firm built the first hothouse in Victoria at what is now the corner of Fort and St. Charles Streets. In 1868, when Johnston had seen the new business safely established, he went back to England and married an earlier acquaintance, Miss Agnes Hamilton. The couple returned to Victoria the same year, and Mrs. Johnston, a trained musician and a childhood friend of Baroness Burdett-Coutts, became the art and music mistress at Angela College and also instructed the boys' choir at Christ Church Cathedral. She died in 1925 at the age of 83, predeceased by her husband. N. de Bertrand Lugrin, *The Pioneer Women of Vancouver Island, 1843–1866*, Victoria, 1928, pp. 238–243; Victoria *Colonist*, April 16, 1925.

Fraser had been commenced, and though for several years there was to be acrimonious rivalry between packers and innkeepers on the two routes to the Cariboo, by 1865 the tolls on the Douglas–Lillooet road had dwindled, most of the wayside houses had been closed, and Port Douglas's brief dream of prosperity was over. But in 1862 the Harrison–Lillooet route still carried most of the traffic to the mines, and Guillod's journal is of considerable interest in that it documents, with a wealth of sharply observed and directly expressed detail, the hazards and discomforts of this route even during its most flourishing period. Guillod sets down the struggles of these inexperienced packers with their " Old Moke " on crowded steamer and slippery trail; the infinitely slow progress over roads that were nothing but " mud, stones, [and] trees fallen in every direction," the travellers often being forced to wade thigh-deep through streams or up to the knees in swampy mud (and Guillod's footwear was reduced at one stage to a single boot minus its top, which he had been obliged to make into a moccasin for the other foot); the never-ending and irritating warfare against the " buzzing and biting " of mosquitoes and flies of various sorts; the frequent necessity of making camp in a downpour and rolling up in wet blankets; even the deficiencies of the daily menu, which Guillod faithfully records, from the monotony of " Beans and Bacon! Bacon and Beans! " to the " decidedly original dinner [of] fish, flesh, fowl and pudding " all stirred up together in the one " billy." Guillod makes light of this way of life, and of the physical ailments which it often induced: he was even able to laugh at the swollen face that, he does admit, gave him " great pain," tied up " in a pair of drawers which, with a red handkerchief and my mosquito netting surmounted by a Scotch cap, made me look a bit of a fright."

In spite of pain and discomfort Guillod was always keenly aware of the country through which he and his companions were passing and of the people they met along the way. Evidently he had had some training in drawing, and he took his sketching block with him on the trip, making use of it in spite of the attacks of flies and mosquitoes. But he also put his impressions into words. Even his first sight of Victoria falls into a neat composition: " a little bit of a lake and the bridge being in the foreground " and a church spire " the principal object in the landscape." In the more rugged country of the interior he describes " the rough and gigantic masses of rock," the swift running streams " dashing and spraying over the stones," and " the deep blue [and] the white foam "

of the Thompson River before it joins the Fraser. And there are many delightful vignettes too of the travellers encountered on the road, from the " middle-aged lady [with] a very fine pair of legs, red petticoat [and] a hat and feather," who was going with her husband " to open a house of refreshment at Cariboo," to the Chinese who " pack everything on sticks across their shoulders, as you see drawn on China jars."

Towards the end of August the party reached Van Winkle, and there Johnston and Harry Guillod bought into a group of claims known as " the Doctor's," on Lightning Creek, a quarter of a mile down-stream from the settlement.[4] They did not, it would appear, strike too happy a bargain, for although Johnston had been in Australia he found the Cariboo diggings quite another matter, and the Guillods of course knew nothing of mining. There were eight men in the original group, five of them miners, and the newcomers " paid $500 for two half interests, with the understanding that we worked the other two half interests . . . free of wages till we reach the bed-rock or paying dirt, (which may be forty or fifty feet down for all we know,) when we are to receive $5 each per day." Before the trio could begin work, however, George succumbed to an attack of " rheumatism or at least his old weakness in both his knees," and had to be sent back to Victoria; the brothers " did not like parting at all." For the next three weeks Harry Guillod and Johnston worked on the claim, and this part of the journal is of great technical interest, for Guillod describes in exact detail the methods used to keep the mine clear of water as the shaft was sunk.

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(4) See the Bills of Sale, Lightning Creek, Vol. II, June 1860–June 1880, p. 95, *MS*, Archives of B.C.: " 1862. Lightning Creek. August 25. Bill of sale Daniel Siddall transfers to Philip Thomas Johnston 8680 one half of his interest being 100 ft in the set of claims known as those of the 'Doctors' situated about 80 Rods below the town of Van Winkle. . . . Thomas Smithson transfers to Henry Guillod 8681 one half of his interest being 100 ft on the Co known as the Doctors. . . ." Thomas Smithson has not been traced, but Daniel Siddall is no doubt to be identified with the " Dr. Siddall " who in the first issue of the Barkerville *Cariboo Sentinel*, June 6, 1865, advertised for patients " who wish to be cured of diseases of every kind, without the aid of mercury." Like many doctors of the period he also practised dentistry, and on March 16, 1872, the following advertisement appeared in the *Sentinel:* " NOW IS YOUR TIME.—SOMETHING NEW.—The first false teeth ever set in Vulcanite in Cariboo can now be seen in the Dentist's window, Barkerville. It is the latest style of wearing false teeth, and is very easy and comfortable, and so cheap that it is within the reach of all. Parties can now be accommodated in all branches of Dentistry, up to the 10th day of April next, at Victoria prices. Then goodbye old Cariboo. . . ."

By the middle of September the original members of the group had worked "for six months, and spent all the money they had, without getting a grain of gold," and this, says Guillod, "is a common experience." So on September 19 the claim was laid over for the winter, and Guillod and Johnston, themselves now so short of money that they were glad to accept the loan of a sovereign from "old Dr. Evans, a Methodist preacher,"[5] on their way down from the mines, started back to Victoria. This time they took the Yale route, for there was work to be had along the roads then under construction. At a road-camp near Lytton Johnston found employment, but Guillod, no doubt anxious about his young brother, pushed on to the coast, missing the steamer at Yale by half an hour and being obliged to hire an Indian canoe to take him down to New Westminster, where he boarded the *Enterprise* again. By October 18 he was back in Victoria, alone, "in the remnants of [his] clothes and without a cent in [his] pocket."

During the winter Guillod could find no other work but stone-breaking, and that almost as a favour, but he was of stout heart, and the next spring he went back to Van Winkle to renew work on his claim. It is to be presumed that he had better luck this time, for there is evidence that some time in 1863 he became the owner of a one-third interest in a sawmill at Chemainus, and that he also pre-empted a piece of land known as Graham Prairie, a mile west of the mill. The following year he disposed of house, land, and interest in the mill to one T. G. Askew,[6] and apparently returned to Victoria, for by 1866 he was established there as a catechist of the Anglican Church under Bishop George Hills, serving at the "Indian Mission and half-breed school" there until the spring of 1868.[7]

For the rest of Guillod's life he was to work among the Indians, though not always as a catechist. His interest in the native peoples is seen already in the Cariboo journal, where he records that the "romantic

(5) Ephraim Evans, D.D. Ordained in 1833, he had arrived in Victoria via the Panama from Toronto on February 10, 1859 (Victoria *Colonist*, February 12, 1859), and had become the first Superintendent of Wesleyan Missions. George H. Cornish, *Handbook of Canadian Methodism*, Toronto, 1867, p. 26.

(6) T. G. Askew to B. W. Pearse, n.d. (Endorsed: Recd 21/9/1871.) Askew Letters, *MS*, Archives of B.C.

(7) For Guillod's work as a catechist *see* the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, Papers Relating to the Diocese of Columbia, 1858–1874, Transcripts, Vols. II and III, *MS*, Archives of B.C.; and the Annual Reports of the Columbia Mission, published in London, for the period 1866–1872, *Microfilm*, Archives of B.C.

illusions" concerning "the 'Child of the Forest'" with which he had come from England were rapidly dispelled by the Indians whom he saw near Port Douglas: "dirty, immoral, and fond of tawdry finery," even the daughter of a chief wearing "armlets and anklets of plain brass, like twisted stair-rods and a very dirty blanket twisted round her." But that Guillod did not allow disillusion to harden into prejudice is shown by his subsequent description of a family of Siwash Indians on the Fraser who gave him shelter; he was greatly impressed by their hospitality and by their devotion to the practices of their Roman Catholic religion. It is more than likely that Bishop Hills found in Guillod an answer to his private plea to the Secretary of the S.P.G. for some "really good men" for Indian work: "There is no use, as you well know, to send inferior men. Our peculiar population requires not only *earnest* but *intelligent* and *gifted* men. For Indians *firmness & tenderness* are indispensable qualities for success."[8] However that may be, Guillod was chosen by the Bishop in 1868 to accompany the Rev. J. X. Willemar, a recent convert from the Roman Catholic priesthood, who had been instructed to establish a mission among the Aht Indians at Alberni. The two started from Nanaimo by canoe to Qualicum on the 22nd of May, and then proceeded to Alberni by way of the Horne Lake trail, returning to Victoria by schooner from Ucluelet at the end of their summer's work.[9] In 1871 Mr. Willemar was transferred from Alberni to Comox, and Guillod served under him there as catechist at St. Andrew's Mission for several years. In 1881 the first Indian Agents for the Province were appointed, and Guillod was a natural choice for the West Coast agency, which he was to serve for the next twenty years. When he took up his new post the Indians at Alberni were, he says, "glad to see me, being no stranger to them."[10]

In 1885 Guillod was married, in St. Andrew's Church at Sandwick, which Mr. Willemar had built in 1877, to Mrs. Willemar's sister, Miss Kate Elizabeth Monro of Victoria, who as an infant had come from

(8) G. Columbia to Rev. W. T. Bullock, private, October 20, 1865, S. P. G. Papers, Vol. II, p. 172.

(9) J. X. Willemar, A Missionary Expedition from the East to the West Coast of Vancouver's Island by the Rev. J. X. Willemar and Mr. H. Guillod, S. P. G. Papers, Vol. III [21 pp., unnumbered].

(10) Canada, Department of Indian Affairs, *Annual Report . . . for . . . 1881*, Ottawa, 1882, p. 161.

England with her parents by clipper ship in 1863.[11] She returned with her husband to Ucluelet, where a residence for the Agent had been completed in 1884, Guillod doing much of the work himself; his wife is said to have been the first white woman to live among the West Coast Indians there. Guillod's reports to the Department of Indian Affairs during the first years of his agency make interesting reading. Much of his concern, of course, was for the health of his charges in the face of ignorance and superstition; he writes of mass vaccination and of spending days in " visiting the sick and dispensing medicine "—a duty in which his early training as a chemist was no doubt invaluable. As well as giving population statistics and reporting on economic conditions, he describes the houses, the living habits, and the traditional dances and ceremonies of the Indians, and his comments on the " potlach," which the Government was then in process of abolishing, are both sensible and pointed. Occasionally the interest of the amateur artist in landscape breaks through the official crust, as when he speaks of leaving Actis " with a fleet of fifty Kyukaht canoes, many with two large square sails, wing and wing, . . . a pretty sight with a fair wind."[12]

In 1889, for the sake of their children's education, the Guillods were transferred to Alberni, living at first on the Somass farm. Later they acquired a 1-acre property on River Road, where they lived for many years, the veteran Alberni school-teacher, Mr. J. Howitt, boarding with them for a time. Guillod took a very active part in the establishment of All Saints Church in Alberni,[13] and was for many years a church-warden. The musical talent of which there is some evidence in his Cariboo journal now had full scope: he played the organ and trained the choir, and was also " much appreciated," according to his Alberni neighbours, at social entertainments. In 1903 he retired as Indian Agent, and three years later he died, beloved and respected by both white men and Indians. The former spoke of him as " a jolly fellow, good-natured and true-hearted," and " ever ready to help those in need "; the Indians came in crowds to his funeral.

Harry Guillod's widow died in 1949, at the age of 88. She was survived by three daughters, Mrs. B. J. Beckerleg, Mrs. Kate Mayers, and

(11) Her father was H. D. Monro; her brother, Robert Ross Monro, was later well known in Victoria as Major of the 5th " British Columbia " Regiment, Royal Canadian Garrison Artillery. Victoria *Colonist,* June 19, 1884, and June 4, 1904.

(12) *Report,* 1886, p. 82.

(13) Victoria *Colonist,* October 23, 1898.

Miss Edna Guillod, and it is through their generosity that the manuscript of their father's journal has now been made available. It consists of fifty-two loose leaves of foolscap, blue-grey in colour and faint-ruled, written on one side only, in a firm, clear hand which Mrs. Beckerleg identifies as her father's.[14] The manuscript has no cover and no binding; the first leaf is brown with age, and in places the edges of the leaves are torn. According to Guillod's own statement he kept " very short though actual notes " on his journey to the Cariboo, jotting down " a line or so each day "; and on his return to Victoria in October, 1862, he compiled from these notes a fuller account of the trip, which it would seem that he sent to his mother in England before he went back to his Van Winkle claim in the spring of 1863. Both the form and the style of the manuscript suggest that he may have had some thought of publication; it is certain that he envisaged the journal being passed round among his " numerous friends and relatives "; and it was probably for this reason that he added a few explanatory notes and a " Preface," all in the third person, and, with customary Victorian reticence, replaced the proper names in the text by dashes. After his mother's death the journal was sent to Guillod's brother George, who had returned to England after his unsuccessful venture in the Cariboo and had subsequently emigrated to the more genial climate of South Africa.[15] In 1953 the journal was sent from Durban to Guillod's daughters in Victoria, and having been brought to the attention of the Provincial Archivist by Mr. Alfred Carmichael, who had known Harry Guillod in Alberni in the 1890's, it was finally placed in the Provincial Archives of British Columbia.

DOROTHY BLAKEY SMITH.

VICTORIA, B.C.

(14) Mrs. B. J. Beckerleg to W. E. Ireland, August 11, 1954.

(15) Mr. Alfred Carmichael to W. E. Ireland, n.d. (acknowledged April 30, 1954).

JOURNAL OF A TRIP TO CARIBOO, 1862.

PREF[ACE].[1]

The only merit that is claimed for the following pages, is that they are a faithful and unvarnished record of the arduous journey which they describe. It may however be well to mention, what however will be evident to the reader as he proceeds, that they are not written by a grumbler or disappointed man, but by one who met the difficulties and hardships of the undertaking with cheerful courage.

That he was not disheartened by the unprofitableness of last years season and the roughness of a winter at Victoria where stonebreaking was the only work to be obtained by one who was not a mechanic and that only as a favour, is shewn by this that he has gone up again to Cariboo and we may hope is now reaping a golden harvest in the claim at Van Winkle.

No doubt there are thousands of our city youths who would as readily leave the comforts of a quiet home and face the hardships of a mountain journey bad food and short commons, hail and rain and storm, mosquitoes and sand flies with as good a heart and as patient an endurance, shewing the sterling qualities of the Saxon race; but there are also thousands who would not be able to do so; and it will be well for every one who is tempted by the glittering prizes which are held out by Cariboo and its rival Goldfields, to consider deeply whether they have got the right stuff in them and will be able to bivouac in wet blankets and cook a pancake in a hailstorm, without regretting the snug featherbed and comfortable chophouse of the West end and the City.

Introductory letter

Sunday Oct. 19th 1862

Dear Mother,

Here I am again in Victoria! Have seen the "Elephant" as Cariboo is called here: bought into a claim on Lightning Creek, got "played out" and arrived here per Steamer[2] yesterday evening in the remnants of my clothes and without a cent in my pocket. I had to leave my watch in deposit for my Steamboat fare, and as I left Cariboo without a change of clothes, here I am without a shirt to my back; what remains being only a collar and the tattered front; in a dilapidated coat and with one boot between two feet, and all things considered in a pretty respectable plight to present myself at Church;

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(1) The manuscript is untitled and begins with the Preface. The right half of the top margin has been torn away.

(2) The *Enterprise* was built in San Francisco in 1861 and bought by the Hudson's Bay Company the following year for the Fraser River trade. Norman R. Hacking, "Steamboating on the Fraser in the 'Sixties," *British Columbia Historical Quarterly*, X (1946), p. 21. She made her first trip from Victoria to New Westminster on April 4, 1862, under Captain W. A. Mouat. Hacking gives this date as April 3, but *cf.* Victoria *Colonist*, April 5, 1862.

in fact having rather a wild appearance for beside my rags my hair has not been cut since I left England in May.

The Steamer did not get in till half past six, being too late to get letters, clothes or money, so I had to ask the proprietor of the Hotel to trust me till Monday, the rule being to pay everything beforehand. I have had my breakfast and walked out a mile or so, to the place where we camped in July; and am now dotting [*sic*] this down as I ruminate on my future prospects which I confess at present look not very bright, but I guess I'll fall on my legs somehow. There is great difficulty in getting employment anywhere here, and I am in a state of uncertainty with regard to George[3] who came down a month before me. If he has gone to California which is not improbable I would rather follow him.

It is now between nine and ten o'clock here and I reckon you are at dinner: I often picture to myself what you are all doing at home; and many a time when I have been cold, hungry, wet and tired, my thoughts have centered on a quiet cup of tea at Paddington: to walk in and see you all just then would have been the highest pinnacle of happiness; of course to make it complete it must be in the short days with closed curtains and a comfortable fire and then to my idea there is something superlatively cosy about it.

My health has been firstrate, and in spite of my feet being constantly wet in the first part of my journey, my spirits were not at all damped. Today is a charming day and as I hear the bells going for Church I will close this introductory chapter and begin with my diary after, but I am afraid you will find it very dull, as I only found time to jot down a line or so each day.

