

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 125th anniversary of the City's founding. The project was made possible by funding from the Vancouver Historical Society.

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Footnote or Endnote Reference:

Major James Skitt Matthews, *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 3 (Vancouver: City of Vancouver, 2011), 33.

Bibliographic Entry:

Matthews, Major James Skitt. *Early Vancouver*, Vol. 3. Vancouver: City of Vancouver, 2011.

Contact Information

City of Vancouver Archives
1150 Chestnut Street, Vancouver, B.C. V6J 3J9
604.736.8561
archives@vancouver.ca
vancouver.ca/archives



FROM *THE DAILY PROVINCE*, VANCOUVER, 9 DECEMBER 1912.

**AN EARLY-DAY TREK THROUGH
BRITISH COLUMBIA**

**PIONEER EXPERIENCES OF LIFE IN PACIFIC PROVINCE,
RELATED BY MR. JOSEPH MANNION OF VANCOUVER**

The story here told is by an old timer and one of the very earliest visitors to Burrard Inlet. It describes an experience, not uncommon in those days, but now rare in British Columbia. There were many wandering parties in search of elusive gold whose fate, in not a few instances was less fortunate even than that of Mr. Mannion and his party. The route taken by the latter was from Bella Coola, following what was known as the Palmer Trail to Fort Alexander. It was not in itself a difficult route, several bands of cattle and horses have been taken into Quesnel over it; but it was very dangerous, owing to the hostile disposition of the Indians, some of whom are still very much untamed. Mr. Alfred Waddington, who may in a sense be regarded as the progenitor of the C.P.R., had projected a wagon road, and later advocated a railway line, through that region to go overland and the members of an exploring party were, with one exception, killed by the natives in 1864, a tragedy known in British Columbia history as the Chilcotin massacre, after which, from want of funds and for other reasons, the enterprise was given up. This was one of the proposed routes for a transcontinental railway through British Columbia, the consideration of which, along with several other routes having termini on the Northern Coast, was abandoned in favor of present existing routes.

In the early months of '62 there was a general agitation for a nearer and more direct route to the Cariboo Mines. There were various opinions as to what part one was to enter, but it was generally conceded that there was an open country by way of some point on the Northern coast, Knights, Bella Coola or Bentinck Arm.

Mr. Alfred Waddington, who had an exploring party from Bella Coola as far as Fort Alexander, gave a very flattering account of the country, as being open, well watered and with an abundance of game.

On the strength of this report, Henry Nathan, a Wharf street merchant, Victoria, put a sloop on the berth for that port, a fast sailor, etc., etc., with accommodation for ten or twelve passengers, into which we bundled ourselves and our goods. One afternoon in early June, we dropped into the Straits and with a light fair wind and after a delightful passage from island to island, we anchored on the ninth day at the mouth of the Bella Coola river. Here we experienced our first trouble, the whole village was down with small-pox. If a person happened into the woods, he came across corpses festering, where they were carried by their tillicums to die. The river was booming, it was just at the top of high water, but the braves left could not be induced to transport our supplies to the head of navigation; but at length, after a long "wa wa" with the Tyhee and making numerous presents of red blankets and tobacco, we finally procured eight men and four canoes of the shovel-nosed type. For ourselves we tramped the bank of the river, most of which was tortuous travelling.

I forget what amount we paid those poor Indians, but whatever it was, they earned it. For five days they worked unceasingly, poled and often waded to their arm-pits and in some places all hands had to assist in making portage over the shallow bars.

