

DOCUMENTS

ANGUS McDONALD: A FEW ITEMS OF THE WEST Edited by F. W. Howay, William S. Lewis and Jacob A. Meyers

Introduction

Members of the McDonald family were among the first Scotchmen to engage prominently in the northwest fur-trade. John McDonald, of Garth, was by his grand uncle, General Small, and an elder brother, Angus, bound out to the Northwest Company as clerk in 1791,¹ and was prominent in the Columbia River district at the time of the Astor enterprise, 1811-1813. Retiring in 1816, John settled at Gray's Creek, County of Glengary,² where he died at a ripe old age. Another member of the family, Dr. Archibald McDonald of Leechkentium, Glenco Appin,³ after receiving a medical education, was appointed clerk and agent by Selkirk in the winter of 1812, and was prominent both in the Red River and Columbia River districts.⁴

Our narrator, a nephew of Dr. Archibald McDonald, was born at Craig House, Loch Torridon,⁵ Ross-shire, Scotland, on October 15, 1816. As a youth he received a good education and, in 1838, after attaining the age of twenty-one years, entered the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company, as an apprentice clerk, and spent his first winter in the North in the vicinity of Hudson's Bay. In the minutes of Council of the Hudson's Bay Company held at Red River in 1839 Angus is mentioned as an apprentice clerk and assigned to the Flatheads. In 1840 and 1841 he is mentioned as an apprentice clerk assigned to Fort Simpson. In 1842 he was promoted to clerk and engaged for three years, from June 1, 1842, at 75 pounds per annum. In the minutes of Council for 1842 and 1843 he was assigned as clerk to Fort Nisqually. Later he was stationed for a time at Forts Hall and Boise, Idaho, but is not to be confounded with his namesake, Angus McDonald, interpreter and postmaster, serving in the vicinity at about the same time. Later he was transferred to Saleesh House in the Flathead country, in Montana, where he succeeded Mr. McArthur⁶ at Fort Connah, in 1850.

¹L. R. Masson: *Les Bourgeois de la Compagnie*, ii, 11ff.

²Province of Ontario, about 50 miles west of Montreal, Canada, where he died in 1860 at the age of 90 years. See George Bryce: *Remarkable History of the Hudson's Bay Company*, p. 163.

³On the south shore of Loch Leven, Northern Argyll-shire, about 25 miles northeast of Oben, Scotland.

⁴The Canadian Northwest (Canadian Archives, publications, No. 9), pp. 53-54.

⁵An inlet to the ocean on the west coast of Ross-shire.

⁶Frank McArthur.

As has been stated, Angus McDonald was a nephew of Dr. Archibald McDonald of the Hudson's Bay Company previously mentioned and in charge of Fort Colville from 1834 to 1844,⁷ and he succeeded his uncle at that post in 1852⁸ when he was promoted to the position of Chief Trader and made a shareholder in the Company. Angus McDonald remained in charge of Fort Colville from 1852 to 1872 and was one of the last Chief Traders of the Hudson's Bay Company to conduct a post within the territorial limits of the United States. In 1871 he sold out his interest to the Company⁹ and removed to Montana in 1872-1873,¹⁰ where he engaged in stockraising until his death on February 1, 1889.

About 1840 he took as a wife Catherine, a Nez Perce Indian, sister of "Eagle of the Light," a chief of that tribe¹¹; she died in 1892. The following children were born to them: John, Christina, Duncan, Donald, Annie, Maggie, Thomas, Alexander, Angus P., Archie, Joseph A., Angus C. and Mary.¹² Several of these children reside in Montana: Duncan at Ravalli; Angus C. at St. Ignatus; Donald at Dixon; Angus P. at Camas. The daughter, Christina, lives at Spaulding, Idaho.

Though he spent his entire life on the frontier, Angus McDonald was a student and a thinker; he was well informed, especially in the classics and philosophy. His strong opinions on religious and other subjects are disclosed by his writings. In the State Historical and Miscellaneous Library, at Helena, Montana, a number of his manuscripts¹³ have been gathering dust for more than twenty years. It is not known when they were deposited or by whom.¹⁴ Among these are

⁷Archibald McDonald signed the deed poll of 1834 as a Chief Trader; he was made a Chief Factor in 1842; he was succeeded at Fort Colville by John Lee Lewis in 1844; on his retirement he took up his residence at Glencoe, St. Andrews, Quebec.

⁸Angus McDonald's immediate predecessor at Fort Colville was Alexander Caulfield Anderson. After the abandonment of Vancouver in 1862, Colville was made the headquarters for the Hudson's Bay Company's business for the Okanogan, Kootenai and Flathead sections—in fact of everything in the "Inland Empire."

⁹Fort Colville was vacated by the Hudson's Bay Company on June 1, 1872, when Angus McDonald moved all goods and property to Kamalloops, B. C. Prior to this in the sixties Angus McDonald had been interested in the settlement and appraisal of the Hudson's Bay Company's claims against the United States.

¹⁰Angus McDonald claimed the old trading post site as his home until 1873-4; the old Hudson Bay Colville ranch is now owned by his son, Duncan McDonald, of Ravalli, Montana.

¹¹Authority of McDonald's daughter, Mrs. Christina McDonald Williams.

¹²History of North Washington, p. 201; verified by Mrs. Williams.

¹³None of the manuscripts are signed by Angus McDonald. The handwriting has been identified by Mrs. Williams as that of her father, and she states that some of his writing was done when visiting her at her home at Kamloops and Shuswap, on the Thompson River in British Columbia.

¹⁴Mrs. Williams states that some time after her father's death her brother, Duncan McDonald, delivered a number of Angus McDonald's manuscripts to the late Judge Knowles of Missoula and Helena, Montana, for publication, and that these manuscripts, now in the library, may be the ones formerly in the possession of Judge Knowles.

a number of long poems and several plays—one, a tragedy, based on the Whitman massacre. They all show wide classical reading and considerable literary ability. The following manuscript, "A Few Items of the West," is presented through the courtesy of Mr. W. Y. Pemberton, Librarian of the State Historical and Miscellaneous Library of Montana.

From a reading of the manuscript, it is evident that Angus McDonald had in mind a description of the trip from the Flathead country in Montana to Victoria, B. C.; and he has included in this description personal reminiscences of a number of separate trips taken over this route by him at various times; and, though no dates are mentioned, the text indicates that the first of these trips was probably taken about 1860, and the last undoubtedly between the months of April and December, 1881. Major A. B. Rogers of the Canadian Pacific Railroad survey came to the Province in April 1881, while Mr. W. H. Lowe, of Osoyoos, died in December, 1881. The reference to the assassination of the Russian Tzar and to Guiteau lead to the same conclusion.

The editing of the manuscript has been collaborated by Hon. F. W. Howay, F. R. S. C., of New Westminster, B. C.; Mr. Jacob A. Meyers, of Meyers Falls, Washington; and the undersigned; the footnotes indicate by whom they were prepared.—WILLIAM S. LEWIS.

A Few Items of the West

Leaving my home fronting the precipitous ridge of *Coul-hi-Cat*, now known by the tamer name of Mission Ridge, I camped on Kamass Plain. This *Coul-hi-cat*, the western of the three great bars of the Rocky Mountains, forms the eastern boundary of the Flathead Reservation, and in its sublime grandeur overlooks one of the most beautiful valleys of America.¹⁵ The Jesuit Mission, established in 1853 is on one of its western rivulets called *Sin a Jial a min*,¹⁶ from a band of elk

¹⁵For another description of this valley and the mountains see Therese Broderick: *The Brand*. (Harriman Book Co. Seattle. 1909.) pp. 21, 22.—W. S. L.

¹⁶This mission, the second to be established within the boundaries of the present state of Montana, was first begun some time in 1844 by Fathers Peter De Smet and Adrian Hoecken, and then located on the east bank of the Pend Oreille River, about opposite the present town of Cusick, Wash., but was abandoned on account of inundations and moved to its present site in September, 1854, by Father Hoecken. The Saleesh or Flathead word "Sin-a-jail-a-min," or "Sn-i-el-e-men," means where they were surrounded. The Indians have given this name to the Mission also, and call one of the peaks of the Mission range "Sin-yal-e-a-min." Some say that it designates the place where the Flatheads surrounded their enemies, the Blackfeet; though Angus McDonald's statement, on knowledge received nearly three-quarters of a century ago, is the better authority. A somewhat similar word denotes "meeting place" or "rendezvous."—W. S. L.

in days of yore once surrounded there. My home six miles due north of it is called *Kootle tzin ape*,¹⁷ from an alley formed by two birches and willow groves on the left of the stream. Here then was begun by McArthur¹⁸ and finished by me the last Post¹⁹ established by the Hudson Bay Company in the Territories of the U. States. The Reservation itself is divided by the Flathead River and the Blackhorse or the Flathead Lake, as it sweeps down from British Columbia, and each of its many generous little tributaries have stories enough for a hundred Othellos or Macbeths. The dark cliff of the Symbols overlooking the lake, the mount of the Rattlesnake's horn, the plains of the Kamas, and the Peak of the "familiar,"²⁰ once the Sinai of Montana's Red men, but now named after myself, are a few items yet to be described long after this generation will find their mouldering ranches in the "Land of the Leal."²¹

The great precipices of Coul-hi-Cat chiefly front the north. Their impassable perpendiculars are implied and expressed in that name.²² The force originally upheaving that lofty ridge would appear to have been somewhat swayed from the south like an ocean billow of a longer incline behind him than his forward prow, and the McDonald²³ twin peaks soar in looming spirally southward, as if when in a molten state they had been pressed from their vertical dip by a southwestern hurricane, which leaves them now treeless and naked to the sight, like twin spiral frozen flames. The western of them is that one of the "Familiar" ascended by the red men to commune with the apprehended, tho' unknown Everlasting, and to finally know as much as Beecher or Wiseman knows today in not knowing whence we came and whither we go.

In this plain of the Kamas, we hear no more the voice of hundreds of men and women, keeping time to the wild pathetic strain of the *San-ka-ha*,²⁴ the red man's farewell before he leaves for battle. To hear it sung by five or six hundred voices in a calm, starry night on

¹⁷Literally this means "the inclosed door to his immediate surroundings." The Flathead Indians have another name for the McDonald place: "Lnemele"; what this means I am unable to state.—W. S. L.

¹⁸Frank McArthur. Mount McArthur of the Mission Range (elev. 8,200 ft.) is named after him.—W. S. L.

¹⁹Fort Connah.—J. A. M.

²⁰Used in the sense of "familiar spirit"; the peak whereon the Indians went to commune with their guardian spirit. The Indian name for the Mount of the Rattlesnake's Horn is "Ha-who-la Ca-a-mean-means."—W. S. L.

²¹A reference to the exquisite song by the Scotch authoress, Caroline Oliphant. Leal is here used in the sense of true, faithful.—W. S. L.

²²It is difficult to identify this word "Coul-hi-cat" from McDonald's phonetic spelling; it is evidently some form of the Kalispell word "Kuel-chi," meaning "to turn upside down."—W. S. L.

²³Named after our narrator, Angus McDonald.—J. A. M.

²⁴San-Ra-ha means "the trails." The common name among the Indians for any chant is "N-Kune." The particular chant referred to by Mr. McDonald is called "Kaes-chshinim" and means "to follow," or better, "We follow—we attach ourselves to the party."—W. S. L.

the plains of Montana, is a rare thing, never, perhaps to be heard again. The Mothers and Sisters, always the most tender, could not for a moment stand its thrilling notes, and they wept loud and deep for those that were and were not. In 1850 at a great gathering of Indians to dance this staid, insisting strain, I stripped with the leading men, painted with vermillion the groves and dimples of my upper body mounted my black buffalo charger with my full eagle feather cap and cantered round and round with them, keeping time to the song. This new sight of a white man to them and to myself they never forgot to speak of.

Not a soul occupies this plain now, but a solitary Indian rancher called Nichola. His wife untied from my saddle a goose I had killed, saying she wanted the feathers. On telling her to wish me well on my trip, after she ate it, she laughed and thanked me heartily.

On passing the timber mountains of the reservation's western line, we pass many an old hidden Blackfoot fort, occupied in the days of blood, and enter the Horse Plains, where in days gone all the tribes of Missoula County and more were wont to congregate and trade with the H. B. Boats dispatched from Colville for that purpose. Here a war party of Blackfeet took all our horses from us once and we narrowly escaped the entire destruction of our party; as our horses grazed untied however they did not trouble themselves with taking our scalps. They were sixty well armed, while we were only five with two guns. The "Horse Plains" is not so called in Indian, but Comkane²⁵ from a yellow granitic boulder, resembling in shape the upper part of the human body. Frequent offerings were made in good will, in past days, to that same stone. This plain will be a place of much resort and value in days hence.

Leaving it we pass the Bad Rock, which is now partially leveled and blasted (but in my early days was the steepest pass for pack horses in Montana) and come to Thompson Falls, named after the western traveller of that name²⁶; above them was an old H. B. Post²⁷ last

²⁵Comkane, probably meant for Com-kin or Kom-kan, meaning "the scalp of the head"; from the roots Kom, "take," and Kan, "hair." The word for scalp is "Sock-a-kim." These personified rocks and places, where the passer-by is required by Indian custom to leave an offering, are somewhat common in the northern Indian country. See account of the Painted Stone Portage, Franklin's First Journey, pp. 40-41. The "He-He Stone" at the headwaters of the Tonasket, between Ferry and Okanogan Counties, and the "Custom Rock" in the Coeur d'Alene River, are of this class, and each has an interesting legend. It is also the custom of the Saleesh Indians to deposit small articles each year upon the graves of the departed ones.—W. S. L.

²⁶David Thompson, surveyor and trader of the Northwest Company of Merchants of Canada.—J. A. M.

²⁷Old Hudson's Bay Company's post "Saleesh House," first established by David Thompson in October, 1809, and intermittently occupied by the various companies until 1847, as stated. The description given places the site of the post on the Dubia place, on the first bench above Clark's Fork, one and one-half miles south from Woodin, on the N. P. R.—J. A. M.

occupied by myself and party in 1849. Many a fine Buffalo tongue and boss²⁸ and many a glass of the best Cognac that ever crossed the Atlantic was served in that Sylvan building; not a vestige of it now remains. Where the stirring reel of "Gille Cruback" and the solemn strains of the "Flowers of the Forest" were whistled and sung, and where we were glad to hear once a year from Europe, though seldom, if ever, from the United States, is now covered with Montana's mountain ryegrass and evergreen Kenekenek. The wolf and fox may howl there, and the cock of the hills and meadows dance there, but we say like the old Bard, "When will it be morn in the grave to bid the slumberer awake!"²⁹

Continuing our descent through the forests of the Pend 'd Oreille for about fifty further miles, I came to where I once camped with two fathers of the Jesuit society. One of them had his clarinet and my two daughters (Christina and Maggie) being with us he blew on his instrument some of the best old airs of Scotland, and they accompanied him with their voices and the locality being most favorable to assail its echoes, nature made splendid return to the notes they gave her, and I could distinguish five full reverberations of the airs they played, away in the mountains on the other side of the river after they ceased playing. The fascinating swell which the ancient Columbian forests and hills lent to the music of their intruders, was a grand accompaniment. As the father played well and "Lochaber" being one of the master strains of the British Empire, I thought I could hear some of the fallen angels beat it out of the rocks after the father ceased. This is said to be the master tune played by James Gowry (?) over to Ireland; no better could suit a dying Empire. It is a Gaelic air called "Gleann a garradh na'n Craodhbh," or "Glengary of the Trees." France, Italy and Germany and also Spain made claim to this tune, but Scotland finally proved her own to be her own. It is probable that some ancient Celtic Monk in the Caledonian Valley was the true father of it. The present English words by Burns do not roll to the measure of that splendid air as well as its native Gaelic ones: "Ge binne cuach 's ge binne smeorach, 's ge binne coisir 's gach crann," and so on. These are by Ross.