Saturday June 28th 1862.

We got on board the Oregon[4] at San Francisco and after a quiet passage arrived at Esquimault on Wednesday July 2nd finishing our sea voyage which you may be sure we were glad of. I could hardly realize that we were indeed in sight of Vancouver's Island. It is a pretty harbour at Esquimault rather than a fine one, consisting of a collection of small pieces of water opening into each other. In passing across to Victoria we saw several plants which put us in mind of home; blackberries—the same kind of plant as our own but different in leaf and flavour,—and several of our wild flowers: it was a winding road through tangled underwood; here a turn brought us in view of the bay there, we went round a large moss covered stone, or a fallen tree overgrown with grey lichens, contrasting with the green foliage of the trees and the red leaves of the underwood.

(3) "His younger brother aged seventeen who had accompanied him on his journey up." [Foot-note in original *MS.*]

(4) One of the pioneer vessels of the Pacific Mail Company. Built in New York in 1848 she arrived at San Francisco in March, 1849, and was for several years on the Panama route. During the Fraser River gold-rush she often brought between 500 and 700 passengers a trip from San Francisco to Esquimalt. In 1862 her captain was Francis Conner. *Lewis & Dryden's Marine History of the Pacific Northwest, ed.* E. W. Wright, Portland, 1895, p. 60, n. 12; Victoria *Colonist,* July 4, 1862.

We crossed a wooden bridge[5] to reach Victoria, which as you approach looks like a pretty English village; the Church or as I found out afterwards the Methodist Chapel with its little spire[6] being the principal object in the landscape, a little bit of a lake and the bridge being in the foreground—how much prettier the slanting roofs are than the flat pasteboardy ones of San Francisco!

A pony cart took our luggage across with some others for which we paid $1¼. We stopped at the Royal Hotel[7] that night paying $½ for our bed and the same for each meal. The next morning we packed up and got some of our goods stored; taking what we wanted with us down to the camping ground, where George and I found our first experience of life out of doors. We bought a tent of some men on the ground for five dollars. We had very fine weather while here and found provisions, good fresh meat and fish pretty cheap; bread was dearer than at home we paid $½ for five small loaves.

Saturday J——[8] went into town with an old fellow Mr. A—— had recommended to him and bought a horse afterwards named "Old Moke." We had him home on Sunday evening intending to start for Cariboo the next morning when we found he had a sand crack on his fore hoof and was weak on the legs altogether, making him walk a little lame; so we deferred starting and went down to try and make a better bargain; however the dealer would have nothing to do with him "it wasn't his horse and he'd just sent the money along to the owner"; so we had no help for it, and decided to start with him and take our chance. The fact was J—— did not give enough to have a decent horse and was deluded (by the help of his friend) into buying him without having him out of the stable. I went with him and ought to have stayed but we were to meet Captn. J—— at the stable and I got tired of waiting and left and when I came back, the deed was done.

A good many of our companions on the voyage were camping on the same ground with ourselves; all much discouraged by the news from Cariboo, which was very unfavorable: more men coming down than going up giving dismal accounts of the dearness of provisions everything being a dollar

(5) The approach from Esquimalt was by way of the two wooden bridges built in 1861 to replace the old Victoria bridge between Johnson Street and the Indian Reserve, which was pulled down in May, 1862. One of these spanned the north arm of the harbour at Point Ellis [later *Ellice*], the other, Rock Bay at Constance Street, a block below Store Street. Victoria *Colonist*, October 30, 1860; May 28, 1861; May 14, 1862.

(6) The Pandora Street Wesleyan Methodist Church at the corner of Broad Street, dedicated on May 20, 1860. *Ibid.*, May 22, 1860.

(7) One of the first brick hotels in Victoria, built in 1858 by James Wilcox at the corner of Wharf and Johnson Streets, and incorporated in 1877 in the Occidental Hotel, which was torn down in 1953. Victoria *Gazette*, October 13, 1858; Victoria *Colonist*, April 5, 1896, and April 23, 1953.

(8) "A partner with the two brothers in the expedition, who had been in the Australian gold diggings." [Foot-note in original *MS.*] The name should be read as *Johnston*. See Introduction, foot-note 3.

a pound; continued wet and consequent mud; bad roads, horrid mosquitoes, &c &c.

It seems to me that those who had gone up earlier were too soon, as from all accounts there is nothing to be done in the way of prospecting till July or August. Many of those coming back had never been to Cariboo, but finding the roads wretched, provisions scarce and dear and their money failing, had turned back either discouraged or from necessity and a queer looking set of fellows they are; rough and dirty, many having thrown away their things or otherwise got rid of them to lighten their swags.

I seemed to have very little time here, what with chopping wood, going backwards and forwards to town and cooking the days seemed to go very quickly. We laid in a small supply of provisions—Barley for horse: 15 ℔ of Flour, 10 ℔ sugar, a ham, 8 ℔ cheese, 10 ℔ Biscuits, 3 ℔ dried Apples, 2 lb. Coffee, 4 ℔ Tea, a bottle of Curry, salt &c. Our whole expenses since leaving England up to this date, reckoning horse, pack saddle, saddlebags, provisions and extra money paid for our fare from San Francisco is £50. We have deposited £100 at Selim Franklin and Co.[9] at 1 pr Cent pr month which is not bad interest; and take £50 apiece up the country.

We took as small a supply of clothes as possible and were off on Tuesday, July 8th getting on board the Enterprize at three o'clock, leaving a letter in our way with all information up to this date.[10]

When we went to embark, George took charge of the horse which we were entirely out of conceit with; and as we had to wait near an hour before he could be received on board, you must imagine the figure George cut with his lanky legs, dressed in a jersey and no coat walking about with this disconsolate-looking animal, who when his turn came to proceed on board, took it into his head to back, so there was George pulling one way and the horse most determinedly the other, till some fellow behind put the whip into him when he stepped the plank. I was on board with the luggage watching proceedings.

We steamed up the channel with Vancouver's Island on one side and the Oregon snow-capped mountains visible over the islands on the other and going up the Frazer in the night arrived at New Westminster the next morning July 9th. We found an eligible spot and pitched our tent as we were told

(9) Selim and Lumley Franklin had come from England to San Francisco at the time of the California gold-rush, and from there to Victoria, where they established themselves in 1858 as auctioneers and land agents and became prominent in public affairs, Selim being elected to the House of Assembly in 1860 and Lumley becoming Mayor of Victoria in 1865. David Rome, *The First Two Years*, Montreal, 1942, pp. 52–105.

(10) "This was lost in the 'Golden Gate' which was burned between San Francisco and Panama." [Foot-note in original *MS.*] The paddle-wheel steamer *Golden Gate* left San Francisco for New York on July 21, 1862, and burned to the water's edge off Manzanillo, Mexico, on July 27. Victoria *Colonist*, August 15, 1862.

that there was no boat up the river till the next morning. New Westminster has one principal street with a hotel or two, a couple of dozen stores, a church and some pretty cottages along the bank of the river, among them a model Swiss Cottage: the military station is about a mile from the wharf, and enclosed by the forest which is being gradually cleared from around the town. There were Indians squatted on some swampy ground by the side of the river and we heard that the small-pox was bad among them; I saw one little wretch who was just getting over it, down by the water, where we went to have a bathe. As we returned a steamer came in and on enquiry we found she left again at 7 for Douglas; so we got some sausage and bread for dinner, packed up in all haste, and went on board the "Governor Douglas,"[11] a queer-looking steamer, having the paddle wheels, minus boxes, in the stern. The passage up the river was beautiful, the banks being densely wooded down to the water's edge on either side, while now and then a snow capped mountain, towered high over us. Just as it was getting dark we passed a burning forest, a tract of land being cleared as we supposed; after which we rolled ourselves up in our blankets and went to sleep on the floor of the cabin. I was roused several times in the night by the noise made on board, for it being foggy, they had a job to find the way and kept sounding the whistle.

July 10th The last part of the river was very narrow,[12] quite closed in with bushes which grew in the water; and we ran into the sides several times; once a tree caught some boxes of bacon and turned them over on the deck, smashing one of the number; we had also to pass through a lot of drift wood, which was slow work it having to be pushed out of the way with long poles. We spoke with another steamer and took on board three or four chaps who had come with us in the Shannon from Southampton; they were going to Yale to get work, having been disgusted with the accounts from Cariboo which they had heard at Douglas.

As we approached the town, we were struck with an Indian burying ground, which had the appearance of being hung with banners; the blankets and clothes of the deceased being hoisted on long poles.

We arrived at Douglas at 9:30; there is nothing pretty in the town which is merely a row of log huts in a small clearing surrounded by the forest, with the road to the diggings perceptible up the hill behind. On landing we found the horse had cut his hind hock against a bit of sharp wood on board the steamer, and while waiting on the wharf, several fellows came up and gave

(11) The first stern-wheeler built at Victoria, launched on October 30, 1858, and owned by the Victoria Steam Navigation Company, which by 1862 had passed into the control of the Wright brothers. Hacking, *op. cit.*, pp. 4–5, 21.

(12) Port Douglas, the southern terminus of the Harrison–Lillooet road, had been unwisely located on Little Harrison Lake, which was connected with the main lake by a narrow winding creek about half a mile long. This was originally named Ainsworth Inlet in honour of Captain J. C. Ainsworth of the *Umatilla,* the first steamer to penetrate as far as the site of the future Port Douglas in July, 1858. Victoria *Gazette,* August 17, 1858.

their remarks, free of cash upon our noble quadruped. One horse dealer looked at his leg and said it was an old sore, and found far more faults in the beast, than you would have thought possible to be concentrated in one animal; declaring that it would not take us five miles from Douglas, and wanting to sell us another, from, of course perfectly disinterested motives. I wished the creature at the bottom of the sea, or that he would give up altogether, as then we should have been obliged to buy a more decent animal; but as it was, we could not afford to pitch him into the river; so we got off as soon as we could, made three miles and then stopped to have dinner.

Before we left the wharf we had a close view of a party of Indians, a man who had been up country being in the act of selling off some of his traps to them. A journey out here soon destroys all romantic illusions with regard to the Indians; instead of anything noble they are dirty, immoral and fond of tawdry finery: here are our illustrations. Take that old woman and the little girl who is playing with a baby in the woman's arms; the dress of the latter is a very dirty cotton gown shewing her form to perfection, ornamented with a bead necklace about an inch and a half deep; the papoose has on an apology for a shirt which I suppose has once been white; (I am not very clear on the subject of its clothing, but I remember it was as little as possible and very dirty:) the girl, who I suppose was the daughter of a Tyce [*sic:* for *Tyee?*] or chief, had armlets and anklets of plain brass, like twisted stair-rods and a very dirty blanket twisted round her. The favorite dress of the men seems to be a common cap with a band of tinsel paper round it a rusty black coat, cast off trousers of any colour and boots. When they want to be swellish, they streak their faces with vermillion and put on one of the wonderful large necklaces, the cloth coat with these additions making a "tout ensemble" difficult to imagine. The women are mostly in old gowns or dirty blankets; the more fortunate with an ornamentation of red paint and some even wear crinoline for I have seen them here and farther up with that adornment. The generality of them men and women are very ugly though you do occasionally see a respectable looking woman and on one of the boats there was an old man a chief with half a dozen squaws and some young men who was better looking than the majority, but put one in mind of a well favoured superrannuated washerwoman. Formerly they wore their hair hanging in tangled masses down to their waists but they have now so far advanced in civilization, as to cut it above their shoulders and comb it, and some I should say use real Indian Macassar. As for the grace of the "Child of the Forest" I'm afraid I've not got eyes for it.

We did eight miles more after dinner, making eleven from Douglas, and stopped at 8:30 in a deep thickly-wooded valley, with huge mountains on each side. Our road had been very stony and up and down hill. It was a fine night so we did not pitch our tent; but we thought it necessary to keep watch which we did in three turns from 10:30 to 1.0, 1.0 to 3:30 and 3.30 to 6:0. I was very sleepy in my watch, although it was a very romantic spot. The moon rose and shone out over the top of the mountains, giving a beautiful appearance to the trees, and throwing streaks of light across our camping

ground; while the noise of the streamlets rushing and spraying down from the neighbouring hills had a lulling effect on the senses. The night passed without any adventure.

July 11th We started at 8:30 and had proceeded on our road about six miles, when as George was walking a-head of the horse, I being behind, the "Old Moke" took it into his head to roll over in the road, catching his foot at the same time in the halter. George was going on without the slightest idea of what had happened till I bawled out. The animal was not a bit hurt, but we had to unpack him and therefore stopped and had dinner. We started again at 2.0: The road was principally up and down hill, in deep vallies between the mountains: sometimes we were down so low among tall trees that the sun was entirely hid, and then the trail would lead for a little while through woods on level ground. We reached the Lake[13] at 8.0 having made eighteen miles. We camped on a bit of open ground that had been cleared close to the Lake partly occupied by a few log huts: here we made a good fire and kept watch as before. The tarpaulin we took with us from Unite's [*sic*] was very useful to lie on, quite excluding the damp and the night being again fine, we were too lazy to pitch our tent. In the night we made some coffee which was very jolly

July 12th J—— and I went down with our baggage to take the boat at 10:30; sending George along the trail with our nag and packsaddle. We had to wait some time before the boat started; and when it did move it was very slow, for it was a large river boat[14] filled with freight which they had to row against stream and wind and in one place we had a stoppage to pass some rapids, so that we did not get out of the boat till four o'clock, the distance being about six miles; we found the sun very hot as we laid in the boat. When we got out we had to walk a mile to reach another lake and steamer;[15] there we found a Restaurant and made a jolly meal of fresh meat &c for which we paid a dollar each. I put a piece of bread and meat in my pocket for George who was on the other side of the lake; he got there in two hours

(13) Little Lillooet Lake, also called Tenas Lake, from the Chinook word for *little*.

(14) The miners who in 1858 had constructed the Harrison–Lillooet trail had also built large boats for transportation on the lakes. Governor James Douglas to Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Secretary of State, November 9, 1858, Great Britain, Parliament, *Papers Relative to the Affairs of British Columbia*, Part II, London, H.M. Stationery Office, 1859 [Cmd. 2578, 1st series], p. 29. On the three larger lakes these were replaced by steamers in 1860, but it was not until three years later that there was steam transportation on Little Lillooet Lake.

(15) Lillooet Lake. The steamer was the *Marzelle*, 60 feet, with a capacity of some 40 tons of freight; launched on June 12, 1860, for Goulding & Company. In 1863 she was replaced by the *Prince of Wales*, a steamer almost twice as large, and transferred for service on Little Lillooet Lake. Hacking, *op. cit.*

and had to wait till six o'clock when we took him up on the steamer; he was nearly famished, as he had no means of getting anything to eat, we having all the provisions with us, not thinking he would have been so much before us. Here we had our first experience of mosquitoes which was not very agreeable.

We reached Pemberton at eleven at night and slept in a house.[16] At all eating-houses on the road, there is a room where you may roll yourself up in a blanket and sleep free of charge. We tied up the horse outside and here I must relate an adventure which befel him after dark on board the Steamer; one of the oxen offended him, I suppose, and he kicked him overboard, and the poor beast was drowned. George heard this from the captain. I was surprized at his showing so much spirit, as he looks awfully quiet.

July 13th We had breakfast in the house, and went on only about five miles, it being Sunday, to a good camping ground. On leaving I was so bothered with mosquitoes that I left my pocket knife behind, finding it out to my great regret when it was too late to go back. We had very little peace and J—— nearly went wild, for we were eaten up with mosquitoes, they were perfectly dreadful and I could never have believed that anything of the sort could be so bad. We had bought netting at Victoria, but it was of little use as we had not broad-brimmed hats to keep it off the face and wherever it touched they bit through We have no domestic pests in England to be compared with these.

Here our horse had another adventure. I had tied the wretch to a stone which was in the road to give him the benefit of some hay left there by a team; we were having our meal when, looking round suddenly, we discovered that "the Old Moke" had made off, having slipped his halter from the stone; as this had evidently been dragged forwards on the road, I supposed that he had gone that way, so started off, and a mile or so on, luckily found some chaps who had caught him and put their packs on his back; they had found him going at a smart pace toward Lilooett and supposed he was running away. When I got back I found that J—— had started back to Pemberton to look for him and he did not get back till 10:30. We got scarcely any sleep that night because of the mosquitoes, and they seemed to bother J—— more even than us, which we wondered at, as he had made their acquaintance in Australia.

July 14th We were glad to be off early at 6:30, and made two journeys in the day, doing eighteen miles. We amused ourselves with the gun on the way; I shot a squirrel—my first shot with that gun; and George got several small birds and missed more. We camped and cooked the squirrel, which we did not find anything extraordinary. We did not set up our tent, and just as we laid down it began to rain, and although we were under the trees, we got a pretty considerable sprinkling. I did not like my watch at all, having to grope about in the rain and darkness for wood to keep the fire up; in doing this I dropped my spectacles in the bush and had a rare job to feel for them.

(16) Between Douglas and Lillooet there were a dozen or so "wayside houses" or "mile-houses" for the accommodation of travellers.

July 15th We now came to another lake, with a steamer to take us over;[17] we had some bread and cheese and went on board at twelve o'clock; there were several English chaps on the other side returning; we went on to Lilooett.[18] It was quite dark when we got in; the last part of our journey was across a level plain and as it came on to rain hard, you may suppose it was not very jolly; for my part I was miserable enough. However on reaching the town we found a house to lie down in which quite set us up; we tied the old horse up in the rain, and turned in and slept very well.

