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The
BRITISH COLUMBIA
HISTORICAL QUARTERLY

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

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John Tod as a young man.
(From an original water-colour in the Archives of B.C.)

JOHN TOD: "CAREER OF A SCOTCH BOY"

In view of the fact that the following account of life in the fur trade during the nineteenth century is a particularly interesting one, and that John Tod's part in it is relatively unknown, it has been deemed appropriate that the *Career of a Scotch Boy* should be reprinted. The original version appeared in the *Victoria Daily Times* in 1905, covering issues from September 30 to December 23,¹ under the editorship of Gilbert Malcolm Sproat, well known to older British Columbians.

According to Sproat's account, the subject-matter was gathered from John Tod by G. H. Wilson-Brown and himself during numerous visits to the Tod house at Oak Bay. As John Tod died in 1882,² it seems strange that the material was not published until 1905. Wilson-Brown was a journalist and reporter and probably wrote shorthand. He died in Victoria in June, 1904.³ It must be remembered that Sproat was possessed of a distinctive literary style and, therefore, although the stories are Tod's, the expression thereof is Sproat's.

Knowing the Tod house with its large open fireplaces and its romantic setting on the shores of Oak Bay (at that time virtually uninhabited), it is not difficult to visualize the scenes during the preparation of the story. The three would, no doubt, be gathered round the fireplace, pipes would be lighted, possibly glasses of grog placed beside them, Wilson-Brown with his note-book, and the stage would be set. Tod loved to tell of his experiences, and Sproat would be one who could draw out from him by questions the more interesting of his achievements.

An effort has been made to identify the various persons and places mentioned by Tod throughout the narrative, and for help in this connection sincere thanks are due to the Governor and Committee of the Hudson's Bay Company for their researches into their Archives in London.⁴ During the preparation of the *Career of a Scotch Boy* for republication, various biographical details have come to light, about which a certain amount of doubt and uncertainty has hitherto prevailed. In order not to overload the narrative, it has been decided to compile these family details into an appendix.

VICTORIA, B.C.

MADGE WOLFENDEN.

(1) *Victoria Daily Times*. September 30; October 7, 14, 21, 28; November 8, 11, 18, 25; December 2, 9, 16, 23, 1905.

(2) *Victoria Colonist*, September 1 and 5, 1882.

(3) *Ibid.*, June 15, 1904.

(4) Material from this source is published by the kind permission of the Governor and Committee of the Hudson's Bay Company.

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CAREER OF A SCOTCH BOY WHO BECAME HON. JOHN TOD

AN UNFASHIONABLE TRUE STORY

BY GILBERT MALCOLM SPROAT

John Tod, the subject of Mr. Sproat's brochure, was, as the title implies, a Scotch lad who rose through successive steps to the highest positions in the gift of the Hudson's Bay Company. He was the contemporary, and peer in many respects, of Douglas and McLoughlin. He was one of the most remarkable characters in the employ of even the great company.

In his declining days Mr. Tod lived at Oak Bay, Victoria, and his house was a house of call for many horsemen who revelled in their favorite sport before the days of fences and enclosures. It was after long conversations on such occasions that Mr. Sproat made the notes which form the basis of this series of articles, which take the form of a self-memoir of Mr. Tod.

The writer, Gilbert Malcolm Sproat, is known in literature as the author of several works: *Select Odes of Horace in English Lyrics*; *Scenes and Studies of Savage Life*; *On the Poetry of Sir Walter Scott*; *Physical Politics*; *The True Macbeth*; *The Education of the Rural Poor in England*; *The British Opium Policy in India and China*, etc., etc. The last mentioned was the first prize essay in a competition open to the world, and the award of \$1,000 was given by the Indian Viceroy and the Governors of Bombay and Madras. Mr. Sproat came to Victoria in 1860, and was a friend of the "Scotch Boy"—the Honorable John Tod—whose career he depicts.—Ed.

PREFACE

One of the notables in North-west American history is the late Honorable John Tod, who, after retiring from the Hudson's Bay Company, with the rank of chief trader, became a member of the council of government, of the Vancouver Island colony, in 1851. Mr. Tod, perhaps, was more remarkable for what he was, personally, than for what he did, in the service of the company or government, though his services were meritorious, and specially so in Indian diplomacy and management, as the following pages may illustrate. To me, as a youth, knowing him particularly well, Mr. Tod always seemed to be somewhat separated from his environment, at any rate not half attached to it. Standing thus, stoutly in its place, his personality suggested, and, indeed, more or less exhibited, that reserved force of character which acts directly by presence and without means. He was a refreshing unconventionalist, who did not deal with facts at second hand, but through his own insight, [was] guided by natural probity. A reference to standards of truth and justice, as he conceived them, was the habit of his mind. This, naturally,

drew some criticism on the part of those who can only appreciate a principle when it is lodged in a person. To the last, not far short of 90 years of age, notwithstanding his hard, narrow fortune until middle life, Mr. Tod's intellect was as fresh and inquisitive as that of a promising college lad, ever seeking to realize and illuminate the untried and unknown. Books, music, conversation, in these he delighted, and, strangely enough in one of his speculative genius, he excelled all men I have listened to, in unaffected, graphic narration, without scene-painting or counterfeit. You saw, vividly and exactly, what he recalled and himself saw—"figure, proportion, color," back in its focus, and the whole placed at a focal distance within the actual horizon of human life. The following pages, in the guise of a self-memoir of this remarkable personage, comprise actual experiences related by him purposely, in conversations with me, or with the late Mr. G. H. Wilson-Brown, and recorded by us respectively, at the time, or, immediately afterwards. For the particular form of the memoir, and the adaptation of spoken to written language, I must accept the responsibility, as well as for the application of Lowell's aphorism, that "knowing what to leave in the inkpot is the wisdom of writing." A few personal names are omitted or veiled, in deference to an expressed sentiment on the part of relatives or friends.

I do not know if it would be presumptuous, on my part, to express the hope that this publication may interest some readers as a personal record, and, perhaps, as a little contribution to the history of the places and times referred to. The mere diary of a traveller, in distant lands, rather repels the reader, and on the other hand the book "written for boys" of an age when imagination lends its color to everything, is apt to mislead. It was Washington Irving's "Astoria" that long ago suggested to me this present attempt. That charming work of a great writer by which he now is best known—at any rate in the middle and western parts of America—is, as he admitted, "of a rambling and disjointed nature."¹ He knew well the value of unity in impressing the historical facts of any period upon the human mind, but failed to achieve it in the work mentioned, through having essayed too much. It might have been better, I have thought, had he adopted in the bulk some such plan as I here, in a single sample, rather diffidently attempt. The necessary unity and human interest, perhaps, might have been secured by a series of selected autobiographic presentations, and by weaving into the enterprise and errantry of each adventurer's life whatever of a climatic, topographical, zoological or social nature, seemed, properly to belong to it. True, such a method would have required some knowledge of the actors. This Mr. Irving lacked, and, moreover, had no personal experiences of western life. It is a tribute to his fame, as a writer, that a faultily constructed book should be read, still, with zest.

GILBERT MALCOLM SPROAT.

(1) ". . . of a rambling and somewhat disjointed nature." Washington Irving, *Astoria*, London, 1836, Vol. I, p. vii.

CHAPTER I

I was born in 1794, two years before the death of Burns, in a cottage by the shore of Loch Lomond—the eldest in a family of eleven—but during most of my boyhood we lived in another dwelling not far away, on the bank of the river Leven, my father having changed his residence. He was head clerk in a “print-fields,” or small factory in which cloth was printed with blocks, and earned enough to keep his large family in reasonable comfort. Both father and mother were Presbyterians, and very fixed in their opinions and conduct, but I was a rebel against conventionality from my earliest years, though with no lack of feeling, or duty, as a son. My mother I once overheard saying of me to a neighbor: “That boy has been different from all the others since the hour he was born, and I know not what will become of him. I fear little good. You mind the big storm when the earth shook, and we put the blankets over our heads—the bairn then was all the time outside on the rocks clapping his hands at the lightning.”

During several more or less uncomfortable years at the parish school I listened to what the “dominie” had to teach, but could not agree with much of it. He persisted in cramming me with the grammar of Latin and with memorised extracts from the Bible, when my bent was towards arithmetic, the English language and natural history. The result was that, practically, having to teach myself, further attendance at the school seemed to me to be a waste of time. When getting on for 17, and, then a tall, strong lad, my father sent me to a cotton-yard warehouse in Glasgow, where I acted as under clerk in the office, and lived with my grandparents. After about two years in this employment, the porter having fallen sick, I volunteered to do his work as well as my own, but as my employers insisted on my continuing this double service without adding to my pay, I accepted dismissal, and wended my way back to the home on the Leven. The news had reached there, and my mother, a good woman, but not demonstratively affectionate, having many cares and a sharp tongue, met me at the door with warning finger, saying “So, the ne’er-dae well is back.” Big as I was, and ashamed of such emotion, this made me go, in tears, to my father at the “print-fields,” and he said: “Dinna tak on, laddie! Dinna tak on; it’ll be a’richt as lang as your feyther’s kale-pot stands.” By and by, having endured, for a couple of months the scoff of my own family and the neighbors, a letter

came from my uncle in Glasgow stating that a Mr. McDonald² was engaging young men to go out to the Hudson's Bay Company's land. My father gave me a little money, together with three books, namely, the Bible, Burns' Works and Buchan's Medicine,³ and away I went back to Glasgow, and on seeing Mr. McDonald, whom I knew a little, he said that as I was young, he could not give me the wages of older men. "Never mind, sir," said I, "I will try to do my duty," whereupon he engaged me for four years at £20 a year, with a yearly increase of £5. Then on inquiring what the work would be Mr. McDonald replied that he couldn't tell me—I might have to hunt and kill bears. Next, as my knowledge of the Hudson's Bay Company's territory was small, I asked whither I might have to go—not that I was caring much about that, for my only anxiety was to get away from home. He replied that I would know soon enough; it was over there in America. This was in March, 1813,⁴ and I embarked in June, one of a party of sixteen men destined for the settlement then being formed at Red River by Lord Selkirk, under some arrangement with the Hudson's Bay Company. The passengers included 40 or 50 laborers for the general service of that company. I had been aboard a ship once at Greenock, but never at sea in one before. The vessel was in size about 80 tons, chartered to take us to Stornoway, where the regular Hudson's Bay ship from London, about five times as big, would call to convey the party to Hudson's Bay. The weather was fine, and the food of fair quality, but too much oatmeal porridge. A few days' easy sail took us to Stornoway in the outer Hebridean isle of Lewis, where we were lodged in different parts of the town, the people being very kind. It was in this town that I first heard the name of the "Northwest Company," the Hudson's Bay Company's rival in trade. The people spoke of what agents of the former company had done in Norway, to dissuade Hudson's Bay Company men from proceeding to America. Six weeks passed before the arrival of the ship that was to take us over sea. Upon her arrival we were immediately

(2) Miles Macdonell was sent by Lord Selkirk to the British Isles in 1811 to recruit labourers for the Red River Settlement. A. S. Morton, *A History of the Canadian West to 1870-71*, London, [1939], pp. 539-541.

(3) William Buchan, *Domestic Medicine*, Edinburgh, 1769. Robert Burns, 1759-96, the famous Scottish poet, is obviously the one to whom reference is made.

(4) This should be 1811. Tod sailed to Hudson Bay in the *Edward and Ann*. R. H. Fleming (ed.), *Minutes of Council Northern Department of Rupert Land, 1821-31*, London, 1940, pp. 459-460. See also R. A. Reynolds, Secretary of the Hudson's Bay Company, to W. E. Ireland, August 23, 1950, *MS.*, Archives of B.C.

ordered aboard. The captain was sick and the mate, who acted as skipper in his place, himself being a qualified master, was known as "Old Davis,"⁵ long a servant of the Hudson's Bay Company. The anchor was still down after three days, and no food on the table but porridge. This caused dissatisfaction, and one of the laboring class of passengers, a young man from Glasgow named Hamilton, who represented the general feeling, walked up to the acting skipper on the deck and told him, quietly, that the passengers would not live any longer on such food. "Damn my buttons," exclaimed Old Davis, "if you don't like the food you may jump overboard." Hamilton accepted the unmeant alternative, doffed bonnet, coat and boots, and slipped into the sea, followed by five others, and they all swam for the shore, distant about one and a half miles.

The ship's boats were lowered to overtake the swimmers, and some of the shore people witnessing a commotion, and fearsome that their friends had got among Irish, rowed also to the scene. The two flotillas reached the fugitives about the same time, and after a struggle, in which, amusingly, the shoulders and feet of some of the swimmers were pulled in different directions by the contesting rescuers, the town party won and proceeded to the shore with their willing captives.

That was the last we saw of them, because a few hours afterwards Old Davis, fearing a further loss of men who, in this voyage, were of a class less docile than the Orkney men, whom he usually had as passengers, weighed anchor, and started for York Factory in Hudson's Bay. The fare was improved, and "burgoo,"⁶ or oatmeal porridge without milk or any substitute was almost banished from the tables. I had no idea till I tried it, and saw the effect upon others, how distasteful oatmeal by itself soon becomes, excepting always cakes fried on the griddle. The voyage was uneventful, and, though sea life was a new experience to me, and I had oft boated on the Lomond, strangely, I took no interest in the working of the ship. I saw my first iceberg in Hudson's Strait, where the floating ice in the narrow channels detained our vessel for two days. A few of us landed with guns, but got no game. I fired at a large white bird, which the mate said was an Arctic falcon, which was seen rarely

(5) The skipper of the *Edward and Ann* was Thomas Gull. John Davison is listed as supercargo. *H.B.C. Archives*, C. 1/323. In 1812 Davison was skipper of the *Robert Taylor*. E. E. Rich (ed.), *Colin Robertson's Correspondence Book, September, 1817 to September, 1822*, London, 1939, p. 225.

(6) A now obsolete term formerly in use in the counties of Northamptonshire and Hertfordshire. Joseph Wright, *English Dialect Dictionary*, London, n.d., Vol. I, p. 450.

out of Arctic latitudes. Passing numerous islands and entering Hudson's Bay, as I was told, though it looked like the open sea, we sailed 600 miles across it, southwesterly to York Factory, which we reached after an eight weeks' passage from Stornoway.⁷

The "factory," a name continued from the seventeenth century appellation for important oversea trading stations, was near the mouth of Hayes river, which enters the southwestern part of Hudson's Bay immediately east of Nelson river. The first forts of the company in the bay, as a friendly doctor at the factory, or fort, afterwards told me, were at Rupert, Albany, Churchill and Hayes rivers, and some of these forts had been taken and temporarily held by the French in 1782. He said further that the company, for a long time, rather waited than sought for trade. A century after its formation it had only four or five forts, or factories, on the coast of Hudson's Bay, and not over 120 regular servants. York Factory, where we disembarked, was a large collection of buildings, some in disrepair owing to the swampiness of the locality, which indeed characterizes the whole coast. The factory was built partly on piles. It was within a large, oblong enclosure, walled by a timber stockade, with galleries to walk on, inside and out—a tower at each corner and a high "lookout" tower near the end of the main building. This latter was very large, containing a general room 300 feet long with officers' and servants' rooms entered from it. Fur sheds, shipping warehouses, offices, stores, magazines, boat house and dwellings for the servants made thirty or forty buildings within the enclosure. There were cannons in the bastions, and facing the main entrance, chiefly now I was told, for defence against a possible raid by the rival Northwest Company. The 16 of us, bound, as I have said, for Red River were on landing introduced to the officer in charge, an Englishman called Cookson,⁸ and to Mr. Jameson,⁹ a Scotchman, and local head man of that district, neither of whom, though civil enough, gave us any hearty welcome. It was stated to me, later on, that the conduct of a previous party arriving

(7) The *Edward and Ann* reached York Factory on September 24, 1811. A. S. Morton, *op. cit.*, p. 542.

(8) William Hemmings Cook, a native of London who had entered the service of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1786. In 1809 he took over the management of York Factory, remaining there until 1815. See Fleming, *Minutes of Council*, pp. 432-433.

(9) Tod's memory appears to be at fault, unless he is referring to William Auld, a Scot, who had been appointed superintendent of the northern factories in 1810, and who spent the trading season of 1811-12 partly at York Factory and partly at Churchill. Rich, *Colin Robertson's Correspondence Book*, pp. 203-205.

there on the way to Red River, had not pleased the authorities. For our part I remember that we resented an order to mess by ourselves in the kitchen and were transferred to the general room. There was a good deal of rather coarse banter at the table. Mr. Jameson repeated an old joke as to the company's method of capturing Scotchmen in the hills by the recruiter carrying a bag of oatmeal in one hand and box of snuff in the other, and there was other talk of that sort. Next day the whole party except myself and another,¹⁰ started for Red River in boats that had been waiting for the ship.

A brass 3-pound cannon, destined for Red River, was sent with them, and the story went, as we heard it afterward, that, whether from the effect of fatigue or bad leading, some of the party became so insubordinate on the journey that the officer in command had to load the cannon with grape to overawe them. This was not a very likely story, for such a threat, probably, would have been seriously resented if deemed worth noticing at all. The reason that I and another of the party of sixteen, were not sent with the party to Red River was that we were considered to be too young for the journey. We were ordered instead to enter the fur trade of the company as "apprentice clerks"—a disposing power which it appears the local authorities at York Factory possessed with respect to men sent out for Lord Selkirk's settlements under his arrangement with the company. Though only £20 a year lads, pretty much at beck and call, we were thus in company parlance just within the class of "gentlemen" in the service, that is to say, that class eligible, in theory, and as a rule actually, for commissives [commissions] in the higher grades. The first training of my companion and myself was to be in "camp life." For this purpose we were sent a short distance up the river to live in a "lodge." This is a conical structure, supported by slender long poles, usually covered with birch bark, where that tree grows, but ours was a leather lodge—the base about 15 feet wide, fireplace in the middle, a small doorway and an opening at the tip, pine or cedar branches on the floor on which to lay bear skin and blankets. We had to kill game for our table—an easy task there, for game was abundant, the ptarmigan being so numerous and unwary that we could catch them in nets. A Dr. Calder,¹¹ one of the staff at the fort, the

(10) This is presumably John McLeod of Ross. See his *Notes on Service, 1811-1816*, Transcript, Archives of B.C.

(11) John Calder was surgeon at York Factory during the outfit 1810-11. Although he sailed from York Factory in the *Eddystone* (Captain Thomas Rainsey) on October 5, 1811 [*Log of the Eddystone, H.B.C. Archives*], Tod would just have had time to make his acquaintance.

doctor above referred to, a pleasant, but not a visiting man, lived in a lodge not very far away from ours. Taking him some birds one day I expressed surprise that he liked to live alone without a companion. "Why," said he, "I have a companion who comes a[t] meal times. You stay for dinner, and I will introduce you." The lodge furniture consisted mainly of a square log on each of two sides of the fire, serving for a seat and table respectively for two occupants. Sitting on my log and the host on his, with tea and sugar beside him, I began to wonder where the expected "companion" would find room, when suddenly down the pole of the tent came a mouse, which, going straight to the sugar basin on my host's log picked up a piece of sugar and away with it up the pole to its own quarters. The sojourn in the lodge broke us into camp life in about a month, and we were then recalled for a long tramp to an old established fort—Fort Severn, at the mouth of a river of that name, which flows into Hudson's Bay about 200 miles east from York Factory.¹² It was now winter, which, in that region, comes suddenly with intense frost, sometimes 60 degrees below zero with drifting and misty snow. This caused my introduction to the regulation dress of the company, and also to the use of snowshoes, as another stage of my training.

Light blue was the company's color in attire, and I donned a coat of that color, worn in this time of winter over a leather, flannel-lined doublet, worsted scarlet waist belt, smoked buckskin breeches, blue cloth leggings up to the knee, under which were three rolls of blanket socks, encased in moose moccasins. This soft and yielding, though tough foot-gear, by not impeding the circulation, lessened the risk of freezing which the use of hard leather boots would have caused. Hanging my buckskin mittens to a cord from my neck to prevent them being lost and throwing a familiar Scotch plaid on my shoulder I was ready for the journey, barring the snowshoes. The men below my grade wore much the same dress, only more ornamented, and even the Indian servants of the company had a general uniform dress though the coat was not always blue. The "fire bag" with flint and steel, and usually a pipe and space for tobacco, was indispensable to every one, as life might depend on ability to start a fire. We were allowed two guides on this trip. One was an old hand—an Orkney man, the other was an English sailor. The company, when I think of it, had a considerable number of sailor

(12) Tod and John Brackenridge were the two apprentices sent on this expedition. *H.B.C. Archives*, B. 198/d/88 fo. 45, B. 220/d/2, B. 239/b/82 fo. 9d-10.

men in its service. This one, Joe Hall, was his name, thought it fun to go ahead out of sight when I tripped and fell into the drift, and of course his tracks were instantly closed. The torture of the snowshoes to an inexperienced walker, is, in some states of the weather and [in] the snow very great. Indian children begin to wear this foot-gear when only five or six years old. For my part I could not have conceived what I had to suffer from it on this first trip, but we trudged along doggedly and in fifteen days reached the fort, Fort Severn, a nice collection of buildings with a staff of about ten men. There we were very well received, but two pitiful incidents followed our arrival, which made me think I was gaining experience since leaving Loch Lomond. The officer in charge was a Mr. Santley,¹³ who had an Indian wife and large family. A Mr. Waring¹⁴ acted as steward and assistant trader. There, also, was a Captain Taylor,¹⁵ skipper of a small schooner trading with York Factory.

Preparations were in progress for a trip over 200 miles up the river or its tributaries to another trading station at Trout lake. And on the night before the day fixed for leaving, Mr. Santley rose from bed and went to the store to add something to the supplies which he had forgotten. In ascending the steps to the top story he stumbled and fell back on the edge of an open barrel, injuring his head so that for days he was unconscious. His son, a well grown lad, and I had to keep watches in Mr. Santley's bedroom by turns. One night the trader, Mr. Waring, entered during my watch and looked long and sadly at the sufferer in the bed, and then quietly retired without a word having been uttered. Presently there was the report of a gun, but I thought nothing of that, as many guns were set in the neighborhood for wolves, etc. But in the early morning the man who had to go to the cow house to milk the cow came and told me that the door of the trading shed was open. This being unusual, I went there and found Mr. Waring lying

(13) James Swain, Sr., was in charge of Severn House, 1811-12. E. E. Rich (ed.), *Journal of Occurrences in the Athabasca Department by George Simpson, 1820 and 1821, and Report*, London, 1938, p. 470. See also John Tod, *History of New Caledonia and the North West Coast*, Photostat, Archives of B.C., p. 42.

(14) This is James Wilson, a native of Kirkwall, assistant trader at Severn, 1811-12, according to James Swain's report of April 23, 1812, *H.B.C. Archives*, B. 198/d/88 fo. 45.

(15) George Taylor was the father of Simpson's "country wife," Margaret. A. S. Morton, *Sir George Simpson*, Portland, 1944, p. 159.

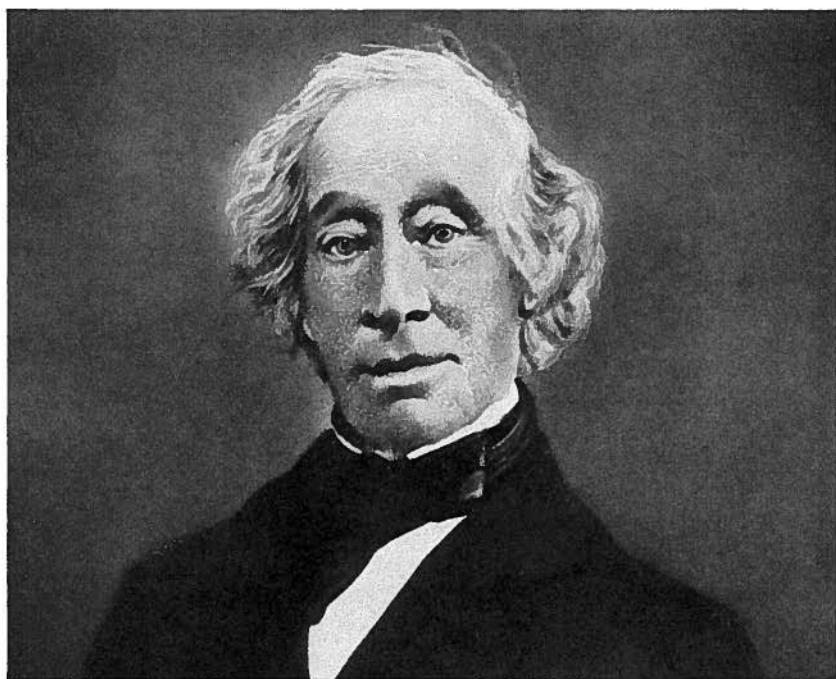
dead inside with indications that he had shot himself.¹⁶ He was a quiet, sober, steady man. Mr. Santley did not recover from the effects of his accident until the spring, and for a long time afterward was very weak. I had never seen a corpse before that of Mr. Waring, nor had my comrade, and the schooner-captain, by this time had sailed away to escape being shut in by the ice. The ground was frozen hard, and it was difficult to make a grave—thaw in summer seldom goes deeper than four inches—but we at last succeeded in giving the poor fellow a decent burial. Our guides had gone back to York Factory, and the men at Fort Severn—mostly French-Canadian half-breeds—could give no assistance owing to their superstitious dread on account of the suicide—an inherited feeling perhaps, through their Indian blood. For a considerable time, brave as they were said to be against any living thing, these men seemed to fear their own shadows, and would not venture alone outside the door of their house at night, even if the moon shone brightly.

CHAPTER II

We remained at Fort Severn to assist Mr. Santley during the winter—my first winter in America. It lasted from the latter part of September to the middle of June. The temperature never was higher than 40 degrees below zero, and often much lower. My duties, owing to the ill-health of the officer in charge, were of a general nature, and included less of Indian trading than account work, for which latter my Glasgow experience had, in some degree, prepared me. I have mentioned the presence of a cow at the fort. Wild hay had been gathered for it, and the animal seemed to thrive pretty well and afforded palatable milk for the officer's family. There also were an immense boar, and an English horse of some breeding. The latter had arrived too late to be sent forward to its destination at Red river. The boar and this horse became companions, and, as we had no regular food for them, foraged on willow branches, or whatever of an edible nature they could find. The horse must have been sorry that he left England. The two animals ran to the fort on hearing the bell for meals, and devoured the goose-bones and other refuse thrown out, contending for the bits in their peculiar ways—the boar usually prevailing. This seemed to me a strange comradeship, but I have since read of a rabbit hunting comradeship in Ireland between a pointer dog and a pig. Frozen fish, chopped small,

(16) According to James Swain's report of April 23, 1812, Wilson shot himself on January 27. *H.B.C. Archives*, B. 239/b/82 fo. 33.

were served frequently to the cow, and, occasionally, to the horse. Necessarily in preparing small fish for winter food, they were frozen without the entrails or scales being removed. They were then strung in batches of about 20, heads down, on twisted willow branches or other sticks. Venison and flesh-meat in general required different treatment. The pieces were at once dipped into water, and, on the water freezing around them, were redipped and so till the ice-coat was thick enough. Meat exposed to the frost without a coating so formed would not keep. To show how cold the weather was, I may mention that a piece of new calico dipped in water and hung over a line would be totally consumed soon by the action of the frost. The large fish, such as the salmon and the gray and speckled trout were dried and smoked in the usual manner, when time permitted, but were not obtainable without undue effort in quantities to form a staple food. The salmon began to come into the rivers from the salt water of Hudson's Bay as soon as the ice moved and the waters cleared. They spawned about the end of August. The coast Indians caught them, but used more blubber than salmon for food. South from Hudson's Bay, however, in the interior, the Indians had salmon and dried or frozen wild geese as staple articles of diet. The main reliance for winter food at the company's stations was cured or frozen fish and salted geese. On hearing first of this I remembered my father having told me that in his grandfather's time the Scotch largely lived on salted geese. The bird mostly used by us in the Hudson's Bay region was the white goose, the migratory habits of which are regular. The gray goose, in its different varieties being more erratic, could not be depended on for winter supplies. The former, appearing from the south southwest in numbers probably from the region of the Mississippi river early in May, flew along the coast of Hudson's Bay to a certain promontory, and thence streamed seaward, always, I was told, from the same place and in the same direction. That was the direct line towards Hudson's Strait, on the innumerable rocks and islets of which they incubated. No one could tell me what food the birds lived on there. They began to return to the southward in September. The flight of the white geese lasted for three days. They passed over us at a height, I should guess, of 1,200 to 1,500 feet. We hid in snow shelters on the coast marsh and made decoys of snow at a convenient distance. Towards these latter the great successive flocks, from curiosity, lowered before passing, but never alighted. They had not the generalship to send out scouts; the whole flock flew lower to examine the snow



John Tod in later life.



Eliza Waugh, wife of John Tod.
(From an original miniature in the Archives of B.C.)



Mrs. William H. Newton (née Emmeline Jane Tod).



John Tod residence, Heron Street, Oak Bay, as it stands to-day.

decoys, and thus we were able to shoot many of them, each gunner within the shelter having several Indians to reload the guns and pick up the dead birds before the next flock came. This work on our part—it was not sport—continued, with intervals for our meals and to clean the guns, until from 10,000 to 20,000 birds were obtained for salting—an infinitesimal [*sic*] percentage of the millions that flew over us.

Mr. Macdonald,¹⁷ who engaged me in Glasgow, having, as I have said, told me I might have to hunt bears in my new habitat, that animal always had more or less interest for me, but of polar bears I cannot say very much, and do not know if what were called “polar” bears in southern Hudson Bay were of the genuine polar species. When in that region I usually was too busy to hunt those bears, though noticing some of their ways as occasion offered. Other bears I shall mention as my narrative proceeds. The polar bears and the seals do not devour their fish in water, but must get upon a rock or the ice for that purpose. These bears venture far out to sea in the summer time on floating ice, but approach the coast towards winter, not, however, to hibernate in the full manner of the black and other bears. The female goes ashore and “caves,” so to speak, in the deep snow, or where the snow drifts will soon cover her, and there she lies without food till she has young. The male animal, shut from the water by ice, roams the coast and sea surface for food, as does also the female after cub birth, subject to her maternal duties. A valued prey of theirs is the seal, which always keeps an ice hole open through which it may reach the ice, used as a table for its fish meal. The bear knows these holes and crouches like a cat to seize the seal when it appears. Usually he carries it some distance from the hole before eating it. He always is followed by a pack of white foxes, which, during his watch, strive to be quiet, grinning merely, and turning their heads from one side to the other, but once the fatal spring is made they trot about expectantly, grinning, whisking their tails, chattering, and here and there indulging in a fight, until the bear is satisfied with his repast and permits them to eat the leavings. But enough at present, as to some effects of the cold weather on the animals.

CHAPTER III

The most striking difference next to the uniform low terrain—between the land I was now in and the hilly Scotch countryside which

(17) *V. supra*, foot-note (2).

I had lately left, was in the sudden coming and the coldness and length of winter.

"Nine months' frost and snow, and three months' bad weather" was the usual description by residents of a year's climate in the York Factory region. Another saying was that there were in four months three seasons—in June, spring—in July and August, summer—in September, autumn—but liable to be cut short.

It was this hard climatic condition, together with the attention necessary to appreciate at least some ordinary phases of the Indian's character and to master the rules and details of trading with them that caused many young men at the stage I now had reached to retire from a service which they had entered with hope. That was the case of the companion I have referred to. The life, indeed, was free from certain conventions, but not as free, otherwise as a novice might have prefigured in his mind. Discipline and supervision were enforced almost with military rigor, though with less formality in the social intercourse of the commissioned ranks that probably exists in the army. A man might be ordered to go elsewhere on duty at any time, the change perhaps involving 1,000 miles of travel, and he might be sent suddenly from a comfortable to an inhospitable station. These were incidents of the service.

As a rule in such changes the company's interests were solely regarded, but not invariably so, for the superiors were but men with human likes and dislikes. The governing body was well constituted of experienced officers, but in all such councils one or two men have sway, either directly or indirectly. Promotions were made by the company on the nomination of the chief factors in council, but this rule was not always adhered to.

Perhaps the weak point after the "coalition" of 1821 with the rival Northwest Co. was the long tenure of office by the "governor in chief," which tended to make him practically autocratic. The first governor of the coalesced concern in America held office for 37 years.¹⁸ He might, and should, have been sooner retired by the company, but the ungraciousness of the case of an officer of distinction and long service seemed to have withheld the exercise of that power by the governing body in London.¹⁹

(18) Sir George Simpson actually was governor for thirty-nine years, from 1821 until his death in 1860. See Morton, *Sir George Simpson*, p. 283.

(19) The type-setters seem to have garbled this sentence. Presumably it should have read: "But the ungracious governing body in London seems to have withheld the exercise of that power in the case of an officer of distinction and long service."

The winter with which I was familiar as a youth in Scotland was gloomy enough, but nature there did not seem to die as it did in winter where I now was. The opening of spring at Hudson's Bay gave the idea of a sort of rising from death to us who had dwelt so long in frozen-up quarters. Suddenly everywhere were evidences of a new, more genial condition, an animation that gave delight to our hearts. The quickening of the twigs caused a slight smell in the terminal buds. Pieces of ice from the broken fishing holes showed on their underside signs of a wear or honey-combing by warmer water, though how heat could reach water fended from the sun was not apparent. The grey and white headed eagle (the latter cowardly and thievish bird strangely chosen as the American emblem), these heralds of the spring came early to seek their prey. The squirrel stretched on a slender branch looked as if he were "dowsing" for the sweetish sap he likes to suck. Beavers and also muskrats, more [soon?] appeared on the roofs of their respective houses or enjoyed a little frisk near them. The young pet beaver that lived in our house at the fort was down oftener to the river-side seeking water to wash his eyes.

Time for us soon to clean, repair and put away winter appliances and belongings. Ducks, by the by, whirred through the air, and geese by the million in ploughshare formation. The release of the frogs from their icebound prison was followed soon by their amorous lays. Let me say here about the frogs that in the mossy swamps, in the mud of which they spend the winter, I have found them frozen hard as a stone, yet these when put near a fire revived and croaked, but upon a second freezing nothing would resuscitate them.

Yet pleasant as the change from winter was to one first experiencing the climate in this part of the continent, I found afterwards that the winter was the least disagreeable season. The region, as to two-thirds of it, is composed of water, and what are really marshy islands, with innumerable muddy lakes and portages. It also is treeless, except along some of the large streams and a few pines and swamp willows in the open. The travel thus was most laborious to all, and the plague of stinging flies maddening to a newcomer until he became immune to the pain, if not to the worry, of their attacks.

My stay at Fort Severn came to an end as soon as the river opened, for then the officer in charge of the post at Trout lake, already mentioned, over 200 miles (as was said) up the river Severn, arrived thence with his "brigade" of boats laden with furs and to take back supplies.

Long previously the Indians, owing to the prestige of the Hudson's Bay Co., sold the worst of their peltries to the rival Northwest Co., and took its best to York Factory, but in the pressure of competition the Hudson's Bay Co. later established forts such as at Trout lake, which I am now speaking of, to secure trade that might not be offered at York Factory. The company had built a fort at Osnaburg lake²⁰ as early as 1786, and later proceeded farther still to Red river. The Trout lake officer's name was Marshall²¹—an old sailor, very skilful in trade. He ordered me to go from Fort Severn to Trout lake with him, and we reached that place against the current broken by rapids in fifteen days—my first real experience in up river, hard canoe travel.

It was now about a year since I left Scotland, and I had learned something in my new life, but not much yet about actual Indian trading away from the main station of a district. I had now special opportunities of doing this at Trout lake, for Mr. Marshall sent me with a guide to many more or less distant Indian camps, and I thus became familiar with the trade rules and practice. I learned, too, the Cree language, or a branch of it at this fort. Mr. Marshall's wife was of that people, and he always spoke in Cree in the family circle, and, moreover, one of the daughters, a fine girl, nearly grown up, seemed to have more tact in teaching me language than had the old dominie at the Leven.

But the details of that tuition, and my bartering for furs, as a novice, would less interest the reader, perhaps, than some account of a friend of mine—the young beaver above referred to—saved by an Indian hunter, and presented by him to me for a pet. He was as black as a crow, and soon grew large and strong. He became attached to Mr. Marshall's children, and used to sleep with them. If confined in another room he would bite through the door to get to them. The children were quarter-breeds, but the beaver did not detect their strain. Had he done so, nothing could have induced him to be their playmate. When the next winter came the behaviour of this animal was curious in the following respect. His instinctive hatred of Indians was such that when temporarily blind from some failure to supply him with water to wash his eyes, he became uneasy on scenting the presence of an Indian in

(20) Osnaburgh House, built in 1786, was located at the east end of Lake St. Joseph, Ontario. Ernest Voorhis (*comp.*), *Historic Forts and Trading Posts of the French Regime and of the English Fur Trading Companies*, Ottawa, 1930, p. 133.

(21) It has not been possible to identify this individual.

the room. Open-eyed this dislike was manifested by conduct which had a tincture of what seemed human, but possibly would have been seriously aggressive but for some dread of the consequences of misbehaving in the presence of his "white friends."

The Indians often were invited to enter the general room, and in their fashion squatted with their backs against the wall, and laid—it might be—a skin, a pipe or a knife on the floor beside them. Circuitously and gradually getting nearer to the Indians, their heavy-tailed enemy seized one of these articles, and in his beaver fashion carried it on his paws and under his chin outside the house, then giving it a parting whack with his tail he returned for another article. Lastly, he would seize an Indian by the thigh and take his legs under his jaws, but the human "article" being too heavy to carry, the beaver could only push the Indian round—nevertheless, in the absence of opposition—(for the Indian in this case humored his enemy), the beaver working with great energy and excitement, but not attempting to bite, forced the intruder, by gyrations to the door.

On one occasion this same beaver carried out an Indian child, which, incautiously, had been left alone in the room, and gave it a whack with his tail after he got it outside the house. Attracted by the child's screams, I beat the beaver so severely that he left Indian children alone ever afterwards, but still showed his hatred of the Indian men and women.

I have had other beaver pets, but none acted entirely in the way here described, though, possibly, they all had it in them to so act. I suppose that an inherited instinct marked the Indians as enemies of the beaver race, but had not, as yet, placed the white man—really worse racial enemies—in the same category.

The Cree Indians, above mentioned, though only numbering 5,000 to 6,000 were the most numerous then of the Northwest tribes the company had to do with. There were two branches of them—those who lived along the southwestern and south coast of Hudson's Bay, and for a considerable distance thence inland, known as the "Swampy" Crees from the moist surface of the country they occupied. Another division sometimes regarded as the Crees proper, roamed over a large territory in the Northwest, from Assiniboine to Athabasca in the basin of the Mackenzie, and in another direction to Ile a la Crosse, which is situated on the farthest north important water system that finds its exit in Hudson's Bay.

The language which I learned was the "Swampy" Cree tongue. It was sufficiently like the regular Cree—and indeed the Chipewyan—to be useful to a trader as far as the Rocky mountains. I found my knowledge of it occasionally serviceable in New Caledonia.