When we arrived at the head of the navigation, we found a man located in a bark shed, who said he was forwarding agent, that his train was on the way from Fort Alexander, and was expected any day. This certainly was an unlooked-for blessing. This man helped us to unload and store our goods in his warehouse, wherein there was a godly amount of merchandise already collected from parties who had gone before us. This pioneer agent was a Yankee Oregonian and had the gift of words common to his countrymen. He told of his countless flocks and herds, of his brother who was at this time operating a train from Quesnel to Williams Creek, and that they intended extending their operations to Yale, making it their summer headquarters, and wintering their stock in the Chilcotin country. He advised us to rest a short time, or if we liked, we could start out light-

packed and we would meet the train in two or three days; but the gold fever was in our blood and we could not brook delay. So we accepted the latter part of his advice and, taking about twelve pounds of flour, each, a piece of bacon, some tea and sugar, yeast powder and tobacco, some cooking utensils and two pairs of blankets, each, and a change of rags, with light hearts and pockets full of gold, we started—where?

I have said light packs, none of them exceeded fifty pounds, but, when a man packs fifty pounds for ten hours in a hot sun, he invariably welcomes camp. As I am on this subject of human packing, I may relate an incident that I was eye witness to in '66, during what was called the Big Bend excitement, which created a new town called Seymour at the head of Shuswap Lake. John Thomas, better known as Navvy Jack, took a contract to deliver a quarter of beef weight 175 pounds at Kirby's Landing, a distance of over thirty-five miles, over a steep mountain. I am safe in saying that one-sixth of the journey was done on hands and knees. The following day I started on the same trail with an 85 pound pack, telling the boys I would catch Jack on the summit and share his beefsteak. When I reached the summit, which was seventeen miles, there was no Jack to be seen. He was delivering his goods at the landing and I was all-in, could hardly crawl, although in splendid condition as I had been whip-sawing all winter and spring. Poor Jack has gone beyond the great divide just lately. With all his imperfections, I know that the Recording Angel in his mercy quashed all the indictments and did not hesitate to throw the gates ajar.

The first five days it was go as you please, for every hour we were expecting to meet the pack train. All city-reared men, who had lived all our lives within brick walls, imagine our delight. Each day revealed new beauties, wild flowers enough in sight to deck a half dozen coronations. These were the halcyon days, hard times had not set in, nor were we even thought of, and we pursued our way in a burning spirit of conquest. It was the month of June and the moon cast its mysterious splendor over wood and lake. You who have slept in the deep woods and felt its midnight stillness, its almost painful hush, have realized how sound becomes magnified, a snail dragging himself over the dry leaves sounds like a dog-team's patter over the snow crust, the innocent brooklet that gave out its untuned babble during the day has changed to a turgid brawler. This, with the owl's hoot like a ghostly call of menace or warning, and the weird monody of the loon, both emphasising the solitude. Then the soul goes out to its surroundings in awed reverence and I think for all time gives you a love for the primeval, pathless forest, with its cool tricklets, tortuous windings, its language and hush, its roar and mystery, and above all, its undisturbed divine handiwork.

On the sixth day we found our supplies were becoming depleted and some of the boys were showing signs of fatigue, Dundreary declaring such labor was unfit for a coster's donkey. The blacksmith was more pressed, his legs and feet began to swell and a relief party had to start back and help him into camp each evening. By an unlucky incident, the party got a few days rest. Dundreary cut his foot with the "blawsted axe" and that held us up some four days and I may add forever after, Dundreary and the axe were kept very wide apart. After this things began to look serious. We could linger no longer. We began to see the necessity of husbanding our supplies.

We pegged away till we were ten days' travel from the head of the river, without sound or tidings of our pack train. Taking stock, we found that three more days would be extent of our efforts without help in the shape of grub from some direction. Well, what shall it be? Shall we continue or return? The answer was "No" to the latter. We could never attempt to travel over that country again without Indian packers or animals, so the word was "forward" and we went and the real hard times began. We found we could last about a week serving to each man about four ounces of bread per day; after that, pack train or Providence.

I must try and describe the personnel of our motley company. The United Kingdom was fully represented, three Cockneys, one Welshman, one tall Scot and two Irishmen. No. 1 Cockney, a lawyer or solicitor's clerk who proved himself a bright companion, but very helpless. He called himself "a man on town" and "a first nighter." He was an educated boy of the Dundreary type, with a refined face, leg o' mutton whiskers, stood six feet high, had difficulty with his "R's" and "H's" but generous and whole-souled, and what is not always common to an Englishman, had a fine streak of humor. He was christened "Dundreary."