A man and his horse accompanied us this part of the way, he belonged to a party which went up earlier, and had been particularly unfortunate. One of them had shot himself in drawing a loaded gun out of a tent. They had gone up with three horses which this man had taken back for a fresh supply of provisions, but two had died from over-driving; so that while they were expecting him with three loads, he was going up with only one. Besides this he was taking up to another of the party news of his brother's death, so that altogether he was very down in the mouth.

The road up thus far had been through deep valleys with snowcapped mountains towering above the trees in the distance; every mile or two we came to a swift running stream of deliciously cold water from the mountains, dashing and spraying over the stones; or we crossed a rough bridge of pine-trees over a cascade which bounded over the rocks far below; then would come a level road through pine forests for a few miles; again we went up hill round the side of a mountain, only to descend again far down into the valley, shut in by large trees and cool even in the heat of the day, but never out of sight of huge mountains, principally covered with fir. George said it put him in mind of the Highland scenery, but altogether on a larger and grander scale.

Wednesday July 16th We had a good breakfast, only short of vegetables, and paid a dollar apiece for it. We gave the old horse a feed of hay and went

(17) Anderson Lake. The steamer was the *Lady of the Lake,* 72 feet, launched in the early summer of 1860 for Chapman & Company. Hacking, *op. cit.* Governor Douglas commented to the Duke of Newcastle on April 23, 1860: "Two stern-wheel steamers, intended to ply on Lakes Anderson and Seaton, are nearly completed by an association of settlers, who at much labor and expense packed the engines and boilers from Douglas over the Harrison road. To give an idea of the difficulty of the undertaking, I may mention that the boilers, being too heavy to carry on mules, were rolled over the trail, as far as the 28-mile house, in five sections." *Papers Relative to the Affairs of British Columbia,* Part IV, 1862 [Cmd. 2952], p. 5.

(18) The diary is greatly condensed here. Between Anderson Lake and Seton Lake there was a road a mile and a half long, where a sort of wooden tramway for the passage of wagons was in operation by 1861. E. O. S. Scholefield and F. W. Howay, *British Columbia from the Earliest Times to the Present,* Vancouver, 1914, Vol. II, p. 93. The travellers next crossed Seton Lake in the *Champion,* 110 feet, launched in June, 1860, for Taylor & Company, and then walked 4 miles to Lillooet. Hacking, *op. cit.*

down to the ferry which here crosses the Fraser. The river has a rapid stream, and a rocky descending shore with a few bushes scattered here and there. We saw some Chinamen washing for gold; for there is some gold to be found along the whole course of the river, but not in paying quantities; the good Fraser River diggings having been worked out.

I and J—— went on to the store[19] to buy provisions, and obtained 50 ℔ each of Flour and Beans; 10 lb of Sugar; 6 lb of Corn Meal, 5 ℔ of Salt and 23 lb of Bacon, which cost us about £10:0:0. George came across with the horse about twelve o'clock; he had to sit in the boat holding the bridle while the horse swam: the Old Moke did it well. We went up to the store and loaded him. We left a few things at Lilooett and packed swag to carry on our backs. Our journey today was over a pretty even trail; we made nine miles camping in a turn of the road[20] with a creek running close by.

July 17th We made two journeys doing about seventeen miles. Soon after starting the saddle shifted, and we were obliged to pack again, a thing which requires some practice to do properly, so that the man who was travelling with us went on and left us behind. We passed a horse left by the roadside in a dying condition. J—— and I went on before leaving George trying to shoot some birds; J—— was going forwards with the horse, when in some unaccountable manner we missed the road, and took a foot trail which led us down a very steep track into a valley and then we had to get up the other side which was a "burster": when we had gone half way up, the steepness of the ascent shifted the saddle right on to our beast's hind quarters; so we had to unpack in a great hurry, take the animal up first and afterwards the goods which was no joke. We packed again and found George a little ahead, as he had gone by the right road and so passed us.

Here we met with a middle-aged lady whom we had seen at Esquimault; she had come out with her husband, who looked sixty, to open a house of

(19) Across the river from Lillooet was a small settlement sometimes called Lower Fountain, sometimes Parsonville. The latter name appears to have been derived from Otis Parsons, who operated a forwarding depot there before the building of the Lytton–Clinton road. He later operated steamers on the Fraser, which he is said to have sold for $40,000 in gold, and was drowned, together with his family, in the foundering of the *Pacific* in 1875. F. W. Laing, "Colonial Farm Settlers on the Mainland of British Columbia, 1858–1871," Victoria, 1939, p. 252, *MS.*, Archives of B.C. In 1862 a collector of road tolls was stationed at Parsonville. B. G. Coney to Colonel R. C. Moody, September 8, 1862, Coney Letters, *MS.*, Archives of B.C.

(20) In March, 1862, the contract for a wagon-road "from a point across the Fraser from Lillooet up to Alexandria" had been awarded to Gustavus Blin Wright. Copies of this and of other road contracts referred to in these foot-notes may be found in the files of the Department of Lands and Works in the Archives of B.C. The road was completed by the middle of September, 1863. Douglas to Newcastle, September 14, 1863, British Columbia, Governors Douglas and Seymour, Despatches to London, 1863–1867, *MS.*, Archives of B.C.

refreshment at Cariboo; they were going up with a pack train, but she had started on before by herself to reach the next house, having got tired of waiting for the rest, rather a courageous "old gal" wasn't she? When we caught her up she was trudging along leading her mule, shewing a very fine pair of legs, red petticoat &c though minus crinoline, which I need scarcely say, doesn't answer for riding; a hat and feather completed her costume. She was complaining that her mule was very lazy, and she had to keep whacking him to make him go; she walked a little way with us and then made off.

We camped by a small stream, and as we had picked a lot of blueberries along the road, we mixed them with flour and water and frying in our bacon fat made very jolly fritters

After dinner we went on up the Pavilion Mountain, by a good road winding right and left up the face of the hill which was very steep: the only objection to this zigzag was that we had to go so far to get a little way forward: after this we wandered on along a track which was hardly distinguishable from the grass and could not find any water. It was quite dark and we were very tired, when we saw the welcome glow of a fire in the distance, and soon came to a capital camping ground, where we found our former fellow-traveller and the lady as well, and had a jolly night here. No mosquitoes.

July 18th The first part of today's walk was very pleasant although it rained, and it was thoroughly English looking; we were up among the hills on a large undulating plain with here and there a clump of trees or range of bushes and the whole covered with good green grass, which is very scarce here, the generality of the grass which covers the hills being yellow, dry and coarse. We then came to a beautiful spot; there was a stream winding along the side of our path, hidden among long grass and rushes and a literal bed of roses and other flowers: I never saw such a quantity of roses of all shades; they were growing on low bushes, and after the shower everything looked so fresh and smelt so sweet that it was quite a treat and afforded me as much pleasure as any garden I ever saw in England.

Roses are plentiful all over the country, right up to Cariboo in the plains woods and hedges; and the hips must form the principal food of the birds in winter; but I did not meet with any so full of buds and blossoms in all their delicious stages as here.

The nag went on with J—— and the other man and horse George and I stopping behind to try and bag some game, in which we were not very successful, only hitting two small birds. When we started on we came upon a very nasty bit of road through a wood; it was uphill and very greasy and slippery and as it came on very wet it was awful work. The trees here, especially those that fall, get covered with a beautiful greenish yellow moss which has a very pretty appearance: we also found Lupins growing in the wood in the greatest abundance, in leaf and flower identical with our English plant.

After getting wet, we went along the new road which had been carried so far and then had to go down a horribly steep long slope, slippery from the wet: however we reached the bottom safely, passing the encampment of men

at work on the road, which is being pushed on with all expedition. After this days journey there was no road, but only a mule track, now winding through the wood in a single trail, and then spreading out into half a dozen according to the various obstructions in the way.

When we reached the foot of the hill we found our Old Moke all safe, but as the horses had had a hard time of it, we concluded to camp there the rest of the day though we had only done ten miles. Here we had our first taste of beans for our flour was getting low, so we made a stew of beans, rusty Ham and the birds, one of which was very good, the other indifferent.

July 19. We started along a winding path by the side of a lake; we had to stop and repack our horse, so our companion went on before us and we did not catch him up again. We pushed on again and then found we had left a billy or camp kettle behind us in the road; so I left George to carry my pack on a little way and went back about two miles after the precious utensil which I found all right.

We stopped for dinner and soon after came to a regular bog, and not knowing the right place to cross, tried what seemed to be the best, and our old horse got part of the way through and then took it into his head to turn over on his side. He kicked and floundered but we could not get him up and had the pleasure of unpacking him up to our knees in mud. If the tarpaulin had not been over our grub, it would have been pretty well spoilt; as it was, our saddlebags and the edges of our blankets were covered with black mud; but the "Hanimal" was a picture smothered with mud from head to foot, while ourselves were not much better. We got the things on his back again at last, but the old chap seemed quite done up, and grunted awfully as he walked along, so we only went on a few miles and camped. We found the poor wretch was eaten up by small flies, which stuck to him by hundreds and we were advised to rest him and put bacon fat to the sores.

July 20th Sunday. I was cook, which I confess took up nearly the whole of my time. I gave them an apple pudding made of the dried apples we brought from Victoria; it was pronounced first-rate; the only fault was that it was too dry, owing to the kettle it was boiled in being too small. George and I have turned into professed cooks at once and beat J—— hollow (so we think) throwing a fritter or "slap-jack" in firstrate style; we'll show you how to cook pancakes when we come back. I can say we have not spoilt anything we have undertaken in the cooking department; we soon got into the way of making decent bread with the baking powder; it must be mixed quickly and baked before a brisk fire. You make the dough into a flat cake fitting into the frying pan and putting it on the fire, heat it enough to stand up, when you take it out, by the aid of a forked bit of stick before the fire first scoring the top of the cake with a knife which helps it to bake quickly; then [if] not done sufficient underneath it may be turned; you may bake a number of cakes by taking them out of the pan as soon as they will stand and propping them up all round.

We stopped on this ground Sunday Monday and Tuesday when our Knacker seemed much better. While here we were much plagued with mosquitoes and large flies, which bit so as to bring blood.

July 23rd We started again on our journey this morning through a grove of young trees, stones in any quantity, then open plain and boggy ground. The Mosquitoes worse than ever. Young O—— caught us up this evening on horseback, and camped the night with us trying our cookery.

July 24th Horse had strayed and could not be found. J—— started off and went six or eight miles up the road without success. George went the same way in the evening with no better result, coming back nearly devoured by mosquitoes.

July 25. J—— started off again, George and I stopping at the camp which was scarcely endurable for mosquitoes. George looked as if he had had the smallpox. At 3.45 I started off and went back on the road fifteen miles to our last camping ground, getting there after a jolly walk at 8.45.

July 26th I had five hours sleep last night; I had brought my blanket with me and some bread, so I had my supper and rolled up under a tree, with the root of it for my pillow. It was rather hard and I was not very warm but I managed to get to sleep. I had my breakfast and was off again by 4:45 and got back by 9:40. J—— having come back also with no success we did not know what to do. I confess the loss was rather a relief to my mind, for I don't believe the beast would ever have reached Cariboo, and I only wish we had started at first with only our blankets and change of underclothes and tramped it we should have saved some pounds.

George amused himself by shooting the 'billy' with his revolver; he had the latter in his hand and said in joke he would shoot the kettle, and afterwards aiming at something close by, he let daylight into both sides of it, much to the disgust of myself and J—— who said he did it on purpose.

July 27. Sunday. We gave up all hope of finding our steed: so we settled to try and get some things packed for us, by someone going up and stopped here Monday and Tuesday. I took here my first lesson in sketching, doing the tent and accessories with George inside and J—— outside wiping a plate. I made something of it. You have no idea of the felicity of sketching under the superintendance of flies and mosquitoes. We found several sorts of large flies here which bite most voraciously, I send you a life-size sketch of one of of the most troublesome. Our tent was filled with them and we set to work to kill them, but after covering the floor with fallen warriors, the ranks were undiminished and at last we gave it up in despair. You cannot imagine what frights we were; our faces dirty and stained with blood from the slaughtered vampires We used to get close to the fire and be literally smoke dried to try and get rid of them, but as soon as a puff of wind came and sent the smoke

the other way they would pitch into us directly. We could clear the tent and get peace for a few minutes by burning rag; as long as the tent was full of smoke they made themselves scarce, but as soon as it was out, they were as thick as ever. They stick on one's back in hundreds and as fast as they are killed come on in fresh numbers. The wind was the only thing that cleared them off and with a bit of a breeze and a cool evening they would be nearly all gone; so we used to sing "Blow, gentle gales" with great feeling; you will see that the first few lines are particularly appropriate.

July 29th A nigger stopped with us this evening, and as he mended our billy, being a tinsmith by trade, we gave him a meal and let him sleep in our tent. Also we let a fellow have a meal of bread and bacon today for a dollar; we served it up for him in style, giving him the fryingpan with the bacon in it; no knife, plate or tea, and he was glad enough to get it, for he was frightfully hungry and there was no house near. A wet night. The only excitement we got up here was running a race.

July 30th We could not meet with any packers who would take our things on for us; so we made a handbarrow to put them on and set off to seek a better camping ground, as the water here was marshy and very bad for we had to take off our shoes and socks and wade in among the rushes to get it. We got on half a mile and then the barrow broke down, so we left George with the things and went on with a load; I stopped with what we took and J—— went back to help George with the rest; very showery all night and a wet day.

We finished our flour, for we did not eat any beans till the flour was gone not caring about them and finding them a great bother to cook: there was no store near where we could get anything. You know what miners' beans are, I hope; if not for your information let it be said, that they are like our English horse beans, red and hard but not quite so big and want three or four hours boiling to make them eatable.

July 31st Beans and Bacon! Bacon and Beans! Three men camped with us without provisions, sold them some beans and a bit of the ham. Sold another party 3 ℔ of beans. An old fellow called Mac slept in our tent; he had just come from Stickeen[21] up the Salmon River,[22] where four of our

(21) In 1861 Alexander Choquette had discovered gold about 100 miles up the Stikine River [Victoria *Colonist,* November 15, 1861], and by the following summer there was a good deal of excitement in Victoria and a great number of vessels were plying between that port and the new diggings at Shakesville. Since the Stikine flowed partly through Russian territory the Government took the precaution of establishing "the Stickeen Territories" in July, 1862, and a year later the region was incorporated in the colony of British Columbia.

(22) The Salmon River has not been positively identified, the name being widespread on the map of British Columbia and the journal somewhat ambiguous at

shipmates had gone just as we left for Cariboo. He told us that there were no great finds, but that provisions were cheap and that anybody could make a little money at mining.

George shot a woodpecker. We saw a beaver here for the first time, and had several shots at it as it swam across the water, but did not succeed in hitting it. Another wet night.

August 1st I had a bad swelling come in my face which gave me great pain. Beans and Bacon! Bacon and Beans!

August 2nd George had a violent attack of Diarrhœa. My face gathered and was very much swollen, so I had to tie it up in a pair or drawers, which, with a red handkerchief and my mosquito netting surmounted by a Scotch cap, made me look a bit of a fright. It was good fun bathing here; the mosquitoes attacked us as soon as undressed, and we had to bolt into the water, and when out again, to put our things on in no time, dancing "the Cure" without any exertion.

Things looked down today, we could not meet with anybody to take us on and had great difficulty in getting a few pounds of flour for which we paid sixty cents, but the beans had made two of us ill; I don't think we cooked them enough. We were determined however to get to Cariboo so we made up our minds to start next day and try and carry our traps. I felt rather queer and tried a pipe. And here I may say that my smoking ended in smoke; for George got through all my cigars on the voyage out except two or three I smoked or gave away and he finished my tobacco soon after we got on the road: so the extent of my smoking has been two or three cigars and two or three pipes; they had no unpleasant effect upon me, but I shall never be a smoker; I don't care about it.

Aug. 3rd Sunday. "The better the day the better the deed": so we planted our packsaddle and bags up a tree; and made a start late in the day with the rest of the things on our backs making awful big packs. We found it very strong work, but made about nine miles and camped at Big Bar Lake

August 4th We went on a mile when George and I found our packs so heavy that we made a handbarrow and then went on four miles and camped in a

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this point. There was a Salmon River which flowed into the Stikine a few miles from the mouth; and on August 25, 1862, the Victoria *Colonist* published a letter from a prospector who was then working on a "Salmon Creek" near Shakesville. But it is also possible that "Mac" came up the Bella Coola Valley toward the Cariboo, for both the Dean and the Bella Coola Rivers, which flow into Bentinck Arm, were sometimes called the Salmon River (*see*, for example, John Arrowsmith's map of "The Provinces of British Columbia and Vancouver Island . . . ," 1859, in *Papers Relative to the Affairs of British Columbia*, Part II, which marks the "Belakoula or Salmon R."; and J. W. Trutch's "Map of British Columbia . . . ," 1871, which marks the "Dean or Salmon R.") The steamers for the Stikine, at any rate on the way north, made regular stops at Bella Coola.

very heavy hailstorm. Imagine cooking fritters and having to hold a handkerchief over the pan to keep the hail out. We got pretty well wet through here, but went on, J—— going first. The trail was all mud and slush, and full of fallen timbers; so that we were constantly stepping over trees of all sizes, which lay right across the path: it was very tedious work, and after we left this, in a little open ground among the hills, the mosquitoes were worse than ever, it must be seen to be believed; they covered our clothes all over and kept up a continual buzzing and biting round all undefended parts; we seemed to be in a cloud of them. The worst of them is that they stick to you and follow you; you can run away and leave them behind, but directly you stop they catch you up, and yet you will not see any of them a distance away. To add to our annoyance our barrow broke down, and it was getting dark, and we wondered how far J—— who went on before to get a fire lighted, had gone: we had the pleasure of cutting a fresh stick for the barrow in the middle of these pests and fixing it all again: after we had gone on half a mile or so we heard somebody hallooing and there was J—— running after us; he had stopped just out of the trail, and had let us pass by, and if we had not luckily had the breakdown which was just after we passed him, we should have gone on I don't know where: he happened to look up from his fire and saw somebody on ahead[,] put on his specs and bolted after us. To pay him out, I let him help George carry the barrow back, and have the full benefit of the mosquitoes which made him call out I can tell you.