CHAPTER IV

Mr. Marshall some eighteen months after my arrival to work under him at the Trout lake post, was transferred to Red river, and was succeeded by a Mr. Snooks.²² The latter was directed, in the winter of 1815 and 1816, to ascertain trading possibilities at a large lake in his district known as "Pent"²³ lake, said to be in latitude 54, where no white man had been. The Indians there were called the "Cranes,"²⁴ a wild, ferocious tribe. Something prevented Mr. Snooks from himself going, and I was selected for this expedition, and, nominally commanded it, but in view of my inexperience and youth, being then hardly of age, I was instructed not to undertake anything of importance without consulting an old Orkneyman, "Archie," who was assigned to the party as interpreter and boat foreman. The general guide was an Indian, who, alone in the party, knew the country. I had three other Orkneymen and two medium sized canoes—the Indian guide occupying a bark canoe by himself.

We started in the beginning of October, and did not return until the ice disappeared in the following summer. Our experience was very hard, and the business result of the expedition, apart from topographical information, rather unsatisfactory, as the Cranes were at war with another tribe and indisposed to communicate with us; nevertheless, the proceeds of the hunt more than paid expenses.

It took us seven days to reach what we deemed to be the lake sought, the last day being on a considerable river, which we came to after making a portage, but as our guide had deserted, we were at a loss to know where to encamp. The spot, with winter impending, had to be where

(22) Presumably this is Adam Snodie, who was in charge of Trout Lake, 1813–15. See Rich, *Colin Robertson's Correspondence Book*, p. 242.

(23) Presumably Paint Lake. See Fleming, *Minutes of Council*, p. 459. Tod in his *Reminiscences*, Photostat, Archives of B.C., makes reference to a "Spent Lake."

(24) "There are two powerful families that frequent the country situated between Osnaburg and Trout Lake called the Cranes and tinpots, who have long been notorious for their depredations." Sir George Simpson to Donald Ross, December 8, 1834, *MS.*, Archives of B.C.

fishing under the ice was good. As strangers we could not know in advance, such a place, and, now, with the winter on us, could not easily search for a suitable place. Thus, after erecting a log house for quarters we were confronted by the question of food. Our supplies of flour, etc., for the actual travel were soon exhausted.

The rule of the company, as to such expeditions, was not to cumber a party with more supplies than might be needed to reach a certain destination. It had been proved to the company, by experience, that no matter what supplies were issued to a party a surplus was never brought back. The above rule presupposed that traders should be able to live where Indians were able to live.

Unfortunately, however, where we were, edible game was scarce. We killed minks, martens, foxes, wolverines and others, saving their skins and eating some of their flesh, when forced to do so. Usually the otters were shot and the others trapped. As to the fishing, ice had formed on the lake, immediately upon our arrival, in fact, our fisherman had just experimentally set his nets the day before winter came, and had to break the ice to get them out. He then made, and kept open, a large ice hole through which to lower the net at a newly chosen place, and with the aid of poles he passed the net to successive holes in a straight line as far as the length of the net—the “setting” being across a current. The rope attached to the net being drawn through the last hole, and a long line tied to it, the net was hauled, daily, to the main opening for examination, and afterwards was hauled back to its place by the rope. We never caught more than half a dozen small carp, about one and a half pounds each—not much for a hungry crew of men to live upon.

I noticed, first, on this expedition, what many after experiences confirmed, namely, that half starved men bemoan their expected fate, but brace up when there is nothing whatever to eat in the camp. The ordinary man, too, if he can get fish for food is indisposed to undertake the ordeal of the hunt.

The pride of youth, commanding the party, kept me from expressed complaint, though suffering greatly from hunger, which, I must say, broiled “beast-of-prey”—did not much alleviate. Cleaning my gun and its flint lock occupied much of my time. The three books my father had given me, and which I never travelled without, prevented utter lonesomeness. Solomon’s prayer, in the Bible, for wisdom, which seemed to have been successful, so attracted my attention that I followed his example, with little intermission, daily, during six weeks, but without any result that I could appreciate.

I sought in every direction for a moose camp without success. The habit of that animal is to spend most of the winter season in a particular selected spot, where its food of branches is plentiful. As strangers, such spots were unknown to us. There may have been no moose in the district. Roaming one bright day in April, when the sun had just softened the upper skin of the snow, and with nothing from the traps but a lean mink in my shoulder-sack, my delighted eye caught the footprints of a band of caribou, the flesh of which is excellent. (The New Caledonia caribou, I found afterwards, was a finer animal than the caribou here, and, as food, perhaps even better.) The impression of the feet in the snow, when a sample was lifted in a lump, was soft, not frozen, showing that the band had passed lately. I felt akin to Solomon, and examined carefully my gun, flint and pan.²⁵ Moving with the utmost caution for many miles, I followed the track, or rather its general direction, as these animals ere they rest, make a circuit to command the approach of followers on their track, but I never saw these caribou, and it was too soon in the season for the ducks and geese. This passage of the caribou I did not mention to my doleful comrades in the lonely shieling. But enough—I have said that we got back to the fort at Trout Lake.

CHAPTER V

Some time after returning from this expedition I was promoted to a "clerkship," and transferred from service at Trout lake to the charge of the already mentioned Fort Severn, where I remained for more than two years.

Then having acted for a spell as clerk to the managing factor at York factory, I was made superintendent of the fur shed at the latter place. These facts, without the presentation of wearisome details, raise the presumption that I had mastered my business, and the reader, if he pleases, may now perhaps form some idea of me as a full-fledged officer 27 years old—a tall, strong man, with long brown hair, and a hard, large featured face, unconventional, I fear, in everything, and with an unconscious, habitual gesture of enforcing utterances by striking my left palm with the other fist, to the alarm of some of my superiors whom I might be addressing.

That was the year of the coalition of the Hudson's Bay Company, or "English" company as some called it, dating from 1670, whose

(25) The part of the lock that held the priming in obsolete types of guns, according to *The Concise Oxford Dictionary*, Oxford, 1912.

servant I was, with its famous rival, the "Northwest Company," dating actually from 1784—though its former(?) [formal] partnership agreement is dated 1795.²⁶ The latter was largely composed of Scotch Montrealers, but the coalition mentioned being a matter of general history need not be here further referred to—at least not the events that led to it.

A Northwest Company partner, Mr. Benjamin Frobisher,²⁷ imprisoned at the factory, had escaped in September, 1819, and died of privation in November, trying to reach the Northwest Company's post at Moose lake in the district of Mr. Connolly,²⁸ afterwards in charge of New Caledonia.

My appointment to the fur shed at York Factory was made soon after the coalition, and I was present at the formal banquet given there by the authorities to the nominally united members of the former separate companies. York Factory was considered to be a suitable place for the function, as it was the chief depot of the northern department, whence all the furs—some brought from great distances—were repacked for shipment to London, and where most of the supplies and passengers from London were landed. The place retained its importance, after the coalition—in fact, one result of the coalition was that the trade of the Northwest with Canada declined, and that with London, via York and Moose Factories, largely increased.

This first social meeting of the superior officers of the coalesced concerns—73 men were present—in the great mess hall of the factory or fort, 300 feet in length with its two long narrow tables, had some peculiar features, owing to the bitter feelings of the guests who had for many years been keen trade competitors, and sometimes personal antagonists in willing combat. The "proud Northwest bucks"—mostly Highland men—had been stalking about the old fort, as haughtily as had been their wont at their own former headquarters for the interior, namely, Fort William, Lake Superior, not trying to converse with the Hudson's Bay-ites. It was "dollars to doughnuts"—as the saying is—whether the

(26) Tod's dates seem to be in error. It is difficult to state when the North West Company was first formed, references to it occurring as early as 1776. In 1779 a sixteen-share concern was formed, and a new agreement was reached in 1783, from which date the company is usually considered as having begun. In 1787 it absorbed the Gregory, McLeod, and Company and the XY Company in 1804. G. C. Davidson, *The North West Company*, Berkeley, 1918, *passim*.

(27) *Ibid.*, pp. 159, 166. See also Rich, *Simpson's Athabasca Journal*, pp. 438-439.

(28) William Connolly, whose daughter, Amelia, married James Douglas in 1826.

entertainment would be a "feed" or a "fight." Fortunately the governor in chief, Mr. (afterwards Sir George) Simpson, who, acting with Mr. Edward Ellice,²⁹ afterwards an M.P. in England, had been instrumental in effecting the coalition, was present, endeavouring by courtesy and tact to complete his work. He had succeeded in an enlarged official function Mr. Williams,³⁰ who had been head of the Hudson's Bay Company since the killing of Mr. Semple³¹ at Red river in 1816. Williams once had commended a ship in the East Indian Company's service—a dictatorial narrow man, prone to the use of force, but brave personally, if you like, as his sword blade.

The two sections of the guests, at summons of the bell, entered the great hall in silence, and kept wholly apart until the new governor moving in the throng with bows, smiles and introduction, brought about some conversation or hand-shaking between individuals, and ended by pointing at, politely, where he invited the guests to sit. It was hardly possible, in the circumstances, and owing to the number of guests, to avoid mistakes in this matter of seating, and in fact several unfortunate mistakes occurred.

Watching the banquet from a corner of the great hall, the scene was like some of those described in the "Legend of Montrose," a book I afterwards read. Men found themselves vis à vis, across the narrow table, who had lately slashed each other with swords, and bore marks of the combat. I noticed one Highlander so placed whose nostrils seemed to expand as he glared at his mortal foe, and who snorted, squirmed and spat, not on the table, but between his legs—he and his enemy opposite being as restless as if each were sitting on a hillock of ants. Their hate was real, yet as a spectator assisting in the ceremonies, I could not but feel a little tickle of the ludicrous.³² Another couple of good haters—a mobile-featured, black-eyed man of sinister aspect (under a suspicion of

(29) Edward Ellice the elder, 1781–1863, became associated with the fur trade in 1803, and was Deputy Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, 1858–1863. See Beckles Wilson, *The Great Company*, Toronto, 1899, p. 532.

(30) William Williams was appointed Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1818. See Rich, *Simpson's Athabasca Journal*, pp. xxxvii, 473.

(31) Robert Semple was killed at Fort Garry in 1816. For a biographical sketch see Rich, *Colin Robertson's Correspondence Book*, p. 241.

(32) According to Tod's *Reminiscences of 1821*, Photostat, Archives of B.C., these two were Allan Macdonell and Alexander Kennedy. For biographical data on Kennedy see Rich, *Colin Robertson's Correspondence Book*, p. 224; and on Macdonnell see W. S. Wallace (ed.), *Documents relating to the North West Company*, Toronto, 1934, p. 465.

poisoning), and a pompous fellow, with neckerchief and collar, up to his ears, had lately fought a pistol duel across a camp-fire after night fall.³³ Another was expected to take wine with his jailor opposite, who a few months before had imprisoned him, as a captive Northwester, in a dark cellar, where he had to inhale the premonitory fumes of brimstone³⁴—and so on.

The dresses were of all sorts, between that of a Cree “brave” in time of peace and the conventional attire of a London diner out—the Hudson’s Bay Company’s blue color being common. One man³⁵ noted for braggart talk yet ready “derring do,” had three long-haired prime winter marten furs on the collar of his coat, and the same costly material in the cuffs and other parts of his dress.

The situation was saved by the demonstrative—if not very sincere—comradeship of the several superior officers of the two sections, whose example others followed, though some continued to glare with fierce eyes at their former personal and official enemies. I feel bound to add, comparing small things with great, that the good effects of the fine wine used lavishly on this particular occasion, cannot be denied. Its action in helping to overcome rigorous discontent, reminded me of the effect of the spreading warmth of the summer season of this region in mitigating the winter harshness.

I may add here to show the turn of events, that in addition to the unfortunate Mr. Frobisher³⁶ above mentioned, whom I had nothing to do with, the then governor of the Hudson’s Bay Company³⁷ (not the one at the banquet) had captured at Grand Portage,³⁸ at the mouth of the Saskatchewan river, two Northwest Company partners,³⁹ and I had charge of these persons at the Hudson’s Bay Company’s station at Rock

(33) From Tod’s *Reminiscences of 1821* these two appear to be William McIntosh and John Clarke. For biographical details of the former see Wallace, *op. cit.*, pp. 472–473, and of the latter, *ibid.*, pp. 432–433.

(34) This is one of the brothers McVicar, probably Robert. See Tod’s *Reminiscences of 1821* and Rich, *Simpson’s Athabasca Journal*, p. 457.

(35) According to Tod’s *Reminiscences of 1821* this was Colin Robertson. See also Rich, *Simpson’s Athabasca Journal*, pp. 461–463.

(36) Benjamin Frobisher, 1782–1819; see Wallace, *op. cit.*, p. 446.

(37) William Williams.

(38) This should be the Grand Rapid. See Rich, *Simpson’s Athabasca Journal*, p. xxxviii. In all, eleven prisoners were taken.

(39) John Duncan Campbell, J. G. McTavish, and Angus Shaw were amongst the partners arrested. *Ibid.*, p. xxxix.

depot⁴⁰ and at York Factory. About the end of August, 1819, Lieut. Franklin (afterwards Sir John) arrived with others from England on their way to the Arctic Ocean, and seemed to know something of these prisoners. A month later the governor required each prisoner to enter into a recognisance, under a penalty of £3,000, to keep the peace and appear in a court in England or Canada on some charge not specified.⁴¹ The prisoners were sent to England in the end of September, 1819, in the Hudson's Bay Company's ship "Prince of Wales" as steerage passengers, and the proceedings in their cases were dropped. One of them⁴² prominently supported the coalition that was concluded in 1821, and soon afterwards as a chief factor, was appointed to York Factory—his former place of destination, and I, who had been practically his jailor, became for some time his clerk there.

CHAPTER VI

It was my lot or fate, no long time after these last described events, to be transferred from the Hudson's Bay region to New Caledonia not, I beg the reader to observe, the French penal settlement of that name, in an island lying eastward of Queensland—but to another part of North America. New Caledonia⁴³ was a name given by the Highlanders of the Northwest Company to the east-central portion of the present province of British Columbia, comprising Fraser, McLeod, Stuart lakes, etc. It lay between the Rocky mountain and coast ranges from about 53 degrees to 57 degrees north latitude, but was the name given usually to the north interior section of the company's "Western department," which latter included all the territory between the watershed of the Rocky mountains and the Pacific Ocean, bounded on the north by the Russian territory and by the company's "Northern" department, and on the south by the territory of the Mexican Republic.⁴⁴

This vast department was not within the old charter of the Hudson's Bay Company, dated in 1670, and the United States considered they

(40) Rock House was situated on the bank of the Hayes River 120 miles above York Factory. *Ibid.*, p. 423.

(41) J. G. McTavish was later liberated for want of a prosecutor. *Ibid.*, p. 457.

(42) Presumably this refers to J. G. McTavish.

(43) Simon Fraser is credited with naming New Caledonia; see E. O. S. Scholefield and F. W. Howay, *British Columbia from the Earliest Times to the Present*, Vancouver, 1914, Vol. I, p. 250.

(44) Tod seems quite to have forgotten the Oregon Territory.

had a preferable right to it up to the Russian territory, but, meanwhile, the trade of the company, in which the Northwest Company was now merged, went on as usual, and was extended.⁴⁵

No Hudson's Bay man had ever been stationed in New Caledonia, and the Northwesters gave such a poor account of the country, that, after the coalition, Hudson's Bay men, employed in the better known localities, lived in fear of being transferred thither.

My belief is that I was disengaged from the flesh pots of York Factory, and sent to this supposed inhospitable district of New Caledonia, because the Hudson's Bay Company's governor—Sir George Simpson as I may call him, though he was not knighted until later on—nearly tumbled over a stool, in circumstances which I shall relate. On the other hand, the appointment, nominally, was promotion—for, though still a "clerk" I should be doing a full trader's work—and friends of mine suggested that the country in question might be less inhospitable than described, that I could not find a worse climate than I had been living in, and that, as New Caledonia had been a Northwest Company's preserve, it was natural that Sir George and the council should assign an experienced trader of the Hudson's Bay Company to an important post in that region, so that his work might be compared with that of former officers of the other company.

The "stool" incident occurred at York Factory, as follows, in 1823. Each chief factor and trader was allowed a servant, and the servants, after the officers had messed in the great hall, took their own meals in an adjoining room, Sir George's own personal attendant was the head of the servile staff. The impertinence of the fellow, who was known as the "governor's Tom,"⁴⁶ displeased every one except his master, whose foot he had measured. Called out early one morning to receive a "brigade" of boats—brigade meaning any regular party in charge of supplies or peltries—the officer in charge of it, upon finishing his business with me, asked if he could have his breakfast. "Certainly," said I, "I have not had my own." Proceeding to the mess hall, where the tables had been cleared, I entered the servant's room, and directed the steward to bring breakfast for two. He drew himself up and replied, sneeringly: "You have been keeping your bed this morning," where-

(45) Great Britain and the United States arranged "joint occupancy" of the territory west of the Rocky Mountains from 1818 until 1846.

(46) Tom Taylor, son of George Taylor, to whom reference is made in footnote (15) *supra*.

upon I seized him by the throat and struck him a severe blow, saying that if he added a word I would cut his tongue out. The breakfast was soon brought for myself, and the fatigued and hungry boat-officer, but later, Sir George Simpson came with the offending servant behind him, and asked me: "Did you strike my servant?" "Yes, sir," said I. "Did you threaten to cut his tongue out?" "Certainly, sir," I replied—raising my voice and approaching the interrogator, as was my wont in colloquy, bringing down my fist on my left palm—he retreating, with some alarm on his features, into the embraces of one unperceived stool, over which he would have fallen had I not grabbed him—another act of mine which he seemed to regard as not auxiliary, for he went off fuming, with his man behind him, looking round to exclaim: "You shall hear from me, sir."

This threat, however, was not in terms carried out, on the contrary, Sir George became profusely civil to me—probably having learned the facts of the case from officers of the council who knew them, and, may be, had overheard the steward's offensive remark, for they had rooms opened into from the great hall.

A month later Sir George received me blandly in his office, touched lightly on the incident of the stool, apologizing in a manner for his servant's conduct, and then added that the council had decided to give me a new appointment. "Indeed, Sir George, where is it?" "Why, New Caledonia,"⁴⁷ was the reply. "Good!" exclaimed I, with a double hand clasp, "the very place I wish to go to. I thought of asking for an appointment out there."

My unexpected thanks and the suspicion that he was being placed, with myself, on a common plane of insincerity, seemed to disconcert the governor, but he dismissed me, civilly, and I retired with his heart laid bare in my appreciation.

On reflection, I regretted my own insincere speech, but, as my father often said, "it taks a lang spune, laddie, to sup wi' the deil." The governor remained hostile to me, more, I imagine, because he knew that I knew him, than from distaste on account of my independent spirit and rough manners.

This personage had great ability in business, and also tact in managing men, but was not mentally inquisitive or cultivated, seldom speaking of anything beyond the routine of the company's affairs. He had a great

(47) "New Caledonia . . . was regarded as the Siberia of the fur traders." George Bryce, *Mackenzie, Selkirk, Simpson*, Toronto, 1905, p. 268.

career in the country, but was not equal to his fortune. His reputation which he won, and in a high degree deserved, became less as time passed, and as an imperfect sense of justice, undue favoritism in some cases, and official pressure in others (not always from pure motive), together with implacableness concealed under smiles, became more or less apparent in his general conduct.⁴⁸

As for me, in the situation I now found myself, barring the good food, or certainty of food, and the chance of reading books at York Factory, there were trammels in the life there, moreover, I was going to a region where new conditions of trade and of hunting and fishing existed, and, after all the region might not be as bad as it was called.

The main disadvantage, added to the enmity of the governor in chief, was that, in New Caledonia, I must, necessarily be under the orders, locally, of former Northwest Company officers, for they alone knew the trade there, and some of these officers had, as already hinted, a rather contemptuous feeling towards all Hudson's Bay Company's men, notwithstanding the recent coalition. But I had no homesickness, and though going to work westward of the great mountains was like beginning my American career again, and though it turned out I was half starved there, and almost forgot my mother's tongue, I cannot honestly say, looking back, now, from my age of over four score years, that the ultimate outcome has been unsatisfactory.

I may here acquaint the reader, by anticipation, that, after my first long spell in New Caledonia, I was back in the Hudson's Bay region for a short time, and thence paid visits twice to the Old Country. These visits to be described in what will follow, perhaps, may be to the untrav-

(48) A tinge of jealousy is evident here. Tod's relations with Simpson were never happy. Tod's opinions of Simpson are similar to those expressed by John McLean: "Making every allowance for Sir George's abilities, he is evidently one of those men whom the blind goddess 'delighteth to honour.' . . . Sir George's administration . . . has been a successful one; yet his own friends will admit that much of his success must be ascribed to his good fortune rather than to his talents. . . . His caprice, his favouritism, his disregard of merit in granting promotion, it will be allowed, could not have a favourable effect on the Company's interests." W. S. Wallace (ed.), *John McLean's Notes of a Twenty-five Years' Service in the Hudson's Bay Territory*, Toronto, 1932, pp. 384-389. Simpson evidently had no good opinion of Tod, for writing to Hargrave in 1836 Simpson stated: "John Tod has been a most useless and troublesome man of late . . . he requires more luxury and attention . . . than any governor of Rupert's Land . . . let him have all that is fit and proper but not an iota more." Quoted in Bryce, *op. cit.*, pp. 268-269.

elled reader more or less amusing interludes in the dull stage-play of frontier life which my story presents.

CHAPTER VII

The exact day of our leaving York Factory I forget; it was early in June, 1823—the 10th of June I think.⁴⁹ Old John Stewart,⁵⁰ a partner of the former Northwest Company, and now a chief factor of the new company, commanded the party, of which I was the youngest, and he also was to be in charge of the whole district of New Caledonia. He was not the Stuart of Stuarts lake, where is Fort St. James, the first post established in that region by the Northwest Company, though some say that a station at “Kwa”⁵¹ or Frazer’s lake preceded it a little, in time, say—1806. There were in the canoe—a large Northwest canoe—two other officers of the company (one of whom had been in the battle of Waterloo) and eight French-Canadian boatmen and laborers—a dozen men altogether.

An ordinary Northwest canoe, manned by five men, carries about 3,000 pounds, and seldom draws, when laden, more than 18 inches of water. Its average speed with the paddles—painted scarlet (they were of old)—in normal circumstances is about five miles an hour. A “portage” as the word implies, is a neck of land or other obstruction across which the canoe and goods have to be carried, usually by men, but, sometimes, horses are available. The bowman, on reaching a portage,

(49) According to the *York Factory Journal*, [H.B.C. Archives, B. 239/a/131], Tod started out with the Athabasca boats on July 19; the rest of the party, consisting of Chief Factor John Stuart, Donald McKenzie, Jr., and Samuel Black, followed four days later. When they overtook Tod, Black was to exchange places with him and Tod was to accompany Stuart to New Caledonia. McKenzie (born about 1787) entered the service of the Hudson’s Bay Company in 1818 and served at various posts in the Northern Department until his retirement in 1850. According to records in the *H.B.C. Archives* A. 34/1 and A. 34/2, McKenzie was a lieutenant in the army before joining the Company’s service.

(50) This should be John Stuart, who accompanied Simon Fraser on his famous descent of the Fraser River in 1808. Tod is slightly in error here because Stuart Lake was named after Fraser’s companion and Fort St. James was established there in 1806. Fort McLeod, on the lake of the same name, was built the previous year. For biographical information on Stuart see Rich, *Simpson’s Athabasca Journal*, p. 469.

(51) According to Simon Fraser the Indian name for Fraser Lake was Natleh and the well-known Indian chief at Fort St. James was *Q’ua* (spelled variously). Scholefield and Howay, *op. cit.*, pp. 251–254.

leaps into the water to prevent the canoe from grating. Instantly then, slings are tied to the packages ("pieces") in the canoe, and the men walk off with their loads, and return for fresh ones. The usual weight of a "piece" is 84 pounds, and the strap which keeps it in place, is broad in the middle and fits the forehead of the carrier. The bowman and steersman usually carry or superintend the carrying of the canoe. A partial lightening managed in the same way, sometimes takes place at "rapids" as the guide may determine. When an adverse current is very strong the crew, except the steersman, land, and from the shore, or wading, drag the canoe with a line. Canoes being easily damaged, a good foreman is a valuable servant. The hardest work is at muddy portages, and in getting through muddy lakes, where the water is low, and the bottom too soft for "poling."

Hudson's Bay men, colloquially also, apply the term "portage," in a larger sense, to the higher land between water systems, though it may be 100 miles broad, and the transport effected by dog sleighs in winter. Some peculiar expressions used by the French-Canadians also have vogue in the service—"to march" for instance, generally, is applied to any progression—including canoe or boat travel.

After, I suppose, nearly 2,000 miles of journeying, via Île-à-la-Crosse, Athabasca and Peace river (the first named an Indian resort for the favourite "hurdle" game), we reached Fort McLeod at the north end of McLeod's lake in New Caledonia, on the 10th of October. We had come the whole way through the wild country, by water, except at portages. The voyage was dreary and monotonous. Sitting in a canoe during four months tires one, particularly if like me, long-legged. The eye wearies of the endless succession of lakes, rivers, rolling plains, forests and mountain scenes, many of them beautiful and impressive, which no doubt some day may attract the artist.

What struck me most was the "cut" of the Peace river through the Rocky mountains, which, as to its main range, narrows in that quarter. The river, flowing gently in an east direction 600 to 1,000 feet wide has, on either side of the "cut," as I call it, steep, perfectly smooth walls, 500 or 600 feet high, retreating above, still cliff-like, but less regular in surface, to an immense elevation. On many parts of these smooth lower walls, easily visible from a canoe moving like a tiny feather on the river, are the remains of small marine animals so perfect that you may almost believe they were petrified in the act of preying on one another, or playing in the water. The main range, though itself com-

paratively narrow, however, is flanked closely on its eastern side by more or less parallel, generally irregular mountain masses.⁵²

The river in its passage through the most easterly and lowest of these narrows from a width of half a mile to a few hundred feet—the rocky walls being waterworn, so as to overhang. It boils, foams and roars among rocks and boulders for about 15 miles in which distance the fall is over 50 feet. Navigation, of course, is barred, and a long portage necessary, which is called the “Rocky mountain portage.” This is the only absolute obstruction to canoe or boats in the Peace river from its far western rise in the Stickeen country for 1,000 miles except a short rapid and little fall about 250 miles from its entrance into Athabasca lake. The Rocky mountain portage, in addition to its length has the disadvantage on the trail of a steepish 1,000-foot hill, and many swampy patches. A small crew of men finds here the transportation of large canoes, or heavy baggage, very difficult. To the traveller, particularly from the plain country lying eastward, the wild mountain scenery to the north and south, and also to the west, where that prospect is open, is very striking, but, as I have said, the above “cut” through the main range by the river flowing from the west, fixed my attention most—perhaps in part from the suggestiveness of the ancient life-records on the rocks amid the surrounding, silent desolation. Others seemed to have been impressed as I was.

Ten years later when I revisited York Factory, the governor, Sir G. Simpson, above referred to—a most unlikely man, as I have said, to mention anything outside of the company’s concerns—rushed toward me as I landed, and asked, excitedly if I had observed the walls of the above first mentioned “cut” or pass.

While “nooning” or resting for lunch in our approach to this portage, at a spot whence across the roughened river a remarkable detached conical hill several thousand feet high, compelled our gaze, an Indian messenger reached us from Mr. Yale,⁵³ the officer in charge of Fort George on the Fraser river in New Caledonia, about 54 degrees north latitude, with the information that two of his men had been murdered.⁵⁴

(52) W. N. Sage (ed.), “Coal-seekers on Peace River, 1903,” *British Columbia Historical Quarterly*, XIV (1950), pp. 96–100, *passim*.

(53) James Murray Yale, 1796?–1871. For a biography of Yale see Rich, *Simpson's Athabasca Journal*, pp. 473–474.

(54) Joseph Bagnoit and Belone Duplante; see E. E. Rich (ed.), *Part of Dispatch from George Simpson Esqr Governor of Ruperts Land to the Governor & Committee of the Hudson's Bay Company March 1, 1829 . . .*, London, 1947,

This was the first item of news from the country I was going to. Toward the lower end of the portage, about 3,000 Indians of different tribes were encamped, who had come in friendliness, to meet us, and perhaps help carry our belongings, for a consideration, across the portage.

After supper, and the usual pipe-smoking and fireside colloquy with the chiefs and heads of families, we repaired to our own camp, which had been sent on towards the upper end of the portage, and on awaking next morning, found that one of our men had deserted. Any loss of white men was serious, for, in managing the company's stations, casualties were not presumed, and of course in New Caledonia, recruiting was impossible.

The Indian camp had not been moved, and I volunteered to go and seek the man there, but our commander, Mr. Stewart, said: "What do you know," and he rather sneered at me as a Hudson's Bay man. He then sent the other Northwest Company's officer (not the "Waterloo" man), in the party to find and bring the deserter in, but the Northwester failed to do so, whereupon a renewed offer from me for the service was uncivilly accepted. I found the deserter among the Indians, after an hour of hide-and-seek, they fearing that the man would be killed, which would have slurred their hospitality, in receiving him, but this fear, on their part, I relieved by assurances, and taking the man by the shoulder told him to come along, which he did.

There were Crees in the Indian camp whose language I could speak. On bringing the man to Mr. Stewart, he said: "What Indian caught him?" I told him he had better go back himself to the Indian camp and inquire.

This little incident shows the friction between members of the two companies notwithstanding the late coalition.

Three days more boating to the junction of the Peace and Parsnip rivers, and up the latter took us from the Rocky mountain portage to McLeod's lake post, constructed by the Northwest Company long previously.⁵⁵

I was soon sent thence (in the company of Mr. McDougal,⁵⁶ lately appointed to Fort Alexandria) to Fort George, another three days'

p. 24n. Further details concerning this incident are to be found in Fleming, *Minutes of Council*, p. 107n.

(55) Fort McLeod, established by the North West Company in 1805.

(56) George McDougal was in New Caledonia from 1821 to 1830. See Rich, *Simpson's Athabasca Journal*, p. 450.

travel, to assist the officer there, Mr. Yale, on account of the murder of two of his men, as above mentioned. They were French-Canadians, and had been constructing a large additional building. Two young Indians from a nearby camp, had been hired to help them, everything going well, so far as Mr. Yale knew, until he left, on a to and fro five days' trip to borrow a cross-cut saw from the post at Fraser lake. The young Indians, in his absence, arose one night and cut off the heads of the French-Canadians with their axes, leaving the corpses and bloody weapons on the floor, and so far as could be ascertained, stealing nothing from the store when they departed. It appeared to be an individual, not a tribal matter.

The neighboring Indian chief—of the murderers' tribe—during Mr. Yale's absence, occupied the store with a number of Indians, and himself afterwards went to meet him on his homeward journey with the sad news. The bodies were left lying for Mr. Yale to see; it was freezing hard, and they did not decompose. As said above, nothing in the store was touched, and the Indian guard did not take anything even for their food—a fact which the chief asked Mr. Yale to assure himself of and then departed.⁵⁷

The practice of the company in such cases was to outlaw the murderer and kill him when caught—it might be years afterwards. They were supposed to take such offenders for trial to Canada, but practically had to disregard that prescription, owing to the intervening physical obstacles.

CHAPTER VIII

The Indians, I may remark, would try to hide an Indian accused of killing a white man, but would not resist his capture. If, however, he were captured in the camp of another tribe than his own, it was an offence against traditional Indian law for white men to kill him without having prearranged with the harboring tribe, for the payment of what the man's Indian relatives would be entitled to claim from it for delivering to death one who had shared its hospitality.

I will illustrate this by an incident connected with the above murder, and as the Indian law referred to was exemplified, thereby, in the person of no less a personage than the late Sir James Douglas, K.C.B., who became a colonial governor. A very strong, stately and dauntless man, whom it is difficult to think of lying on his own table, enraged and

(57) For an account of this incident, see B. A. McKelvie, *Tales of Conflict*, Vancouver, 1949, pp. 26–31.

trussed with ropes. One of the murderers of Mr. Yale's men, above mentioned, fled across the Rocky mountains, and it was reported met his death there from hostile Indians. Of the other, we could hear nothing, and the years passed with various changes in the Fort staffs, but with no change in the company's adjudgment of the escaped murderer.

In the spring of 1825, Mr. Stewart already mentioned, was replaced by Mr. Connolly⁵⁸ as head officer of New Caledonia, who brought Mr. Douglas, then about 22 years of age with him, and both lived at Stuart's lake post,⁵⁹ Mr. Douglas being the post officer. A great gathering of Indians took place near the post in 1826⁶⁰ in memory of some departed chieftain. That was the year in which Mr. Guy Hughes, and six of his men⁶¹ were murdered at a post near Rocky Mountain Portage, and as there were many strange Indians in the throng, it was deemed prudent to have night guards round the picketed buildings. One night, an Indian woman, from the scene of revelry on a promontory a mile and a half distant, approached, asking to see Mr. Douglas, who was in bed. After some parley with the guard Mr. Douglas was apprised, and on reaching the outer fence, the woman confided to him that one of the murderers of Mr. Yale's men three years ago was among the revellers. Early next day, in consequence, Mr. Connolly, Mr. Douglas and the whole force at the post, including a man who knew the murderer's person, proceeded to the Indian camp, whence, already, as it happened all the chiefs and young men had gone on a hunt, leaving only old men and the women and children. In one tent were many bundles, and a woman busy packing, or pretending to pack, them. The search failed, but as the party retraced their steps through the camp, Mr. Douglas suggested a re-visit to the tent of this woman, and on turning over the packages therein, a man was found who, not waiting to be identified as the person sought—which he soon, however, was—made a thrust with an arrow at Mr. Douglas's head. The latter and the others shot at the man, but all missed him, whereupon one of the party, not Mr. Douglas, struck the murderer on the head with the barrel of his gun and killed him.⁶²

(58) William Connolly, 1787–1849, was transferred to New Caledonia in 1824 and from 1825–1831 was in charge of the district. See Rich, *Colin Robertson's Correspondence Book*, p. 209.

(59) Fort St. James, established 1806.

(60) This should be 1828; see McKelvie, *op. cit.*, p. 27.

(61) Tod has confused his dates. Guy Hughes and four men were murdered at Fort St. John, November 2–3, 1823. See Fleming, *Minutes of Council*, p. 9n.

(62) McKelvie, *op. cit.*, pp. 27–31.

Justice thus being vindicated, the party returned to the fort and thought no more of the matter, not even closing the gates in the day time. This was rather strange in the circumstances, as Mr. Douglas, even in youth, was inquisitive respecting Indian laws and customs. Perhaps the fort officers thought that the Indians were intimidated.

Three days later, however, a number of them arrayed in warlike fashion, rushed into the building, tied and threw all the men into a heap, and then in spite of his desperate resistance, overpowered Mr. Douglas, and binding him hand and foot, deposited him writhing and shouting on the table of the mess hall. The chief, by name, "Kwa,"⁶³ (Fraser lake in some old maps is "Kwa" lake)—a chief usually friendly to the whites, and the head chief of the whole gathering, directed the Indians to sit in silence on the benches round the room, and upon a lull in his victim's expostulations, said to him, that when he was perfectly quiet he would talk with him and explain. "Leave only my hands free," shouted Mr. Douglas, "and I will let you see." "Ah, well!" responded his captor, "we are in no hurry, and can wait." Finally, on a more promising lull, Kwa approached the table, and Mr. Douglas said: "Well! what would'st thou?" The explanation was a reference to the Indian custom above mentioned. "The man deserved to die, but why was he killed in my camp? You should have applied to me for him; now, his friends are here for his death, and I am accountable to them and must pay for the body. We keep your law, and you should keep ours." "Kwa," replied Mr. Douglas, "you shall not have the least thing." "Ah! well then be seated again friends, the day is young, and we can wait."

By and by, of course, the "man who tied Douglas," but never dreamt of bragging of his feat, returned to his camp with his followers, carrying gun and coat for father, a piece of cloth for mother, and ammunition, etc., for his brothers.⁶⁴ Perhaps he adjusted matters with the relatives of the deceased, but of that I know nothing.

The incident was soon forgotten by us in the district, and by none more willingly than by the future Knight Commander of the Bath, whose just mind, I daresay, notwithstanding the ever present feeling of the "ropes," appreciated Kwa's position in the premises. They are all gone, these men, and I am left in my age to narrate things that seemed important to all of us at the time, but, from my present outlook are hardly worth recording. Yet I am told, and, indeed, see in the libraries that

(63) Father A. G. Morice used the spelling *Kwah* in his *History of the Northern Interior of British Columbia*, Toronto, 1904.

(64) McKelvie, *op. cit.*, pp. 27-31.

literature, not related to any human facts, is read, enjoyingly by many people nowadays, but it is not for me to judge of these predilections. New men come as the summers pass, and new minds and new feelings.

CHAPTER IX

It was a pretty hard time of it I had in New Caledonia, the North-westerners' account of the country, given to us at York Factory, proving to be not far from the truth. Some part of the company's profits, certainly was wrung from the sufferings of its servants, but on the other hand, if these servants were able to reach certain positions on the staff, they shared in the profits. My present position was that of a \$500 a year "clerk" in charge of a station of some importance—one of several stations in the district of New Caledonia, which district, as above said, was included in the western department of the company. The next highest grade was that of a chief trader. These two latter officers constituted the class known as "wintering partners," with functions and partnership interests which I will describe later in the narrative. The next grade in the service, lower than "clerk" was "postmaster"—a class of non-commissioned officers, usually from the rank and file, who, having shown good quality as interpreters and traders, were placed in charge of certain fixed, or "flying" posts. The postmaster seldom rose to higher rank. Between him and the common laborer were interpreters, guides, mechanics, steersmen, canoe bowmen and middlemen and others, all in a well understood and valued gradation not in its way unlike that of military service.

To a man from the Hudson's Bay region almost everything in New Caledonia to the westward of the Rocky mountains was new. The summer temperature is higher and more varied—ranging, I imagine, from about 60 degrees to near 100 degrees, and liable to drop a half for a day or two each month. The rainfall for the whole year is small, probably under 10 inches. November usually brings the snow. After January no large quantity falls, though light occasional falls may continue to early April. The shelter of the mountains prevents strong winds. The regular water freshets occur between the end of April and the end of June and, occasionally in autumn. The freshets interfere with the catching of fish. The seasons do not come or go as suddenly as in the Hudson's Bay region, and the winter is less cold. A winter temperature of 20 to 30 degrees below zero is occasionally experienced, but usually after a few days milder weather comes and ranges between zero and freezing point, until possibly another very cold spell is experienced.

This capriciousness of the weather rather wearies a newcomer from a region with more fixed climatic conditions, but in the dullness of a narrow life he comes soon, I think, rather to like the uncertainty, though not ceasing to grumble at it. The above description applies generally to the long interior stretch of the country that became known to me west of the Rocky mountains down to Fort Vancouver on the lower Columbia with less snowfall and other modifications as you go southward. No year's climate anywhere, however, is quite like that of another year. The snow in New Caledonia except in the northern parts may be anything from a foot to two feet in depth on the level, but, as a rule, in the southerly part of the district it does not fall or at any rate lie deep enough along the main streams to prevent winter travel with pack animals. These, here and there, find a coarse kind of bunch grass for pasture on wind-swept hill-faces or beneath the snow when they have learned to paw for it.

The system of trade, too, was different in some respects from that in the Hudson's Bay region I had come from, and so was the food. There were two special seasons—the spring and the autumn—in which the trade was carried on—not much, comparatively, in the spring for the summer ways of the Indians were that each Indian had credit for what he wanted—the standard being six beaver skins for a gun, and four skins for a “two point” blanket, or six skins for a “three point” blanket. The skin as a unit of value was presumed to weigh a pound. The technical name for it was a “made beaver,” of which aliquot parts also were considered. The merchandise in barter was regulated in value on the same principle—an article representing so many “made beavers” or fractions of the same. An individual's account had to be settled before fresh credit was given but sometimes this rule was relaxed when only a few skins were short, the shortage being added to the fresh indebtedness.

