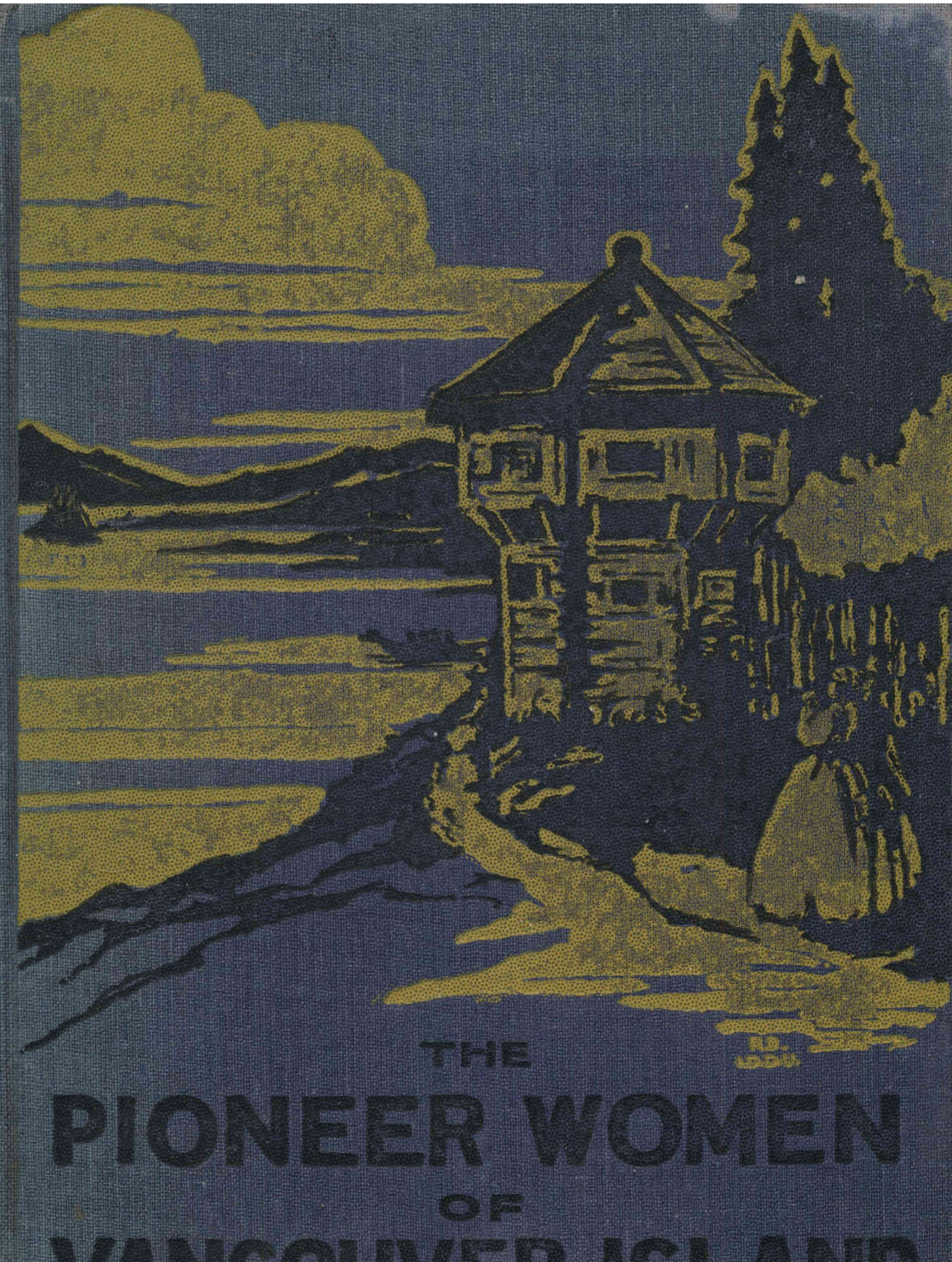

THE PIONEER WOMEN OF VANCOUVER ISLAND

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The Pioneer Women of Vancouver Island

1843-1866

The History of a Country is written from the lives of Men, but from the lives of the Women we learn best of a Nation's soul.

Lady Douglas

The Pioneer Women of Vancouver Island
1843-1866

Written By

N. de BERTRAND LUGRIN

Edited by

JOHN HOSIE
PROVINCIAL LIBRARIAN AND ARCHIVIST

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DEDICATION

In order that we, and those who follow us, may
remember the courage, strength of purpose
and nobility of character which governed the lives
of the Pioneer Women of Vancouver Island,
these pages are lovingly dedicated
to their memory by
The Women's Canadian Club of Victoria,
British Columbia.

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FOREWORD

Owing to the immense amount of biographical information received which it has been impossible to include in this book, a second volume is under consideration. Such volume should contain the following additional chapters, together with a good working index to both volumes:

"More Colonial Ladies of Victoria."
"In the Days of the Potlache."
"Women Who Became Famous."
"Some Methodist Women Pioneers."
"Wives of the Royal Engineers."
"The Women of Comox."
"The Women of Cowichan."
"Pioneer Women of Nanaimo."
"Women Who Settled on the Islands."

These contemplated chapters would naturally cover such personalities as Mrs. Spencer Palmer, Mrs. David Spencer, Mrs. J. W. Williams, Mrs. Robert Elford, Mrs. Moss, Mrs. Wall, Mrs. Duncan Cameron, Mrs. Archibald, Mrs. Dean, Royal Oak, Mrs. George Dean, Mount Tolmie, Mrs. Bone, Mrs. Thomas York, Mrs. Phœbe York, Mrs. Wallis Michael, Mrs. Malpars Claudet, Mrs. Stevenson, Margaret Hopkins, Mrs. Charles Hayward, Mrs. Robert Butler, Mrs. Archibald Renfrew Keir, Mrs. McCurdy, Mrs. Thomas Russell, Mrs. Peatt, Mrs. Rhodes, Mrs. E. E. Stevenson, Mrs. Burt, Mrs. John M. Thain, Miss Elizabeth A. Woods, Mrs. Hugh A. Wilson, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Phœbe Campbell, Mrs. Carrington, and others.

Every effort should be made to make Volume Two as complete and comprehensive as possible, so that no name worthy of commemoration will be overlooked.

JOHN HOSIE.

The most sincere and grateful thanks of the Women's Canadian Club of Victoria are extended to Mr. John Hosie, without whose valuable assistance this work could not have been accomplished. As Provincial Librarian and Archivist, and President of the Historical Association of British Columbia, we have in Mr. Hosie the highest possible authority. His services have been entirely voluntary.

The Club is likewise indebted to N. de Bertrand Lugrin for writing the book.

It is also indebted to Mrs. Fitzherbert Bullen for the unique cover design and for valuable advice and assistance with the artistic side of the work; to Mrs. Ina D. D. Uhthoff for many of the beautiful drawings; and to the Provincial Government for material and for free access to original documents in the Provincial Archives.

Special thanks are extended to the pioneers or their descendants who gladly submitted old letters, manuscripts, stories, photographs, and otherwise co-operated in the production of this work.

Among those who so kindly lent their help are Mrs. Dennis Harris, Mrs. Richard Jones, Miss Crease, Mrs. Hugo Beaven, Mrs. A. E. Planta, of Nanaimo, the Misses Tolmie, Mrs. Verrinder, Miss Annie Harvey, Mrs. Jones, granddaughter of Mrs. John Manson, Miss Finlayson, Mrs. Dodds, Mr. J. R. Anderson, Mr. R. T. Williams, Mr. Arthur Fellowes, of London, England, Mr. Frank Higgins, Mr. Charles Lombard, Mr. C. C. Pemberton, Mr. John N. Evans, Duncan, Mr. J. A. Schubert, Major G. G. Aitken, Mr. J. B. Munro, Major Nation, and many others.

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CHAPTER I.

Introductory

The composite story of the pioneer women of this last West is a plain one. It has to do with the great issues of loving and mating, of birth and death, and the struggle for existence under terrible odds. It is the describing of the first unfolding of a nation and it has the simplicity and grandeur of an epic. It is more than story. Like the Odyssey and the Iliad, it is drama and music combined. It suggests the sweep of tides on lonely shores, rush of wind through the forest, dip of Indian paddles, chant of returning braves, stillness of the long trail, the sharp cry of a woman in travail and the wail of the babe new-born. Its background is the changing seasons, whiteness of winter, gold of the spring, flame of summer and red ripeness of autumn. Mountains loom close, and, in the far horizon, are sails of the fur-traders' ships. There is a cabin in the centre of a clearing, a bit of a garden. But the thick forest presses close on three sides, a tremendous thing compared to the little human figures in the foreground; the man with his puny axe, the woman puttering in the garden, or gathering sticks, the baby lying on the ground in the sunlight. The clearing fire crackles and flames, and in its smoke the man sees visions of the days to come and of the cities to be. But the woman's dreams are different. They are all of her children. Therein is the keynote to the pioneer woman's story, the love for her mate and the guarding and rearing of her young. Very primitive, but the truest thing in the world, and the one fact responsible for the birth of a nation.

It is from a man's standpoint that nearly all history has been written. Man has usually played the title role. Except for the famous love stories which show woman at anything but her best, a few great heroines like Queen Boadicea, Jeanne d'Arc, and the outstanding figure of the great Queen Elizabeth, man has been the pivot about which the world's chronicles revolve. Full of high adventure, intrepid exploration, daring deeds as they are, it is when a woman's name flashes across the page that our interest is suddenly quickened, and the incident which had to do with her is the one most indelibly fixed upon our memory.

This is specially true in the narratives of the exploration and development of the Pacific Northwest. Women appear with so little frequency, and yet their part is such a colourful, romantic one that it is like a rainbow gleam across an otherwise cloudy page. For the early story of this country makes stormy telling. Brave and splendid often, but tinged with tragedy.

Mystery surrounds the very first white women of whom there is any record, and that record is so meagre that one's imagination must build nearly the whole structure of the story. For instance there is an ancient narrative which has come down by word of mouth through the Indians of the district round Clo-oose and Nit-i-nat which tells of a Spanish ship arriving off the coast early in the 18th century with white women on board. The men were fur-traders, but the Indians having showed them some gold which they had found, they went up the San Juan River with native guides to look for it. Whether or not this was a ruse on the part of the savages, the men were all murdered, and the women forced to become the wives of the chiefs. For several years they endured this slavery, though some of them died, and they taught the Indians many of their own arts, cooking, embroidery, weaving. In return they were shown how to fish and hunt and handle a canoe.

One day a Spanish ship sailed around Cape Flattery and in a slight wind made her proud, slow way toward Vancouver Island's coast. The next morning the surviving white women were missing, and their canoe was gone. They had made their escape in the night, were taken aboard the vessel from Spain and eventually returned to their own country. History does not substantiate this story; but the Indians say they have discovered, among the sands of the San Juan River in the dry season, bits of old Spanish jewelry, an earring, a broken comb, a piece of fine gold chain, and pins for the hair, linking them up with some time in the beginning of the eighteenth century.

Then there is the frail thread of a romance which hangs literally on a tress of golden hair, that of a young mother, whose skeleton with that of her new-born babe was found in a coffin, up on a hillside in the Queen Charlottes. The tragic narrative is thus handed down by the Indians.

More than a hundred and fifty years ago, a fur-trader's ship sailing up from the south seas, overtook a sinking vessel, upon which the only two persons left alive were the captain and his beautiful daughter. The father died soon after, leaving his child in the care of the master of the rescue vessel, who had promptly become enamoured of her, and urged his suit. But she was very young, and the thought of mating with a man of middle age was most repugnant to her. Besides, the gallant and handsome second officer was also very much in love with her, and he was little more than a lad. When the captain realized that he had no chance against his youthful rival, he determined on a cruel revenge.

They had sailed for many weeks together and were now up in the North Pacific, the coast line dark and frowning, against the far horizon. A small boat was launched, the first mate and the young girl placed within it, a bag of

provisions flung to them and a few clothes, and they were left behind while a stiff breeze carried the ship far away and out of sight.

But fate and weather were kind. In time the little boat was brought ashore on one of the Queen Charlotte Islands. The Haida Indians, seeing the pretty, fair-skinned girl with her long golden hair, thought her a being from a celestial world, and treated her and the young sailor with the utmost respect, lodging them in state and caring for them. She seems to have had the gift of nursing, for they tell today of how she helped them in sickness and tended their children. But she died at childbirth and that is the end of her story, for no one knows what became of her husband.

These legends and others like them cast a romantic glow over the sombre obscurity of an undated past; but the first accurate evidence we have of a white woman's part in the history of the North Pacific is in the manuscript left by the wife of Captain Barkley, part of the reminiscences which she wrote of her own and her husband's visits to this coast in 1787 and 1791.

The long voyage around the Horn up to the unknown northern seas was their wedding trip. She and Captain Barkley were married at Ostend in Flanders, in the church of which her father was the minister. She was only seventeen and her husband twenty-three. The journey was "a mercantile speculation," as she expresses it; their ship, the East Indiaman "Loudoun," rechristened "The Imperial Eagle," and sailing under Austrian colours. She was a fine vessel of 400 tons, ship-rigged and mounting 20 guns.

The captain fell ill on the trip and the young bride complains of "the unprincipled attentions of the chief mate, supported by the second mate, who, being a lieutenant in His Majesty's Service ought to have had more honour." But on the whole she seems to have enjoyed the long wedding journey, which took them from October, 1786, until June, 1787, to reach Nootka. At St. Salvadore they made an extended stop, till her husband should recover somewhat, and here they were lavishly entertained and endless attentions showered upon the little bride, with which in this case she finds no fault. She writes:—

"The Governor or Vice-Roy with his Lady Donna Marie, and his little Daughter with a numerous Suite and Officers and attendants, came to a fete on board the 'Imperial Eagle,' in a splendid Barge, dressed, as it is called, in all the colours of the rainbow, the Yards Manned, a Salute fired and a handsome collation spread.—We had been entertained several times on shore at Government House—the Ladies spoke French which was a great relief to me who did not understand a word of Portuguese at that time."