August 5th We found we could not get on anyhow with all our things, so agreed to leave everything we could possibly do without; therefore we made up a parcel of our tent, gun powder and shot, part of the beans and several other articles, which we tied up securely in one of our tarpaulins and buried. We then made a fresh start with our diminished load, finding a considerable relief to our shoulders; we did not leave our ground till 4.30 but then walked five hours, making twelve miles over hilly boggy ground, covered with stones, and came down a steep hill after dark.

Augt 6th Were off at six o'clock, being out of grub. We walked eleven or twelve miles; first through a pass in the mountains with perpendicular sides and huge masses of rock; then there was some good ground among the hills where we saw several gardens, growing potatoes, turnips &c. We went down a steep hill to a house in Canoe Creek, on a little bit of ground by the side of the stream which lies right down among the mountains. Here we had a jolly breakfast, and started off again up a tremendously steep hill; we thought we should never reach the top, it was up, up, up, and no end to it. On this hill I left my unfortunate spectacles; after several narrow escapes they came to grief at last. Their first adventure was at Panama where going to bathe, I jumped into the sea with them on: next I cracked one of the glasses; then half of one spring broke off—another time I cracked the second glass and now they are gone for good. We made ten miles or so, having the pleasure of coming down another steep, muddy slippery hill after dark, reaching a house at ten o'clock.

Augt 7th Made seventeen miles to Alkali house, the next house, without adventures. Had a good meal, lots of milk and vegetables, Potatoes, Carrots, Turnips Onions and Green Peas cooked in milk.

Augt 8th Had another terrific hill to begin with which quite winded me. Saw lots of Grouse. Had a pretty good road, up and down hill. We camped at a place where there was a little spring and somebody had put up on a tree close by " St Peter's Spring " with a cross, &c executed in red chalk. George being rather lazy, stopped behind, saying he would catch us up; and quite forgetting that he had the " billies " stayed two hours talking to some packers; which was pleasant as we were to light a fire and get some beans on, which take several hours boiling. It was a wet night and J—— being cook George and I turned in and got him to wake us up when supper was ready, so he had a lonely vigil till twelve o'clock; luckily it soon cleared up a bit, and, barring our blankets being rather wet, we were all right.

Augt 9th We made seventeen miles to William's Creek[23] where we stopped over Sunday in a house; we paid half a dollar a meal, and had two meals in the day. The dinner was first-rate; beef, mutton, pastry, pudding and wine-jelly; there was fresh butter, and you might drink milk instead of coffee if you preferred it. Here we heard something of our old horse, and sold the chance of finding him for ten dollars.

Augt 11th We began as usual by ascending a steep hill; afterwards the trail led us over ground such as we frequently meet with on this road; a muddy trail crossed at every step by trees of all sizes; which really seem as if they had been placed across the path on purpose; so that you have to go on, stepping, jumping and slipping as best you may. And here let me put in a protest against the process of packing on your back, which man was never meant to do. An Indian indeed will pack a hundredweight, and make money at the work but I found that I could not get along comfortably with more than thirty pound, and that was quite enough to destroy all the pleasure of walking on a trail of this sort, it would not be so bad on a level road, but here it was terribly hard work.

It began to rain hard and then hail till the ground was white, and we got a regular soaker with the pleasing probability of sleeping in wet blankets, however we pushed on and it stopped raining, but began again just as we camped in a hollow under a large tree. We had bought a salmon of the Indians today and passed a jolly night. George is a much better hand at this sort of life than I am; tonight when we stopped it was quite dark and everything wet; however he soon got some sticks and chips of a turpentine tree and made a fire in no time.

(23) Williams Lake Creek, which flows from Williams Lake into the Fraser. The hotel at Williams Lake was said by the Victoria *Colonist,* August 12, 1862, to be one of the two best-kept houses in British Columbia north of New Westminster (the other being at Beaver Lake).

Augt 12th A fine day. Camped at Mud Lake[24] and reached Fort Alexander[25] on the Fraser at eight o'clock. Here we saw young O—— again and heard that our horse had followed him two miles the morning he left us; being unable to drive him back, he had tied him to a tree: there was a party of Chinamen by at the time and we suppose they untied him and after they had done with him let him loose again. The man who bought him of us at William's Creek offered to leave forty dollars for him at one of the houses, if he found him all right; but we thought that " a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush ", and so took the ten dollars.

Augt 13th We reached MacKenzie's ranch,[26] and slept in the house but it was not floored and the ground being quite hard and lumpy does not make a comfortable bed; in fact it is pleasanter in the woods if you can get a respectable tree. An English fellow who was returning strongly advised us not to go up to Cariboo.

Augt 14th J—— went off by himself at dinner time, having got tired of waiting for George and me, whom he designated as very lazy. We went on about half an hour after and reached the Ferry house[27] first, J—— came in an hour after, having got off the track; during his wandering he had seen two bears and had left a tin pannikin behind on the road. If I had a mind to cram you I might make a fine story of this; how he rushed down the hill with a face pale as a ghost, in his dismay throwing away our cooking utensils, while dismal growls re-echoed from the recesses of the forest, &c &c. We had

(24) Corporal James Conroy's Rough Sketch of the Cayoosh District, 1861, *MS.*, Archives of B.C., names this *Mode's* Lake.

(25) Fort Alexandria was founded in 1821 and named in honour of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, for it was at this point that he turned away from the Fraser on his journey to the Pacific in 1793. It would seem that the site was originally on the east or left bank, but that the fort was moved to the west side in 1837. H.B.C. Archives, D. 4/116, fo. 52d; B. 188/b/1, fo. 30; *ibid.*, fo. 35; *John Maclean's Notes of a Twenty-five Years' Service in the Hudson's Bay Territory, ed.* W. S. Wallace, Toronto, Champlain Society, 1932, p. 187. For these references, see a Memorandum on Alexandria from the H.B.C. in London, *MS.*, Archives of B.C. In 1860, according to a letter in the Victoria *Colonist,* April 7, 1860, the fort was still a trading post of some importance, though there were only four or five men wintering there instead of the former forty or fifty; and opposite the fort had sprung up a small settlement consisting of a saloon, a restaurant, and several provision stores, which was also called Fort Alexandria. Both fort and town were often referred to as Fort Alexander, this being the common name in 1859, according to Henry De Groot, *British Columbia,* San Francisco, 1859, p. 12.

(26) On Lieut. H. Spencer Palmer's map in *Williams Lake and Cariboo,* New Westminster, 1863, " McKenzie's " is marked between " Grand Prairie " and " Round Prairie," all three being identified by him as " wayside houses." Cf. Guillod's entry for September 25.

(27) The ferry across the Quesnel River, also called the " Upper Ferry."

a meal here of tea, sugar, bread and beans, no meat and the fellow had the conscience to charge us two dollars each.

Augt 15. We crossed the ferry, and found a bad hilly road, a conglomeration of mud, stones, trees fallen in every direction, and every thing bad and disagreeable. We slept out. Along here we paid a dollar a pound for bacon and flour.

Augt 16th We reached Cotton Wood[28] in the afternoon, passing along twelve miles of worse road than yesterday; we had to step on stones or pieces of wood or else went into the mud up to our knees.

Augt 17th Sunday. A quiet day nothing happening worthy of remark, except that I was cook and stewed a rabbit (which George shot yesterday with his revolver) with some steak and when the dish was served the rabbit was nowhere to be found but only the remains of his bones. J—— went and saw Judge Begbie[29] to whom he had a letter of introduction, who advised him to look about up the creek. Chinamen were washing close to the town, but they work at diggings that do not pay a white man.

Augt 18th J—— and I went up the Creek[30] and had a look at the working of several claims; one "Baxter's" wanted 400 dollars for a single claim of 100 feet. On several other claims the parties had been working all the season and got nothing having had their dams and wheels carried away; the last claim we saw was being worked by a Canadian party who were hauling timber and putting a dam into the bed of the creek; they made square frames of logs pinned together, and floating them into the creek, sunk them by filling them with stones and earth.

During the rainy season and in the spring the water rises very high and has a swift current. In one claim the fellows were quite out of heart, some of them having bought in early in the season and as soon as they had got into working order the river rose and carried everything away. At another claim which had been paying; a man wanted to sell out for $1000, part paid down in cash and the other when we got it out of the claim. It was dark before we got back, coming six or seven miles along a muddy trail through the woods, and in crossing a log with the water rushing over it which formed the only bridge across the creek, I slipped and got a regular soaker.

(28) At the junction of Lightning Creek and the Swift River, and consisting at that time of some half-dozen houses. Peter O'Reilly to W. A. G. Young, Colonial Secretary, August 15, 1862, O'Reilly Letters, *MS.*, Archives of B.C.

(29) Judge Matthew Baillie Begbie was "laid up with an attack of rheumatism" that summer (O'Reilly, *op. cit.*) and it was his quite natural desire in the circumstances to build a house of his own at Cottonwood that led to the famous Cottonwood Scandal. *See* Sydney G. Pettit, "His Honour's Honour . . . ," *British Columbia Historical Quarterly*, XI (1947), pp. 149–210.

(30) Lightning Creek.

Augt 19th On Sunday night we slept under the canopy of heaven, but last night we got into a packer's tent, with whom George had struck up an acquaintance during our absence. George and J—— went off on a further voyage of discovery leaving me behind. I amused myself by tucking up my trousers over my knees and standing in the creek washing some clothes in a primitive manner. The boys did not return tonight.

Augt 20th My twentyfourth birthday, which I forgot all about till it was passed. Was bothered today by the camels,[31] of which there are about a dozen here, who have a neat idea of walking over your tent and eating your shirts.

George and J—— came in about eleven with W—— and two friends whom they accidentally met with returning from their claim having had enough of it. George had raised W's spirits, by telling him I had letters for him in my possession, which was not the case, as I had left them at the Post Office Victoria. They came in very hungry, having been short of provisions the night before, with J—— and George as an un-looked-for addition to their party; so I set to work and cooked for the lot, and need scarcely say gave general satisfaction.

W—— promised to let you know of our whereabouts, but was off too quickly to give us a chance of writing. We bought a good tent of him, an axe, some nails, yeast powder and other fixings. They went off in a canoe so narrow that the wonder is, how it ever reaches the opposite side[32] without an upset. We bought a second hand coffee pot here for which we paid two dollars.

August. 21st Started full march up the creek with tent and all our traps and went twelve miles to W——'s claim. On the way we met two fellows who had come out in the ship with us: They had been round the creek but had done no good and were returning. Farther on we met another, a Scotchman, who was going down with a bad attack of Rheumatism; poor fellow! he looked very bad; he was carrying a heavy pack and the sweat ran down his brow in streams. Before we got to our journey's end we came upon a party

(31) In the spring of 1862, Frank Laumeister had imported some twenty camels, hoping to lessen freight charges by employing animals which could pack twice as much as a mule, go for days without water, and browse on sagebrush. But his experiment failed, for the camels' feet were cut to pieces on the rocky trails, and their strange smell stampeded the other pack animals they met. They had to be taken off the roads and turned out to graze near the Thompson River and on Grande Prairie (the modern Westwold), where the last survivor is said to have died about 1905. W. T. Hayhurst, "The Camels in British Columbia," Okanagan Historical Society, *Sixth Report,* 1935, pp. 244–251; William S. Lewis, "The Camel Pack Trains," *Washington Historical Quarterly,* XIX (1928), pp. 277–278.

(32) At Cottonwood the trail to the south crossed the Swift River, and the trail to the mines crossed Lightning Creek.

of Englishmen camped on the top of a hill, who had started up the country a long time before we did; they had lost their horses and so stopping several days at different places and had given up all idea of doing any good, but meant to push on to see " The Elephant," (the slang name for Cariboo) to go round the several creeks and then return to Victoria. They were in excellent spirits, indeed we found that generally the English had the most pluck; while Canadians were thoroughly down, and had not a good word to say for the country. Indeed the accounts we heard were enough to frighten anybody; mud up to the neck! Flour $1½ a pound! &c &c.

Sometimes we met several hundred fellows in the course of the day among whom were a good many Chinamen who are not allowed in Cariboo. They pack everything on sticks across their shoulders, as you see drawn on China jars. We met several large parties of them down below, packing picks, shovels, buckets, baking apparatus, rice &c, & carrying very large loads. They shuffle along in a sort of run and seem to move the hips. Most of the others looked like broken disappointed men, and if you wished them good day, you did not always get an answer; except it was to a young Englishman when you were sure of a cheerful reply. We stopped with the remaining three who had been mining with W—— pitching his tent in its old place.

Augt 22nd J—— and I started for Van Winkle, leaving George behind with our traps; only taking a blanket each and a tin cup. We reached Beaver Pass[33] where we had to pay $2 for 2 ℔ of flour; this we made into dumplings and polished off with a little sugar. The trail was pretty bad through the wood, now and then we came to swampy places over which we had to pick our way and if by chance a foot slipped, we had the pleasure of going in up to the knees: then it was downhill or across a small creek or a lot of stones. We reached the top of a hill about a mile from Van Winkle, where there was a house, and had supper, getting the best Coffee I ever tasted A fellow there said he took us for old miners, which was rather rich; for I fancy I looked very cockneyish. We slept there that night.

Augt 23rd Got into Van Winkle for breakfast for which we paid $2½ each: we had a woman to wait on us, a pretty American, who with her husband kept the house having a little boy, two years old, running about. We found here also a man and his wife with a family of six, living in a tent; they presented a peculiar appearance on the march, three of the little ones being stuck on our horse.

Van Winkle lies in a valley, shut in on all sides by high hills Lightning Creek running through the centre; you have the sun only for a few hours during the day. The town (every place with a dozen huts in it is a " town " here)[34] is one street of wooden stores, Restaurant, Bakery &c and a bit of a place with Dr Kennedy, Surgeon on a plate. On the side of the hill to the

(33) About half-way between Cottonwood and Van Winkle, on the right bank of Lightning Creek.

(34) Actually there were some twenty houses there. O'Reilly to Young, July 15, 1862.

right is the Government Encampment consisting of a few tents. We looked about at the claims, and were told of one, part of which was for sale and which we were recommended to buy. We slept in a log cabin with some miners, one of whom an old man of the name of Noble has worked at his claim two seasons and not "prospected" yet. He is a regular old miner having nearly starved himself rather than sell out, I may here add that he went down again this season without having got any gold, but means to be up again next year. The miners generally are a pretty good sort of fellows, rough but hospitable withal.

Augt 24th Went to Service twice. The Minister was a young man (the Revd Mr Knipe)[35] and gave a very nice address, so short that you could hardly call it a Sermon, there was a hymn and a few prayers. Cards were distributed to the men,[36] of whom there was a pretty good room-full.

Monday Augt 25th I called it Black Monday, because we signed the agreement which put us in possession of our claim. The Doctor who pretended to know something about law as well as physic, was engaged to draw up an agreement, which as he did it consisted of nothing but saids and aforesaids &c intermixed with bad spelling; his idea of law seeming to be to sprinkle in these terms in every line without regard to repetition; however I revised and corrected it as best I might, and after spoiling several sheets of paper which cost a shilling each, I produced a fair copy at last, the composition of which was tolerable. Of course as I knew nothing about mining I left it to J—— to look at the claim, and make enquiries as to whether it was worth as much, and settle all preliminaries. After the experience I have since had, I would not buy into any claim without it was really paying; at least not to give any considerable sum. However the deed was done, and we went to Judge

(35) In 1860 Christopher Knipe had "offered to devote himself for five years to assist in the work, without stipend, or any charge to the Mission Fund," according to the *Report of the Columbia Mission,* London, 1861, p. 103. In 1862 he took part in the "Mission to the Mines of Cariboo" headed by Bishop Hills, and wrote the report which the Bishop forwarded to the S.P.G. During this tour he did duty at Lillooet and Lytton, and then accompanied the Bishop to the Cariboo, remaining at Van Winkle while the Bishop proceeded to the more populous Williams Creek. Mr. Knipe points out that the services were conducted under considerable handicaps, for there were no churches, no bells to summon the congregation to worship (the clergyman was obliged to borrow a triangle or a hand bell from some restaurant), and no potential congregation except on Sunday when, even before the passing of the "Sunday Observance Act, 1862," proclaimed on August 22, 1862, some at least of the miners did not work. *See* S.P.G. Papers, Vol. II, pp. 82–94, *MS.,* Archives of B.C.

(36) "Service cards and hymn cards" were substituted for the prayer books and hymn books too heavy to be transported to the Cariboo, and according to Mr. Knipe they met the want "very successfully," the clergy being "agreeably surprised" by the assistance they met with in singing.

Riley,[37] and got the agreement recorded,[38] paying down what cash J—— thought we could spare and giving an order for the rest on the money left in Victoria.