As the Indians, in order to procure furs for their debts, went into winter quarters, perhaps several hundred miles distant that season, though, shorter and less cold than at Hudson Bay, was very dreary for the occupant or occupants of a trading post. The food as well as the trade system also differed in my new habitat. It was chiefly dried salmon straight along, and not always a certainty of that. At Fort McLeod we got our salmon from Stuart's lake, hauled across the portage 106 miles by dogs in winter. A young bear furnished a welcome change in the common fare, and a “giddee” (Indian dog) when nothing else

could be had. Dried salmon and an annual allowance of 50 pounds of flour for each man was the only food provided by the company. Any farther provision had to be sought, locally with gun, fish hooks or native nets, but we had no salt. Often craving for cereals, I thought of the "burgoo" in the transport ship at Stornoway. I had two guns of my own—a double barrel, serving for either shot or ball, and my favorite—a single barrel, which I always loaded with ball. Often I have been away hunting alone, during nine or ten days without even a dog, no companion but my book. My predecessor⁶⁵ at McLeod's lake had a good library, which on being ordered elsewhere, he could not take with him, as no transportation had been provided, so that, to my joy, I had many books added to the three my father had given me. As time passed I got a fiddle with some music, and taught myself to play many simple airs, and the instrument still is my solace, next to books. I was close on nine years at the solitary McLeod lake post, without any special interpreter, or for most of the time any assistant.

Such assistants as I occasionally had were French-Canadians, so that despite the good literature available I almost lost facility in conversational English, much to the amusement of my friends at York Factory when, in the course of time, I revisited that place. They likened my utterances to a linguistic "stew," made of bits of Scotch, French and Indian dialects, thickened with what seemed to be English.

CHAPTER X

A little story here now on the question of the Indians showing gratitude. There is an excellent food fish in the lakes of that region—the white fish⁶⁶ ("titemeg" or "atikameg," as the Crees called it) which averages about 1½ pounds in weight. It will not take bait, and is not easily caught. The scoop nets with which the larger white fish of Lake Superior are caught in the eddies around the rocks, failed us here. A particular tribe—the Tuckullies⁶⁷—captured this fish by means of a pouch-basket ("vervoe")⁶⁸ placed in the running stream such as was between the two lakes, McLeod and Lac d'Amour. One man alone—Cheway—in the tribe of Siccanies, the nearest to me, could make these

(65) In his *Reminiscences*, p. 5, Tod says this was Peter Warren Dease.

(66) Dr. G. Clifford Carl, Director of the Provincial Museum, suggests that this is probably the Rocky Mountain whitefish.

(67) *Takulli* is the spelling generally accepted for these people.

(68) For a description of this trap which Simpson called "vorveaux," see Rich, *Simpson's 1828 Journey to the Columbia*, Appendix A, p. 195.

baskets, and usually before going to his winter hunt, he caught a few titimegs for me, which, frozen, helped my larder a little. One fore-winter—I never knew why—Cheway left me without my usual supply of the prized titimegs. I said nothing of his failure, and gave him the usual credit for supplies, but his failure caused me still more to pursue my lonely hunts.

To my dismay on one occasion—the countryside being temporarily vacant—my eye caught a distant curling smoke above some trees, which, as I neared it, now sank from sight, then hung as a floating cloud through which next a column rose, and what did I see there? Near the fire lay Cheway and his wife too weak almost to speak, and beside them their child dead. He had been trying, under some feeling of remorse for his conduct to me to return from distant hunting quarters. The party had eaten broiled leather for several days, but now had nothing. The woman was a little stronger than the man. "Let me die," said the latter, "I deserve it." Putting him on my back, however, with the aid of the woman, I carried him, as far as I could, in the direction of the fort, then buried the two weak folk in the snow, all but their mouths for breathing, and hurried homewards. A sleigh drawn by two dogs brought them in, and I kept them at the fort till the following month of May—Cheway saying on his departure: "I am your slave, and will do anything for you." He never left me again without my supply of titimegs, as long as I was in the district, and would not accept pay for the fish or permit his wife to accept pay.

The Quelling of a Feud

One means of ending a tribal feud is included in another of my experiences in this locality.

It was perhaps due to my own Scotch Highland extraction that the Indian tribal system and the status in it of heads of families and chiefs, seemed, somehow, more or less familiar to me. Probably this helped me in various emergencies wherein my action procured me some credit, but I was praised, incorrectly, on the occasion now to be referred to for effecting what both in Old Caledonia and New Caledonia was deemed well nigh impossible (save by the method described in the "Fair Maid of Perth") namely, the ending of a tribal feud. I did end the feud, but was moved thereto really—at any rate, at the start—by intense indignation, that the "general room" at the fort was the scene of the disorder.

The circumstances were as follows: The room was 40 feet by 20 feet, with a large fireplace. A band of Siccanies, who had come to trade, sat in it, by invitation, with their peltries along the wall. Etiquette

required the preliminary gift, to each Indian, of several inches of twist tobacco. I crossed the yard to get that article at the store, and was there detained opening a package. Meanwhile, unknown to me, another band—Beaver Indians—rounding a near point in the lake, had landed, and entered the room, from which a noise, as of dancing, reached my ears as I recrossed the yard. The two bands were deadly enemies, and were mingling in fight, when I entered. This fact and the going in of the second party without invitation, enraged me beyond control, and I hardly knew what I did, but it appears that, with shouts and mad effort, after seizing and throwing most of their weapons, bows, arrows and knives into the fire, a lane was made between the combatants. One of my hands was cut to the bone, through grasping, by the blade, a knife about to be plunged into the neck of an opponent.

“Are there chiefs here? Stand forth if such there be, that I may look at you—know you not more than children, the laws of trade and hospitality?—who invited you into this room? See your weapons burning there—every Indian and every white man will despise and spurn you—begone! and take your peltries with you.” These and other words of scorn I uttered in a loud voice, walking to and fro among them, and they were silent, but I heard one chief whisper to another: “Shall he set aside our revenge? ’tis said he is invulnerable.” “What,” exclaimed I, catching this latter word, “you cowards, except in conduct I am the same as you—the same body and spirit; place me against yonder tree and fire at me,” but this they only accepted as still greater proof that I could not taste death.

Changing my tone then, as I was getting a little tired, and they, knowing their error (according to Indian laws), remaining silent, I asked why they imitated the beasts whose Kingdom was warfare, instead of living in peace, as befitted men, and thus so “improved the occasion,” as the elders of the kirk at Loch Lomond used to say, that, on a common impulse, after colloquy with their respective tribesmen, the opposing chiefs shook hands, and on my supplying tobacco, the pipe of peace passed round, and the feud of these particular tribes, which had lasted for generations, was not renewed during my stay in the country.

The Beaver Indians of Peace river hunted north and along Nelson River,⁶⁹ and occasionally ascended the Peace to the west of the Rocky mountains. A branch, claiming descent from them, lived on Liard river. The Siccanies from the west of the mountains, claimed hunting rights,

(69) Now known as the Fort Nelson River, a tributary of the Liard River.

also, in the Nelson River country, and local quarrels there, followed by bloodshed, had made them and the Beavers as above said, bitter enemies. The Beaver party on this occasion had ascended the Peace and Parsnip rivers to trade at Fort McLeod, and their presence in the country was unknown, both to the Siccanies and to me.

Cremation

The imminence of death in the above recital—an incident I was so constituted as never at anytime to dread—leads naturally to the mention here of the peculiar disposition of the corpse among some of these Indians. Usually the body was laid in a scaffold to prevent animals from devouring it. On this, several rows of wood were placed above and below the body. The most valuable part of his property formed a pillow, and, for several years the nearest of kin in passing left little articles on the bier. At intervals, also, the women sat near by uttering lamentations.

The Tuckullies, however, and, less generally, the Siccanies, practised cremation.⁷⁰ Whether this custom had been brought in by these particular tribes, or was a survival of a former common custom in the region, I could not discover.

When the body of a man was being consumed on a wooden pyre, the wife, or woman who stood, in that relation to the deceased, had her hands tied behind her. A pole held at each end, by a blood-friend of the deceased husband, was placed across her back under her hands, and she was hoisted into the fire at its fiercest, and withdrawn, usually of course much burnt and disfigured. The husband's bones then were reduced to a powder, and placed in a bag decorated with quills and beads. This bag, finally, was tied round the widow's neck, and hung on her back for two years, during which period she was the slave of her late husband's nearest of kin. The Hindu "Sati,"⁷¹ and the early Aryan custom in Europe to kill the widow at her husband's funeral, come naturally to mind, in relation to this possibly, modified old practice in New Caledonia.

(70) An excellent description of the Carrier Indians is to be found in the letter of Father Modeste Demers to the Bishop of Quebec, written at Fort Alexandria, December 20, 1842, in *Rapport sur Les Missions de Diocèse de Québec*, No. 6 (1845), pp. 13-20. A. G. Morice, *op. cit.*, p. 6, states that "bodies . . . were . . . left uncared for among the Sekanais and some Nahanaïs."

(71) *Sati* or *suttee*, the East Indian custom by which a widow threw herself on her husband's funeral pyre.

An officer of the company, who had an opportunity of knowing some of the Vancouver Island Indians, told me that cremation was practised formerly by a tribe dwelling near Cape Mudge, but the widow, voluntarily submitted herself to the partial action of the fire, and her relatives stood by to withdraw her before she had greatly suffered, though, in proportion to her suffering, was she afterwards praised among the people.

CHAPTER XI

The well-bred English horse detained at Fort Severn, as I have related, ran eagerly to the fort for his dinner of goose-bones, but I never knew him to dine off a coat, as a "giddee," or Indian dog did, at a way-camp of mine in 1824. This really was not an extraordinary proceeding as many a man in the fur trading regions has eaten broiled undressed animal skin as well as dressed skin, and, in fact, even parchment, with a bit of Iceland moss. The odd fact in the case I now refer to was that the dog ate the coat off his master's back while the latter slept.

The master was an old French-Canadian who accompanied me on the journey, and, through carelessness left some of our provisions behind. I could not well chide him for this delinquency, because I myself should have examined the outfit. The deprivation, however, proved unfortunate. A pelting storm with bli[n]ding snow arose to delay our progress, and after two days (it was only a 4-days' trip) our supply of provisions ran out. The old man wore constantly, by day and night, a large elk skin coat that came down to his heels, and, of this coat, he was very proud. My dog at nightfall took up the usual position between my feet and the fire, and I noticed, as something curious, on lying down at night, that the Canadian's dog was stretched out near his master's back—both dogs, no doubt, hungrier than we were. Being the younger man I arose first in the morning, lighted a fire, and having waked my companion, sat down, breakfastless, to smoke. It was half dark, and as he moved querulously about, I asked what was the matter, to which he replied that he sought his coat, nothing of it being left but a strip round his neck, and a bit hanging down in front.

The unusual rotundity of his dog, and a guilty expression on the canine visage, suggested the whereabouts of the missing garment, but beyond a few curses and futile kicks, nothing was done to the offender. It would have been imprudent to interfere with his digestive processes in view of our possibly having to eat him the next day, should not the storm abate.

Happily it did abate, enabling us to end our journey—two tired hungry men—one of them coatless. Whether the “giddee” ate the whole coat or hid part of it, I never knew, or, if my dog had joined him in the feast.

This same Indian dog, however, we did eat, two months later, when on a bear hunting expedition, during which game was not procurable, and, owing to the occurrence of freshets, we could not catch fish. I well remember that time for the following reason.

My own trusty dog, Chiscot, a superior animal of bear-hunting fame, had conceived an affection for the Canadian's poor “giddee,” perhaps because they were the only two dogs in the locality. It fell to the Canadian to kill his dog, for our food, with a blow of the axe, and, instantly my dog Chiscot seized the man's throat, threw him down, and would have killed him but for my intervention. Chiscot, being hungry, ate, I presume unknowingly, a broiled portion of his canine friend. Afterwards the Canadian could never appear in camp with an axe in his hand without Chiscot attacking him.

A Bear Story

During the expedition above referred to I killed a bear as I shall now relate, if only to show the vitality of the animal, besides, of course, the reader expects at least one “bear story.”

It was on the Parsnip river, parallel to, and nearly at the foot of the Rocky mountains, and a day to be remembered for its loveliness; but everything so lonesome. The gentle movement of the water, the blueness of the clear sky, the metallic hues of the rocks, the bright green mossy knolls, and the drapery of the silver lichens, made me almost forget that I was hunting, when—hist! from a bush of what they call “wild grape,”⁷² on the high bank of the river, at that spot, emerged the fore part of a large black bear. It was a long shot, but I fired, and the bear, evidently not perceiving where the shot came from descended the bank, and after staring at us, went up the bank again, getting as he ascended, and as we were nearer, some buckshot in his stern, from my double-barrelled gun.

The other gun, unloaded, I took with me as I sprang ashore, and on seeing large blood marks on the trail of the bear, shouted to the canoe man, “bring the axe, quick!” “Oui! oui! monsieur!” and I went,

(72) J. R. Anderson, *Trees and Shrubs* . . . , Victoria, 1925, pp. 62–63, refers to this plant as *Berberis Aquifolium* or *Berberis nervosa*. It is commonly known as Oregon grape.

following the footprints of the animal, my continued shouts for the axe being acknowledged by a distant tremulous "oui! oui"! The prints ended at a large flattish rock amid the trees, and while wondering on which side of it the animal had gone, a deep groan assured me that he was mortally wounded. There was the bear, in truth, near by in a sitting posture, with his head on one side and his tongue out. Not waiting to reload my gun as might have been prudent, I hit the animal with a heavy picked up stick on the head, but he merely shook it, and the stick broke on a second stroke. The third stroke was with the back part of the axe, which the canoeman, at this juncture, handed to me from behind a thick brush, but this blow also had no effect. When, however, I clove the bear's skull with the sharp edge, he pressed towards me, the axe fixed in his head and I retreating, but still holding the handle, the animal, for its part, being too weak to claw me.

I have killed very many bears, but this was the only time in which the killing, though unattended with special danger, gave me a feeling of faintness. I experienced, indeed, something like unconsciousness, for a few minutes, until the man brought me a drink of water. This may have been caused by the suddenness of the incident—the effect of running quickly up the high bank, and through brushwood and over fallen trees, and, possibly, in some degree, by the supersession of scenic dreaminess by close combat.

It appeared, on examination that the only bullet fired, my first long shot, had gone through the heart of the bear.

Other experiences I may add, have shown me that this animal's heart is not the best part to aim for. If you have courage to meet his charge, when the bear attacks on his hind legs, a shot in the neck drops him without a struggle, and so, if he should be in the water, I have found that a shot in the back of the neck is effective.

Habits of Bears

These bears, both black and brown—ascend trees, of any size, by using their claws, like the cat, in such ascent, but the grizzly bear has not this facility; he only climbs trees that he can hug. Neither will attack a man unless the animal is cornered or wounded. With respect to the common simile, in conversation, if not in literature, that so and so's action is like that of a bear "sucking its paws," the facts are, that when a bear first enters his winter den, he has hard pads on the soles of his feet. These, from non-use, tend to come off, and the process causes

itching, which the animal alleviates by licking, biting off, at the same time, the loosened parts. The pads, naturally, are tender on the bear's exit in spring, and, often, bleed in his passage over rocks. For a short while, in my noviciate, I regarded these bloodmarks as indications of wounding, and, consequently, of the presence of unknown hunters, and was surprised to find that some men, who had lived for a generation in the country could not otherwise explain them. As in civilized life, so in the wilds, many men observe nothing accurately—indeed, seem to lack inquisitiveness. I have known a few experienced, superior officers in the fur company's service, who could not describe the watersheds in their districts. Indians, as a rule, judge well of distances, and appreciate topography. I have had them, on the trail, trace a map in the thick dust on my horse's hindquarters, the women interposing with corrections.

I must not extend this "bear" line of narrative, yet may add, here, that a doctor at York factory, who was said to read Greek, as I, formerly, was able to read Scotch, gave me the information that a naturalist of old Greece averred that kill a female bear when you may, you will never find her young inside her, and that some modern observers had confirmed the statement. The fact, at any rate, in the northern parts of North America, is that the female black or brown bear brings forth two cubs in January. These are contained in two hard balls, not in general, unlike the kidneys, and the balls are attached by a sinewy string. After parturition, the bear licks, presses, tumbles and seems to bite, these substances, until the form appears of young animals, which it would be difficult to assign to any animal-kind, but as time passes, it is seen that they are bear cubs. The mother having to attend to her offspring, is, in her den, less lethargic than the male, but unless in a very unusual season, she does not leave her den till winter disappears. The male and female have separate dens, not, always close to each other, but, usually, near.

The den is chosen as the winter approaches, and, is put in repair, and closed in, gradually. When the cold increases, the bear ensconces himself inside the den, filling up all apertures with boughs, sticks, stones and mud, and closing the entrance. He then sits on his haunches, opposite to the portal, and, later, the head sinks in sleep, and the forelegs widen out to support the forepart of the body. Towards the end of winter, the head hangs very low, the snout almost touching the ground. Strange to say, though he has eaten nothing, the male bear at the end of six or even eight months (in the more northerly climates) will come out of his den in spring as fat as when he entered it, but, in a few days—

say a week or so—he becomes thin and ravenous. The hungry hunter, opening a den, towards the end of winter, finds the bear sitting in his unaltered position, and so lethargic, that, though, on the intrusion, he may move his head up a little, it immediately drops, and the fatal blow is given, with a heavy stick or stave—less force being required to kill the animal in his den than when he is out of it.

A starving man may not be able to judge well of food-flesh, but my recollection is, that youngish bear meat from a den was not unpalatable—indeed good. It did not seem to have suffered in quality—at any rate up to the middle of winter—from the animal's incarceration. I never ate cubs from a female's den, and of course the mother-bear herself, in den, was not killed for food if it could, in any way, be avoided.

CHAPTER XII

An encounter with a knight equerry [*sic*, properly “errant”] on a matter of potatoes may seem in itself trivial and to come in here rather oddly, but in its way and degree it may not be without interest.

I had occasion at McLeod's lake in 1828, though a peacable man, to thrash another of the attendants of the governor, Sir George Simpson—a different man from the one I had thrashed at York factory, by which I had incurred the governor's enmity, as already related.

It might be wrongly supposed that, in this second case, I sought occasion to gratify some unworthy feeling on account of my treatment at York factory, already described, but on the other hand, the circumstances illustrate administrative defects in the management of the great company, or at any rate in the assumed, administration of justice, on its part.

It was the governor, Sir G. Simpson's⁷³ first visit to New Caledonia, though, three years before,⁷⁴ crossing the Rocky mountains further south, he had visited Fort Vancouver on the Columbia river. On the occasion I am now speaking of, after passing my station at McLeod's lake he went or started, with three canoes from Stuart's lake to descend the Fraser

(73) Details concerning this, the second of Simpson's transcontinental voyages, are to be found in Rich, *Simpson's 1828 Journey to the Columbia*. The account of this same voyage, written by one of his fellow-travellers, Chief Trader Archibald McDonald, was published by Malcolm McLeod, *Peace River: A Canoe Voyage from Hudson's Bay to the Pacific by the late Sir George Simpson*, Ottawa, 1872.

(74) The journal of Simpson's first visit to the Columbia Department in 1824 is to be found in Frederick Merk, *Fur Trade and Empire* . . . , Cambridge, Mass., 1931.

river to assure himself as to its navigableness [*sic*] all the way to the sea, which he found was quite impracticable. He then proceeded to inspect further the western department before returning to the East. By bestowing presents as he journeyed, he created jealousies among the chieftains, and dissatisfaction in the minds of the Indians, who afterwards expected similar or proportionate largess from officers at posts. This was too common a practice among the company's superior officers in travelling.

But to return to the particular incident above referred to. The governor's party, about 20 all told, mostly Iroquois canoemen, arrived from the East at my lonely station at McLeod's lake in two large canoes, and, of course, desired some change of food. I produced dried berries and a remnant of dog, with regrets that I had nothing better to offer. "What! no fish," said Sir George, "and a lake here—how is this?" "No one," I replied, "can take fish during the freshets. We would not eat dogs, were it possible to catch fish. I have a very few seed potatoes which the brigade brought to me two years ago, with strict instructions not to eat them, but to plant and replant them, and I have not eaten one of them."⁷⁵ "That is right," said Sir George, and soon after this interview, though it was pleasant after five years more or less deprivation, to hear again the English speech, I bethought me of these same potatoes, and of the visitors moving around. Going towards the house wherein the tubers were kept, what happened but I should meet the principal guide of the party, carrying off the whole of them in a sack? Wrenching the stolen articles from the man, I knocked him down, and he ran off shouting that he would tell Sir George, which he did, though, had the thief escaped, Sir George's table would never have seen the potatoes. A court was held, and I was adjudged to pay the man five shillings in goods. This I refused to do unless furnished with a certified copy of the minute of proceedings, stating the circumstances and my defence, whereupon the matter was dropped, and, next day the party proceeded on its way, without having partaken of our dried berries or the remnant of dog.

Poor success, I may add here, attended my farming experiment at Fort McLeod, which is in about 55 degrees north latitude, and close to the Rocky mountains. At Stuart's lake, about 100 miles south, and more westerly, potatoes ripened on the slopes, but in the hollows, or near the lake, were liable to frost bite. In the same direction, and about 40 miles more southerly, near latitude 54 degrees, at Fraser's lake, some

(75) For Simpson's account of his visit to McLeod Lake, see Rich, *Simpson's 1828 Journey to the Columbia*, p. xxvii.

barley and vegetables grew for use. I saw patches of wheat that promised to ripen at Fort George, 80 or 90 miles to the east of Fraser lake, and in about the last-named latitude. These results of small experiments in New Caledonia indicate that the ordinary cereals and vegetables might be produced by skilful and careful agriculture. The climatic difficulty, probably, is not so much a question of northerly latitude as of the effect of the more or less mountainous surface. The soil in some parts, so far as I could judge, is fairly good—a sandy loam over clay—for instance at the junction of the Parsnip, with Peace river, where I often camped; but the frost there might be an obstacle. Generally, in relation to the extent of the region, the lands suitable for tillage are comparatively small in extent, though the valleys widen somewhat as you go southwesterly towards the coast range. The natural grasses on many of the lightly timbered uplands, and, on the stretches of meadow land in some of the river valleys in that direction (where the Indians capture many beavers) suggest rather a grazing than a tillage future for the country, should it ever be occupied by settlers. There is a quantity of large timber, spruce, birch and cottonwood, along parts of Peace river west of the mountains, and also on the Parsnip. The country between the latter and Stuart's lake is of a park-like character.

There are whitefish, ling⁷⁶ and varieties of trout in the waters, which we caught most readily—when the freshets did not interfere—in the connecting streams between lakes and at the mouths of tributaries of the Peace river. The dried salmon used at McLeod's lake was procured chiefly from the post at Stuart's lake. Moose, caribou and deer were obtainable by hunters who knew where to go for them, and the district yielded, for the company's special business, without on the whole, much diminution in my time, peltries and furs from the beaver, bear, marten, mink, fox, otter and wolves.

The above agricultural experiments at the company's stations had no relation to general settlement, but were encouraged as a means of improving the dietary of its servants, and, if possible, that of the Indians, but as the latter, in order to meet their credit obligation, had to migrate to more or less distant hunting grounds in summer they could not attend to cultivation. The uncertain presence of the company's servants at some of the posts interfered, also, with the regular care of any larger crops than garden patches.

(76) Ling (*Lota lota*), sometimes called Burbot, Losche and Lush. A. C. Anderson mentions the Loche (*Gallus Barbatula*) as a "fresh-water cod." *The Dominion at the West*, Victoria, 1872, p. 24.

CHAPTER XIII

I have been forgetting the beaver, so valuable in trade. It is too interesting an animal to be dismissed with only the reference by me, made already, as to a pet beaver in the Hudson's Bay region.

For this reason, on second thought, I will now devote a short chapter to "His Wiseness," as some of the Indians call him.

The house of the beaver is of two stories, the lower one on the level of the water, and the upper a sleeping room, wherein they lie on their backs. The dam is regulated to keep the water always at the same height. Should a flood occur, the animals immediately open a sluice in the dam, and on the water falling they repair the break.

During the summer months the beavers do not, as a rule, live in their houses. They repair them in autumn, when they may be seen carrying building materials between their forepaws and lower jaws. Should a house on one side of a river get out of repair, as it often does, particularly in summer when it is little used, and, consequently, neglected, the animals go up stream and cut down trees in such a manner that they fall in the easiest way for being rolled or pulled into the stream, down which, under guidance by pushing, etc., they are conveyed to the desired place. Trees are cut down, also, for present and future food. I have known the beavers to cut down poplar trees, some 18 to 20 inches in circumference, and more than 50 feet high, merely to get the tender branches at the top, which they remove and eat.

About the beginning of August the beavers begin to collect their winter food supply. This consists, chiefly, of grey willows, which are cut into lengths and floated to near their houses. One end is stuck into the mud at the bottom of the stream, so that the food may be reached under the ice in winter, through a hole kept open near the house, or through holes in the bank, giving access to the water below the ice. Usually, in rivers or lakes completely frozen, the water tends to recede from the icy roof, leaving in severe winters a vacant space of as much as a foot, or a foot and a half between the ice and the water. Ground ice I have never seen in still clear water; it usually appears under roughish, shallow water.

The above arrangement of apertures towards the water suggested to Buffon⁷⁷ and other naturalists, that the beavers live on fish, and the occasional discovery of fish bones in or about their houses seemed to

(77) George Louis LeClerc, comte de Buffon (1707-1788), the French naturalist who, with the assistance of Daubenton, produced *Histoire Naturelle*.

strengthen that supposition. I can say, however, of my own knowledge that otters frequently use beaver holes, and presumably, also, their houses, in which to devour fish food. When fishing in a part of a frozen river where there are no houses, the otter gnaws a hole through the ice near the shore, swims under the ice in search of fish, and returns to his hole with a captive or to breathe.

With respect to the beaver's family, I have heard of ten young beavers in a litter, but, according to my own observation—and I exclude, throughout, all hearsay from this narrative—4 or 5 in a litter is a fair average—say 4. The beavers, unlike in this, the minks, are of a social disposition. They keep within or near to their homes all winter, and in the family circle—so to speak—seem to make the best of that dull season. By and by, when spring has come, the head of the family proposes to the youngsters a trip up the river or to some agreeable spot, which the wife, feeling rather poorly, does not join in, but remains for a needed rest. After some 5 or 6 weeks, or maybe two months, the repeated juvenile appeal of "father come home" is effective, and he accompanies the youngsters toward their native dam, they making loud claps, leaping and smacking tails on the water, only to meet, at the portal, their half abashed mother, and a fresh batch of little brothers and sisters, who stare at the returned excursionists.

A Beaver Story

Ten or fifteen miles west of McLeod lake are two small lakes connected, at low water, by a short ligament of a stream. At high water they appear as one stretch of water, and from the north end of the northerly lake, a little river flows for 6 or 8 miles to near Fort McLeod. We called these lakes Perch lake. When canoeing in that locality I often saw beaver traces so large that I hardly could believe them to be made by that animal. A trap I did not at first care to set, owing to the shallowness of the water, and for other reasons. The Indians, moreover, said that I could not catch beavers at that place, as only two of these animals dwelt there, which their own grandfathers and great-grandfathers had tried in vain to catch, and how the beaver couple were too old for offspring.

This put me on my mettle. Thinking anyway that I might shoot the animals when trapped, I set my trap, the usual double-springed steel trap with two smooth jaws and a plate. Next morning, a newly cut stick, half as thick as my wrist, stood upright in the spring trap, and the

same happened a few days later. I thought perhaps that the Indians were "playing" me, but became convinced they were not, and that, in a pitting of wits it was a case now of "Scotchman" versus "Beaver." On examining the whole neighborhood, I found after several days, a broad, beaten track leading from the edge of the river to a small lake or pond, and with beaver signs on it.

The plan of capture then adopted was as follows: Choosing a spot on the trail near the river, I cut with my knife a piece of the surface as large as the trap, which piece, placing my paddle under it, I lifted as a cake and put aside. I then made the hole large enough for the trap. Similarly caring for the surface I next formed a passage for the chain and rope that led to a tree by the river. The pieces of surface being replaced neatly so that no sign of breakage, or cutting was visible. All this had to be done without touch by the naked hand. I did not use for the trap the common beaver scent;⁷⁸ arguing that all known devices had already been tried in vain. A visit next morning showed the success of my device. The bushes and small trees were smashed or felled as far as the trap chain would permit, and a monster beaver lay exhausted. His hind leg had been caught, and I killed him by strokes. He was as black as a crow, had long lost his two forefeet, and there was a curious mark on his side, free from hair. Strong as I was I could not lift the dead animal, but managed, after disembowellment, to drag him into the canoe. His skin was larger than a Hudson's Bay Company's 2½ point blanket. What became of his ancient comrade or, perhaps his wife, was never known.

This little hunting incident, of course, became a famous camp story among the Indians in the district, pleasanter with their embellishments and mystic allusions, I dare say, to listen to, than my bald, abridged narration of the capture may be to read. Poor old beaver! Why I should have killed him raises, in my mind, now reflecting, a larger question than I have room here to discuss.

The Siffleur

An interesting small animal is one of the American badgers, the whistling badger, or "siffleur," as the French-Canadians call it. The "siffleur" is not the animal that makes the holes on the plains so dangerous to horsemen; it dwells in the Rocky mountains and does not visit the plains. The "siffleurs" live entirely on roots. A number of them

(78) Castor.

congregated, reside at particular spots. The sentinel on a rock near the village, emits a warning cry, or whistle, proportioned in length—and some say in character—though this latter my ear failed to detect to the distance, or nearness of the approaching enemy.

Among the Indians a quick succession of yells or whoops indicates the nearness of danger, and one prolonged whoop indicates that the enemy is in the neighborhood, but does not appear to meditate an immediate attack.

The “siffleurs,” in addition to their ability thus to judge of distance and, perhaps time, are clever haymakers. I often have watched them at this latter work. They cut down, by nibbling the long grass or hay, and lay it all one way till the upper part is dry, then they turn it over for the under part to dry, and finally carry the whole for bedding and cosiness to their respective rocky dens, which are kept particularly clean and free from all refuse.

CHAPTER XIV

This is a medical chapter, but containing only a notable personal experience and two cures that came under my own observation. The forts being provided by the company with medical books, simple medicines and instruments, little attention was given to the pharmacy of the Indians. The latter, moreover, made a mystery of their curative methods, as has been common among practitioners in all ages everywhere. I noticed when in London (*see sequel*) that almost everything got into the newspaper except medical information, perhaps the chief human concern. Nevertheless, from time to time, indirectly, I became aware of the nature of some of the simple remedies used by the Indians and applied them in doctoring the French-Canadians and other servants, who had more faith in these than in medicines from the medicine chest, though the latter, minus the effect of “faith,” which is not to be despised—might have been equally efficacious.

The Indians do not fight against sickness, as most white men do, instinctively, but resign to fate. As an unguent for scratches and sores, they know the value of a decoction of the gum-laden buds of the white-wood, or “Balm of Gilead poplar,”⁷⁹ mixed with deer fat in proper proportion. For diarrhoea they used a strong tea made from the roots of the blackberry bush. A common febrifuge was a boiled infusion of what we called the “apple of the pine”—a drab coloured fungus of

(79) *Populus trichocarpa*. See C. P. Lyons, *Trees, Shrubs, and Flowers to Know in British Columbia*, Toronto, 1952, p. 36.

a rude conical shape, half as big as your head, that clings to the bark high up the tree. To cure a cough they boiled down spruce bark and mixed the liquor with some other substance, which I forget, using often, also, bear's fat and a turpentine smelling liquor. The latter may have been the melted blister-gum that is found under the smooth bark of the balsam.

Some of the Indian medicines and medical applications, perhaps were introduced by the Northwest Company's French-Canadians, who had been in the country for a quarter of a century before my time.

The native doctors, as I have said, being mysterious, I could not discover satisfactorily what the ancient native pharmacy had been. The bulk of it for aught I know may have been the result of the people's own experiences.

Cure of Sciatica

From much sitting with my long legs in a canoe, as some supposed, I was, in New Caledonia, a sufferer from sciatica during three years from about 1827. Nothing that I had in the medicine chest or could get, on a special requisition to doctors in Canada afforded me any relief, and I declined to become the patient of a famous Indian doctor who dwelt near me at Fort McLeod. Dr. John McLoughlin, a Canadian, who had been educated in Edinburgh, was at the time I speak of the company's head department officer, and the first it had in that position westward of the Rocky mountains. His medical aid in my misery I sought, proceeding with a "brigade"⁸⁰ to his headquarters at Fort Vancouver, on the Columbia river, many hundred miles distant. He removed the painful sensation by blistering and other methods, and I returned to Fort McLeod with the brigade.

The first part of the journey was in boats to Okanagan, in which I felt little pain, but I suffered terribly, as before, during the long horseback section of the route (nearly 500 miles by the trails) thence to Fort Alexandria, where we took boats again up the Fraser river, and so, home. "Not upright yet," said the Indian doctor; "I thought your great doctor was to cure you." "No, he has not," was my reply, "I will give myself to you to-morrow." "You come then."

At the appointed time this native physician appeared with an old greasy leathern bag, containing many small packages wrapped in the bark and leaves of trees—the packages bound together with bird's

(80) A brigade was a fleet of traders' boats or canoes, or, in land travel, a procession of traders on horseback or with carts.

claws in the form of clasps or hooks and eyes. Each package bore a rude mark, probably to indicate the parent plant, or root of the contents. From these packages, after due examination of my hip, one was selected and put aside. A fire was then made in the yard of the fort, and a cauldron placed near it containing water, into which red-hot stones were thrown. I was placed over the pot, so that the steam suffused my hip. The doctor then proceeded to scarify that part of my body with a sharpened broken gun flint until the blood flowed, and next with his hand (which he had washed) he rubbed into the wounds a portion of the contents of the selected package above referred to. The pain was excruciating, but I had to bear it without flinching to keep my repute among the Indians, who condemn one who cannot endure bodily pain. Said the doctor, watching my face, "you have a great heart." This rubbing was repeated daily for more than a week, when I found relief from the sciatic pain, and during fifty years, since, it has never troubled me.

The substance which the doctor used was a bruised root,⁸¹ and one day he showed me that a split piece of this root held near a wound would draw forth blood and matter. He did not show me, or describe, the plant, and [in] our respective situations, I could not press for the information. I merely state the facts. The doctor retired with his greasy bag, and would not accept remuneration, nor did he in conversation with me, afterwards, ever refer to the incident.

Possibly modern doctors in civilized life may surmise correctly what the root was, and may conclude that the Indian's treatment was simply a more vigorous and prolonged application of that which Dr. McLoughlin had begun. Be this as it may, many a time afterwards, in dancing the Highland Fling, or giving my men a "lift" at a muddy portage, I have thought of the old Indian practitioner, which shows that a white man may be grateful, though the Indian denies him the quality.

Another remarkable case occurred at Fort Alexandria on the Fraser river when I was in charge there. Two Indians from a canoe that came up the river carried something ashore strapped to a board, which they left on the beach while they visited the store for ammunition and tobacco. It was a young Indian too weak to sit up, an emaciated wretch covered with sores, apparently in the last state of, as I judged, syphilitic disease,

(81) Probably false Solomon's-seal (*Smilacina racemosa*). "The thick fleshy root-stalk is grated and made into a poultice. According to my father, this was called by the French-Canadians 'les ecronelles' or 'resinée.'" J. R. Anderson, *op. cit.*, p. 139.

one of the most dreadful objects I have ever seen. His companions said they were taking him to a famous Indian doctor up the river, and away the party went.

Some time later—say two months, or it may have been three—a single Indian, arriving in a canoe, leapt ashore at the same place and asked if I did not know him. It was the formerly sick man, now going down river to his home. His account of his case was that for some time the doctor had given him a preparation from the “soapberry,”⁸² next a decoction of the “Oregon grape,”⁸³ and lastly he was made to swallow something which he was not to look at, which caused him to sleep for a long time. What this was, of course, the doctor could not be asked, and did not tell him, though he told him what the above preparations were. On awaking, said the patient, he was very weak, but the disease was defeated, and gradually he recovered strength, and now felt as well as he had ever been. I thought, at first, without expressing the suspicion, that by the substitution of individuals the incident might be a trick of the young Indians played on the “Old Fox” as they called me, but subsequent inquiries showed that the man really was the sick man I had seen, and that he had been cured as above stated.

Surgery

The Indians had some knowledge of surgery as well as of medicine. I was assured that some of their doctors practiced dissection, but cannot testify to the fact. As to surgery I remember that an Indian gambler at my station having lost every stake, including his wife and children, walked into the yard, and placing the muzzle of his gun in his mouth blew part of his skull off, and his eyes came out of the sockets. The Indian doctors, in this case, replaced the man's eyes and mended his skull. I knew the patient personally and can attest that he survived, at least for two years, because I was there for that time after the event, and often saw and talked with him. The only difference I noticed in him was that his utterance was less distinct than before he shot himself.

These Indians had not the superstitious horror respecting suicide, which the reader may remember was evinced by the natives and French-Canadians on the occasion of the suicide of Mr. Waring at Fort Severn in the Hudson's Bay Region.⁸⁴ I need not cumber these pages with

(82) *Shepherdia canadensis* Nutt., sometimes called “Brue” by the French-Canadians. J. R. Anderson, *Trees and Shrubs*, Victoria, 1925, p. 131.

(83) *V. supra*, foot-note (72).

(84) *V. supra*, foot-notes (14) and (16).

further medical reminiscences. Later on I may refer to a case in which the use of blue vitriol defeated strychnine poisoning, but for the present will conclude with a general remark suggested by the context.

The strain of the company's service at the numerous outer stations—the effects of isolation—constant closeness of death by murder or starvation—the monotonous food, and the hardships of necessary travel, was such that only hardy, careful-living men were able to meet the insidious attacks of disease or age with the normal power of resistance. Those possessing some mental resources had, I think, upon the whole, superior endurance. My old father had, in fact, some prescience in his parting gift to me of what I called my three "B's"—the Bible, Burns and Buchan books helpful in their ways to both mind and body, though, of course, the giver did not realize, particularly, the life that was before me. Nevertheless, in the frontier career, many aspects of which were sordid and disappointing, there must have been some goodly flavour, for I have heard not a few old men in the service say that they did not regret having entered it. The pitting of your wit against the savage, the retreat from conventions, the out-door life, the possibleness [*sic*] of adventure, even the danger in it all, together with the gratified instinct of the hunter and the naturalist, with, of course, the prospect of acquiring a modest competency in middle life—these perhaps, in some degree, account for the satisfaction thus expressed.

CHAPTER XV

Mr. Connolly,⁸⁵ a former Northwester, was head officer in New Caledonia from 1825 to 1831. As I have said, he had succeeded Mr. Stewart,⁸⁶ with whom I came to that region, and himself was succeeded by Mr. Dashwood.⁸⁷ The following year, early in 1832, I myself determined to quit New Caledonia, and perhaps the company's service. I had been about nine years there, almost the whole time at the solitary post of McLeod's lake, and my work, so far as I knew, was not appreciated, though, as it will appear, this was a misconception on my part. Strange! I may here interpolate; amid hardships, privation and disappointments, I never longed for the civilized city life of which I had as a youth some

(85) *V. supra*, foot-note (58).

