

**Early Vancouver**

**Volume Three**

**By: Major J.S. Matthews, V.D.**

**2011 Edition (Originally Published 1935)**

*Narrative of Pioneers of Vancouver, BC Collected During 1933-1934.*

*Supplemental to Volumes One and Two collected in 1931-1932.*

**About the 2011 Edition**

The 2011 edition is a transcription of the original work collected and published by Major Matthews. Handwritten marginalia and corrections Matthews made to his text over the years have been incorporated and some typographical errors have been corrected, but no other editorial work has been undertaken. The edition and its online presentation was produced by the City of Vancouver Archives to celebrate the 125<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the City's founding. The project was made possible by funding from the Vancouver Historical Society.

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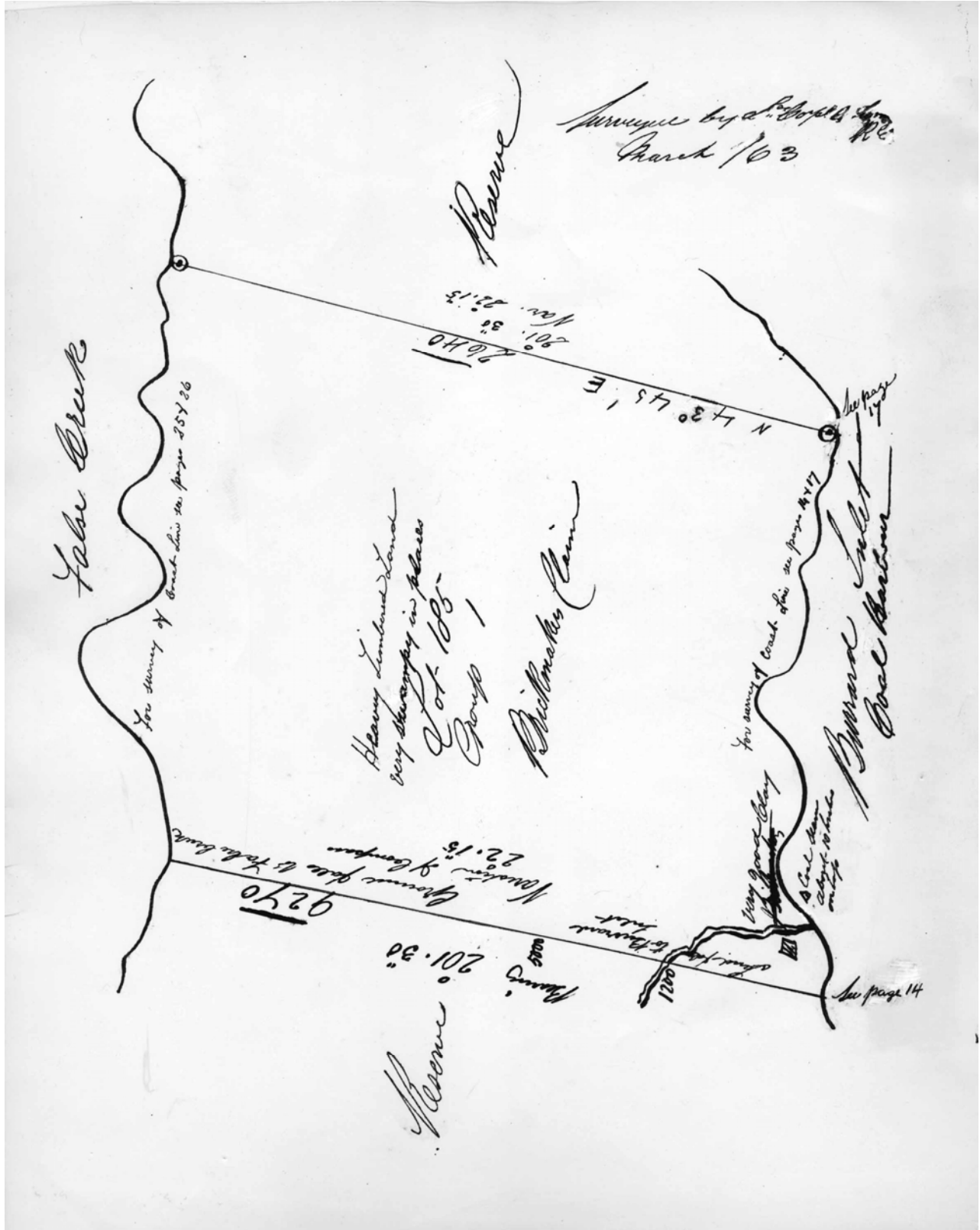
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Tracing of field notes, survey "Brickmaker's Claim" (D.L. 185, West End from Burrard Street to Stanley Park) made—written instructions Col. Moody to Capt. Parsons, 26 January 1863—by Lce-Corp George Turner, March 1863. Showing Morton's "cabin, clay, coal seam, heavy timbered land, very swampy in places." Original Provincial Archives, copy City Archives, Vancouver.

**MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION (CORRECTED BY JOHN H. SCALES, WITH HELP OF HIS SON, 30 JUNE 1933) WITH MR. JOHN H. AND MRS. SCALES AT THEIR SUITE IN THE FULLER BLOCK, 19<sup>TH</sup> AVENUE EAST AND MAIN STREET, VANCOUVER, ON THIS HIS 79<sup>TH</sup> BIRTHDAY, 26 JUNE 1933.**

Note: it has been most difficult to verify the year dates he gives. Mr. Scales was one of the children who accompanied the Royal Engineers which arrived at Victoria in April 1859, and is now believed to be one of the four or five who survive—all of whom arrived as children—on the famous voyage of the *Thames City*. The others are John McMurphy of New Westminster, Hugh Murray of New Westminster, and his brother, John Murray, of Port Moody. I met Mr. Scales at the bottom of the stairs, and although it was his 79<sup>th</sup> birthday, he ascended two flights of steps just as fast as I, who am twenty years younger. He looked a picture of health and alertness. After we were seated he said:

**ROYAL ENGINEERS.**

"I was five—that is, I was born on June 26, 1854—when I arrived with my father, a Royal Engineer, and my mother, on the *Thames City* at Victoria in April 1859. Father came from somewhere near Leeds in Yorkshire; I don't know just where, but it was near from where Brighthouse came. Mother was Miss Mary Excell, from somewhere in Kent. Just when or where they were married I have forgotten, but my oldest sister and I were born in Mauritius in the Indian Ocean; Father was on duty there with the Royal Engineers, contracted cholera, and the doctor recommended a sea voyage, and as they were sending men back to the Old Country, Father went with them, and arrived just about the time they were making up the draft for the new colony of British Columbia. Every man for that contingent had to be a tradesman of some sort; Father was a stonemason, and volunteered, and was selected."

**MILITARY GRANTS OF LAND.**

"When the Royal Engineers returned, Father remained and, of course, was given his military grant of land. He did not take up land on his land scrip, but sold it to Tom Moody, of the Sawmill known as Moody's Mill on Burrard Inlet, afterwards called Moodyville. Moody was wanting timber, and I understand Moody applied it on timberland not far from his mill where he could cut logs. Father sold his land scrip for fifty dollars. Just what happened I do not know exactly, but I surmise that they got him into a saloon, they had a few drinks; anyway, he came home with just \$25 of the fifty. Boys will be boys. Moody has a nephew living in Vancouver, a well known dentist.

"Just what Father did for a year or more after his discharge I do not know exactly; I know he did *not* get a pension because, I understand, he was a year or so short of the necessary years of service. But at any rate, in 1869 he was out of work, and the decision was made to go over to Burrard Inlet; there had been a lot of talk in New Westminster about Burrard Inlet, and Father decided to go over there and settle. They said it was a nice place to go to."

**A PIONEER OF PIONEERS IN VANCOUVER.**

"Father got a flat bottomed boat and took me with him; I was then about fifteen. We went down the North Arm of the Fraser, and got as far as McRoberts' place, which was a little below and across the river on Lulu Island from Rowling's military grant, known now as D.L. 258 in South Vancouver. McRoberts was not a Royal Engineer, Rowling was. Before Rowling went to live down the North Arm he lived just east of the little old church at Sapperton. McRoberts' place on Lulu Island was below Rowling's place across the river—on the angle; McRoberts' place was nearer the mouth a bit. I recall that that evening, while we were stopping at McRoberts' place, that Rowling came over the river and was telling us all about his place which we had just passed. We were interested, of course, as we had something similar in mind for ourselves. McRoberts' place was the only place which was dyked at that time." (Hugh McRoberts dyked in 1861-1862. See *History of Richmond* by Kidd.)