What a change when they reached the rock-bound coast of Nootka, with the grim forest clothing the foothills! Flocks of Indian war canoes! The naked savages crowding the decks of the little vessel, pressing close to the young girl, the only white woman they had ever met, wanting to touch her to find out if she was real! Though Dr. "John" McKay, who had been living at Nootka for a year, having been left behind at his own request when he accompanied the expedition under the direction of James Strange, had told them that all of his countrywomen were "fair as the white lilies, with cheeks the colour of the ripe strawberries."

Perhaps it was due to their admiration and curiosity that the Indians came in such numbers, bringing great quantities of sea otter pelts; but cold history gives Dr. McKay the credit of influencing them.

After leaving Nootka they bore down and into the Sound which was named for Barkley. Here a snow-crowned mountain peak was given the name of the bride, who before her marriage had been Francis Hornby Trevor. Today Mount Hornby rears its proud head, a lofty memorial to that adventurous girl of long ago. On and on, all in the summer weather, and one morning to the astonishment of those on board, they saw "a large opening with a clear easterly horizon, about four leagues wide as far as the eye could see."

Said Captain Barkley, "That must be the long-lost Strait of Juan de Fuca, the existence of which Captain Cook so emphatically denied."

And so he named it on his chart, The Strait of Juan de Fuca, thus honouring the memory of the Greek navigator who claimed to have discovered it in 1592.

They continued along the ocean coast to the south-eastward. At Destruction Island a boat's crew put ashore, never to return. Word was brought to the waiting ship that they had all been murdered, by the Indians. But there was nothing that could be done, and the "Imperial Eagle" proceeded on her way. They crossed the Pacific to China and here the beautiful pelts which they had bought at Nootka were sold to Oriental merchants for thirty thousand dollars to make coats for the Chinese mandarins and ladies of rank.

Despite the rigors of the long trip, and that she was comfortably settled now in Calcutta, India, with a spacious bungalow and a corps of servants to do her bidding, we find in her diary this entry of several years later, when Captain Barkley had determined to make a second trip to the Northwest Coast:

"United as we are in affection, I made up my mind to brave every danger rather than separate—But we both embarked with heavy hearts, and with two infants to share all risks, the youngest at the breast; she, poor little creature, to become the victim of our folly."

They went farther north this time and examined the Coast down as far as Sitka. Here they remained and were entertained by the Russian colony, and Mrs. Barkley was given a beautiful sable coat. It was on this voyage that they lost their baby. They were off the coast of one of the East India Islands and some unnamed disease attacked the unfortunate captain again and several of his crew, the baby being the last to take it. "Our dear little Patty, a twelve-month old, saving-one day, died on board the 'Halcyon' on April 15th, 1791," she wrote. Mrs. Barkley was only 21 then, but she makes no complaint of her own sorrow, merely continuing with pathetic brevity, "A leaden box was prepared for her remains in order that they might be kept until we could inter them in consecrated ground. Accordingly we made for the Island of Celebes, a Dutch settlement, when, after much negotiation with the unfeeling Dutch Resident and extortions of every kind, she was laid in a Burying Ground, opposite the place we were at anchor, from whence we watched the ceremony, not being allowed to go on shore to pay the last duties to our dear child. The spot is one of the most beautiful in the world as are all the Spice Islands. There she lies under the shade of a grove of Cocoanut trees."

Mrs. Barkley lived to be an old lady, and her reminiscences form very valuable contributions to the Archives of British Columbia. Great-grandchildren of Captain and Mrs. Barkley are resident today at Westholme, Cowichan District, Vancouver Island.

The great happenings of birth and death are those which most closely concern the story of the women pioneers. The women who crossed the plains up from the United States, who marched with their men through the passes of the Rockies, brought their babies with them, in the saddle bags of their horses or strapped on their backs. And to some of them babies were born on the way. Only a mother can understand what that means, the long hours of anxiety, the longer hours of agony with death close, and the thought of leaving the little living ones, tearing at the heart strings. Most of these women lived, but some of them died. Some of the men took up a lonely way, leaving a grave behind them in the wilderness.

CHAPTER II.

Lady Douglas

On a low, bare, rocky point at the mouth of the Churchill River on the Hudson's Bay stand, in solitary grandeur, the ruins of the first stone fort built east of the Rockies, Fort Prince of Wales, erected nearly two hundred years ago. Over the tumbling rock walls, stunted willows twine their branches, and currant and gooseberry bushes tangle. On three sides the dark tundra stretches endlessly, while in front of it the ice-cold waters beat lazily up on the dead sands. In the spring the great grey geese and the white geese come in flocks till the ground is white like snow, for the marshy land open to the early sun is their breeding place. Deer and musk-ox feed on the moss, and now and then the black bear wanders in search of the few heath-berries and blueberries. There are no trees except some sparse willow and the stunted tamarack. The ground is always frozen a few inches below the surface, even during the short, hot summer months, and the Churchill River is never loosed from its ice till the end of June.

Even today in the crumbling ruins one can picture something of the massive dignity of the once great fortress, for the walls are three hundred feet in length and from thirty-seven to forty-two feet in thickness. The remains of the houses within them show dignified and lofty dwellings seventeen feet high by more than a hundred feet long. Imagination can people this splendid old structure with the picturesque figures of the first fur-traders, the Canadian voyageurs, the Indian trappers, the proud chiefs.

One hundred and sixteen years ago in the dark cold of the sub-Arctic winter, a little girl was born within a few miles of this grim old fortress. She was Amelia, eldest daughter of Mr. William Connolly, at that time in the service of the fur-trading band, known as the Northwesters. They had a reputation of being the most daring adventurers of the west, and their fine scarlet coats, with their brass buttons, became a badge of supreme courage. Amelia's birthplace was known as Fort Churchill, this post having been erected after Fort Prince of Wales was partly destroyed by La Perouse, who came into the Bay with his three vessels of war on August 8th, 1782, and took possession in the name of his sovereign Lord, King Louis of France. Fort Churchill is used as a police post today and the old mess house and the magazine are still in place. They were built to last, of tamarack logs, covered with leaden sheeting. The mess room is long and low-ceilinged with a large fireplace at one end. The bedrooms open off it. In the old days a table ran

down the centre, and chairs were ranged along the walls. The kitchen was outside, and French-Canadian chefs did the cooking, bringing the food in large silver and pewter covered dishes to the dining-room.

The little Connolly children played in the mess room during the cold winter days, and Amelia, because of her fair skin and her bright hair, was nicknamed by the men at the fort, “Little Snowbird.” She had two sisters. The older one was Julia, and there was the baby who died.

Among the most vivid of Lady Douglas’ earliest memories was the tragic death of this baby sister. On account of the intense cold the children were always dressed in the warm Hudson’s Bay duffel which came from England, with fur parkees and leggings when they went outside. The little girls hated the duffel, and one day the baby sister, then three years old, begged to be allowed to put on a pink cotton frock which had been sent out in one of the big boxes from London. Her mother humoured her and they all laughed to see the delighted child playing and flitting about like a butterfly. A fire of resinous logs roared in the fireplace, and as she danced past, a long flame licked out and caught at the flimsy frock. In a moment she was ablaze. The Indian nurse snatched her, wrapped her in a rug and rushed out with her into the snow. But it was too late.

Amelia knew many of the forts throughout New Caledonia, as it was then called, for her father from having been a factor with the Northwesters was appointed, after the amalgamation of the two fur-trading companies, to the same position with the Hudson’s Bay. He travelled to York Factory, Norway House, Cumberland House, Ile a La Crosse, Red River, Rainy Lake, Lake of the Woods, Fort St. James, and other romantic outposts, but none of them was more picturesque or had happier associations than her childhood’s home on the Churchill River which borrowed its chief interest from its proximity to the great fallen fortress of Prince of Wales.

It was while they were at Cumberland House that the ill-fated Sir John Franklin expedition came there on its way to the Arctic. The explorer and his party stopped at this post for nearly a year while their outfit for the journey was being made ready, snowshoes, moccasins, sleds, parkees. In the diary left of his voyages, Franklin mentions Mr. Connolly many times, and the kindness and courtesy he extended to them. But little Amelia remembered best the young artist of the party. Lieutenant Back, R.N., who used to play with her and her sister Julia and made them pose for him. The painting which he did is still in existence. When many years later, Lady Franklin came west on the memorable search for her husband, she was very much surprised and

delighted to meet the original of the painting, the shy little girl of the fort in the wilderness, now become the wife of the Governor of British Columbia.

In the meantime a youth had entered the Hudson's Bay service who was in later years to exercise an absolute suzerainty over the whole of the immense area now known as British Columbia. This was James Douglas, a member of a noble Scotch family of that name. Straight out from Scotland he came, first to become an apprentice clerk in the Northwest Company, and later on, after the union, to go to New Caledonia with John McLoughlin, and eventually to Fort St. James, where he met Amelia Connolly.

Fort St. James was then the capital of Western Caledonia, the chief depot for all the region north of Fraser Forks to the Russian boundary, including the Babine country. Of this important post, William Connolly was chief factor and he put Douglas in charge of the fisheries of the district. The stalwart young Scotsman very soon began to give evidence of that native ability and strength of character which within a few years led him to the highest position in the Service.

When he proposed to marry his chief's daughter, Connolly made no objection, realizing his fine qualities and seeing ahead of him a proud future. The wedding took place on April 27th, 1828, Douglas being then twenty-five and his bride sixteen years of age.

The Indians around the fort were very hostile, and Mr. Connolly was obliged to be absent a great part of the time, investigating threatened trouble, rounding up malcontents and criminals, so that James Douglas took the place of chief factor while his father-in-law was absent. It was a very responsible position for such a boy, especially as the men of the fort always accompanied Mr. Connolly on these expeditions. On one such occasion there were only the interpreter and three small brothers of Douglas' wife in the fort to help him, the eldest but fourteen years of age.

It was in the morning, and suddenly, without any warning, several Indians pushed their way into the small gate. They were armed with guns and knives, and their manner was threatening. One of their tribe had been killed, and they had come to wreak vengeance. Such a garbled account has come down of the killing that the story need not be told here. Douglas, standing at the top of the steps leading to the mess house, tried to reason with them, through the interpreter, saying that if they would be patient till his father-in-law returned, he would deal with them, and punish any white man who had offended them. But the savages were emboldened by the fact that they far outnumbered the slim garrison of the fort, and though they had laid down their guns, they held their knives in their hands.

The two oldest of the Connolly boys slipped up behind them, slyly picked up the guns, and emptied them, pouring water into the barrels. In the meantime, Amelia, hearing the disturbance, and fearing that some of the natives would come through the back door of the house and attack her husband from behind, took up her place in the rear, a small, slim girl, but with the courage of a soldier. The sight of her seemed to infuriate the savages and one of them ran around behind while the others sprang upon her husband and the interpreter. A terrible struggle ensued. The girl was caught by her long, flowing hair, her head drawn back, and her throat bared to the knife, when her brother William sprang to the rescue, catching the would-be murderer by the legs, and throwing him. By this time some of the savages had discovered their guns were useless, and Douglas and the interpreter were getting the best of their assailants. It was soon over. The Indians were driven from the fort and the gates locked until the chief factor should return.

Chief Factor Connolly was a little peppery man, but the Indians all respected him and feared him. He dealt with the offenders summarily. When he and his men returned he sent for the chiefs and they dared not disobey. He in turn stood at the top of the steps to the mess room, and bade them walk up to his feet. Small though he was, he made an impressive figure in his tall beaver hat and his long blue cloak, flung back to show its crimson lining. He harangued them, asking them by what right they dared to come and frighten his children, and he dwelt upon the blessings which he and other of the Hudson's Bay officials had brought them. Then he kicked the head chief down the steps and turning his back walked within the building.

In the meantime, down at Fort Vancouver, Chief Factor John McLoughlin was in need of an assistant. Sir George Simpson, then Governor of the Company, wrote him a letter stating that he would send a young man who could do the work of two, James Douglas, then at St. James.

As Mrs. Douglas was expecting her first baby, and was unable to travel, Douglas left her in her father's care to go and assume his new duties. But the baby only lived to be a few months old, and preparations were then made for the wife to join her husband.

A large brigade was about to make the southern journey. Chief Factor Connolly was in charge and his daughter travelled in state. She sat astride a beautiful little horse, whose trappings were bright with coloured quills, beads and fringes and little bells. She wore a skirt of fine broadcloth, with embroidered leggings, and her moccasins were stiff with the most costly beads. Behind the Chief Factor and his daughter rode the Indian boys leading the pack-horses loaded with goods and camp utensils. For everything was

carried that was necessary to comfort and a bountiful table, even the cook travelling in the caravan.

They rode for hundreds of miles across mountains and through valleys, swimming their horses over rivers and streams. At the point where the Fraser joins the Columbia the current is very swift and it was here that the young wife nearly lost her life. The horse was making his way carefully where the stream was shallow, when he missed his footing, was swept down with the current, the girl clinging to the saddle, to where the rapids roared and where death would have been certain. A great rock stood in their path, the water foaming against it, and here for a moment they were held. The horse-keeper who had at once swum after her, shouted, "Madame, madame, tenez-vous, restez tranquille. Throw me your bridle as I come to you."

This she managed to do, having a double rein. The horse's head was turned, and while she pulled hard on her own rein, the horse-keeper guided them to the opposite shore. Here, overcome by the terrible experience she had been through, the girl fainted away in her fathers' arms.

At the Columbia they boarded the bateau and started down that turbulent stream which is marked with rocks and rapids and takes its way through dark canyons, seething and boiling in its haste to reach the sea. Connolly, whenever he saw danger ahead, covered his daughter with the boat cloak, so that she might not realize the peril. The river was so dangerous to navigate that it was necessary to keep the boat absolutely steady; the slightest overweight on one side or the other would have precipitated all of them into the waters. The French-Canadian steersmen were wonderfully brave, capable fellows. One at the front, one at the back of the bateau, they kept their keen eyes straight ahead, their strong, sure hands controlling the heavy sweeps.