(86) *V. supra*, foot-note (50).

(87) Peter Warren Dease (1788–1863) was in charge of New Caledonia from 1831 to 1836. G. P. de T. Glazebrook, *The Hargrave Correspondence, 1821–1843*, Toronto, 1938, p. 92n.

experience in Glasgow. What I desired most was to hear daily the speech of my own land (including therein the English), and to share in intellectual colloquy, after the ministration of more acceptable and varied food. A murm[ur]ing voice, if not direct, beckoning, seemed to hold me to a mission in the wilds.

Mr. Dashwood, a newcomer, naturally did not wish me to leave New Caledonia, but he was obliged, by the rules, to furnish me with the means of undertaking the long journey east to York Factory on Hudson's Bay. This he did with a bad grace, assigning to me only two men and an old interpreter. He probably thought that I could not proceed with such an insufficient party, but my mind was made up and I bade adieu to McLeod's lake on the 10th or 15th of May in 1832. My successor⁸⁸ at the post was shot about two months after he had taken possession. The guide of my present party grumbled, saying that with so few hands we could not effect the transportation across the Rocky mountain portage (described in a former chapter), and that it was not the time of year to meet helpful Indians there. Secretly, I agreed with him, but took the chances, and, as luck would have it, on arriving at the portage and going alone to resurvey its roughness and length, I found, towards the lower side of it, the camp of a band of Beaver Indians, the very band that was charged with the murder of Mr. Guy Hughes and six of his men in 1826.⁸⁹ To their questions I replied that I would tell them all by and by, and would camp with them and have a smoke if they would send some young men for my few things at the upper side of the portage. This arrangement pleased them, and as the detachment scampered off I called out, "You may as well bring my canoe." "Yes, yes," they bring it.

Thus the time passed with friendly talk and stories on the part of the chiefs and myself, and not until the canoe was again in the water and my party in it and I had entered it, after bestowing a reasonable remuneration, did the Indians appear to realize that by diplomacy they had lost the opportunity of hard bargaining and exaction so dear to their minds. We had shared food, however, and smoked together, and nothing was left for them but with grave smiles to bid the "Old Fox" good-bye.

The Indian does not resent being outwitted in his own game. The other "portages," on our long journey, we were able to cross with

(88) Charles Ross succeeded Tod at Fort McLeod. See Ross to Hargrave, April, 1832, Glazebrook, *op. cit.*, pp. 91-93. William McGillivray was drowned in the Fraser River, January 31, 1832. *Ibid.*

(89) This should be 1823, *v. supra*, foot-note (61).

occasionally a little assistance, and so after about two and a half months of uneventful travel by way of Athabasca, Ile-à-la-Crosse, English (Churchill) and North (Nelson) Rivers, I reached York factory. There immediately I was surrounded by old friends, who, in the long tale that had to be told, could not but laugh at my want of fluency in my own tongue, and, as I have already mentioned, the interlarding of strange dialects in my narrative and explanations. The sound of the English and the novel certainty of palatable, varied food, made the old factory seem a veritable haven. One has to go through experiences like mine to realize the joyousness and bond of a common, exclusive speech.

By degrees, as the result of colloquy, I gained some control over my outlandish vocabulary, pondering, I remember, why one who was able, the while to enjoy good English books and could write the language fairly well for business purposes, should be unable to speak it with reasonable facility. The confusion, I fancy, is more in the ear than in the brain, and moreover, in no language, is the spoken and written use of it the same. An English botanist,⁹⁰ about that time visiting the factory, said in a talk I had with him, that he could not speak, or understand spoken French, though he could translate, and appreciate the more difficult passages of obtruse French writers. For use in business, or social intercourse, or for information, as to what other people have thought, or are thinking upon various matters, some acquaintance with different languages may be profitable, but on the other hand, as all thought is wedded to language, and languages differ more or less in construction, is it not open to question whether, educationally, a man's thinking power is helped by his knowing more languages than one.

But my immediate concern now was my own position in the world. After nearly 20 years in the company's service, with a fairly good record, I was still an uncommissioned subordinate. The case was without precedent, and it was felt by the council that if I should revisit Scotland, after my long service, without the usual promotion, the company might suffer in that favorite recruiting ground. This was a consideration which the personal enmity of the governor towards me could not safely cause him to disregard, particularly as his own assumed power, practically, had begun to wane, and, as in the council, I had several friends. But there being, as ill-luck would have it, no suitable vacancy of a more or less

(90) Probably Richard King (1811?–1876), the Arctic traveller and ethnologist, who was surgeon and naturalist to the expedition of Sir George Back to the Great Fish River, 1833–35. See Richard King, *Narrative of a Journey to the Shores of the Arctic Ocean*, London, 1836, Vol. II, p. 268.

permanent character available, I concluded, upon the advice of these friends, to accept the temporary service at various posts in the Hudson's Bay region, where, as already related, I had begun my North American career. Of this intermediate service it is unnecessary for me to trouble the reader with details, suffice it to relate that in the spring of 1834, on returning to York factory from special service at a post, the first person I met on landing was a friend, Mr. Finlayson,⁹¹ who, heartily shaking my hand, exclaimed: "It's all right, old boy, your commission has arrived," and so I became a chief trader, with an estimated partnership interest, worth, at that time, about £600 a year, and a present right to, at least, a year's leave of absence if the exigencies of the service should permit. My personal expenditure was almost nothing, and it gave pleasure to the "ne'er-dae-weel," now, to see his way to send a little something more to the old folks at home who still were fighting, successfully, the battle of life on the banks of the Leven.

CHAPTER XVI

There were at this time, in the North American organization of the Hudson's Bay Company, about 16 chief factors and about 20 or 25 chief traders, all of whom held commissions. The chief factors usually were at the departmental headquarters or governing important districts. The chief traders took charge of important stations, and, sometimes, of districts that were not governed by chief factors. A few acted as accountants at the depots or local headquarters.

I have mentioned already the subordinate uncommissioned grades. The chief factors and chief traders, as I have said, were known as the "Wintering Partners" of the company. The profits of the fur trade were divided into 100 parts. Of these, 60 parts were appropriated to the stockholders and 40 to the "Wintering Partners." These last were divided into 85 shares, of which two were held by each chief factor and one by each chief trader. The "clerks," as I have said, were paid by salary. No other than a clerk could be promoted to a chief tradership (1 1-85 share), and only a chief trader to a chief factorship (2 1-85 shares). On retirement, an officer held his full interest for a year, and half his interest during the succeeding six years, under prescribed conditions relative to any disposal of his interest. I forget the proportion—it, of course, varied—but in the expanded service, following the coalition of 1821, necessarily, owing to the number of trading stations, the major-

(91) Possibly Nicol Finlayson. See Fleming, *Minutes of Council*, pp. 438-440.

ity of these were in charge of salaried officers, namely, clerks or post-masters. At its best, probably there has not been any business organization so well devised as the company to earn profit for the stockholders and partners, provided subordinates could be found to endure such experiences as I describe, in a service employing several thousands. The recruiting grounds of Quebec and Scotland, and, as time passed, the increasing number of men of mixed blood in the Indian country, helped the fulfilment of this condition. Employment was scarce in these countries, and many of the people were adventurous. That accounts for the rank and file, but it is less easy to understand the uncommon proportion of ever available extraordinary men in the higher ranks of the service—a proportion not reached, as persons say who are better able than I am to judge of such a matter, in any modern industrial or commercial organization.

No objection being offered to my leave of absence, I prepared, with trimmed locks and the best ready-made clothes procurable at York factory, to visit the Old Land. The head accountant, Mr. Miles,⁹² with whose family a Miss Wanklin⁹³ had been staying, and who, periodically, went to England to give information to the directors as to the accounts, was bound on the same trip, and, as I may put it, was good enough to take charge of me. Miss Wanklin also was of the party.

After a passage of 14 or 15 days from York,⁹⁴ we landed at Portsmouth—my first step on English, as distinguished from Scottish, soil. It was the day of the coronation of William IV,⁹⁵ at least something was going on which I understood to be that, though I may be wrong, as he began to reign in 1830. There were flags flying and a great “to do” any way, about the fortress and on the warships. A friend has since told me that the future Queen Victoria and her mother about that time visited Portsmouth harbor to view the shipping. Miss Wanklin went to friends, and Mr. Miles and I lost no time in proceeding to London.

A spick and span coach, of a kind I had not seen in Scotland, was drawn up before the hotel door by four fine horses. It was somewhat like, but seemed smarter, than the Philadelphia stage-coach which I had seen, in passing through New York. We had secured two seats—one

(92) Robert Seaborn Miles. *See H.B.C. Archives*, C. 1/925.

(93) Eliza Waugh, *ibid.*

(94) Obviously Tod means York Factory. He went ashore on October 10, 1834. *Ibid.*

(95) Tod's memory is not accurate on this point, for William IV was crowned on September 8, 1831.

inside and one out—the latter, of course, being chosen by me. The noiseless celerity with which the coach started and went along the streets and roads, the appearance of men in knee breeches, and some with curious tasselled boots, the actual windmills, hitherto known to me only in pictures, and, almost every hour, things new and strange, yet everybody speaking the [*sic*] English—these drew from me expressions of wonder, though I had purposed, as far as possible, to conceal my being a visitor from the “outlands.” The strangest thing to me of all was a puffing and laboring steam-moved carriage, which we overtook and passed. It was the last, so the coachman said, of several that had been on that road, frightening horses and not going as far [fast?] as a coach. My companion left me at the “Green Dragon” inn⁹⁶ in the city of London, whence he went to deliver dispatches at the Hudson’s Bay Company’s office, and one of the trials of my life was in his absence, the approach of a waiter wishing to know what I would please to select for dinner from a bill-of-fare, to me a novel paper, as everything, so far, had been managed by Mr. Miles. Several years later, a friend of mine from the wilds, told me of a similar plight of his. Having asked a ship companion to dine with him at a London hotel, and not wishing to appear strange, he brushed the mysterious bill-of-fare with his hand, and returning it to the courteous waiter said: “I want a dinner for two in an hour, when we shall return—a dinner, you understand!” It was a very good dinner, with wines to suit, served in a private room, but it cost him several pounds, the inkeeper, probably having taken him for an English-speaking Cossack prince, and not wishing, in his turn, for the credit of England, to appear strange.

Before going to bed that first night in the “Green Dragon,” in the realm of England, I had pretty well concluded to accept the fact that a man’s will cannot suddenly overcome the effect of his training and associations. Nevertheless, meeting from time to time, thereafter, with some kind friends, and receiving attentions from Mr. Smith,⁹⁷ the secretary to the Hudson’s Bay Company, I found myself gradually becoming familiar with my temporary new surroundings. I gained quickly a knowledge of a considerable part of the great city, assisted therein by maps delineating the course of the river, and the principal streets, parks and buildings.

(96) A “galleried” inn, described as “a rendezvous for carriers,” in Bishopgate. A. E. Richardson and H. D. Eberlein, *The English Inn, past and present*, London, 1925, pp. 146, 160.

(97) William Smith, served for many years as secretary of the Hudson’s Bay Company until his retirement in 1843.

Usually I walked, and in sauntering, inspected the shop windows but, sometimes mounted to a seat on an omnibus next to the driver. This was a new vehicle introduced into London in 1829 by a Mr. Shillibeer,⁹⁸ the fare for any distance being sixpence. However convenient for city traffic, the omnibus lacked the celerity, smartness and distinction of the stage coach.

Thus my time passed, and, later on, it was brightened by a renewed acquaintance with my fellow passenger from York Factory, Miss Wanklin [Waugh], already mentioned, whom I married in London.⁹⁹

All this time I had not been to see my folks in Scotland, though, of course, exchanging letters with them. In the circumstances mentioned I had delayed the visit till I could take my wife with me. I need not say how joyously we were received at the old home by my parents and the family, or how the weeks went in social intercourse with the neighbours, and in my own rambles, during which early associations were recalled. There was more sadness than pleasure in the latter, owing to so much being changed—I mean in things and feelings human—for the country was little changed. My intelligent father had managed to add a few of Scott's expensive books to his library, but did not seem to appreciate the scenic descriptions of his own district in them though pleased with the portrayal of some of the characters. His love for Burns, however, seemed to have grown. On the evening of my arrival I remember that he ordered punch in an old china bowl in which was a horn ladle with a whistle at the end of it. "Punch!" said I to myself, "what is punch?" I had forgotten the name and had not tasted whiskey since leaving Scotland. Hearing this, the old man exclaimed, "What sort of a country must it be for the folks to live in without whiskey?"

That, I imagine, largely, is a question of climate, the effect of the liquor being milder in moist than in dry climates, though other elements may be influential. Men unable with impunity to drink whiskey, in London, told me they could drink it freely without ill effect, on the west coast of Scotland. The two rival fur companies in North America used ardent spirits—much diluted, of course, with water—in their trade with the Indians, for more than a score of years before their coalition in 1821, though at an earlier time, previously to the occurrence of the keen competition, the Hudson's Bay Company had not generally done so. The restrictions imposed, after that coalition, lessened the evil among

(98) George Shillibeer (1797–1866) ran the first omnibus in London in 1829.

(99) The exact date of this marriage has not been discovered. The records at Somerset House do not begin until 1837.

the Indians, but the drinking habit was too strong for some of the officers to resist. The Indians criticized adversely those who yielded to this indulgence, though they themselves gladly would have shared in it. As time passed, such cases among the officers of the company became markedly exceptional, and sobriety almost the universal rule—at any rate during service—and this, more, I think, from real indisposition to use liquor than owing to the difficulty of getting it at the remoter stations.

After a happy time on the *Leven*, by and by my duty, and in part also my inclination, called me to re-cross the ocean. I sailed from Liverpool with my wife in what was called a “regular packet ship,” for New York, landing there in January, 1836,¹⁰⁰ after an agreeable passage. Having many friends in Montreal, we proceeded thither at once, and enjoyed ourselves during the winter there, varied by a trip to Quebec, the romantic. The kindness of the Quebec gentry and my own acquaintance, in the wilds, with the ways and manners of so many of another French class, made the old town almost seem like a second home. But time and the opening rivers would not wait for any fur trading man in the company’s service.

When navigation opened we left Montreal with a large party in the canoes for Norway House.¹⁰¹ This is in latitude 54, on the banks of a water stretch a little way north of Lake Winnipeg, and connected with that lake. It was the head place of meeting for the Hudson’s Bay Company council. Such is the story, in outline, of my first visit home, and of my marriage, the latter, the greatest incident personally, in my life, but with which the reader of this presentation of trivialities cannot be concerned. I was assigned soon afterwards as a commissioned officer to the charge of Oxford House,¹⁰² an important post on the regular route west, some 250 miles up the river, which, after being joined by another river, flows into Hudson Bay at York Factory. Oxford House is on the east side of Mid-Lake,¹⁰³ so called from being about midway between

(100) Tod is in error as to the date. According to William Smith, secretary of the Hudson’s Bay Company, John and Eliza were booked to sail from Liverpool on February 24, 1835. *H.B.C. Archives*, A. 6/23, fo. 109.

(101) Donald Ross was in charge of Norway House at this time. According to the *Post Journal* [*ibid.*, B. 154/a/26], Tod reached that post on June 17, 1835.

(102) Tod appears to have spent the season 1835–36 disposable in the Red River district and the season 1836–37 in charge of the Island Lake district at Island Lake House. See Fleming, *Minutes of Council*, p. 460.

(103) Oxford House was situated at the north-east end of Oxford Lake on the Hayes River route from Norway House and Lake Winnipeg to York Factory. The first post was established there by William Sinclair in 1798 and the second by John McLeod in 1816. See Voorhis, *op. cit.*, p. 134.

York Factory and Lake Winnipeg; midway in travel, if not geographically. The post has for me very sad associations, for my dear wife, during the first year of our occupying Oxford House, showed signs of an illness which necessitated her removal elsewhere, and finally caused her death. The company's council in these circumstances was good enough to grant me a fresh leave of absence, and having decided to take advantage of this liberality by revisiting London.¹⁰⁴ I will now, without further allusion to the ever-present personal feelings that were my own concern and burden, mention some incidents of this second home visit. It took place in 1837, and I may here state, in anticipation, that, on my return to America all the remainder of my career in the company's service, and as a retired officer, was passed to the westward of the Rocky mountains, ultimately in Vancouver Island, the gem of the west. After my retirement from the company's service and upon that Island being made a colony, I became a member of the Colonial Legislative Council,¹⁰⁵ but this is anticipating my story by about a decade and a half.

CHAPTER XVII

I referred to Vancouver Island at the close of the last chapter because, in the strange intertwining of human events, the desire of the Hudson's Bay Company—nine years before the conclusion of the Oregon arrangement in the treaty of 1846—to possess or to control that Island,¹⁰⁶ was remotely, but really, connected with, perhaps, the most notable incident to the general reader, in my second trip to the metropolis of the world, though related only to my caretaking of an Indian witness in a murder case. The better foresight and fore-action of British trading companies contrasted with the action of the British government in some over-sea matters, is noticeable, but, possibly, these companies have had in the

(104) “. . . C T Ino Tod goes home with his unfortunate wife who is insane.” R. S. Miles to John McLeod, October 2, 1837, *MS.*, Archives of B.C. The entry from the *log* of the brig *Eagle* [*H.B.C. Archives*, C. 1/285] under date October 13, 1837, records the arrival of the ship at Shadwell Basin and that “John Tod Esqr. took his Lady & Daughter ashore.”

(105) Richard Blanshard, on his resignation as Governor of Vancouver Island in 1851, appointed a Legislative Council consisting of James Douglas, John Tod, and James Cooper. Blanshard to Grey, August 30, 1851, *MS.*, Archives of B.C.

(106) As early as 1837 the Hudson's Bay Company had sent an expedition to examine the southern end of Vancouver Island. See W. Kaye Lamb, “The Founding of Fort Victoria,” *British Columbia Historical Quarterly*, VII (1943), pp. 75-76.

nature of their powers and in the circumstances a freer hand than as a rule the government possessed.

Be that as it may, the policy of the latter company in the thirties of the nineteenth century was so to impress the home government with the necessity and advantage of giving Pacific coast dominion to the company that its proposal for, among other things, a grant on Vancouver Island, would be facilitated. The old charter of the company was being assailed. Where the boundary between the British and American territory west of the Rocky mountains would be drawn was doubtful. The company wanted Vancouver Island but the time to ask, directly, for it had not yet come. An object lesson of the inconvenience to the home government of the unorganized condition in Northwest America might be useful. In the present case I rather think that the manœuvre of the indefatigable company failed to impress British opinion, but what I have said may suggest to the reader the circumstances of my acting as the "bear leader" of a worthy Indian who is now to figure in my story. Whether my fresh leave of absence was, by the company, in any way connected with my availableness as a "bear leader" of the Indian in question I did not inquire. I accepted the furlough as an act of kindness, suggested by my distress. The motives of human action, usually, are viewed, and the decisive [decisions?] are not, in all cases, easily appreciated by an observer.

In killing Indian murderers summarily in the way I have described, useful as that enforcement of justice was, and approved by many of the Indian tribes, I knew that it was illegal, strictly, for I had seen at York Factory the British Parliament Acts of the 43rd [reign] by George the Third (1803) amended by the 1st and 2nd George the Fourth (1821-2)¹⁰⁷ with their regulations as to the committal and trial of offenders, and in consequence, though willing to risk my life to capture animals [Indians?], I never shared in their actual killing, deeming such to be on my part unwarranted.

These parliament acts, so far as I am able to judge, were ill-considered and practically useless in relation to crimes committed in the wild western territory. No attempt was made to apply their provisions when the parties were Indians. Murder is almost the only crime which the Indian public specially notices, and redress or revenge is usually left

(107) This Act came to be known as the "Canada Act." For Lord Selkirk's opinion on its interpretation, see E. H. Oliver (*ed.*), *Canadian North-west: its early development and legislative records* . . . , Ottawa, 1914, Vol. I, pp. 178-183.

to the nearest relatives of the victim. The immense distances of the Canadian courts and the physical obstructions to reach them, prevented recourse; also in a case of an Indian killing a white man. To some extent, as between white men, during the never ending conflicts of the two rival fur companies, the jurisdiction of the Canadian courts were [*sic*] sought, but, speaking generally of the whole country, there was no regular administration of prescribed law—no more probably than in the Scottish Highlands in the 17th century.

When about to start on this, my second trip to England, the governor asked me to take charge of Le Grace,¹⁰⁸ an Indian witness in a murder case, which had occurred at Hay River, some 1,500 miles away. The company—perhaps for some such reason as above suggested—had decided to send the case to England. The governor himself was going thither, and proposed taking the accused with him by way of Canada, but deemed it advisable that the chief witness should go separately, and by another route.¹⁰⁹ Though disliking the function, I accepted it on the distinct understanding however that the company should relieve me of the man immediately on our arrival in England. Just before leaving a friendly brother officer of the company, who himself had recently returned from furlough, pushed ten guineas into my hand with his last handshake, saying he had no use for the money and I was going where it would be useful to me.

The Indian Le Grace was a fine, tall, indeed, very handsome, man, and of a mild, inoffensive disposition. He wore his every day native dress, collar of wild beast claws, dressed deer skin shirt ornamented with designs and fringed with porcupine quills, antelope hide leggings, with gay lashings and prettily beaded moc[c]assins. The only change I insisted on was that his hair, in peaceful fashion, should hang down his back. These Indians, with hair tied up, were half way to a fight.

(108) "One of the murderers in the McKenzie River affair goes home from YF. to be sent to Canada for trial and the two others are taken down by the Governor one of whom is allowed to turn King's evidence." [R. S. Miles to John McLeod, October 2, 1837, *MS.*, Archives of B.C.] Tod has here evidently confused the murderer with the witness. The liberty allowed the Indian in Tod's account would certainly give the impression that Le Grace was harmless and guiltless. Murdoch McPherson, who was in charge of the Mackenzie District at this time, wrote to James Hargrave of this incident, which occurred on December 26, 1835, near Fort Norman. [*H.B.C. Archives*, A. 1/60, fos. 87d-88; see also Glazebrook, *op. cit.*, pp. 232-233.] Cadieu or Cadien was accused with Creole Lagrasse or La Graisse.

(109) Tod, in his *History of New Caledonia and the North West Coast*, p. 41, says that the murderer had escaped and that Le Grace was subsequently brought back to Canada.

On entering the English channel many ships were seen, and one day the sea being covered in every direction with apparently windbound ships, Le Grace asked if they all belonged to the Hudson's Bay Company. The wind's impeding progress and my orders being to get to London quickly, the skipper, on my consulting him, recommended me to land at Brighton. Upon this the pilot took me and my supposed servant ashore at that place, in consideration of ten guineas, which exhausted the opportune gift of my friend at Norway House. Our passage from America to London had been prepaid by the company. Once in London, of course, I could get what money I might require.

Proceeding to the Sea House inn at Brighton,¹¹⁰ the appearance of Le Grace attracted much attention both in the streets and the hostelry. It was the evening time when we landed, and he and I, having dined well on shipboard, soon retired to our separate bedrooms to rest, but he not to sleep. Having left the house during the night for a short time, it appears that, on his return, the number marks on the door meaning nothing to him, and the doors seeming all alike, Le Grace went in and out of several occupied bedrooms in the quest for his own, to the great alarm of the occupants. The description by several of these guests, overheard by me next morning in the reading room, their incomprehension and also the terror caused by the demon visitor were so amusing to me, knowing Le Grace's harmless nature, that I had to conceal my smiles behind the newspaper.

To the landlord, however, the incident was serious. "I had so many complaints, sir," said he, "that I was up half the night and expostulated with your servant, who simply looked at me; no other but myself would approach the man, and I feared to lock his door lest he should break it."

"Could you manage, sir, to patronize another inn? I am sorry, but some of my guests will leave if your servant stays another night," and so on. "Trouble not," I replied, "We propose to leave after breakfast"; then reflecting that I had no money I desired him to lend me enough to pay my bill and the coach fare to London. This seemed to surprise the landlord, who began to recount his past losses by such loans, but added,

(110) There is some confusion here. Tod's two narratives, the *History of New Caledonia* . . . , and the foregoing relate that he and Le Grace landed at Brighton, whereas the *log* of the brig *Eagle*, on the other hand, indicates that he took his wife and daughter ashore at Shadwell basin, London. [V. *supra*, foot-note (104).] Possibly Tod may have landed at Brighton with his Indian, taken him to London by stage-coach, and then have met the *Eagle* in London and joined Eliza and Emmeline.

finally, that he judged a good deal by a man's face, and, what amount might you require, sir?" "Amount! how do I know? I am going to London, you know my needs better than I do."

In the end he lent me enough for the two coach fares and an additional £5. Pending the arrival of the coach after breakfast Le Grace, in the hall of the inn, submitted with good temper, but with not a smile on his grave face, to the fingering of his hair and ornamented dress by a curious crowd of both sexes and of all ages. The coachman, after driving up, held reins and whip immovable on his box the picture of a self-contained, somewhat disdainful, if not stolid Englishman of his class. The mirth he heard, but would not notice it by any inquiry as to the cause. It was not kind on my part, perhaps, but seeing the seat next the coachman vacant I could not refrain from giving La Grace instructions how to reach it, quietly, so as not, I said, to alarm the horses—instructions which innocently he followed, with the result that on his climbing to his seat and putting his face against that of the Jehu, dreaming, perhaps, of his evening pot and pipe, the latter emitted a yell, let go reins and whip, and fell, like a bag of sand, to the ground amid the roars of the crowd which by this time had assembled in the street.

Driving northward with not a very friendly coachman till I "tipped" him out of my £5 on the principle of a yard of twist tobacco to a saturnine Indian chief, we struck, I think, the same road that, on my former visit had taken me from Portsmouth, and so, within five hours reached London. The country seemed delightful, but now, of course, was not absolutely unfamiliar as on my previous trip. I was glad that the waiter at the Green Dragon remembered me. He hesitatingly took charge of Le Grace while I went to the company's office, only to find it closed for the day. The housekeeper, however, having told me the secretary's address, Mr. Smith's,¹¹¹ at Hackney, I went there in a coach and delivered my dispatches, begging him to relieve me at once of Le Grace, as he was unused to hotels and a cause of much trouble. Mr. Smith came, accordingly, for the Indian next morning to the Green Dragon, in a carriage, with another man who turned out to be a lawyer. They wore buttoned frock coats with heavy collars, abundant neck cloths out of which rose high, pointed shirt collars, and their lofty hats, widening towards the top, had curled brims. Being struck with Le Grace's appearance, they inquired if he were dangerous, and finally asked me to go with them in the carriage.

(111) William Smith, the secretary of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Reaching a place—afterwards known to me as Clerkenwell¹¹²—“Excuse me,” said Mr. [S]mith, “we have a little business here,” and out both went; then, after a time a portly person appeared and, standing by the carriage door, read aloud, mumblingly a paper in which my name was mentioned, and he said I was wanted inside the building. It turned out to be a court of justice—a shabby room, and the lawyers disfigured by dirty white wigs—some bigger than others—a headgear known to me only in pictures. Le Grace looked curiously at these wigs with perhaps some thought of certain head coverings at his own home. As for me, I resented my friend, Mr. Smith’s, want of candor in luring me to the place.

After some talk in the room, no court, as to jurisdiction, I was conveyed to a box, and the judge said, “You will take an oath to duly interpret,” to which my reply was, “No, I will not,” then noticing the astonishment around I explained that I would not take an oath for any living soul, and, as to interpreting, though I could speak the Indian’s tongue something might be said to or by the court which his language would not admit of being interpreted. The end of it was that, as the accused had not arrived, Le Grace, the witness, was imprisoned till further orders, though, to an Indian, confinement is torture. The newspapers, next day, and afterwards, criticized the company’s action severely for bringing such a case to England, and some of the writers questioned the jurisdiction of the court in the matter. Dismissing the subject, I never asked the outcome.¹¹³ “Bear hunting” I knew, but “bear leading” I did not appreciate.

CHAPTER XVIII

It is easy to understand that men, from remote parts, may meet acquaintances in the principal thoroughfares of a great city, the Strand for instance, or Rotten Row, in London. Apart from that, nevertheless, it is odd how sometimes accidental clues bring men together. On this my second visit home the latter fact was curiously exemplified by experiences during a comparatively short time. These may be in themselves trivial, yet, perhaps, worth a page or two in my narrative, if only for their oddness.

(112) Clerkenwell is a northern parish in the borough of Finsbury, London.

(113) Tod, in his *History of New Caledonia* . . . , p. 41, says that he “subsequently assented” to interpret.

A Modern Touchwood¹¹⁴ in Rotten Row

A favorite haunt of mine was the "Row" in Hyde Park, where I soon saw that the plump Englishman, of the comic cartoons, with cheeks like a trumpeter, was not the true type. The equipages, I could not judge of, having, within my knowledge, nothing of the kind for comparison, but I never saw finer men or horses anywhere—tallish, thin flanked, long thighed, strong, erect men, in figure and horsemanship, reminding me of the Nez Percés Indians of Oregon, and the old looked as well as the young.

There on a seat, one day, a middle aged gentleman passed his snuff box to me, and opened talk. He was the very moral [model?] of the travelled Touchwood in "St. Ronan's Well," somewhat modernized in dress—figure stout, yet active, grey hair, nose upturned, brick red complexion, wrinkled face and high, short manner. Finding I had come from the Northwest wilds, he asked if I knew so and so there, and on my saying that I did and inquiring how he himself came to know him, his rejoinder was that he had last seen him in the Sandwich Islands, where his friend was giving a dinner to the King and his court, and he much desired to renew acquaintances. "You will find your friend with another man at the George and Vulture,"¹¹⁵ said I, whereupon he exclaimed, "The George and Vulture! Wherever is that?" Being, as it turned out, a personage of the West part of the city, little acquainted with its more easterly part. However, he seemed pleased, and said he would call on his friend, and, giving me his own card, took leave with a hope that we might meet again.

When I mentioned this little incident to my friends at the George and Vulture, and produced the card, one of them who had been agent of the Hudson's Bay Company at the Sandwich Islands,¹¹⁶ exclaimed, "Why! I have been looking everywhere for that man; I have a letter for him from which the particular address has been omitted."

(114) Peregrine Touchwood, a touchy old East Indian in Sir Walter Scott's *St. Ronan's Well*.

(115) The George and Vulture was a favourite haunt of Hudson's Bay Company men. See Margaret MacLeod, "Fur Traders' Inn," *Beaver*, December, 1947, and March, 1948.

(116) Possibly Richard Charlton, British Consul at Honolulu, who acted as agent for the Hudson's Bay Company until the appointment of George Pelly to that office in 1833. See W. P. St. Clair, Jr., "Beaver in Hawaii," *Beaver*, September, 1941, pp. 40-42.

This led, among us, to some pleasant social intercourse, as the owner of the card called the next afternoon at the George and Vulture. This gentleman had a symbol on his letter paper which became a subject of conversation between us. He said it was part of a mark of distinction to which he had a right by birth, and on my remarking that I thought there was something of the kind among the Indians, he took me to an office where there was full information on the subject, but only as to the civilized practice. The "bear," I was told, had been the symbol of the old Gothic kingdom, but had not been so popular generally as the "Lion." Fur was commonly used in this heraldry as furred skins, in old times, had covered the shields of soldiers, but chiefly now, only the ermine appeared. Naturally, owing to my avocation, I should like to have had an opportunity of studying this subject more.

An Isle of Skye Sabreur

Another day, on entering an eating house in the city, not at a busy time of day, a man of dashing appearance occupied the whole hearth and had his legs up while he read a newspaper. Upon a small table drawn near him was a bottle of wine. There was something—I know not what—"Highland" about this personage, and, anyway, it was clear, he had not lived all his time in the Old Country. No answer was given to my initiatory climatic remark, but on my inquiry along the same line, "if it always rained here," he dropped his legs, and, wheeling round, exclaimed, after a penetrating, but not uncivil glance, "Where the devil are you from?" "Northwest America!" "The deuce you are. Do you know so and so, and so and so. Draw up to the table, man." After an hour's talk, during which I had mentioned my own friends in town, he invited me to dine with him, the next day at an eating house or club in the West End, and, said he, "bring the George and Vulture with you." He then drove off in a stylish "tandem" that had waited at the door. He was an Isle of Skye Highlandman formerly in the British army, and had fought since in the Mexican revolutions, and bore the scars of sabre cuts.

To us this gentleman was very kind, and through him we enlarged our already considerable social intercourse, which was so welcome, in my case, in relieving the depression in my spirits. But I refer to him chiefly to show how strangely we ran against an old tutor of his, whom we afterwards had to meet at dinner at this new friend's house. We Hudson's Bay men went one evening to a place of entertainment called

"The Shades,"¹¹⁷ where it was the privilege of a visitor, on a certain payment, to "call the band"—the only place of the kind I have been in or ever heard described, though in similar resorts in London it was common enough for any visitor who thought he could entertain the company to volunteer a song. The audience at the "Shades" was motley, and so was the music. I sat beside one of my companions—a brother Scot and trader among the Cree Indians—the others were elsewhere, and I had exchanged a few remarks with a fat German behind who spoke English fluently. Of a sudden, during the playing of Old Scotia airs at our call, as it happened, the German ceased to speak English and answered me in German, but both my companion and I heard him say in English to someone near, "What rubbish! Who can bear to listen to such music as that?" Nettled by this remark, we both sprang up and pointing to the amazed critic, then withdrawing our hands for other gestures, and again pointing at him, we both together poured forth such a flood of objurgation in the language of the Crees and in the manner of excited orators of that people, that the sweet, plaintive music being played by the band was interrupted, and the German fled, incontinently, thinking perhaps that we were lunatics, speaking a strange tongue.

It might have been almost any tongue in that room, for all nationalities seemed to visit the place, but it is unlikely that the Cree tongue had been heard there [be]fore, or the animated methods of the Cree orators exemplified.

It turned out that the obese critic was the old tutor of our acquaintance last above mentioned, and was trying to find his former pupil. Something in our conversation at the Shades before the embroiling incident—the mention of the map and a club I think—assisted the German in his search, and, as above said, we met him afterwards at dinner with our friend, but nothing was said of the incident at the Shades.

He may not have recognized us in our evening dress. The Germans are musical, but this critic forgot that, with most men, one great charm of music is in its expressive associations. We love to the last the tunes our nurses crooned, or our folks ever had joy in. There is such a thing, I imagine, as educating a human being out of humanity. In a family I knew, long after this time, were two sisters, one, an accomplished

(117) The Shades, originally a name for wine and beer vaults with a drinking-bar, either underground or sheltered from the sun by an arcade, originated at Brighton. [Murray's *New Oxford Dictionary*.] Probably the forerunner of the modern night club.

trained musician, made so at large expense, whose performance, doubtless, educated cities would have commended, but when the comparatively rough hand of her younger sister, on whom not a penny for music had been spent, touched the notes of the piano, you could not sit in your seat, but sprang to make your foot-action as it were the echo of the music.

Lodgings in Islington

Another curious instance of running accidentally across the trail of a known man in the midst of a vast population may close my remarks under this head. Without bearing resentment, for I had to go to him for money, I was not pleased with the lack of candor on the part of the Hudson's Bay Company's secretary in the "Le Grace" matter, and, moreover, he seemed fond of practical jokes, and disposed to make the most of my social and other blunders, so I determined to lessen the propinquity of my residence to the Hudson's Bay Company's office, which propinquity was the real cause of so many company men taking up their quarters in the Green Dragon, George and Vulture and other city inns.

"You had better not move," said the secretary, "for John Pelly and Mr. Colville,¹¹⁸ the directors, I know, wish to converse with you." "I will leave my address," said I, "and attend when they desire an interview." So I went to Islington—"merry Islington" as it was called when formerly a suburban resort, now neither suburban nor merry. I should have premised that my friends at the George and Vulture and I, had agreed in our social movements to avoid a particular Hudson's Bay man¹¹⁹ also in London on furlough, of whom I shall only say that his company was to us uncongenial.

In a clean, nice locality in Islington aforesaid, I found a couple of suitable rooms in the house of a tall, middle-aged angular lady, dressed [in] black, whose brown hair was streaked with grey and the ten commandments imprinted on her visage. Having named the Hudson's Bay Company as my reference, she said, "I am sorry, but after a late experience of mine, I have vowed never again to accept any lodger so vouched." On farther conversation it appeared that our "uncongenial"

(118) Sir John Pelly [see Reginald Saw, "Sir John H. Pelly, Bart., Governor, Hudson's Bay Company, 1822-1852," *British Columbia Historical Quarterly*, XIII (1949), pp. 23-32] and Andrew Colville, Deputy Governor of the Company, 1839-1852.

(119) It has not been possible to identify this reference.

friend, whose society we were shirking, had been in these very lodgings—one chance in a million that I should so cross his track. Yet the landlady took me for a week on trial and I never changed my lodgings while in London.

Settled comfortably there and choosing my own associates, I enjoyed the opportunity during several months of seeing as much as possible of the great metropolis. To one in my circumstances, as of the Indian country, so of London, it is not easy for me to know what will interest readers. In a camp-fire story the response of the faces that are not in the shade gives some kind of assurance, but what to me seems noteworthy in a book presentation, may not have that character to the reader, but be, in his judgment, trivial, and perhaps ridiculous. This is why I dwell not long on anything but pass from one incident to another.

Public Opinion About Queen Victoria

The third sovereign I already had lived under, namely, William IV, (though I was little over 40 years of age), died in London when I was there towards the end of June,¹²⁰ and his niece, the present Queen, succeeded to the throne, but was not crowned for a year later, in 1838. The talk at the inns sometimes called at was much about the new Queen, of whom very little seemed to be known, but many were pleased with the advent of a woman-sovereign, as the late men-sovereigns had not enhanced the credit or dignity of their office. It was new to me to hear the free conversation on this subject, and that if the occupants were respectable, personally, it mattered little to the nation who the sovereign was. There seemed decidedly to be some unrest as to public matters generally in the minds of those I conversed with, or to whom I listened, and it was without the reticence of disaffected Indians, among whom my experience had lain.

Emigration of My Family

What concerned me more, however, at this time was the carrying out of a project which I had long entertained, and was at last able to assist, namely, the emigration of our whole family to Canada. I visited Scotland to see them on this subject. My father pleaded that for him and mother it was too great a wrench, yet, as they could not bear the severance from the children, my proposal finally was accepted. I accord-

(120) There is another discrepancy here, for William IV died on June 20, 1837, and Tod did not reach England until October 13.

in[g]ly proceeded to Canada via New York, sooner than I had intended, in order to buy a tract of land and make other preparations.

The upper Canada rebellion had not been entirely repressed on my arrival in January, 1838, at St. Thomas, where I proposed to spend the winter with an esteemed friend and correspondent of mine,¹²¹ who resided there. The rebellion, from my point of view, however, not seeming to be of much importance, I bought 600 acres of land in the district, where I had taken up my winter quarters, and sent for my family to use the land, but as ill-luck would have it, duty called me westward on the opening of navigation, before they arrived, so I could not welcome them to their new home. I have not been there since, though hearing often from or of them, and now, in old age, feel pleasure in knowing that some of them still reside there and own the land which I purchased for their forbears.

Back again now, westerly over the Rocky Mountain barriers, into the land against which the North Pacific ocean leans, where I have remained.