### **TRIP TO BURRARD INLET, 1869.**

“Father told McRoberts what we had in mind about Burrard Inlet. McRoberts said, ‘You can’t get around there tonight; it’s a long way; you had better stop here for the night.’ So we stopped. Then he said, ‘Come on out and look at my garden’ He had three great beds of onions. He was growling about weeds. Father said, ‘I wouldn’t growl, if I had a layout like that—it’s something like that I’m after.’ I recall it so well for he had three great big beds of fine onions; it must have been about this time, the month of June, for the onions were just so high, about six inches, and all full of weeds. McRoberts said, ‘I have to get busy and take those weeds out.’ He got up early in the morning, about four o’clock, and of course, when we got up later, he told us about it, and we asked him what he had been doing up so early; was he weeding the onions? He said, ‘Yes, it’s all finished; come on out and look at them.’ So we went out, and the onions were all clear of weeds all right; here and there was an odd young onion sticking up, and a lot of stumps of what had been young onions. The whole onion beds were almost bare. Something had gone through them.”

### **ARMY WORMS.**

Query: What had happened? Had he pulled up onions as well as weeds?

Mr. Scales: “No, don’t know just exactly what happened; think it must have been the army worms got into them; anyway, the onions were all gone save an odd one staggered about here and there.”

Mrs. Scales: (interjecting) “That was the time the army worms were so bad. The same thing happened at Nanaimo to the lettuce beds his mother had. His mother had some beautiful beds of lettuce, and they just vanished one day.”

Mr. Scales: “I was over at Mother’s and she told me all her lettuce had gone, so I told her it did not matter—we lived close by—I had plenty. I went over to my place, and to my astonishment, all mine had gone too.”

Mrs. Scales: “That was the time the army worms were so bad. They were so thick you could just take a lard bucket and scoop them up.”

### **TRIP TO BURRARD INLET (CONTINUED.)**

“Well, anyway, McRoberts told us that Burrard Inlet was just around the point, and that as soon as we got around the point we would see it. So as we were nearing Point Grey after resuming our trip in the flat bottomed boat, we saw a Siwash in a canoe, and he told us he was going to Burrard Inlet, and so we followed him. When we got around the Point” (Point Grey) “we expected to see a little inlet, but there was no inlet we could see; all we could see was more water, so we kept on following the Indian. Finally he disappeared into a sort of a hole in the wall, and we lost him. You see, to see all down the Narrows you have to straighten up, and enter it from the middle, like; if you hug the shore, you don’t see it until you’re right on it; Father said, ‘He’s gone.’ (The Indian.)”

### **ENTERING THE FIRST NARROWS.**

“The tide was coming out; you know what that means at the First Narrows; we soon found out. Father got out and went along the rocks with a long rope, and in that way we pulled the boat through the Narrows.” (Note: they must have dragged it along the shore under Prospect Point where the current is exceptionally swift when the tide is running out.) “Finally we made a spot where the Lumberman’s Arch is now, where there was a logging camp. That was about mid afternoon; we had come from McRoberts’ since early morning.”

Query: Whose logging camp was it?

Mr. Scales: “Captain Stamp’s. They used to call it Stamp’s Mill before they called it Hastings Mill. We asked the people at the camp if they knew where Burrard Inlet was. They said just around the point. We said to ourselves, ‘Good Lord, another point!’ It seemed that Burrard Inlet was always ‘just around the point.’”

## **BURRARD INLET IN 1869.**

“The first thing we saw when we got around what is now Brockton Point was three shacks. One was away up on the hill about where the Marine Building is now, another was about at the foot of Abbott Street, and another about the foot of Carrall Street.”

### **THE SHACK ON THE HILL.**

Query: Was the shack on the hill Morton’s?

Mr. Scales: “I don’t know, never heard of Morton.” (Note: very queer—never heard of Morton, but Scales spent years in Nanaimo.) “The house on the hill was Mr. House’s, I think that’s the way he spells his name—H O U S E. The shack at the foot of Abbott Street afterwards became our shack; that at the foot of Carrall was Gassy Jack’s. Mr. House’s shack—Charlie House was a carpenter and boat builder—he built boats there—was just a shack in the bush; nothing else. On the shore was kelp and boulders, then the grey cliff, sandstone, grey coloured, pretty steep; and the trees came right down all over the cliff face to the water. Why, in those days you could take boat and row all around Coal Harbour from Brockton Point to Gassy Jack’s, and at high tide touch the branches with the inside oar all the way around.