²⁸The boss is the hump of fat and gristle on the shoulder of the buffalo.—J. A. M.

²⁹This quotation from "The old Bard" after considerable search is still obscure.—W. S. L. This is not biblical; it has a tinge of Ossian, and may possibly appear in Macpherson's forged Ossian poems, supposed to be a translation from some old Gaelic bard; writings that would appeal to such a man as McDonald. The reference to "Lochaber" in the following paragraph and the "English words by Burns" can not be to the words now universally used, beginning "Farewell to Lochaber, farewell to my Jean." These are by Allan Ramsay, 1686-1758.—F. W. H.

About forty more miles of green and burnt forests of magnificent growth and we are at the Pend'd'Oreille Lake. In a sequestered basin right in front of us, but entirely unseen and unvisited by travellers stand the oldest chimneys now on the Columbian waters.³⁰ They are of stone and stand up yet from the debris of their wrecked buildings like stumps of the previous world. They are the chimneys of Phinan McDonnen³¹ of Glengary, one of the very first pioneers of the west, and grandfather to Mrs. J. P. Higgins,³² and a bough of the same tree as my own. He is said to have been a powerful³³ man and a trader of the Northwest Company.

About 180 more miles brings us to Colville, where I dine with the officer in charge, who has a very beautiful young son. Col. Gibson's wife is this officer's sister. I saw her at my home in Montana. The Colville Garrison is fifteen miles from old Fort Colville, after which the whole valley is named. It was named after Gen. Colville³⁴ of the H. B. Co., who did not put two ls in the last syllable of that name, as they now erroneously do. This Fort was built by General Harney as a defense for the boundary Commissioners running the Oregon international line.³⁵ Harney after nearly embroiling the west in a war was recalled at the suggestion of General Scott who was sent

³⁰These "oldest chimneys" were those of David Thompson's Northwest Company's "Kullyspell House," built by him and his party in September, 1809. Finan McDonald, one of the party, occupied it in subsequent years more than any other. It was abandoned in December, 1811. The site is on the Fred Owen place, Lot 2, Sec. 24, Twn. 56 North, Range 1 East, Boise Meridian. The chimneys of "Kootenay House" on Toby Creek, B. C., were built in July, 1807.—J. A. M.

³¹A distant relative of our narrator. The name does not appear in the list of "Commis, engages et voyageurs," 1804, in the appendix to Vol. I of Masson's *Les Bourgeois*. It is given as Finan McDonald in the lists of employees of the Hudson's Bay Company, 1821-1825. He was born at Inverness, Scotland, and first appears at Rocky Mountain House in the fall of 1806. See Coues: *Henry and Thompson Journals*, i, 279. His subsequent history is recorded by David Thompson and others. See note in David Thompson's *Narrative* (ed. J. B. Tyrell), pp. 378, 379; Ross Cox: *Columbia River* (London, 1832), i, 316-324. The latter author gives an excellent account of his physical appearance and prowess, and dominant characteristics. The last mention of him that I have been able to find states that he was badly gored by a buffalo on July 1, 1827, on the plains east of Fort Vermillion. David Douglas *Journal* (Wesley & Son, London, 1914), pp. 270, 271; Edward Ermatinger's *Journal* (*Transactions of The Royal Society of Canada*), Vol. vi, Sec. 2, pp. 87-89.—W. S. L.

³²Probably S. P. Higgins, who was with Governor I. I. Stevens as a wagonmaster with the rank of sergeant from St. Paul to Fort Benton, and as packmaster thence to Vancouver in 1853; courier, Fort Vancouver to Cantonment Stevens, in March and April, 1854.—J. A. M.

³³See Ross Cox: *Columbia River*, i, 316-324.—W. S. L.

³⁴Andrew Colville, deputy governor, 1839-1852; governor, 1852-1856. A son, Eden Colville, was for a time director; 1871-1880 deputy governor; and 1880-1889, governor. Willson: *The Great Company* (Toronto, 1899), appendix, pp. 531-532.—W. S. L.

³⁵Erected by order of General Harney and first named "Harney's Depot," later changed to Colville.—J. A. M. Four companies of the Ninth Infantry, under command of Major Lougenbell, arrived on the flat near Mill Creek, about three miles from the Colville River, on June 21, 1859, and the erection of log barracks for a four company post was at once commenced. This was completed late in the fall, and the American Boundary Commission under Captain Parke wintered there. The post was occupied until the troops were withdrawn in 1881; it was definitely abandoned in 1882. The old buildings were removed by settlers and are now scattered up and down the Colville Valley for twenty-five miles.—W. S. L.

to the Georgian Gulph and Puget Sound to investigate his conduct. From what I know I have no doubt Scott was an enemy of Harney's and he reported Harney's doings to Washington in a damning light.³⁶ I was at the American review of their 700³⁷ troops on San Juan. The British had no land troops there, but two of their frigates³⁸ covered the American camp with their guns. The Americans had only three unsheltered guns³⁹ that could reach the frigates. As the troops started to parade, I went to look at the guns about a half mile from the parade. They were sentineled by one man. Curious to know how he felt and believing him to be an Irishman, I said a word or two in Gaelic, then said "You are an Irishman." "Yes, I am." "Are they going to fight about this little island?" "I do not know." "How would you like to fight against the flag of your own country?" The man with a quick lift of his rifle, and a more advanced lift of his foot said, "I would like to see old England catch a good drubbing anyhow." Leaving him loading his pipe and bidding him good day in the ancient Celtic of Scotland, I went my way thinking that there is some account between Erin and England that never was squared.

Although Governor Douglas and Colonel Hawkins, the British Commissioner, were rather in favor of a war, the lucky arrival of Admiral Baines⁴⁰ muzzled their desires in a council of war held at Victoria, where he told the Governor that if ordered to attack the American camp on San Juan he would refuse doing it, and he hooted the idea of raising a war with America for such nonsense, it having as reported been started by a personal quarrel over a Hudson Bay Company's pig.⁴¹ The British Commissioner was then sent to London

³⁶In Ex. Doc. No. 65, 36 Cong. 1 Sess., pp. 190-191, will be found, concisely stated, Scott's opinion of Harney—F. W. H.

³⁷This figure would appear to be excessive. In the document above referred to, on page 28, Harney says that they were "in all nine companies, say five hundred men." Later, on page 49, the exact number is given as 461.—F. W. H.

³⁸At the outset of the San Juan trouble there were in the vicinity the following British men-of-war: Tribune, Captain Hornby, 31 guns; Pylades, Captain deCoursey, 21 guns; Satellite, Captain Prevost, 21 guns; and Plumper, Captain Richards, 10 guns.—F. W. H.

³⁹The American force had eight 32-pounders taken from the Massachusetts, one 6-pounder, and five mountain howitzers. See H. Ex. Doc., No. 65, 36 C., 1 S., p. 49.—F. W. H.

⁴⁰Rear Admiral Robert Lambert Baynes, Commander-in-Chief of the Pacific Station, 1857-1860, Flag-ship Ganges, 84 guns. Viscount Milton, in his History of the San Juan Water Boundary Question, p. 284, says: "The Admiral was complimented by the British Government for the line of conduct adopted by him." Captain Hornby, on the other hand, wrote to his wife (see Life of Sir Geoffrey Phipps Hornby, p. 68) on Dec. 4, 1859: "I hear that the Governor has got much praise in England for keeping peace with the Yankees. That is rather good, when one knows that he would hear of nothing but shooting them all at first and that peace was only preserved by my not complying with his wishes as I felt he was all in the wrong from the start."—F. W. H.

⁴¹Lyman A. Cutler and the historic pig. See the pig story in slightly different versions in H. Ex. Doc., No. 65, 36 C., 1 S., pp. 10, 13, and 14.—F. W. H.

for final instruction,⁴² and the old salt's prudence was highly approved of. Dining with him and the Hudson Bay Governor Dallas, I found him a plain, little, big-hearted, unassuming, lowland Scotchman, lame, but full of salt and fresh fun. As the frigate awaiting final orders to fire on the American camp in San Juan, hove to outside of Victoria harbor, the sound of the Admiral's guns was a welcome lay to the eager tars that crowded the decks to know what it was. He had been on a cruise on the Pacific, and had now luckily arrived at a very serious moment. As soon as his flag was distinguished by the frigate, she steamed out to salute him and tell her tale, which no sooner done than the lame, grey-headed little sailor said "Tut, tut, no, no the damned fools."

This Colville Garrison is built in about 300 yards square, manned by three companies of troops, horse and foot. I was on a given evening at tea with the Major in charge. Important news was expected from the east. The major⁴³ was a kind but short-sighted⁴⁴ man. While both of us stood in his door chatting about "Coming events that cast their shadows before them," I said yonder surely gallops the express and there is a swift shadow coming straight here across the square. The tall, excited shadow in the shape of Lieut W. U. S. Army, handed the mail hurriedly to the Major and sprang as suddenly away saying, "God Damn them they have opened the ball and fired on Sumpter," and he left at once, going down the Columbia in a canoe to join the southern army.⁴⁵

Fifteen miles and I stand in old Fort Colville, the prettiest spot General McLellan said he saw on the Columbia River. I was in charge here in 1853 when Governor Stevens met here. I had full instructions as to the hospitality and the discretion of it entirely trusted to

⁴²Captain Pickett landed on San Juan Island on July 27, 1859. Captain John Summerfelds Hawkins, R. E., the British commissioner for the land boundary, sailed for England on the Pylades on August 3, 1859, via San Francisco.—F. W. H.

⁴³Major Pinkney Lougenbeel, in charge of the building of "Harney Depot."—J. A. M. On November 17, 1861, Major James F. Curtis, Second Infantry, California Volunteers, relieved Major Lougenbeel, who started at once for Walla Walla with his command.—W. S. L.

⁴⁴Shortsighted; that is, nearsighted.—J. A. M.

⁴⁵Lieutenant N. Wichliffe left the Colville garrison in the spring of 1861.—J. A. M. Four companies of the Ninth Infantry were then stationed at the Fort. In the spring of 1861, Companies C, Captain Frazier, and I, Captain Archer, were ordered east to take part in the war. Both these captains, with Captain Fletcher, and Lieutenants Harvey and Wichliff, all of the Ninth U. S. Infantry, resigned and joined the rebel forces. The War Department records show: That Nathaniel Wickliffe, of Kentucky, was appointed second lieutenant, Ninth U. S. Infantry, on June 30, 1855; was promoted to first lieutenant on March 15, 1861, and that he resigned on May 17, 1861, from Fort Colville, Washington, and subsequently joined the Confederate Army. That thereafter he was appointed first lieutenant, C. S. A.; served as captain and assistant adjutant-general to Generals A. S. Johnston and Preston; was appointed lieutenant-colonel to the Fifth Mississippi Cavalry, C. S. A., on July 3, 1862, and was recommended for promotion to be brigadier-general, C. S. A. No further record of him has been found, nor has his place of residence in Kentucky at the time of his appointment been found.—W. S. L.

myself. The Governor had ample credentials from the east crossing the Rocky Mountains by the Hell Gate defile. McLellan met him here with an escorting party from Puget Sound. I had fifty imperial gallons of extra rations to entertain the gentlemen. McLellan drank but little, The Governor was rather fond of it and laid back about ten on the first night to sleep the darkness out.⁴⁶ His last words that night were "Mac this is powerful wine." All hands had been steeped during the day and found the grass and their blankets the best way they could. As all the party had disappeared McLellan began to sip the juice of the vine more freely and we sat on the old sofa together, as closely as space allowed. Having to undergo the hospitalities of the day to all hands, I felt my grog inviting me to go to my blankets. But I was well trained to that splendid brandy and in prime of life too, and hard to make me give in at it. Suddenly the General put his arm around my neck and whispered in my ear "Mc, my proud father too was at Culloden,"⁴⁷ and he quietly slipped down off the sofa to the floor. I soon made the sofa an easy place for him and he and the Governor snored the night till daylight. This spree has been spoken of, God knows where not; McLellan Spoke of it in the Creman [Crimean] when sent as one of the Commissioners to observe military arrays and genius of the France-British and Russian armies.

When the Columbia is up in June, the sound of the Colville Falls⁴⁸ on a silent summer night is very grand. All the congegated water from Ross Hole to the smallest spring of Condi River⁴⁹ are massed in that torrent. Its Indian name is Schonet Koo, meaning Sounding Water. Salmon as heavy as one hundred pounds have been caught

⁴⁶George B. McClellan and surveying party from the west crossed the Columbia Riveer at this point on October, 18, 1853. Governor Stevens arrived there from the Spokane River at 9 P. M. the same day and Angus McDonald sent a note to McClellan at his camp a mile from Fort Colville. The surroundings of this drinking bout are not as recorded by Governor Stevens in his Railroad Reports and it is possible that it should be considered as "Old Settlers' Reminiscences." See U. S. Pacific R. R. Reports, Vols. 1 and 12.—J. A. M.

⁴⁷Culloden—from Cullo'den Moor, a heath four miles east of Inverness, Scotland, where on April 27, 1746, the Duke of Cumberland defeated Prince Charles Edward Stuart (the Pretender) and his adherents and put an end to the attempts of the Stuart family to recover the throne of England. This was the last battle fought on the soil of Great Britain.—W. S. L.

⁴⁸Colville Falls, Kettle Falls, Ilthkoyape Falls of David Thompson, 1811; Quiarlpi Falls (Basket Falls) of Lieutenant Johnson, 1841, so called from the Indians' catching the salmon there in baskets. The total fall is 26 to 28 feet, and there is a great change in the current at different stages of water. The salmon are thrown to the surface and in sight by the boils, not whirlpools, when speared. The Indian name for the falls is Swah-niquet (pronounced as unique).—J. A. M. These were the Chaudiere Falls of the voyageurs. For another description see Paul Kane, Wanderings of an Artist Among the Indians of North America, pp. 308, 309.—W. S. L.