No. 2 Cockney was a blacksmith, a full, heavy man, well under middle age. His prime was spent on the Australian gold fields, where he had been very successful, so much so, that he had decided to spend the remainder of his days in his beloved London, where he retired; but in two short years he dissipated his modest fortune, with nothing left but gout and rheumatism, which often proved very poignant reminders of his joys.

No. 3 Cockney was an actor from London boards and our leading musician. He was complete in London slum life, the cabby, the rat-catcher, the dustman. Outside of that, when he attempted Shakespeare, or some of the finer passages of the "Lady of Lyons," which was popular in those days, you felt murder creeping into your heart, and the desire to throw him into the deep sea and hold him there until dead, dead, dead.

The tall Scot was a stone-cutter from Aberdeen who never forgot his duty to his Maker. He carried two precious books, a well thumbed, greasy Bible and a work on geology. The Welshman, of course, was a practical miner. The two Irishmen had no trade or calling.

These days our progress was slow. The country was rough and the trail so faintly marked that the weaker stragglers often strayed and had to be looked after; in fact, we were a sorry bunch. One day, emerging from a wooded part of the trail, we saw before us quite a large valley with a lake, and streams from either end, with grass and a large area of meadow land and presently one of the boys said he saw something like smoke. Traveling towards it we could distinctly make out a white speck of a tent. Here our spirits soared sky high. One foolish member of the party proposed to eat our supper, which meant all we had, but it was wisely negated. There could be no doubt that this was the pack-train; probably they had been for some days recruiting their animals and cutting hay to take with them to the coast where there was no food. We bounded forward like wild animals and shouted our joy to the wilderness.

Singular to relate on this occasion, our two lame ducks took the van regardless of pain. The blacksmith's gout vanished by miracle. Dundreary flew like an ostrich; both gamboled in the lead like a pair of colts. As we approached nearer the place, we saw nothing, no sign of life, but presently a man appeared to come out of the ground. He waved his arms and gesticulated wildly—phantom or spirit of the wilderness? But we soon discovered the half-crazed man was human and thus his tale of woe. He had camped here for three weeks. In the tent his partner lay sick with small pox, his mind unhinged and talking incoherently, but he had passed the crisis and showed some signs of strength. As for himself, he had never had his clothes off and hardly slept through worry and fear of the Indians, whom he had heard were hostile and blood thirsty. His grub was reduced to a cipher, about three pounds of flour and a pinch of tea stood between him and starvation. We had thought our own lot hard but his was certainly deplorable. We could not help them to a spoonful of anything. We camped with this poor man that night, taking care to sleep well to the windward of the tent. We left our new friends in early morning and the parting was full of pathos, I should say pain. Poor Fred, our bandmaster, unfortunately voiced his feeling in "Why did I leave ma hame." The first note of which had hardly left his flute when we all blubbered, not alone with great big juicy tears, but sobbed and cried aloud like children. Small blame as our own fate was in the balance. All day we plugged along "Indian" file, silent and sad, no sound of cheerfulness or pleasant anticipation was heard. We were like a little band of Carthusians, but unlike them in this way: those holy men travel with a well supplied larder, whereas we had none, and I'm afraid our beads were told in different wording. Even Fred, our actor boy, the Punchinello of the party, whose sparkle of drollery never ceased before, hung his head and was solemn as an evangelist.