On 24 February 1898, at Bournemouth, England, Catherine Hailstone appointed her husband, William Hailstone, and William Tindall to be executors of her will. Mr. Tindall was her brother-in-law. The will was probated 6 December 1899. A copy is in City Archives.

### **COAL HARBOUR.**

Query: Ever hear of Tyndall’s Creek, where John Morton lived? (See Joseph Morton, Vol. 2.)

Mr. Scales: “No. Charlie House was living in the shack on the hill with his wife, a white woman, and two girls, Maggie and Deelia, and one boy Charlie.”

Query: How do you recall their names so well?

Mr. Scales: “Well, that’s easy; there wasn’t such a lot of people whose names we had to remember around that we couldn’t remember all there were. We were all of about the same age; we used to take the girls in a boat to Moodyville; my sister was three years younger than me, and we all used to play around together, barefoot, on the beach.”

Query: Do you suppose the Mrs. Charlie House, widow of Charlie House who ran a hotel at Barkerville, and who is living there yet, is the same Mrs. Charlie House? Chas. House was an R.E.

Mr. Scales: “No, the old folks must be dead. It might be the son’s widow, Maggie—we heard she married a tinsmith in New Westminster, Bob Anderson—I would like to find out if she is alive; Deelia—don’t know what became of her, nor of Charlie, the boy. But I recall it all very well because once we took them over to Moodyville to see the monkeys on a sailing ship; I’ll never forget that; once was enough of that; we never tried it again.

“The way you got up the cliff was up the steps cut in the grey sandstone; pretty steep going up the bank, flat on top; first thing you saw was bush, the last thing was bush, and bush all around; no grass, no flowers, no fruit trees, just bush; probably half an acre cleared. The cabin was of split cedar shakes, boulder and clay chimney, nothing much around the shack.”

Query: Was there a grindstone, or tools, or anything like that? (See Joseph Morton, Vol. 2.)

Mr. Scales: “No, nothing; only a bit of a shelter on the shore where House built his boats under.

“I don’t know what Morton had to do with it. I was only fifteen, and such things as land did not bother me much. I do know that there was some sort of dispute doing on about something. I recall something that some party told Father that he would ‘make it all right’ with him if he would say certain things, but what it was about I don’t know.”

### **THE CABIN ON THE HILL (PRESUMABLY MORTON’S.)**

“Well, the cabin, oh, that was a bit of a thing, two rooms perhaps, big enough for the five persons to live in, say 20 feet by 15 feet, one door, windows, I suppose, of about four panes of glass 10 by 12 inches; no

dogs, no flowers, no garden, probably a wood pile, and the wife dressed in a long skirt, and maybe a shawl; the youngsters likely barefoot. I was never inside the cabin, only outside.”

#### **FIRST BUILDING NEAR ABBOTT STREET. GRANVILLE.**

“I don’t think Granville was surveyed at that time. We would row along the shore under where the C.P.R. depot is now, and stopped at the shack which I think must have been at the foot of Abbott Street. I will tell you how I came to calculate it must have been somewhere about there. It was about half way between Gassy Jack’s and House’s; that’s all I really know about its location.”

Query: Was it near a stream or on the edge of a beach?

Mr. Scales: “It was pretty straight beach along there until you got to Gassy Jack’s, when it curved in. We rowed along the shore, and on to what was afterwards Gastown. As near as I can figure out, the great big open barn to which we went was at the foot of Abbott Street. We stopped, went ashore, poked around; the big open barn of a place, it was all one room, was empty, built of boards and battens, no land cleared around it, cedar shake roof; I forget if there were windows in it; cannot say if there were or if there were not; it was a regular old wreck.

“Father and I went along the beach to Gassy Jack’s, and asked him if he knew who it belonged to. He did not seem to know, so we went on down to the Hastings Mill and asked there, but no one seemed to have an idea whose it was, so we just took possession. I think it must have belonged to some people who were hunting for coal; there was something said about that, I forget; there was talk about there being coal on Coal Harbour.”

Query: Was it close to the beach?

Mr. Scales: “Oh, yes, on a bit of a low bank right beside the water, a bit of a bank five feet or so high; you could jump from the verandah, a bit of a shelter Father built, jump right into the water at high tide. As near as I can figure out, it was at the foot of Abbott Street.”