⁴⁹Condi; the Canoe River, the north head of the Columbia River.—J. A. M. See James G. Swan: Northwest Coast, p. 121.—W. S. L.

in those falls. A little gray log mill⁵⁰ of 15 by 25 feet belonging to this establishment, ground for years all the flour that was consumed between the head waters of the Colorado and Peace River. Annual gatherings of the Columbian Indians were wont to meet here. Foot-racing, horse-racing, wrestling and archery used to be the fun. Adultery was punished by death, and the moral commands instilled into their children by these wild and hospitable red men were equal to anything that either Moses or Christ ever said, but the insidious and overbearing evils of the white man have been making heavy raids on their descendants, always the result with weaker nations before the strong.⁵¹

The H. B. Company made all the Columbian boats here of the native Yellow Pine. Excellent beer and some superior whiskey were distilled and furnished for the Mess, but the laboring men fared on very simple rations; if simple, they were solid, however, such as flour, salmon, lard or tallow, venison and potatoes; no sugar or coffee or tea until later days; regular rations of such were issued.

The Colville Falls were the only ones of the Columbian River never run by us. Although their elevation is only about 20 perpendicular feet, no state of the water changes the pitch of the torrent, and the compact momentum is always so strong that the Company never ran it; and if they did not, it is certain that others did not try it. Salmon are taken at those falls by basket and spear. The spear in rest in the hand of a naked Indian standing on the foam drenched cliff is a fine picture. As the eager fish glances to the surface of the whirlpool, looking to his leap, he is pierced and dragged quivering ashore. Now and then, however, the spear man loses his life. I have known two athletic Indians seal their fate in this way. Having speared a strong fish, the sudden struggle and iron pressure of the mighty waters jerked these poor fellows from the dizzy standing, and falling headlong into those terrible whirlpools they never breathed again. The basket is a vessel made of stout hazel or birchen osiers hung to the lower edge of the Falls by a rope of the same boughs. The

⁵⁰The first mill is reported to have been erected in 1828; some reports indicate as early a date as 1816. It was erected about 25 feet southeast of the present mill. In 1837 it was doing a custom business and grinding grain raised by the Indians in the Spokane country. The second mill, the "grey log mill," was built by the Hudson's Bay Company in 1843, after the first mill had probably gone to decay. A Mr. Goudy superintended the erection of this mill and it became known as the "Goudy Mill." The stones were dressed from rock secured near Kettle Falls. The third mill was built by Mr. L. W. Meyers in 1872 and occupied the site of the old "Goudy Mill."—W. S. L.

⁵¹From an intimate knowledge of the local Indians since 1869 I have formed a different conclusion. Young girls had no idea of chastity, but were allowed free license until mated. After choosing a husband they were kept straight by fear of their husband's displeasure. "Huck-ha-hat-kin" was reputed by the local Indian to be the only squaw of the older ones that could be considered chaste.—J. A. M.

fish that fail in their leap are cast back and fall by scores into the ever open basket. When it is full, two strong, hardy men strip and club in hand go down through the drenching cold foam into the basket to knock the yet living in the head and heave them up or hand them up with the already dead. One basket has caught a thousand salmon in a day in this way. About fifteen minutes of that shivering spray is all they can stand and then a new relay of fresh men take their places. These splendid fish are so thickly crowded in the billows at the foot of the falls that I often thought they could be shot. This, however, the Indians would not allow. Probably the salmon is the cleanest and shyest of all fish. But the many fisheries now on the lower Columbia established to can and export them are fast at work in destroying the noble supply, for they are no sooner above the Columbia bar than they are waylaid by numberless nets and their way to the spawning ground counter-marched by death. Wherefore, if not otherwise provided for, the extinction of the Columbia River salmon is only a question of time. A cloudless sky at eight o'clock in the morning and four in the evening are the best hours to see the salmon's ascent against the falls of his native rivers.

Fort Colville was never attacked by Indians. When the Kayoos murdered their Protestant Missionaries in 1847, the Spokane Missionaries took refuge here.⁵² There was a report, probably true, that one tribe of the Colville tribes intended to kill all English speaking people of the Fort, but they never put their intention into practice.

American, Englishman, Protestant, have only one term or distinction in the Indian mind. To him they are all synonymous in being Soo-ha-pees.⁵³ Frenchman, or man of the Cross, is also the same to him, in being distinct in language and story to the So-ja-pee. An in-

⁵²The missionaries did not leave the Tschimokaine Mission until Wednesday, March 15, 1848, and arrived at Fort Colville on Saturday, March 18, at noon. Thereafter several visits to the mission station were made by the men. On June 1, 1848, the missionaries and their families left Fort Colville for the lower country. See *Diary of Mary R. Walker, 1847-1848*, pp. 83, 94, and 103. In library of the University of Washington, and the Spokane Historical Society.—W. S. L.

⁵³Soo-ha-pees. The Saleesh or Flatheads have three words by which to designate Americans or white people, other than "Frenchmen": (1) "Soi-a-pi," (2) "Pik-skel-i-gu," and (3) "Chipik-aze." The Spokane word for blue eyes is "Sch-pa-paas"; the Flathead word for gray eyes is "I-ch-pa-paas," and the word "Soi-a-pi" and "Soo-ha-pees," as given by McDonald, means blue or gray eyed. The Flathead word for white or pale is "Ipiik" or "E-pike"; the word for human beings is "Kelig" (skeligu) and the word "Pik-skel-i-gue" is the combination of the two. The remaining word "Ch-ipik-aze" is the Flathead word meaning white all around; that is people who are white all over, white folks. The Flathead or Saleesh word to designate the Frenchman is "Seme" (plural, "Sem-sem-ma"); this is their word of exclamation or astonishment. It was probably given to the Frenchmen—the first white men to come among them—for the reason that the Indians thought these white men were supernatural—not of this world. An Indian account of the coming of the first white men (Frenchmen) to the Spokane country states that "the Indians got word that a number of wonderful strangers were coming to the places where they were, and the simple Indians thought that if these wonderful 'Frenchmen' came they would die no more, etc."—W. S. L.

teresting volume could be written on this old establishment, but I leave it here and proceed to the old British Boundary Barracks,⁵⁴ built in 1860 by Col. Hawkins. Here I often dined with Her Majesty's Commissioner. We often talked about the Heenan and Sayer fight.⁵⁵ The Col. said he was advised by letters from England, sealed by parties present at the fight, that Sayers was undoubtedly overwhelmed in the struggle for that his knee at last gave way, and that his countrymen seeing it picked him up and made off with him. Three of his engineering officers, I see have since led the excavating expeditions to the Holy Land, perhaps searching for Abraham's pipe or Solomon's looking-glass.

When Commissioner Hawkins was leaving he called to bid us goodbye and offered to sell me a fine double barrel English gun. The weapon was beautifully finished with some newly invented safeguards to the locks of it. The weapon he said was perfectly safe to handle, at the same time showing me how very safe it was by cocking and recocking it, and setting it to his shoulder, said he need not take it home, there being plenty of them in London whence it would take me some time to get them. I objected to the price, and as to the safety of the locks I, David like, would prefer my old simple weapon. Insisting that this was superior and while again cocking his gun, bang! fired the charge right through the window, and the room made full of smoke, his fellow officers roared and I heartily joined them, while he swore excitedly at his own carelessness. However, taking it as an unaccountable accident he again began to press on me the value and safety of his gun, and while in the act of again uncocking the gun, bang! went the second shot right into the wall. We all roared with laughter, but he laid hold of the weapon by the muzzle and was going to mash it against the wall, when I laid hold of him and cooled his temper by telling him that he never used the weapon, that the locks were unacquainted with his hands, and that the Old Angel himself only made his grand mistake from his presumption. Finally we had

⁵⁴In 1859 the British Boundary Commission under Colonel Hawkins located its quarters and erected comfortable log buildings on the south side of the Columbia River, two miles above Kettle Falls, and about fifteen miles from the American post, the place being now occupied by the town of Marcus, Wash. One of the original buildings was still standing a few years ago. The work of locating the boundary line by joint efforts of American and British engineers was completed in the spring of 1861 and Captain John G. Parke, in charge of the U. S. Boundary Commission, sold his surplus supplies and started east on August 6, 1861; Parke subsequently attained the rank of Major-General during the Civil War. On April 4, 1862, Major Hawkins of the British Boundary Commission, having likewise sold his surplus supplies, abandoned his buildings and started for England, via Walla Walla.—W. S. L.

⁵⁵The Heenan-Sayer fight occurred on April 17, 1860, when Tom Sayer, the then champion of England, fought a draw with John C. Heenan, the Benecia Boy, for \$1,000 a side under the English prize ring rules. Sayer permanently retired from the ring after this battle, which was one of the noted sporting events of that generation.—W. S. L.

teresting volume could be written on this old establishment, but I leave it here and proceed to the old British Boundary Barracks,⁵⁴ built in 1860 by Col. Hawkins. Here I often dined with Her Majesty's Commissioner. We often talked about the Heenan and Sayer fight.⁵⁵ The Col. said he was advised by letters from England, sealed by parties present at the fight, that Sayers was undoubtedly overwhelmed in the struggle for that his knee at last gave way, and that his countrymen seeing it picked him up and made off with him. Three of his engineering officers, I see have since led the excavating expeditions to the Holy Land, perhaps searching for Abraham's pipe or Solomon's looking-glass.

When Commissioner Hawkins was leaving he called to bid us goodbye and offered to sell me a fine double barrel English gun. The weapon was beautifully finished with some newly invented safeguards to the locks of it. The weapon he said was perfectly safe to handle, at the same time showing me how very safe it was by cocking and recocking it, and setting it to his shoulder, said he need not take it home, there being plenty of them in London whence it would take me some time to get them. I objected to the price, and as to the safety of the locks I, David like, would prefer my old simple weapon. Insisting that this was superior and while again cocking his gun, bang! fired the charge right through the window, and the room made full of smoke, his fellow officers roared and I heartily joined them, while he swore excitedly at his own carelessness. However, taking it as an unaccountable accident he again began to press on me the value and safety of his gun, and while in the act of again uncocking the gun, bang! went the second shot right into the wall. We all roared with laughter, but he laid hold of the weapon by the muzzle and was going to mash it against the wall, when I laid hold of him and cooled his temper by telling him that he never used the weapon, that the locks were unacquainted with his hands, and that the Old Angel himself only made his grand mistake from his presumption. Finally we had

⁵⁴In 1859 the British Boundary Commission under Colonel Hawkins located its quarters and erected comfortable log buildings on the south side of the Columbia River, two miles above Kettle Falls, and about fifteen miles from the American post, the place being now occupied by the town of Marcus, Wash. One of the original buildings was still standing a few years ago. The work of locating the boundary line by joint efforts of American and British engineers was completed in the spring of 1861 and Captain John G. Parke, in charge of the U. S. Boundary Commission, sold his surplus supplies and started east on August 6, 1861; Parke subsequently attained the rank of Major-General during the Civil War. On April 4, 1862, Major Hawkins of the British Boundary Commission, having likewise sold his surplus supplies, abandoned his buildings and started for England, via Walla Walla.—W. S. L.

⁵⁵The Heenan-Sayer fight occurred on April 17, 1860, when Tom Sayer, the then champion of England, fought a draw with John C. Heenan, the Benecia Boy, for \$1,000 a side under the English prize ring rules. Sayer permanently retired from the ring after this battle, which was one of the noted sporting events of that generation.—W. S. L.

was moored immediately and off we started. The little cannon made the opposing mountain answer him as if it has been a young earthquake. When fired he rolled lashed to the boulder as if he had been a devil or a tortoise. In short, we went and found the Pend O'reille mines, the first found in British Columbia, save a few signs previously found sinking under the sea of Queen Charlottes Island. In the fall I sent 17 pounds weight of this Pend O'reille gold to Victoria via Fort Hope. This is the first gold that ever went down the Frazer River.

One hundred miles brings us over the line and zizzag on the line through a beautiful country of alternate plain and forests to Lake So-joos⁵⁷ where I find my old friend Mr. Haynes,⁵⁸ the British resident Magistrate and Custom Officer. He is an Irishman, but not of the discontented ones. He now owns 25 miles of land in this rich, grazing valley, so that the curse of Ireland is fast laying hold of British Columbia. He and his brother officer, Lowe,⁵⁹ have taken to themselves English wives from Canada and New Westminster. If ever Providence left His eternity to interfere with man He did it here. As Lowe arrived in Canada to be married, the railroad with its ponderous wheels cut both his arms off and he barely lived. His fond one, however, attended him and married him in that awful plight. Mr. Haynes sent his lady meantime to be delivered of a son, among the civilized at Westminster, after being safely delivered and well, she went to take a ride, caught cold and died. Both are kind and hospitable men, but this kind of luck is very striking.

The geology of this country and the botany of it too, is the same as that of the Snake country.⁶⁰ In fact it is the extreme western corner of the great American buffalo plains. Mr. Haynes is a Roman Catholic, but he like myself, has no religion but God, probably the shortest and surest of all, the least troublesome and the least expensive. This is the best valley of British Columbia for grazing but very arid and dry for agriculture. Mr. Haynes owns about two thousand head of stock, which with his large purchase of land and fixed

⁵⁷Osoyoos Lake is an expansion of the Okanagan River, lying partly in British Columbia and partly in the state of Washington. The proper spelling is said to be "So-oyus," meaning "a sheet of water nearly divided by a narrow extension of the land from opposite sides."—F. W. H.

⁵⁸John C. Haynes had been the gold commissioner at Wild Horse Creek, Kootenay, in 1864. In the following year he succeeded Mr. Peter O'Reilly as resident magistrate. After varied services in many parts of the Province he purchased a vast area of land in the Osoyoos country in the early seventies. He was customs-officer at Osoyoos for a great many years.—F. W. H.

⁵⁹W. H. Lowe was for many years customs-officer at New Westminster, from which post he went to Osoyoos. He died there in December 1881.—F. W. H.

⁶⁰The geology is almost entirely different, and the botany has but little similarity.—J. A. M.

government salary, enables him to live like a prince. He does not think that Irishmen will ever be free until they cultivate their own intellects, instead of being captives to the silly tho' fascinating dogmas of Italian Priestology. Ireland as a rule being poor and the people being antagonistic in views and loyalties, and the English and Italian popes having their fingers in her heart, how can she avoid the extremes of both rebellion and servility, fawning loyalty and stealthy blood shed. In these views I thoroughly agrees. For my own part I would prefer a confederacy of the three Kingdoms, England Ireland and Scotland on the Labouchere [?] plan.⁶¹

Thirty miles brings us to Pin-tik-tin, where the Okinagan Reservation is made. The only white resident in the vicinity is another Irishman, Ellis, has an English lady, a large tract of land, plenty of stock, and is a close relation of Judge Reilly of Kootenai fame.⁶² Most of the Irish in British Columbia are loyal. No doubt their being vaccinated spiritually by a bastard Norman-English Pope explains the difference between them and Parnell. The monster land question in Ireland and the British Isles is making terrible strides in the United States, and the day is fast approaching, yes already come when America will weep with blotted eyes and dishevelled hair, while looking into her own looking-glass. The Christian monsters of church and state, or landocracy and church craft, have been for ages the murderers and stealthy spiders that strangled and smothered the struggling millions of christendom. Whilst speaking to an intelligent Irishman in Missoula of these things last spring, he cried out, "Good God! don't you know that there has been a terrible curse on Ireland since Saint Patrick put his foot on that island?"