To come back to Dundreary, who was always getting into trouble, he was our water boss. It was his duty on making camp to bring water enough for cooking supper and what might be needed for drinking during the night. It never took over five minutes for we always slept close to water. The rest of the party got busy collecting fuel and making shelter in case of rain. This evening we noticed he was longer than usual. Presently we heard the most frightful screams. We all ran for cover and quietly awaited events. In a few seconds our faithful water boy bobbed up with blood in his eye and, in fighting attitude, called us all a pack of cowards and murderers who would allow a man to be devoured by wild beasts without putting out a hand to help. "My life is ebbing fast, my

shoes are full of blood, call Fred, I want to make a will" (Fred was the actor, his chum). We removed his shoes but found no sign of bloody. He said his leg had been torn by the tusk of a bear but there was no wound, only a scratch. Asking how the thing happened and what he saw, he told us in accents faint that it was a black bear with three cubs. As he was leaving with his billies full, madame bear appeared. He slashed her on the head and drenched her so that she faltered in her charge and he ran. We agreed he had had a most miraculous escape, and, leaving him with his leg wrapped in a wet flour sack, we went to examine the ground where the encounter took place. We found no track, no sign of any animal, but a little distance down the creek a continued low whining bark came to our ears. Looking round, we discovered a helpless little baby beaver which seemingly had strayed from the band. This harmless creature doubtless had been converted into a black bear and three cubs. A knock on the head with a club put the creature out of its trouble and we packed him to camp where in a wonderfully short time a delicious savoury odor bound us as with chains, in sight of the billie. The only seasoning was a pinch of salt, the last we had, and with doughboys made from the remains of the flour, we dined right royally, leaving enough of the feast for a liberal breakfast. The little part of woes became hilarious. The little Welshman, David Williams, whom I have omitted to mention, sang one of his favorite hymns, and with so much sweetness that the nightingale might pause to listen. Dundreary dragged himself and his injured leg into the circle and recited from Tennyson. By the way, we told him it was one of his bear cubs that had furnished our ample supper. He declared he never tasted anything so fine outside of a Fleet or Bond street restaurant.

The next day we made a moderately good march although only living on berries that we could pick. We were now at the end of our resources; nothing left. We were dolefully trying to face a supperless evening when one of the party piped up about the empty flour sacks. Sure enough, the flour had been damaged and exposed to rain which left a cake in places for three-fourths of an inch thick. We scraped every sack carefully and it was surprising the quantity we reclaimed. This we boiled, which made a thick paste or mush, part of which we had for supper and the balance we dried on the pan and baked hard enough to carry—pretty sour “dope” without either salt or sugar. For the next three days we made but slow progress. We proceeded in open order but remained in call of each other, feeding on berries and growing more feeble every day, though thankful that the flour scraps, which reeked of bilge water and rotten, were done with. We did not average over four miles a day. Our condition was desperate. About three o'clock one afternoon, we met an Indian, wife and boy ten years old. We disposed ourselves so that he was in our midst before he could retreat. The few Indians we had met had proved distant, sullen and uncommunicative and unwilling to trade. If they saw us first, they would quietly disappear in the woods. They appeared to be in a fighting mood and seemed to resent our presence in their country. Later in the year they ambushed a road party of twenty or more and killed all except one who had a miraculous escape. The Indian had a great blue grouse and a string of trout hanging to its neck. We saw that he intended passing us without even a greeting so we came to business at once. He wanted only two articles, powder or sugar, the very mention of which filled us with despair. Sugar was a lost art, and we had no use for powder without guns, for the wily thief at the head of the navigation had said our guns would only be a burden and they would follow in a few days with the train. We were helpless. Fred offered his band-cap which was promptly refused. To Dundreary we turned—dear Dundreary—who never failed to find something to barter from an inexhaustible stock of nothings. To please us he went through his poor empty sack. The rest of us stood round with sinking hearts. Presently he threw out a round ball, not over five or six inches in diameter, saying in a tearful voice, “the last time I wore this was in Cremorne (Kwemohn) Gardens, in those days a fashionable resort in London.” The savage took it up and look through it at the sun, turned it inside out. It was lined with yellow silk and had two rows of solid brass buttons that looked like burnished gold. At this tense moment, a look from his wife closed the deal, and the Indian slipped his blanket, his sole article of dress, and walked off in the beautiful evening coat wrong side out. He was a stocky man and the tails nearly touched the ground, yet left him very scantily covered. When we had walked a very short distance, he turned and holding high one of the tails, and with a look of mingled disgust, inquiry and derision for the white man's taste, “Hektha okuk killipied” (“What for? Wrong side”). His wife seeing his dilemma with quick

woman's wit, unfastened his coat and button it at the back. We had seemed stripped of everything, but now laughter bubbled up spontaneously and was a tonic to our spent strength.