We paid $500 for two half interests, with the understanding that we worked the other two half interests, which belong to this man and his brother in law free of wages till we reach the bed-rock or paying dirt, (which may be forty or fifty feet down for all we know,) when we are to receive $5 each per day. We got some dinner and started off at one o'clock to fetch George, and I thought of returning to Victoria, leaving the other two to work. We reached W——'s claim at 8.30 doing the twenty miles in seven and a half hours which was pretty good walking over a bad, hilly, muddy trail.

Augt 26th We started off on our return to Van Winkle at twelve o'clock, carrying a pretty tidy load, for George had bought a pair of gum (india-rubber) boots and miners pan; and had had a present of two picks and two shovels. We counted up our money before starting and found we had only £45 left between us, which left us very short; J—— who as you know was cashier, having made some mistake in his calculations. I therefore settled to take ten pounds for my return journey and leave them the rest.

We got on a few miles, when I thought George walked very stumblingly, and on coming to question him I found he had got rheumatism or at least his old weakness in both his knees so that when he came to walk a few miles with a heavy load, they failed him entirely. I thought it would be best to pack him back to Victoria at once; so we held a council of war, and dividing the money equally sent him off with £15, and a blanket and jersey; his boots were out at the toes and pretty well all to pieces; and a shilling flannel cricketing cap of J——'s, a jersey and an old pair of moleskins completed his attire and he carried little else down with him except his blanket. I can tell you we did not like parting at all.

I made him promise to write home as soon as he reached Victoria. J—— gave him a letter to post, which with some letters of introduction I entrusted him with, some sketches we made on the road and my drawing block, he left at Lilooett in going down, also leaving his own Diary &c and though he was at Douglas a month or two and could have easily had them down, he—forgot it.

J—— and I set off with the rest of the things, making, as you may suppose too big a load to be comfortable; while the having a pick and shovel each made it awkward travelling. We only made Beaver Pass tonight, where we pitched our tent and slept.

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(37) Peter O'Reilly had been appointed Justice of the Peace for the Cariboo, along with Thomas Elwyn, in the spring of 1862. They divided the district between them, Elwyn establishing himself at Quesnel and O'Reilly at Van Winkle. O'Reilly to Young, July 15, 1862. One of his duties was to issue mining certificates and record the transfer of claims.

(38) Cf. Introduction, foot-note 4.

Augt 27th We reached Van Winkle at four in the afternoon after taking frequent spells, and were jolly tired. We slept tonight with the English fellow through whom we heard of this claim being for sale and who had spoken very highly of Siddall and of the claim generally when we first came to Van Winkle—we have heard since that he was offered ten dollars to persuade us into buying it.

August 28th We took up our traps and pitched our tent temporarily at the claim and set to work, which we continued at till the 18th of September. I will now try and give you some idea of the kind of work we had to do.

Our first job was hollowing out some felled trees on the side of the hill and then bringing them down which was done easily enough by setting them running down the steep; first putting on a rope with a timber hitch, which being fastened to convenient trees, pulled them up at the proper place. The next thing was carrying them across and up the creek, packing them along on short pieces of wood, held by a man on each side; we then hoisted them up on to stands some twelve feet above the ground, as they were meant to carry water on to the top of the wheel which stood in the side of the creek to work our pump, the source of the water being a small rivulet in the side of the hill.

The first thing done in these claims, is to put in a "flume" which is a long trough put in on one side of the bed of the creek, sufficiently large to carry all the water which comes down it; into this the water is diverted by the aid of dams from the part thought suitable for sinking a shaft in: a water wheel is then put in, under or over shot, as the case may be, the pump rigged up in connection with it, and sinking commenced. The best plan is to timber the shaft as you go down which saves the necessity of sinking so large a hole as would otherwise be necessary.

Our shaft or hole, which was twenty feet deep, and as wide across the top, was full of water when we came to the claim; for the pump had been worked by a common paddle wheel put in the stream on a long shaft attached to the drum of the pump, and there had not been water enough in the creek to work it effectually: they therefore had set to work and made an overshot or bucket water wheel: on to the top of which we now brought water along the hollowed trees above mentioned. Our next work was with pick and shovel in the bed of the creek, of course in indiarubber boots: then we put a platform in the shaft, and went on sinking, throwing up the soil first on to the platform, and thence into a barrow over-head. I got on first rate at pick and shovel, and then went to wheeling up an inclined plane, which as the barrows were very rough homemade things, with solid wooden wheels, was frightfully hard work, but I stuck to it like a brick.

After a fortnight we could not get any farther down with the pump as it was not long enough. We then rigged up a smaller hand pump and tried to sink a smaller shaft, but were unable to manage it, as we got into sand and gravel which kept falling in as fast as we shovelled out: there was not time to rig up a longer pump as the season was just out, and therefore as most of the chaps including ourselves were short of money; one, in fact had been living on beans for the last few days; we concluded to give up work for this

year. On the 18th September we took out the flume, shaft, &c, and put away boards, troughs, sluice boxes, picks and shovels &c and on the 19th got the claim laid over till next season.

Thus you see eight men, for that was the number of the party we joined, and five of them regular miners, had been at work for six months, and spent all the money they had, without getting a grain of gold; and this is a common experience; for the surface diggings are all worked out. There are a few easy diggings here and there but the generality of them are very difficult and expensive to work requiring capital; but then if you do strike the lead of gold it is bound to be big; and so it happens that now and then a man comes down with thirty or forty pounds of gold dust; while a thousand return without a cent, and many of them obliged to loaf their way down

The diggings were quite different from anything J—— had been accustomed to in Australia; so we could not risk "prospecting" for ourselves but our only chance was to buy in as we did and I hope in the end our claim will turn out good.

Our time for working was generally from six in the morning till half past five. We lived on bread and meat, making our bread with sour dough and baking it in the ashes. We got cheap meat, such as tongue, bullocks heart, or shin of beef, and without sugar or any other luxury, it cost us between five and six pounds per week to keep two of us. Yet we got to Cariboo at a time when provisions were comparatively cheap, flour being from 50 to 60 cents, fresh meat from 40 to 50 cents and bacon a dollar a pound; while earlier in the season everything, including flour, had been from one to one and a half dollars a pound.

While there I made a little journey on my own account to W——'s claim where I had left some things, thinking to call for them in going down to Victoria, but learning that the other chaps were going to start before us, I though it safest to fetch them at once, there being a thick coat, shirt, jersey &c. I set off one Sunday morning early, taking some bread and steak with me and reached Beaver Pass, ten miles, where I had dinner. In going along I knocked down a fat grouse with a stone which I left there and called for it as I came back. I got to the claim in the afternoon and found my things; but my boots were pretty well "played out," and I had to stop and mend them, so that I started on my return too late and when I had got halfway back to Beaver's Pass it was pitch dark, neither moon nor stars to be seen; and the trail most uncertain; however I stumbled on, determined to find my way as I had no blanket to sleep in. Of course I could not see but had to feel my way along, which you must experience before you can imagine it: first, feeling for the "blazes" on the trees; then down on my knees feeling for the path, then taking a small walk into the brush, stumbling over trunks of trees or sticking my head into a bush. I kept going back every time I lost the trail and after a while spent thus and in sitting down several times to collect my thoughts I managed to get to where the trail goes near the creek and then leaves it winding in and out; when I got here I gave up the trail as hopeless and kept on by the creek itself through brush over trunks of trees

and every imaginable hindrance, and reached Beaver Pass at ten o'clock just in time to get lighted into the house by the moon, which now came up. I had started at about five, got halfway at half past six and the other half took me till ten; not a very pleasant ending of a thirty miles which I did in twelve hours and a half: however I was off to Van Winkle before seven the next morning.

Septr 20th Today was a very wet day, so we deferred our journey till the next, but got everything ready for starting. I employed myself in mending my boots; which I confess was rather an unsatisfactory operation, but in the decidedly failing state of our purse I did not feel justified in going to the expense of a new pair.

Septr 21st Sunday. We packed up, leaving our tent and various other things at a store in the town and started after dinner We made six miles and camped by a stream of water at the foot of a hill making up a jolly big fire. Three fellows joined us here; a Canadian, a Scotch and an Irishman. The Scotchman "Old Mac" was a bit of a character; an opinionated old man, who having read a little of all sorts, made an absurd jumble of his varied stock of knowledge, especially with regard to Scripture; making most ridiculous mistakes in Bible history while it was impossible to convince him that he was wrong. He believed in a God, but not the slightest reverence for Holy Writ, looking upon it as a mere history and talking of "old King David" as if he were a relation only a few generations removed.

The Canadian was a rough foul-mouthed fellow, and the Irishman—an Irishman! So much for our companions. One of the things learnt out here is to accommodate yourself to any shade of society; in which I confess I have not found the slightest difficulty. My watch took it into it's head to stop today—worse luck! We slept very well under a big tree.

Sept^t 22nd We walked six miles to breakfast at Beaver Pass, and found that the rain had made the trail very bad; so that where you were not able to pick your way on stones or pieces of timber, it was walking in mud over the ankles, with an occasional bog to pass, in which if you did slip, you had the pleasure of sticking in the mud up to your knees. In the afternoon I got behind the rest of the party, as I did not walk very comfortably, but caught J—— up before reaching Cotton Wood which we did after dark. It was a cold, wet, dark night and we had difficulty in keeping the trail and finding the way across the creek. Slept in house.

Septr 23rd We found the trail even worse than yesterday, and did not reach a good camping place, but when it was dark we stopped on a hill without any big trees, which, as it was a regular wet night, I need scarcely say, was not the most comfortable berth in the world. The first difficulty was the making a fire which with some trouble we managed, and after getting supper J—— and I turned in [,] our only shelter from the steadily falling rain being a meagre bush, which was a shelter indeed, the only effect it had being to promote the settlement of a puddle of water which I found round my head on walking in

the morning. Old Mac kept up the fire all night and considering the circumstances I had a pretty comfortable sleep. Poor J—— had a severe attack of diarrhœa all this first part of our journey.

Sept 24th We tied up our blankets wet as they were, for the morning not being fine it was useless attempting to dry them, although they seemed to be double the weight and as I walked along a tiny rivulet of water kept draining down my trowsers which had a most delicious sensation! We crossed the upper ferry in a canoe and stopped in the middle of the day to take advantage of the sunshine to dry our blankets.

Old Mac's dinner amused me much today: we stopped at the bottom of a steep hill by a stream as usual, and Mac went to the stream with a big hook temporarily fixed to the end of a stick, and succeeded in a few minutes in spearing two small fish: these were forthwith consigned to a wonderful "billy" containing baconfat and the remains of a grouse; this was put on the fire with water and flour stirred in making "mush" which with the addition of a little sugar formed the old chap's decidedly original dinner; I might say, sumptuous, as there was fish, flesh, fowl and pudding; and when once in the stomach they were I presume quite as beneficial to the general health as if put in separately; though the getting them in would have been a trial to some palates however hungry.

My boots now began to get dry for the first time since leaving Van Winkle and hurt my feet a good deal; so I stopped behind at the camping ground endeavouring to fix them a bit; J—— and our three companions going on. When I [had] done my job I started off and enjoyed the walk, barring the shoes; the first part being very jolly through young woods. Here I came upon a curious place which I had noticed in going up there were a number of dead trees standing in a pool in a bit of a valley surrounded by young trees, the contrast between the green of these, and the white wan-looking trunks with their reflections in the water being most peculiar, putting me in mind of a graveyard.

If you find all this is hardly written like a bona fide Diary you must remember that I am now compiling it from very short though actual notes; the general circumstances under which we made our halts not being favorable to literary pursuits.

I kept on expecting to tumble on the advanced guard every mile, but found it getting dark without any signs of them; while to make it more agreeable there came on a severe storm of hail with thunder and lightning. The trail was now through a dense forest of big trees and I think I should hardly have kept it, if it had not been for the hail which was thick enough in parts to render the path white and also the occasional flashes of lightning. I kept on as best I could, stopping occasionally to take up a handful of hail to quench my thirst, as I had been walking pretty quick; and in a more than usually severe shower took refuge under a thick tree; where I had a quiet think to myself and began to imagine that I should have to pass the night in the woods on my own hook; which as I had not any matches with me and was wet through, was not a very pleasant alternative. However I pushed on

a bit more and managed to keep the path, the trail here being ankle deep, I may say twice over, in mud, and at last was rewarded by seeing a light glimmering through the trees, at which I relieved myself by a loud halloa! which was answered by old J—— and right glad was I to find a large fire and supper ready; they had given me up and had quietly consigned me to a solitary bivouac, though after all I got in soon after they did.

Septr 25. My shoes hurt me so that I was left quite behind; J—— waited for me at MacKenzie's Grand Prairie Ranch, where I got rid of my old shoes and bought a pair of moccassins of which I now had my first experience. The shoes had blistered the top of one foot and hurt me a good deal on the other causing a swelling of the tendon of the heel: the moccassins relieved me at once; the only thing is that they try the muscles of the foot, having no sole to support it, and till you get used to them you feel unpleasantly every stone or stick you tread on. We made sixteen miles today and camped under a big tree by ourselves in a hollow by the side of the Fraser.

Septr 26th I slept as soundly last night as ever I did in a feather bed; waking up in the morning with a cold nose as it was a frost. We reached Fort Alexander at one o'clock, where we found Old Mac and the Irishman "tight." We started again after dinner and camped at five o'clock.

Sep^t 27th The ground was white with frost this morning when we roused ourselves but we did not feel the cold. We made Mud Lake where some fellows who started from Alexander this morning caught us up and we went on with them to the next house: where we slept in a log [cabin?] minus door and well ventilated in all respects, however, it kept the dew and frost off us.

Sepr 28th Sunday. There had been a very sharp frost, and it was a splendid morning. We set off at eight o'clock and caught up a returning pack train: I began talking to the owner, who kindly caught a horse and put my pack on his back; so that I quite enjoyed my walk to Williams' Lake: there we afforded ourselves a good dinner and stopped to hear old Dr Evans, a Methodist preacher,[39] deliver a discourse which he did out of doors, the fellows sitting round on benches outside the spirit store.

We bought some flour, and went on our way; and having packed up the flour bag in our blankets to save trouble we put the flour in the "billy" We walked on by the side of Williams Lake on the Yale route[40] as we heard there was work to be had on the roads that way;[41] and kept on till near dark ex-

(39) Cf. Introduction, foot-note 5.

(40) At Williams Lake the River Trail, which the travellers had followed on their way up to the mines, joined the old Brigade Trail to Kamloops. The Yale route followed the Brigade Trail as far as Lac la Hache.

(41) During the spring and summer of 1862 Oppenheimer & Company were advertising for "1000 Laborers . . . on the Great Trunk Wagon Road from Yale to Cariboo," and T. Spence was advertising for 300 men to work between Boston Bar and Lytton. *See,* for example, Victoria *Colonist,* April 3 and 5, 1862.

pecting to drop on a house, but in vain. At last we got on a trail round the face of a steep hill and as we kept slipping, stumbling and getting off the trail at the risk of taking a roll into the lake below, J—— came to grief in an unexpected manner as follows; I was on first, and hearing a sudden fall and an exclamation of " Moses! " I turned and by the help of the flour which he had been carrying saw J—— full sprawl on the ground; in falling the lid had come off the billy and the force of the concussion had sent the flour clean over him giving him an awful appearance in the dusk of the evening. After this catastrophe we agreed to camp for the night, water or no water, so we scrambled down the hill and found a middling flat piece of ground under a tree where we stopped. Here we were very much annoyed by a small sort of cactus which grew all about, covered with tufts of needleshaped prickles which being very sharp and thin and sticking in different directions, cling tenaciously to blankets and everything else much to one's personal discomfort. We were in a constant state of prickles so that the pleasure of sitting down after a day's travel was considerably abridged.

We lighted a fire, but here everything round was so dry, that we were in danger of getting burnt out, or in, and therefore stifled it. Our endeavours also to reach the water were unsuccessful, for the bank was very steep and it was too dark to see our way, and we were unwilling to trust ourselves to a run or a slide which might land us in deep water.

Sep^{t} 29th We got to the water this morning, without difficulty as by daylight it was easy of access. It was clear with large stones at the bottom the edges covered with rushes. We bathed our feet, which was rather a luxury; and then walked on till dark without meeting with any adventure worthy of note, our course being across level plains by the side of a chain of small lakes. We reached a tent and small store, but there not being room inside, we slept round a fire under the canopy of heaven.

Sep^{t} 30th We were off at sunrise walking four miles before breakfast, to a house kept by a man with wife and family where we stopped and made some bread; the woman was a regular scold and kept on unceasingly at one or other of the children; which was something so entirely new that I found it rather an amusement than otherwise.

I here met a man who had lived in the Southern States, of which he spoke very favorably with regard to the slaves &c. He was a wheelwright and had been in the employ of one of the richest planters and although merely a mechanic, always sat at table with the family and even rode out with the lady of the house when it was not convenient for her husband to accompany her.

We had a decided piece of amusement here in watching the reduction of a refractory cow, which after a race in which all the family joined, was finally lassoed, after escaping out of the enclosure several times in a most determined manner. I was much amused at one little girl about nine years old who certainly displayed more "cow" courage than many young men fresh from London would have done, meeting the animal with undaunted spirit on its attempts to clear the hurdles.

After this sensation we proceeded on our way, skirting another lake[42] some miles in extent. The trees about here had a curious appearance, the trunks being quite black, while occasionally you came to a big tree lying down, broken in several pieces, the limbs lying disjointed as they had fallen. At first I put it down to lightning, the blackened trunks and general desolate appearance giving one that idea; but as we went on and I saw that most of the trees were black and withered in the lower part but branched out lively and green at the top: I concluded it must have been owing to a large bush fire some years back when the undergrowth was much thicker; and the fire must have passed over the land destroying as it went, killing the fallen trees which some extra windy night brought down when decayed and leaving its marks upon others maybe more open at the base without destroying their vitality.