At Pin-tik-tin⁶³ we have left behind us Dog Lake,⁶⁴ called by that

⁶¹Labouchere's plan, if such it can be called, for it never came within the range of practical politics, was a central parliament for the British Isles and a local parliament for each portion, England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. It was merely a suggestion; no definite and detailed plan was ever seriously offered by him. Possibly our author's affection for it may be the unconscious result of his admiration of "Labby" because of his ungrudging support of Bradlaugh, the atheist, his co-member for Northampton. Labouchere died in 1869.—F. W. H.

⁶²This is an error. Thomas Ellis, the person referred to, was no relation of Judge O'Reilly. The mistake has probably arisen because of the deep, almost paternal, interest of the latter in the welfare of the former.—F. W. H.

⁶³This is Penticton, a small town at the southern end of Okanagan Lake. It is derived from the Indian name, "Pente-hik-ton." Our author is following the regular trail from Osoyoos to Okanagan Lake, thence along the eastern side of that lake to its northern extremity, and thence by way of Grand Prairie to the South Thompson River, near the present Ducks station on the Canadian Pacific Railway.—F. W. H.

⁶⁴Dog Lake is immediatly south of Penticton, and is about eight miles long. At its southern extremity is a waterfall about nine feet high which is the only break in navigation from the head of Okanagan Lake to Fort Okanagan on the Columbia.—F. W. H.

name for the number of fat dogs⁶⁵ the Hudson Bay Company's men used to kill and eat there, when they could not have venison or fish. The great Okinagan Lake⁶⁶ coming down the valley in length 84 miles, averaging about three broad, washes this Reservation with its feet. It is the largest fresh water lake on the Pacific coast, and full of fish of many kinds, but salmon do not thrive well in it, the waters being so warm. The defile between it and Thompson River is very low, perhaps not over a hundred feet high, and the old Indian tradition is that this lake passed on to the sea by that way down the Frazer River, but that a great shaking of the earth opened the way and called to it to go down the Columbia to the sea. "Okinagan" should be spelled "ou-kina-kine"⁶⁷ as pronounced by the natives, meaning a certain rocky point in the mountains of So-jos. We have in Montana the Flathead term Sklen-kine i. e. Beaver Head, a point of the Missourian Mountains.

Mr. Ellis is not at home, but his lady is very kind and having refreshed myself with some excellent cognac and cake at her hands, I pass on to camp by the Lake. This Mrs. E. was rather good looking on her first arrival, but he is strong and young and the labor of making four or five children took much of the crimson out of her cheeks and she looks pale and loose of skin. These ladies go down to New Westminster to be delivered of their babies. Would it not be better for them to be delivered of them where they make them? Mine always performed that serious work alone. Only once a physician was sent for by her own permission, but she freed herself before he arrived. She said that the old Indian mothers held, children brought to the world with the help of midwives were not so self reliant and brave as those born with no help but that of the laboring mother.

⁶⁵The voyageurs were quite partial to the meat of the dog, especially of the small kinds. Frequent references to this, to us, strange taste are to be found in the records of the early travellers. See, for example, Fraser's Journal, in Masson's *Les Bourgeois*, i, 182.—F. W. H. Describing dog meat as a food, Cox says: "It somewhat resembled mutton in taste. We generally had it roasted, but the Canadians preferred it boiled, and the majority of them seemed to think it superior to horse flesh. In this, however, I entirely differ from them, for the latter is a cleaner animal, and in taste bears a stronger resemblance to beef than dog meat does to mutton (Ross Cox: *Columbia River*, i, 203). Cox makes frequent mention elsewhere of the use of dogs for food, and of the purchase of from 20 to 30 head at a time for use as food (ii, 25, 28, 29, 30). The only record I have found of the price of dog meat "on the hoof" is in Swan's *Northwest Coast*, p. 235, where it is stated that they were worth \$15 a head in trade on the Greene River, in 1838.—W. S. L.

⁶⁶This lake is about sixty-five miles in length; it empties by the Okanogan River, which is ninety-eight miles long, through Dog and Osoyoos Lakes into the Columbia River.—F. W. H.

⁶⁷It is doubtful if there is any other place name which has been spelled in more different forms. Symons: *Upper Columbia River*, p. 130, gives a number of variations, and more will be found in the *Handbook of Indians of Canada*, p. 360. The etymology of the name Okanagan is, like its proper spelling, doubtful. The late J. W. McKay claimed that it was an Indian word, "Ukanakane," meaning "the people of Ukana," the affix "ane" signifying "the people of."—F. W. H.

Forty miles of plain and forest and mountain bring us to the Okinagan Mission⁶⁸ held by the Oblant Society of Catholics. They have a ranch of a hundred acres here, well cultivated with grain and fruit, a very fertile spot called by the French name *Ans-de-sable*,⁶⁹ meaning a sandy beach. Elly,⁷⁰ a Frenchman keeps store and ranch here with his wife, too from France. They give me and my horses hospitable quarters for the night gratis; never charge me a cent. There was up this way last season a news reporter, a strange man with excellent letters to the papers of the west and east. He travelled entirely afoot and without blankets or money; he had been all over north and South America. over a great deal of Asia and Africa, and said that the only people that never charged him for a nights quarters were Indian, Irish and Negro. His theory for the rest he said was cold-blooded, but said he, "I might include also the kindness of the French and Spanish with the black and red man and the Irishman," The Custom House Officer at So-jos thought he had been some Confederate officer thus reporting and finding his way and writing to the world of that world. Oh! man what a blessed devil art thou. They were going to hang him in the Yakima settlement, because he wrote justly of the rights of the Indians. And these are your Christians! Why not? for the voice cried "These are those that eat their own Gods." The safest settlement in the interior of British Columbia is here. Seventy more miles by the Okinagan Lake and beyond it brings me to Grand Prairie,⁷¹ a beautiful vale of about ten miles by two. It is now all ranched. By right it belongs to me, having been given to me and allotted to me by the master of the whole country of the Okinagan. He was the chief Nicholas, and deeded this plain to me in presence of his sons, some of whom are still living. Years afterwards when I spoke to Sir James Douglas, Governor of British Columbia, he thought for various reasons that it would be difficult to secure it for me. Had I a written deed of it, he said, before the col-

⁶⁸Okanagan Mission was established in 1857. It was situated on the eastern side of Okanagan Lake, at the spot now known as Kelowna. The Mission Valley runs north from the Mission for about forty miles, and is finely adapted for all kinds of farming. The distance from Penticton to Okanagan Mission (Kelowna) is thirty-five miles. At the time of this visit it was the headquarters of the Roman Catholic Church in the Okanagan country. The author's "Oblant Society of Catholics" is the Oblates of Mary Immaculate—the great missionary society.—F. W. H.

⁶⁹A. C. Anderson's map attached to his handbook of the gold regions shows *Anse de Sable* on the western side of Okanagan Lake.—F. W. H.

⁷⁰This is probably Eli Lequime, who, in 1881, was a trader, rancher, hotel-keeper, and postmaster at Okanagan Mission.—F. W. H.

⁷¹Grand Prairie is so named from the character of the country, and is a translation of the Indian name "Eshell-wha-spellam." It is seventeen miles from the South Thompson River and about thirty-five miles from Kamloops. The Hudson's Bay Company's "brigade trail" from Fort Okanagan to Kamloops passed through this beautiful prairie. The line of the Canadian Northern Railway from Kamloops to Vernon is located through it. Our author's distances are again excessive.—F. W. H.

ony was organized I might get it. I remarked that living witnesses should always be as good as writing, but he thought the colony would not agree to it. The heirs of the chief insist yet that it should be given to me.

Thirty-five miles more and I am at my daughter's⁷² house for the coming winter. She is well lodged and married, on her own ranch on the left bank of the Thompson River facing the Indian Reservation. She is now a large woman, weighing over two hundred pounds. In the summer she often bathes in the river and remains in its cold waters about an hour, enough to test the endurance in that cold stream, of the most powerful Indian. What a narrow thread is the road of life! Once when she was a toddling baby, dressed in a Glengary tartan frock, she fell into the Pend O'Reille river, from a cut clay bank of the stream above the lake. The children screamed. An Indian woman standing by was awed by the depth of the water and the sudden disappearance of the child, and stood with a blank gaze at the river, a rare want of presence of mind with the Indian. The tender ear of the mother, however, heard in her tent at sixty paces from the bank the screams of the children. She rushed to the top of the bank and saw the top of the head of her little one borne rapidly out and away by the deep and flowing river. The bank was a high, stepless clay cliff, She sprang into the river from the top of it and swam in her clothes to the sinking child. That child with life's last instinct paddled and struggled with her little hands and the porous tartan frock making a safety collar around her neck as lifted by the waters helped to keep her up, but making her way out into the stream. The mother at last having swum her way slanting with the current to the child, caught her and held her with with one hand while she swam with the other one. The weight of this position and twisting of her dress around her limbs soon told her that she would fail the land. She then laid hold of the back of the head of the child in her teeth, and thus the use of both hands was had and required to bring her after a long, determined and fatiguing swim ashore. The child was apparently dead. By rolling and pressing the water out of her, the little things first cry after her unconsciousness was "Mama I'm drowning." The mother springing from the cliff, head foremost into the current to seize her own, would in the hands of an artist make

⁷²This daughter is Mrs. Christina McKenzie. The ranch referred to was situated on the South Thompson River near Chase station of the Canadian Pacific Railway. In 1877 she was engaged in business in Kamloops, which her intimate knowledge of the fur trade enabled her to carry on successfully. After the death of Mr. McKenzie she married Mr. E. Charles Williams.—F. W. H. Christina McDonald McKenzie Williams, now of Spaulding, Idaho.—J. A. M. I am indebted to Mrs. Williams for some notes and suggestions furnished me for the introduction and foot-notes.—W. S. L.

an excellent subject for his brush. I may ask here, where was the soul when the little Tina became unconscious in the drowning scrape? Apart from the mind there can be no soul, and if the mind dies all is blank. The wildest Indian of the Rocky Mountains is here as learned as St. Augustine or Pope Henry, the murderer of his own loves. What a world!

I was not long here with my Christina, when invited to an Indian donation feast, or feast of the dead. Strange that I was the only white man in the country invited to it. An insight into that learned "Mystery of the Mounds" was undoubtedly to me the result, and I went, and here it is.

There were about three hundred Indians there in a Mound House.⁷³ The inside of the mound chamber was about fifty feet square. The outside circular height of this simple building was about twenty feet, one half below and the other half above the surface of the earth. The inside square or hall of donation was built with rough but strong timbers, simply and wisely made to converge and rest on one massive central pillar. The Indians told me these buildings were from the beginning. These houses in the perpetuity of time and the active changes of death and of other secret causes filled up with the vestiges of things that were and yet are may be taken as the seal mounds that now puzzle our learned antiquarians.

In the interior and to the northwest many such mounds are found. Large tribes built large ones, and small tribes made smaller ones. At every fest of donation when a man of consequence was raided on by death, a new mound building was made and the tribes invited to the feast. The Jew has his day of atonement; and the Christian his Palm Sunday and his sacrament of blood and flesh, to renovate the spirit in reality and in token of one who is not. The red man's day of donation is to gather with good will in memory of the departed and to offer one another the humble offerings of their estate in interchange of good will. Did all the chapters of Christendom offer more? A mournful music of a few solomn notes is kept time to by dances of that measure. There are only seven notes in the National anthem of Great Britain, adopted too by America, a simple but splendid strain composed by an Englishman or a Scotchman.^{73½}

⁷³This is the winter dwelling of the interior Salish, called, in common parlance, "keekwillie house." For further particulars regarding such dwellings consult Hill-Tout: *The Far West: The Home of the Salish and Dene*—F. W. H.

^{73½}The origin of the national anthem of Great Britain is shrouded in mystery. An endless discussion has raged around the question; but there is no conclusive, or even satisfactory, evidence to establish the authorship

As the feast continues four or five days a livlier measure is now and then introduced to relieve the pressure of the strain of death. A hundred ——— hours of the dead march of Saul would suggest a similar relief.

As to the sacraments of the "Free Kirk" parties are in and parties are out, for the building cannot hold them. Love, wonder, sorrow and story are whispered and chattered and smothered there. The old are old and the young are young. Indecour if inclined is kept down by the sages of the tribes, as her Majesty's paid police hold check on such when London goes to prayer. But look at that mound house of two doors; one enters below and the others opens out by a notched ladder resting on the central pillars. The building tho' simple in its architecture has the principal lines of the White House, the straight or vertical, the oblique, the horizontal and the curve, and the spirit of man is in that little building. A spirit which no tyrant nor freeman can gainsay. A spirit that made fire without mining beneath the earth or trafficking in Heaven's providence of sulphur above the earth, a spirit that naked or ragged felt the presence of the Divine Unknown.

Some learned bigots tell us that the Jews were the only people of antiquity that worshipped the true God. How silly that assertion! How little they know of the endless ways of the Inscrutable with his own. Pompous sheets that cannot tell how many bubbles pass over the Astorian bar in one night, assert a knowledge of things impossible for them to know. Is not the vain, egotistical assertion a terrible libel on man and on the Omnipresence of his deity. But in that mound and out of it, with all opportunities offered to human possession (passion) some few morals were propounded, were they ever excelled on Sinia or in St. Peters or Pauls? No, never! The gifts to man of the moral intellect from the beginning are his and they are subservient to one law, not the law of capricious and racial religion or fancy, but that of the staid understanding and the foreknowledge instilled by the intuitive apprehension. Give the human intellect in charge to religion and man is a beast. Put religion in the safe keeping of the intellect and man is a man. Wherefore the wild red man is a man, and his simple yet profound theology compares with anything of that kind we yet had from Paris or Jerusalem.

The mounds were generally built at the winter place of gathering.

of either the words or the music. Henry Carey and "rare Ben Jonson" are the favorites as regards the former, and Dr. John Bull and Dr. Arne as regards the latter. Those who wish to follow the subject to the extent of seeking the origin of the words of "America" are referred to the "Report on the Star-spangled Banner," etc., by O. G. T. Sonneck issued by the United States Government in 1909, pp. 72-78.—F. W. H.