Query: How do you figure that?

Mr. Scales: “Well, from the hill, that is, from House’s cabin on the hill, to Gassy Jack’s, we were about half way. There was a little bit of a stream, just a few yards west of our big barn, no swamp at the mouth of the stream, but there was one back on the hill above a bit. Mother used to do her washing in the little stream; an Indian woman used to help her.”

(Note: this stream probably came down the hollow starting where the Hudson’s Bay store is now on Granville Street, down Seymour Street, then under Spencer’s Department store, down past the corner of Cambie and Water streets.)

“This great big barn; that was all it was; there was nobody living in it; we did not know whose it was; Gassy Jack did not know. Father said to him, ‘I want a place to live in.’ So Father and I got back into the boat and went on up to the mill. We told them up there we wanted a place to live in; told the foreman of Stamp’s Mill; told them he wanted it for his family, wanted to bring them around from New Westminster. So the foreman said, ‘I’ll give you some lumber, and you can put some partitions in it.’ So we got the lumber, and got the family over, and we lived there six years, I think. Father was working in the logging camp.”

Query: How many of a family came over?

Mr. Scales: “All seven children came; only two of us, my sister and myself, came over on the *Thames City*—the rest were born in New Westminster, none on Burrard Inlet.” (Note: Rosamond Scales seems to have been born in 1871.)

Query: What is puzzling me, Mr. Scales, is why you don’t recall the houses the surveyors show on Trutch’s map of Granville, March 1870. I don’t see how you could have come earlier than 1869, because McRoberts’ onions were growing, and Rowling did not go to D.L. 258 until September 1868.

Mr. Scales: “Well, I don’t think *it was before* 1869. One can’t be sure—it’s a long time ago. It was about a year after Father’s discharge; maybe two years, not long after his discharge.”

### **GASSY JACK'S PLACE.**

"Gassy Jack's place was a long narrow shed sort of a place; low, and I don't think it was as wide as this room" (about fifteen feet.) "No room much to sit down, very low, boarded roof, and, you see, there was no other place for sailors; he had a kind of saloon—they called it a saloon in those days, supposed to be a saloon—and when an extra ship would come in to the Hastings Mill—there were so many vessels coming in those days—why the sailors would come along in a boat, and tie up at a kind of a wharf, a float of cedar logs just outside on the beach, and, why, the extra boat and a few more sailors cramped him, so he would get a few more boards and put up an extension, add a bit of length to his cabin." (Smiles.) "It was a narrow place; low."

Query: What about trees, maples?

Mr. Scales: "Trees all around," (waving his arms in circular motion) "all around. When we went up to the Mill—we had to go up once in a while for groceries—we walked along the beach; when the tide was out; when the tide was in, why, you had to take to the bush."

Query: Do you remember Rev. Mr. Tate, and the Indians building the little church? (1875 and 1876.) Or Portuguese Joe?

Mr. Scales: "No; cannot remember that, nor Portuguese Joe. The only Portuguese Joe I ever knew was a Portuguese Joe who had a store over at New Westminster before we left there."

(Note: it is odd that Mr. Scales does not remember this, because the Indians say Portuguese Joe was the first to establish a store in Gastown. There was a dozen people living in seven or eight houses in Gastown in 1870, one year after Mr. Scales says he got there—something here needs explaining.

### **SUPPLEJACK, THE INDIAN.**

(Indian name, Khay-tulk; he was a son of Chief Haatsa-lah-nogh, who lived at Chay-thoos in Stanley Park, near Prospect Point.)

Query: Ever hear of Supplejack?

"Supplejack," exclaimed Mr. Scales. "Why, I remember Supplejack, great big, long Indian over six feet tall; had two wives, one used to wash for Mother; the one the dog tore the blanket off. Supplejack, the only Indian I was ever afraid of. He scared the dickens out of me one day. One day some sailors from the mill came along and asked Mother if they could get a meal; did not like, or had got tired of the ship's cooking.

"So I went off looking for some potatoes. I had an Indian with me, so we went off to where we thought we could get some potatoes, but could not find any. So the Indian with me said, 'Let's go down to Jericho; we'll go down there and see if we can't get some potatoes there,' so we went over, but did not get any, so came back to just inside the First Narrows, and walked up the trail to the hill, and just as we were getting there, who should come down by it but big Mister Supplejack." (See amplification, conversation 5 July 1933.)