It was dark when we reached a creek, and a house on the other side, and the only bridge being a slippery log, I had the pleasure of putting my feet in it or rather my knees.

Octr 1st We slept in the house last night on a luxurious bed, having had the good fortune to get some hay to lie on. We made eleven miles to Bridge Creek[43] and as my feet were sore we stopped there for the night. I sold a little bit of Quinine to a Doctor for a dollar. We had to pay 45 Cents per pound for flour.

Octr 2nd We walked twenty five miles today reaching Green Lake House. I managed to shoot a couple of grouse with my revolver, which made us a capital supper; with the exception of this, our fare from William's Lake down was bread and a taste of bacon and now having used up the last of our baking powder, we must put up with flour and water cakes. Here we stumbled on Dr Evans the aforesaid Methodist preacher, who was very kind to us, making J—— a present of a sovereign when he heard how short we were of cash; with the understanding that we paid him in Victoria if we could afford it; it was a pleasure to hear kind words and join the old man in his evening prayer.

Octr 3rd We reached a house on Buonaparte River[44] having done sixteen miles. My moccassins were coming to smash. The man here was very civil, giving us a turndown in a back room with a blanket or two: a partition, minus the door separated this from his bedroom, as was manifest from the fact of a baby making a dear little noise for its mamma.

Octr 4th We started off with the bold intention of making for the next house eight and twenty miles, but were not a little out in our reckoning for we took the wrong trail. We went on till the path wound round a hill by a stream when it began to get rather undistinguishable; and I entirely lost sight of

(42) Lac la Hache.

(43) Bridge Creek flows through Horse Lake and Tranquille Lake into the north branch of the Thompson.

(44) The Bonaparte flows into the Thompson near the present city of Ashcroft.

J—— who was on first: he had reached a heap of impassable rocks and therefore had clambered right up the face of the hill, where I found him after some trouble and an immense deal of exertion. He had been holloaing away like fun but I had not heard him from below because of the particular steepness of the ascent while for the same reason I had not seen him. We sat here and considered a bit. We were all amongst the hills without a sign of the trail, but thinking we saw one at a distance and not liking to venture the descent, or to go back having come so far we went off on the other side, but after getting up right among the hills and seeing no sign of anybody or anything but rocks and trees we thought we had better get down again another way keeping in what we considered the right direction. The hills were so steep that it was impossible to walk down, so we managed the descent on a plan of my own I taking the lead. This was to sit down and let go steering for some trunk of tree or bush to check the motion when becoming too rapid; a way which proved successful, though nearly destroying the elements of my present labour, as my pocketbook with all my notes fell out of my pocket in an unusually quick rush which took me by surprise, and had I not at once observed it, I don't know that I should have had courage to attempt the reascent or if so whether I should have managed it. At the bottom we found a stream and forthwith divested ourselves of shoes &c and waded across: Just below we found a very pretty cascade rushing down in many trickling rivulets over the stones and moss, by the side of which we had our dinner, and then went up the hill on our uncertain way. In a short time we had the misfortune to strike a pretty plain trail which we forthwith followed, and after leading us over hill and dale it ended in an Indian fishing place on the Buonaparte River, so that it was not possible to proceed without consigning ourselves to the mercy of the stream which was from fifty to a hundred feet wide, we being on a tongue of land with the river on both sides of us. I shall not forget poor J——'s dismay and how he beat his breast and loaded himself with uncomplimentary epithets, the general expression of his grief being heightened by his "specs". I sat down and laughed at him, which was very aggravating I must allow, but I was rather amused at our stupidity than affected by our misfortune.

Certainly our's was not a very pleasant predicament, as we had only a little bread and a few beans with us in the shape of grub and in the end this adventure pretty well swallowed up the help we had two days before from Dr Evans. However there was no use in bothering ourselves and the only thing to be done was to retrace our steps, which we accordingly did. We met an Indian and boy on horseback as we returned of whom we endeavoured to make enquiries, but could not make him understand; so we followed the trail to the place where we had struck it on leaving the cascade and then shaped our course for the stream which we had come along by in the first part of our journey and crossed as before mentioned—we reached this and made several attempts to cross; and you imagine me with my trousers tucked up over my knees wandering about among the rushes, trying to find a fordable place; wading in the stream till the water reached my thighs and deepened every step, and giving it up at last. We kept that side of the stream and came to a

shallower river at nearly right angles with it which we waded and still kept on. At nightfall we reached a swampy place with several streams and stagnant water but there being plenty of dry timber scattered about, we resolved to camp there, and gathering some bushes and irishman's feathers,[45] and cutting down the young fir trees around we made a bit of a covering or hut in which we went to sleep, lulled by the croaking of frogs and the distant cries of prairie wolves.

Octr 5th Sunday. We had had a good night's rest and were not disturbed; there were occasional screams and growls about but nothing very close and J—— kept in the fire all night. We had to fall back on beans for breakfast having nothing else and these same beans having been carried all the way from Van Winkle and not cooked till then, were not very choice. We started off with some misgivings as to our proper course, but we thought the only way was to keep in sight of the river, which we hoped was the Buonaparte and if so would lead us right; so we proceeded finding tracks of animals in the long grass, and one place in particular where it was plain that some bears had had tea or some equally congenial family meeting the grass being torn up and ground turned over, but whether to make a soft place for repose or for purposes of cultivation I am not bearish enough to know; however, the dear beasties had left their marks behind them, sure enough.

We had a constant up and down journey, over high hills covered with brush and young firs and then down in a valley only to mount again, and at last we struck the trail where we had crossed the river soon after starting from the last house so we were now all right and reached there between one and two where we had dinner and bought some flour, and taking care to ascertain the right trail this time, started off afresh.

We found that the false trail we had followed was only a mule track used for taking animals out to grass and the one which led us to the bend of the river only an Indian trail

We now commenced by going up a long though not a very steep hill; the ascent must have lasted two or three miles; and got eight miles on our way when we were overtaken by the night; we stopped and tried to get some water from a marsh by the side of the road which we could not manage without getting wet, and in fact doubted whether there was any drinkable water at all: so we went on again for a quarter of a mile or so, but not coming to any stream and it getting quite dark and beginning to rain we went back again when by walking into the rushes barelegged, by the time I got up to my knees, I was able to reach forward and fill our billy with water: it was not very good and about the colour of Scotch Ale but we managed to get it down by the aid of tea. The rain left us after a short shower or two and we turned in as usual at the foot of a big tree.

Octr 6. We found this morning that if instead of turning back last night we had gone a little further, we should have found a small stream of water.

(45) This phrase has not been traced; but "mountain feathers," defined by the user as "lops of fir trees," occurs in contemporary correspondence.

A few miles on our road we reached Loon Lake which lies between two ranges of mountains and is ten miles long. It is a pretty place but plagued with an unusual amount of Mosquitoes in the summer; otherwise it would be a good place to squat in there being plenty of fish and birds and good pieces of land. We found here a camp of Indians, of whom we bought a bit of dried fish and some potatoes.

One man here was more like the poetical idea of the Indian than any I have seen, being a splendid full-shaped man, with a majestic tread and bearing: he seemed to have a numerous family, there being some half dozen squaws, and children of all sizes and ages in abundance, crowded together in a small tent; mixed up indiscriminately with dogs and dried salmon &c There was also another party of them, consisting of an old man, a half breed, rather a good looking fellow, dressed in cap and coat, with squaws, children &c &c We had a pelting shower, giving us a pretty considerable wetting, and then the weather was fine. We reached Scotie's House[46] at nightfall.

Oct. 7th Our journey today was over a good trail by the side of a creek. We met with some more Indians of whom we got another supply of potatoes. We crossed the river by a particularly slight bridge, our cautious proceeding over which afforded considerable amusement to some halfbreed women who were watching us. Here we struck the new wagon road to Yale which is finished in places.[47] We stopped the night in an unfinished house building for an Englishman[48] who has taken up a "ranch" there, and is going into farming.

Octr 8th We travelled with a Canadian whom we met yesterday nothing occurred except the abstraction of some turnips by J—— and the Canadian who were ahead of me; the consequence of which was that I found the owner of the invaded garden in great commotion and was cross-examined as to

(46) "Scotty's" was about half-way between Loon Lake and the Thompson. The establishment, described as "a single wooden house with one small window," was said to be "a much frequented place for rest and refreshment" and "a noted mining rendezvous." *See* W. Champness's account of his trip to the Cariboo in 1862, in "To Cariboo and Back," *The Leisure Hour,* [March?] 1865.

(47) On April 2, 1862, Charles Oppenheimer, Thomas Lewis, and Walter Moberly were awarded a contract for a wagon-road from Lytton along the Thompson and up the Bonaparte Valley to join the Lytton–Alexandria road. They ran into various difficulties, and the road had to be finished by another contractor, William Hood, who appears to have completed it by the end of the summer of 1863. W. Hood to W. A. G. Young, February 16, 1864, Hood Letters, *MS.*, Archives of B.C.

(48) Most probably Clement Francis Cornwall, who with his brother Henry had come out from England in the spring of 1862 and pre-empted land in this vicinity. According to his diary the road passed right through the Cornwall ranch (later known as Ashcroft Manor), and the house, begun on August 11, was not finished until October 31. Diary of C. F. Cornwall, Entries for July 9, August 11, and October 31, 1862, *MS.*, Archives of B.C.

whether I knew those "two fellows ahead": of course I pronounced them incapable of such a misdemeanour, and when I caught them up had a good laugh at them, but confess I helped to eat the turnips.

We struck the Thompson River today; it is not so large a river as the Fraser, but our first sight of it was very pretty as we looked down from the hills and saw it rushing along below, winding among perpendicular rocks and then opening out into the valley, with clumps of trees and bushes on the sides; what most struck me in my first impression of it was the deep blue of the water relieved by the white foam occasioned by rocks here and there in its bed. The blue appearance of the water is peculiar and I never noticed the Fraser having the same. We camped in some bushes by the side; the river murmuring our lullaby

Oct 9th We got on our road at eight, crossed Cook's Ferry[49] at twelve and reached Road Camp where Johnston stopped to work;[50] this was by the side of the Fraser.[51] I had supper and slept the night on some stones which did not make a very comfortable bed so that I woke several times to gaze at the moon and was pretty cold.

Oct 10th After breakfast I started off with the Canadian leaving J—— behind. My moccasins had now pretty well taken themselves off bodily and for some days past I had had to collect pieces of rag &c in my march, with which to tie them up, so that, as a squaw compassionately observed my feet look "hy-you sick"; in fact, with a little starving I should have made a first-rate beggar for London Streets

The doing up of these said feet in the morning was a work of art and patience, and the fixing had generally to be repeated several times a day; so you may suppose I was elated when the chap I was with proposed to lend me a pair of boots which he had at Lytton, to walk down in. We reached Lytton

(49) Over the Thompson River, 24 miles from Lytton. By December 31, 1860, a ferry "worked with a Rope & Blocks" had been established there by Assistant Gold Commissioner H. M. Ball, and on January 1, 1862, this was leased to Messrs. Kimball and Cook of Lytton. When the firm was dissolved by the death of Kimball in March, 1862, Mortimer Cook, who was then living at the ferry, held the lease until his contract was annulled by the building of a bridge there by Thomas Spence. Ball to Colonial Secretary, December 31, 1860; to Charles Good, March 6, 1861; to Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works, January 1, 1862; Ball Letters, *MS.*, Archives of B.C. The granting of a charter to Spence was approved by Douglas in February, 1864. Ball to Colonial Secretary, February 6, 1864. The bridge was open for travel from March 28, 1865. Edgar Dewdney to G. Hale, E[sq?], Thompson's Ferry, March 27, 1865 [copy of a copy], Dewdney Letters, *MS.*, Archives of B.C.

(50) "He was to receive $40 a month with board of an uncertain quality." [Foot-note in original *MS.*]

(51) Presumably the Thompson is meant, for according to the next entry in the journal Guillod and the Canadian did not reach Lytton, and therefore the Fraser, until the following evening.

at eight o'clock, and walking a mile or so out camped for the night, finding an old deserted mud hut on the side of a hill in which we passed a jolly night.

Octr 11th On overhauling my friend's parcel, only one boot was to be discovered, the other having been stolen; however I at once proceeded to turn this one to account, by cutting off the top, out of which I manufactured a moccasin for one foot the other being provided for by the remainder so that I literally walked down to Victoria in one boot. But I certainly made a much pleasanter journey by means of it today.

The greater part of the road is finished round the Jackass Mountain[52] by the side of the Fraser, although now and then we had to take the old trail; the road is cut round the hills with an occasional bridge on coming to fallen rocks &c.

The range of mountains of which we here passed a part is called "The Cascade Mountains". The scenery here was splendid; rough and gigantic masses of rock of all colors rising up perpendicularly above the path, with here and there a solitary fir tree on some overhanging rock. The general appearance of the mountains at this season is beautiful in colouring as they are covered here and there with shrubs and small trees exhibiting every shade of colour from red through orange to pale yellow; which contrasted with the deep unfading green of the pines adds greatly to the beauty of the steep and majestic piles of frowning rocks. One place particularly struck me; it was a cleft in the mountain, an almost perpendicular fall, of zigzag shaped rocks of every variety of form, down which in the rainy season, a stream of water rushes forming a cascade which beginning far above our heads falls hissing and foaming into the river below. The road crosses this by a bridge built across from projecting masses of rock. We stopped the night in a house.

Oct 12th Sunday. My companion stood breakfast. We then walked fifteen miles through shady woods over a good road to the camp on Truck's [*sic*] Road,[53] where we stopped. I got a supper gratis and slept in one of the fellow's tents.

Octr 13th My mate stayed here for work and I was [of?] a great mind to stop myself but being anxious about George and expecting to find letters at Victoria, I thought I would push on and so started at half past seven. I followed the road too far and so came to the end of the finished part where there

(52) About 12 miles below Lytton. On April 3, 1862, Thomas Spence had been awarded the contract for the road from Lytton to Boston Bar; this was completed on October 28 that year. Department of Lands and Works, General Reports upon Works . . . 1862, signed R. C. Moody, *MS.*, Archives of B.C.

(53) On April 23, 1862, J. W. Trutch had been awarded the contract between Boston Bar and Chapman's Bar, 12 miles below, and on September 18, the contract between Chapman's Bar and Pike's Riffle, opposite Spuzzum. These portions of the road were completed the following year. Scholefield and Howay, *British Columbia,* Vol. II, p. 102. *Cf.* Robert Kerr, Acting Auditor-General, to Colonial Secretary, August 30, 1864, Audit Office (B.C.), 1861–1865, *MS.*, Archives of B.C.

was no trail: I therefore clambered over the stones and went along the side of the hill, climbing and slipping. It was a very awkward place, for the hill was very steep and covered with loose stones and fragments of rock which on a touch of the foot went rolling and jumping down till they fell with a sullen splash into the Fraser below. With great care I managed to get safely round the hill and finally struck the road again, but after another mile or so had to take the old trail up another steep hill the track going up in zigzags so that there seemed no end to it. I made six and twenty miles to a house where I slept.

Octr 14th I exchanged my mining-pan, billy, &c for some bacon and flour, which I cooked and baked and then started and reached Yale in the middle of the day. I had to wait half an hour or so when within sight of the town, in order to allow some blasting to go off round Yale bluff,[54] and go off it did like so many cannon, reverberating with a treble echo across the bay. The consequence of this delay was that I missed the steamer[55] which should have taken me down the river. I slept in a shanty with a man I met with on the road.

Octr 15th I started in a canoe for New Westminster, one hundred and thirty five miles; for this we were to pay $2.50 each and as I had only $1.25 I had to make a bargain with the old " Klootchman " giving her what money I had, the red smoking cap the girls made me and jersey. With these the " tenasman "[56] was forthwith invested, and as he was a little fellow, he cut rather a queer appearance; for he was completely lost in the jersey and the red cap, from the size of it had a constant inclination to extinguish his face entirely. We paddled away till dark, and then put up at a Siwash's house whose name was Joseph, and Joseph was very hospitable, and lighted an extra fire for us, nearly driving us out of the place with the smoke for the Indian houses generally have no chimney, a loose board in the roof being the only outlet for the smoke. The inside of this one, was one largesized room, with a raised bench of boards three or four feet wide all round, which answered the purpose of seat, bed, table or anything else. The family consisted of Joseph himself, an

(54) The Royal Engineers had surveyed the entire road from Yale to Lytton and beyond in 1861, according to the Public Notice issued by the Department of Lands and Works, calling for tenders for the Lytton–Cook's Ferry road, Victoria *Colonist,* March 11, 1862; and they had themselves assumed the difficult task of building the 6 miles between Yale and Pike's Riffle, which they completed between May and November, 1862. Department of Lands and Works, Report . . . 1862.

(55) The *Hope* arrived at New Westminster on October 17, according to the New Westminster *British Columbian,* October 18, 1862. She had been launched in Victoria on September 22, 1860, for Charles Millard, and " proved to be one of the most successful boats built for the river, chiefly because she had sufficient power and shallow draught to reach the head of navigation at Yale at almost any time of the year." Hacking, *op. cit.,* p. 14.