Shelter and a hall to meet in for days were the first motives for building, and built large or small according to the means of the builder. Many are filled to the top and growing higher while others grow lower, and others await yet unfilled the leveling progress of nature and the offerings of her passing winds. Few of them are found in the interior game plains, whose tribes followed the game as that game followed the grasses, but the fish and berry tribes had their common wintering grounds, and there the mound house was built.

An old man whose hair was strangely white saluted me from the dense crowd in the hall: "I am already old; I was younger when I heard of you, I was far when I heard of you and you gave flour and ammunition and blankets and shirts and flints and awls and thread to our people; and you covered our dead, and you went to see the sick. For all that and for more than that we heard of you. The white man says he had a God and says he has a priest and says he has a Christ. You often were a Christ to us; our distressed were relieved by you; we preserve you in our hearts with good will and keep you there as a great chief; you are here and our hearts and our eyes are glad you came."

Soon one of the donators gave me 4 and $\frac{1}{2}$ silver dollars. Since I had been in charge of the Colville district they never forgot me.⁷⁴ In 1871 on my way down by Litton⁷⁵ to Victoria some of them shook my body that never saw me and said they were ready to die having once seen me. So much for Indian Gratitude, a thing often experienced by me tho' stoutly denied by many. A fine canoe and strong steersman were soon at my disposal. Christina and I and her husband floated down two miles of the river in it to our home at about one o'clock in the morning. A few flames of wind and cloud passed between us and the stars; the dark pine covered mountains shadowed down to the water's edge and I sang while she joined in the chorus, Clan Ronald's Boat song "Agus ho Moraig," to which the waters and the hills and the solemn echoes of the red man's domain made splendid and suggestive reply. This fine boat song was made in the unlucky rising of 1745 when the Stewarts made their last essay at the sword and lost an empire by its failure. In early spring I

⁷⁴Angus McDonald was always a warm friend of the Indians. In 1858, when David McLoughlin's party were travelling along the Okanagan River, they were attacked by the natives who later stole some of their cattle. Two of the thieves were caught in the act of jerking the beef. McDonald, then on his way from Colville to Hope, happened along very opportunely, and at his request the culprits were discharged.—F. W. H.

⁷⁵Lytton is a small town at the confluence of the Thompson and Frazer Rivers, named after Sir Edward Bulwer, afterwards Lord Lytton, the novelist, who was Secretary of State for the Colonies at the time of the formation of the Colony of British Columbia in 1858.—F. W. H.

made a visit to a friend at Lac La Hache⁷⁶ i. e. Lake of the Axe and had my passage free aboard the *Lady Dufferin*⁷⁷ as far as she went. This steamer is named after the Countess Dufferin, an Irish title, the Earl himself having been Governor General of Canada and a very able Governor. I was introduced to both of them at Fort Hope.⁷⁸ She is said to be a kind of a petulant, literary Poute.⁷⁹ She is erect, wiry and active and of a vivacious look. I was told by some one that she was a ballad maker. She is very fond of going to fish with her rod and hook.⁸⁰

I found at Lac la Hache the oldest living of the Flathead tribe of Montana, the all that remains of the wife of Chief Factor Ogden.⁸¹ Her hair is white as snow, leaves her bed once a day for a short time and is very deaf. She, however, is well cared for by her kind daughter, Mrs. McKinley,⁸² once well known in Oregon. McKinley is a Scotch Highlander, a most hospitable man, but having often drained his cup and been unlucky in the fast chances of the west he left Oregon to ranch it in the high dry and cold solitudes of Lac la Hache. He has a fine flock of Cashmere goats here, whose hair with his band of cattle keep him comfortable. Man would always have enough if he did not want too much. After all what can an ambitious averice be but an anointed hell. The son of many called by the believers of the Redeemer asked for "Our daily bread." This is a fine short prayer. It seems he got it all in the Jewish Talmud. An English passage in that well known prayers says "Lead us not into temptation. The French one says, "Let us not succumb to ditto," Which is the

⁷⁶Lac le Hache is situated on the road from Ashcroft to Cariboo, about one hundred miles north of the former place. It is about ten miles long. The Hudson's Bay Company's "brigade trail" connecting Forts Kamloops and Alexandria passed along its shores.—F. W. H.

⁷⁷The steamer *Lady Dufferin*, one of the earliest on the South Thompson River, was built by William Fortune in 1878. It was a sixty-ton boat, ninety-five feet long and sixteen feet wide. It made regular trips from Spallumcheen to Kamloops by way of the South Thompson River and Shuswap Lake.—F. W. H.

⁷⁸Lord Dufferin and his party were at Hope for a few hours on their trip up the Fraser River on September 6, 1876.—F. W. H.

⁷⁹Perhaps this word is "pout" or "poute" which, by the Scotch, is sometimes used figuratively to mean a child, a young person, a maid, or a sweetheart.—F. W. H.

⁸⁰"*Lady Dufferin* is an expert sportswoman and throws a fly faultlessly."—St. John: *The Sea of Mountains*, ii, 146.—F. W. H.

⁸¹Peter Skene Ogden. For a full account of his life see Mr. T. C. Elliott's article in the *Oregon Historical Quarterly*, xi, 229-278. Mr. Elliott says on page 239 that Ogden's first wife was of the Cree nation; his second wife was a Spokane Indian. The latter might be said to be a Flathead or Saleesh Indian.—F. W. H.

⁸²The marriage of Archibald McKinlay and Sarah Julia Ogden took place at Fort Vancouver in June, 1840. Mr. T. C. Elliott gives in the *Oregon Historical Quarterly*, x, 325-328, a short account of these persons, and appended thereto a photographic reproduction of their marriage certificate.—F. W. H.

true? St. James says, "God tempteth no man,"⁸³ but Gitteau thinks otherwise.

The news of the assassination of the Russian Emperor was sent me by an English engineer, who said in closing his letter, "So be it to all tyrants." Yet what can be more tyrannical than some of the English laws. Look at the evictions in the Highlands of Scotland, and at the damned law of Thirlage⁸⁴ that fines a poor highlander if he does not grind his own grain at a certain mill. All the crowned ones of Europe murmured a vindictive moan of alarm at the death of the Russian Czar, but for the distressed millions of their starving nations how seldom runs a tear. Kingcraft and Christianity drive every screw to its head in the coffin of the freedom of the nations, Jefferson well said that "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." Withal the loyalty of British Columbia, I heard not a man in his unguarded moments say it was a pity to kill the Czar, yet he may have been a good man. In his capacity man cannot shower universal good like a night of dew. Washington had his faults and St. Paul lies as he says "For the glory of God."⁸⁵ Perhaps Victoria is checked in her sympathy for her down-trodden by her awe at the honor of Peers and landocracy, although tis observed that her generosity never equalled her means. Paine says fear is the cause of man's servility. I think it arises for his leaving to another man to abide the wish of the one engaging him. This I hold was man's first curse.

Here at Kamloops⁸⁶ the H. B. Co. keep a pretty house and store in charge of officer Tait,⁸⁷ who is a fine, tall $\frac{1}{8}$ Indian, and once a steward at Vancouver. He speaks good Cree and French and English, had a fine family of daughters. Two of them play a few English but no Scotch tunes on the piano. His wife, a strong muscular woman,

⁸³"For God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth he any man."—James, 1, 13.—F. W. H.

⁸⁴A term in Scottish law meaning a servitude by which lands are thirled or astricted to a particular mill so that the possessors must have their grain ground there, paying certain tolls as the agreed or customary price of grinding.—F. W. H.

⁸⁵The reference is probably to Romans, iii, 7: "For if the truth of God hath more abounded through my lie unto his glory; why yet am I also judged as a sinner?"—F. W. H.

⁸⁶At this time the Hudson's Bay Company's fort at Kamloops was situated on the south side of the Thompson River just west of the junction of its two branches. Two earlier forts, at least, had existed in this vicinity; one in the flat between the North and South Thompson Rivers; the other on the west bank of the North Thompson River. David Thompson's celebrated map of 1813-14 places the fort on the flat referred to; the map attached to the Report upon the Hudson's Bay Company, 1857, shows it on the west side of the North Thompson River. It was at the former post that Samuel Black was murdered in 1841; John Tod, his successor, says: "The fort was on the right [left?] bank of the North Thompson at its mouth, opposite the modern village, or town, of Kamloops." Soon after taking charge Tod built a new fort on the right or west bank of the North Thompson River. The transfer to the south side of the Thompson River appears to have been made in the early sixties. See Wade: Thompson Country.—F. W. H.

⁸⁷John Tait, J. P., Factor of the Hudson's Bay Company at Kamloops. His names appears in the directories for 1877, 1882, and 1885.—F. W. H.

fell dead on Christman night, while preparing supper, with heart disease. She, too, was of some red man's blood. Heart disease is very uncommon to the Indian. Have a good time of it with this officer, sipping cogniac and speaking of Sitting Bull, Fenians, on which he is very severe, and old Oregon love scrapes and murder of the Russian Czar.

Saw here the Chief Magistrate and an M. P., a short, frizzled hair lively fellow, and an O. M. of Irish descent. In this vicinity lived the family of the late Chief Trader McLean, three of whose sons for some reason murdered the sheriff and another man. In the finale they were hung at N. Westminster with the French halfbreed Hare, their fellow in crime. It was whispered by the initiated that they had intended other victims, but this is merely gossip.⁸⁸

Here but out of town I was hospitably received by Walker,⁸⁹ whose life I once saved near the Rapids of the Dead,⁹⁰ upper Columbia. I was in a boat conveying up to the base of the Rocky Mountains the Pacific Coast Express. In approaching the rapids I saw something like a man jumping in the stones about a mile below us. Calling to our steersman to heave to the shore. The nearer it came the shape looked like a man. Poor fellow there he was, his clothes in shreds, his feet bleeding out through his moccasins, his face gaunt as death, yet resolute and determined. He was out with two Indians to meet us with the Caledonian & F. River Express, but his week's rations of dried salmon had been eaten a week previous, and yet we came not at the expected day, and the delay nearly cost him his life. His only arms was an old English pistol of the horse kind, and he had only two bullets for it, and he saw nothing but death before him unless he met us. Here he made the desperate resolution of making a raft and running down the Columbia in search of us. It was in May and the mountain waters were high and to run the Dalles then by a little raft was terrible work; but he resolved on tying on to the raft by

⁸⁸In December, 1879, Allan McLean, Charles McLean, Archibald McLean, and Alexander Hare—the Kamloops outlaws—were charged with horse stealing. John Ussher and three special constables with warrants for their arrest found them in the Nicola Mountains, and summoned them to surrender. In reply they opened fire, killing Ussher and wounding two of his assistants. The outlaws then killed an inoffensive sheep rancher named Kelly. A large posse pursued them and they were surrounded and captured. They were tried in New Westminster in November, 1880, and found guilty. The four criminals were hanged on one scaffold at New Westminster, on January 31, 1881.—F. W. H.

⁸⁹Donald Walker came to York Factory in 1849. After spending some time at Norway House he was sent to Fort St. James. In 1854 he was at Fort Kamloops. From 1855 till 1859 he was in charge at Fort Hope. In the latter year he retired from the Company's service. He died at Kamloops in November, 1912, aged 84 years.—F. W. H.

⁹⁰The celebrated and dreaded Dalles des Morts of the Columbia River, forty-three miles above the town of Revelstoke, B. C.—F. W. H. See, also, Kane; Wanderings, p. 355; also, David Douglas' Journal (ed. Wilkes, London, 1914), p. 252.

stout twisted willows his two mates and himself, so that the whirlpools as he said could not "pull them off the raft." The two Indians seeing the desperate resources he relied on sat on the bank and would not go near him. Seeing this, he said "Well I only see one more chance of life before the express arrives. Yonder are the high frozen summits of the Rein Deer, I have two balls, let us go up and run down a reindeer on our snow shoes." And they went. Up and up they labored on the frozen snow with their glancing snow shoes, yet up and up they went. Meantime we passed on, not knowing we passed them and took breakfast above the site of their raft, then started on. They soon saw from the high snowy summits of the Rapids of the Dead, a smoke curl up to the skies above the green, tremendous forests of those solitudes, and knew at once it must be us. Now for a snow shoe run for life to catch us, while we knew nothing about it, but made our way against the bold and far-famed Columbia by oar, and line and pole as fast as we could. Arriving where we took breakfast to have a thorough proof the nature of our smoke, Walker commanded the two Indians to come on behind him with the express box, as far as they could, while he unburdened by anything but his pistol and two bullets would run his last to overtake us, and off he started. It was soon dark, the snow in places very soft and deep. The forests were desperate, trees standing, trees down, brush, rocks and thorns thick, yet the man of iron nerve, fed on the west coast of Scotland on potatoes, salt and fish held on his tumbling, stumbling way all night through those mountainous roads. It was now near dawn and he felt sleepy. He feared sitting down, but stood with his back against a tree, and closed and opened and closed his eyes again, and when he last opened them the dawn had already cleared and covered the mountains. The voice of a goose, of several geese, was rousing the shores as they smelt something. Walker crawled a few paces to the river bank. Five geese were close on the foot of it. The bank was cut steep down. He aimed at one of them, right below him, close to the mouth of his pistol. A smothered report. The pistol struck him in the forehead, slipping his grasp, and the goose swan away with his broken wing on the other side of the Columbia. His last ball was now put in, asking God if he intended to forsake him, and off again he started. It was just about three in the afternoon as above stated when I first saw him, jumping and running on the stones of the beach, waving his last bit of a hat to stay for him.⁹¹ He is one

⁹¹This incident occurred in April, 1854. The story above corresponds very closely with the version which I have had from the lips of Donald Walker himself. Walker's memory, however, was that he had been four days without food and not a week as herein stated.—F. W. H.

of the most determined men I ever knew. I find a fine collection of old Gaelic Poetry in his house. While looking over it I found the following literary curiosity in the shape of a latin translation of the well known Scotch Reel of Roy's Wife.

Rubri uxor Aldivallis,
 Rubri uxor Aldiivallis:
 Seisne qua decepit me
 Colles cu mtransirem Ballis?
 Vovit ac juravit illa,
 Meam semper se futuram
 Sed vae mihi virgo levis
 Istum prae me legit furem.
 Optime saltavit virgo
 Laetiozem nunquam malle
 O, Utinam fuisset mea
 Aut ego Ruber Aldivallis.
 Oculos nitentes habet,
 Atque palchros ut Dianne,
 Semper mihi cara erit
 Quamvis perfida Joanni.^{91½}

Having served him with a fair libation of brandy and a little food, I put him to bed until his mates arrived with the express packet, and then furnishing him with food and shoes for their backward trip we separated, us to ascent the dreaded Rapids of the Dead, or Rapids de Mort as our first job and then to walk the frozen summits between the Columbia and the Thompson Rivers.