CHAPTER XIX

The western department of the Hudson's Bay Company, as I have said, lay between the Rocky Mountains and the shore of the Pacific Ocean. There were, I think, about the time I speak of, 22 forts or trading stations in it, including those in the country that is now American, in which latter section of the western department several migratory trapping and trading parties, also, were employed by the company. The headquarters had been, since 1824,¹²² at Fort Vancouver, on the right bank of the Columbia river, about 90 miles from its mouth, and the first chief departmental officer who held office till 1846, when Mr. James Douglas succeeded him, was as I have said, Dr. John McLoughlin, who tried to cure me of sciatica. Dr. McLoughlin was a very handsome, courteous and kindly man. After retiring from the company's service he remained on the American side, and was one of the founders of Oregon City, some 12 miles from the present city of Portland. By

(121) Edward Ermatinger (1797-1876), who had retired from the Hudson's Bay Company in 1828 and settled at St. Thomas, Upper Canada, in 1830. See Rich, *Colin Robertson's Correspondence Book*, pp. 211-212. Tod's friendship with Ermatinger dated back to 1818, when they were both at Island Lake.

(122) The headquarters of the Columbia Department was transferred from Fort George (Astoria) to Fort Vancouver, which was christened on March 19, 1825. See E. E. Rich (ed.), *The Letters of John McLoughlin . . . First Series*, London, 1941, p. xxix.

some over there he has been described as the "Father of Oregon," from his activity in its early history, and in memory also of his kindness as head of the Hudson's Bay Company in befriending pioneers, a kindness which, it is said, the company itself did not appreciate.¹²³

Fort Vancouver was the company's chief collecting, distributing and shipping place for the western department. The moderate-sized sea-going vessels of that time could reach the place—as Captain Vancouver in his ship had done¹²⁴—from the ocean. The fort was a stockaded enclosure, 600 feet by 200 feet,¹²⁵ with an armed bastion at one corner, and two 18-pound and two swivel guns in front of the Chief Factor's house, and commanding the principal entrance. Within the enclosure were the officers' dwellings and the magazines, stores and other buildings, about 30 altogether. The hospital, stables and servants' houses formed a little village outside. Near by was the company's farm, 1,200 acres in cultivation, good dairy, also 1,500 sheep, 400 or 500 head of cattle, a band of horses, pigs, poultry, etc. Four miles distant were a flour mill and a sawmill, belonging to the company. The products of the above were used by the company, and sold locally, and also were in part exported, together with prepared fish, to the Sandwich Islands, or elsewhere.

The last decade or so of my life in the company's service as I have said, was passed at different posts in the above western department. I went no more either to Canada or the Old Country. There was unrest in the company's western councils during that period, and officers were moved hither and thither more than had been usual.

By the Ashburton Treaty of 1842, the northeastern boundary question between England and America had been settled, and the governments now were trying to adjust in the northwest of the continent the question of disputed right to the Oregon territory—the Americans claiming the whole region lying on the Pacific west of the Rocky Mountains,

(123) E. E. Rich (ed.), *The Letters of John McLoughlin . . . Third Series*, London, 1944, p. lii.

(124) Tod is in error here. Lieutenant W. R. Broughton, who surveyed the Columbia River as far as Multnomah Falls, left the *Chatham* at anchor in Gray's Bay, about 7 miles inside the mouth of the river. The exploration was carried on by means of one of the small boats. George Vancouver, *A Voyage of Discovery*, London, 1778, Vol. II, p. 56.

(125) According to Warre and Vavasour the stockade would have measured 320 by 690 feet. See L. R. Caywood, "Excavating Fort Vancouver," *Beaver*, March, 1948, p. 5.

between 42° and 54° 40' of north latitude. Settlers were coming into Oregon, and the Hudson's Bay Company began to fear that their head shipping place, Fort Vancouver, above referred to, and their other Oregon stations, might in certain eventualities have to be abandoned. Their desire to possess Vancouver Island and to substitute a shipping station there in place of Fort Vancouver, consequently grew, and in 1843 they began to build "Fort Albert,"¹²⁶ or as it was renamed "Fort Victoria," to serve such purpose. But I am concerned here only with my personal narrative, not with general history.

The reader probably knows that the result of the compromise in the treaty of 1846 between the above two governments established the 49th parallel as the international boundary, and gave Vancouver Island to Britain. Meantime, like others, I was moved about in the long strip of territory extending from New Caledonia to Fort Vancouver—half trader, half farmer or stockman—and had various new experiences, some of which I shall relate without describing my movements with a particularity that might be wearisome both to the reader and myself.

Appointed to Columbia District—The Dalles Disaster

My first appointment on returning, as stated, from my second and last trip to England, was to the district of Columbia, in the western department. In journeying thither, as ill-luck would have it, from Norway House (the general headquarters of the company west of the great lakes), which I left in July, 1838, I had to take charge of a party of 60 individuals, chiefly employed men, but including several passengers and also women and children. Among the passengers were Bishop Blanchard, of the Roman Catholic church, and Father Meyers,¹²⁷ who afterwards reached the like rank.

The usual route with northwest canoes, via Saskatchewan, Fort Assiniboine and Athabasca river, took us to the source of the latter, where is Jasper House (so named from Jasper Hawse, a northwest company's clerk in the early part of the century). This crossing of the Rocky Mountains, usually called the "Athabasca Portage," is about 300 miles farther south than the crossing at Peace river, mentioned in my former transmontane journeys. The mountain range, or thrust-

(126) See W. K. Lamb, "The Founding of Fort Victoria," *loc. cit.*, pp. 88-89.

(127) These were François Norbert Blanchet (1795-1883), later to become Archbishop of Oregon and Modeste Demers (1809-1871), first Roman Catholic Bishop of Vancouver Island.

together ranges, are much wider here. Traversing the icy, almost treeless passage, you come to a little bowl of a lake, called in fact "Punch Bowl," guarded by mountain giants, with ever white foreheads. This little lake or bowl is so balanced on its own table land that one part of its comparatively tiny outflow seeks the Ar[c]tic ocean by the Mackenzie river, and another part yields similar tribute to the Pacific Ocean by way of the Columbia river.

To my dismay no means of transport awaited us at the above Athabasca portage to enable the party to reach the Columbia river at the "Boat Encampment" on the sharp bend of the river, where Canoe river, from the north, joins it a short way above 52 degrees N.L. We had in our further progress to reach and descend the Columbia, and the Columbia was distant several days rough travel by land.

Each year invariably a company's party from the east came at the time we did, but now my party was unusually large, and encumbered with women and children. Of our five and forty horses, only two or three were broken in. Fortunately, we had two men very smart with the lasso. A "corral," or enclosure, accordingly was constructed, with an entrance narrowing gradually inward. Into this, after great difficulty, the horses were driven one by one, the baggage tied on firmly after throwing them down and hobbling them, then with a halter, Mexican fashion, on their heads, the animals were turned out of the "corral" to run kicking and rearing, helter [haltered?], though they were; however, none would go far away alone, and there was no concert among them. The few broken-in horses ultimately became a sort of rallying point and the whole band was under fair control within about three days. We then succeeded in transporting the large party with its impediments to the Boat Encampment, above mentioned.

A fresh difficulty now presented itself, which, as I shall relate, had lamentable consequences. The western authorities, not knowing, as above said, the unusual number of my party had caused only two boats to be left there. A division thus was necessary to ensure safety in further progress. The two boats would not carry all without danger of overcrowding on the rapid river. Dividing the party I proceeded in the larger of the boats, with most of the women and children, 1,250 miles down the river to Fort Colville,¹²⁸ having strictly enjoined those left behind, as the weather was good and supplies sufficient, not to attempt to follow in an overcrowded boat, but to await the arrival of

(128) Fort Colville had been established in 1825 by the Hudson's Bay Company at Kettle Falls on the Columbia River.

the one which I was going in for the purpose of ensuring that it would immediately return with myself to take command of the second party proceeding down the river. Nevertheless, impatience overcoming caution, those left behind followed prematurely. At the little Dalles the boat was upset, and six of the passengers who had stayed in it, when running the rapids, were drowned, including two young botanists, Messrs. Wallace and Banks,¹²⁹ who, as I understood, had been sent out on the recommendation, or, with the assistance of Mr. (afterwards Sir) Joseph Paxton,¹³⁰ also a gentleman named White,¹³¹ stepfather of a child¹³² in the boat, who being rescued, many years later married Captain Dodd, well known in Vancouver Island.

From Fort Colville, with the reunited party, we proceeded to our destination at Fort Vancouver with heavy hearts, where I reported the circumstances of our journey. I was not popular with this mixed party that had been under my charge, owing to the discipline enforced, for reasons which I could not well tell them, for instance danger from prowling Blackfeet, but my action was approved by the authorities. The local governor, Dr. John McLoughlin, being absent, his assistant, Mr. James Douglas, was in temporary charge. Other officers of the company, whom I then first saw, Dr. William Fraser Tolmie,¹³³ and Mr. Rae¹³⁴ (a brother of Dr. John Rae,¹³⁵ the Ar[c]tic traveller), who

(129) Robert Wallace and Peter Banks; see Rich, *Letters of John McLoughlin* . . . *First Series*, p. 293. For another account of this episode see J. A. Stevenson, "Disaster in the Dalles," *Beaver*, September, 1942, pp. 19-21.

(130) Sir Joseph Paxton (1801-1865) was a prominent British botanist who became superintendent of the gardens at Chatsworth, seat of the Duke of Devonshire, a president of the Royal Horticultural Society.

(131) This would be Pierre Le Blanc who had married the *ci-devant* country-wife of J. G. McTavish, Nancy Mackenzie. [See Margaret MacLeod (ed.), *The Letters of Letitia Hargrave*, Toronto, 1947, pp. 34-35.] Nancy Le Blanc died in Victoria and was buried on July 26, 1851. Fort Victoria, Register of Burials, *Photostat*, Archives of B.C.

(132) Grace McTavish, daughter of Chief Factor J. G. McTavish and Nancy Mackenzie, married Captain Charles Dodd. They were at a later date residents of Victoria, where Captain Dodd died on June 2, 1860 [*Victoria Colonist*, June 5, 1860.]

(133) See Simon Fraser Tolmie, "My Father: William Fraser Tolmie, 1812-1886," *British Columbia Historical Quarterly*, I (1937), pp. 227-240.

(134) William Glen Rae married Eloise, daughter of Dr. John McLoughlin. Rae afterwards committed suicide at the California post, and his widow subsequently, 1845, married Daniel Harvey. See B. B. Barker (ed.), *Letters of Dr. John McLoughlin*, Portland, Ore., 1948, p. 38.

(135) For a biographical sketch of Sir John Rae, see E. E. Rich (ed.), *John Rae's Correspondence with the Hudson's Bay Company on Arctic Exploration, 1844-1855*, London, 1953, pp. xiv-cv.

was about to take charge of the Hudson's Bay post at Yerba Buena (San Francisco), assisted in making my stay at Fort Vancouver very pleasant. At Yerba Buena, I was told, apart from the company's station, there were only eight or nine houses (a later story about Yerba Buena is that, not long before the California gold discovery, the company sold 1,000 acres there for £1,000, owing to a dispute between two chief factors as to the disposition of the land¹³⁶).

*Farming at Cowlitz*¹³⁷

On the governor's return to Fort Vancouver¹³⁸ it was decided that I should have my headquarters at a farming station belonging to the company, some 50 miles northerly from Fort Vancouver, situated about 15 miles from the mouth of the latter. I had there a large number of men employed in caring for the numerous horses, chiefly brood mares, and cattle. We had 1,000 acres ploughed, also a fine horse park and large dairy. The crop the first year was about 8,000 bushels of wheat, half that quantity of oats and also barley and potatoes. The adjacent Catholic mission had 160 acres ploughed. We sold farm products to the Russians from the north, and also to incoming settlers. It was rather a new experience for me, and agreeable for a time, but devoid of incidents, with any personal bearing.

My notes kept at the farm, possibly, might be acceptable in a journal devoted to agriculture or the rearing of stock. Occasionally some of the numerous visitors to Fort Vancouver came to the Cowlitz for a little sport, and to see the horses. Among the latter was a fine animal belonging to Mr. Rae, which its master only, could ride. Said to me one day, a lieutenant from a British surveying ship,¹³⁹ who had been visiting

(136) For the story of the Hudson's Bay Company in California, see Anson S. Blake, "The Hudson's Bay Company in San Francisco," *California Historical Society Quarterly*, XXVIII (1949), pp. 97-112, 243-258.

(137) The Company's farm of 1,200 acres in the fertile valley of the Cowlitz River, a tributary of the Columbia, was established in 1838. Upon the formation of the Puget's Sound Agricultural Company, both the Cowlitz and Nisqually farms were operated by the subsidiary concern.

(138) Dr. John McLoughlin visited England and the continent of Europe during the summer of 1838 and resumed command of Fort Vancouver in October, 1839. See Rich, *Fort Vancouver Letters . . . Second Series*, London, 1943, p. xi.

(139) H.M. surveying ships *Sulphur* and *Starling* were in the Columbia River from July 16 to September 12, 1839. See F. V. Longstaff and W. Kaye Lamb, "The Royal Navy on the Northwest Coast, 1813-1850," *British Columbia Historical Quarterly*, IX (1945), p. 15.

Fort Vancouver, where two American survey vessels¹⁴⁰ then were, "that seems a tidy good 'un, give me a mount, old fellow." I tried to dissuade him, not associating naval men with riding other than the waves, and not remembering, indeed, not then realizing that the scions of English county families often know the stable before entering the gun room, but all to no purpose, and away he went full tilt across the prairies—the horse, apparently, as happy as the rider, judging by his bounds and his settling down to great speed, which soon took both out of sight. After a while, being uneasy, I kept a lookout, and to my joy the horse returned at a furious pace with the rider still on, sitting at ease and his longish black hair streaming from under his cap.

"How did you lose your stirrups," said I, when he pulled up.

"Eh! what! They're here all right, old boy. I triced them up in front"—and so he had.

CHAPTER XX

After over two years of this, chiefly bucolic, experience in the Columbia district, I was appointed as officer in charge of Fort Alexandria,¹⁴¹ on Fraser river, five or six hundred miles (longer by the trail) northwest, in the direction of my old habitat of New Caledonia. The "fort" was a stockaded enclosure with a block house and the usual buildings. It was close to the bank amid dark forests. The road thither, after about 300 miles, led past the important Hudson's Bay Co.'s station at the junction of the north and south branches of Thompson's river, so named from Mr. David Thompson,¹⁴² a Hudson's Bay man, who, while

(140) The American surveying vessels mentioned by Tod have not been identified. The U.S. exploring expedition under Commander Charles Wilkes did not reach the Columbia River until 1841, by which time Tod had been transferred to New Caledonia.

(141) Fort Alexandria, on the left bank of the Fraser River, was built by the North West Company just prior to the coalition in the summer of 1821. It was intended as a transfer point between land and water travel for the convenience of the New Caledonia brigades and to be used to supply the New Caledonia posts from the coast instead of from York Factory. This post was at the point where Sir Alexander Mackenzie in 1793 retraced his steps northward to the Blackwater River before proceeding westward to the Pacific Ocean. See Fleming, *Minutes of Council*, p. xvii.

(142) David Thompson was a North West Company employee. His name was bestowed upon the river by Simon Fraser during his epic journey of 1808. For biographical data on Thompson, see M. Catherine White, *David Thompson's Journals Relating to Montana and Adjacent Regions, 1808-1812*, Missoula, 1950.

in the service of the Northwest Company, spent most of the time between 1808 and 1812, as a trader and explorer west of the Rocky Mountains, discovering in 1811 the northern head waters of the Columbia, which river he followed to the ocean. The Indians called the place "Kahm-o-loops," meaning the "meeting of the waters," and we, less poetically, called it the "Forks" of the Thompson.

The fort was on the right bank of the North Thompson at its mouth, opposite the modern village, or town, of Kamloops.

The surrounding country, in its general character, presents south of the river a rolling, open surface, the valleys clear, save for aspen poplars along the streams, and the uplands sparsely timbered, chiefly with "red" or "bull" pines. It is more a pastoral than an agricultural district, irrigation being necessary in most parts for cultivation. The officer in charge of the fort, Mr. Black,¹⁴³ a chief trader, gave me a hearty welcome during the day of my stay there. Some calamitous presage, which I never could account for, affected me on bidding him good-bye next morning, but passed away as we proceeded on our journey.

Murder of Mr. Black at Kamloops

A few weeks later, being at Alexandria on a dark night in February, a French-Canadian showing the traces of a hard journey entered the fort and said, "Mr. Black is murdered, and all the men at Kamloops fort have fled in different directions."

I may anticipate a little by stating here the facts of this tragic occurrence, as these have been wrongly described in the book of his journey round the world in 1841-2, by the Governor, Sir George Simpson,¹⁴⁴ who was at Fort Vancouver, on the Columbia river, in the middle of 1841, several months after it happened, and also described wrongly by other writers.

A chief called Tranquille, of an Indian tribe near the fort, had died lately, and the widow, in her grief and concern for the departed, told her

(143) Samuel Black, a native of Aberdeen, joined the North West Company in 1804. After the amalgamation of the companies in 1821 he joined the Hudson's Bay Company as a clerk in 1823, being promoted to chief trader the following year. During the summer of 1824 he was employed exploring the Finlay River and in 1825 was given charge of Fort Nez Percés, where he remained until 1830, when he was transferred to Kamloops. He secured his chief factorship in 1837 and met an untimely death at the hands of one of his Indians on the night of February 9, 1841.

(144) Sir George Simpson, *Narrative of a Journey round the World, during the years 1841 and 1842*, London, 1847, 2 vols.

son, a fine youth of eighteen, well disposed and quiet, that the father's spirit should not be left to go alone, but should be accompanied by the spirit of some chief of equal rank. This was urged daily, until the youth, worn by importunity and a supposed sense of duty to his deceased father, seized his gun and sat himself down moodily in the hall of the Kamloops fort. Something in his appearance caused a servant to remark to Mr. Black that the Indian looked dangerous, but the latter said that, probably, the boy was ailing. Soon afterwards, on Mr. Black crossing the hall from one room towards another, the Indian suddenly rose and fired at his back, and the bullet passed through the victim's heart and body and lodged in the wall.

But to return. On hearing the French-Canadian's report, I directed him and two other men to start with me at dawn on horseback, with relays, from Alexandria for Kamloops. There were two feet of snow on the ground during the first part of our trip of 270 miles, and after a long week of almost incessant travel, or "march" as the word was, we reached our destination to find Fort Kamloops abandoned save for the widow and children still weeping over Mr. Black's frozen body, lying where it fell. An Indian named Lolo,¹⁴⁵ but, as a "mission" Indian who preached about St. Paul, commonly called "Paul," who had been occasionally employed at the fort, appeared soon, to sympathize with us, and, possibly, to report proceedings to the Indians, whose neighboring camp was silent.

After examining as far as might be the course of the bullet, we buried the body, ascertained the murderer's name from Lolo, and then began to make an inventory of the goods at the fort. These seemed to be intact.

Several days were thus occupied during which an armed Hudson's Bay Company party arrived from Fort Colvile, and later another armed party from Fort Vancouver (to which southern place some of the men fleeing from the fort had gone), the expectation being that the Indians would be found in possession of the Kamloops fort. As my own station at Alexandria demanded my care, I returned thither at once in these circumstances, but the end was not yet.

The party from headquarters at Fort Vancouver began to terrorize the Indians within reach of Kamloops as a means of enforcing delivery of the murderer. Horses were seized, property destroyed, and, prac-

(145) Jean Baptiste Lolo St. Paul. See G. D. Brown, Jr., and W. Kaye Lamb, "Captain St. Paul of Kamloops," *British Columbia Historical Quarterly*, III (1939), pp. 115-127; and G. D. Brown, Jr., "A Further Note on Captain St. Paul," *ibid.*, pp. 223-224.

tically, short of killing men, war against the people was undertaken. The result of this ill-judged action, of course, was nil, except in causing bitterness, and, after a time, the company's forces were recalled to Fort Vancouver and Colville. A council held at the former fort, at which as I said, the Governor-in-Chief was present,¹⁴⁶ then decided on the policy to be adopted.

Obviously with hostile Indians intervening, the year's pack of furs from the interior and New Caledonia which required a cavalcade of 400 laden horses, could not reach the shipping depot at Fort Vancouver, nor could the posts receive thence their goods for next year's trade. Accordingly a temporizing policy was approved.

I was transferred from Alexandria to succeed Mr. Black at Kamloops,¹⁴⁷ with instructions to try to continue trading and the business of the district as usual, and with an intimation that towards the end of the year a well armed force would be sent to aid me in "prosecuting hostilities."

The Policy Adopted by Me

As the above policy of the authorities seemed to me unnecessary and also dangerously provocative, in view of the number and boldness of the Indians, though not all of them had guns or much ammunition, or the wherewithal to purchase warlike equipment, I asked for, and was given rather grudgingly, more or less of a free hand in the circumstances, and I shall now relate what took place, not for self-praise, but to illustrate how not to make an Indian war.

Despatching Lolo, the Indian already mentioned (he was a man of birth and undoubted courage, but I never fully trusted him), to the different camps and tribes, I ascertained what horses had been taken from each and what property had been destroyed by the punitive expeditions, and I returned the horses from the bands at the fort and paid for the property, in every case that was substantiated. Then

(146) Sir George Simpson arrived at Fort Vancouver, August 24, 1841. [See Rich, *McLoughlin's Fort Vancouver Letters . . . Second Series*, p. 40.] As Tod had set out for Kamloops immediately after hearing of Black's death in February, 1841, returning thence to his duties at Alexandria, it is obvious that all the arrangements concerning Kamloops had been undertaken by John McLoughlin and Archibald McDonald, the latter sending Donald McLean and John McPherson from Fort Colville. [*Ibid.*, pp. 248-249.] For another version of this sad event, see Tod, *History of New Caledonia . . .*, pp. 10-19.

(147) Tod returned to Kamloops on August 3, 1841; see Thompson's *River Journal*, 1841-43, MS., Archives of B.C.

I offered a bale of "goods" to anyone who would show me or my agents where the murderer was; I desired no other help.

On the third night after this notification an Indian called me up to say that his friends had decided to permit him to act as a guide, but he was to take no pay, in goods or otherwise. The murderer was far away in a valley covered with prickly pears, encamped there near a stream and guarded by twelve warriors. His information proved to be correct, for on my sending, with a guide, a small party of three men (advisedly small in pursuance of my own policy of regarding the matter as individual and not tribal) the place was reached, but, though the guards and the murderer's wife and his two child girls were there, he himself, unwitting of the present pursuit, had visited the Fraser river to buy salmon. Indiscreetly, as I considered, the party seized one of the children and brought her back to the Kamloops fort, whither they returned for supplies and further orders. I caused the child to be dressed prettily from goods in the store, supplied with a bag of toys, and immediately conveyed back to her mother by a special messenger on horseback.

The latter remained a day at the camp (to which the murderer had not returned), and, before departing homeward, was told by the "guards" that they would protect the man no longer, but would go home. Thus the youth became an outcast among his own people, with his doom fixed and the avengers on his track, but it was not until four or five months after this that he was run down and killed, as I shall now relate.

Pursuit of the Murderer

The pursuers, guided by the informant, came to the crest of a hill and looked down on a small encampment on the opposite side of a river in the valley. The guide said: "There is his place and the ford is in front of the camp." Accordingly, when night fell, creeping to the river side, they crossed, the guide a little ahead, until he stopped to whisper, "Hush! they are talking in the lodge—two men's voices—one man, the man we want, is telling of his dream that the white men were hanging him."

In the rush one inmate of the lodge was seized by the throat, the other inmate dashed through the doorway, escaping the clutch of the foreman of the pursuers on his hair, as it had been cut short, but the foreman, a swift Scotchman, overtook and knocked him down with the butt of a gun. This fugitive was the murderer.

Quickly he was taken across the ford in the river, tied securely on a horse, and the party travelled homeward on their four days' march, and finally reached a ferry on the Thompson river, which would save a round of several miles. A pipe was there smoked, and the foreman pondered on the risk of putting the prisoner in a canoe—finally, he sent an armed man to the other side, and placed in the canoe one paddler in the stern, another in the bow, and the prisoner in the middle, not tying the hands of the latter. About the middle of the stream the prisoner upset the canoe, and, after diving, swam to the opposite side. The guard there, with levelled gun, ordered him to go back. "Let me land," pleaded the murderer, "if they had killed me at the time of the deed it would have been well, now, I wish to live," whereupon the guard fired, wounding him in the hand. He wailed and turned into the water, and the current took him down stream within short gun range of the foreman and another man at a point, or spit, of gravel, from which they shot and killed him—he crying out before he sank that he did not wish his death avenged.

CHAPTER XXI

The illustration of the Indian character and manners, and of animal or bird life, does not fall within the scope of a narrative merely personal to the writer, yet cannot but form some part of it in these pages, owing to the nature of my occupation, not to say predilections. I could not, for instance, in the foregoing resist altogether a little mention of his lordship the bear, and his wiseness the beaver, and now, perhaps, in the following anecdotes, the seeming self-praise of my own methods of managing the Indians will be excused on account of the intertwined testimony as to their own ways.

Many wars between whites and Indians, and, I daresay, between civilized people, have had their origin in misconceptions—in not understanding the opponents' view of the case, in servitude to shabby points of honor, or in human proneness to use force.

Keep Your Tobacco! Whoo-oop! Whoop!!

The Indian, like ourselves, is acquisitive—at any rate in requiring recompense for his work, but I recall an instance of pride over-ruling acquisitiveness. Our party was to blame, but I was second in command and had no control in the matter.

It was a large party, heavily laden, and, in the absence of help, the portage work at the Dalles of the Columbia river would have taken a

long time. Big boats, as well as heavy packs, had to be taken across. A band of the proud Nez Percés, or Sah-haptin,¹⁴⁸ Indians, whose country is between that of the Walla Wallas and the Rocky Mountains, and who seemed to live on horseback (the reader may remember they came to my mind sitting in Hyde Park, London), happened to be near, and they, without bargaining, took the heavy boats and cargo across the portage on rollers in good fashion. My superior officer¹⁴⁹ hummed and hawed about paying them, or rather paying them quickly, for he had read in Irving's "Astoria"¹⁵⁰ of a dispute which had arisen from paying the Indians too soon. I could not understand his reasoning, or his action, but finally, when we were ready to start he cast from a bag leaf tobacco in handfuls, on the rocks below, where the Indians were, they looking disdainfully at his unceremonious proceeding from their horses; then, on a common impulse, with a loud whoo-oo! whoop! they wheeled and dashed away in grand style, evidently much offended. Said I to myself, this comes of Mr. Irving, in his retreat on the banks of the river Hudson at New York, writing a book about Indians without personally knowing them, lumping together, so to speak, Tom, Dick and Harry—and I said other things about my own superior on this trip, but only in my mind.

After the pierced nosed Indians¹⁵¹ had galloped off, the fish eating Indians¹⁵² of the neighborhood crept out of caverns in the rocks near by and gathered up eagerly the rejected tobacco. Some later party of white men, I feared, that might seek the aid of Nez Percés Indians would have reason to say that their great reputation was undeserved, and that, really, they were Indians of the common low class type, and the other "do nothing" Indians who had secured the tobacco would agree with the verdict—thus history is foiled, and as a rule I give limited regard to it.

What I do see is that European diplomacy, so strange to the common folk, only differs in degree from Indian diplomacy out here—the needful,

(148) The Nez Percés or Sahaptin Indians occupied Western Idaho, North-eastern Oregon, and South-eastern Washington living on the Lower Snake River and its tributaries.

(149) This would be William Connolly. For another account of this incident see Tod's *History of New Caledonia* . . . , pp. 64-66.

(150) Washington Irving, *Astoria: or Anecdotes of an enterprise beyond the Rocky Mountains*, Philadelphia, 1836, 2 vols.

(151) The Nez Percés, from their habit of piercing the nose and inserting an ornament of dentalium.

(152) Possibly Tod refers to the Coast Indians, whose staple diet was salmon.

intellectual and moral equipment in the two cases respectively being similar.

Baffling Horse Thieves

It was found convenient to take the annual produce of the trade of New Caledonia and the districts immediately south of it, on pack horses, southerly to the shipping place at Fort Vancouver on the Columbia river. This was the cheapest, indeed, the only, method. The country, for the most part, was easily traversed and furnished grass for pasture. The long journeying of this noble cavalcade of 400 or 500 horses, with their numerous attendants, drafted from various stations, took place annually at a stated time, 200 horses were kept at Fort Alexandria for the transport—and I was always ready to join forces with my large contingent when the cavalcade reached Kamloops. Each officer, however, retained control of his own horses. A “brigade” as applied in this organization consisted of 16 horses in charge of two men. The horses so banded kept together and each had its name. The load for each horse was two “pieces” of 84 pounds each, and the horse was supposed to convey this about 20 miles a day, but, in fact, the distances between camping places varied.

I remember on one of the above periodical journeys a little incident which shows the importance of conciliating and trusting the Indians. It was customary for a number of these people to meet this regular cavalcade at the forks of Okanagan river, not so much for trade as to exchange civilities. Jogging along towards that place three Indians, dressed in their best, accosted me with an invitation to camp near their party, but added that they thought it right to inform me that several notorious Indian horse thieves had come among them, over whom they had not the same power as over their own people. My reply being that I would camp in the midst, they went off well pleased. On my telling this arrangement to my co-officer of the calvalcade he became angry, drew out his own horses from it, and went to seek an encampment that would not be, as he said, “among a lot of horse thieves.” About 1,000 Indians were present at the Forks, and the evening scene was picturesque. To my fire a number of chiefs came, and there were many stories and abundant mirthfulness; finally, before retiring, and after a distribution of tobacco, I made a speech in the manner they like, and wound up by stating that my men had for two nights lost their rest, and we now were going to have a good sleep, leaving horses and everything in the Indians’ care. They sent the horses to some good pasture, and next morning,

though I had some misgivings during the night, every horse was brought to the camp.

Dispatching the loaded train, and having had the usual half hour's chat with the chiefs before starting, I cantered along and came up to my co-officer, who seemed in an excited state—the stem of his big pipe in his hand and the bowl swinging by the string, as he strode, bridle over arm, gesticulating and swearing. “Hello!” said I, “what’s up?” “Those cursed horse thieves,” was the gruff reply, “have taken three of my horses, and they took two of them off last night before they were unladen. How many have you lost?” “Not a one,” said I.

In stating that it may be prudent to repose trust, occasionally, in the Indians, I am far from meaning that, as a rule, they may be trusted. The moral[i]ty of both civilized and uncivilized men, largely, is that of their parents and their own community. For this reason, it may have been observed, that, in recording little successes of my own in dealing with difficult Indian situations, my appeal always was to a general rather than to an individual, sentiment. The worst result, often may follow from unduly trusting Indian individuals who have been unable to assimilate even the general tribal sentiment and suddenly evince an actuation by devilish impulse, more noticeable in them than among civilized men. On a lower plane than the latter, the Indian, however, is a like creature of light and shade—good qualities and corresponding defects—vices and compensating virtues. To say, as my above co-officer of the annual cavalcade, who lost his three horses, was wont to say that all the Indians are “damned scoundrels,” is, I think, an over statement.

A Supplementary Medical Experience With Myself as the Doctor

The unrest of the Hudson's Bay Company on account of the doubtful, yet in a degree, anticipated, result of the diplomatic discussions respecting the international boundary caused the transfer of a number of horses, and also cattle from districts south of the 49th parallel to the Kamloops station, where bunch grass pasture was plentiful. Some of these came from my old farming station on the Cowlitz, and I amused myself with the pretence that they recognized me. Two hundred brood mares were included in the great band thus sent to Kamloops, and in the spring, foals began to appear.

Unfortunately, also, there soon appeared an addition to the bands of wolves in the locality, as if these beasts of prey had been following the progress of the diplomatic negotiations. Vigilance was useless, but having heard of strychnine, and wishing to try it on the wolves, I sent Indian

messengers, southerly, 300 miles to Walla Walla for a supply of that potent drug. They returned with many companions and delivered the packet to me at the fort gates, the leader remarking: "We do not believe in your poison." "No," said I, "bring me a dog," and they having done so, I sprinkled some of the powder on a bit of horse flesh, and the dog ate it and soon died, whereupon the Indians, who all have a horror of poisons, ran away howling.

It happened that about this time I had three parties out, in different places squaring logs to make new buildings, and to these I gave horse flesh and portions of the poison, for wolf baits, enjoining them, strictly to take the baits up every morning. A man, Camille, from one of these wood camps, on his way to the fort for a supply of provisions, placed, foolishly, a remnant of salt salmon he had with him on one of these wolf baits, as he passed it, which bait had not been removed. Later on, a hungry Indian, seeing the morsel, kindled a fire and ate, not only the salmon, but the horse flesh wolf bait (which perhaps I should have marked), and, when Camille, on returning that way, noticed the head of the Indian rising and falling in the long grass, he bethought him of the poison, and galloping back to the fort to tell me what he had seen.

Seldom had I been in such a difficulty as then. What to do I knew not, but, running to the medicine chest, I took out some blue vitriol, and we hastened to the scene. The Indian's teeth were set, but, by forcing his jaws open a little, I poured the vitriol down his throat. This, almost immediately caused violent vomiting, and he survived, but was an invalid for a considerable time.

The Indians generally, meanwhile, had been talking about the poison; and this mishap to one of their number, added much to their uneasiness. Several hundreds in a state of excitement and alarm, but not in war dress, appeared at the fort to demand explanations. Speech after speech was made by chiefs—the fear, evidently, being entertained, that I meditated poisoning the people. "What," said I in reply, "what do you suppose I am living among you for? Is it not to obtain furs and to trade? How could I get the furs if you were poisoned? Had I desired to poison you, I could have done it long ago. You know that I sent for the poison to kill the wolves that were killing the foals—your foals as well as mine." Then, perceiving the entry into the hall, of the man who had taken the poison, I seized him, and, dragging him forward, said: "Here is the cause of your trouble—this thief who steals the white man's provisions—such a hungry thief that he will eat what is meant to kill wolves."

This diversion and attack saved the situation, for the poor wretch technically, had committed two offences condemned by tribal sentiment—he had robbed from a white man, and he had robbed what was akin to a “trap,” and, moreover, he had stirred others against me who had saved his own life lately by the exercise of wonderful medical skill, though I had burned his gullet in the process. I was not pleased with my own argument, but it served the purpose. The location of poison baits I marked afterwards in a particular way, and the Indians of the neighborhood recognized them.

CHAPTER XXII

Barrel of Powder Incident

As the “barrel of powder incident” at this Kamloops fort, in 1867,¹⁵³ has been variously described in common talk, I here mention the facts, promising that in this quarter of the Hudson’s Bay Company field of trade operations, the Indians naturally had less reverence for the company than in the region around Hudson Bay, where the feeling was hereditary. The changes, and rumors of changes, also, in the company’s business in the western department consequent upon the Oregon Treaty of 1846, tended to disturb the Indian mind as to the future, though these changes, practically, did not affect the natives I am speaking of. A band of Indians, trading usually at the fort, but which did not affiliate with the Indians of any “nation,” was permitted by me to encamp in the neighborhood, while waiting to proceed to a distant hunting ground on a further opening of the spring season.

The news spread widely, even so far as Okanagan Forks (over 200 miles distant, south) and caused excitement, unknown to me. Nicola, a very great chieftain and a bold man, for he had 17 wives, ruled the Indians there, and claimed lordship over a territory as big as half of Scotland, stretching far into the present British Columbia, an administrative district which [now] bears his name. The band I had permitted to encamp was, unfortunately, the hereditary enemy of Nicola’s people. The old chief sat for two days pondering, then jumped up and spoke to his warriors of the misdeeds of the encamping tribe which had ventured into land under his own (claimed) jurisdiction, and he urged them, if they had the hearts of men and not of women, to wipe out those people.

(153) This should be 1847. For another account of this episode see H. H. Bancroft, *History of British Columbia*, San Francisco, 1887, pp. 152–158.

"Let us march!" exclaimed the young men. "Nay, not yet!" interposed Nicola, "for we lack ammunition."

My first hint of impending mischief was the desire of an Indian for a gun and a quantity of ammunition as the price of ten skins, instead of, as usual, taking blankets and cloth as part of the barter. "We are going to the Black Feet country," said he. Next week another came with the same story, but by that time I had heard of Nicola's speech, and said I had no ammunition to spare, whereupon, leaving his bundle of furs in the store, the Indian hurried back to Nicola to report progress, or rather failure, which so confounded the old chief that he again sat, for several days I was told, in meditation. "This man of the Kamloops fort," finally said he, in a great speech, "shelters our enemies and refuses to trade; we will take the fort and all there is in it, and have our revenge on our enemies." Spies told me of this decision and of the approach of the Nicola war party, painted and prancing along the bank of the South Thompson river, which caused the half dozen French-Canadians at the fort to flee hurriedly—though the wife of one upbraided him as a coward—and it caused many other white men who were near to depart, as also the encamped band that was the cause of the mischief.

It was now my turn, like the old chief, Nicola, to sit down and ponder, but my pondering occupied minutes instead of days. Seizing an Indian who passed the fort gate on foot, I dragged him, roughly, inside and compelled him to bring from the store a barrel of gunpowder and place it near the door. Then, opening the barrel, I spilled the contents all over the doorway and directed the Indian to bring me a flint and a steel, on which request he bolted, but I caught him, saying, "Not yet; I only wish to see that the flint will act." We tried several and at last got a good apparatus. Thrusting the man out of the fort, I then laid a train of powder to the mass of it and sat down to wait. In about an hour the local Indian, Lolo, or Paul, with a Nicola Indian from the war party—the latter whitewashed as when not meditating a war parley, approached in a canoe. These I addressed from the bank of the river at the fort, driving them off with reproaches: "Begone, and quick! I want not you; where is that woman chief of yours? Where is he? I am alone here, and Nicola fears with his whole tribe to attack a single man," and so forth. That was the "barrel of powder" incident.

Nicola, to whom the Indian who had seen the powder spilling ran, held councils, but did not risk an attack. The Indians knew the effect of a flask exploded, but a barrel, they conceived, might devastate the whole district. The end of the matter followed the practice in such cases of the

civilized nations. Several of Nicola's principal chiefs who knew me came in peaceful array with assurances that he had only been conducting a "reconnaissance in force," and was pleased to know that the enemies of his people had departed; his respect for the great company and its honorable local manager was immense; it was a misapprehension that he ever contemplated an entry into the fort without invitation, but he, personally, hoped for an opportunity of enjoying that satisfaction according to recognized etiquette before departing to the south. So I swept up the powder and entertained as best I could the baffled chieftain. He was a stately personage, the very pink of courtesy, who sat his horse like a crusader and commanded the entire devotion of his followers in any enterprise that did not involve the experimental personal test of an unknown explosive power. I myself never saw a whole barrel of powder exploded. I suppose, in these modern mining days, it would be a trivial incident for outsiders. The Waterloo man,¹⁵⁴ in the canoe that took me, first, as I have related, to New Caledonia, said that the explosion of 1,200 barrels of powder at Corunna in 1809, by the British army before embarking, was the finest sight he had ever seen. They formed a pyramid, which did not burst all at once, but with growing crack and rumbling threw out a succession of side flashes and upward flashes, lifted afterwards, as it seemed, into the midst of a stupendous smoky glare, whence issued thunderous redoubled roars and detonations.

War Fever Cured by Dread of Small Pox

Some time before the "barrel of powder incident," in October, 1846, I think it was, we had been menaced very seriously by the action of a collection of tribes very different from, and, I should say rather inferior to, Nicola's people. They dwelt in a different quarter, namely, from Spuzzum on Fraser river, along its banks, northerly, towards New Caledonia. They were numerous, but in scattered bands, without any great head chief, and were called "Saw-mee-nas"¹⁵⁵ by the lower Fraser Indians, with whom a constant feud existed.