At last the long journey was over and the young husband was united to his wife at Fort Vancouver. Mrs. Douglas' one comment on that meeting was that he was disappointed because she had become so tanned during the many weeks of her voyage in the hot sun. He had told them at the fort of her fairness, and her soubriquet of "Little Snowbird." But it was not long before the sunburn vanished and her cheeks were as lily and rose as before.

First to welcome the brigade to the fort on the Columbia was Chief Factor Dr. John McLoughlin, one of the finest, bravest figures in the history of the great Northwest. In height he was six feet six or seven inches, with a noble carriage, and a face distinguished for its high-bred features and its expression of kindly dignity. Fort Vancouver was famous for its hospitality. Guests were always entertained courteously and given of every comfort the place afforded.

The fort was situated on a beautiful sloping plain on the north bank of the Columbia, where the river is of great width and dotted with many green islands. In the distance could be seen the magnificent snow peaks of the Cascades with Mt. St. Helen towering above them.

A different scene from that of the inland Fort St. James. Within the stockade was Dr. McLoughlin's house with a wide verandah and a garden gay with bloom. Grape vines grew over trellises. An air of happy activity prevailed. Everything was neat and orderly. Near the Governor's house stood a cannon, and, on either side of it, two mortar guns with shot piled handy. Except for this there was little suggestion of a fort. A large brass bell was set up, which rang at five to call the men to their tasks. At eight it announced breakfast; at nine, work again; at noon, dinner, and at five the end of labour and rest till the next day. Outside the fort was a farm of nearly a thousand acres. Herds of fine cattle and prize sheep were kept. In the large orchard grew English apple trees, and perhaps the first cultivated strawberries in New Caledonia; while in the early summer the fields were red with the wild strawberries. There was a flour mill and a threshing machine, and between the fort and the river lay a village consisting of thirty or forty log houses in which lived the servants of the Company, Canadians, half-breeds, Hawaiians, with their Indian wives. Neatness prevailed, and Fort Vancouver and its surroundings made a charming spectacle in the eyes of the newly arrived young wife.

"As nearly as possible," says an old account, "Dr. McLoughlin observed in Fort Vancouver the fashions of manor life in England, the hospitality, the courtesy, the riding, the hunting, the conversation. A dinner at Fort Vancouver was a dignified and social affair. Excellent viands, the best of cooking, wines but no liqueurs. Dr. McLoughlin himself did not drink. He presided at the meal and led the conversation, but every one contributed. It was a rule of the Doctor that if a man had nothing to say, he must read something interesting. Often there were gathered at this hospitable board men who had travelled over the world, and had seen life in all its phases. Experiences were related of thrilling adventure in the wilds of the new West or of long travels by sea to the remote places of the earth. French was spoken with as much facility as English, when occasion demanded.

"The great event of the year was the arrival of the brigades in the summer, the happy return of the hunters who had been absent all winter trapping and hunting and purchasing furs from the Indians, and who now came home laden with a rich harvest. A courier announced their arrival. But long before the bateaux came in sight, the sound of the singing of the men could be heard, keeping time to the dip of the oars. All of the inhabitants of the fort, the

Governor himself in the lead, went down to the river to receive the newcomers. The cottages in the village were deserted, for wives and children came running to the welcome. Presently the first boat appeared swinging round the bend, and following it in picturesque procession the twenty or twenty-five more which made up the brigade. The voyageurs were dressed in their brightest and gayest, ribbons fluttering from their caps, their deerskin suits showing bright embroidery. If the season had been good the bateaux would be loaded with from fifteen to twenty tons, which meant a rich return when the furs were sold in England."

In spite of the power of the Hudson's Bay Company and the beneficent rule of Dr. McLoughlin aided by his young coadjutor, James Douglas, barbarous practices persisted among the Indians which it was impossible to prevent. One of these was the terrible order of sutteeism which some of the tribes insisted upon. While the Douglases were at Fort Vancouver there was an instance of this. A powerful Indian queen, ruler over a large tribe, had a daughter, who, when she had grown to young womanhood, took ill and died. A large fire was built, and the dead body of the princess laid upon it. Her slaves were bound and placed beside her still living. Her horses and all their panoply were also tied helplessly and thrust into the great pile. Then the fire was lit and the awful holocaust proceeded. In the Beaver and other tribes wives were sometimes expected to burn on the pyre with their husbands. But in any case they must tend the funeral fire, and when the body was consumed they must gather up the bones and carry them in a bag on their backs for seven years. During that period they were outcasts. Nothing was ever given them to eat. No one spoke to them and the only food they could have was what they might pick up.

Lady Douglas used to tell a story of one poor woman who was quite young and attractive, and who rebelled at this treatment. Her husband had been old and unkind, and she did not mourn him. She gathered together what food she could get and hid it away until she felt that she had enough to start on a long journey. In the meantime she had made friends with the dogs and knew they would not give the alarm. In the middle of the night she stole out of her hut, threw her husband's bones away, and ran to the river. Here she waded along until morning, so that they could not trace her. Then she hid under the bank. She heard the thunder of the ponies' feet, and the shouting of the Indians as they searched the woods and the trails for her. The hunt lasted for many days. But she was not discovered. She travelled by night always, along the rivers. She wanted to reach a Hudson's Bay fort, where she knew she would be given shelter. Eventually she did so, but not till after weeks of travel, when she was almost worn out from hunger and fatigue. The story has

a happy sequel. If her husband's tribe had found her she must have suffered death. But the Hudson's Bay returned her to her own people, who welcomed her back with the greatest joy.

Mr. Douglas had many hairbreadth escapes in his dealings with troublesome savages. On one occasion a Hudson's Bay man had been murdered and the murderer had escaped. No one saw him or heard of him for two years, and the Indians probably thought the affair had blown over. They were in camp and a feast was going on. Douglas learned that the murderer had returned, and was in the village. He went straight to the lodge where all the braves were assembled. Going up to the chiefs, who were sitting together, he told them quietly that he had come for the man who had killed the Hudson's Bay official. As he spoke he saw an Indian spring to his feet and run out of the lodge. Instantly he was after him. He followed him into a small tent nearby where there was a woman who had just been confined. The woman screamed, urging the Indian to shoot. But before the savage could raise his weapon, Douglas was upon him. They grappled, and the white man threw his opponent to the ground. A frightened lad stood in the tent doorway and Douglas sent him for the chiefs. Very soon the murderer was tied and bound. A trial took place and he was condemned to die. Thus it was impressed upon the Indians that time did not count in the administration of the law, if it was two days, two years, or twenty years, the wrong-doer would meet his deserts.

A very different version of this same story is found in some of the histories, but a letter from Sir James Douglas to his daughter, Mrs. Harris, written many years later, comments on the incident: "True, I seized the Indian, a noted murderer, as stated, and secured him after a desperate struggle. But I did not shoot him with my own hands. He was afterward executed for his crimes. It was a desperate adventure, which nothing but a high sense of duty would have induced me to undertake."

Mrs. Douglas was not always happy at Fort Vancouver, comfortably situated as she was. The climate did not agree with her. It was different from the clear, cold air of her northern home. Every year when the river rose she would suffer from fever and ague, which got no better as time went on. There was much anxiety, too, over the boundary question. When it was finally settled, and that part of the country given over to the United States, one can imagine the heartbreaking sorrow which must have come to the British settlers in and around the fine old fort which had been the scene of so many romantic and historic incidents. Dr. McLoughlin, James Douglas and other of the Hudson's Bay officers loved the place as men love what they have built out of the wilderness, fought for and almost given their lives for. Twenty

years the fort had been the pride of the great Company. When preparations were at length made to leave it, many tears were shed and hearts ached with bitterness.

But perhaps Mrs. Douglas, although she too felt the injustice of the boundary award, and was saddened because of the others' grief, rather welcomed the idea of going to a quite new home in a balmier climate. There were associations about Fort Vancouver which were not pleasant to remember. It was here that their eldest little boy, Alec, died. He was a wonderfully bright child. He had learned English and French and the Indian dialect, and could chatter away in all three. He was a great pet of Dr. McLoughlin, and a favourite with everybody in the Fort. One day his father was returning from a long trip, and the child, with the rest of the family, ran down to the bateaux to welcome him. Mr. Douglas laughingly caught him up in his arms and threw him in the air, catching him as he came down. "Oh, daddy, you've hurt me," the baby cried softly. Something had happened to the delicate little body, and the bright boy did not live long afterward. His death was a great grief to the whole little colony, and the mother's heart was almost broken.

Shortly before the migration took place there was a terrible outbreak of typhus at Fort Vancouver. An immigrant ship had come up the Columbia with the disease on board. Instead of burning everything that came off the boat, some of the passengers' clothes were given to the Indians. This started the epidemic among the natives and it spread with appalling rapidity. Hundreds of them contracted it, and the poor ignorant natives, not knowing how to deal with it, and maddened by the fever, flung themselves into the sea and were drowned.

Little Alice, the youngest of the Douglas children, fell a prey to the fever when she was only six weeks old. It was on the eve of their departure to Fort Victoria. But the journey must be made. And here again the wonderful mother rose to the emergency. She carried the sick child in her arms and rode with the rest of the party all the long way across the Nisqually Plains until they reached the point of embarkation.

They lived within the stockade at Fort Victoria until their house was built. It was only a small house, but almost at once there began a busy round of social duties for Mrs. Douglas. Honours came thick and fast upon her distinguished husband. When he was appointed successively Governor of Vancouver Island and of British Columbia, it was merely official recognition, for he had been the real head of the colony for a long time. He had been made C.B., and shortly afterward the order of knighthood was conferred upon him.

The first presentation took place in the Parliament Buildings, but a far more interesting and less formal ceremony was held that night at a dinner which he gave at his home.

As usual, Mr. Douglas sat at the side of the table and his wife held her customary place at the head. As the meal proceeded she chatted quietly with her guests, quite unprepared for any special part she was to play.

The meal disposed of, the table was cleared, the cloth removed, and liqueurs and glasses brought for the toasts. Candelabra shed a lustrous light on the polished oak boards, and large lamps glowed on the side tables.

"Gentlemen, the Queen," said Sir James Douglas, rising to his feet.

There followed other toasts, and presently Mrs. Douglas saw Sir Matthew Begbie place about her husband's neck the crimson collar with its pendant, and pin the handsome Star upon his coat, the orders of the famous Knight Commanders of the Bath.

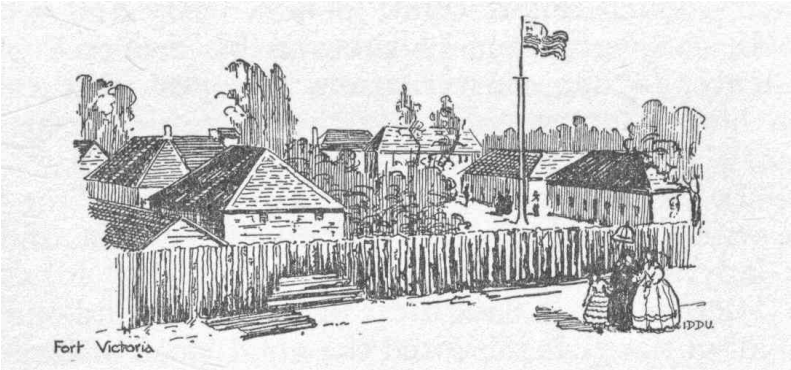
She smiled at her husband across the candlelight. None knew better than she how well he deserved all honours which might come to him. Shy and modest herself, she was proud to shine in his reflected glory. Suddenly, to her consternation, all eyes were turned upon her. Here was Sir Matthew Begbie on his feet again, glass in hand, and bowing to her.

"To our esteemed hostess, Lady Douglas," he said, "the wife of the Governor of British Columbia, and the first lady in the land."

There were six daughters in the family and one son. And all of the girls inherited the good looks of father or mother or a happy combination of both. There were Cecilia, Ellen, Jane, Agnes, Alice and Martha. When Sir James entered the drawing-room at dinner or ball, leading his charming daughters, they made a very impressive picture. Cecilia, the eldest, was small and dainty, with a soft, pretty colour. She married John Sebastian Helmcken. She was very musical. Jane became Mrs. Dallas. She, too, was a small woman, with lovely shoulders and a graceful carriage. Her husband was Governor of Rupert's Land, and they lived at Fort Garry. Agnes married Mr. Bushby and was taken to his old home in England, where her children were born. Alice was the tallest of them all, and very slim, a graceful rider; and the youngest was Martha, Mrs. Dennis Harris, who is still living, and, one should judge, the prettiest of them all. She is the wife of Mr. Dennis Harris, who was the son of Commissioner Harris, of the Metropolitan Police, an ex-army man, who died just before he was to have been knighted.

The younger children were sent to England to be educated, and Mrs. Harris, then little Martha, has many letters from her father written in the early

70’s. From these letters and from Mrs. Harris’ recollections of her mother, and stories heard at her mother’s knee, this account has largely been written.



CHAPTER III.

Some Women of the Fort

The Colonial lady of Vancouver Island is a dual type, a combination of two distinctly different personalities. The one is symbolic of the civilization of the Old World, with its refinements, its culture, its conventionalities and restrictions; the other an emblem of the Western wilderness in all its rugged beauty and freedom. The one a charming lady in crinoline and lace, with curls and feathers. A very young person she was. The bride of nearly a hundred years ago was, for the most part, little more than a child, full of an eager curiosity, nearly always possessed of a lively sense of humour, and with a remarkable power of adaptability. One pictures her in an attitude of expectancy, a little fearful, yet wholly confident.

Her counterpart is grave-eyed and firm-lipped. There is the wisdom, the patience and tragedy of the centuries in her face. Not for her the frills and furbelows of fashion. She holds her shawl about her supple figure, and in her moccasined feet she moves with the easy grace of the wild thing of the forest.

These two women, hand in hand, typify the pioneer woman of the last west. Together they marched in the advance guard of the nation builders. Neither the one nor the other was afraid to follow where her man should lead. Indeed, they occasionally did the leading themselves. And always they stimulated and encouraged by their uncomplaining allegiance, and inspired by the steadfastness of their ideals.