^{91½}The words of this reel were written by Mrs. Grant of Cannon, afterward Mrs. Dr. Murray of Barth. Burns also wrote verses for the same air, beginning "Canst thou leave me thus, my Kate?" See David Laine, Additional Illustrations to Johnson's Museum, Vol. IV., pp. 368, 369.

The verses of Mrs. Grant are as follows:—

Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch.
 Roy's wife of Aldivalloch.
 Wat ye how she cheated me
 As I cam o'er the braes o' Balloch?
 She vow'd, she swore she wad be mine;
 She said she lo'er me best of onie;
 But O the fickle, faithless Quean,
 She's ta'en the earle and left her Johnnie:
 * * * * * Roy's wife, etc.
 O she was a cantie quean.
 Weel could she dance the Highland walloch;
 How happy I, had she been mine,
 Or I been Roy of Aldivalloch.
 * * * * * Roy's wife, etc.
 Her hair sae fair, her e'en sae clear,
 Her wee bit mou' sae sweet and bonnie
 To me she ever will be dear,
 Though she's forever left her Johnnie.
 * * * * * Roy's wife, etc.

The tune is old and was formerly called "The Ruffian's Rant"; a name happily superseded by "Roy's Wife" after the writing of these verses by Mrs. Grant.—W. S. L.

The Rapids de Mort are named for the drowning of eleven souls in them in 1838.⁹² The H. B. boat officered by Wallace⁹³ and steered by a powerful French Canadian, Charlefioux.⁹⁴ Mrs. Wallace and a Catholic Priest⁹⁵ were in the boat with the rest. The Steersman suggested above the rapids that it was time to camp, it being late in the evening, and thought broad daylight would be required to run those dangerous whirlpools, whose huge serpentine throats were darkened the more by the grand overhanging forests and perpendicular cliffs of the closed up mountains through which the Columbia, God know when, wore down her way; but Wallace thought there was light enough to run them, and the steersman, sensitive as a she mountain martin, curbed the boat's prow again into the current, calling on all hands to stretch to their oars. In the middle leap she was down like a shot swallow, spinning and sinking as she spun in the mouth of one of the whirlpools. Wallace who as a splendid swimmer took his lady in his arms and jumped into the whirlpool to swim ashore. The Priest followed them. Their strongest effort had no more effect that would my foot have in Vulcan's Vice. They were at once swallowed never more to breath. On leaping off the edge of the boat she was upset and the crew and all drowned, but the steersman held on to the upset boat. As she approached the shore by the course of the current, down a mile below the rapids he swam ashore and the boat grounded close to him. He ran half frozen on the beach to warm him, in doing so he heard as if it were the cry of a young bear or deer or something. He looked and looked but could see nothing. He then waded into the river and looking under the gunnel⁹⁶ of the boat saw a child perched as a squirrel and holding on for life by the shaft⁹⁷ of the boat. He rescued the child,⁹⁸ and being a very strong man

⁹²This origin can scarcely be correct, for we find these dalles known by this name in 1827. See, Ermatinger's Journal (Translations of The Royal Society of Canada, 1912) under date April 25, 1827; and see, also David Douglas' Journal in Oregon Historical Society, Quarterly, vi, 207. From Ross' Fur Traders (ii, 180) and Kane: Wanderings (p. 329-332), a similar accident seems to have occurred about 1816, and from this it would appear that the name is really derived, though the two authors mentioned do not agree upon the exact details.—F. W. H.

⁹³The Reverend F. N. Blanchet, who was one of this party, calls Mr. Wallace "an English botanist."—F. W. H.

⁹⁴The names of J. B. Charlefioux and Pierre Charlefioux appear in the lists of employees of the Hudson's Bay Company.—W. S. L.

⁹⁵There were only two priests in the party, the Reverend Fathers Demers and Blanchet. Both of these persons had descended the rapids in safty on the first downward trip of the boat. The accident occurred on the second trip. The reference to a priest in the boat is therefore an error.—F. W. H.

⁹⁶Usually spelled "gunwale."—F. W. H.

⁹⁷A provincial English form of "thwart," the rower's seat, extending from side to side of an open boat.—F. W. H.

⁹⁸Father Blanchet in his account says: "The body of a child was caught under the boat."—F. W. H.

turned the boat keel down and made his way with it and the child safely to Colville.⁹⁹

When the boats next run the rapids in 1839 we came within an inch of being lost. Big Michel was our steersman, a splendid chestnut-haired half Cree and Norman French Canadian. Everything was prepared to run them, men belted tightly with their coats off. Michel, or in English Michael, wound a twisted silk herchief round his head to keep his sweeping coils of hair from blinding him, and grasping his reserve paddle eight foot long and 14 inches breadth of blade, turned our little Columbian craft into the current of her native river, telling the men calmly, yet sternly, to row strong "ram fort"; besides the crew three English families were in the boat and straight before us and below, within fifty yards of us roared and heaved and coiled the very whirls wherein the Wallace party with their priest were swallowed. The families were uneasy at hearing the sound of the messenger of death in those whirlpools, it made the party feel that a minute more would tell their fate. On rowing to the lower edge of the dark eddy from which the Rapids deMort takes his leap, the crew gave one quick side look ahead. Michel cried "Hurrah, my men, row strong," plunging and glancing like a pursuing eagle down the headlong leap we landed right in the throat of death's whirlpool and the boat filled and became helpless. The women screamed and prayed and a powerful Orkney blacksmith, attending to the water, sat forgetting his duty and prayed and wept in the bottom of the boat. The crew held their oars and seats, silent and passive as death. Michel looked fine, but too much like marble to think he was a thing that breathed. He seemed transfixed as hewn granite in his sublime attitude, awaiting any sign of hope. Young and active I thought of a large kettle and seized it and poured in a short number of second a large weight of water out of the boat. The whirlpool being then in heaving up instead of swallowing down I cried "Michel." He looked at me as if a thrill of lightening passed through his brain and he said again with aroused confidence "row strong." Every sinew found then and there its use and she was rowed by strange luck to the beach. On landing the whole of the crew and all the families looked with joyful terror on the grim folds of death that streamed in its foam before them. Until this I felt no fear, but now while walking on the beach, I felt dry and a certain rising spasm as if choking me. I never

⁹⁹The whole version of this tragedy as given above does not correspond in its details with that of Father Blanchet, which will be found in *Historical Sketches of the Catholic Church in Oregon*, published in Fern-
dale, Wash., in 1910. —F. W. H. For another account see Kane: *Wanderings*, p. 335.—W. S. L.

felt it before. I drank a good draught of snowy water and walking away my nervous spasm was laid. In was so strange to me that I mentioned it once to our good Dr. Barclay.¹⁰⁰ He said "Your mind was more suggestive than theirs, and you found occupation for it. This scattered in you the sense of awe that so seized the others. That choking spasm was the last effort of the nerves in a tuzzle (?) with life. You might well drink after it."

Governor McLaughlin, who from ashore saw what was going on, sent for me immediately, and as the majestic, gray-haired man advanced toward me, I felt very grateful when he cried "Oh Angus, Angus, your have saved them, come and take some wine."

Passing from Walker's by Nicholas Valley and Lake,¹⁰¹ I come to the Canadian Pacific Railroad party. It is the advance one from the Pacific and in charge of Berry¹⁰². They have terrible work in these canons of the Fraser River. Ceaseless blasting and killing of men by its accidents. Roger,¹⁰³ the chief engineer, who passed a night with me at Christina's home, says none of the American Pacific are anything compared to the difficulties of this one of the Canadian. Rogers is an American, does not believe in Christianity, but believes there is one Supreme God. He thinks Ingersol has gone beyond his depth in denying it. Who knows? Three more days ride down the heated cut rock and gold bearing country, brings me to New Westminster.¹⁰⁴

¹⁰⁰Dr. Forbes Barclay came to Oregon Territory, evidently in our author's company, in 1839, as surgeon of the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Vancouver, and remained in that position until 1850. In 1848 he married Miss Maria Pambrun, a daughter of Pierre Chrysologue Pambrun. After retiring from the Company's service he was very prominent in the civic life of Oregon City, where he died in May, 1873.—F. W. H.

¹⁰¹Nicola Valley and Lake, Nicola Lake, thirteen miles long, is situated thirty eight miles east of Spence's Bridge on the Canadian Pacific Railway. A branch of that railways connects Nicola Valley with Spence's Bridge. The brigade trail, which our author is perhaps following, ran from Kamloops by way of Nicola Lake and the Coldwater River across the Cascade Mountains, and down the Anderson River to the Fraser River, opposite Spuzzum; there the Frazer was crossed by a ferry, and the trail continued through a low pass to Fort Yale. The word is an anglicization of "N'kuala," the name of a prominent Indian chief, who lived about 1812. For some facts regarding this man see, Wade: Thompson Country, pages 14-16. The Hudson's Bay Company used the form "Nicholas"; see, Anderson's Hand Book to the Gold Regions, and the map attached thereto. So general became this form that it is to be found on Arrowsmith's map of 1859, in Part II of the Papers Relating to British Columbia.—F. W. H.

¹⁰²The person referred to is probably Mr. Henry A. Berry, who was timekeepers in 1882, on contract 61, on the Canadian Pacific Railway, having his head office at Salmon River, near North Bend. By the arrangements between the Canadian Government and the Railway Company the Government undertook to build the very expensive portion between Emory (four miles below Yale) and Savona's Ferry, a distance of 127 miles. This included the heavy work through the canyons of the Fraser River.—F. W. H.

¹⁰³Major A. B. Rogers, upon whom devolved the selection of the route through the Rocky and the Selkirk Mountains, arrived in British Columbia in April, 1881. In the summer of 1882 he discovered the pass through the Selkirks now known as Rogers Pass in which the railway now runs.—F. W. H.

¹⁰⁴Our author's route here is vague. From the reference to the canyons it would seem that he was following the old brigade trail which led from Kamloops to Yale; but he mentions no other place until he reaches New Westminster by horseback. This makes it probable that he may have travelled from Kamloops to Hope by his familiar route along that

I saw several Indians who knew me, one of them gave me a pair of Moccasins. The heat is intense and they are far cooler than my gaiter shoes. When very hot I ride in my socks only, as too much warmth from the feet would soon lead to sunstroke. Perhaps the eastern towns do not know this, but I do through experiences.

Put up at the Colonial, where Mr. Chisholm¹⁰⁵ and I had several Gaelic songs. He too is a descendant of the forty-five,¹⁰⁶ now of loyal prudence but of Jacobeth¹⁰⁷ feeling. This town which is the capital of this interior colony is sustained chiefly through the salmon fisheries. Many think it would have been long ago abandoned, since that supply and the canning of them brings bands of men to spend their money there. Its first pioneers are gone forever to build with the worm. Governor Douglas,¹⁰⁸ Colonel Moody,¹⁰⁹ and Bushby,¹¹⁰ with whom I had many a happy round of wine have taken to the turf for their sleep. A vast perspective of bluish green, dotted on its half horizon with many a frozen summit limits the sight from this town. Fields there are none, and the whitened peaks like shattered stars rise from their solemn nativity above these gigantic forests, as if the deity were gathering some frozen chips with which to form new worlds. In the gloomy grandeur of the scene before him the traveller cannot help repeating "Your ways are not like the ways of man." A vast

brigade trail and thence continued his horseback travel to the coast. Otherwise we must assume that he ferried needlessly the Fraser River twice. The reference to the canyons may relate to some other trip, or it may be simply the statement of a patent, well-known fact. New Westminster is situated on the Fraser River about twenty miles from its mouth. The selection of the site was made in 1859 by Colonel R. C. Moody. It was the capital of the mainland colony of British Columbia from 1859 to 1868 when, after the union with the colony of Vancouver Island, the capital was removed to Victoria.—F. W. H.

¹⁰⁵Donald Chisholm was born in Antigonish, Nova Scotia, though his parents came from Inverness-shire, Scotland. He went to California in the gold rush of 1849 and thence to British Columbia in the excitement of 1858. For some years he was in business at Hope, and later at New Westminster. He was a very prominent man in the affairs of the country. In 1837 he was elected as a member of the House of Commons of Canada.—F. W. H.

¹⁰⁶The Jacobite rebellion of 1745, when the highland clans attempted to overthrow the Hanoverian line of monarchs and place Prince Charles Edward Stuart, "the bonnie Prince Charlie," upon the throne of Great Britain.—F. W. H.

¹⁰⁷This seems an error for Jacobite.—F. W. H.

¹⁰⁸The life of James Douglas, later Sir James, may be read in every history of Oregon, Washington, and British Columbia. He was the Governor of the colony of Vancouver Island from 1851 to 1863, and was also the Governor of the separate colony of British Columbia from 1858 to 1864. Perhaps the best view of him is to be obtained from Coats and Gosnell: Sir James Douglas.—F. W. H.

¹⁰⁹Lieutenant-Colonel Richard Clement Moody was sent out to the colony of British Columbia in 1858 in command of a detachment of the Royal Engineers. This detachment remained in existence for five years, and was disbanded in October, 1863. Its duties were both civil and military—to maintain order and to explore and survey the country, lay out roads, etc. Colonel Moody returned to England in 1863. Later he became Major-General Moody.—F. W. H.

¹¹⁰The Hon. Arthur Thomas Bushby came to British Columbia in 1858. He married Agnes Douglas, one of the daughters of Governor Douglas. He occupied the positions successively of postmaster-general of the colony, registrar, and county court judge. He died in 1874, leaving a reputation of great ability and faultless honour.—F. W. H.

abundance of native berries are here, and although the red man is not fencing large or small fields, yet on his fruits and venison and fish in splendid quantities, and with choice importations of solid groceries added thereto, he really lives like Rothchilds, and they are happy yet in being more or less extinguished. To be extinguished in happiness unalloyed, however, is not their fate. All night on the river, some anchored or travelling or strolling canoe is heard to give its north-west season, love song, death song, and war song to the ear that hears it. Light sea and land steamers meet here, but the flag of the red, white and blue are mots in their numbers. Steamers go from here to Victoria, across the Georgian Gulf in eight hours, and to Yale up the river in a day and a half. Grandeur and gloom, wood, water and stone are the five deities that resign over here.

Eight hours in the Steamer Enterprise¹¹¹ brings us to Victoria. This vessel is well furnished, by the Hudson Bay Company, who bought her from her American owners. My friend, her old Captain McNeil¹¹² of American birth is dead. He was a noted pioneer sailor on the northwest coast. From wrecks of Chinese junks¹¹³ discovered by him and found years ago, he had no doubt of the discovery in ages gone of this continent by the Chinese and Japanese. The features of both are indelibly fixed in the physiognomy of the Alaska Indians.¹¹⁴ The Purser,¹¹⁵ an old friend of mine, is all I know on the Enterprise. Chief Factor Finlayson,¹¹⁶ and Chief Trader B.¹¹⁷ and Captain Swanson¹¹⁸ and my daughters Maggie and Christiana passed nearly a whole

¹¹¹The steamer Enterprise, a sidewheel vessel of 200 tons, was brought up from San Francisco in 1861 by Curry Bros. to run between Victoria and Puget Sound ports. She was bought in 1862 by the Hudson's Bay Company for about \$60,000 and placed on the Victoria-New Westminster route, on which she continued almost steadily until July, 1885, when, being badly injured in a collision, she was beached at Cadboro Bay near Victoria and abandoned.—F. W. H.