(154) Possibly Donald McKenzie, Jr. Cf. Tod, *Reminiscences*, p. 54.

(155) *Siamannas* ("hunters"), a name applied generally to the Interior Indians by tribes in Washington and British Columbia. F. W. Hodge (*ed.*), *Handbook of American Indians North of Mexico*, Washington, 1912, II, p. 564.

At Pebeion,¹⁵⁶ or, as the whites came to call it "Pavilion," on the Fraser, these combined tribes, at a particular time, dried and smoked large quantities of salmon, and the Kamloops station depended on a supply of 10 or 12,000 salmon, from that fishery every season—in fact could not get along without it.

In the year I speak of, some rumor of bad feeling by these people towards the whites, gained currency, but I did not fear a general attack on their part, as in order to make it, they must have entered Nicola's country, and the latter at that time, was not unfriendly to the company. What I feared was the loss of the salmon, but concealing even that apprehension, I dispatched a small party, with 60 horses, as usual, to trade for, and bring our supply from Pebeion.

The interpreter, Lolo, returned when this party had covered about seventy miles, to inform me that he was assured that the Pebeion people were in war dress, and had resolved not to furnish the usual supplies. What their reason for this was, I never could discover, but have always suspected that Lolo in some way was at the bottom of it. He may have wished to annoy us and then to gain credit by intervening to remove the cause of the annoyance. To us, as above hinted, the loss of the salmon might mean the ruin of our year's work. That same morning of the interpreter's return, news had reached me from Oregon of the prevalence of small pox among some of the Walla Walla Indians, and of the murder of Dr. Whitman and his wife.¹⁵⁷ These worthy people really had been trying to help the Indians, but had fallen under a suspicion in their minds, of having tried to poison them.

This suggested certain tactics to me which I proceeded to carry out in the following manner. The next dawn, I put several lancets and a bottle of lymph in my pocket, mounted my fine grey mare, and, with a young half breed attendant, reached the camp of our train on Hat river, some 60 or 70 miles away, before night had much advanced. Proceeding onwards, alone, next day, I went ahead to scout, and from a wood near the Indians' camp, saw that the hair of the Indians was tied

(156) *Skwailuh* ("hoar-frost") was the name for a Shuswap town on Pavilion creek, sometimes spelled "Papillion." Hodge, *op. cit.*, Vol. II, p. 596. There seems to be no authority for Tod's spelling of the name, which may indicate that it is a misprint.

(157) Marcus Whitman, his wife, Narcissa, and twelve others were savagely murdered at their mission station at Wai-i-lat-pu in Washington Territory on November 29, 1847. See W. N. Sage, *Sir James Douglas and British Columbia*, Toronto, 1930, p. 135.

up and their faces painted, and some were walking about brandishing weapons. There must have been about 1,500 of them.

Bringing up the train to this wood, and directing my men to light a fire so as to make a smoke, I put spurs to my gallant grey, and galloped towards the camp of the Indians, among whom I bounded to their infinite astonishment. "What! you! you! Where are you from? What is it? Have you come to trade salmon?" "Salmon! No! I want none of your salmon, but have you heard the news?" "What news?" "Why, the small pox is in Walla Walla, and travelling north, and as I did not wish to see you lying dead on the river bank like your salmon, I come to vaccinate you. My time is short, so come round me, and let us get to work; but first, cut down that tree, and when cut down, cut it into two pieces." This tree cutting was to occupy their minds and prevent councils. After the tree was cut, and while I was busy at work with the lancet, some left the camp and returned soon with a band of women bearing packages of salmon, which they offered to me. I persisted in refusing, but said, if your women wish to trade while we are at work with the medicine, they can look about for my men and my train—perhaps they may see a smoke. I vaccinated about seventy of the Indians on their right arms, and told them to hold these limbs in a sling, and in a certain position, adding that I would give them a lancet and some lymph, in the morning, and instruct them how to get inoculating matter, by and by, from the patients operated on.

The only war the Indians thought of by this time was war against the small pox—so I retired to my own camp, which they pointed out to me, saying that the women had been trading at it. This was true, and the trade was to some purpose, for my men had secured about 10,000 salmon. The laden horse train started homeward at daylight, and, then, after seeing it off, I revisited Pebeion, received the thanks of the Indians, and gave them further medical instructions before saying good-bye. I never said a word to Lolo of these circumstances, or of my suspicion of him in the matter, but acted as if the trade had proceeded in the normal manner.

Experience had shown me that nothing impresses and baffles these people more than reticence and self-possession, broken by decisive action upon occasion. In this, perhaps they do not differ much from white men. A head watchman or policeman and I had several talks in London, as to managing excited crowds. He said, I remember, that excitement, after a certain height invariably fell; therefore, unless riot accompanied it, he did not actively interfere until the subsidence had begun. He

knew, also, by experience, the value in such work, of diverted attention. He laughed when I said his training, in some degree was fitting him to take charge of an Indian trade district.

CHAPTER XXIII

The reader may have been surprised at my statement in the last chapter, that we were dependent at Fort Kamloops on a salmon supply for food in what has become a fine farming and pastoral district. But, in truth, farm produce, had it existed, would have been of little use, as food, in the extensive, special business of the company, with its many isolated posts in unfertile districts, and its servants, outside of the actual trading staff, constantly on the move, for long and short distances.

A similar remark applies to the common and really abundant fish of different kinds in the lakes, rivers and streams of the interior country (some in the lakes very like Scotch red trout). The staple for food had to be something obtainable regularly in large quantities, something fairly nutritious, prepared so as to keep long without decay, easily packed and carried, and with the advantage, also, of cheapness. Dried animal flesh, as in other parts of the continent, might have served most of these conditions, but would have been much more expensive. The company's farms that I have men[t]ioned were exceptional industries, near important stations, or where free settlers were coming in. Even close to the best farm the old rations were issued—for instance at Fort Vancouver, the company's former headquarters of the western department, where from 100 to 200 men were employed according to the time of the year, and where there was, as at Cowlitz a large farm, the weekly ration per man was usually twenty-one pounds salmon, and a bushel of potatoes—very little beef or pork being at any time issued. I had a good little farm at Kamloops, made productive by irrigation, and the officers in charge of many posts, as I have said, had small gardens, but these counted for nothing in the company's general requirements. "No salmon, no furs," was a pithy, true saying to the westward of the Rocky mountains. In the plain country east from the range, the staple food was different, consisting of dried and pounded venison and buffalo meat, served usually with grease.¹⁵⁸

(158) This would be pemmican, a preparation of dried buffalo meat pounded, to which melted buffalo tallow and sometimes dried berries were added. The whole mixture was packed into bags of buffalo hide, which were then sewn up. See Merk, *op. cit.*, pp. 346–347.

In the Hudson's Bay region, as I have said, salted geese and ducks, and, also, dried fish and venison, were largely consumed. I am speaking of staples which the company from a business point of view had to regard, and provide: individual officers everywhere, of course, strove to vary the regular diet, as far as possible, without an expenditure that would be noticed. The dietetic history of service in these fur companies shows that men, for longer and shorter periods, can digest, and live on anything, from buttery bear-fat, and sinewy dog flesh, down to broiled leather. Men seem to suffer more from the sameness of food than from its poor quality. We became very tired—most of us—even of the indispensable salmon.

I myself always liked the best food I could get, but others were not so particular.

Travelling on one occasion with my friend, Mr. Yale¹⁵⁹ already mentioned in these pages, we reached a small station. When the man in charge was absent I had my cook "Como" with me, nominally a Sandwich Islander, but really, a composite of every human race then existing, with which distraction of lineage his speech corresponded—"language of the antipodes" spoken of by Rabelais, which "even the devil could not have a try at"—nevertheless a good, cleanly cook. Looking down the bank, said I. "Como, these are nice salmon in that canoe, but to-day I fancy a bit of young bear," pointing to certain small carcasses on the beach near the canoe, void of heads, tails and feet. "There is no time for braising them with your usual skill—let it be a roast." "Oui! Oui! monsieur," was the reply, and in due course a fine roast appeared on our table. I chewed and chewed, till [my] jaw was weary, then, turning to Como, said: "What on earth is this, Como? How can a young bear be so tough?" "Bear," replied Como, "he is welly good bow-wow."

This ended my meal, but Mr. Yale, a very taciturn man, proceeded with seeming enjoyment, to let piece after piece down his throat without the ordeal of mastication. The reader may remember, that at the York Factory "coalition" banquet I referred to a guest of sinister aspect, who was under a suspicion of "poisoning." The suspicion was that, at Peace river he had tried to poison Mr. Yale, I now realised the cause of his failure.¹⁶⁰

(159) James Murray Yale, *v. supra*, foot-note (53).

(160) *V. supra*, foot-note (33).

CHAPTER XXIV

The foregoing little memories, in a simple narrative of select experiences and observations, might be multiplied without effort, but perhaps they have sufficed in their presentation to give the reader, without tedium, some general notion of the frontier life which it was my lot to endure for nearly forty years. That is a long period in any man's career, but in my case, having retired with a comfortable fortune for a person of my position, I regarded all the past as an apprenticeship, leading not to a reposeful, but to an inquisitive new life on which I proposed to enter. Withdrawal meant to me what the Elizabethan poet wrote of death:

"It is to end

An old, stale, weary work, and to commence

A newer and a better."

Some of the company's officers on retiring went to Scotland; others to Canada; those who, like me, were unwearied of the west, naturally tended to settle near the headquarters of the old company. The new fort at Victoria, Vancouver Island, which had been begun in 1843, had been finished now several years. The company in 1849 transferred its headquarters thither from Fort Vancouver on the Columbia river, and in the same year obtained a ten years' conditional grant of Vancouver Island from the home government for purposes of colonization, save the mark! Simultaneously the home government erected Vancouver Island into a colony, and sent out a governor, one Mr. Richard Blanshard, a worthy man, suffering from neuralgia, who tried to fill an impossible position in the front of the great fur company. Some of the books which he left on going home I added to my library.

It was to Victoria that I went, and, liking the place and climate, and with no feeling of an exile, owing to the presence there of a "fort," and numbers of friends, I purchased a farm on the seashore a few miles away and built on it a house, in which I took up my residence, bringing thereto all my books and the fiddle and such reminiscences of a fur trader's career as these pages contain—samples of a larger bulk. The dwelling, drawn back a little from the actual shore of the islet stream, narrow gulf, has a south south-east aspect, bounded, across the sea by a lofty mountain range, and, more distant and easte[r]ly by vast, more or less serrated ranges, buttressing a huge, broad shouldered, ever-snowy blunt cone, hidden some days by clouds and at other times calmly brilliant in

the sunlight.¹⁶¹ The one want in my new place—applicable, indeed, to the whole neighborhood—is the want of vivid, running water; but having had a surfeit during my life since manhood in North America of riverine views and impediments, it was long before I missed this charm of the running water or the ear of my memory reopened to the thrilling murmur that had pleased me in an earlier time as a wandering boy along the Leven.

Now, disinclined as I am for travel, there cannot be, I fear, any more “Leven” for me, save in the excursions which sometimes I make thither in my sleep. My new, or as I regard it, my real life, stretched out beyond three decades since my retirement, is to be the subject of Part II of the “Scotch Boy’s Career.”¹⁶² The materials exist, indeed, their written shape too, comprising slender, short experiences as a justice of the peace, and in politics as a legislative councillor, but mainly the result of fruitful considerations—fruitful at any rate to me—of some of the speculative varieties of human existence without preparedness on my part. But purposes and preparations that relate to the ninth decade of a man’s life must be infirm, and, as I said, with some truth in “The good, natural man,” this same philosophy is a “good horse in the stable but an arrant jade on a journey.” So as to further book-making, it may be as it will. Every book, I dare say, has almost as many sequels as it has readers, each thinking out unconsciously some kind of sequel.

The End.

(161) Mount Baker in the Coast Range in adjacent Washington State.

(162) It is to be regretted that further instalments never came from John Tod’s facile pen.

APPENDIX

NOTES ON THE TOD FAMILY

A glimpse into a man's home life is not only of interest, but it helps in an appraisal of his career "for better for worse" and in an appreciation of his relations with his fellow-men. For this reason, and to place the author of the foregoing reminiscences in his rightful setting, it seems appropriate to add these few notes on the life and family relations of John Tod which are not generally known.

Although Tod himself gives his birthplace as Loch Lomond, and the year 1794,¹ according to the records of the Hudson's Bay Company he was born the previous year at Glasgow. These slight variations, at this remote period, are not of much consequence, however, but one or two opinions of his character and his achievements are, nevertheless, of importance.

The various stages of his progress in the service of the Company and the different regions in which he was active during his thirty-eight years have been dealt with by himself and will, of necessity, not be repeated. Governor Simpson's opinion of Tod that he was "a good Trader and expresses himself well by Letter. . . . Is not generally liked but I think has claims to promotion and may in due time succeed in attaining a Chief Tradership,"² reveals that he was, no doubt, prejudiced against Tod from the beginning. Alexander Simpson, George's cousin, on the other hand, spoke thus of him: ". . . John Tod, is a good Lowland Scot, and a very experienced trader. . . . He is a man of excellent principle, but vulgar manners."³ Another opinion, expressed by a fellow fur-trader was: ". . . those who know him, know the genuineness of his Soul which is opposed to everything mean or contemptible."⁴

From reading the life-stories of the fur-traders, one is perhaps at first shocked at the matrimonial relations of many of them. Especially is this so when one considers the general attitude toward such matters which prevailed not only in the Victorian British Isles, but also in the young United States of America of those days. Upon consideration of the extremely uncongenial conditions of a fur-trader's life, the remoteness from centres of civilized living, the rigours of insalubrious weather, and the scarcity of food and other domestic comforts, it is not difficult to understand that the company of young native women was the one and only redeeming feature in an otherwise more-than-austere existence.

John Tod was no exception to the general practice of fur-traders. His first alliance of which there is any record was to Catherine Birstone, and whilst in the Island Lake District, not far from Norway House, their son

(1) *V. supra*, p. 3.

(2) Governor Simpson's *Character Book*, 1832, H.B.C. Archives, A. 34/2, fols. 49d-50.

(3) Alexander Simpson, *The Life and Travels of Thomas Simpson*, London, 1845, p. 83.

(4) R. S. Miles to Edward Ermatinger, August 3, 1839, *Transcript*, Archives of B.C.

James was born about the year 1818.⁵ James was sent to school at the Red River settlement to the Rev. David T. Jones. Whether Tod and Catherine Birstone were formally married is doubtful; nevertheless, they presumably parted, for by the year 1826, after having been in the New Caledonia District for three years, he wrote to his friend, Edward Ermatinger: "I wish you would send that poor boy of mine at R[ed] R[iver] a few things. . . . His mother, I expect, from what Mr Brown wrote me, is under the protection of an other."⁶ Three years later another reference is made to James, as follows: "I am really obliged to you for speaking to Finlayson about the Boy—I wish to God I had him with me, tho' not his mother."⁷

Tod had not been long in New Caledonia when he made another attachment, as revealed to Ermatinger: ". . . my fellow labourer in the vineyard is possessed of an excellent ear for music & never fails to accompany me on the Flute with her voice when I take up the instrument."⁸ Again, in 1829, another reference is made to this same girl: "You ask me what is become of the girl who used to sing at McLeod's Lake . . . why . . . she still continues the only companion of my solitude, without her, or some other substitute life in such a wretched place as this, would be altogether insupportable."⁹ How many children were born of this union is unknown, but there was at least one daughter as related to the faithful Ermatinger:—

Mrs McGillivray, her infant son, with my girl & an other Indian child were, from want of due consideration, sent off to angle in a rapid & dangerous River close to the Fort [McLeod?]-their canoe was, by some mischance, overturned and the helpless victims precipitated into the raging Stream where direful to relate all except mine, sunk to rise no more—the latter saved herself by swimming.¹⁰

The above graphic, but dramatic, description, gives a pen-picture of the dangerous conditions of life in the wilds of British Columbia 100 years ago.

A few quotations in reference to Tod's disappointments with regard to the Company may not be out of place at this point. Governor Simpson had stopped overnight with Tod on his journey to the Pacific in 1828. Relating this to Ermatinger, Tod said:—

. . . when the Gov[ernor] was here, I had a little chit chat with him on the subject of my being left in the lurch, at the late appointments—all that passed between us on the affair, afforded me but little satisfaction—he exhorted me several times not to despair [*sic*] "Yes" said I "but you give me no hopes."¹¹

Tod was bitterly disappointed. In the same letter he anticipates going to the Columbia, which plan, however, came to nought: "My going [to the] Columbia is a favour granted me unasked. But I was getting about as unruly & restless as a ghost in an uninhabited castle."¹²

(5) Baptism record of James, son of John Todd [*sic*] and Catherine Birstone, *H.B.C. Archives*, E. 4/1a/1820-41, p. 2. The *Victoria Colonist*, February 28, 1904, in recording the death of James, states that he was then 86 years of age.

(6) Tod to Ermatinger, February 27, 1826, *Transcript*, Archives of B.C.

(7) Tod to Ermatinger, February 14, 1829, *ibid.*

(8) Tod to Ermatinger, February 27, 1826, *ibid.*

(9) Tod to Ermatinger, February 14, 1829, *ibid.*

(10) Tod to Ermatinger, February 18, 1830, *ibid.*

(11) Tod to Ermatinger, February 14, 1829, *ibid.*

(12) *Ibid.*

Writing his annual letter to friend Ermatinger, Tod makes further poignant references to his unhappy lot:—

It is from not Knowing how to better my condition that, in a manner, compels me to remain in their service—I was once a great builder of castles in the air, but, for the most part, I have now given it up as an unprofitable speculation

Again in the same letter:—

Neither a successful return of Beaver skins, merit, nor length of service, will give one a chance for promotion in this hateful employ. That feathering thing called favour will always make those, who have nothing but honest worth to recommend them, Kick the beam. Do you know that I conceive myself very ill used, and I think I have just cause to complain.¹³

All his efforts were in vain and he was doomed to stay longer in the "Land of sin & misery" until a breakdown removed him. Whilst still at Fort McLeod he wrote with resignation: ". . . misfortunes, we are told, form the anvil on which a man's patience is to be tried, and I find that they have made me a little more a stoic than I was."¹⁴ Even Governor Simpson admitted that Tod had "experienced much privation in New Caledonia which has injured his constitution & destroyed his health."¹⁵

Leave was granted in 1832 for a year, and Tod left New Caledonia to return to the York Factory District, and in 1833–34 whilst in charge of Nelson River he established Fort Seaborn. Presumably the "singing girl" was left behind in New Caledonia, with her child or children.

More leave and the prospect of going home came at long last for Tod, and he sailed from Hudson Bay in the Company's annual ship *Prince Rupert* with Robert Miles, landing at Portsmouth on October 10, 1834. On board ship he made the acquaintance of Eliza Waugh,¹⁶ a Welshwoman, then about 27 years of age. Eliza had been in the Red River District since 1829, having accompanied Rev. and Mrs. David Jones thither on the former's return from leave.¹⁷ Her father had at one time been the Governor of Carmarthen Gaol.¹⁸ Tod himself says that they were married shortly afterwards in London, but the exact date has not yet been established. By the following February, however, they were on their way to New York by the packet ship of the 24th, after an absence of six months from the "Indian Country."¹⁹ After visiting in Montreal and at Norway House, John and Eliza apparently settled at Fort Alexander in the York Factory District, where their daughter Emmeline Jane was born on December 3, 1835.²⁰

(13) Tod to Ermatinger, February 18, 1830, *ibid.*

(14) Tod to Ermatinger, April 10, 1831, *ibid.*

(15) Governor Simpson's *Character Book*, 1832, *H.B.C. Archives*, A. 34/2, fols. 49d–50.

(16) *H.B.C. Archives*, C. 1/925.

(17) *Ibid.*, A. 10/60, December 20, 1834, and C. 1/915 makes reference to Eliza as "Elizabeth," and she is classified as a "servant," which probably meant that she was a governess.

(18) N. de B. Lugin, *The Pioneer Women of Vancouver Island*, Victoria, 1928, p. 34.

(19) *H.B.C. Archives*, A. 6/23, fo. 109.

(20) At the time of the death of Emmeline the entry in the British Columbia Department of Vital Statistics gives the birth date as December 3, 1837, but there is an obvious mistake in the year.

Prior to this event the gossiping illiterate, William Sinclair, in writing to Edward Ermatinger, referred to Eliza as "half Cracked Brainid Chamber Maid," and that "they already show symptoms of discord between them."²¹ By April, 1836, there are references to Eliza's mental state,²² but by the summer she seemed to have improved slightly, so that Tod, after contemplating taking her home, decided that they would spend the winter at Island Lake House, which they did.²³ The following summer, however, it was more than obvious that Eliza could not stay in the country and, consequently, Tod was again granted leave of absence, and they embarked with the infant Emmeline, in the brig *Eagle* from Hudson Bay bound for London, where they landed on October 13.²⁴ Eliza was placed in charge of her mother, Letitia Waugh, at Carmarthen, Wales, who wrote to the Governor and Committee of the Company on February 24, 1838, in part, as follows:—

. . . my unhappy Daughter . . . accompanied the Revd. Mr. & Mrs. Jones . . . to the Red River Settlement . . . not only in a perfectly sound state of mind, but possessed of very considerable talents . . . [she] has lately returned to me, to my indescribable misery, a confirmed Lunatic.²⁵

Tod, presumably, brought the little Emmeline back again on his return, for in the spring of 1838, when writing to Ermatinger, he said: "Should you visit Montreal in course of the Summ[e]r, I shall take it kindly could you find time to call at Mr. Sam[ue]l Greenshields and see my little Emma."²⁶ During the autumn of 1838 Tod travelled with the brigade to the Columbia River, thereafter to remain on the west side of the Rocky Mountains. From 1839 until 1841 he served at Fort Alexandria on the Fraser River. In his correspondence with Ermatinger during the ensuing years until 1844 there are affectionate references to Emma from time to time. It would appear, however, that she was eventually sent to school in England, staying there until her twenty-first year, when she took the long voyage to Vancouver Island, around Cape Horn, in the ship *Princess Royal*²⁷ in company with Miss Susan Pemberton, to rejoin her father in 1856.

Just when Tod made his fourth marital alliance, which was to Sophia Lolo, is not known, but it was probably between 1843 and 1844. Writing from Thompson's River (Fort Kamloops) to James Hargrave on March 15, 1843, he refers to himself, thus: ". . . my berth is . . . intolerably dreary & lonesome I hae eye enough a do to keep the bogles . . . out o' my head. . . . Altho' solitary & alone I have not yet quite forgot my mother's tongue. . . ."²⁸ In the same letter he refers to Eliza as being in

(21) Sinclair to Ermatinger, August 1, 1835, *Transcript*, Archives of B.C.

(22) Archibald Macdonald to Ermatinger, April 1, 1836, *ibid.*, and Thomas Simpson to Donald Ross, April 12, 1836, *MS.*, Archives of B.C.

(23) John Charles to Governor Simpson, July 29, 1836, and Charles to John Tod, August 20, 1836, *H.B.C. Archives*, B. 239/b/92. See also Fleming, *Minutes of Council*, p. 460.

(24) *H.B.C. Archives*, C. 1/285.

(25) *Ibid.*, A. 10/6.

(26) Tod to Ermatinger, May 19, 1838, *Transcript*, Archives of B.C. The Greenshields were relatives of Tod's.

(27) *H.B.C. Archives*, A. 16/63.

(28) Quoted in G. P. de T. Glazebrook (ed.), *The Hargrave Correspondence, 1821-1843*, Toronto, 1938, pp. 422-423.

"Tharberton's asylum" and to Emmeline as "making good progress in her education." His thoughts were definitely of home and family at that moment.

Sophia Lolo was perhaps a daughter of Jean Baptiste Lolo (or Leolo) St. Paul,²⁹ but, to date, research in that direction has been of no avail. It is known, however, that Lolo and John Tod were well acquainted, and that the former had been engaged as interpreter in the New Caledonia and Thompson's River Districts from 1822 onwards.³⁰ The family of Lolo would, therefore, have been known to Tod. According to information supplied at the time of the death of Sophia on February 9, 1883, at the age of 57 years, she was a native of the North West Territory.³¹ This information would point to her having been born about the year 1826. By 1844 she would have been about 17 or 18 years of age and therefore marriageable, although 32 years junior to Tod. Subsequent references by Tod himself would indicate that he had again set up housekeeping by that time, for, speaking later of the trouble which occurred with the Indians at Kamloops in 1847, he says ". . . Even my wife & Children I sent away,"³² and another reference to his "wife and 3 children" is also made in connection with another dramatic event which took place about this time.³³ It was not until August 17, 1863, that Tod secured a licence through the Rev. John Hall in order to marry Sophia.³⁴

During the summer of 1849 Tod and his family left Kamloops and travelled to the coast. They appear to have contemplated settling at Point Roberts, where they stayed for a short time.³⁵ But by August they had reached Fort Nisqually on Puget Sound, as recorded in the *Journal* of that post under an entry dated August 19: "Mr. Tod with his family arrived from F[raser] River."³⁶ In November he was at Fort Victoria and was a witness to the formal marriage of John Work and Josette Legace, which took place on the 6th.³⁷ At that time the decision to settle on Vancouver Island was made, according to John Work in a letter to Ermatinger: ". . . [Tod] selects a lot . . . intends commencing operations next season."³⁸ However, Tod returned to Nisqually early in 1850 in order to allow Dr. Tolmie to have a brief spell of leave while he took charge of the post.³⁹ Shortly thereafter he

(29) For a full biographical account of this unique Indian see George G. Brown, Jr., and W. Kaye Lamb, "Captain St. Paul of Kamloops," *British Columbia Historical Quarterly*, III (1939), pp. 115-127.

(30) Abstracts of Servants' Accounts, *H.B.C. Archives*, B. 239/g/1-25; also *ibid.*, B. 239/1/1-5 and B. 239/1/13-16.

(31) Information supplied from records in the British Columbia Department of Vital Statistics.

(32) John Tod, *History of New Caledonia and North West Coast*, p. 93, *Photostat*, Archives of B.C.

(33) *Ibid.*, p. 81.

(34) Register of Marriage Licenses for Vancouver Island, 1864-69, *Transcript*, Archives of B.C.

(35) Tod, *History of New Caledonia and North West Coast*, p. 23.

(36) V. J. Farrar (ed.), "The Nisqually Journal," *Washington Historical Quarterly*, X (1919), p. 226.

(37) Fort Victoria, *Register of Marriages*, *Photostat*, Archives of B.C.

(38) John Work to Ermatinger, December 10, 1849, *Transcript*, *ibid.*

(39) Tod was in charge at Nisqually from January 15 until February 26, 1850, see Farrar, *op. cit.*, XI (1920), p. 145.

came back to Vancouver Island, began building a house and ploughing up his first 100 acres of land on the shores of Oak Bay, where he lived during his retirement and until his death on August 31, 1882.⁴⁰

In an effort to sort out the various children of John Tod, numerous difficulties have been encountered, but of the nine who have been traced, interest centres round four of them—James, Emmeline, Mary and Elizabeth.

James apparently remained at the Red River settlement until his father's return from England in the autumn of 1837, for Tod, having made a will at that time in favour of Emmeline, made reference to James, who was to "be immediately withdrawn from thence [Red River settlement] & placed with his mother."⁴¹ Early in 1840 James was at Fort Vancouver and is referred to by his father in these terms: ". . . a great stout fellow & a regular ploughman."⁴² The following year he was on his way back to St. Thomas, Ont., as reported by Archibald Macdonald, who states that he "bears a very excellent Character for Sedateness & Correctness of conduct."⁴³ A further interesting clue to the character of James is to be found in one of the many letters which passed between Tod and Ermatinger, as for instance:—

. . . James, in as far as regards the powers of intellect hereditary transmission appears to have had its full force. You will not find him a bright character, he has however been represented to me as having little of the general character of his country man, but [is] a well disposed hard working lad. . . .⁴⁴

By the autumn of 1850 James was again west of the Rocky Mountains, as recorded in the *Nisqually Journal* under date of November 6: "Mr. J. Todd [*sic*] here to day, he is on his way to Victoria, there to join his father Mr. Todd [*sic*] now a resident at Vancouver's Is[land]."⁴⁵ He was married on October 15, 1857, at Victoria by the Rev. Edward Cridge, to Flora, one of the daughters of Donald Macaulay,⁴⁶ a servant of the Hudson's Bay Company whose name has been perpetuated in Macaulay Point, where he lived. The couple settled near Cedar Hill, or Mount Douglas, on the outskirts of Victoria, where they farmed for a number of years and brought up a large family. By a curious coincidence Flora suffered fits of mental derangement. James lived to the ripe old age of 86 years, passing away on February 27, 1904.⁴⁷

James's mother, Catherine Birstone, turned up in Victoria, as reported by Dr. J. S. Helmcken: ". . . at this time [September, 1863] Jim Todd [*sic*] mother nursed Cecilia."⁴⁸ Her name also appears in the Rev. Edward Cridge's list of communicants for 1863, where her name is entered as "widow."⁴⁹ One more reference is all that has been found concerning her

(40) *Victoria Colonist*, September 1, 1882.

(41) *H.B.C. Archives*, Wills, 1837.

(42) Tod to Ermatinger, February, 1840, *Transcript*, Archives of B.C.

(43) Macdonald to Ermatinger, March 5, 1841, *ibid.*

(44) Tod to Ermatinger, March 10, 1842, *ibid.*

(45) Farrar, *op. cit.*, XII (1921), p. 145.

(46) Fort Victoria, *Register of Marriages*, *Photostat*, Archives of B.C.

(47) *Victoria Colonist*, February 28, 1904.

(48) J. S. Helmcken, *Reminiscences*, MS., Archives of B.C., Vol. V, pp. 1-2.

(49) Original MS., Archives of B.C.

residence in Victoria: "After service Spelde told me Mrs. Tod had given Charlie Rabey heartshorn by mistake instead of hive[?] syrup."⁵⁰

Emmeline Jane, as her name is recorded by the Registrar of Deaths at Victoria, although the variations Emmaline Jean are to be found in numerous Hudson's Bay Company records, was perhaps the most outstanding of John Tod's children. Upon her arrival in Victoria in 1856 she was domiciled at the Fort rather than with her father at Oak Bay. This may be taken as an indication that the *ménage* which prevailed at the latter place was distasteful to her. Very soon afterwards, however, she was married to William Henry Newton⁵¹ and removed to Fort Langley on the Fraser River. Emmeline and her husband became the parents of six children, most of them well known to residents of British Columbia. After Newton's death, she was married on November 22, 1878, to Edward Mohun, and continued to reside in Victoria until her death on December 28, 1928.⁵²

Emmeline's mother, after a number of years spent at Tharberton's Asylum in Ayrshire, was eventually admitted to the "Lunatic House" of Guy's Hospital, London, on November 6, 1844, where she died on May 12, 1857.⁵³

Mary, who, on May 24, 1864, was married to John Sylvester Bowker,⁵⁴ is designated the "second" daughter of John Tod. They were married by the Rev. John Hall of the Presbyterian Church. Towards the end of her life, Mary used to winter in California, and she passed away at Del Monte somewhere about 1911.⁵⁵ Her son, John S. Bowker, Jr., was a well-known resident of Oak Bay for a number of years, where he resided on part of the Tod property. There are at present many descendants living in British Columbia. Mary Tod's name is perpetuated in Mary Tod Island, a small island off the shores of Oak Bay, between it and the Chain Islands, and Bowker Creek, which flows into the bay, recalls her husband's name.

Elizabeth Tod married J. S. Drummond on August 11, 1878, the ceremony being performed by Dr. John Reid of the First Presbyterian Church in Victoria. The marriage record states that Elizabeth was the daughter of John and Sophia Tod and her age is given as 20 years. Elizabeth died on November 14, 1884.⁵⁶

Of the remaining children, John, Jr., appears to have been the next son after James, but of course with a different mother. At the time of his death on September 5, 1889, he is referred to as the second son and his age is given as 40 years.⁵⁷ Isaac, William, and Simeon remain to be placed in the list.

(50) Edward Cridge, *Diary*, entry for March 18, 1868, *MS.*, Archives of B.C.

(51) Fort Victoria, *Register of Marriages, Photostat*, Archives of B.C. The marriage took place on September 30, 1856, in the newly erected Victoria District Church.

(52) *Victoria Colonist*, November 29, 1878, and December 29, 1928.

(53) Certified copy of the entry of death, No. 99224, Somerset House, London, England.

(54) *Victoria Colonist*, May 26, 1864. For a more recent account of this wedding see J. K. Nesbitt, "Old Homes and Families," *ibid.*, April 20, 1952.

(55) *Ibid.*

(56) *Ibid.*, November 15, 1884. Verified by records in the British Columbia Department of Vital Statistics.

(57) *Victoria Colonist*, September 6, 1889.

William died on April 27, 1881, and the newspaper account names him the fourth son.⁵⁸ He was born on May 12, 1854, and was baptised by the Rev. T. R. Holme, chaplain of H.M.S. *President*, on October 12 of the same year, the record giving Sophia as his mother.⁵⁹

From the fragments of information available, with the exception of James and Emmeline, the rest of the family would appear to have been the children of Sophia. They are all, except William, mentioned in a will which Tod made on July 25, 1882. Small legacies were left to the four Newton daughters. The sons John, Alexander, Isaac, and Sym [Simeon] are mentioned in the above order, and the first three were to receive \$500, while \$1,000 was left to Sym. Elizabeth and Mary were remembered more generously. To his wife he left his "furniture and household goods" and instructions were given that "all monies standing to the credit of my account . . . be applied and expended by Mary . . . in maintaining keeping and supporting my wife Mrs. Tod."⁶⁰ Alexander died on September 5, 1889, at the age of 40 years.⁶¹ Sophia herself passed away at Oak Bay on February 9, 1883, less than six months after her husband.⁶² Of Isaac and Simeon, no details have thus far been ascertained, except that the former died in 1892.

The foregoing inadequate genealogical record of one of Victoria's earliest families has been compiled with the hope that it may be of general interest in recalling a now almost forgotten man, who in the year 1851 was one of the three Legislative Councillors appointed by Governor Blanshard, besides being a representative fur-trader of a bygone era. To-day the sole material memorial of this eccentric Scot, who spent most of his life amongst Indians, is his house (now on Heron Street), the oldest remaining dwelling in what is now Greater Victoria.

MADGE WOLFENDEN.

(58) *Ibid.*, April 28, 1881.

(59) Fort Victoria, *Register of Baptisms, Photostat*, Archives of B.C.

(60) John Tod's will is on file in the Court-house, Victoria, B.C., and a transcript is in the Archives of B.C.

(61) *Victoria Colonist*, September 6, 1889.

(62) *Ibid.*, February 10, 1883.

RUMOURS OF CONFEDERATE PRIVATEERS OPERATING IN VICTORIA, VANCOUVER ISLAND

The threat of privateering in the Pacific during the American Civil War presented a major problem to the United States State Department and to the Pacific Squadron of the navy. The Confederate States planned to interfere with California's commerce and to capture gold shipments along the Pacific sea lanes, for a stoppage of the flow of gold from the mines of California would weaken the credit and purchasing power of the Federal Government. Indeed, the annual shipments of \$40,000,000 in gold and silver from San Francisco to the Northern States and to Europe constituted rich prizes.¹ Along the entire Pacific Coast of North America, from Panama to Vancouver Island, attempts were instigated to outfit privateers. Some ventures were authorized by the Richmond Government, while others were the mere aspirations of Confederate sympathizers. Two actual plots to intercept gold shipments were frustrated by the Pacific Squadron in co-operation with Federal and local officials in San Francisco and Panama. At San Francisco in March, 1863, Ridgeley Greathouse and Asbury Harpending tried to outfit the *J. M. Chapman* as a Confederate privateer, and in November, 1864, at Panama, Thomas E. Hogg, a master's mate in the Confederate States Navy, endeavoured to capture the *Salvador* in order to convert her into a Confederate raider.²

In addition to these two known plots, numerous rumours circulated that Confederate privateers were active elsewhere. Many such rumours emanated from British Pacific waters, and this factor, coupled with the *Trent* affair, caused an interesting exchange of diplomatic correspondence and at times created mutual fears on both sides of the far western Canadian border. A final incident in the diplomatic tangle was the appearance of the Confederate warship *Shenandoah* in the Pacific.

(1) Brainerd Dyer, "Confederate Naval and Privateering Activities in the Pacific," *Pacific Historical Review*, III (1934), p. 433.

(2) Benjamin F. Gilbert, "Kentucky Privateers in California," *Register of the Kentucky Historical Society*, XXXVIII (1940), pp. 256-266; William M. Robinson, Jr., *The Confederate Privateers*, New Haven, 1928, pp. 272-289.

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On May 11, 1861, the Duke of Newcastle, British Secretary of State, sent a confidential dispatch to James Douglas, Governor of Vancouver Island, stating that Her Majesty's Government recognized the belligerency of the Southern States, and that instructions regarding questions likely to arise out of the conflict would be issued from time to time. The letter also stated that the naval forces should be impartial and grant neither party in the conflict any preference.³ On May 16, Newcastle forwarded a copy of the Queen's Proclamation of Neutrality to the Governor requesting that it receive the utmost publicity.⁴ Two weeks later, instructions were circularized to prohibit both warring powers from carrying prizes into British territory.⁵ On January 16, 1862, Newcastle informed the Governor that no belligerent ship was to be permitted to leave the same British port or harbour within twenty-four hours of the departure of any enemy ship, whether it be armed or unarmed. The Governor was also ordered to notify the commander of any armed vessel of this neutrality rule.⁶

The crisis resulting from the capture of the *Trent* created a war scare between the United States and Great Britain. On November 8, 1861, Commodore Charles Wilkes boarded the *Trent* upon the high seas near Havana and removed the Confederate Commissioners James M. Mason and John Slidell. The act was a definite violation of international law, but was approved by the American people and the United States House of Representatives. Later the incident was successfully settled, but meanwhile the British prepared for possible hostilities.⁷

At Vancouver Island the British naval forces, as reported in December, 1861, consisted of four vessels—the steam frigate *Topaze*, surveying ship *Hecate*, and gun-boats *Forward* and *Grappler*. All ships were seaworthy except the *Forward*, whose boilers needed repairs. In addition, there was a detachment of Royal Engineers stationed in British Columbia, and Royal Marines occupied the disputed San Juan Island. These two detachments together formed approximately 200 officers and men. Governor James Douglas related that the United States had no naval vessels in the vicinity except for one or two small revenue cutters. He

(3) Douglas to Newcastle, August 21, 1861, *MS.*, Archives of B.C.

(4) Newcastle to Douglas, May 16, 1861, Circular Dispatch, Archives of B.C.

(5) Newcastle to Douglas, June 1, 1861, Circular Dispatch, Archives of B.C.

(6) Newcastle to Douglas, January 16, 1862, Circular Dispatch, Archives of B.C.