Life, under any sort of circumstances in this new country, was trying for women; but those who came to the shelter of the fort had things made comparatively easy for them. Fort Victoria was ideally situated, the climate for the most part balmy. There was little or no fear from the Indians, who, under the firm, though benevolent, rule of the officers of the Hudson's Bay, rarely transgressed. There were isolated cases of murder. For instance, one of the Hudson's Bay shepherds was killed and the sheep stolen. But the culprits were caught and summarily dealt with. And there was never the slightest danger to the women within the fort, although sometimes they had secret misgivings which they dared not admit. For the naked, painted savages were fearsome creatures to these young girls and women from England, who had read of the frightful massacres perpetrated by the red men, and for a long time they were afraid to meet them face to face unless under strong masculine protection.

Just above the placid waters of the bay, situated in the midst of park-like land, with graceful trees, oak, maple, willow and fir studding the green, the fort stood, a substantial erection, immediately inspiring confidence in the hearts of all newcomers.

It extended from Bastion to Courtney Streets and from Wharf to Government, containing in all about ten acres. The palisades were 20 feet in height and were of fir posts. There were two large entrance gates, and at the northwest and southeast corners were bastions three stories high, mounting twelve-pound and six-pound guns, with an arsenal and stores below.

In the fort, at the right of the gate as one came from Fort Street, were situated the mess and living rooms of the officers of the Company, the former used as a church every Sunday morning. On the left hand side was a counterpart of this structure, where school was held and where the bachelors of the establishment lived. Other large buildings, massively built of square logs, some of which were 100 feet long, were the sale shop and blacksmith shop. Then there were the houses in which lived the Chief Factor, the doctor and the chaplain. At two corners of the stockade, just opposite the bastions, were platforms for the sentries, high enough for a man to look over the top.

Regular watch was kept day and night, and at twelve o'clock noon every Wednesday a gun was fired.

All of this military display made a great impression upon the Indians. As soon as the fort was built they began to come in from their village at Cadboro Bay and settle along the banks of the harbour as far as Johnson Street. Their houses were very primitive, consisting of poles stuck in the ground, with cross-beams over which wide cedar boards were placed. Across the water from the fort, on the wooded peninsula, was the Indian village of the Songhees, which is the peculiar spelling of the old tribal name.

Two large dairies were within easy reach of the fort. There was one at Church Hill and the other out toward Saanich. On each farm adjoining were fine herds brought from the Nisqually cattle ranges. Wheat was raised, and stored in a granary for shipment to Russia and other places.

In the early days the Hudson's Bay Company reserved all of the land within ten miles of the fort for themselves, so that independent settlers must go beyond this area for locations. They sold acreage, however, to their officers, as close in as possible. It brought five dollars an acre, and Mr. Douglas, Mr. Work, Mr. Finlayson, Mr. Staines, Mr. Deans, Mr. Ross and others bought large tracts and established farms for themselves.

In those days, before the timber was cut, there were many little lakes and ponds and streams where it is all drained today, streets paved and homes built. Wild flowers grew thickly then in the cool woods, and all sorts of beautiful ferns and mosses. Sometimes now in the evening, a mist will lie over the lowlands where once these forests held sway, like a ghost of what has been.

The first women to live in the fort directly after its founding, in 1843, were the wives of the Hudson's Bay officials, Mrs. Ross, Mrs. Work and Mrs. Finlayson, but their story is told in another chapter. It is wholly different from that of the women who came to the colony from England, and to whom everything in this new land was rough and strange and fearsome.

The first of these to arrive was Mrs. Staines, wife of the clergyman who was sent as chaplain to the Hudson's Bay Company in 1849. In mentioning their arrival, Mr. Roderick Finlayson, who was then in charge of the fort, wrote: "At this time there were no streets, and the traffic cut up the thoroughfares, so that everyone had to wear sea boots to wade through the mud and mire. It was my duty to receive the clergyman, which I did, but felt ashamed to see the lady come ashore. We had to lay planks through the mud in order to get them to the fort."

Shortly after Mrs. Staines had taken up her residence and started to teach the small children of the colony, a little girl came all the way to Victoria by the newly opened trail via Hope on the Mainland to go to Mrs. Staines' school.

This child was Eliza Anderson, the daughter of Alexander C. Anderson, who was then in charge of New Caledonia. She and her brother James made the long trip from the Mainland to the Island together. It took them many days, and they had most alarming experiences, though thrilling and romantic to look back upon. They travelled with the fur brigade across the plains to Hope. Thence by boat to Fort Langley, which was beginning at this time to be the distributing centre for supplies to New Caledonia, and the upper country generally, and for the shipment of furs to Victoria and London.

At this point they were met by Mr. Douglas, who took the young girl and her brother in charge. They were placed in separate canoes with a half a dozen Indians to paddle each small craft. In this way they were to travel all the long miles of waterway down the turbulent Fraser, out into the open waters of the Gulf, and across the sweep of sea which feels the rough swell of the Straits. Even today, in the large steamers which ply these waters, the waves often wash over the decks. We can well imagine the emotions of those two children during this dangerous journey, huddled in the centre of the

canoes, not understanding a word of the language of the natives. A storm broke and the rain beat down into the canoes, wetting them to the skin. The wind blew, and the waves loomed up black and terrifying all through the night. But the steady chanting song of the Indian paddlers served to reassure the children somewhat, and early in the morning they reached Plumper's Pass to dry themselves and break fast. Happily, the sun shone. This last day of the long journey was a pleasant one, and the children slept soundly that night, their fears allayed. By the next morning they had reached Victoria.

This little Anderson girl lived within the fort until her parents arrived here the next year. Then her father built a new home. The property ran from View to Rockland and from Cook to Linden. It was at this place that Eliza was married years later to Mr. James Beattie, of the Hudson's Bay Company. Her wedding was one of the most brilliant which had taken place in the colony. The bride had become a charming girl. She was known as one of the belles of those early times.

Agnes, who was a sister of Eliza, was also born on the Mainland, and she lived with her aunt at Cathlamet on the Columbia until she was six years old. When the fine new house was finished they sent for her to come to Victoria.

Still later, the family moved out to North Saanich. They called their country home "Rosebank," and here Agnes was married to Captain Gaudin, all the ships in Esquimalt Harbour hanging out their flags in honour of the event, their colours spelling the word "wedding." The bridegroom's ship, "Lady Lampson," was then in port.

One of the earliest of the young brides to come to Vancouver Island from far-away England was Mrs. Cridge and hers is the story of most of the women who lived at the fort, a happy one for the most part. As the wife of the chaplain who afterwards became a loved bishop in the colony, she assumed a sort of mothering of all the settlers. Her never-failing cheerfulness, patience, and a quiet but keen sense of humor made her the most delightful of friends.

She and her husband left England, just after their wedding, on September 1st, 1854. They had three servants with them, Raby, his wife, and a young girl, Mary Ann Herbert. On the ship also, as first-class passengers, were Captain Mouat and his bride, who was an accomplished musician and who brought her piano with her on the ship. Captain Mouat was in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company. Their ship was "The Marquis of Bute," and after an uneventful voyage of seven months they reached Victoria on a beautiful spring day.

Then, as now, the lilies bloomed in profusion at that time of year, and all the slopes overlooking the water were white with them. As the ship rode at anchor near McAulay Point, a small boat put off from shore with Mrs. McKay, wife of J. W. McKay, on board, bearing an armful of the native wild flowers to the bride, who stood, a smiling picture on the deck, beside her young husband.

The next day the Governor sent out a special boat for them to come ashore, and they were driven in his carriage—a two-wheeled vehicle without springs, but quite the grandest affair of its kind in the colony—to the gubernatorial residence, where they were entertained at luncheon, and, as Mrs. Cridge wrote home to England, "We had some delicious spring salmon, and we met Mrs. Helmcken and her two-weeks-old baby."

Her love of children dominated Mrs. Cridge's life. Many a young mother of those days spoke most feelingly of her kindly visits when there was illness among the little ones. Her very presence brought comfort and cheer in times of distress. The late Mrs. Macdonald, wife of the late Senator Macdonald, thus described her as she looked the first Sunday after she arrived in Victoria.

There was no church then, and services were held in the officers' mess. Very early always on Sunday morning a general housecleaning of the large hall took place to make it fit for divine worship. The music consisted of violin and flute, and the hymns and responses were lustily sung by the men and few women. On this occasion Mr. Cridge conducted the services, and his bride added her sweet soprano to the choir. "She wore a grey silk frock, crinoline of course, a little bonnet made of drawn white silk tied under the chin, and a black silk velvet mantle. Her cheeks were very pink. She had black hair and her eyes were dark blue. She was of medium height and rather slim."

Although she had, in the course of time, nine children of her own, she always set aside one day each week for visiting among the parishioners. The servants whom they had brought out with them soon left, and she was obliged to fill their places with Indians, at the best indifferent workers, and who invariably brought along a lot of their relatives. Many a housewife of those days complained bitterly of the way these unreliable native women would use their mistresses' pots and kettles to cook messes of fish for the numerous members of their family, squatted about the back door of the dwelling.

The Cridge's home was in the fort while the parsonage was in course of construction, and they left the parsonage some years later for their charming place, "Marifield," with its dear old-fashioned garden, set among the splendid

oaks and maples. Here the bishop and his wife kept open house and extended warm hospitality to all and sundry.

Sad days came during the course of an epidemic, when four of the family died within a month. Only four of the nine lived to grow up, Mrs. Cran and Mrs. Laundy, Miss Cridge, who died a few years ago, and a brother, Richard, who passed away in Honolulu.

Mrs. Cridge never left the home she came to as a bride. She died in Victoria, predeceasing her husband by a few years.

It is worthy of note that one of Mrs. Cridge's nearest relatives is Mrs. Eleanor Coates Tylden, known as "The King's Neighbour," or "the oldest Lady of the Manor." She is still living, though she is in her 106th year. Her estate adjoins that of Sandringham. Always on her birthday the King sends her flowers, and when she celebrated her 100th anniversary she had five crowned heads at her reception.

Two very charming additions to the life of the old fort days were Miss Susan Pemberton and Miss Emmaline Tod. They came out on the same ship, and they lived in a large building within the fort for a time. Afterwards Miss Pemberton kept house for her brother, Mr. J. D. Pemberton, and later became principal of Angela College.

Miss Pemberton was very musical and, as time went on, made an ever-widening circle of friends, who were all very sorry to see her return to England after the marriage of her brother. Her death came suddenly and tragically. She was in Paris at the time of the unforgettable siege, and, owing to the frightful conditions and the lack of food, died there in 1870.

Miss Emmaline Tod, now Mrs. Edward Mohun, is still living. She is a wonderful old lady of ninety-three, and she has written her reminiscences in her own beautifully legible hand. She possesses a most lively intelligence and so much joie de vivre that to meet her is always a pleasure. En rapport with everything that goes on, she is a remarkably clever conversationalist. None of her faculties is noticeably impaired. Closely in touch with the present, she nevertheless recalls vividly incidents belonging to the time when Victoria was in its infancy. In so far as possible, her story is reproduced as she has set it down.

"It is now many years since I came to this country to live with my father, who had retired from the Hudson's Bay Company and settled on Vancouver's Island. I came from England in the Hudson's Bay Company's ship, 'Princess Royal.' My fellow passengers were two sisters of the Rev. Mr. Cridge and Miss Pemberton, sister of Mr. Joseph Pemberton, Surveyor-General. I was

well supplied with books and fancy work, so did not find the voyage monotonous. I remember how pleased the Captain was when I offered him a reading of 'Pickwick.' Dickens at that time had made his name known, and everyone was reading 'Pickwick.' We had a very fine passage, a little stormy at Cape Horn and again at the Straits de Fuca.

"When my father was a young man, he had a great desire to go abroad, and on hearing of a vacancy in the East India Company he went to the London House to apply, but finding it had just been filled, he was advised to go to the Hudson's Bay Company House. There he obtained the position which enabled him to go out into the wide world, as was his taste.

"After a certain number of years in the Fur Trading Company he obtained his first leave of absence, and went home to visit his people. Among those he met was Miss Eliza Waugh, whom he eventually married in London, and returned with his wife to the Indian Country. (It was not called Canada in those days. In maps of that date it was named 'British Possession.')

"My mother's father was Governor of the County Gaol in Caermarthen, and her uncle was an officer in the East India Company and I am her only child. Having lost my mother before I was a year old, I was brought up by my father's relations, the Greenshields. They were those great foreign merchants of the 18th century who traded to countries little known then, the Spanish Main, West Indies, China, etc., and after the Napoleonic Wars, to Canada, which last country attracted many of those gentlemen to make their homes there, the Greenshields among others.

"Well, we all went out to Montreal, a beautiful old French town, where life was lived as comfortably as at home. Now I would like to tell you some odd little incidents connected with my early life; one was that my mother having died before I was a year old, I may say, I never saw her. I was nineteen years old before I saw my father, and I was named Emmaline from a character in a novel. I don't know the name of the book nor the authors. Those who could have told me are all dead now.

"When I was about five years old, my father sent to have a likeness taken of me, as, naturally, he wanted to see how I had grown in those five long years, and if I resembled my mother. A very pretty water colour was taken, and I believe gave great satisfaction, but the little incident referred to is that, when I went to school, and was old enough to begin drawing lessons, my first drawing master was the artist who had painted my picture. Poor old gentleman! He was quite affected when on asking my name he recalled the time. I have several drawings now that were done under his tuition.

"My father, the late Honourable Tod (of whom I have already spoken), formerly of the Hudson's Bay Company, after retiring, was appointed a Member of the Council of First House of Assembly under the Governorship of Mr. Douglas.