¹¹²See a full note upon this man, Captain William McNeill, in this quarterly, vii, 61.—F. W. H.

¹¹³See, hereon, the entry in the Nisqually Journal under date of June 9, 1834, and the note thereon in this quarterly, vii, 62.—F. W. H. See also Swan, Northwest Coast, p. 206.—W. S. L.

¹¹⁴Those interested in this subject may consult the very complete study by the Reverend A. G. Morice: Northwesten Denes and Northeastern Asiatics, in the Translations of the Royal Canadian Institute for 1914.—F. W. H.

¹¹⁵The person referred to is, likely, Mr. George Hardisty, who was purser of the Enterprise in 1882.—F. W. H.

¹¹⁶Roderick Finlayson was born in Ross-shire, Scotland, in 1818. Entering the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, he was sent to the west of the Rocky Mountains in 1839. Until 1843 he was at the northern forts, but in that year he was transferred to Fort Victoria, then in process of construction. From 1844 to 1849, when Douglas removed from Fort Vancouver, Finlayson was in charge of Victoria. He became Chief Trader in 1850 and Chief Factor in 1859. In 1849 he married Miss Sarah Work, a daughter of John Work. He died in January, 1892.—F. W. H.

¹¹⁷Who? James Birnie, John Black, F. D. Boucher, Robert Ballantyne, Horace Belanger? Possibly Chief Traded James Bissett, in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company about 1870; though his name does not appear in any later directories, and no Chief Trader whose name begins with B. is included in the list of employees of the company about 1881.—F. W. H.

¹¹⁸Captain John Swanson was born in 1827. He arrived on the Pacific Coast in 1842; became a master mariner in 1855; and commanded several

night aboard of her at New Westminster, they dancing to my strains on a Jews Harp. I may say that, few men equalled me at this unassuming instrument. Some of them of choice sound, in the mouth of the initiated make very soft and sensitive harmony. We were off for the interior and it was a kind of farewell to the remaining and the going; some of us since have gone never, never to return.

I lodge in the old St. George, now, owned by Driard, a Frenchman. Here lodge the travelling aristocrats and high toned gentry of saloon fame; although the now chief factor Finlayson, who crossed the Rocky Mountains with me in 1839 built the first house in Victoria, I know but few of its denizens. Most I knew are gone, and those remaining going fast. Doctor Wm. F. Tolmie¹¹⁹ and daughter and I rode to Carmichael's, where we had a great treat in hearing played the great war pipe of my native hills. Some fine Pibroches and Reels were fingered by him. He played by note, and a large old musical note book got up by the Highland Society of London. His daughter, a maid of fifteen and her brother of thirteen¹²⁰ danced a Scotch reel. I never saw it better danced. Chief Factor Munro¹²¹ takes me to his house and from it I visit my few living friends. I met the ex-Governor's lady,¹²² the once Miss Hyde of Oregon, but now Mrs. Trutch in the H. B. store and I went by her invitation to her house. She once in her sister's home in Oregon played for me on the piano, while she sang the Irish Mother's Wail for her children, and I thought it very affecting. She has no children, which is a pity, she being when

of the Hudson's Bay Company's vessels, the Beaver, Labouchere, Otter, and Enterprise. He died at Victoria in October, 1872. It would thus appear that the reference in this sentence must be to an earlier visit.—F. W. H.

¹¹⁹Dr. William Fraser Tolmie arrived at Fort Vancouver in 1833. His journal, covering about a fortnight, April 30 to May 11, 1833, is printed in this Quarterly, iii, 229-241. He was in charge at Fort Nisqually from 1842 to 1859. He retired from the Hudson's Bay Company's service in 1870. For a short biography of his life, see Howay and Scholefield: *History of British Columbia*, pp. 650-654. In 1850 he married Miss Jane Work, eldest daughter of John Work. He died in December, 1886, at the age of 74 years.—F. W. H.

¹²⁰The son is Dr. Simon Fraser Tolmie of Victoria. The daughter is Miss Margaret Cecilia Tolmie, now deceased.—F. W. H.

¹²¹Alexander Munro was born in Ross-shire, Scotland, in 1824. After engaging in the practice of law, and later, in banking, he entered the Hudson's Bay Company's service in 1857. He was placed at Fort Victoria, where he almost constantly remained, rising steadily all the time, until in 1874 he became a Chief Factor and accountant of the western department, which included all of British Columbia; he also had charge of the Company's lands as well as those of the Puget Sound Agricultural Company. When he retired in the early nineties to an honourable and well-earned rest, he was the senior Chief Factor in the Company's service.—F. W. H.

¹²²Lady Trutch, the wife of Sir Joseph William Trutch. She was Julia Elizabeth Hyde, daughter of Louis Hyde, of New York. She was married in 1855, and came to British Columbia in 1859. Her husband built a great part of the Cariboo Road through the Fraser canyons, including the celebrated Suspension Bridge. He was Lieutenant-Governor of the Province from 1871 to 1876, and was knighted for his services in 1887.—F. W. H.

young very handsome and kind. Governor Seymour's¹²³ was with her, having but lately returned from Australia. Bidding them good night I went straight home. The next I went by invitation to Senator McDonald's.¹²⁴ He has a fine, square, stone castled house out of town by the seashore. He speaks excellent Gaelic and has a kind wife, daughter of Captain Reed,¹²⁵ and fine children, one of them named after the celebrated Flora McDonald.¹²⁶ I met here with an intelligent French lady, who insisted that I resembled Judge Bigby¹²⁷ very much. I told her I would so tell him, he and her being yet unmarried. She seemed delighted to find that I spoke a little French. Full pictures in Highland garb were shown me of the chiefs of McDonald and McLean. Although the men were well made, I did not think the dress put, at all in perfect taste. The one had a slovenly shaped Glengary bonnet on his head, spoiling the top of the figure. The other had a kilt on as long as that formerly worn by the red squaws of Oregon. I told the ladies that their chieftains' figures were spoiled by the ignorance of their artists. They laughed and putting the pictures by said I was hard to please. There was also a fine picture of Prince Charles, and I remarked that so ended all not equal to their undertaking. Evil luck and evil judgment are inseparable twins. In his last and fatal battle of Calloden he showed

¹²³Frederick Seymour was the Governor of the Colony of British Columbia (then separate from the Colony of Vancouver Island) from 1864 to 1866. After the two colonies were united in 1866, Seymour became Governor of the united colony, which was called the colony of British Columbia. He was still in office as Governor when he died, in June, 1869, very suddenly, while on a mission of pacification amongst the northern Indians.—F. W. H.

¹²⁴William James McDonald was born in Inverness-shire, Scotland, in 1832. He came to Vancouver Island in 1851. He took a prominent part in the political life of the early days, and in 1871 was appointed a senator of Canada. In 1915 he published his Reminiscences. He died in 1916.—F. W. H.

¹²⁵Catherine, second daughter of Captain James Murray Reid, was married to W. J. McDonald, in March, 1857. Captain Reid was in command of the Hudson's Bay Company's brigantine Vancouver when, in 1854, she was lost on Rose Spit, Queen Charlotte Islands.—F. W. H.

¹²⁶The name of Flora Macdonald will be remembered as long as that of the "bonnie Prince Charlie" himself. After the Battle of Culloden, in 1745, when the Prince was being hunted through the Western Isles, it was by her keen wit and cool presence of mind that his escape was effected. Dr. Samuel Johnson said of her that her name was "one that will be mentioned in history, and, if courage and fidelity be virtues, mentioned with honour."—F. W. H. She assisted Prince Charlie, disguised as her female attendant, to escape from the island of Benbecula to Sky, on June 27, 1746. She afterwards came to America for a time where her husband, Allan MacDonald, was a brigadier-general in the British army during the American Revolution.—W. S. L.

¹²⁷Sir Matthew Baillie Begbie was sent out from England in 1858 to be judge when the colony of British Columbia was being formed. He became later the Chief Justice of the Province of British Columbia. He was a man of great learning, scholarly attainments, and the highest integrity. He died in 1894.—F. W. H.

¹²⁸The reference here is to the well-known poem by Thomas Campbell, "Lochiel's Warning." Our author's Jacobite leanings show very plainly in this and other passages.—F. W. H. As the manuscript is somewhat illegible, it is difficult to make out this Gaelic correctly. McDonald's words are

little capacity. Tom Campbell's warning¹²⁸ to Lochiel is very fine, although too late, on that affair.

"For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in flight."

Yet he was not there, and although one of the best of English classics, the uneducated native poet who was in that battle from its inception to its retreat painted it more powerfully in his own native tongue, as he begins,

Air thus an lathda dol sios,
Bha neela Caithidh nan sainn.
S'ma na h'sghaidh gan thrial naspeuran.
D'fhas an talamh che trom.
Gach fraoch-gach fearann s'guch fonn,
San diubh cha Chodthrow dhuin lom an t' sleibhe."

which can be literally interpreted thus:

"Beginning the day going east,
Clouds cast storms.
And against us the firmaments travelled,
Grew so heavy the earth.
Each heath, each field and each turf,
That the day failed our chance on the plain of that moor."

Poor fellow might well say that the firmaments did travel against them on that fatal day, being as they were out-numbered, out-generaled and betrayed; yet those who fought there, never fought better. There was a prophecy in the Western Isles that when Scotland's right hand in battle¹²⁹ was withdrawn from the McDonalds there would be bad luck. The position being that of our clan given by Bruce at the battle of Bannockburn and changed at Culloden.

Arriving at Judge Bigby's in the evening before I left Victoria, he was out. His gille¹³⁰ knew my name and gave me some refreshments, said the Judge was very punctual and would be home at the hour. But I wished to leave and left my name. Passing out one way the Judge entered by another, saw my name, whereupon he im-

evidently a variation from those of the "Ode on the Battle of Culloden" by Iain Ruadh Stiubhart (John Roy Stuart), which are as follows:

Air thus an lathda dol siois,
Bha gaodh a cathadh nan sian,
As an adhar bha trian ar leiridh, etc.

* * *
'S nach bu chothrom dhuinn lo man t-sleibhe.
Dh' fhas an talamh cho trom
Gach fraoch, fearunn a's fonn.

¹²⁹The Battle of Culloden, which ended the rebellion of 1745, was the last battle fought on Scottish soil. The Macdonalds, deprived of the position of honour on the right, which they had held since Bannockburn, remained sullen and inactive. They refused to charge and were swept down by the fire of the royal army.—F. W. H.

¹³⁰Gillie is the highland Scotch term for a man-servant.—F. W. H.

mediately yelled and whooped after me like an Indian Chief, so glad was he to see me. He made his first tour into the interior over the Cascade Mountains with me,¹³¹ accompanied by Judge Reilly and Secretary Bushby. Bigby is six feet four and a half inches in his socks and as straight as a needle. He has a fine education and speaks well in French and German, Italian and Spanish with a good store of Greek and some Hebrew, but no Gaelic. We went straight to dinner, sans ceremony. Brandies of all kinds and wines of all vines were there, as also whiskey from Ireland and Scotland. He was knighted by Victoria in person a few years ago. He wishes to leave British Columbia, although a most sensible man and of great influence, he probably thinks he is rather unpopular from his stern decisions on the bench. He showed me a full grown stag's head he valued highly. Told him that even his own height, though tall, would be short with giants and that occasionally we found greater specimens on our buffalo plains and in the glens of Montana. He is a very true shot, but not much of a hunter, and I promised him if ever I found one of superior antlers to keep it for him. I told his Honor sans ceremony that he or I owed the one the other one and repeated the remarks of the French lady, but he divined who she might be without my mentioning her name. We dined alone. I felt curious to learn before the Judge arrived that his man was a thorough English socialist and hinted to me that a great change was gradually working its way on the minds of the masses of the world; that ignorance must be expelled and tyranny made to bite the dust. I say Amen, amen, "Thy Kingdom come."

I went on, leaving the hosiptable Knight and Chief Justice of British Columbia, Sir Mathew Bigbie, to see the only male heir of Sir James Douglas.¹³² I often carried this boy in my arms. He is now very ill from hereditary visitations I suppose of his generations. The Hebrew said "The blood is the life."¹³³ It seems that when any

¹³¹In September, 1859, Judge Begbie made his first trip over the Cascades from Fort Hope. His party, consisting of himself, Peter O'Reilly (then a Stipendiary Magistrate), and Arthur Thomas Bushby (then registrar of the Supreme Court) were proceeding to Kamloops on foot. They attached themselves to Lieutenant Palmer's party who were being guided by our author. After five days' travel they reached Campment des Femmes, where the trail for Kamloops separated from that for Colville. In recommending Lieutenant Palmer to engage the assistance of our author, his superior officer wrote: "Mr. Angus McDonald is a gentleman of great information who has travelled much in this country and is kindly disposed to assist your enquiries."—F. W. H.

¹³²James William Douglas was born at Fort Victoria on June 1, 1851, and died about two years after the time of our author's visit, to wit, on November 7, 1883. He had been educated in England and had studied for the bar. He had married Mary Rachel Elliott, a daughter of the Hon. A. C. Elliott, then the premier of the province of British Columbia.—F. W. H.

¹³³The passage referred to is likely from Deut. xii, 23: "Only be sure that thou eat not the blood; for the blood is the life; and thou mayest not eat the life with the flesh."—F. W. H.

virus enters the blood, man becomes a creeping hell. I should be grateful, for the blood of my stem was as pure as the flake on Mt. Hood. I tried to cheer the young man for about an hour and bade him farewell. His father, Sir James, was one of the best of my friends, but he went and will not come back. A lineal, but distant descendent of the "Black Douglas."¹³⁴ He was a powerful specimen of the tribe that fought so well for Scotland. He, too, was Knighted by Queen Victoria's own hand on arriving in England from Vancouver Island. When living he once told me in presence of naval Company that my letter¹³⁵ about the finding of the mines in British Columbia saved his position with the government, while he explained more of it to those naval officers, who were three years out of the true reconing about. His lady is a fine sensible matron, daughter of an Irish gentleman, Conolly,¹³⁶ by a Cree woman of Red River. She had by her Sir James some beautiful children. One of them now with her husband, Governor Frank Dallas,¹³⁷ inhabits and owns Duncan, i. e. hill of the Bird, in Scotland, where Jef Davis staid awhile with them. The Gaelic is wonderfully expressive in definiations. Through-out Europe many of its names will last as long as white man live. Its inherent force, mingling with no other language is the secret cause of this expressive power. The other daughter, Agnes, is widow of the Colonial Secretary Bushby.¹³⁸ This gentleman was highly sociable and a great musician. Before he and my Christina's husband McKenzie, died, both entertained the English church at New Westminster

¹³⁴William Douglas, Lord of Nithsdale, commonly called "The Black Douglas," who was prominent in the history of Scotland, died in 1390. Some remarks regarding him will be found in Sir Walter Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather*, xi.—F. W. H.