(56) The Chinook for *boy.*

oldish good-natured looking chap; a wrinkled old woman all skin and bone who was very ill apparently dying; a younger man with his "Klootchman" and several papooses. Joseph got out a lot of papers he had had from different Englishmen testifying that he was "a jolly good fellow", "kind and obliging to white people" "honest" &c These were all carefully preserved with his marriage certificate and one or two little religious prints although he could not read a word of them himself. We also gave him a testimonial signed by the whole party. These people were Roman Catholics, and before settling for the night all went into a corner and recited their prayers, as I suppose, men, women and children joining in a monotonous chant.

Just as we turned in, there was a great excitement caused by one of the Indians hearing the cry of a deer, at which the two men jumped out of bed, and went off into the bush without anything on but a short shirt: they soon returned with a small deer, which had been caught and the hinder parts torn, by a wolf, whom the Indians frightened off and brought in the spoil. This unusual piece of good luck caused a general movement on the part of the whole family, and a tremendous chattering, in which they must have told the story over some dozen times. The deer was forthwith cut up, and then we subsided into quietness till the morning.

Octr 16th After witnessing the peculiar ablutions of the squaw and papooses and when the family had again performed their prayers, we shook hands all round[,] a ceremony of which they think a great deal, and again got under way. Here we left the hills behind us; the Fraser from hence running through a flat country with trees growing down to the water's edge. The ground and trees seem to be constantly undermined and fall into the water, making it difficult of navigation, but in places it is very broad. We noticed an echo in one part where on calling out, words were distinctly repeated three times. We stopped at twelve and got dinner and reached New Westminster at four, not sorry to leave the canoe.

Octr 17th I went to the Mansion Restaurant[57] last night and asked leave to sleep there as I had some grub left; however the old chap there, an American, seeing I was broke, told me to come in to supper, and I had three meals there today for which I did about an hour's work. I had a long talk with his "missus" who is a goodnatured kind little body.

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(57) Presumably the Mansion House on Front Street, "a well known boarding house" which had just been taken over (September, 1862) by Samuel W. Herring, a New Westminster farmer, and his father John Herring. The family is said to have come from the United States in 1858. *See* Margaret L. McDonald, "New Westminster, 1859–1871," University of British Columbia M.A. thesis, 1947, pp. 291–292; New Westminster *Mainland Guardian*, August 27, 1879; Victoria *Colonist*, January 1, 1886. The Mansion House burned down in 1871. F. G. Claudet, Diary, entry for February 9, 1871, *MS.*, Archives of B.C.

Oct[r] 18th Today I went by Steamer[58] to Victoria, and in what plight I arrived there is shown in my introductory letter. So here I conclude the plain and unvarnished tale of my journey to Cariboo and back, which I hope will afford some pleasure to yourself and my numerous friends and relatives.

Whose humble servant I remain,

Delighted at having ended writing about my own blunde[rs]

H.G.

(58) The *Enterprise.* Cf. foot-note 2, and Victoria *Colonist,* October 20, 1862.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

BRITISH COLUMBIA HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION

Victoria Section

In conjunction with the unveiling of the plaque to Emily Carr by the Historic Sites and Monuments Board of Canada a meeting of the section was held on Wednesday evening, May 11, in the Provincial Library, with Mr. J. K. Nesbitt presiding in the absence of the Chairman, Mr. Russell E. Potter. The speaker on that occasion was Dr. Ira Dilworth, of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, who advised Miss Carr in much of her writing and is now engaged in editing her note-books. Before speaking of the characteristics of her work, Dr. Dilworth paid a tribute to many of the people who had been a source of inspiration and of help to Emily Carr, such people as Lawren Harris, Will Newcombe, Eric Brown, Marius Barbeau, Margaret Clay, Ruth Humphrey, Madge Wolfenden Hamilton, and others. It was pointed out that Emily Carr had been born in a storm and that her adult life was a continuation of that storm. She believed that Canadian art should be individually Canadian and not merely a copy introduced from elsewhere. She felt that one source of inspiration for the Canadian artist could be the art forms of the West Coast Indians and she proceeded to make herself familiar with them. She despised theoretical artists—the "arty-crafty" people, dabblers in art forms and theories—for her artists should work seriously at their profession. Dr. Dilworth described her prose style as earthy, direct, simple, and clean, which occasionally took on the aspects of poetic melody. He illustrated his ideas with some amusing entries from her journals and also gave samples of her more serious and equally effective prose writing. Dr. Dilworth mentioned some of the peculiarities of her personal life, her battles with others, her menagerie, her trailer, and pointed out how her solitary travels in the wilds contributed to her vast knowledge of nature, a knowledge on which she drew constantly in her work. Mrs. K. C. Drury moved a very hearty vote of thanks to the speaker.

At the regular meeting of the section held in the Provincial Library on Friday evening, June 24, the Past President of the British Columbia Historial Association, Captain C. W. Cates, presented his presidential address for the benefit of the members of the section who had been unable to attend the annual meeting in Vancouver. This dealt with the association of his family with the sea and had much of the lore of seamanship woven into the story and interspersed with famous old sea-chanties sung in an inimitable fashion. The appreciation of the meeting was expressed by Mr. G. H. Stevens and Major F. V. Longstaff.

The Annual Field Day of the section was held on Tuesday afternoon, August 23, and took the form of a visit to H.M.C. Dockyard and H.M.C.S. *Naden*. The members met at the Parliament Buildings, where buses were provided to transport them to the recently opened Naval Museum where they were greeted by Commander H. C. Little and taken on a tour of the museum. Service buses then took

them on a tour of the Dockyard, where a naval vessel was available for a tour of Esquimalt harbour as well. Following this they visited St. Paul's Church and the Naval Cemetery en route to H.M.C.S. *Naden*, where tea was served in the wardroom and Commander Little read a very interesting brief history of Esquimalt harbour.

The first meeting of the fall season was held in the Provincial Library on Friday evening, September 30, with Mr. R. E. Potter in the chair. The speaker on that occasion was the Honorary President of the Association, the Hon. R. G. Williston, Minister of Education, who presented an illustrated lecture on *The Expanding North*. Mr. Williston spent several years in the Peace River District and is an enthusiastic believer in the future of this portion of the Province. It was a graphic presentation of the story of the north country, which is now being opened up at an unprecedented rate, and many of his pictures of a " before and after " nature gave his audience a clear understanding of the history that is now so rapidly unfolding. The appreciation of the meeting was voiced by Mr. G. H. Stevens.

A meeting of the section was held in the Provincial Library on Thursday evening, October 27, when the speaker was Mrs. Kenneth C. Drury and her subject *An Early American Culture—the Maya Civilization*. Mr. and Mrs. Drury had visited the sites of the early Maya cities in Yucatan and had taken many coloured photographs which were shown to the audience. As an introduction to the slides Mrs. Drury read an interesting account of the development of the Maya civilization, which reached an unusually high point, the salient features of which were admirably illustrated in the coloured slides. Mr. Jan Zach, a Victoria artist who had spent some years in South America, thanked the speaker and told how the art of the Mayans is now influencing modern art in Mexico.

VANCOUVER SECTION

At the regular meeting of the section held on February 11, Dr. C. R. Elsie, Director of Research for the B.C. Packers Ltd., spoke on the whaling industry of British Columbia, and in particular of the activity off the west coast of Vancouver Island. His lecture was illustrated with a coloured movie.

On March 8 Mr. Alex. C. Hope, President of the Fort Langley Restoration Society, was the speaker. He outlined the plans of the society, which hoped to have the major portion of the restoration completed by the centennial year, and in particular the " Big House " or officers' quarters, in which the colony of British Columbia was inaugurated on November 19, 1858. In addition to describing present plans, Mr. Hope also gave much information on earlier days at Fort Langley.

At a meeting held on April 18 the section was privileged to have as its speaker Mrs. Laura Berton, whose book, *I Married the Klondike*, had just been released. Her talk included many interesting anecdotes of her life in the Yukon, from her arrival there as a young kindergarten teacher in 1908 (ostensibly to stay one year) until her departure in 1932.

Mr. John Gibbard was the speaker at a meeting of the section held on May 15, when he chose as his subject the history of the Chilliwack area of the Fraser Valley.

The annual picnic was held on June 18. Originally it had been intended to visit the Peace Arch Park at Douglas, but this was abandoned in favour of Fort Langley. A tour of the old fort and of the nearby Derby townsite was arranged, and it was unfortunate that the inclement weather curtailed the attendance.

Following the summer recess the first meeting in the fall was held on September 20, when Mr. Derrick Humphries, of the Trans-Mountain Pipeline Company, showed coloured films depicting the construction of their line from Edmonton to Burnaby, during the course of which showing Mr. Humphries answered questions relative to the undertaking.

On October 28 Mr. A. J. Arnold, editor of the *Western Jewish Bulletin,* was the speaker at a regular meeting. His subject was *The Jewish Community in British Columbia,* in which he traced the contributions of adherents of the Jewish faith to the early life of the Province commencing with the arrival in Victoria in 1858 of Selim Franklin.

NANAIMO SECTION

At the May meeting of the section the Provincial Archivist, Mr. Willard E. Ireland, was the guest speaker on the subject *Your Provincial Archives.* Not only did he outline the various divisions within the Provincial Archives and give some idea of the rich resources contained therein, but he also gave some idea of the way in which this material is used by scholarly researchers the world over and the general public alike.

At the June meeting Mr. G. B. Murdie showed a film of the waterfront pageant presented by the Yellow Point Players during the centenary celebrations on November 27, 1954.

In September Miss Patricia Johnson spoke on place-names in the vicinity of Nanaimo, and Mr. J. Parker also gave an account of his visit to the National Library, Ottawa, in search of information on local place-names.

The Chairman, Mr. W. A. Barraclough, read a short paper on J. K. Lord's experiences in the Nanaimo district in 1858 at the October meeting. The feature address was given by Mr. R. J. Walley, who, with Mrs. Walley, had just returned from a visit to Brierley Hill, England, from which district so many of the pioneer settlers who came out to Nanaimo on the *Princess Royal* in 1854 had been recruited. On behalf of the people of Nanaimo he had presented to the civic officials a book containing pictures, maps, and souvenirs of the centenary celebration of *Princess Royal* day.

WEST KOOTENAY SECTION

In conjunction with the unveiling of the David Thompson cairn at Castlegar, Dr. W. N. Sage, British Columbia and Yukon representative on the Historic Sites and Monuments Board of Canada, addressed a public meeting sponsored by the section on the evening of November 7, 1954, in which he traced the effect of the fur trade and mining on the development of transportation in the West Kootenay country. In the days of the fur trade transportation was not a great problem, for the fur-traders simply followed the rivers, but the advent of the miners, first as gold seekers, altered the situation. After the great discoveries in the Rossland district,

American interests were for a time dominant, and they were the pioneers in railroad construction, Heinze being responsible for the Trail Creek Tramway and the Columbia and Western, and D. C. Corbin for the Red Mountain Railway. The Nelson and Fort Shepherd was also under construction. In the meantime, the Canadian Pacific Railway, pushing its new southern route westward, began its struggle for control in the area, which culminated in its acquisition of the Trail smelter and in the completion of the Kettle Valley branch line.

The annual meeting of the section was held on December 6, 1954, when the following officers were elected for 1955:—

Chairman - - - - - - - - J. H. Armstrong.
Vice-Chairman - - - - - - G. T. German.
Secretary-Treasurer - - - - - - Mrs. A. D. Turnbull.
Councillors—
Mrs. J. H. Armstrong. F. M. Etheridge.
Mr. J. Bryden. F. Sindell.

The speaker at this meeting was the Venerable Archdeacon F. H. Graham, who recounted his personal reminiscences of early days in the Kootenay country.

On January 28, 1955, some of the members of the section met with Mrs. Clara P. Graham, author of *Fur and Gold in Kootenay*. At the general meeting held on February 28, Mrs. A. D. Turnbull presented a report on the annual meeting of the Provincial Association, and some time was spent in the identification of old photographs. Mr. Craig Weir presented a paper on the Dewdney Trail at the meeting held in March, and on June 13 an outdoor meeting was held at which Mr. W. Barlee spoke on *Indians in the West Kootenay*. At the first meeting in the fall, held on October 19, Mrs. A. D. Turnbull gave an illustrated talk on the Cariboo.

GULF ISLANDS SECTION

A petition from five members of the British Columbia Historical Association, asking for authorization for recognition of the Gulf Islands Section, was received and approved by the Council, in consequence of which Mr. Willard E. Ireland, Provincial Librarian and Archivist, attended the inaugural meeting held in Port Washington Community Hall, Pender Island, on Monday evening, July 18. Mrs. John Freeman acted as Chairman and representatives were present from North and South Pender, Mayne, Galiano, and Saturna Islands. Mr. Ireland spoke on the role and function of a local history society and suggested particular objects for the newly organized section. An election of officers was held which resulted as follows:—

Chairman - - - - - - - - Mrs. John Freeman.
Vice-Chairman - - - - - - Mr. J. Campbell.
Secretary-Treasurer - - - - - - Mrs. N. Grimmer.
Councillors—
Mrs. E. T. Money, Saturna Island.
Mrs. F. E. Robson, Galiano Island.
Mrs. W. Georgeson, Mayne Island.
Mrs. J. B. Bridge, North Pender Island.
Mr. H. A. Spalding, South Pender Island.

Mr. Willard E. Ireland and Mr. J. S. Rivers, editor of the *Sidney and Gulf Islands Review*, were elected honorary members.

The second meeting was held on Sunday evening, September 18, in the Mayne Island Hall, with representatives from Saturna, Mayne, North and South Pender Islands present. No formal papers were presented, but the opportunity was taken to discuss plans for the work of the section.

OKANAGAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The annual meeting of the society was held on Thursday afternoon, May 5, in the United Church Hall, Vernon, with Mr. J. D. Whitham, Vice-President, in the chair. Tribute was paid to the devoted service that had been rendered the society by its late President, Mr. James B. Knowles, who, since 1949, had with singular enthusiasm and success guided the affairs of the society until his death on February 6. The business of the society was transacted with expedition and from the numerous reports reviewed it was apparent that another successful year had been completed. The election of officers resulted as follows:—

Honorary Patron - - His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor.
Honorary President - - O. L. Jones, M.P.
President - - - J. D. Whitham, Kelowna.
Vice-Presidents—
F. V. Harwood, Vernon. Mrs. R. B. White, Penticton.
C. E. Bentley, Summerland.
Secretary - - - - Dr. J. C. Goodfellow, Princeton.
Treasurer - - - Guy P. Bagnall, Vernon.
Editor - - - - Dr. J. C. Goodfellow, Princeton.
Assistant Editor - - R. J. McDougall, Sorrento.
Auditor - - - - T. R. Jenner, Vernon.
Directors—
North—
J. H. Wilson, Armstrong. J. G. Simms, Vernon.
Middle—
Dr. F. Quinn, Kelowna. Mrs. D. Gellatly, Westbank.
James Goldie, Okanagan Centre.
South—
George J. Fraser, Osoyoos. Captain O. Weeks, Penticton.
Mrs. C. G. Bennett, Penticton.
At Large—
Miss K. Ellis, Penticton. A. K. Lloyd, Kelowna.
R. J. McDougall, Sorrento.

The executives of the branch societies are as follows:—

Armstrong-Enderby

President - - - - - R. B. Blackburn, Enderby.
Vice-President - - - J. H. Wilson, Armstrong.
Secretary-Treasurer - - - Mrs. M. Pidoborozny, Enderby.

Directors—
Mrs. R. Crozier, Armstrong. A. Marshall, Armstrong.
G. E. McMahon, Enderby. H. F. Cowan, Enderby.
W. H. Logan, Enderby.

Kelowna

President - - - - - Mrs. G. D. Fitzgerald.
Vice-President - - - H. C. S. Collett.
Secretary-Treasurer - - - L. L. Kerry.
Directors—
G. W. Watt. D'Arcy Dendy. H. Hobbs.
G. Walburn. J. D. Whitham.

Penticton

President - - - - - Harold Cochrane.
Vice-Presidents - - - Mrs. A. M. Warren.
J. G. Harris.
Secretary - - - - - Mrs. C. G. Bennett.
Treasurer - - - - Captain O. Weeks.
Directors—
Mrs. R. B. White. C. E. Bentley.
H. W. Corbitt. Mrs. W. Whitaker.
C. F. M. Guernsey. E. W. A. Cooper.

Oliver-Osoyoos

President - - - - - A. W. Hanbury.
Secretary - - - - - Mrs. E. J. Lacey.
Treasurer - - - - R. Fenwick-Wilson.
Directors—
N. V. Simpson. F. O. McDonald. A. McGibbon.

Vernon

President - - - - - Fred V. Harwood.
Vice-President - - - A. E. Berry.
Secretary-Treasurer - - - George Falconer.
Directors—
Guy P. Bagnall Miss Hilda Cryderman.
Mrs. M. Middleton.

The business meeting was followed by a dinner at which the speaker was Dr. W. N. Sage, retired Head of the Department of History at the University of British Columbia, who had selected as the subject of his address *Sir James Douglas: The Father of British Columbia.* This address will appear in the forthcoming *Annual Report.*

ROSSLAND HISTORICAL MUSEUM ASSOCIATION

The first annual report of the directors of the Rossland Historical Museum was presented under date October 13, 1955. The President, Mr. Gordon T. German, indicated that three meetings of the directors had been held since incorporation in March and the total paid-up membership had reached thirty-one. The Museum is located in the Court-house and has been open to the public during the same hours as the Library, thanks to the co-operation of the Librarian, Mrs. W. M. Anderson. In addition to individual visitors, several groups have been shown through the Museum. The photograph collection has grown by 200, which are now being copied by the Provincial Archives, and the 300 on hand will be mounted during the winter. Since the opening of the Museum, many interesting historical relics and objects have been added to the collection, and a three-drawer locking metal file-cabinet has been acquired to provide safe storage for the growing collection of papers and documents. The facilities of the Museum are already being used, not just by visitors but by persons interested in more serious historical research. The financial report indicated that grants had been received from both the Rossland Rotary Club and the Rossland Community Chest and after all accounts had been paid a satisfactory balance remained on hand for future operations.