"He said, 'What's the matter with you, Johnny?'

"I said, 'Nothing.'

"He said, 'Yes there is, you are scared of me, I know you are.'"

Mrs. Scales, interjecting: "Was that the bad Indian?"

Mr. Scales: "Yes. There was a murder over in New Westminster, and they got one or two Indians, but they could not fasten it on Supplejack, so they banished him from New Westminster. So, if they wanted to scare the children, why, they said, 'Supplejack's coming,' and that was enough. We did not get the potatoes."

Major Matthews: You know, Mr. Scales, August Jack Khaatsalano, son of Supplejack, and grandson of Chief Haatsa-lah-nogh, lives over on the Capilano River; a fine splendid Indian, great big fellow, logger. Supplejack was buried, before they exhumed his remains and took him to Squamish, at the place where the Capilano pipe line enters Stanley Park.

Mr. Scales: "Yes, that's the place where they lived. You see, Supplejack was banished, not allowed to come into New Westminster, so he used to send his woman in. He'd come so far down the road."

Query: What road?

Mr. Scales: "North Road from Burrard Inlet to New Westminster." (See John Murray, "North Road just an Indian Trail.") "They didn't go around Point Grey way—they went up the inlet in a canoe and then walked across to New Westminster. Supplejack would go so far down the road, then send his woman on to get the stuff and sit down on the roadside and wait for her. Then when she came with the stuff, would carry it over to Burrard Inlet, put it in the canoe, and paddle down to the shacks at the foot of the hill just inside Prospect Point."

### **MURDER OF WHITEMAN.**

"One day, after we went to Moodyville, some years later, a man, his name was Perry, came along to Charlie Hughes of the Moody Mill, and said he was going to camp down by the mouth of the Capilano River, and wanted some groceries, I think. Soon after we heard that a whiteman had been murdered down there, so we said, 'I'll bet that's Perry.' It appears that Perry had camped there and built himself a little campfire, and in the night, some Indian saw the faint light of it from across the First Narrows. Perry, it seems, lay down to sleep, laying his head on a small log; the Indian must have gone across, and taken a small sharp hatchet with him, for when they got Perry and brought his body up to Moodyville—I saw it—he had a deep gash cut straight across his forehead. It appears the young Indian, after committing the murder, had gone back into Stanley Park, and was a bit elated that he had 'got a whiteman.' He made some remark to his mother, 'I got a whiteman,' in one of those long huts the Indians used to live in, divided into partitions with a curtain. His mother said, "Ssh, be quiet, someone may hear you.' It seems that an old man was in the next partition, just beyond the curtain. He told, and they got the young Indian and hung him."

### **MOODY'S MILL.**

"After we had stayed on the south shore of Burrard Inlet for about six years we went over to Moody's Mill to live, and stayed there for above five years; we lived right on the edge of the flats, west of Lynn Creek, between Lynn Creek and Moody's Mill. Lynn, after whom the creek is named, came out with us on the *Thames City*; he had his military grant of 160 acres there, part on one side of the creek, part on the other."

Query: Ever hear of Tom Turner? (Note: Tom Turner who planted the orchard at North Vancouver.)

Mr. Scales: "No. Joe Burr built that house; I think he had a milk ranch over Seymour Creek. Used to sell his milk at Moodyville, and to the ships."

"Father worked at logging while we were at Moodyville. The first job I got when we went to Moody's Mill was wheeling sawdust; fifty cents a day. I was so small, when I got the wheelbarrow full of sawdust, I used to take a look ahead to see where I was going, because I could not see over my load of sawdust in the barrow. My, but I was proud of myself! Some man, getting fifty cents a day, and worked eleven and a half hours a day too. Tom Moody was running the mill then. I don't know when he sold it."

### **GENEALOGY.**

"After we all went over to Nanaimo, it was, that I went down to Victoria, and on the 20<sup>th</sup> of October 1885, that is almost 48 years ago, married Miss Rose Ann Jeffrey, daughter of William and Mary Jeffrey, bricklayer and plasterer of Victoria; we have four sons, no daughters. Both Mother and Father died in Nanaimo, after we were married; Mother died before Father. I was working in the coal mine; Father was working in the quarry, getting out rock, which was shipped somewhere; I think San Francisco. When we left Moody's Mill to go to Nanaimo we went over on the old *Emma*, left here about eight one evening and got there about seven the next morning; pretty good going, eh?"