¹³⁵Mr. A. C. Anderson says that the first intimation of the existence of gold in British Columbia was in 1855 when Angus McDonald at Colville "wrote down to Fort Vancouver that one of his men, while employed hauling firewood, had almost undesignedly amused himself by washing out a paannikin of gravel on the beach near Colville."—F. W. H.

¹³⁶William Connolly entered the service of the Northwest Company about 1801. In 1803 he was at Rat River in the Athabaska Country. This post was 2,000 miles from York Factory and 1,200 miles from Red River. There he married, according to the custom of the country, a Cree woman, named Suzanne. The validity of this union was declared in a "cause celebre," in 1869. The full report is to be found in *La Revue Legale*, i, 253-397. In 1807 he was at Cumberland House, and later at Little Slave Lake. On the union of the two companies he entered the service of the Hudson's Bay Company. From 1824 to 1830 he was superintendent of New Caledonia. He became a Chief Factor in 1825. He retired from "Les pays d'en haut" in 1831. For several years he wintered at Ladousac, below Quebec. He finally settled at Montreal, of which city he was afterwards elected mayor. He died on June 3, 1849. See, further, upon this man, Archibald McDonald's *Journal*, p. 25; a letter from Archibald McDonald in the *Washington Historical Quarterly*, ii, p. 162; and a note in *Masson, Les Bourgeois*, i, 128.—F. W. H.

¹³⁷A. J. Dallas, a Scottish merchant who had been in business in China and later was Chief Factor of the Hudson's Bay Company at Victoria. While in that office he figured prominently in the San Juan trouble. In 1862, after the death of Sir George Simpson, he became Governor of Rupert's Land, the head of the Hudson's Bay Company in America.—F. W. H.

¹³⁸This appears to be a mistake. Perhaps our author intended to write "Postmaster-General."—F. W. H.

on a Sunday afternoon. Both felt their horns [?] and Bushby sat down to the organ, while McKenzie helped all he could with his Highland voice. There the poor fellows played and sung alone, making that church ring as it never did before, but the two never played there again, for death soon found them both. Old voices join, young voices join, young girls join. Do men that are to die in the same way join like these. Lady Douglas still lives in her husband's house, built in the middle of a splendid garden, whose every tree and bush was planted by his care. She often expresses a desire to see the Indian country before she died. She married her Knight when a maid of sixteen. She is very fond of bitter root and Kamas and of a buffalo tongue, when she can have them. I sometimes send her some from Colville. Oh! Father nature thou art indeed infallible as thy Father. Roots and buffalo tongues for this lady while she is much bored by the compound dishes which the rank and wealth of civilization offer her table every day. She is about 75. Her youngest daughter, a kind girl, Martha, has lately married.

Sir James once told me when the row about San Juan was on foot that he, in the event of a war, would muster for one item fifty thousand Indian riflemen at Victoria.¹³⁹ The most stupid thing I knew of a military officer high up was the inquiry of me by Col. Woody of the R. B. Engineers¹⁴⁰ whether the Americans could not be prevented from entering the valley of the Frazer by the roads of Fort Hope. I asked him how? "By filling the canon with trees." I stared at him. There to be sure was the educated Cockney. I fired three rounds from a Lancaster rifle with her Majesty's prize sargeant at the Colonel's quarters. We fired at a small bit of stick standing at 600 yards in the river, and he was easily badly beaten, and both of us fired with his own weapon, which I never saw until then. Sir Bigbie and others were present. The sergeant was a fine looking man who had taken his prize at Wimbledon,¹⁴¹ but I thought his eyes, though fine, were too large for sharp and distant hitting.¹⁴²

¹³⁹One of Sir Douglas's pet ideas, whenever any trouble appeared, was the possibility of arming the Indians as auxiliaries. When the Council were discussing the protection of Vancouver Island during the Crimean War he proposed a similar scheme, but the other members opposed it so strongly that he dropped it.—F. W. H.

¹⁴⁰This reference is unintelligible. Perhaps the name "Woody" may be intended for "Moody," and the "R. B. Engineers" for the "Royal Engineers." In that event, there is the further incongruity that Colonel Moody was not opposed to the entrance of Americans into the country, and also that there were no roads from Fort Hope to or towards the canyons of the Fraser, in 1859.—F. W. H.

¹⁴¹Wimbledon, Sherry, England, the former meeting place of the British Rifle Association, where representatives from all parts of the British Empire competed in rifle shooting.—W. S. L.

¹⁴²Among the old settlers of the Colville Valley there is a former British soldier holding Wimbledon medals; this may be the identical man referred to by our narrator.—W. S. L.

Only vessels of second rate weight can get into the inner harbor of Victoria. The outer one of Esgrimolt¹⁴³ is deep and commodious. Some line of battleships and frigates are always there. I was invited about the Gayes¹⁴⁴ once there. She was an 84 and to me who had spent my days away from the handiwork of man all my life, was a great curiosity every where I went, and I went to see all her secrets. I could see only one design, to kill all, her object to destroy, wonderful adjustment, flashing precision, ponderous power, order, music and majesty; and there she was at rest as easy as a duck on the upbearing water. The cabin was splendidly furnished and wine and biscuit were served at once for refreshments. The best thing I heard or saw at Victoria was her band in the summer evenings, rousing the shores and the seas with her masterly playing. These first rates have always a good band. She was clean and trim as a washed flint. She is one hundred yards in length¹⁴⁵ with a very stately contour, and I felt a little secret pride in seeing her, and thought after all that she was there or anywhere else to defend those that would defend her. After all man must be something of a tyrant to be great. Wealth and cunning are required to bring man's genius to perfection. War, war is the order of nature! Race upon race, fish upon fish, the sea upon the shore and the shore upon the sea. To do, is to undo; organized life would over-people the world. Yes rot it out, without this war of life on life. Yet no nation should be permitted by man to overgrow his good. The British Empire, Russian America and China are already too prolific with overgrown monsters. There is too much room there and the more they grow, the more they are insatiate. Strange, but our happiness is in destruction. A good appetite is to consume. Love is to consume, inventions to consume. Universal peace would never do. It would in the march of centuries eat up its own farrow, as the Scotch lady said to the sow.

I suppose all the language of the earth are spoken in this little town of sixteen thousand souls. While standing one day by the door of my old St. George I saw a bent, gray-headed, poor, old man plainly watching me at about sixty yards from me. He looked and tottered and yet looked toward me; he must know me surely. It was old

¹⁴³Esquimalt, the naval station, three miles from Victoria.—F. W. H.

¹⁴⁴Probably H. M. S. Ganges is referred to here. She was an 84-gun ship, the flag-ship of Rear Admiral Baynes, and was on the Pacific station, 1857-1860. The Ganges was the last sailing line-of-battle ship in active commission on foreign service. She was built in Bombay, after the model of the French man-of-war Franklin, captured at the Battle of the Nile in 1798, which was the most handsome and swiftest ship in the British navy.—F. W. H.

¹⁴⁵If this vessel be the Ganges, our author has over-estimated her length. It should be 195 feet. A very full description of this vessel will be found in the Victoria Gazette under date of October 28, 1858.—F. W. H.

Gowdie,¹⁴⁶ the Colville blacksmith, that threw up his irons and left there to make his fortune in Hope; but she has totally jilted him and he is now living on the town, old, poor and despondent. He made us some fine ale and whiskey while at Colville, and once made me a superior Jews Harp, but his chief curse was the bottle. Poor man, glad to see me. I gave him two dollars and after an old quiet chat we parted to see or not to see each others face again. I wish I were as young as I was when I first saw him. The old Hebrew Sanhedrim once decided that life upon the whole was not worth living for, a terrible decision, yet who can say that it is not true.

San Juan is separated from this island by a strait of six miles in width. Other islands called Orcas Islands stud the course of the Gulf of Georgia as it streams down in its darkened eddies to end in the straits of San Juan De Fuca. All these channel islands are reefs of the main continent, and even this vast continent may be the oldest or youngest piece of Asia, or Asia of it, before some supreme effort of nature drove the Deep boiling down between them. The forces required to upheave the ridges of the Andes and Rocky Mountains and that of the Cascades would do it in a twinkling. A few years ago¹⁴⁷ at ten in the evening the vast continent shook from Victoria to Canada and from San Francisco to Chicago, as if the Eternal said, "Watch for I come as a thief in the night." Mount Rainier, the grandest of the Cascade upheavals, and in his perpetual Artic harness overlooking all the sounds and summits in sight of his, is seen from the skirts of this town. His snow wrapped brother, Mt. St. Helens, I saw burning thirty-six years ago. After all what can geologists and astronomers do with what they do not know? The liquid fire idea of the heart of the earth is contradicted by opposing scientists. The vague idea of the eage of man on the world, and of that world, are in the main mere guesses. If no vestige of man has been found beyond a certain period, there is no accounting for his absence beyond that. It is not to be supposed that vestiges of vast numbers of ages are to be found as more recent ones occur. Millions of years of inconceivable pressure and unknown change will not show vestiges as fresh as those of more recent periods. If the deep once covered all the land how dry, that now under the Deep where no recorded man ever enters or can enter to observe may have much older unrecorded signs

¹⁴⁶James Goudie, who carried on for some years the trade of a blacksmith in Victoria, after abandoning the gold mining. He seems to have died prior to 1885, though the exact date has not yet been found.—F. W. H. Query: Was this the Goudie who built the "Goudie Mill"?—W. S. L.

¹⁴⁷This earthquake occurred on December 14, 1872. It was particularly violent near Chelan Lake, and along the lower Spokane River; in the latter place several large crevices are said to have been made; the Reverend H. T. Cowley mentions having seen these in 1874.—W. S. L.

of man than is in the possession of the present dry land. Plato says that the entire continent of Atlantis was suddenly swallowed by the eastern Atlantic. If so its people with all vestiges of them are gone and no record even of their fancies. A past blank eternity overfrowns our ken with its fall, and the spirit of man that boasts of his immortality and of annihilating space in his instantaneous speed, is as a startled little deer on the top of his mountain when leaping only one foot nearer the morning star.

Some of the old Chiefs of the Columbia long before Moses beheld the burning bush were wont to climb Ranier, but called by the red man Taccoama,¹⁴⁸ and some of them took off their shoes before smoking. The last of these noted ones cost the United States six million, but he died in peace in his bullrush tent¹⁴⁹ five years ago. He was Jamaikan,¹⁵⁰ a fine well-formed and powerful Indian, standing five feet eleven in his moccasins; his hair twisted down over his shoulders of auburn color in its points, but as usual darker nearer the roots. His weight was about two hundred pounds, muscular and sinewy. The year before he died he slew the last of the Columbia Doctor Seers for failing his promised remedies.¹⁵¹ Did the white man thus act there would be fewer quacks and butchers. His sagacious intellect clearly foresaw the tendencies of the red man's destiny, but the neighboring tribes would not heed his warning and he threw up the sponge of combat with Uncle Sam disgusted with his own races.

While enjoying a pipe and a Coaich (?) of wine with him years ago, he said that to pass five days and nights on the top of Mount

¹⁴⁸Partisans in the controversy over the name here find another authority; our narrator was, however, impartial and gives the name Mount Rainier on a subsequent page.—W. S. L.

¹⁴⁹In early days it was the custom of the Indians living in the interior of the Columbia River basin to gather bundles of tules or bullrushes and sew them into mats three feet or more in width and eight to ten feet long. These mats were spread over the tepee poles as a lodge covering. Pictures of Indian camps in the Spokane country in the early eighties show these bullrush coverings still in use.—W. S. L.

¹⁵⁰In the Indian war of 1855-1858, which had its origin in the unwillingness of the Indians to give up their lands; Kam-aiy-ah-kan or Kamiaken, Head Chief of the Yakimas, was the leader in opposing the intrusions of the Americans. As early as 1853 he is said to have proposed war, and Major Alvord at the Dalles so reported to General Hitchcock, then in command on the Coast. As probably the ablest head of all the Saleesh tribes, he had great and deserved influence. He was a man of commanding personality. He planned to consolidate all the Saleesh tribes, west of the mountains, with those of the interior, and to make a concerted attack on the whites during the winter when, the Columbia being blocked with ice and the mountain passes barred by snow, the whites would be unable to send any aid to the interior. The impatience of Qualchien, one of his chief lieutenants, thwarted the plan. After the defeat of the allied Indians by Colonel Wright in September, 1858, Kamiaken shrewdly kept out of Wright's reach and for safety removed for a time to the Saleesh tribes of Montana. On his return he took up his abode on the Palouse River. See ante page 88 of the present volume of the Quarterly. In his prime he was the most able and influential Indian leader within the bounds of the State of Washington.—W. S. L.

¹⁵¹"The doctors are sometimes subjected to pretty rough treatment and occasionally lose their lives from assaults of relatives of persons of consequence who have died under their operations." Swan's Northwest Coast, p. 177.—W. S. L.

Ranier without food and drink was the severest feat of his life, and I have no doubt of it. In such a cold rarified atmosphere with also the ever active labor of the mind yearning to be initiated into more of that lights that blinds without seeing it. A woman is a virgin at twelve, a man at fifteen, and at that decimal number of odd snows, when decimals have no odds he mastered his thoughts and quiver and ascended the sublime and solemn Mt. Ranier,¹⁵² how he felt I leave with himself, in the silence that speaks not. One thing that particularly impressed him was the pressure of some of those forward whirlwinds that anon like spirits at home caused that mountain to smother him with their frozen reception. He said that he was glad when the number of his initiating suns and nights had passed and he came down to speak again with man. In the Oregon war this savage made one of the boldest designs ever made by an American Indian, but the tribes not being of accord and treason in his own, he soon became disgusted and declined the prolongation of further war. He was a hospitable man and fond of fun and anecdote. His dress was invariably deer skin with fisher skin cap and a feather of the game eagle. He once sent me an offer of a hundred horses for seventy pounds of powder, but I declined acquiring wealth in that way.

¹⁵²Schoolcraft gives an interesting account of these Indian fasts which is quoted by Swan; the latter (Northwest Coast, pp. 171-176) makes the following statement of the ordeals such as Kamiaken described: "When a young person wishes to go through the ordeal of the fast, he is usually some time preparing his mind for the event, and gradually accustoms himself to a reduction of diet preparatory to fasting. When he is fully ready he goes alone...taking nothing with him but his axe and a bowl of water... Then he proceeds to the top of...the mountain, and builds a fire. His duty is now to keep that fire burning constantly during the period of his fast, which lasts from three to seven days. During this time he neither sleeps nor eats, etc."—W. S. L.