This was the second time Dundreary saved us, he was our mascot, though hopelessly helpless. He could not walk a log four feet from the ground unless it was as broad as an elephant's back. Dundreary had sterling qualities, many saving graces and to us was like water in a desert. He had literary tastes, could repeat all of Tennyson's minor poems from memory and some of the finer parts from "Idylls of the King." This, with his stock of coster lore made him a delightful companion.

We now camped for the night, cooking our fish Indian fashion before the fire, splitting them down the back and setting them on a wooden frame before the heat. Some of the trout were rainbow, weighing five or six pounds each. They tasted better than whitebait to the gourmand.

The following day after a short march we reached the fringe of the green timber, for which each of us had a secret dread, for at the beginning of the journey we met a party of engineers sent by Waddington to look out a route for an overland wagon road, who warned us against the timber belt. The trail, they said, was strewn with fallen trees and we were not to enter it in the afternoon, but enter it in the morning, about three hours average travelling would see us through and there was not any water to be had. At 9 o'clock in the morning, under a leaden sky, after doing justice to our big blue grouse, of which there was nothing left but feathers, we started. Before we proceed far we discovered that the belt had been fire swept. Nothing daunted, we kept bravely on and on, under and over logs, till we were exhausted and soaked in perspiration. We spent five hours in this awful endeavor. Looking around we saw no sign of a blaze or trail, nothing but devastation and smoke. Still we kept on, more leisurely for we were fairly used up and, as evening closed, we were down and out, completely lost. The drizzling had turned to a downpour. There was no shelter, nothing for it but to stand and take it, which we did like grim sentinels with our packs on our backs, all through that endless night of horror. Before morning, a heavy wind storm commenced to play havoc with the trees, most of them with blazing tops and branches, broke around us like minute guns. About this time we saw an opening in the woods with a rising ground beyond, not more than two or three miles distant, which took us in our weak state over three hours to cover. So, after twenty-four hours we dragged ourselves out of this inferno and providentially we struck the continued trail and an open pleasing country. Of all sights, a fire swept forest is the most desolate. It resembles a battlefield with dead and dying unremoved. Our passage through the burnt land had its compensation. The heat and moisture had started an army of snails in motion, of which we gathered enough to make a good meal; on this occasion we certainly had ample; when boiled, the snail has the firmness of an oyster, with a sort of earthy rotten wood flavor; anyway it was better than our flour sack scrapings. The grim spectre was again driven off for a time.

On getting out of the burnt timber there was a trouble waiting us graver than starvation. Poor Sandy Murray, the Scot, for the last two weeks had begun to show signs of queerness. As we already know, he was a strictly religious man and under the stress of our journey, his religion became almost a mania. The night in the burnt timber proved too much for him. Physically, he was the most fit man of our party. He made a chum of the blacksmith, not that he loved him, but from the fullness of his charity. Each day they would come in to camp together, Sandy always carrying both sacks, and now here he was in this terrible state of mental collapse. The high priest had left the Temple, reason was dethroned and our dear Sandy was a derelict, and painful to look at.

About noon the glorious old sun peeped out, looking angry and burnt, but with time he warmed and gladdened us, poor starved, dripping wretches. We were now in open country, so we made camp and spread our miserable belongings to dry and scampered around in the garb of our first parents to try and restore circulation. Two of the boys, however, lay prone, they seemed to be at the end of their endurance. After giving them a good rubbing, we boiled the remains of our gastropodic collection. After our meal, two of the boys proposed to do a little scouting to try and find out all they could of the nature of the country we must pass over. They started in their Edenic costumes, namely, an old hat, old shoes whose uppers knew the ground, and a girdle of cedar for

a fig leaf, hollow-eyed, gaunt and unkempt, it would be a stout heart who would not flee from them.