Mrs. Scales, interjecting: "You know, I used to look after Mr. Alexander's children before they moved over from Victoria to Hastings Mill. Mr. Alexander had just got a position in the Hastings Sawmill, and was over here. Mrs. Alexander came after him with the children. I well remember the morning they left. It was a dark dreary morning, and they left about seven o'clock on the old *Grappler*; it was a journey of about a



day and a half then; they wanted me to go with them, but Mother would not let me. This is a photograph of young Dick Alexander, the eldest son, when he was about three, as I remember him.”

#### **HASTINGS.**

Mr. Scales, continuing: “I don’t remember much about Hastings. There was a kind of hotel there on a grassy flat, and a stable where you could always get a horse to drive over to New Westminster.”

#### **BRIGHOUSE AND HAILSTONE.**

“Father was well acquainted with Brighthouse and Hailstone, but I don’t remember a man named Morton at all. Brighthouse had a bit of a farm up on the North East Road” (to Pitt Meadows, from the “Camp.”)

Query: Are you sure it was not the North Arm, about three miles down from New Westminster, Rosehill Farm?

Mr. Scales: “No, up on the North East Road. Afterwards Brighthouse married Mrs. Pritchard, widow of Captain Pritchard of the jail, and they went to live” (at Brighthouse) “on Lulu Island.”

#### **HAILSTONE.**

“Hailstone came over from New Westminster one day, and was looking around and found some clay, some pottery clay, down by the sugar refinery; good clay, pottery clay. They said to him, ‘What do you want to go away out there for?’ Hailstone answered, ‘Oh, some old fool will come along some day and buy it off me when Vancouver grows.’”

Mrs. Scales: “That was after the Fire.”

Mr. Scales: “Yes, after the Fire. Hailstone went to the Old Country and left his affairs in the hands of some real estate agent; I know he told me they were all crooks. I met him down at the City Hall one day. He let that property go for taxes. I cannot place Morton at all, but I know Hailstone and Brighthouse well.”

#### **MEMORANDUM OF FURTHER CONVERSATION WITH MR. JOHN H. SCALES, FULLER BLOCK, 19<sup>TH</sup> AVENUE EAST AND MAIN STREET, 5 JULY 1933.**

Mr. Scales had reviewed my memorandum of former conversation and approved of it. He plunged into narrative almost immediately I entered.

#### **THE FIRST BUTCHER, GEORGE BLACK.**

“George Black’s floating butcher shop” (George Black of Brighton Hotel, Hastings) “used to come around; when you wanted butcher’s meat you went down to the beach and got it out of his boat; he had a boat all fixed up with butcher’s block and everything. He had a slaughterhouse out in Hastings; afterwards he had one on False Creek, but long before that it was out at Hastings, and he used to go around the inlet, to Moodyville, Gastown, the sawmill, and to the ships.” (See Hugh and John Murray.)

#### **SAILING SHIPS ON BURRARD INLET.**

“There used to be a great fleet of vessels in Burrard Inlet sometimes. The most I ever remember was forty-two vessels all at one time; ships, barques, barkentines, brigs, brigantines, and three- and four-masted schooners; those three- and four-masted schooners were big vessels, too; that was at the time Captain Stamp had the mill” (Hastings Mill); “must have been around 1875, I suppose; they came from all parts of the world, some loading spars, some lumber, some shingles—shingles were made by hand then, no machine-made shingles in those days. You’d be surprised at the big lumber which *did* go out; no moulding, or anything fancy like that, no fancy stuff; you could get one by six dressed or one by six flooring, but no fancy stuff. At first Captain Stamp’s Mill had two old planers, one circular saws,” (Note: circular saws, plural) “that is, one saw about the other, an edger and trimmer; that was all; that’s all there was in the mill; that was everything in the way of machinery.

“I knew the rig of all those vessels; sometimes nowadays when I have been looking at a picture in a book of a vessel I would say, ‘That’s a barque,’ and people have said to me, ‘What’s that? Looks like a ship to me,’ but I knew all the rigs from full rigged ships to schooners; I was on the dock one day, and there was a very big ship which had a sail above her sky sail; she was a big one, and I asked what it was; they said,