(7) T. L. Harris, *The Trent Affair*, New York, 1896, *passim*; J. T. Scharf, *History of the Confederate States Navy*, New York, 1887, p. 662.

possessed intelligence that the United States only had one artillery company in Oregon and Washington Territory, since the regular troops had been withdrawn.⁸

Governor Douglas wrote to the Duke of Newcastle stating that it would be impossible to defend the British possessions with the small forces available. Hence he suggested that the best defence in the event of war would be an offensive action against Puget Sound by the naval vessels and such local auxiliaries as could be mustered. He believed that his plan would prevent the sending of any expedition against British possessions and would cripple United States trade and resources before any effective counter measures could be undertaken.⁹

Douglas pointed out the undefended coast and stated that the British fleet was capable of occupying Puget Sound without opposition. He further asserted that with reinforcements of two regiments of Her Majesty's troops that there would be "no reason why we should not push overland from Puget Sound and establish advanced posts on the Columbia River, maintaining it as a permanent frontier."¹⁰ The Governor also suggested the dispatch of naval units up the Columbia River to secure the occupation. He assured his home office in London that the scattered settlers would welcome any government able to protect them from the Indians. Douglas firmly believed in the practicability of the operation, conjecturing:—

With Puget Sound, and the line of the Columbia River in our hands, we should hold the only navigable outlets of the country—command its trade, and soon compel it to submit to Her Majesty's Rule.¹¹

The *Victoria Chronicle*, issue of February 4, 1863, published an article entitled "A Bold Plot," in which appeared an account of the arrival of a commodore of the Confederate States Navy to Victoria the previous month. According to the story the commodore held a commission signed by Jefferson Davis authorizing him to purchase an English vessel to be outfitted as a privateer. The vessel was to be armed and a crew recruited. Then the privateer would secretly sail from Victoria for the purpose of capturing a Panama-bound California steamer laden with a million dollars in treasure. The would-be privateers were to abandon their own ship and man the captured vessel, and either put the

(8) Douglas to Newcastle, December 28, 1861, *MS.*, Archives of B.C.

(9) *Ibid.*

(10) *Ibid.*

(11) *Ibid.*

passengers aboard the privateer or ashore somewhere along the Mexican coast. Once their objective was accomplished, the privateers would abandon or scuttle the steamer and go ashore in Victoria or another British port with their newly acquired riches. However, the newspaper stated that the plan failed for lack of funds, and concluded with the following warning, which is interesting in light of the actual *Chapman* attempt at privateering occurring five weeks later in San Francisco:— Had not the funds fallen short, the “bold privateer” might to-day have been afloat, and a treasure-freighted California steamer in a fair way of being sent to Davy Jones’ locker. As it is, no one has been hurt, and our San Francisco friends, remembering that “fore-warned is fore-armed,” will, if they are wise, immediately guard against even the probabilities of the plot being carried to a successful consummation at some future time.¹²

On the same day a supposedly irate reader addressed a letter to the editor of the *Chronicle* which was printed the following day. The writer headed his letter “The ‘Bolt Plot,’” and signed it “A Confederate.” He admitted the recent appearance of a Confederate commodore with a commission, but protested the unjust charge that the passengers would have been treated as enemies. The author of the letter further claimed that Lincoln and his Cabinet had acknowledged the right of privateering by the Confederate States. He alluded to the respect previously accorded to private property and individual rights by Confederate privateers, and completed his retort:—

I think, Mr. Editor, I may safely say that you now have no fears or apprehensions of a treasure freighted California steamer being sent to Davy Jones’ locker. So we think you need not forewarn or even advise your California “friends” to kick until the rowl touches, for Greenbacks are somewhat under par now, and you might cause a depreciation. If you do honestly sympathize with them don’t give Uncle Abraham any unnecessary uneasiness, as I understand he has made another start for Richmond, and I am fearful he has taken the wrong road, and, as Bonaparte said, in crossing the Alps, the road is barely passable, for Uncle Abe has two *Hills* to cross, one *Longstreet* to traverse, one *Stonewall* to surmount, and then will have to enter the city on the *Lee* side, where, I am told, the wind is very unfavorable for Uncle Abe’s crafts.

Most respectfully,

A CONFEDERATE.¹³

A third party now entered the controversy, the rival newspaper, *Victoria Colonist*. Under the caption “Confederate Privateer,” it accused their “local contemporary” of publishing numerous “sensation

(12) *Victoria Chronicle*, February 4, 1863.

(13) *Ibid.*, February 5, 1863.

items," the latest of which was the story of a Confederate commodore attempting to purchase the steamer *Thames*. The *Colonist* labeled the story as "perfect bosh," and related that the only basis for the rumour had been the arrival from San Francisco of a certain Captain Manly who negotiated unsuccessfully the purchase of the English steamer for a firm engaged in the Mexican trade. The newspaper stated that the people have been deceived and the United States authorities led to believe a privateer would sail from Victoria. The journal printed a letter from the firm S. & S. M. Holderness, dated January 7, 1863, San Francisco, which was addressed to Henry Nathan & Co. in Victoria. The letter revealed the intention of this San Francisco shipping firm to purchase the *Thames* and said that Captain Manly was being sent as their representative. The *Colonist* indicated that Messrs. Holderness wanted the *Thames* sent to San Francisco before purchasing it in Victoria, but the offer was not high enough. The newspaper also stated in reference to San Francisco, "A pretty place indeed in which to fit out a Confederate privateer!"¹⁴

In reply the *Chronicle* of the next day stated that they had not named Captain Manly as the commodore nor the *Thames* as the intended privateer. The newspaper asserted that they were ready to prove an attempt had been made to outfit a privateer and that a commodore had spent three weeks in Victoria. It also corrected an earlier statement that the plan failed for lack of funds, the real reason being disagreement among the ringleaders of the plot. The *Chronicle* challenged the correspondent "Confederate" or the *Colonist's* editor to refute the truthfulness of the two articles published on the subject.¹⁵

The *Colonist*, on February 7, replied, repeating that her competitor published falsehoods. It charged that the *Chronicle* caused local Americans to distrust both Southerners and Englishmen, creating a situation in which espionage abounded in Victoria. In this regard the journal stated: "All that would be required would be an Alcatraz Island or a Fort La Fayette, with the power to arrest, to make Victoria like New York or San Francisco."¹⁶

The *Chronicle*, in its issue of the same day, denied being a sensation sheet and printed another letter from its "Confederate" correspondent, identified as John T. Jeffreys, whom it described as a respectable Orego-

(14) Victoria *Colonist*, February 5, 1863.

(15) Victoria *Chronicle*, February 6, 1863.

(16) Victoria *Colonist*, February 7, 1863.

nian holding large interests in Cariboo. Jeffreys, in this second letter, wrote that he admitted as true everything stated by the *Chronicle*, except that the plan was of a piratical nature. However, he charged the editor with betraying a confidence when he exposed the plot. Beneath the letter the *Chronicle* announced that they had a signed letter from their informant authorizing them to publish whatever they thought proper. It further stated that Jeffreys could see the letter if he cared to call at the editor's office.¹⁷

In the same issue of the *Chronicle* there appeared an article revealing a plot to seize the United States revenue cutter *Shubrick*. It stated that her commander, Lieutenant James M. Selden, was aware of the scheme to seize the cutter while en route through the sound to Port Townsend. The cutter was then to sail to Victoria, where Confederate privateers would board her. The article concluded that the vessel had not, up to late the previous night, arrived in Victoria, and it assumed that the plot failed because of the loyalty of Lieutenant Selden.¹⁸ This issue also disclosed that the *Thames* was steaming for Barclay Sound and "has not gone a-privateering, but still remains the property of Anderson & Co., of this city."¹⁹

On February 9 the *Colonist* ridiculed the *Chronicle* for publishing Jeffreys's letter. It referred to Jeffreys as a "veritable Baron Munchausen" and the *Chronicle* as "believers in nursery tales." The journal also asserted that it possessed reliable information that no plot ever existed.²⁰ The next day the *Chronicle* related that they had been informed that Jeffreys, on the previous Sunday, February 8, told the editor of the *Colonist*, before witnesses, the truthfulness of his letter. It also asserted that Jeffreys was shown the evidence possessed by the *Chronicle* and was called upon to confirm or deny it.²¹ On February 11 Jeffreys wrote a letter from the St. Nicholas Hotel to the editor of the *Chronicle* asking why he was requested to repeat what he had already stated. He asked whether or not the editor wished to hold his name to ridicule and, if such should be the case, suggested a duel. Once again Jeffreys reiterated his earlier statements concerning the plot. He concluded with the hope

(17) *Victoria Chronicle*, February 7, 1863.

(18) *Ibid.*

(19) *Ibid.*

(20) *Victoria Colonist*, February 9, 1863.

(21) *Victoria Chronicle*, February 10, 1863.

that he would not be consulted again and that friendlier feelings would develop between the two rival newspapers.²²

The lengthy controversy of words in the columns of the two Victoria newspapers ended after ten days' duration. The *Colonist* merely stated that there had never been a commodore in Victoria, and again referred to its rival as "a sensation sheet" and its correspondent as "a Confederate Baron Munchausen."²³ The *Chronicle* assumed that this was an admission by the other newspaper that a plot at least existed.²⁴

In 1904 David Williams Higgins, at the age of 70, who had been editor of the *Chronicle* in 1863, wrote a book relating his reminiscences. In a chapter entitled "Sweet Marie," he told the story of the supposed plot, which seems confusing in light of the newspaper controversy just presented. A summary of Higgins's account appears pertinent. He stated that soon after the outbreak of the Civil War many Southern sympathizers took up residence in Victoria. One group migrated to Cariboo and engaged in gold-mining and trading. Among these were two groups of brothers—Jerome and Thaddeus Harper from Virginia and John and Oliver Jeffreys from Alabama. They drove cattle from California and Oregon to British Columbia, making good profits.²⁵

In Victoria the St. Nicholas Hotel, located on Government Street, became a meeting-place for Southern sympathizers. Higgins was a resident of the hotel. The Jeffreys brothers occupied Rooms 23 and 24, where they entertained Southern friends. Included among their friends were Mr. and Mrs. Pusey, Miss Jackson, and Richard Lovell. Higgins described Lovell as a handsome young man who claimed to be a Southerner. He was a good dresser and always perfumed his clothes. One evening the Jeffreys brothers and the Puseys gave a party to which Higgins, Lovell, and Miss Jackson were invited. The ladies played music and all sang "Way Down South in Dixie" and "My Maryland." The men and ladies both drank brandy and Hudson's Bay rum.²⁶

On another occasion a party was held celebrating a Confederate victory. When the celebration was over, John Jeffreys followed Higgins into his room, locked the door, and searched about to see that they were

(22) *Ibid.*, February 12, 1863.

(23) *Victoria Colonist*, February 13, 1863.

(24) *Victoria Chronicle*, February 14, 1863.

(25) David William Higgins, *The Mystic Spring and Other Tales of Western Life*, Toronto, 1904, p. 107.

(26) *Ibid.*, pp. 108-110.

alone.²⁷ Then Jeffreys asked for Higgins's assistance in a secret plan and told him that if he declined he would have to take an oath not to reveal the scheme. Higgins at first refused, but finally gave his pledge with a definite reluctance. Jeffreys then said:—

We intend to fit out a privateer at Victoria to prey on American shipping. A treasure ship leaves San Francisco twice a month with from \$2,000,000 to \$3,000,000 in gold dust for the East. With a good boat we can intercept and rob and burn two of those steamers on the lonely Mexican coast and return to Victoria with five million dollars before the Washington Government will have heard of the incident.²⁸

Higgins argued that such a scheme would constitute an act of piracy, and Jeffreys continued to say that he had letters of marque signed by Jefferson Davis and sealed by Judah P. Benjamin, the Confederate Secretary of State. He also told Higgins that a crew was ready, and that only a suitable ship was needed. Jeffreys asked Higgins to print an article in his newspaper which would mislead the United States Consul, Allen Francis [brother named Simeon Francis], and place the Consul's detectives on the wrong trail. Higgins asked for time to decide, and Jeffreys left agreeing to return in a few days. After Jeffreys departed, Higgins smelled the awful perfume of Dick Lovell in the passage of the hotel.²⁹

Higgins continued his story, telling how he regretted the fact that he allowed himself to hear the secret plan. He later refused to participate in the plot. He even related that Jeffreys challenged him to a duel and told how the fear of being killed haunted him. Eventually the plot was uncovered by detectives from the United States Consulate, who were none other than Richard Lovell and Miss Jackson, two guests at the gay parties held by John Jeffreys. As to the title of the chapter, "Sweet Marie," the author said that it was the name of the perfume used by Dick Lovell, the Union spy, who had listened to the conversation held between Jeffreys and himself.³⁰

According to Higgins the U.S.S. *Shubrick* was the vessel which the Confederates attempted to capture. It will be recalled that this plot was mentioned in his newspaper, the *Victoria Chronicle* of February 7, 1863. In his reminiscences Higgins stated that the *Shubrick* was engaged in customs and guard duty on Puget Sound. She sailed into Victoria, docking along the Hudson Bay Company's wharf. Victor Smith, Collector

(27) *Ibid.*, p. 111.

(28) *Ibid.*, p. 112.

(29) *Ibid.*, pp. 113–114.

(30) *Ibid.*, pp. 116–126.

of Customs for Puget Sound, discharged the officers and crew except Captain Selden and the chief engineer named Winship. Those discharged were suspected of being disloyal and of being involved in the plot. A new crew was hired, and the conspirators thus failed in their scheme.³¹

The fact that Higgins in his reminiscences did not mention the editorial controversy between his newspaper and the *Colonist* nor Jeffreys's two letters would lead one to doubt the existence of a plot. However, when Jeffreys returned to United States territory in Oregon, he was arrested. On January 1, 1864, Brigadier-General Benjamin Alvord, commanding the District of Oregon, addressed a letter to Allen Francis, United States Consul at Victoria, referring to his appreciation of the Consul's vigilance. Alvord requested that Francis try to obtain from Higgins "the original card" signed by John T. Jeffreys during the previous February which had been published in the *Chronicle*. The General wanted the original manuscript signed by Jeffreys, and requested that it be sent to Edward W. McGraw, United States District Attorney at Portland, for it was needed as testimony against Jeffreys. Alvord also asked for the names of witnesses who could avow that Jeffreys participated in schemes against United States commerce, and inquired whether Higgins would come to Portland in order to testify.³²

The first alarm over rumours of privateering in Victoria signified by a United States authority occurred on February 25, 1863, when General Alvord dispatched a letter to the War Department in Washington, D.C., in which he called attention to the defencelessness of the Oregon and Washington coast. He stressed the need for heavy ordnance at the mouth of the Columbia River, and urged that the Secretary of Navy send an iron-clad to the Columbia River. He stated that he had written to the Navy Department the previous September, but had received no answer. Alvord pointed to the danger across the border in British territory of designs upon United States commerce. He enclosed in his letter a collection of newspaper items commenting on the Victoria *Chronicle* account of the plot to capture the *Shubrick*.³³

The American State Department became gravely concerned about this rumour from Victoria, and the matter resulted in lengthy correspon-

(31) *Ibid.*, p. 123.

(32) Alvord to Francis, January 1, 1864, in Robert N. Scott (comp.), *The War of the Rebellion: A Compilation of the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies*, Washington, 1890-1901, Ser. I, Vol. L, pt. ii, pp. 714-715.

(33) Alvord to Thomas, February 25, 1863, *ibid.*, pp. 322-323.

dence between Seward's office and the British Legation. On March 31, 1863, Secretary Seward wrote to Lord Lyons:—

I regret to inform you that reliable information has reached this department that an attempt was made in January last, at Victoria, Vancouver's island, to fit out the English steamer *Thames* as a privateer, under the flag of the insurgents, to cruise against the merchant shipping of the United States in the Pacific. Fortunately, however, the scheme was temporarily, at least, frustrated by its premature exposure.

In view, however, of the ravages upon the commerce of the United States in that quarter which might result from similar attempts which will in all probability be repeated, the expediency of asking the attention of her Majesty's colonial authorities to the subject, in order that such violations of the act of Parliament and of her majesty's proclamation may not be committed, is submitted to your consideration.³⁴

Two days later Lord Lyons replied that he would immediately send a copy of Seward's note to the Governor of Vancouver Island, which he did on the same day.³⁵ On April 15 Seward forwarded a second note to Lyons enclosing the following telegram he had just received from Ira E. Rankin, Collector of Customs at San Francisco:—

Collector at Puget Sound reports plans for fitting out Privateers at Victoria, Secessionists very active and our Officers much alarmed, Colonial Authorities inform Consul that they cannot interfere with the fitting out of Privateers. Can anything be done to secure instructions from Home Government. I am trying to get Commanding Naval Officer to send steamer to the Sound.³⁶

Lyons wired at once to William Lane Booker, British Consul of San Francisco, instructing him to write to the Governor of Vancouver Island in order to obtain assurance that all attempts at privateering would be stopped.³⁷ In the meantime the commandant's office at Mare Island Navy Yard became apprehensive. Captain Thomas O. Selfridge ordered Lieutenant-Commander William E. Hopkins, commanding the U.S.S. *Saginaw*, to set sail for Port Angeles and Port Townsend, Washington Territory, and for Victoria. If the rumours were confirmed, Hopkins was told to prevent the escape of any privateer, but was cautioned to heed

(34) Seward to Lyons, March 31, 1863, enclosure in Booker to Douglas, April 17, 1863, *MS.*, Archives of B.C. This was also printed in *House Executive Document*, No. 1, 38th Cong., 1st Sess., Pt. I, p. 535.

(35) Lyons to Seward, April 2, 1863, enclosure in Booker to Douglas, April 17, 1863, *MS.*, Archives of B.C.

(36) Rankin to Seward, April 14, 1863, enclosure in Booker to Douglas, April 17, 1863, *MS.*, Archives of B.C.

(37) Lyons to Booker, April 16, 1863, enclosure in Booker to Douglas, April 17, 1863, *MS.*, Archives of B.C.

the neutrality laws of Great Britain. After a certain lapse of time, the *Saginaw* was to coal at Bellingham Bay, and return to San Francisco.³⁸ Captain Selfridge telegraphed Gideon Welles, Secretary of Navy:—

I have sent the *Saginaw* to Puget Sound on important service. The *Cyane* is here [Mare Island], and the *Saranac* at San Francisco, for repairs.³⁹

Lord Lyons wrote again to Governor James Douglas at Victoria on April 16, stating:—

The alarm and exasperation created by the proceedings of the Confederate Privateers, or ships of War, which have escaped from England, are so great that I am extremely desirous of being enabled to allay, as soon as possible, the anxiety which is felt, lest successful attempts should be made to equip similar Vessels in other parts of the Queen's Dominions.⁴⁰

On May 14, 1863, Douglas replied to Lyons's communication, requesting that the President of the United States be informed that "every vigilance" would be used. Douglas stated that there was a report of a privateer being outfitted, but its truth was questionable. He also indicated that the vessel involved, the *Thames*, was not suited for that purpose.⁴¹

On June 3, 1863, Captain Thomas O. Selfridge reported to Secretary Welles on the reconnaissance tour of the *Saginaw*. The vessel had visited the principal ports of Washington Territory and Esquimalt. Commander Hopkins disclosed that the secessionists in the British possessions had gone undercover since the capture of the Confederate privateer *Chapman* at San Francisco. He further explained that there were no vessels plying the sound which were suitable for conversion into a cruiser or privateer. Hopkins reported one rumour to the effect that a small steamer, long overdue in port, had been purchased by Confederates, but indicated that it was not suited for privateering. At Esquimalt, Hopkins was unofficially informed that the *Saginaw* would be ordered to leave the port within twenty-four hours in accordance with Her Majesty's neutrality laws.⁴²

(38) Selfridge to Hopkins, April 23, 1863, in *Official Records of the Union and Confederate Navies in the War of the Rebellion*, Washington, D.C., 1894–1922, Ser. I, Vol. II, pp. 165–166.

(39) Selfridge to Welles, April 28, 1863, *ibid.*, p. 173.

(40) Lyons to Douglas, April 16, 1863, *MS.*, Archives of B.C.

(41) Douglas to Lyons, May 14, 1863, *MS.*, Archives of B.C.

(42) Selfridge to Welles, June 3, 1863, in *Official Records . . . Navies*, Ser. I, Vol. II, pp. 259–260.

In his report, Captain Selfridge also included a letter from Allen Francis, United States Consul at Victoria, revealing the pleasure of United States citizens there caused by the appearance of the *Saginaw*. Francis mentioned that an English steamer, *Fusi Yama*, was due at Victoria, and was rumoured to have been purchased as a privateer. It was reported that the 700-ton vessel, a fast sailer, had munitions stowed aboard. Francis stated that the *Chapman* plot at San Francisco had created a sensation in Victoria, but he indicated that the activities of privateers had lessened.⁴³

Not all rumours on the Pacific Coast disseminated from Victoria. There were even rumours in England that the United States was making military preparations in California designed to occupy British possessions north of Washington Territory. On May 19, 1863, a dispatch was sent from Downing Street to Governor James Douglas reporting that it had been assured by Secretary of State Seward that the rumours had no foundation.⁴⁴

On October 16, 1863, Judah P. Benjamin, the Confederate Secretary of State, received a letter regarding the aspirations of a would-be privateer in British Columbia. A certain Jules David, president of the Southern Association of Vancouver Island and British Columbia, had been corresponding with James M. Mason, the Confederate Commissioner at London. He informed Mason about the organization of his Confederate society in Victoria and requested the grant of a letter of marque. Mason, who did not have the authority to issue letters of marque, referred David to the Confederate Government at Richmond. Heeding this advice, David wrote to Benjamin, asking permission "to harass and injure our enemies," and requesting that he immediately be sent a letter of marque, for the Southern Association had procured a strong and fast vessel of 400 tons and the funds to arm it. He also stated that in case the Confederate Government denied his request and preferred to send its own vessel to the Pacific Coast, the Southern Association would co-operate in assisting her. David believed that a privateer could easily prey upon United States commerce in the Pacific, as indicated by an extract from his letter:—

The Federal Government have not force on this coast, and our privateers could do any amount of mischief without fear of capture.

(43) Francis to Selfridge, May 13, 1863, *ibid.*, p. 260.

(44) Lyons to Russell, April 27, 1863, enclosure in Newcastle to Douglas, May 19, 1863, *MS.*, Archives of B.C.

It is our most anxious wish to do something for our country, and we can not serve her better than in destroying the commerce and property of our enemies. If you will for a moment reflect upon the extensive commerce of the Federal States with South America, California, the islands, China, and Japan, you can well imagine what a rich field we have before us.⁴⁵

Four days after Jules David penned his letter, the United States Consul at Victoria, Allen Francis, wrote to his brother, Major Simeon Francis, stationed at Fort Vancouver, stating:—

We had a strange arrival here the other day. It was a vessel made entirely of steel. The masts were also steel. She was schooner rigged, of about 300 tons, and is said to be very fast. Since here arrival rumors have been rife that the rebels have been trying to buy her for a privateer, and it is further said that if they gave the price asked they can have her.⁴⁶

Francis also revealed that three weeks previously an English ship, the *Jasper*, arrived from Liverpool with 1,000 barrels of powder and shell, and it had been assumed by some individuals that a connection existed between the two events. He stated that it was a blunder not to have warships in the North Pacific, and that the only available ship was the brigantine *Joe Lane*, which had neither adequate speed nor armament. Francis further related that miners of secessionists sympathy were coming to Victoria from the Interior in desperate circumstances, and that the "rebels" were holding regular private meetings.⁴⁷

Major Francis was absent from his station, and the Consul's letter remained unopened for a month. On November 20 Brigadier-General Benjamin Alvord at Fort Vancouver sent a copy of the letter to army headquarters in San Francisco. Then he telegraphed General George Wright at Sacramento, requesting that steps be taken to send the U.S.S. *Saginaw* or another naval ship to Puget Sound. Alvord also recommended that the army send a copy of the letter to Admiral Charles H. Bell, aboard his flag-ship, U.S.S. *Lancaster*, or to the Commandant, Mare Island Navy Yard. Evidently Alvord was fearful that among the numerous miners returning to California for the winter there might be some conspirators boarding the steamers, which were heavily laden with gold shipments. However, Admiral Bell replied that he was unable to spare a vessel at the present time.⁴⁸ On November 23 Consul Francis assured

(45) Jules David to Benjamin, October 16, 1863, *Official Records* . . . *Navies*, Ser. II, Vol. III, pp. 933-934.

(46) Francis to Major S. Francis, October 20, 1863, in R. N. Scott, *op. cit.*, Ser. I, Vol. L, pt. ii, p. 678.

(47) *Ibid.*

(48) Alvord to Francis, November 20, 1863, *ibid.*, pp. 679-680.

General Alvord that he was exerting all efforts to quell any plot. He stated that the Confederate colony had increased because of the influx of miners from British Columbia, but he reported no alarming movements. Nonetheless, Francis noted the ease with which a vessel could be outfitted, since Vancouver Island had so many harbours. He again expressed his belief that the Government was negligent in not keeping a warship in the vicinity.⁴⁹

Consul Francis continually received intelligence of Confederate plans to outfit privateers, and he had requested a warship on numerous occasions. Again in December, 1863, he begged for the *Saginaw*. Upon arriving at Acapulco, Admiral Charles H. Bell received a communication from Commodore Charles H. Poor at San Francisco, relating that Francis possessed information concerning the outfitting of a privateer. As soon as the U.S.S. *Narragansett* completed repairs, Commodore Poor dispatched her to Victoria with instructions to the commanding officer, Selim E. Woodworth, to stop or capture the privateer. A number of sailors and marines from the U.S.S. *Saranac* and from Mare Island Navy Yard were transferred to the *Narragansett* in order to increase her complement to a full quota for the mission. The warship stood out of San Francisco on December 11, 1863, and Admiral Bell urged the Secretary of Navy either to cancel previous orders to send the *Narragansett* to Boston or to furnish him with another ship.⁵⁰

The following February 20 General Richard C. Drum, located at army headquarters in San Francisco, addressed a letter to Governor Frederick F. Low of California regarding the use of the *Narragansett*. The letter stated that a number of prominent citizens had requested General George Wright to unite with Governor Low in sending a telegram to authorities in Washington, D.C., in order to advocate the retention of the vessel on the Pacific Coast.⁵¹ Three weeks later the warship was undergoing repairs at San Francisco.⁵² Eventually the vessel reached Vancouver Island, for, on April 22, 1864, Austin H. Layard, British Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, wrote to the Admiralty

(49) Francis to Alvord, November 23, 1863, *ibid.*, p. 682.

(50) Bell to Welles, January 9, 1864, in *Official Records . . . Navies*, Ser. I, Vol. II, p. 583.

(51) Drum to Low, February 20, 1864, in R. N. Scott, *op cit.*, Ser. I, Vol. I, pt. ii, p. 761.

(52) Poor to Wright, March 15, 1864, *ibid.*, pp. 789-790.

stating that the strictest neutrality should be enforced concerning the *Narragansett's* movements within the limits of Vancouver Island.⁵³

Consul Francis's last mention of a rumour about a privateer was on November 18, 1864, when he wrote to Major-General Irvin McDowell, Commandant, Pacific Division, relating that a large group of Southerners from British Columbia and Idaho Territory were gathering in Victoria. Their headquarters were in the "Confederate Saloon," and it was believed that they were machinating to procure a privateer. Francis also indicated that Governor Arthur E. Kennedy of Vancouver Island was co-operating with him to uncover the plot.⁵⁴

Rumours of Confederate privateers operating in Victoria stopped circulating during the final stages of the Civil War. However, British authorities in Victoria became concerned with one additional problem when the C.S.S. *Shenandoah* appeared in the North Pacific. This British-built raider had been recently refitted in Melbourne, and after the conclusion of the war continued her depredations against the American whaling fleet in the Arctic and North Pacific. On July 20, 1865, the whaleship *Milo* arrived in San Francisco with a party of survivors from the sunken whalers.⁵⁵ The next day the San Francisco journal *Daily Evening Bulletin* suggested, in an article entitled "A Chance for John Bull to do the Handsome Thing," that a British gun-boat from Esquimalt should be sent in pursuit of the *Shenandoah*, for it would be three weeks in advance of any United States warship ordered in pursuit. The newspaper asserted that this would be "an excellent stroke of policy" by the British Columbian authorities, inasmuch as the "pirate" was armed and manned by Englishmen and made use of the English flag.⁵⁶ The Portland *Oregonian* of August 14 quoted an excerpt from the *Victoria Chronicle*, suggesting that protection be extended to the *Shenandoah* within the confines of law, but also expressing a desire for the early end of the "career" of the raider. The *Oregonian* protested this attitude in no uncertain terms and asked:—

Do the Victorians now desire an opportunity to prove as faithless to the United States as their home did when it perfidiously sent the *Shenandoah* on her lawless cruise?⁵⁷

(53) Layard to the Admiralty, April 22, 1864, enclosure in Layard to Rogers, April 23, 1864, enclosure in Cardwell to Kennedy, April 30, 1864, *MS.*, Archives of B.C.

(54) Francis to McDowell, November 18, 1864, in R. C. Scott, *op. cit.*, Ser. I, Vol. L, pt. ii, p. 1061.

(55) San Francisco *Daily Alta California*, July 21, 1865.

(56) San Francisco *Daily Evening Bulletin*, July 21, 1865.

(57) Portland *Oregonian*, August 14, 1865.

On July 24 Consul Francis and Judge Lander of Washington Territory called on Governor Arthur E. Kennedy of Vancouver Island and asked him to dispatch a British warship to notify the *Shenandoah* of the fall of the Confederacy. However, the Governor replied that he could not act in the matter without official sanction.⁵⁸ Meanwhile the British Foreign Office forwarded a circular letter to Governor Kennedy, enclosing a letter of June 19 from James D. Bulloch, the Confederate naval agent at Liverpool, addressed to the commander of the *Shenandoah*. Bulloch's letter contained instructions relative to the disposal of the ship.⁵⁹ Then on September 7 the British Colonial Office issued a circular dispatch to Governor Kennedy stating:—

It is the desire of Her Majesty's Government that the "*Shenandoah*" should be detained in any British Port which she may enter. If she should arrive in a Port of your Colony, you will notify to her Commander that it is incumbent on him to deliver up the vessel and her armament to the Colonial Authorities in order to be dealt with as may be ordered by Her Majesty's Government. You will detain the vessel, by force if necessary, supposing that you have on the spot a sufficient force to command obedience. And, at all events, you will prohibit any supplies of any description to the vessel, so as to give her no facilities whatever for going to sea.⁶⁰

On October 1 the Admiralty ordered British naval forces in the Pacific to detain the *Shenandoah*, provided she put into a port, or to seize her, if she were equipped as a vessel of war, upon the high seas. Rear-Admiral Joseph Denman was directed to treat the *Shenandoah* as a "pirate,"⁶¹ and his orders read:—

You are at liberty to communicate these Instructions to the Commander of any cruiser [*sic*] of the United States' Navy; and, without actually detaching any of the vessels under your command in pursuit of the "*Shenandoah*," you may render any assistance in your power in putting an end of the mischievous career of this vessel.⁶²

(58) *Victoria Colonist*, July 26, 1865.

(59) Cardwell to Kennedy, July 5, 1865, with enclosures Bulloch to Commander of *Shenandoah*, June 19, 1865; Mason to Russell, June 20, 1865, Circular Dispatches, *MS.*, Archives of B.C. The second enclosure was a request by the Confederate agent, James M. Mason, to send instruction to the *Shenandoah* via British diplomatic channels to the possible places where the vessel might stop. These places were Nagasaki, Shanghai, and the Sandwich Islands.

(60) Cardwell to Kennedy, September 7, 1865, *ibid.*

(61) Cardwell to Kennedy, October 11, 1865, with enclosures Romaine to Denman, October 1, 1865, and Law Officers of the Crown to Russell, September 21, 1865, *ibid.*

(62) Romaine to Denman, October 1, 1865, *ibid.*

On October 11 another confidential circular from the Foreign Office stated that if the *Shenandoah* was detained or captured, she should be delivered to the United States, but her crew could be allowed to go free.⁶³ While the search by the United States warships was still being made in the Pacific, the *Shenandoah* finally came to anchor in the Mersey at Liverpool on November 6, 1865.⁶⁴

Although the alleged Confederate privateers in Victoria failed to outfit any vessel, the rumours of their activities did present a thorny problem in Anglo-American relations, for the United States did not welcome the British recognition of the belligerency of the Confederacy. Fortunately no privateer appeared nor was outfitted in British Columbia, and her authorities were co-operative with the United States in investigating the rumours. Also they must have been relieved when the *Shenandoah* discontinued her warlike moves. The only damage inflicted by Confederate plots along the entire Pacific Coast was to delay gold shipments and to entail expense to the United States in guarding her commercial route to the Isthmus of Panama.

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(63) Cardwell to Kennedy, October 11, 1865, *ibid.*

(64) Cornelius E. Hunt, *Cruise of the Shenandoah*, New York, 1867, p. 247, see also J. T. Scharf, *op. cit.*, p. 811.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

BRITISH COLUMBIA HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION

VICTORIA SECTION

A regular meeting of the Section was held in the Provincial Library on Thursday evening, May 27, with Miss Madge Wolfenden in the chair. The speaker on that occasion was Mr. John T. Saywell, a graduate of the University of British Columbia and a former staff member of the Provincial Archives, now studying for his doctorate at Harvard University. The subject of his address was *A New Light on Joseph Trutch and the Establishment of British Columbia's First Provincial Government*. The responsibility for the inauguration of a Provincial government in British Columbia after Confederation in 1871 fell to Sir Joseph Trutch, a former colonial official whose appointment to the position of Lieutenant-Governor by the Federal Government was only moderately well received in the Province. Sir John A. Macdonald had hoped to secure the services of Dr. J. S. Helmcken as the first Premier, but the latter remained firm in his decision to retire from political life. Trutch, therefore, turned to John Foster McCreight, whom he groomed for the position and used his influence to ensure his election. The first session of the Legislature was a difficult one, for the level of Provincial politics was not very high and there was great need for leadership of a strong calibre. John Robson and Amor de Cosmos were probably the two most prominent political figures, doubtless due to the newspaper backing which they could command. By October, 1872, Trutch was less inclined to take part in governmental affairs. For one thing he was becoming bored and found his role as Lieutenant-Governor unsatisfying. The Legislature was even more divided, and, in consequence of the attacks on the McCreight government by Robson and de Cosmos, it was defeated. Trutch then called upon de Cosmos to organize a new ministry, and the transition from the colonial administration to full Provincial responsible government was completed. Dr. F. Henry Johnson proposed a vote of thanks to the speaker.

Mr. R. E. Potter, Vice-Chairman, presided at the meeting of the Section held on Monday evening, June 28, in the Provincial Library, when the speaker was Mr. J. H. Hamilton and his subject *The Origin and Early History of the "All-red Route."* Mr. Hamilton was formerly manager of the Vancouver Shipping and Merchants Exchange and an authority on marine matters. His paper traced the development of the trans-Pacific steamship service to Australia from its origin in 1893 with the arrival of the *Miwera* at Victoria on June 6th to its termination in June, 1953, when the *Aorangi* was withdrawn from service. The inception of this line of communication rounded out the service established by the Canadian Pacific Railway across Canada and its trans-Pacific steamship service to the Orient. In addition to his address, Mr. Hamilton showed a number of photographs of the old ships engaged in the service. The thanks of the meeting were tendered to the speaker by Mr. G. H. Stevens.

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To mark the centenary of the arrival of the ship *Princess Royal* with its passengers, who became in reality the founders of Nanaimo, the members of the Section motored to Nanaimo on their annual field-day on Saturday afternoon, August 28. There they were entertained by the members of the Nanaimo Section, whose Chairman, Mr. J. C. McGregor, a grandson of Mrs. John Meakin, a passenger on the *Princess Royal*, addressed the group in St. Paul's Parish Hall on the history of this famous ship and the significance of its arrival to the Nanaimo district. During the afternoon the members also visited the James Dunsmuir home at Departure Bay and the home of Robert Dunsmuir.

The first regular meeting in the fall season was held in the Provincial Library on Friday evening, September 24. The Chairman, Miss Madge Wolfenden, took the occasion to pay a tribute to Hayman Claudet, the recently deceased youngest son of Francis G. Claudet, head of the assay office and mint at New Westminster who had been responsible for the minting of British Columbia's only gold coins in 1862. The speaker of the evening was Mr. Reginald Roy, who recently joined the staff of the Provincial Archives, and his subject *Early Militia and the Defence of British Columbia, 1871-1885*. Mr. Roy, who served for a number of years with the Historical Section of the Canadian Army in the preparation of the official army history of World War II, was well qualified for the task he undertook. The first war scare in British Columbia after Confederation originated from an anonymous letter addressed to the Lieutenant-Governor warning that Fenians were holding regular meetings and drilling with a view to an attack on the Island. There was no effective military force available, and defence rested entirely with the British naval vessels then present at Esquimalt. Trutch was aware of the weakness of this arrangement, for the naval forces were responsible for the protection of British interests in an area covering several thousands of square miles, and he constantly agitated for better defences. Five years later another scare developed in consequence of the Russo-Turkish War. The danger of a hit-and-run attack by Russian naval forces was brought to the attention of the Government in British Columbia, and there was renewed activity on the part of both the Federal and Imperial Governments in the defence of the Province. However, it was not until 1885, following another war scare involving Great Britain and Russia, that the Federal Government became prepared to spend additional money on British Columbia defences. A vote of thanks was proposed by Mr. J. H. Hamilton.

A meeting of the Section was held in the Provincial Library on Thursday evening, October 28, when the Chairman, Miss Madge Wolfenden, presented to the meeting extracts from the memoirs prepared by Mr. Hayman Claudet a short while prior to his death, dealing with the life of his father, Francis G. Claudet. Born in England of French parents, Claudet was educated at University College, London, and Caroline College, Brunswick, Germany, and in 1859 received an appointment to establish and operate an assay office in the colony of British Columbia. He reached Victoria early in 1860, having come by way of the Panama, and was then only 23 years of age. From the outset he was faced with many difficulties in organizing his department. For one thing, privately operated assay offices had been first in the field, and they were opposed to the establishment of a colonial assay office. In addition, there was considerable bickering between the various colonial officials. Claudet early advocated the undertaking of a geo-

logical survey of the colony and the establishment of a mineralogical research bureau; in both of these he was twenty years before his time. He was held in high esteem by Governors Seymour and Musgrave and held many government appointments in addition to his duties as assayer. He fitted well into colonial life and made many friends during his residence in British Columbia, which did not terminate until his return to England in 1873. After a period of unsettlement he eventually became manager of a chemical works in Cheshire and ultimately joined his brother, Frederick, at the Assay Office, London. There he died in 1906. Miss Wolfenden read extracts from his diaries and letters which gave an interesting sidelight on colonial life in New Westminster and Victoria, as well as providing an intimate insight into the character of Claudet. Mr. R. A. Wootton proposed a vote of appreciation to the speaker and pointed out that Hayman Claudet was a pioneer in his own right, having been sent from England in 1904 to install the first oil-flotation plant for the reduction of complex ores at the Le Roi mine in Rossland.

VANCOUVER SECTION

A regular meeting of the Section was held in the Grosvenor Hotel on Wednesday evening, May 5, with Dr. Margaret A. Ormsby in the chair. The speaker on that occasion was Mr. N. H. McDiarmid, a Vancouver lawyer, who chose as his subject *The Cedar Creek Gold Rush*. Cedar Creek, west of Williams Lake and opposite Likely on the road from the 150 Mile House to Keithley Creek, was first known as a placer operation in the early 1860's. During the winter of 1921-22, reports began to reach Vancouver of a great gold strike. That winter Johnny Lynes, an experienced placer-miner, and Alfred Pratt, the blacksmith at 150 Mile House, found gold, and by May their claim was showing about 160 ounces of gold to the yard, for a value of about \$3,000. Through errors in staking, Lynes and Pratt lost out to a group known as the Big Six or The Trappers after extensive litigation. Mr. McDiarmid had acted for the latter group in the Courts and was thus able to shed much light on a latter-day gold-rush that has been comparatively neglected in the mining annals of this Province.