Poor Scotty's malady rendered him oblivious of this bit of comedy, else he would have fled into the wilderness for shame and despair. Towards evening our boys, in spite of their days' travel brought new life to the camp. They reported the country sparsely timbered and rolling, with strawberries in abundance, and signs as if stock had been turned over it at some not distant period, but best of all, they brought spoils. Some five miles out they came face to face with an Indian and wife. The former did not want to be interviewed, but with a grunt was off at a tangent. They halloed to him to stop, but the more they shouted, the faster poor Lo sprinted. Not so his wife, with the curiosity of her sex, she coolly surveyed them for ten seconds, then one of the boys attempted a smile of ingratiating, she wildly put on a burst of speed in the direction of her lord. She was handicapped by a good-sized basket strapped over her head, and a blanket that did duty in rain or shine, so she had not got far till she fell, but in a twinkling she had freed herself of all impediments and making a new start, the while giving out a crooning wail, till she found her mate, when there was quite a "corrobory." The boys examined her tracks and to their joy, found the basket half full of dried pressed berries and a large smoked salmon, all of which they carried to camp, feeling prouder than a returning Caesar will all the spoils of battle.

The next morning we resumed our pilgrimage with a confidence and jauntiness which for many weary days we were strangers to. The new breezy upland country, reinforced by our newly acquired illegitimate graft, made us feel there might be a niche somewhere in the world we might fill, and that we were not altogether cast out.

We continued for five or six days without incident.

Twenty-one ounces a day, to which our commissariat department strictly reduced us, began to make our salmon and dried berries look very minute and ragged. Another day would see us down to bed rock. This afternoon we came upon what looked like a horse track, but so faint and undefined that we would not let it impress us. At the same time everybody went to sleep trying to solve the riddle which afforded us a thread of hope. Next morning we divided the last of our loot. The following day we resumed our march, but instead of the despondency which on previous occasions had dogged our tracks, today it was a quiet confident procession, everybody ready to smile but nobody being able to account for it. Our condition was just as deplorable as any other part of the journey. We had eaten our last crumb, and not even a scale of the salmon was left. We had to depend entirely on wild strawberries and, by good luck, they were plentiful. About noon, to our joy, we came to a spot where without doubt, a horse had rolled. We were certainly approaching some place. In about another hour somebody ahead shouted river. I think it was the little Welshman, who was a light man, and whose scanty impediments enabled him to be lately always in the lead. In five minutes, we were looking down a swift flowing river, and about four hundred yards down, we saw the shining roofs of Fort Alexander and its own buildings.

Dear Reader, I am all in. I can not attempt to describe the little scene. My muse has deserted me. The little Welshman was completely rattled. He gave out scraps of song with hysterical cadence, jumped on an anthill, and commenced an oration in his own language, it was something about Glenwer on Llewellyn. It did not last long. These industrious inhabitants of the anthill forgot their busy habits and resented Mr. Williams' rudeness. All of a sudden we saw the little Welshman cleave the air, taking with him in his frayed wide pants, half the colony. After regaining his mental balance, he broke into song, nothing less than martial music, not "Lilly Dale" or "Beulah," but the march of the "Men of Harlech," which was a surprise to all of us for he never would sing anything but sacred music. After some time seated on the bank exhilarated and intoxicated with this touch of regained civilization, we reached the fort and found it very human, and were it possible, we would have grasped it and folded it in our arms. There was money in the party, altogether it would average seven or eight pounds each; there had been no chance of spending it on the trip and for good reasons—the Indians would not look at money of any kind. Two fur traders from south of the line has passed through the country during the winter, bought all their furs at fancy prices, even hired them to pack, paying big wages, but when the latter presented the coin at the fort, it was found to be spurious.