"I was formerly the wife of the late Wm. Henry Newton, who came to this country with friends of his family, the Langfords. At that time British Columbia was just beginning to be talked of, as a country where a young fellow might try his luck, with better chances for success, than remaining in the Old Country, so he came out with nice friends and eventually joined the Hudson's Bay Company. Mr. Newton and I were married by the Rev. Edward Cridge in the First English Church (Christ Church), which was mysteriously destroyed by fire, but was soon replaced by the present one, which is now quite in its old age. We'll bid it good-bye with mingled feelings of sadness and happy remembrances, and soon will welcome a structure that will live forever. Now I want to tell you a little story about my first wedding ring. Perhaps Victorians today can hardly realize that within the memory of a few still living, Victoria consisted of only the Hudson's Bay Fort and a few farms. No shops, no streets, nothing on wheels, except the ox carts, and, I may add, no wedding rings. What was to be done? Mr. Newton was in despair. Someone suggested, 'Send to San Francisco.' Oh, quite too far, another month at least. Then someone wafted a happy thought—'Why not make one? Get an American two-fifty gold coin and give it to the blacksmith and see what he can do with it.' No sooner said than done. The coin was forthcoming and given, not to the village blacksmith, but to the Hudson's Bay Company blacksmith, and I feel certain that no jeweller could have produced a better piece of work.

"My wedding was a very simple one, and the wedding party walked up the hill to the little edifice. My bridal dress was a pretty light blue silk. Small capes were fashionable then, and mine was of white silk with fringe. The bonnet was of straw with tiny rosebuds around the rim. Hoops were not worn, but skirts were made very full. My gloves were, of course, white kid. After the wedding breakfast we left for our honeymoon, travelling to Metchosin by canoe, paddled by Indians. We returned to Victoria in the same primitive, picturesque fashion. We lived in the Fort for about six months, having rooms in one of the large buildings. Our fellow boarders were the Pembertons, and as we both had our pianos (mine a beautiful Collard & Collard) and usually someone came in for an hour or so, we used to have quite delightful times. I believe there were only six pianos in Victoria at that time, but mine was the first one on the Mainland.

"We were later ordered to Fort Langley on the Fraser. The Fort was similar to the one we left here. They are all built on much the same plan. Mr. Yale was always kind and agreeable to us, and I have much respect for his memory. Life at Langley was our first experience of loneliness, but fortunately it did not last long. The first break in the monotony was the arrival of the gentlemen in charge of the Interior Forts, who, once a year, came to Langley with their year's trading of furs and returned with the necessary articles of barter for the following year, blankets, guns, ammunition, shawls and all things dear to the Indian heart. Some of those gentlemen were delighted with my music and piano. Two or three had never seen a piano before, having been born and brought up in the Interior. The memory of youthful days was stirred in the heart of Chief Factor Donald McLean from Kamloops, and he never tired of hearing another song, especially if it happened to be a Scotch one.

"The next break in the usual dullness was the arrival from home of a corps of Royal Engineers, under Colonel Moody. The staff was Grant, Luard, Parson, and I forget the names of the others. Their first undertakings were the laying out of a Mainland town and the building of a road to the Cariboo mines. Captain Grant was ordered to Yale, the head of navigation, to build the much-needed road for the miners. The news of the discovery of gold at Cariboo had attracted the Californians, and they were the means of bringing this country into immediate notice. I can see them now in their red shirts flocking into the Fort to get their flour and tea, etc., and then, with their packs on their backs, making for the steamer to take them to Yale, from whence their long tramp began to the Cariboo. This was a most dangerous trail, cut out of the solid rock on the face of the precipice, and it was to improve and widen it that Captain Grant with his Sappers was sent. I have never seen this wonderful road, but I have been told that even now, a driver usually 'gives his horses their heads' as they know the danger and can guide themselves better than the driver.

"Now about the new townsite. Governor Douglas had suggested a pretty spot on the bend of the river, just below Fort Langley, but Colonel Moody objected, because it was too near the American boundary line. At that time the Americans were not very friendly, and we never knew when they might ride over and take advantage of our isolation. The present site of New Westminster was finally chosen and named Queensborough, but Queen Victoria expressed a wish to have the name changed to New Westminster, so one occasionally hears it referred to as 'The Royal City.' The site was covered with a growth of magnificent trees; a formidable piece of work it must have been to attack the primeval forest. In time, streets in the rough

began to take shape, the officers' quarters loomed up, and pretty cottages took the place of the tents the soldiers had lived in so long. The first English Church, and others were very soon ready for service. Then followed all those callings that go to make up a town. New Westminster now extends half way across the peninsula and Vancouver meets it, but long before this change I had occasion to go from Vancouver to New Westminster by the tram-line which had recently been constructed. The woods had not been slashed in that barbarous manner we so often see and deplore. The line ran between two walls of magnificent pines and luxuriant undergrowth, with a splash of colour here and there, and a wonderful depth of shadow. Suddenly, about eight or ten yards ahead, a large black bear came up the bank, looked at the approaching intrusion and then leisurely disappeared down the embankment and was lost to view in its native woods.

"Mr. Newton's friends, the Langfords, were charming people, and while I lived in Victoria I spent many a happy day with them. They had a picturesque cottage on what is now known as 'Langford Plains' or 'Colwood,' a stretch of park-like country that reminded one of English scenery. I am afraid all that locality has lost its former beauty. Even the pretty cottage has been allowed to fall down from age and neglect. There is no romance or poetry in a new country. The eldest daughter married Captain Jocelyn, R.N., who was killed in action only a few years after. She was left with a little boy, who eventually joined the army and went to India. There are only two members of the family left now. Mrs. Pugh and Sofia, who live in England, and with whom I correspond regularly. They are always interested in what goes on in Victoria and pleased to receive a 'Colonist' occasionally.

"About the same time, another gentleman, Mr. Skinner, came out with his wife and family to join the Puget Sound Farming Company. They, too, had a beautifully situated farm and house near Skinner's Cove, which perpetuates the name. They were charming people, delightful hosts, and clever conversationalists, and their descendants in Victoria are well known. I remember once being on a visit to them, when Mrs. Skinner asked if I would like a drive in the ox-cart. Well, this was a novel request, but all being in the humour for a joke and a jolly time, we bundled in and the oxen proceeded until, suddenly, one wheel went down to the hub in a mud-hole and we all tumbled out. Amid screams of laughter we were all once more seated and the oxen proceeded home again, and we agreed we had had a delightful drive and quite a new experience.

"By the time New Westminster had grown to be a fairly large town, and there were many little settlements on the Fraser River, we found ourselves once more living on its banks, in full view of Mount Baker and with a

background of the lovely 'Golden Ears,' and a beautifully wooded part of country. Those peaks were named by Colonel Moody, who first saw them when the glory of the setting sun suggested the title. Now I would like to tell you of the very primitive way in which our mail was delivered. The postmaster at New Westminster sorted the mail-bags for each little settlement, which were delivered at their little wharves, but we were more isolated, so Captain Irving (who introduced the stern-wheel boats to the Fraser), used to run as close into our shore as was safe and, the letters having previously been tied to a piece of wood, a sailor from the upper deck threw the package with much precision and action onto safe quarters, and as Captain Irving backed out he always waved his hand to us. It was almost the pleasantest five minutes in the day.

"I need hardly speak of Mr. Mohun, my second husband, he was so well known and planned so many engineering works for this government and the growing towns. His competitive plans were usually the chosen ones. I am afraid his old friends are fast disappearing.

"My eldest daughter was born at Fort Langley; my second, at Mrs. Grant's House, New Westminster; my third, at Fort Langley; my eldest son, at Sapperton, in a pretty little cottage looking out on the river, but I cannot remember exactly where. The fifth and sixth were both born in Victoria.

"Emmaline Jane Mohun."

Mrs. Keith

Mrs. J. C. Keith, of Vancouver, is the daughter of the late Roderick Finlayson, and the only person now living who was born within the old fort of Victoria. She has many interesting and romantic reminiscences of the early days. One of the most outstanding is of the time when she started to see the world, a very little girl, all by herself.

Her father had taken her on several occasions to the top of a flight of steps which led to a platform running around the rim of the stockade. From here she had her first view of the sea, the boats and the outlying islands beyond the fort. It was a wonderful sight to her, and a few days later she found her way to the wicket gate determined to explore the unknown precincts for herself.

She watched until the gate-keeper's back was turned, and then slipped outside.

It was only a few minutes before she was missed, and instantly the whole fort was aroused. But before she had ventured far from the palisades she was

found and brought back within the shelter of the walls, while she was earnestly warned that if ever she ventured forth again King Frizee himself might catch her and keep her. King Frizee was at that time chief of the Songhees and a very friendly person. His was a familiar and a comical figure around the fort. He had been presented with an old beaver hat, and also a naval cap, of both of which he was very proud. He used to wear them at the same time, the cap on top of the hat, tied securely with a piece of buckskin, which he brought down under his chin. She was afraid of King Frizee, and needed no other warning to keep her from again trying to see the big world for herself.

Mrs. Keith can very well remember the first gold rush. "The miners came in swarms," she says, "in all sorts of craft. They camped in tents on the shore and around the fort. Many of them came to the fort to purchase supplies and often wished to get milk from us. Mother gave them what she could spare, and, of course, would not accept any pay. We had no use for money in the fort in those days.

"When Sir James Douglas was appointed Governor he built a large residence at James Bay. This house, like all of the other buildings up to that time, was of logs. My father also built a house some time afterward on Rock Bay. It was the first lumber-built house. The redwood was brought up from California.

"Father used to go away on many inspection trips to forts in the interior and would be away for months at a time. They were hard trips, but he made light of the trials and the dangers. He had only a few Indians with him, but there was never any trouble.

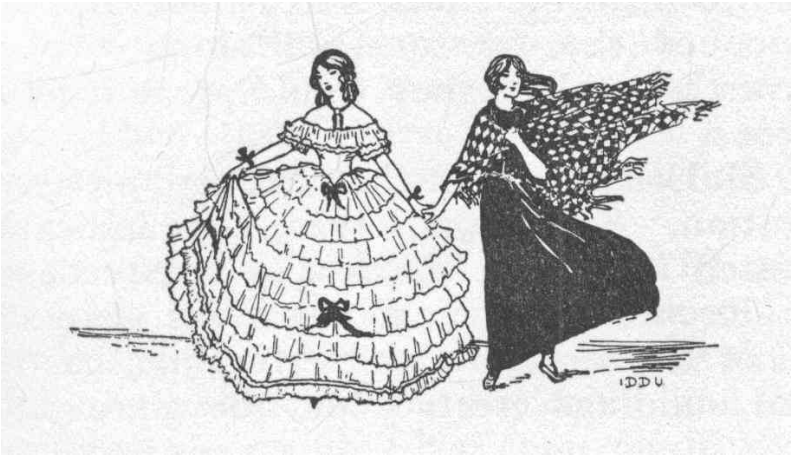
"Others who built houses in the early days around Victoria were Doctor Tolmie, who named his home 'Cloverdale,' and my grandfather, who had a large place which he called 'Hillside.' Mr. Yale also built a big house when he retired from the Company's service. The fort and afterward the town of Yale were named for him. One peculiarity of the Yale house was the immense number of windows. When he had lived in England he had been taxed for every window, and people did not have very many, the result being dark, gloomy houses. He meant to make up for this in the colony where he would not be fined, no matter how bright and sunny he made his home."

Mrs. Keith can remember many of the pioneers of those early days. The Langfords; the Honourable Doctor Helmcken; Captain William Henry McNeill, who commanded several of the early steamers of the Hudson's Bay Company, and built a house on Gonzales Point, near Foul Bay; Mr. John Muir, of Sooke; Doctor Benson, and many of the officers of the Imperial

Navy, then stationed here. Lord Charles Beresford, Captain Edgerton and Lieutenant Diggle were frequent visitors at Mrs. Finlayson's house.

Mrs. Keith pays a fine tribute to Sir James Douglas, whom she remembers as being very dignified, but always kind to her and the other children of the fort. When he died and his executors disposed of the furniture in his residence, Mr. Finlayson bought some delightful old things which had been made in England and shipped out by sailing vessel around the Horn in the infant days of the fort. There are two mahogany armchairs among them. She has another armchair, too, which belonged to that picturesque character Captain W. Colquhoun Grant, who was the first independent settler to come to Vancouver Island.

Mrs. Keith is living in Vancouver, where she has a charming home.



CHAPTER IV.

In the Firestone Country

It is told in an old story of how coal was first discovered in British Columbia.

One summer day in the year 1835, some Indians from the north end of Vancouver Island trading at Fort McLoughlin stood around the blacksmith's shop watching the smith at work. When they saw him putting some hard, sooty substance on the fire which blazed furiously under the bellows, they were intensely interested.

"Where do you get this from?" they asked him.

"It is brought from the other side of the big water," explained the blacksmith. "Seven months it takes to bring it here. It is worth much money."

"Why," cried the Indians in derision, "bring the firestone from so great a distance, when it is plentiful right at your door?"

Instantly the smith called the Hudson's Bay officials, and to them the Indians explained that there was abundance of the firestone all along the coast of Vancouver Island, and they would prove it by showing it to them.

Dr. McLoughlin sent the "Beaver" on a voyage of investigation. Sure enough there were indications that coal existed along the entire northeast coast of the Island. Eventually mining operations were started at McNeill or Beaver Harbour, a stockade, bastions, and the usual buildings erected, and the place called Fort Rupert.

Although Fort Rupert was established more as a protection to the miners, it was also a trading post, taking the place of Fort McLoughlin on Millbank Sound, which was abandoned in 1843. The original garrison consisted of about forty men, whites, half-breeds and Kanakas. And then, in 1849, came the Muirs and the McGregors.

The Muirs and McGregors

They were all big men. Tall, brawny Scotsmen from Ayrshire, with great shoulders and long, powerful arms. Their women were small, but, like most small women, possessed of an indomitable courage.

The two families set sail on the "Harpooner" in November, 1848, and they were nearly seven months making the trip.

Mrs. Muir was forty-eight when she started on this journey to the new land. She had a family of sons and daughters and two grandchildren, all of whom joyously took part in the great adventure.