The annual picnic of the Section was held on Saturday, June 26, when about 125 members and friends travelled by the Canadian Pacific Railway to Yale. There the party was divided into smaller groups and taken on tours of historic sites in the old town—All Hallows School, St. John's Anglican Church, Front Street, and Steamboat Landing. Later they reassembled and the Secretary of the Section, Mr. Bruce Ramsey, spoke on *Place-names of the Cariboo Road*. In conjunction with this outing, the Section had prepared and printed an excellent illustrated brochure entitled *Historic Yale*, which is sold at 50 cents per copy.

The first meeting in the fall season was held in the Grosvenor Hotel on Tuesday evening, October 12, when the speaker was Dr. H. V. Warren and his subject *Prospectors and Prospecting in British Columbia*. Dr. Warren was eminently qualified to deal with his subject, for he is Professor of Mineralogy in the Department of Geology at the University of British Columbia. In the course of his address the speaker outlined the work of prospectors in opening up the country, described the difficult terrain they encountered, and gave an excellent summary of the contributions they had made to the development of the Province.

NANAIMO SECTION

The regular meetings of the Section held on May 11 and June 8 were used to discuss plans for the celebration of the centenary of the arrival in Nanaimo on November 27, 1854, of the passengers brought to the colony of Vancouver Island in the *Princess Royal*. Arrangements are well in hand for a pageant re-enacting the landing of the pioneers and for the preparation of a roster of the original passengers and their descendants.

On August 28 the Section was host to the Victoria Section on the occasion of its annual field-day. Tours of points of interest were arranged, and the Chairman of the Section, Mr. J. C. McGregor, spoke to the members on the significance of the events associated with the *Princess Royal*.

A regular meeting of the Section was held on October 12, on which occasion Mr. J. G. Parker read a paper on *Fifty Years of Education in Nanaimo*. For this address Miss Dorothy Bryant, of Ladysmith, had made available the note-books and diaries of her father, Cornelius Bryant, one of the pioneer teachers in the district.

WEST KOOTENAY SECTION

A regular meeting of the Section was held on May 3, when the speaker was Mr. Gordon T. German and his subject *Rosslund before 1900*. This was a very carefully prepared chronological account of the early days in Rosslund from the time of the first recorded discovery of a mine to the end of the litigation over the famous Le Roi mine. In 1887 two prospectors, Bohman and Leyson, discovered what became the *Lily May*, but the real activity did not begin until 1896, when the *Homestake*, *Centre Star*, *War Eagle*, *Le Roi*, *Idaho*, *Virginia*, and *Iron Mask* locations were staked. Communication was mainly by wagon-road to Northport and thence by boat, but there was considerable agitation for a wagon-road down Trail Creek to the Columbia. In 1894 Augustus Heinze acquired one-third of the Trail townsite for a smelter and began building a railroad to the Rosslund mines, and he also planned a line connecting Robson with Trail. In 1898 Heinze was bought out by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. Mr. German also traced the development of the city, which was incorporated on March 4, 1897, paying particular attention to the introduction of public services. He also dealt with outstanding events such as the winter carnival, and in conclusion pointed out that two important pieces of labour legislation in this Province—the eight-hour day and workmen's compensation—were inspired by men from the Rosslund district.

At a meeting held on June 14 the constitution and by-laws of the Section as drafted by Mr. F. M. Etheridge were presented and adopted. The balance of the evening was taken up with the identification of old photographs provided by Mr. J. M. Cameron.

On October 25 the Provincial Librarian and Archivist, Mr. Willard E. Ireland, addressed the Section, having chosen as his subject *The Role of a River*, in which he outlined the history of the communication route that the Columbia River provided from the earliest days of the fur trade down to the advent of continuous steam navigation in the late 1890's. Reference was made to the numerous references to the region from the many published accounts of voyagers on the Columbia.

BOUNDARY SECTION

In conjunction with the unveiling of the historic marker at Midway on Sunday afternoon, September 19, the President of the British Columbia Historical Association, Captain C. W. Cates, addressed a meeting of the Section. He spoke particularly on the Indian lore of the Province, a subject on which he is well versed. Several of the old-timers of the district present at the gathering were introduced by Mr. E. S. Reynolds, including E. C. Henniger and Howard Pennell, of Midway; J. Lindsay, of Rock Creek; and Mrs. R. B. White, of Penticton, each of whom spoke briefly on their reminiscences of earlier days in the Boundary country.

OKANAGAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The annual meeting of the Okanagan Historical Society was held in the board room of the B.C. Tree Fruits Limited, Kelowna, on Wednesday afternoon, June 2, with Mr. J. B. Knowles in the chair. In his annual report the President noted that there was a growing appreciation of things historical throughout British Columbia. Recently the Society had been requested by the Veterans' Land Administration to suggest appropriate names for streets and roads in the new subdivisions at Westbank and Cawston, and this had been done. Passing reference was also made to the publication of *The Story of Osoyoos*, by Mr. George J. Fraser. It was with regret that the Society accepted the resignation of Dr. Margaret A. Ormsby as editor of the *Annual Report*, and as a token of the Society's appreciation a bound set of the reports issued under her editorship was prepared for her. It was reported that the *Seventeenth Report* had been issued and the plans were well advanced for the *Eighteenth Report*, which was to feature the fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of Kelowna in 1905, with Dr. J. C. Goodfellow acting as editor-in-chief. Other reports indicated that the Society was in a flourishing condition.

Following the business meeting a dinner was held in the Royal Anne Hotel, when seventy-five members were in attendance. The guest speaker was Louise Gabriel, secretary of the Indian Council of the Penticton reservation, who gave a very interesting and informative talk on the preparation and use of foods and medicines by the Indians in early days. She explained the Indian technique of steam-cooking: hot rocks were placed in the bottom of a pit, which was lined with bark and pine-needles, then the roots to be cooked were placed on rose branches above the hot rocks, and the whole was covered in, except for an aperture at the top through which water was poured. Indian bread made from moss was also cooked in a similar fashion. Other foods were usually dried for winter use. Each fall the men made ready for hunting by making bows and arrows, the latter from the strong, straight shoots of the syringa, which had to be tipped with flint. Before setting out the hunters had to cleanse themselves so that the wild game would not be able to pick up scent. For this purpose, use was made of the "sweat-house" followed by a plunge into the cold lake. The sweat-house was an "igloo-like" affair, built of small branches intertwined and stuck into the ground and covered with fir boughs and dirt. Heated stones were rolled into the centre and water poured over them to create a steam bath. The hunter would crawl into the sweat-house and close the opening. The speaker also dealt in some

detail with other techniques used in the hunt and in the preservation of food-stuffs and skins. Indian medicines were many and effective, and all were provided by nature. Olallie juice was given a baby after he was weaned, and wild-strawberry leaves dried and powdered was an effective remedy for his sore mouth. An infusion of red willow was used for irritated skin, and Oregon grape provided a spring tonic. Infusions of balsam bark or thorn-bush cured hæmorrhage, and mint tea cured fevers, as did also a tea made from dried fish-heads. Soopolallie made a mild laxative, and rattlesnake-weed was used for more drastic purging. One of the many sagebrushes was used as a remedy for colds, and an onion-like root was dug and prepared for treating poison ivy.

Mr. Guy P. Bagnall, of Vernon, also spoke briefly on the question of Indian citizenship.

The officers elected for the year 1954-55 are as follows:—

Honorary Patron	-	-	His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor.
Honorary President	-	-	O. L. Jones, M.P.
President	-	-	J. B. Knowles, Kelowna.
First Vice-President	-	-	J. D. Whitham, Kelowna.
Second Vice-President	-	-	Mrs. R. B. White, Penticton.
Third Vice-President	-	-	C. E. Bentley, Summerland.
Secretary	-	-	Rev. J. C. Goodfellow, D.D., Princeton.
Treasurer	-	-	Guy P. Bagnall, Vernon.
Auditor	-	-	T. R. Jenner, Vernon.
Editor	-	-	Rev. J. C. Goodfellow, D.D., Princeton.
Assistant Editor	-	-	Mrs. R. L. Cawston, Westbridge.
Directors—			

North—

Burt R. Campbell, Kamloops.	J. G. Simms, Vernon.
J. H. Wilson, Armstrong.	

Middle—

Mrs. D. Gellatly, Westbank.	James Goldie, Okanagan Centre.
Dr. Frank Quinn, Kelowna.	

South—

Mrs. Vera Bennett, Penticton.	George J. Fraser, Osoyoos.
Captain J. B. Weeks, Penticton.	

At large—

Miss K. Ellis, Penticton.	A. K. Loyd, Kelowna.
R. J. McDougall, Sorrento.	Mrs. G. Maisonville, Kelowna.

The executives of the branch societies are as follows:—

Armstrong

President	-	-	-	-	-	J. H. Wilson.
Secretary-Treasurer	-	-	-	-	-	Arthur Marshall.
Directors—						
Mrs. D. G. Crozier.						Mrs. Myles MacDonald.
Arthur Young.						

Kelowna

President - - - - -	R. C. Gore.
Vice-President - - - - -	J. B. Knowles.
Secretary-Treasurer - - - - -	L. L. Kerry.
Directors—	
E. M. Carruthers.	Mrs. G. Maisonville.
Mrs. G. D. Fitzgerald.	Nigel Pooley.
Mrs. D. Gellatly.	J. D. Whitham.

Penticton

President - - - - -	H. Cochrane.
Vice-Presidents - - - - -	Mrs. R. B. White.
	J. G. Harris.
Secretary - - - - -	Mrs. C. G. Bennett.
Treasurer - - - - -	Captain J. B. Weeks.
Directors—	
C. E. Bentley.	J. T. Leslie.
Mrs. R. L. Cawston.	Mrs. A. M. Warren.
C. F. Guernsey.	Mrs. H. Whittaker.

Oliver-Osoyoos

President - - - - -	H. V. Simpson.
Vice-President - - - - -	Mrs. E. Lacey.
Secretary - - - - -	R. Butler.
Treasurer - - - - -	A. Kalten.
Directors—	
L. Ball.	A. Millar.
A. McGibbon.	Mrs. A. Millar.

Vernon

President - - - - -	F. V. Harewood.
Secretary-Treasurer - - - - -	George Falconer.
Directors—	
A. E. Berry.	B. R. Campbell.
	G. E. McMahon.

ROSSLAND HISTORICAL MUSEUM

On Saturday afternoon, June 12, an interesting ceremony took place on the lawns adjacent to the Court-house, Rossland, to mark the official opening of the Rossland Historical Museum. For some time a special committee of the Rossland Rotary Club, which had taken the museum as a community project, had been at work, and as a result much interesting material had been gathered together and permission received to have it housed in two rooms on the ground floor of the Court-house. Prime mover in this effort was Mr. Gordon T. German, manager of the Bank of Montreal in Rossland. In November, 1954, a public meeting was

held with a view to turning the project over to a group of citizens interested in the operation of the museum, and at that time an interim committee was elected, empowered to draw up a constitution and to secure incorporation under the "Societies Act." This was carried out, and on March 31 the Rossland Historical Museum Association came into existence, with Mr. Gordon T. German as Chairman. At the official opening Mr. R. J. Cotton, president of the Rotary Club, paid tribute to the hard work of Mr. German and his colleagues, and a letter of congratulation from Mr. Willard E. Ireland, Provincial Librarian and Archivist, was read. Mayor Harold Elmes officially opened the museum. Mr. J. H. Armstrong, Chairman of the West Kootenay Section of the British Columbia Historical Association, and Mrs. A. D. Turnbull, First Vice-President of that Association, were present and offered their congratulations. At the conclusion of the ceremony, tea was served by the Rotary Anns, at which background music was supplied by a Model "A" Edison " Fireside " phonograph of 1906 vintage.

This museum, which has as its object the preservation of items of interest which tell some of the history of the City of Rossland and its immediate vicinity, has done a remarkably good job. Of particular interest is the one wall of the entrance room which has been papered with stock certificates reminiscent of the great mining boom of the late 1890's, which gives at a glance a vivid impression of the *raison d'être* for the community. An excellent start has been made in gathering together a full photographic record of the region, in which project the Provincial Archives has been co-operating. Several show-cases have been donated, and already many valuable historical exhibits are in place.

PLAQUE COMMEMORATING FORT LANGLEY PIONEER CEMETERY

On Wednesday, June 16, a bronze tablet prepared by the British Columbia Department of Trade and Industry was unveiled in conjunction with the consecration by Right Rev. G. P. Gower, Bishop of New Westminster, of the cemetery adjoining St. George's Church, Langley. The plaque was unveiled by Mr. E. G. Rowebottom, Deputy Minister of Trade and Industry, whose grandfather was one of the Royal Engineers that came to British Columbia in 1859.

Only two older cemeteries are known to have existed on the Mainland before the one at St. George's was used. In the early days of Fort Langley the Hudson's Bay Company used a cemetery on River Road near the original fort-site at Derby, but no one now knows its exact location, Jason Allard, who passed away twenty years ago, being the last to remember the site. When Fort Langley was moved to its new site, a new cemetery adjacent thereto came into existence, but it was completely destroyed a number of years ago when the Canadian Northern Railway right-of-way cut away the bank of the fort hill for a supply of gravel. The cemetery now marked was first used about 1840, but most of the records and tombstones connected with the burial-ground have been lost, destroyed, or allowed to deteriorate over the years. No commitments have been made in the last fifty years. Most of those who lie buried in this cemetery were Hudson's Bay Company employees at Fort Langley or very early settlers in the district. A committee of

officials of St. George's Church was responsible for the ceremony. The inscription on the plaque, which is fastened to a large granite rock, is as follows:—

Pioneer Cemetery

Among the many pioneers of the Langley District
who here lie buried are

Ovid Allard, 1817–1874

William H. Newton, 1833–1875

two faithful servants of the Hudson's Bay Company
at its post, Fort Langley.

MIDWAY HISTORICAL MARKER

More than 250 persons were in attendance when Captain C. W. Cates, President of the British Columbia Association, unveiled a bronze tablet erected at Midway through the kindness of the Provincial Department of Trade and Industry on Sunday afternoon, September 19. The plaque, embedded in a concrete base, stands in front of the pioneer entwined trees, only a few yards from the old Midway school to the south of the highway. The ceremony was arranged by the newly organized Boundary Section of the British Columbia Historical Association, whose Chairman, Mrs. Jessie Woodward, extended greetings to all visitors who had travelled from Grand Forks, Greenwood, Midway, Rock Creek, Kettle Valley, and some from the Okanagan Valley. Joe Someday ("Chief Walking Grizzly Bear"), of the Colville Indian band, was also present. Rev. O. L. Greene pronounced the invocation, and music was supplied by the combined Grand Forks and Curlew City bands. The inscription on the plaque reads:—

When the International Boundary line was being surveyed in
1857–1861, the major portion of the large Indian band then living in
the area moved to the reservation at Colville, Washington. One of
the Indians entwined two sapling pines, saying:

"Though divided we are united still—we are one."

This tree symbolizes the spirit of friendship existing between
Canada and the United States.

JOHN S. EWART MEMORIAL FUND

The Senate of the University of Manitoba invites applications for grants from the John S. Ewart Memorial Fund. This Fund was established to make possible grants for travel to the Public Archives of Canada, Ottawa, by students of Canadian history and writers on historical theses from the four Western Provinces of Canada. Information will be supplied and applications received by the Registrar, The University of Manitoba, Winnipeg, Man.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

Madge Wolfenden recently retired as Assistant Provincial Archivist and is a Past President of the British Columbia Historical Association and a student of Pacific Northwest history.

Benjamin Franklin Gilbert is Assistant Professor of History, Division of Social Science, at San Jose State College, San Jose, California.

Willard E. Ireland, editor of this *Quarterly*, is the Provincial Librarian and Archivist for the Province of British Columbia.

John Tupper Saywell, a contributor to this *Quarterly*, is a former member of the staff of the Provincial Archives, now on the staff of the Department of History, University of Toronto, Toronto, Ontario.

A. F. Flucke is head of the Cataloguing Department of the Provincial Archives of British Columbia.

THE NORTHWEST BOOKSHELF

Cumberland House Journals and Inland Journals, 1775-82. Second Series, 1779-82.

Edited by E. E. Rich, with an introduction by Richard Glover. London: The Hudson's Bay Record Society, 1952. Pp. lxii, 313, xiv.

This fifteenth volume in the admirable series of publications undertaken by the Hudson's Bay Record Society, like its immediate predecessor, deals with the beginning of Company posts on the Saskatchewan, the first advance from the shores of Hudson Bay into the fur hinterland. Six journals are here reproduced: three for Cumberland House covering the years 1779-82 as kept by William Walker, William Tomison, and George Hudson, and three covering the same years for the subsidiary post, Hudson House, as kept by William Tomison, Robert Longmoor, James Elphinstone, and William Walker. As might be expected, they contain the day-to-day happenings at these isolated posts, and quite frankly at times they make for tedious reading, but nevertheless there are many significant entries which provide rare insight into the problems the Hudson's Bay Company had to face when it finally decided to leave the Bay and to move inland in order better to meet the competition of the Canadian pedlars. In these journals it becomes apparent that at least by 1782 the grave shortage of man-power was being overcome at least to a degree. Canoes, the other half of the transportation problem, had proved to be easier of solution.

The introduction by Dr. Richard Glover, Associate Professor of History at the University of Manitoba, is an excellent continuation of his contribution to the first series. In that volume he drew together all pertinent biographical information, meagre though it was in places, about the men who actually founded the posts on the Saskatchewan. In this volume he has turned his attention to an equally important figure, Humphrey Marten, the Company's chief factor at York, who, although he never saw the inland posts, directed the whole venture and gave it his very considerable personal support. Hitherto, Marten has not appeared in too good a light, thanks to the writings of Edward Umfreville in *The Present State of Hudson's Bay*. Dr. Glover takes great pains to contradict Umfreville's aspersions one by one and to build up the contrasting picture of a loyal and able, though elderly, Company servant, plagued with ill health, but whole-heartedly in accord with the new policy of establishing the inland posts and determined that everything within his power should be done to launch them successfully. One of his great assets was his unexcelled insight into Indian character. In addition, his dealings with the Company's white servants in the interior was always marked by an honest appreciation of the conditions under which they worked, and he was courageous in pressing their cause even to the point of ignoring the instructions he had himself received from his superiors in London. Marten took great pains to keep the Company in London fully aware of the requirements of the inland posts if the experiment were to succeed, and his comments were often pithy as well as pointed.

Much has been written about the French *voyageur* and his contribution to the opening-up of the continent, but little has been written of his counterpart in the

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service of the Hudson's Bay Company. Once again Dr. Glover has plunged into the defence of the maligned—this time the Company's—labourers, the bulk of whom were recruited from the Orkney Islands and were often not held in high regard by many Company officials. Their home environment fitted them admirably for the rigours of life in the fur country, and, moreover, the Orkneys lay practically on the route from London to Hudson Bay. They rapidly mastered the art of canoemanship, were skilled and patient fishermen, and were (if one omits La Verendrye's men) the first gardeners on the prairies.

The journals end on a note of disaster. On the Bay the two principal posts—Churchill and York Factories—were destroyed by the French fleet under La Perouse. In the interior a devastating plague of smallpox swept the country in 1781–82, dealing a double blow to the Company—destroying by the thousands its beaver-hunters and cutting off the Indians who normally helped to transport the furs to York Factory from Cumberland House. Hitherto, this appalling disaster has been known only through the second-hand accounts of men like Edward Umfreville, David Thompson, and Alexander Mackenzie. Now in the journals of William Tomison and William Walker we have the contemporary account compiled by men who lived through the tragedy, untouched by it physically, but often recording “as shattering a disaster as any native race outside Tasmania has ever received from the white man.”

A few supplementary documents have been provided in an appendix. It can only be surmised that the failure to provide the extremely valuable series of biographical notes that one has come to expect in this series arises from the lack of sufficient data in the archives of the Company to make it worth while. If so, this is regrettable, for here are to be found many of the first residents of the Canadian West, and the meagre information provided in the footnotes and introduction, though appreciated, leaves one's curiosity largely unsatisfied. As usual, the volume is an excellent example of the bookmaker's craft.

WILLARD E. IRELAND.

PROVINCIAL ARCHIVES,
VICTORIA, B.C.

Canada's Tomorrow: Papers and Discussions, Canada's Tomorrow Conference, Quebec City, November, 1953. Edited by G. P. Gilmour. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada, Ltd., 1954. Pp. 324, vii. Ills. \$3.50.

Canada in 2003 A.D. will not be too different from the Canada we know in 1954. We will be a more populous nation, but our population will remain only a fraction of that of the United States; our natural resources will be greatly developed and will be in much greater demand, particularly as the American reserves near depletion; technological development will witness immense strides and the applied sciences will continue to be the pampered profession; the role of government will not differ to any great extent from that to which we have grown accustomed in the post-war years, and there seems to be little likelihood of a socialistic or even highly paternalistic state. Canadian educators will probably still be split between traditional and progressive schools of thought, although we might benefit from some synthesis of the two; culturally we will remain indifferent, and the general cultural level will remain lower than we would like, but due to governmental and private

encouragement Canadian artists should achieve more national and international renown. Due to the basic facts and fundamental principles of our environment and character, we will probably still lack a distinctive foreign policy, although doubtless we will continue to expand our influence in world affairs. So say the seers who gathered at Quebec under the auspices of the Canadian Westinghouse Company.

There is a good deal omitted in this volume of essays that one would have expected to be included. Yet there is much food for thought—mental nourishment that most Canadians cannot afford to neglect. If no clear picture of Canada in 2003 A.D. emerges, it is hardly the fault of the authors, for it is impossible for even the most gifted to foresee the future with any accuracy, as most of the writers hasten to admit. Indeed, the articles are interesting from an historical point of view because they illustrate both the advantages and the limitations of historical knowledge as the basis for prophecy. Each of the essays—*The Canadian People*, *Canada's Natural Resources*, *The Challenge to Science*, *The Constriction of Industry*, *The Role of Government*, *The Challenge to Education*, *Cultural Evolution*, *Canada in the World*, and *An Outsider Looking In*—seeks in some way, and with varying degrees of success, to outline some of the likely tendencies of the future by means of principles and patterns drawn from the past.

Some of the articles merely present old wine in new bottles, but the wine is no less for all that. Others contain refreshing and stimulating potions, a little too heady for the common taste, perhaps, and not quite so well brewed as those to which we have grown accustomed. It is refreshing, for example, to note the cautions of an eminent Canadian scientist that exclusive concentration on scientific progress as an end in itself might well lead to Utopia—which is nowhere—or even into a state of hopeless social confusion where means and ends have become sadly reversed. The scientific study of human society must go hand in hand with applied science; we neglect the social sciences at our peril, particularly in the midst of a gigantic social upheaval caused largely by the staggering progress in the applied sciences. The Canadians of the future—the Canadians of today—must assess the use of their new-found and ever-growing leisure time that is the result of increased productivity; they must—we must—be able to distinguish between and carefully weigh the educational and propagandistic values and symptoms of the new mass media in communications; they must consider the social results of free and easy instalment buying, of the rise of “suburbia,” of noise, dirt, and congestion. Social scientists and the humanists generally have often questioned the long-term objectives and results of applied science. It is heartening to hear the echo from the citadel itself.

Miss Hilda Neatby has done an able job of describing the general level of Canadian culture, but her summary does not obviate the need for thoughtful Canadians to read the Massey Commission Report and the studies prepared for it, from which she has drawn the great bulk of her observations. As one might expect, a slight note of pessimism prevails, but on the whole there appear to be no insuperable obstacles in the way of a constantly rising cultural standard that cannot be overcome by “a conscious dedication to the good life, a genuine worship of the truth.” The admirable illustrations by Eric Aldwinckle are themselves certain evidence that very competent interpretative work is being done in the creative arts.

Contrary to common opinion, Mr. Maurice Lamontagne, of Laval, sees no great change in the role of government fifty years hence. "Private initiative will continue to play the dynamic and dominant role in the field of long-term industrial development," while government activities will be only "auxiliary and conditioning." As in the past, free enterprise will cause frequent periods of short-term economic instability which the government will be forced to offset by enlightened fiscal and trade policies. The government will continue to interfere in some aspects of life, notably health, education, and housing, but only for a short time until an undefined minimum standard is reached, at which point public pressure will force a halt. The federal government in undertaking these duties will *ipso facto* tend to increase its power at the expense of the Provinces. Other than this slight reference, Mr. Lamontagne neglects to comment at all on the very crucial problems of Canadian federalism. At the same time he does yeoman service in warning against dangers implicit in the unrestrained and uncontrollable growth of a semi-independent, almost irresponsible, bureaucracy. He might well have mentioned, too, the increasing power of the Cabinet as against both parliament, party, and, it seems, the people. Improved methods of democratic control we must have, but the author, while admitting the need, offers no suggestion as to how this may be achieved.

President N. A. M. Mackenzie takes a healthy mid-way stand in the current continent-wide education controversy. The great challenge to educators during the next fifty years will be "to work out a synthesis of the best features of traditional and progressive thought." Education must assuredly prepare the Canadian students for the difficult task of making a living in the manner most in line with his ability and interests. But it must do more: it must prepare him for enlightened citizenship in a democracy, for "the future citizens must realize that the forms in which they participate are empty without the knowledge of the Cromwell's work and the spirit of Hampden"; it must refine his tastes, intellect, and emotions; it must attempt to extend "the rule of love" among men, regardless of social, national, racial, and religious barriers. No shallow phrases these, but words well worth marking for those attempting the difficult passage between Scylla and Charybdis.

Although Professor D. G. Creighton exhibits his expected brilliant insight and masterful prose style (delighting the reader with his use of Lytton Strachey's well-known description of the life of Queen Elizabeth as being "passed in a passion of postponements" when assessing the work of W. L. Mackenzie King), the most readable essay came from the pen of D. W. Brogan, the "outsider looking in." Professor Brogan has seen what many Canadians do not see—or, if they do see, disregard—that we have too long tended to define our Canadianism in negative terms. Some of us have been content to sum up our national achievement as continued political separation from the United States, while others have almost exclusively concentrated on the development of Dominion autonomy and the forging of a unique international status. Uncertain and insecure, we have been forever comparing ourselves to others, and concluding that we are less emotional and less boastful than the American (without pausing to think that we have not yet been subjected to equal emotional strains or have as yet less to boast about), less insular than the English, less volatile than the French and so on. This may all be very true, but such comparisons do little to explain or to develop the Canadian character. As Professor Brogan pointedly declares, however, the time has come when

"Canadianism must be given a positive and burdensome content," when Canadianism must give "the concept of Canada a positive, not a negative, content." This is, of course, impossible without a sure grasp of what Canada has been and what it is and where it is likely to go. *Canada's Tomorrow*, even though one may disagree with many of the view-points expressed, encourages thoughtful analysis on a wide range of subjects and furthers the habit of self-cultivation that President Mackenzie stresses as one of the major and essential duties of Canadian education, and is certainly one of the major duties of every Canadian citizen.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO,
TORONTO, ONT.

JOHN TUPPER SAYWELL.

The North Peace River Parish, Diocese of Caledonia: a Brief History. Fort St. John: The Alaska Highway News, 1954. Pp. 22. Maps & ills.

A Tree Grows in Vernon: the History of All Saints' Parish, Vernon, B.C. By Right Rev. A. H. Sovereign. Vernon: 1953. Pp. 39. Ills.

Through the Years, 1904-1954. Woman's Auxiliary of the Church of England in Canada, New Westminster Diocesan Board. Edited by Mrs. F. G. Cousins. Vancouver: 1954. Pp. 36. Ills.

Our Goodly Heritage, 1904-1954. Woman's Auxiliary of the Church of England in Canada, British Columbia Diocesan Board. Edited by H. Kathleen Davies. Victoria: 1954. Pp. 44. Ills.

Pioneering God's Country: the History of the Diocese of Olympia, 1853-1953. By Thomas E. Jessett. Tacoma: The Church Lantern Press, 1953. Pp. 54. Ills.

This has been a period of significant anniversaries for the Church of England in Canada and, in consequence, a number of brochures have been published which contain the results of a considerable amount of research into church history, a field which the local historian for long tended to ignore but which now, evidently, is coming into its own.

The North Peace River Parish deals with the origin and development of the work of the Anglican Church in that part of the Diocese of Caledonia lying mainly within the Peace River District, and in particular with St. Martin's Church, Fort St. John; the Church of the Good Shepherd, Taylor; and St. Matthias' Church, Cecil Lake. Part of the story is written by Monica Storrs, who came to the district in 1929, largely through the efforts of Miss F. H. E. Hassel, of the Caravan Sunday School Mission, the real pioneer missionary in the area. She tells of her experiences in a delightful way and makes reference to many of the personalities and events in the period of laying the foundations. Miss E. W. Higginbottom, who was sent out by the Fellowship of the Maple Leaf, spent the years 1936-39 in the district and has contributed her reminiscences of the events in which she participated. More recent developments are also chronicled, and the brochure is well illustrated with photographs and pen and ink sketches.

The occasion of a diamond jubilee in 1953 afforded All Saints' Parish, Vernon, the opportunity to prepare a detailed history of the parish, and they were fortunate to secure the services of Bishop A. H. Sovereign to undertake the task. The result

is a very readable brochure which has much of interest in it on the history of the Okanagan Valley generally. First services of the Church of England in the valley were held in 1879 at Grand Prairie (Westwold), and subsequently at the Coldstream ranch of Forbes Vernon in 1881, when Bishop Sillitoe was present. For some time thereafter Vernon was served from Kamloops. Many interesting records survived from this period of activity, which have been used with great care by the author. In 1893 the first church was established in Vernon. From that date onward the highlights of the progress of the parish are recorded and often illustrated with interesting and amusing anecdotes.

In 1954 the Woman's Auxiliary of the Church of England in Canada celebrated its golden jubilee, and to commemorate the event the New Westminster and British Columbia Diocesan Boards had prepared for publication attractive brochures. For the New Westminster Diocese it was also the occasion of the seventy-fifth anniversary of its founding. This booklet is arranged by chapters chronicling the events during the incumbency of each president, and there is a most useful list of officers and departments throughout the fifty-year period. The brochure of the British Columbia Diocesan Board also follows the strictly chronological approach. Both are well illustrated and worthily commemorate the anniversary celebrated.

Pioneering God's Country is a more ambitious undertaking by Thomas E. Jessett, historiographer of the Diocese of Olympia, a long-time student of church history in the Pacific Northwest, and is designed for the centennial celebration of the diocese. Mr. Jessett has not confined himself only to the history of the American Episcopal Church in the Northwest, which might be said to date formally from the arrival at Portland on January 19, 1853, of Rev. John McCarty, D.D., but he has also sketched out the earlier activity of priests of the Church of England, including Rev. Herbert Beaver and Rev. R. J. Staines. The pattern followed in this booklet is to trace developments as they occurred during the various episcopates, from that of Thomas Fielding Scott, first Bishop of Oregon and Washington Territories. The expanding interest was naturally reflected in growing ecclesiastical organization, as shown by the creation of additional dioceses, Olympia achieving full diocesan status in 1910. As a source book for many of the essential details in connection with the history of the American Episcopal Church in the State of Washington generally, this publication will prove extremely useful. The present incumbent, Bishop Stephen F. Bayne, Jr., has contributed a very thoughtful foreword.

WILLARD E. IRELAND.

PROVINCIAL ARCHIVES,
VICTORIA, B.C.

History of Kaslo. Kaslo Diamond Jubilee, 1893-1953. By the Historical Committee, Mrs. Ringheim, chairman. Nelson: Leon & Ramsay Printers, 1953. Pp. 64. Ills.

The Story of Osoyoos—September, 1811, to December, 1952. By George J. Fraser. Penticton: Penticton Herald, 1953. Pp. 212. Ills.

All too often local histories are little more than chronological recitations of local incidents. As conscientious and detailed as these may be, frequently the

result is a work in which significant historical facts and the day-to-day trivia of pioneer life are confused and there is little to interest the reading public beyond the confines of the local scene—those whose lives are in some way connected with the people and events discussed. Except for the particularization of names, dates, and places, which is always of antiquarian interest, local histories will be little appreciated until the writers learn to remove judiciously the shrubbery so that the reader may see the forest. Local-history writers might make greater contributions by outlining the personalities and activities of the pioneers as well as the residents of later days who played major roles in the commercial, social, and cultural development of the locality, and by writing of local events in terms of the persons mainly concerned. Biographical sketches give considerable insight into the history of an area, besides indicating the type of citizen that contributed to its development.

In this *History of Kaslo*, written to commemorate the jubilee of that city's incorporation, the tendency remarked upon at the beginning of this review is much less noticeable than in some others produced in recent years. Mrs. Ringheim and the members of her committee have accumulated a generous fund of information concerning the pioneer days of their city. Kaslo had its origin in the lode-mining boom that sent thousands of people surging into the Kootenays during the early 1890's. A little more background information on early mining developments might have added considerably to the outside reader's understanding of and interest in the area. Also place-names and biographical details could very well have formed separate sections instead of being inserted in arbitrary chronological order. Nevertheless, the writers have given a very clear and interesting picture of the inception and growth of Kaslo.

The first section, headed "Early History," deals with early mining pre-emptors, then follows on to discuss the various stages of community development and problems of transportation that are met with in every pioneer settlement. The sections on the fire and flood of 1894 make particularly good reading and bear the marks of having been written from eye-witness accounts. The relating of the Kaslo-Slocan railway difficulties is also well done. The book is illustrated with some very good photographs, which add much to its interest.

Referring back to the few introductory remarks on local histories in general, *The Story of Osoyoos*, by George J. Fraser, has several of the points mentioned to commend it. This local history contains a good many short, but detailed, biographies. The topical subdivisions are well chosen, both for interest as well as for providing a recognizable historical pattern. Purely local events such as the inception and accomplishments of community organizations and business concerns are confined to separate sections and not squeezed in here and there with those having a broader historical interest. This is a larger work than the one dealing with Kaslo. It has fewer and poorer pictures, but the style of writing is better. It is printed on better paper and includes a table of contents. Unfortunately from this point on, one can offer little more than criticism. Glancing at the table of contents, one is impressed by the division headings and the material they include, but on attempting to follow them one finds that apart from the first section—"Fur Trading Era, 1811-1861"—nothing else in the book fits the contents list. Following the administration of W. G. Cox in 1861, we leap to "The Village" from 1920 to date. The next section is headed "Official Osoyoos, 1946-1950,"

which is not included anywhere in the table of contents. Following this we jump back to the "Haynes Administration of 1860." There follows a 47-page section headed "Biographies," which includes paragraphs on the Indian reserves, the moving of the Customs House, "Government Frugality," "Trails," "Early Land Recordings," and several outstanding geographical features of the area. After this we dodge back to 1910 and the author's first arrival on the scene. This is headed "Development of Osoyoos," but according to the table of contents should be "Era of Evolution of Ranching to Horticulture." When this last-mentioned section is finally located, we find that apart from being pushed to the back of the book, it has been mysteriously mixed up with a number of biographies.

If the table of contents had been followed, *The Story of Osoyoos* would have been one of the better local histories because, as mentioned before, it is written in a pleasing style and the topical subdivisions have been well chosen to provide a reasonably integrated historical pattern. It is extremely unfortunate in this reviewer's opinion that this has been offset by such muddled composition. However, certain sections taken on their own are very well done and provide much interesting information on important aspects of the local economy. There are good sections on "Marketing in the Early Days" and "Problems of the Pioneer Ground Crop Growers." There is another good section on "The Problems of Education," and still another dealing with "Illicit Liquor Traffic" during the prohibition days in the United States.

The author, George J. Fraser, was born in Ontario and educated in Manitoba. After ranching for a time in Alberta, he came to the Okanagan District in 1906 to begin fruit-ranching with his brother. His varied career has included the operation of an automobile agency in the early days and, of recent years, an insurance and real-estate business. Mr. Fraser disclaims the distinction of being a real pioneer; nevertheless, he has taken a major part in community affairs during a period of intense development and has been active in promoting and developing several local industries in the Osoyoos area. In 1952 the Village of Osoyoos conferred the award of "All Time Good Citizenship" on both Mr. and Mrs. Fraser.

PROVINCIAL ARCHIVES,
VICTORIA, B.C.

A. F. FLUCKE.

SHORTER NOTICES

Admirals, Adventurers and Able Seamen. By Harrison Brown. Vancouver: The Keystone Press Ltd., 1954. Pp. 31. Ills.

There is always great curiosity amongst the general public and visiting tourists in particular about the derivation of place-names. Mr. Brown, in a very attractively produced booklet, has attempted to meet this need in so far as the lower coastal region of the Province is concerned. The sub-title, "Forgotten Stories about Places on Our British Columbia Coast and How They Got Their Names," gives an adequate description of the publication. Here in simple digest form are to be found many of the incidents relative to the work of the early explorers—Spanish, British, and American—and amusing incidents of other seafarers like Jemmy Jones.

Historic Yale, British Columbia. Edited by Bruce Ramsey. Vancouver: Vancouver Section, British Columbia Historical Association, 1954. Pp. 32. Ills.

In the summer of 1954 the Vancouver Section of the British Columbia Historical Association made the journey to Yale for its annual outing, and in connection therewith published this brochure, which traces the history of this little community from its inception as a fur-trade post of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1848 through the hectic days of the gold-rush and the even more lively era of railroad construction. Special attention is paid to its historic Anglican church, St. John the Divine, and the Anglican school, All Hallows in the West, as well as the Roman Catholic St. Joseph's Mission. There is also an interesting section dealing with steamboating on the Fraser River, for Yale was the head of navigation. A number of good photographs have been reproduced, adding greatly to the attractiveness of the publication.

The Bishop of Broadway: David Belasco, His Life and Work. By Craig Timberlake. New York: Library Publishers, 1954. Pp. 491. Ills. \$4.75.

This full-scale biography of one of the most remarkable figures in the history of the American theatre is of particular interest to British Columbians because of the childhood associations of David Belasco with Victoria in the years 1858-1865. The earlier biography of Belasco by William Winter, published in 1918, recounted (probably with Belasco's consent) many stories concerning that period of his life which Mr. Timberlake has been at great pains to investigate. Family traditions and legends die hard, but the result of much of the research proves most of them to be without foundation.

James Stephen and the British Colonial System, 1813-1847. By Paul Knaplund. Madison: The University of Wisconsin Press, 1953. Pp. ix, 315. \$5.50.

Dr. Knaplund has contributed several articles to this *Quarterly* and has established his reputation as an authority on British colonial policy in the nineteenth century. This study of the administration of Sir James Stephen at the Colonial Office from his appointment as legal counsellor until his retirement in 1847 as permanent under-secretary is a masterly analysis of the contribution of one of the great rebuilders of the Empire that emerged from the ruins resulting from the American Revolution. It is not a biography, but such personal data as are pertinent and explanatory of many of the policies that Stephen so strenuously advocated during his tenure of office are provided. A topical approach is taken to Stephen's work over the whole of his administrative career. British colonial interest in the Pacific Northwest had just been aroused when Stephen retired, so there are only minor references to the colonization of Vancouver Island, but as an aid in appreciating the political and administrative climate in which the Crown Colony of Vancouver Island began, the book is invaluable.

W.E.I.

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ERRATA

- Page 31, line 2: For lk'wəfi'nən read lk'wəni'nən.
 Page 52, line 32: For ɛ'le'ləŋ read ɛ'le'lən.
 Page 55, line 18: For *Ellice* read *Elliot*.

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