PLAQUE TO COMMEMORATE THE BIRTHPLACE OF EMILY CARR

More than 250 friends of the late Emily Carr and lovers of her creative genius assembled in front of her birthplace, a modest frame house on Government Street, Victoria, on Wednesday afternoon, May 11, to witness the dedication of a plaque erected by the Historic Sites and Monuments Board of Canada. The ceremony was presided over by Miss Margaret Clay, a long-standing friend of Miss Carr and chairman of the local committee in charge of arrangements. Dr. W. N. Sage, British Columbia and Yukon representative on the Federal Government Board, was introduced and spoke briefly on the decision of the Board to place this marker, commenting that "immortality takes many forms and to-day we are honouring an immortal Canadian." In addition, he read a letter from Dr. Lawren Harris, who had given great encouragement to Emily Carr in her struggles, in which he asserted that she was one of the "world's greatest artists." The plaque, which is located on a city boulevard, was officially accepted on behalf of the City of Victoria by His Worship Mayor Claude Harrison, and the Honourable W. N. Chant, Minister of Public Works, represented the Provincial Government at the ceremony. The plaque was officially unveiled by Dr. Ira Dilworth, of the Canadian Broadcasting Company, Toronto, a former resident of Victoria and close personal friend of the artist. His address on that occasion is printed below. The inscription reads as follows:—

Birthplace of Emily Carr, artist and writer, portrayer of the
British Columbia scene.
Born, Victoria, 13th December, 1871,
died Victoria, 2nd March, 1945.

ADDRESS OF DR. IRA DILWORTH

"Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: You have done me a great honour in inviting me to be present this afternoon and unveil a plaque to the memory of Emily Carr. This is for me an occasion of unusual interest and excitement. I congratulate the Historic Sites and Monuments Board of Canada on erecting this memorial in the tenth year after Miss Carr's death. It is an honour which in this country might so easily have been delayed but which assuredly comes none too soon.

"As I stand here on a spot which I have passed literally thousands of times, I find myself deeply moved, and the most I can do is to pay my personal tribute to Emily Carr as I knew her, as a woman, writer and painter.

"It was in this house behind us that Emily Carr was born. My first memories of it go back to 1909, when my family moved to live in Victoria just half a block away from this spot. The house was then set in a deep garden; a garden bounded on Government Street by a great grove of Lombard poplar-trees, the space between the trees filled to overflowing with snowball, laburnum, and rich lilac. These shrubs in the month of May in those years sent great cascades of colour and fragrance from the garden into the street. Along Simcoe Street the garden was bounded by a high hedge of white hawthorn.

"The garden itself was characteristically Victorian and very English. As Emily herself said, her father, having left England behind, planted his loneliness in the soil of his new home and 'it came up all English.' This plot of ground may be proud of its memories. It was here that Emily, whose sisters called her 'Small,' played. Behind the house were the vegetable-gardens, and the hayfield centred about what Emily used to call the cow yard. There the small child made friends with the barnyard animals and birds. In the cow yard stood the old barn with its wide roof and its loft, which was Emily's first studio. Behind all this, running up towards Beacon Hill, were grass fields and meadows in which grew the flowers that Emily loved so much, particularly the wild lilies.

"Emily Carr spent practically her whole life within little more than a stone's throw from this spot on which we are now standing. Except for periods of training in San Francisco, England, and Paris, and a short time spent in teaching in Vancouver, this district of Victoria was her home. When death had made inroads into the family, Emily decided to move out of the old house, and built her own residence a block and a half from here up Simcoe Street, a house which she has described in *The House of All Sorts*. Its upper story was given over to a very fine studio. In the garden behind were kennels where she raised great quantities of sheep-dogs. When times became too difficult for her financially, Emily sold 'the house of all sorts' and moved a few blocks south of this point to live in a tiny cottage on Beckley Street. It was there, in a district which was distinctly 'slummy,' that she received Lady Tweedsmuir, wife of the Governor-General, who had asked the privilege of seeing Emily and her paintings. After illness laid its hand heavily upon her, Emily gave up Beckley Street and went to live in Alice's house, the small cottage where Alice lived and carried on her private school. You know it well—it lies just behind the old Carr house facing on St. Andrew's Street, its boulevards covered with cedar-trees and surrounded by remnants of the old original Carr orchard. There Emily lived in a self-contained apartment, she and her sister

meeting daily, concerned with each other's needs, but each maintaining a personal aloofness which had no bitterness nor malice in it. It was from that little cottage that Emily Carr set out one afternoon late in February, 1945, having confessed to feeling suddenly very tired, to go to the rest home which is just a block below us here on Government Street, in the building which was formerly the James Bay Hotel. There a few days later she died quietly and without fuss.

"It is small wonder that, standing on this site to-day, those of us who knew Emily Carr are deeply moved and feel the presence of ghosts from the past. It was along these streets that we used to see her passing with her great group of sheep-dogs bouncing around her, with her beloved monkey, Woo, sometimes riding in a baby carriage, sometimes ambling along tugging at the end of her chain. It was along the cliffs at Dallas Road just south of here that Emily used to go for her morning and evening walks to breathe in inspiration from the vast expanse of sea and sky with the mountains hazy or clear in the distance. It was on Beacon Hill in this close vicinity—a Beacon Hill not then completely occupied by broom and lush and lovely with grass, deep with buttercups and camass—that Emily awaited so often the coming of the sun in the morning surrounded by her playing dogs. It was in Alice's old cottage or in 'the house of all sorts' that many of us talked with Emily and found a woman touched with gaiety, sensitive, often depressed and lonely, but always dauntless in courage and determination.

"Very simply, although we did not know it in those far-away years, Emily Carr was a genius, a genius in painting and in writing. She had the simplicity and the direct drive which is characteristic of genius. She was never lured away from the one course which her task in life laid out in front of her. She could be difficult and often was, but she was tender, affectionate, loyal, and, above everything else, honest as the sun. She had a very hard life filled with work and not a little worry, but we are all glad to know that before its end she achieved a kind of recognition of which she was very proud and which thrilled her deeply. This woman will be remembered as long as our history. She has an unassailable place in the story of our culture. She has added an extraordinary lustre to this beautiful city of Victoria. It is, therefore, Mr. Chairman, with a deep sense of humility but with pride and profound satisfaction that I discharge my duty of unveiling this memorial plaque to Emily Carr."

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

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THE NORTHWEST BOOKSHELF

The History of the 6th Field Company, Royal Canadian Engineers, 1939–1945. Compiled by S. A. Flatt. Vancouver: Wrigley Printing Company Ltd., 1955. Pp. xiv, 141. Ills. and maps.

On the afternoon of September 1, 1939, Major T. H. Jermyn, Officer Commanding the 6th Field Company, R.C.E., received orders to mobilize his unit. The chronicle of the events which followed form the subject of the history under review. Formed originally in North Vancouver in 1912 the 6th Field Company served as a training company and did not see overseas service in the First World War. During the period from 1920 to 1939 it formed part of the Non-Permanent Active Militia. When the Second World War broke out the company was mobilized as part of the Canadian Active Service Force and served with the 3rd Canadian Infantry Division at home and abroad.

The wartime story of the sappers will be familiar to all who served with the 3rd Division. After a year's service in British Columbia the company was sent to Debert Military Camp, in Nova Scotia, where it was engaged with the other divisional engineers in preparing the camp to receive and house the main body of the division. Nine months later, in June, 1941, the 6th Field Company was among the first of the division's troops to sail for the United Kingdom.

For the next three years the sappers were engaged in routine engineer work and training. There were camps to be constructed and prepared for the thousands of Canadian soldiers who came overseas in 1941–1942. Then there was training in bridging, camouflaging, field works, mines and booby-traps, general construction, and a hundred other duties which formed part of a field company's responsibility. In 1943 and 1944 emphasis was placed on large-scale exercises and combined operations, which culminated in the weeks before the invasion of Europe.

On D-Day the 6th Field Company was among the first of the 3rd Division's assaulting troops to land in Normandy, and from then until V-E Day the sappers were in the thick of the campaign. During this time the unit suffered over 100 casualties and earned a respectful number of awards and decorations for their work in battle.

This history is based almost entirely upon the unit's official war diary, and is the product of the former Company Sergeant-Major and Company Quartermaster-Sergeant, the latter being designated as the official historian. Because of its semi-official nature the book will probably be definitive as far as the 6th Field Company is concerned, but it is by no means all-encompassing. Its appeal is to the former members of the company who shared its joys and vicissitudes, but the general reader, including those who served overseas, will derive little that is new or interesting from it.

Perhaps the two most unfortunate aspects of the book are first, the failure to treat the unit's actions in their proper perspective, and second, the overemphasis

on the non-operational aspects of the company's participation in the campaign. As for the first, the author tends to treat the infantry battalions which the 6th Field Company supported in a most cursory way. Indeed, the entire Canadian Army suffers the same fate. Although this is almost a typical fault with most regimental histories, it is most obvious in the history of a unit whose primary task was to support the infantry battalions. As such the success of the combatant troops frequently depended upon the ability of the engineers to carry out such hazardous tasks as lifting mine-fields and building bridges under enemy fire, and it would have added to the 6th Field Company's history if the reader had been enlightened as to the effect the sappers' work had in relation to the course of battle. This is not to suggest that the author has devoted too great space to the story of the company's personal role in battle. In fact the reverse is true, in so far as its operational role is concerned. For example, no member of the unit can have forgotten or will ever forget D-Day. It signified the culmination of years of training as well as the first day of battle experienced in the thirty-two years of the company's existence. On that day the 6th Field Company had twelve of its men killed and fifteen wounded—a major loss for so small a company—and two won the Military Medal for their bravery during the assault. Despite these facts only four paragraphs are devoted to a description of the actual D-Day battle, and in these brief paragraphs no mention is made of the awards won at the time.

A great many errors in the text could have been avoided if greater reference had been made to the official and semi-official books dealing with the Canadian Army in 1939–1945. This is especially true of continental place-names, of which "Cain" for "Caen" on the copy of a plaque decorating the book's cover is a most unhappy example. The photographs in this history are good, the maps fair, and the "cartoons" which decorate each chapter heading could easily have been dispensed with.

PROVINCIAL ARCHIVES, R. H. ROY.
VICTORIA, B.C.

The Dufferin-Carnarvon Correspondence, 1874–1878. Edited by C. W. de Kiewiet and F. H. Underhill. Toronto: The Champlain Society, 1955. Pp. lv, 442. Ills.

There should be no need to introduce Dufferin and Carnarvon to students of British Columbia's history. Dufferin was Governor-General of Canada from 1872 to 1878 and Carnarvon was the Secretary of State for the Colonies in Disraeli's second administration. The two men were on opposite sides of the political fence, yet they were close personal friends and Carnarvon had no sooner taken office in 1874 than he asked Dufferin to communicate with him "fully & Unreservedly not only as Secretary of State but as yrs most truly & sincerely." Thus the correspondence began and so it continued until January, 1878, when Carnarvon resigned following a disagreement with his colleagues over British policy in the Near East. These revealing private letters were located by President de Kiewiet in the Public Record Office and, although they have been available in Ottawa on microfilm for some time, the Champlain Society wisely decided to publish them. The bulk of the correspondence is London-bound and, as the

editors remark, Dufferin's " brilliant analysis of Canadian politics and politicians brings the whole period to life and gives us fresh material for judging almost every main question in the Canadian public affairs of the time."

There can be little doubt but that most of the editorial work was done by Professor F. H. Underhill, who recently left the University of Toronto for Ottawa and a three-year research appointment. No one could be better qualified than he to write the introduction in which the major characters are delineated and the more important subjects discussed. And it comes as no surprise to detect a note of admiration for Edward Blake running throughout. Blake, " who towered above his fellows in intellectual ability," was " the man whom Dufferin feared most "; Blake, who was " generally recognized as the greatest legal mind in Canada " was " too sensitive and thin-skinned for the coarse and dirty controversy which marked Canadian politics in those days "; and Blake, who stands " in the direct line of the Canadian Liberal tradition which runs from Baldwin and LaFontaine and his own father to Laurier and King," is obviously the hero of the constitutional drama that was played during Dufferin's term of office.

Nothing revolutionary emerges from the correspondence. But much useful information is to be found on the Pacific Railway, the Pacific scandals, the amnesty question, the Guibord case, and a variety of other problems of the interregnum. Mackenzie, Blake, Mills, and Cartwright stand in clearer focus after one watches them wrestle with the " prima donna " in Rideau Hall for five years. As a result of Blake's passion for autonomy the volume is an historical hot-house or laboratory where new blends in the imperial relationship are being evolved and tested. It should be added that this subject has been discussed in detail in David Farr's recent book *The Colonial Office and Canada, 1867–1887*. The constitutional historian will enjoy as well Dufferin's accounts of his relations with the cabinet, although his Irish blarney and ill-concealed vanity must always be kept in mind.

Students of Provincial history will find the volume extremely valuable and interesting. In his first letter and in his last Dufferin discussed the Pacific Railway, and that subject takes up more space than any other—almost more than all the others. The background to the dispute between British Columbia and the Mackenzie administration, the endless negotiations over the non-fulfilment of the terms of union, Dufferin's trip to the West Coast, and Carnarvon's diplomacy are all traced, " blow by blow," in this trans-Atlantic correspondence. Dufferin had no sympathy for the residents of Victoria in their demand for the construction of the Esquimalt and Nanaimo railway and he suspected that the agitation was largely their doing. Mackenzie he believed to have been " most culpable in having offered to build it " and the expenditure of " a million of money—and it could scarcely cost less—upon such an enterprise would be absurd." Dufferin's political analysis was as acute in Victoria as it was in Ottawa. He informed Carnarvon that Victoria interests dominated the political scene, that the Island versus Mainland contest was perhaps the only fundamental political division, and that " as each individual member of the House has some strictly personal interest engaged in every political squabble, matters are decided by anything but patriotic or even reasonable considerations." Matters had not greatly changed thirty years later when Messrs. Jaffray and Cox were able to buy a majority in the legislature.

Dufferin, Carnarvon, and Underhill write extremely well and the volume is a pleasure to read. This writer hopes and trusts that the reception given this excellent publication will encourage the Champlain Society to publish in modern Canadian history more often.

DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY,
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JOHN T. SAYWELL.

In Search of the Magnetic North. A Soldier-Surveyor's Letters from the North-West, 1843–1844. Pioneer Books Series. Edited by Dr. G. F. G. Stanley. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada Ltd., 1955. Pp. xxviii, 171. Maps and Ills.

This is the third of the excellent Pioneer Books series which "is designed to discover and bring back into general circulation a number of the more interesting and out-of-date books on early life in Canada." Actually the contents of this book have never been published before in Canada or elsewhere. While serving overseas with the Historical Section of the Canadian Army, Professor Stanley heard of the existence of these Letters and he was instrumental in arranging for their presentation to the Public Archives of Canada.

The soldier-surveyor was Lieutenant (later Major-General Sir) John Henry Lefroy who, while director of the Toronto Magnetical Observatory, 1841–1853, undertook a journey to the Hudson's Bay Company's territories for the purpose of making a magnetic survey of the North-West. The letters he wrote to his family and friends during his year-and-a-half voyage are not, as the title might suggest, replete with scientific matters. Rather they contain a description of the manners and customs in the North-West as seen by a young Englishman at a time when the life of the fur-trader was still akin to the eighteenth century. As such they make interesting reading for either the historian or the general reader.

The introduction to the Letters by the editor contains a brief but adequate biographical sketch of Lefroy. The end maps by Captain C. C. J. Bond are models of their kind.

PROVINCIAL ARCHIVES,
VICTORIA, B.C.

R. H. ROY.

THE BRITISH COLUMBIA HISTORICAL QUARTERLY

VOLUME XIX

1955

VICTORIA, B.C.

Published by the Archives of British Columbia in co-operation with the British Columbia Historical Association

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Parliament Buildings, Victoria, B.C.

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ERRATA

Page 6, line 25: For *Nicholas* read *Nicolas.*
Page 16, line 6: For *Atkha* read *Atka.*
Page 17, line 30: For *Teretii* read *Terentii.*
Page 17, line 34: For *Potasov* read *Protasov.*
Page 18, line 15: For *Chebayevskii* read *Chebaeskii.*

Page 20, line 29: For *Predtecha* read *Predtechya.*
Page 24, line 4: For *Stahlin* read *Staehlin.*
Page 24, line 10: For *Protod'yakanov* read *Protodyakanov.*
Page 29, line 5: For *Yakov Protassov* read *Jakob Protasov.*
Page 34, line 32: For *Lityua* read *Lituya.*
Page 43, line 34: For *Macao* read *Macão.*
Page 44, line 5: For *Macao* read *Macão.*
Page 44, line 15: For *Cope* read *Cape.*
Page 46, line 26: For *Houston-Stewart* read *Houston Stewart.*
Page 48, line 15: For *Macao* read *Macão.*
Page 49, lines 37 and 40: For *Cook's* read *Cook.*

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Printed by DON MCDIARMID, Printer to the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty
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1959

1M-858-5785

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