There were Mrs. Turner, who was the oldest, and her children, John and Willy, three and five. Andrew was the next in age. Andrew become rather famous. He defied the authority of the Hudson's Bay in fine Scotch fashion, and he has left a precious diary in which he gives his side of the story very eloquently. There was another son, who died shortly after they arrived in the West. Then there were John and Robert, and Michael, who celebrated his fourteenth birthday on the voyage.

It was a long trip, faithfully described by the young writer. In his notes we can read the deep love and reverence he had for his mother. He speaks of her illness and long confinement to her cabin, and how glad they were when she could at last come on deck; of how brave she was during the storms, caring so tenderly for the children. His chronicle tells of the excitement of all the passengers when they rounded Cape Flattery at last on the final home stretch.

They were becalmed just within the entrance to the Straits, and forty war canoes put out from shore manned by Indians. The ship was soon surrounded, and, to the terror of the passengers, the savages clambered swiftly on board. They were evidently very angry, for they talked loudly and fiercely. No one could understand them. They were armed only with bows and arrows, which they could not use on deck. But there was some hand-to-hand fighting, and the passengers wanted the captain to let them resort to firearms. The women were put below decks, and for a time matters looked very serious. But a sudden breeze sprang up and saved the situation.

The McGregors had two children when they left Scotland, and of all the big men in the two families John McGregor was the biggest. They made quite a formidable little army, these eight brawny Scotsman with their women and their children.

No wonder the Indians stood in awe of them when they landed at Fort Rupert; stalking up the bank to the fort, carrying their bundles on their backs, followed by the women and children; shouting out their orders to the Kanakas who helped them with their luggage, in loud, chesty voices, with many a laugh and jest, for they were full of hope and courage, and viewed life with a fine optimism at first.

Shortly after their arrival the women of the party were to receive their first shock. There had been a battle between two native tribes, and the fort was aroused early the next morning by savage shouts of triumph. Looking

over the stockade, they saw an appalling sight. Sixteen war canoes filled with bedaubed braves were moving into shore, in the boats horrible tokens of victory.

Upon landing, poles were set up, and from each canoe was taken a human head, which was stuck on the end of the pole, until sixteen of these ghastly things stood in a row. Then the warriors came to the fort and demanded admission.

They had learned that newcomers had arrived and they expressed a great eagerness to see them, especially the white women. They were delighted when they caught a glimpse of Mrs. Muir. They would like to do something to show their admiration for her, and their appreciation of her coming to the fort. History does not relate that they saw any of the other women of the party at this time, and one concludes that Mrs. Muir was the only one who had the courage to meet such barbaric ambassadors. They paid her the highest compliment in their power. They offered to conduct her outside to where they had set up their trophies of triumph and let her choose from among them any two of the heads which pleased her most.

But from the beginning the Indians, men and women alike, admired and respected the women, the first white women they had ever seen. There were various tribes in the vicinity of Fort Rupert, and they were very hostile toward one another, and not at all friendly to the Hudson's Bay. Andrew tells us in his diary: "We are working at some distance from the fort without any protection whatever, and the Indians having had rows with officials, they have come down and threatened to shoot us."

Young Andrew had a very independent nature, and was dissatisfied with his treatment from the Great Company. So was Mr. McGregor. Again and again they complained that the contract which they had made had not been adhered to; but they seem to have had no redress, and continued to work under protest. They asked for pickets, wrote Andrew, but were refused. Frequently the white men would be obliged to drop their tools and run for the canoes, chased by the angry savages. Often after a tribal battle in the forest, crowds of yelling Indians would surround the miners, brandishing the scalps of their victims.

Finally they refused to go on any longer without protection or proper machinery, and as this was considered the rankest kind of insubordination Andrew and McGregor were put in jail.

"I was placed in the upper bastion," wrote Andrew, "and McGregor in the lower. We were given bread and water and nothing else. I durst not so much

as speak to my own mother. There was no roof to the place where they put McGregor and they have moved him over beside me. I have caught a cold and am partially deaf. We have irons on our legs at night, and no bed."

Mrs. Muir and Mrs. McGregor tried to smuggle food to the two men, but they could not evade the sentries. We have only Andrew's diary, and the stories which the women handed down to their children, to let us know of the terrible situation which existed, and of the unbearable suffering of the two prisoners. Overtures were made to them. The Hudson's Bay officials tried to persuade them to go back to work. But they felt that they were martyrs to a principle, and refused.

In the meantime the Indians in the village had learned of what was happening, and their sympathies were entirely with the prisoners. One day a young chief came to the Muir's house and asked to see Mrs. Muir. He offered to gather his men together and set her son and McGregor free. Furthermore he would bring to her by way of a gift the heads of all the Hudson's Bay men who were at the fort. Then the power would be entirely vested with her husband and his sons, and they and their friends the Indians could unite and become allies, "strong enough to stand against the whole great fur-trading Company on Vancouver Island."

At length, largely through the persuasions of the women, Mrs. Muir and Mrs. McGregor were allowed to take their men food, and a doctor was permitted to look after Andrew, who had been suffering severely with the ear-ache. Then they were allowed out on parole, and Andrew tells us in his diary how they would "steal down to where the Indians were working and talk with them."

The outcome was that one day the two prisoners made their escape. The Indians had provisioned a canoe for them with the help of Mrs. Muir and Mrs. McGregor; and, keeping in the shelter of the underbrush, they crept down to the water and into the boat, where they hid. The Indians then paddled them out and down toward the Straits. Here they were picked up by an outgoing schooner and taken to San Francisco.

The sequel to the story of these two men shows the irony of fate. Andrew returned to Victoria in time and was made the first sheriff of Vancouver Island, and McGregor, who also returned, became the chief inspector of mines.

Following their adventures in Fort Rupert, the Muirs removed to Victoria, but Mrs. McGregor went to the Mainland and then South to join her husband. It is a pity that we have no record of that journey, for the chronicle would be a

dramatic one. Mrs. McGregor was a small woman, but brave as a lion. She travelled the greater part of the way on mule back, and a baby was born to her before she reached her destination.

Fortune did not crown the Californian venture, and within a year they started back to their own colony. Again there was a long overland journey for the mother, this time with several children. By ship they came to Pacific City, on the Columbia, and they crossed stormy Baker Bay in an open boat and landed at Fort George. Thence across the long, weary miles of the plains of Nisqually under the guidance of the Indians. Mrs. McGregor, with her pretty face and her large, soft brown eyes, very soon quelled any ferocity on the part of the natives. They were invariably willing to serve her, and they offered to buy her for all the furs they could command.

From Fort Nisqually, and only those who know this country and its wind-swept, stormy waterways can appreciate the perils of the journey, they came by Indian canoe to Fort Victoria. But not to stay. In 1852 they returned to Nanaimo, and the Hudson's Bay Company welcomed their erstwhile truant servant back and made him an inspector of their mines.

Archie, one of the McGregor children, had been left behind in Vancouver until the family should be settled in Nanaimo. When the time came for the boy to come home it was the mother who went to fetch him. There were nine in the family now, four sons and five daughters. Mrs. McGregor and a woman friend, Mrs. Hunter, left Nanaimo in a dugout. There was one other passenger, a man who was carrying dispatches to Governor Douglas, and two Indian paddlers.

At this time the northern tribes were at war with the Chemainus Indians and others farther south. As the dugout approached Plumper's Pass, a shot was fired across her bows, and the Indians stopped paddling; while a fleet of war canoes put off from shore and surrounded them. The women, accustomed to the natives, had no fear and would not have shown it if they had. But it was only due to the fact that the dispatch bearer to Governor Douglas was with them that the boat was permitted to proceed. They were again halted by a war flotilla nearer Victoria, but eventually reached their destination, and the mother was united to her son.

Undaunted by the dangers of the journey, they returned to Nanaimo in the same dugout, the journey taking several days, as it had done before.

They lived in a small cottage now, outside the fort, near the water. For several years there was intermittent trouble between the Indians and the Hudson's Bay, but only once was Mrs. McGregor in any real danger from

them. One day, a war canoe, filled with natives in an ugly mood, pushed up the beach and the naked savages in their war paint soon surrounded the house.

The forest loomed dark and close behind the little dwelling. There was no knowing but that scores more of the Indians were in hiding. Mrs. McGregor was at home with three of the smaller children, the others were at the fort with their father. She saw the Indians come running up the bank, and, calling the babies softly, she hid them in the chimney. They had been well schooled. They knew that they dare not cry. They huddled there together as quiet as mice.

Then she went boldly to the door and greeted the naked warriors with a serene face, holding up her hand in greeting. There is a picture of the long ago. The forest in the background, the tiny hut in the clearing, the slim, small woman standing in the open doorway, one hand above her head in the Indian salute, her pretty face pale, but bravely smiling. Crowding before her the painted savages, shouting and gesticulating.

She did not know what they wanted. They spoke some dialect she could not understand. But she supposed they were looking for her men. They thrust by her into the house, casting angry looks about them; but seeing nothing they came out and held a council together. They did not offer to molest her, but presently returned to her making some proposition which seemed to include that she come away with them in their canoe.

She appeared to consider this. She gave no sign of her stark fear. Her heart was beating to suffocation, her knees shaking so she could scarcely stand. She held to the doorway for support, and smiling, seemed to consider, the while they waited, watching her.

Then suddenly, out from the shadow of the trees behind the cottage came the huge form of McGregor, running like mad, and the shouts he gave put the fiercest Indian yells to shame. Loading his gun as he ran, he bore down upon the savages.

They did not hesitate. McGregor was the biggest man, Indian or white, they had ever seen. They ran faster than he did. They shoved off their canoe and sprang into it, pushing with all the strength at their command. Roaring and raging, the Scotsman followed them till the water was waist deep about him. But he did not shoot. There was no necessity. The Indians did not lessen their paddle stroke until they were miles away.

And McGregor returned to the cabin, to take his fainting wife in his arms.

But better and more peaceful days soon dawned for the firestone country. With the development of the rich mines came many more settlers. The days of the fort were over. The little colony began to stretch out and to expand. The Indians gave no further trouble.

Except for a few years' residence in Sooke at the present Helgeson ranch, the McGregor family continued to live in Nanaimo, where they have always been among its most prominent citizens.

Mrs. Robert Dunsmuir

The story of Mrs. Robert Dunsmuir reads like a fairy tale. It embodies the fairest realization of a young girl's dreams, beginning humbly enough but ending in a beautiful castle. More than this, it proves the worth of clinging fast to ideals in the face of untoward circumstance, of tragedy and death.

More than a hundred years ago, in Scotland, Joanna White was born. She was a tall, strong, vivacious, bonny girl, and at Kilmarnock, where she went to school, she met Robert Dunsmuir, who was also attending the Academy, and they were happily married. But unfortunate investments placed them in very much reduced circumstances in a few years, and the young husband made up his mind to retrieve his fortunes in the new colony of Vancouver Island.

He would have left her at home with the two babies, where she should have had every comfort and care, but she would not consent to any such plan. Whatever the dangers and trials of the Wild West, she was quite ready to face them with him.

Taking with them their two little girls, they left Scotland in December, 1851. The trip was an eventful one. Storms beset them, the food was poor, there was much illness on board. But the worst was to come.

At the mouth of the Columbia River there is a dangerous bar. The channel for entering is on the northern side, close to the cape, and is very narrow. From thence to the opposite point on the southern side extends a reef of rocks and sandbanks, over which the roaring of the mighty waters of the river can be heard for miles.

When the vessel was off the mouth a storm was blowing. Passengers could dimly see through the rain and spray the beacon fire burning on Cape Disappointment. In vain the Captain endeavoured to keep his ship away from the pull of the tides and the press of the storm. She went ashore on a sandbar. Fearing that the vessel would break up, the sailors all deserted her, and managed to get safely to land, leaving the helpless passengers. But none of

them was lost. They were rescued by the “Mary Dare,” and conveyed in that ship up the river to Fort Vancouver.

There was a United States Army post there at that time, for this was after the settling of the boundary dispute which left Fort Vancouver in the hands of the Americans. Curiously enough, the young lieutenant in command was Ulysses Grant, later general in command of the Union forces in the Civil War and afterwards President of the United States. A warm friendship sprang up between the Dunsmuir family and the young American officer which endured for many years.

At Fort Vancouver Mrs. Dunsmuir’s third baby, little James, was born. He was very blonde, with flaxen hair, blue eyes and a pink and white skin. While he was still only a few weeks old, they made the trip to Fort Rupert, travelling by the “Mary Dare,” the same boat which brought them up the Columbia. Owing to the slowness and the difficulties of navigation in those days, they were from mid-August until December 10th in reaching their destination.

There were six of them in the party, Mr. and Mrs. Dunsmuir, their three children and Mr. Boyd Gilmour, who had come out from Scotland with them. When the ship anchored off Fort Rupert, Mrs. Dunsmuir stood on the deck, looking out on the wild, lonely scene, her baby in her arms, the other two children clinging to her, and told her husband that she was “glad to be home at last.”

(1) Mrs. Robert Dunsmuir (2) Mrs. J. D. Pemberton
(3) Mrs. A. E. Kennedy
(4) Mrs. Frederick Seymour (5) Lady Crease

Only the bravest of women could have welcomed such a "home." Even today the northern end of Vancouver Island is a wilderness. Then it was merely a fort in the centre of an Indian village. Inside the stockade were a few houses for drying and storing furs and trading with the Indians, some workshops, cottages, and the residence of the chief officer in command. A

neat garden was protected by smaller stockades than those about the fort itself. In the central part of the fortifications was a large brick oven, and here was done the baking for the community.

Within the shelter of the stockade, the Dunsmuirs began their life in the colony. But if the young mother was rather timid about living in the midst of the savages, she did not speak of it. The Indians of that locality were, and still are, a physically superior type. Tall and stalwart, they carry themselves proudly and have good features. At that time they did not have a reputation for keeping the peace and resented the rule of the Hudson's Bay officials. There was one such serious uprising a little later, that Governor Blanshard was obliged to send up a man-of-war to deal with them. All night guards patrolled the walls of the fort and called out the hours, to let the Indians know that the garrison might be roused at a moment's notice. But savage though these natives were, they showed no hostility toward the white women. They were quite as interested in Mrs. Dunsmuir as they had been in Mrs. Muir and Mrs. McGregor, who by this time had left Fort Rupert and were living in Nanaimo.