The first thing we bought was tobacco, we had been smoking a weed called kinakanic mixed with tea, which is a poor substitute. We were in perfect health, the blacksmith's gout and rheumatism had disappeared and he looked as fit and clean as a four-year-old; in fact the trip had completely cured him. All through we had had no sickness, and after two weeks out the mosquitoes ceased to worry us. They were with us, but their sting was harmless. We ate everything, leaves and roots, bark rind and sorrel, waded streams that were so swift that often we were drenched to the waist, slept in the open and suffered no discomforts. We had no tents and to keep the rain from the face we cut saplings, pointed them at both ends, stuck them in the ground and covered them with a piece of flour sack, which formed a hood.

Our next move was a Thanksgiving feast, the cocktail consisting of a bottle of good old Hudson's Bay rum, which two out of our seven refused; even then it didn't go round. Dundreary's speech was a classic; using the choicest English with Chesterfieldian grace, he threw delicately scented bouquets extolling our manhood and great fortitude in our trying experience, not omitting his own perilous encounter with Madame Bear and the cubs. I have but a hazy recollection of the feast, for I went down in the tenth round and did not come back, but not before I saw the blacksmith, who presided, carried away by two stalwart Indians who attended the celebration for what they could pick up.

I will not tell the quantity of the ardent offered at the shrine of the Merry God. Here we feasted on beans and bacon for seven days. Each day brought knots of gaunt hungry men returning from the mines and warning everybody not to start with less than five hundred dollars each. There was not work to be got and supplies were at famine prices. This was dispiriting news after our weary trip through the wilderness and after our experience, we were easy to discourage and ill-fit to face starvation. We ceased to have dreams. With sad hearts we turned to retrace our steps to the Coast by way of the river trail, Lillooet, and the lakes, via Harrison to Westminster. Our journey across country had no bad effects on our health, but the spirit of adventure was bruised and the romance plucked from us. We felt subdued and sad like a retreating army. Yet it had chastened our lives, inspired our philosophy.

Perhaps it is worth while to say a few words of our friend of the head of navigation. A few days after we left, he chartered a sloop, loaded her with his spoil and sailed for the land of liberty, a place then called Bellingham Bay, selling his merchandise and indulging in a prolonged spree. After this, his occupations were devious and despicable. He was runner and crimp for a sailors' boarding house. His next walk in life was proprietor and manager of a squaw dance hall where he met his Nemesis. An item in a Puget Sound paper, read in this fashion: "Body of unknown man found dead on sawdust heap, badly cut. The murder supposed to be committed by Indians. At the inquiry it was elicited that he was last seen alive in a squaw dance house very quarrelsome." Here lay the foul remains of our pseudo packer and forwarder, rancher, etc., etc., who was never anything but a beachcomber and pirate.

MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION WITH MRS. H.A. CHRISTIE, 1853 BROADWAY WEST, 26 JULY 1934.

(Mrs. Christie, née Margaret Mannion, an accomplished lady of much natural grace is the eldest child of the late Alderman Joseph Mannion, an early and prominent pioneer of Granville and Vancouver, and is the wife of Dr. Harvey Anson Christie, M.D., practicing in the Peace River, formerly of Lillooet, Cranbrook, and Ocean Falls. She was born in Granville in 18-?)

JOSEPH MANNION OF GRANVILLE.

"Father was born at Ballindine, County Mayo, Ireland, March 17, 1839; his mother's maiden name was Cradock. He was educated at the Brothers' School" (Roman Catholic) "at Ballindine, and when, in 1909, whilst we were on a tour of the British Isles, he took us to see his old school and church. We endeavoured to ascertain something of his ancestors, but were informed that it had not been the custom in the early years to keep these records in Ireland. However, he had two brothers, Edward, who married, and whose widow still lives in London, England, and James, now deceased, and a sister Marion, who married a Mr. Dewing. The family moved from Ireland to Liverpool when my father was a youth.