And they were charmed with the Dunsmuir baby, small James of the flaxen hair. Never a day passed that they did not seek admission within the fort for the purpose of purchasing him. They would pay sea otter skins to the height of a man for him, they said. They wanted to adopt him into the tribe and to make him their chief. As day by day all of their offers were refused, they increased the price, bringing their richest pelts and most valued treasures, feeling sure that in the end his parents would consent to give him up.

One day Mrs. Dunsmuir placed the child in his bed for his afternoon nap and went down to the ovens to watch her bread bake. Going back to the cottage she found the bed empty and the child nowhere to be seen. She rushed out into the open, calling:

"My baby, my baby. He's gone."

Immediately the whole fort was alarmed and everyone joined in the search for him. But they could not find him within the stockade, and they ran outside and down to the Indian village, fearing they knew not what.

But they need have had no anxiety. No harm had come to him, nor was harm intended. Within one of the lodges, the Indian women had congregated and were sitting about in a large circle, while from one to the other of them the child was passed. Each of them held him for a few moments, swinging him gently in her arms and crooning over him, "Oh nun-a, nun-a, nun-a."

And the baby waved his hands and kicked his feet, crowing in glee.

Very reluctantly he was handed back to the trembling mother, and the Indians explained that they had merely borrowed the baby and had never meant to keep him. But, after that, so long as they remained at Fort Rupert, Mrs. Dunsmuir felt uneasy, and kept a never-ceasing watch over her baby.

There were no coal prospects worth developing around the northern end of Vancouver Island, and Mr. Gilmour, Mr. Dunsmuir's uncle, who had come out from Scotland with them, decided to return to the Old Country. He wanted Mr. Dunsmuir to go too. The colony had proved worthless to them, he said, and they would all be better off at home.

But Mrs. Dunsmuir, the Spartan wife and mother, refused.

"We must make good," she told her husband. "It is a beautiful new land, and there must be a chance for us. We are young and healthy. Let us stay."

So when the baby was 19 months old the family left Rupert for Nanaimo, which was merely another fort, in the Indian country. Different Indians these from those at Fort Rupert. Smaller, more squat, and not always friendly. Here, as at Fort Rupert, watch was kept all night and a sentry called the time through night and day. "Eight o'clock, nine o'clock and all's well." Sometimes a fusillade of guns was fired from the fort to impress the Indians. Mrs. Dunsmuir recalled with a shudder one unforgettable incident. An Indian had been hanged for the murder of a white man, and the chief of the tribe to whom the criminal belonged had sworn vengeance. In those days if an Indian was killed, whether he was himself guilty of murder or not, a white man was to pay the penalty.

On this occasion most of the men were away from the fort, and the Indian chief had come in through the little gate, his knife under his blanket, determined on revenge. He came straight to the house where Mrs. Dunsmuir sat with her baby in her lap and the two older children playing about the room.

She knew that he was bent on murder, but she could not understand what he said. She called the little girls to her, and held them with one arm, while she gathered her baby close to her breast in the other. The chief stood over her brandishing his knife and shouting. She said nothing at all, merely bowed her head above her children and sent up a wordless prayer to God. Three times he walked the length of the room and back, haranguing at the top of his voice. Three times he stood over her, his knife in his hand. But she neither moved, nor spoke, nor showed the least fear, and then, as suddenly as he had come, he went away.

And meantime the patience of the young wife was beginning to receive its reward. One day while her husband was out in the hinterland of the fort, on his search for a coal seam, in the midst of the thick underbrush and outcropping rock, he espied a vein that he knew would mean his fortune. For months he had been searching, following up Indian clues, which had been leading him like a will-o'-the-wisp to nothing but hopeless mirages. But at last!

His wife was the first to know and to rejoice.

Time passed. The rainbow dreams of the Scotch lassie who held fast to hope through all the long, hard years were coming true.

And she ended her long, useful life in the castle her husband built for her. She saw her children grow to charming womanhood and fine manhood.

Elizabeth married Mr. Bryden, manager of the mine in Nanaimo for many years.

Agnes—Mr. Harvey.

Marian—Colonel Houghton.

May—Mr. Croft.

Emily—Mr. Snowdon, Mr. Burroughs.

Jessie—Sir Richard Musgrave.

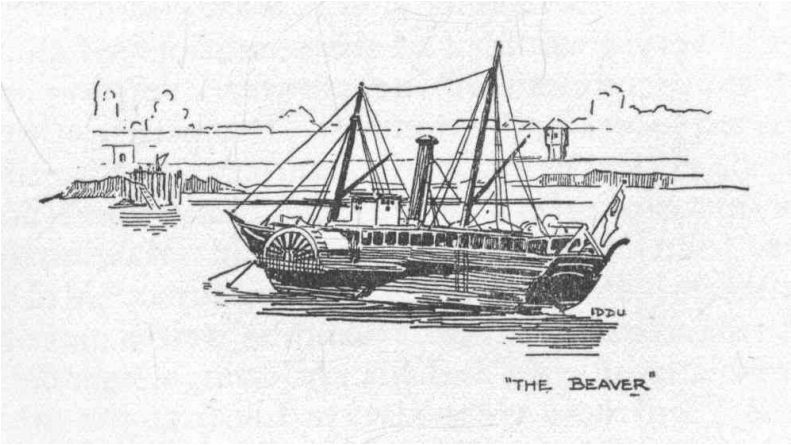
Effie—Admiral Calthorpe, R.N.

Maud—Colonel Chaplin.

And little James, "the blonde baby," of whom the Indians, who loved him, had prophesied great fame and fortune, lived to fulfil what they had foretold. He grew up, winning the confidence and respect of all who knew him, and to hold the highest position in the Province he served so well. He married Laura Surles, of North Carolina.

The beautiful home which he made for his family is the finest in Western Canada. The handsome house stands amid the large estate of nearly 700 acres, and, because both Mr. and Mrs. James Dunsmuir so loved the natural forest, most of it has been left as it was in the beginning; trees, centuries old, compose the woodlands, where it is always sweetly cool, and on the summer days only a gold-shot twilight prevails. Little brooks sing along on a glad way to the sea. There are lakes and fountains and waterfalls, stretches of green lawns and gorgeous gardens, while from the broad terrace one looks out to

the Straits of Juan de Fuca, by which 77 years ago the first of the Dunsmuirs, Robert and his brave young wife came to the “firestone country.”



CHAPTER V.

Wives of the First Landowners

Mrs. John Work

Suzette Legace was born at Fort Colville, in Oregon, and lived her early life there. In 1826 she married the Honourable John Work, who afterwards became a Chief Factor in the Hudson's Bay Company, and later a member of the First Council of Vancouver Island.

No one of the servants of the Great Company lived a more adventurous life than John Work, or served his country more nobly. And in all that he did his wife was his courageous partner. She was at his side in all weathers, through desperate hardship and privation, surrounded by tribes of unfriendly Indians. She travelled with him everywhere.

He has left to posterity voluminous journals and much private correspondence, from which can be gleaned a very clear idea of the conditions of that time and of the personnel of the pioneer company of fur-traders, explorers and colonists. From the letters particularly, one learns of the intimate family life of some of the famous pioneers whose names have come down to us: Dr. John McLoughlin, Archibald Macdonald, the Ermatingers, Peter Skene Ogden, Finan McDonald, John Tod and many others. And he writes most touchingly of his own wife and his children, whom he loved devotedly, and who were always his first thought.

He entered the employ of the Company in 1814 and served east of the mountains for eight years, principally at York Factory and other posts in the northern part of Hudson's Bay. In 1823 he left that part of the country with the fur brigade under Peter Skene Ogden, for Fort George, on the Columbia; and for the next ten years or so travelled between that post, Spokane House, Colville and Fort Vancouver.

It was while he was at Fort Colville that he met Suzette Legace, a niece of old Charles Legace of that place. Immediately following their marriage she accompanied her husband on a trading and trapping expedition into the country of the Nez Perces.

When he was made chief trader and succeeded Ogden in charge of the Snake River Brigade, she went with him up the Snake River and across country to the valley of the Great Salt Lake. Here they had many encounters

with the Blackfeet Indians, who were actively hostile; and, after many misfortunes, they were obliged to turn north to John Day's River in Idaho and then back to the Nez Perces. On this expedition they travelled by horse and bateaux more than a thousand miles.

We find him, his courageous wife still at his side, journeying on a hunting expedition from Fort Vancouver all the way down into California. Here again the natives, under the influence of the Spaniards, treated the Hudson's Bay traders with great coldness and refused to deal with him. Sickness broke out and they were obliged to return home after this heartbreaking journey, with very few pelts.

Still later they went up the Northwest Coast as far as Alaska, where the Russians prevented them from establishing a fur-trading post. The Indians demanded an exorbitant price for their furs, for the Americans were in the field and bidding against the British companies. On this trip, however, they obtained 3,000 beaver, 2,000 marten, 800 mink, 200 sea otter, and many other valuable pelts.

At last a permanent home was established for the trader and his wife and children at Port Simpson, up on the Naas. They were here from 1835 until 1849.

Fort Simpson was modelled after all of the other Hudson's Bay posts. They had their vegetable garden adjoining the establishment; the buildings within were commodious and comfortable and here Mrs. Work reigned as a very capable and kindly hostess.

In those days the Tsimpseans at Fort Simpson were a particularly proud and savage people, resenting the presence of the white men, frowning upon the building of the fort. It was due in a very large measure to the influence of Mrs. Work that they became more civilized and amenable to Christian teaching.

Slavery was common among them. Every chief worthy of the name possessed from fifty to a hundred slaves, which were usually purchased from the natives of the Queen Charlotte Islands, the Haidahs, who were acknowledged to be the most powerful and warlike of any of the tribes on the West Coast. The slaves were worth from thirty blankets apiece, according to their age and strength. At the potlaches and other feasts the chiefs took delight in killing a slave or two in order to prove how rich and powerful he was. The lot of female slaves was too sad to be described.

The pitiable condition of these unfortunates inspired Mrs. Work with the tenderest pity and warmest indignation. She determined to do everything in

her power to prevail upon the Indians to abolish this dreadful human traffic, and to live cleaner, more Christian lives. She and her husband worked hard toward this end. When he was away from the fort, as he was obliged to be very often, her efforts never slackened. By precept and example, by earnest teaching and loving care, she began to make her influence felt. She taught the little girls and the young women to cook and to sew, to keep themselves and the other children neat and clean. It was not very long before the Indians at Fort Simpson were acknowledged to be the best educated in all of New Caledonia. When at last the tribes decided to put an end to the practice of slavery, the heart of this noble woman overflowed with thankfulness.

Though they were far away from the comforts and advantages of civilized centres, and though John Work in his letters constantly wrote in the most pathetic terms of his sorrow for the position in which his children were placed, they led very happy, useful lives and grew up to fine manhood and womanhood.

They left Port Simpson to come to Fort Victoria in 1850. Here in the Hillside District the Honourable John Work bought a large tract of land and built a comfortable, roomy house for his wife and family, and established one of the first farms outside those of the Hudson's Bay. At this hospitable homestead was always an open door and a cordial welcome to the newcomers to the colony. The Hon. John Work passed the last of a stormy life in peace and prosperity in Victoria, and his wife continued her career of good work until her death, at the age of 87 years.

They had eight daughters and three sons. One of the daughters married Dr. William Fraser Tolmie of Fort Nisqually; another the late Edward Huggins, of Nisqually and Tacoma; still another became the wife of Chief Trader Roderick Finlayson, and a fourth married Mr. James A. Grahame, afterwards Chief Commissioner of the Hudson's Bay Company.

An interesting though sad feature of the proceedings of the Legislature on January 31st, 1896, was the passage of a resolution of sympathy by the House to the members of the family of the late Mrs. Work.

Hon. Mr. Turner, Premier, referred to the loss as a great one. He said Mrs. Work was one of the earliest residents of the Province, and was the means during those early times of helping those requiring assistance, not only among the new arrivals, who were often in great need of help, but ready to lend a hand of sympathy to all in sickness and trouble. In this respect she stands as one of the honoured pioneers of this Province. Hon. Mr. Turner trusted that when the turn of others came to take leave of the scene of their

earthly labours, they would leave behind them as good a record of kind works and charitable actions as this Christian lady, Mrs. Work, had done.

Mr. R. P. Rithet, M.P.P., seconded the resolution, saying he was able personally to bear testimony to the great kindness shown by this worthy lady to any early arrivals in this country.

The following resolution was then passed in silence:

"That the Members of this Legislature having heard with regret of the death of Mrs. Work, wife of the late Hon. John Work, a member of the Council of Vancouver's Island from 1853 to 1861, who before her demise was the oldest resident of British Columbia, and who will be remembered for her usefulness in pioneer work and many good deeds, beg to express their sympathy with the relatives of the deceased."

Mrs. W. F. Tolmie

The oldest daughter of the Hon. John Work and his wife Suzette was Jane, afterwards Mrs. W. F. Tolmie, and her birth took place at Fort Colville on Christmas Day, one hundred and one years ago.

Just fifteen years before, in Inverness, Scotland, William Fraser Tolmie was born, and at the age of twenty left his native land for America to serve in the Hudson's Bay.

His career was a distinguished one. He had graduated from the University of Glasgow, and his appointment in Canada was as surgeon to the Company at first; but later on he was placed in charge of the Hudson's Bay Company's posts on Puget Sound. Being an ethnologist and an excellent linguist, he acquired a knowledge of the Indians and their dialects, and it was largely through his efforts that peace was made after the Indian war of 1855-56 between the native tribes and the Americans.

In 1850 he married Jane Work, whose father was at that time Chief Factor of the Hudson's Bay Company at Victoria. They went to Fort Nisqually after the wedding, and here they remained until 1859. The year following they came to Victoria and bought the land now known as the Cloverdale Farm, where they built the first stone house in British Columbia, which stands there still and is in use today by the family.

It has always been a fine farm and specially interesting for several reasons. Doctor Tolmie imported the first thoroughbred stock to come to the Province, and set out a garden of rare plants and shrubs. He was the first botanist to make an exhaustive botanical survey of the country in company with David Douglas, for whom the Douglas Fir is named. He was known,

too, to all ethnologists for his contributions to the history and linguistics of the native races of the West Coast.

Like so many of the pioneer women of the colony, Mrs. Tolmie lived a quiet, uneventful life after coming to Fort Victoria. She was always a gracious chatelaine and kindly friend. Her guests numbered many distinguished scientists from the Old Land, who delighted to find in this far-away corner of the Empire such a uniquely interesting establishment as "Cloverdale." Doctor and Mrs. Tolmie had a family of seven sons and three daughters.

Mrs. Roderick Finlayson

In the old fort at Victoria in 1849 was solemnized the marriage of Mr. Roderick Finlayson to Sarah, second daughter of the Hon. John Work. This was shortly after the arrival of the Works to live in Victoria.

Mrs. Finlayson was born at Fort Colville in 1829, eight years after the amalgamation of the two fur-trading companies, the Northwesters and the Hudson's Bay. Colville was a very important post, a neat and compact little establishment, situated under the shadow of the mountains and near the noisy music of Kettle Falls, on the Columbia River, 600 miles from the sea. It was here that Mr. John Work, afterwards Honourable John Work, was married and lived for many years, and where several of their children were born. All of the supplies to this centre were brought up by ship to Fort Vancouver, thence by batteaux to Colville. The arrival of these batteaux were the red letter days of the year. Great bales and boxes of goods were landed, opened and traded to the hunters and trappers for furs or sent on to the Flathead post for distribution. Then the pelts were packed, stored on the batteaux for the long journey to the waiting ships, and thence to England.

It was at Colville that some historians claim was begun the cattle industry which grew to such dimensions with the years. It had its origin in the three calves which were brought there in 1826, and from these sprang all the cattle literally on a thousand hills, from California to Alaska, throughout the "sea of mountains" with valleys innumerable, now constituting the States of Washington, Montana, Idaho, the eastern part of Oregon, and Central and Eastern British Columbia.

Mr. Finlayson was in charge of Fort Victoria during the stirring and picturesque days following its founding when the Indians were suspicious and rebellious, and had little respect for the property of the Hudson's Bay Company. The white men had more than one brush with them which might

have developed into something serious if it had not been for the prompt action of Mr. Finlayson.

On one occasion, by his ready wit, he averted what might have led to an Indian uprising.

Indians had broken into the corrals near the fort and stolen some of the best of the working oxen and horses and had made a fine feast for themselves over in their village. Mr. Finlayson demanded that instant restitution be made and that the thieves should be delivered up for justice.

The savages insolently refused to do the one or the other. Whereupon orders went forth from the Chief Factor that there be no further trade or dealings with them until they had obeyed.

Such peremptory measures only served to antagonize the Indians further. They dispatched their messengers of war to call upon the other tribes, and prepared to make an attack.

Watches were set at the fort now, night and day, and the men were fully armed. Finlayson endeavoured to settle the matter peaceably with the chiefs, but they were very haughty and would not resume discussions.

Then, without any warning, they opened fire on the fort, riddling the stockade and the roofs of the houses. But Finlayson would not permit his men to set off a single musket in reply. After about half an hour of this one-sided battle, he called a parley.

He told the chief that he was quite prepared to continue the war until every Indian was wiped out, but that he did not wish to shed human blood. He would give them one more chance of coming to terms. Very proudly the chief stalked away without giving the slightest assurance that he would consider the matter.

So Finlayson instructed the interpreter to leave the fort in such a manner that the Indians would think he was making his escape. He was to clear one of the Indian houses of its occupants, and then return by a back way. This he did.

The natives were still in conference, but it was quite evident that Finlayson’s counsel had made no impression and that hostilities would soon be resumed.

A nine-pounder carronade was then loaded with grapeshot and fired at the empty cedar lodge, which was instantly shivered into thousands of pieces. Never before had the Indians witnessed one of the big guns at work. They were stricken with fear and their ranks completely demoralized.

Finlayson gravely explained to the deputation of trembling chiefs which now sought an audience, that it was in his power to destroy all of their lodges and kill every one of the tribe, but he did not wish to adopt such a course. He reiterated his former commands, and, at sunset, furs to the full value of the animals stolen had been delivered at the gates. The pipe of peace was smoked and Indians and traders parted the best of friends.

Far and wide was carried the story of the terrible guns which at a touch of the great Factor could bring death and destruction to all the Indian villages within their reach. For a long time there were no further molestations from the Indians and peace reigned within the shadow of the fort at Victoria.

There are many of these thrilling stories in which Mr. Finlayson plays the hero's part. But when he married, the Indians were much more amenable and docile, and Mr. James Douglas had arrived from Fort Vancouver to become Chief Factor of Fort Victoria.

The same year of the wedding a vessel appeared in the harbour which the inhabitants of the fort took to be a pirate craft. The decks were crowded with noisy men, all garbed in scarlet shirts, and Mr. Finlayson ordered his garrison to the guns, manned the bastions and made ready for defence. Then, fully armed, he interviewed the new arrivals standing in the gate of the palisades and barring the way.

But the colourful influx proved to be only a crowd of miners who had come up from San Francisco, laden with gold dust, and wishing to trade it for goods which they needed.

"Having satisfied myself that they were what they represented themselves to be," wrote Mr. Finlayson in his diary, "I let them in and they told me that gold had been discovered in California in large quantities. They produced several large nuggets of the value of which I at first felt doubtful, but brought one of them to the blacksmith's shop and told him to hammer it on the anvil. It flattened out satisfactorily. Then I referred to my book of minerals,—and offered eleven dollars an ounce, which they accepted without a murmur. They took in exchange such goods as were not required for our own trade, old pots, sea boots, blankets, baize, for which I got satisfactory prices. I thus traded a considerable sum in gold nuggets, and then, being doubtful of the value I had put upon the gold, I dispatched a boat with eight hands to Puget Sound, and thence to the head depot at Fort Vancouver with specimens of my trade and asking whether I was right or wrong. The answer was that I was right and that more goods would be sent to carry on the trade."

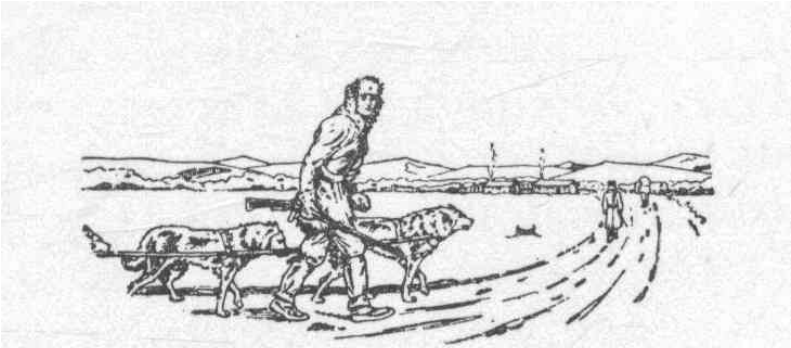
From that time on vessels continued to come to Victoria from the mining camps in the South, bringing lucky prospectors with full gold pokes. Such marvellous tales they told that they induced many of the settlers to leave the colony, openly or secretly, to try their fortunes with pick and pan. Labourers, farmers, sailors were lured away and the Hudson's Bay were obliged to replace them with Indians.

The Finlayson farm on which the family settled eventually was part of the original Work estate, which consisted of many hundreds of acres, including a large part of the present Douglas Street, and running back beyond the Orphanage, and clear down to the sea. There is nothing left of the Finlayson home now, except some overgrown terraces, stunted trees and crumbling fences. But then it was all gently undulating, beautifully treed land. The gardens were gay with flowers and well-kept lawns ran clown to the waters of the little creek which emptied into Rock Bay.

The creek is dry today, and all the charm of the old place has vanished. The house was torn down years ago. Many an old-timer's heart ached to see it go. It stood for a past that can never come back except in dreams.

Mrs. James Graham

Another Miss Work married the Hon. James Graham, who was afterward Chief Commissioner of the Hudson's Bay with headquarters in Montreal. Their wedding took place here, with Bishop Hills as the officiating clergyman, and they went away to England on a wedding trip. They stayed for many years in Eastern Canada, and only returned to Victoria to make their home in 1887. They too lived on part of the old Work place, but theirs was not a farm. In the midst of beautiful grounds the house stood, a large and dignified residence, and the scene of many happy festivities in the latter part of the last century. It too has gone now, and the garden has become a sort of common for the children of Hillside, who play hide and seek among the trees, or cricket and baseball on the weedy greensward.



Trapper and Trader

Mrs. Charles Ross

Chief Trader Charles Ross was the Hudson's Bay official in charge of the building of Fort Victoria. According to Bishop Cridge, he was the son of a Scottish nobleman and came to this country while still very young. Unfortunately there are no written records concerning his family in Scotland or his earliest life in Canada. But we know that he married his wife, Isabella Melville, or Merilia, at Lac la Pluie, and that she travelled with him on the long overland journey to the coast by bateau and on horseback.

For years their home was at Fort McLoughlin, said to be the dreariest place in the whole of New Caledonia, and stories have come down to us showing the wonderful courage of Mrs. Ross, who was the means, more than once, of saving her husband and children from death at the hands of the natives.

They lived in the fort for several years and afterward bought land in Ross Bay, where they had a large estate, which has since been subdivided, but where some of the descendants still live.

The first Gorge Bridge
Victoria

CHAPTER VI.

Ladies of the Manor

The Mackenzies

Up at the head of the Gorge water, where the tall reeds grow in the shallows and the wind is always still, there stands at the top of a sweep of grassy land a dignified old house. It is painted white, and its architecture is of the simplest. A gabled roofed porch gives access to it from the road, and the front door is a thing of beauty. For it still boasts the fine copper hinges and the large copper nails which gave it an impressive stateliness long ago, and they are always polished till they shine like gold. The stretch of greensward encircling the house is fresh and verdant, and the maple trees grow hospitably wide and furnish a gracious shade nearer the water. This is the old Craigflower Farm, one of the farms on Vancouver Island established by the Puget Sound Agricultural Co., a subsidiary company of the Hudson's Bay. There were two other farms, one at Colwood, of which Mr. Langford was in charge, and one at Esquimalt, at Constance Cove, where the Skinners lived. These three places stood to the settlers of those days for the manor houses in the old country. They were the centre of social life in the districts, and their proprietors exercised a benevolent jurisdiction over the other tenants of the Hudson's Bay.

Of the Langfords' spacious dwelling house and old-fashioned gardens and the Skinners' large farm there is very little left today to remind one of the gay and busy life spent there a half century and more ago; only a crumbling bit of stone foundation; the arch over an ancient well; a ramshackle, doorless barn, with its roof of cedar shakes, and perhaps a wild-growing rose bush that puts forth one lovely bud a season which droops before it is full grown as though lonely for what has been.

There is but one member of the original Mackenzie family left today. She lives in the present family homestead, just below Christmas Hill, so-called because it was discovered on Christmas Day in the early 'forties, and named by a factor of the H.B.C., Joseph William McKay. From the windows of the farmhouse, one of the most rambling affairs in the whole of B. C., she can look over the lovely rolling country, dotted with ancient oaks and firs, more than a thousand acres of which belonged to her family sixty years ago. But she cannot see so far as the Gorge water, nor the shine of the sun on the quiet

white house that was her girlhood's home. For sad changes came to the Mackenzies, as they came to many, and her happiness is all in retrospect.

Her branch of the clan Mackenzie came around the Horn in 1853, seventy-five years ago, father, mother and five children. Three other children were born in the colony. The vessel in which they sailed was the good ship "Norman Morrison," Captain D. D. Wishart. It was a stormy passage, Miss Mackenzie tells us, the only memory that the older children retained of it was of being most desperately ill and wanting to return to Scotland.

Along with Kenneth Mackenzie and his family came twenty-five other families, carpenters, blacksmiths, artisans of all kinds, to work for the Company. Governor Calwell was the head of the Hudson's Bay in London, and to Kenneth Mackenzie he said at parting, "You'll find a comfortable house ready for you, and cottages for all the rest."

So it was without any misgiving that the young Scotsman left for the new country. Miss Mackenzie recalls her father lovingly, his courage, his gallantry, the disappointment he suffered upon arrival.

For the fort had been only ten years in existence, and was little more than a handful of buildings along the waterfront. No accommodation adequate for the twenty-six families deposited at its doors all at once. The "Norman Morrison" lay to in the Royal Roads for a while and then sailed into the harbour, where the colonists disembarked.

"A cold Winter day and no one to meet us," said Miss Mackenzie, "and we were so eager to be welcomed. It was as if everyone had hidden away from us, ashamed of what they had to offer. By and by along came Mr. Macdonald (afterward Senator), who was then a clerk in the Company's store. He took us to the only place available, a great loft with no partitions. And there we were housed, every one of us, for the time being. My father was so angry that he would have taken all of us and gone straight back to Scotland if that had been possible. But when the officials of the Company met him they had many excuses and begged him to wait until he saw the place they proposed to have him make his home. A trip up the Gorge water followed, and the site they had chosen was so beautiful that my father's resentment was appeased."

The Craigflower Farm, the school, the mill! These are the monuments which the Mackenzies have left behind them, and which the country is preserving for all time. Everybody in B. C. knows them, the first buildings of their kind in the province. Every year thousands of tourists view them and remark on their quaint picturesqueness and the beauty of their surroundings.

Up from the sea winds the lovely inland waterway of Victoria Arm or the Gorge water, so-called for the reversible fall at a narrow point between two lofty banks, through which at low tide the water drops in a cataract and forms into dangerous whirlpools. Then it widens again and takes a lazy way up to the shallows, and almost joins the sea again at Portage Inlet.

Seventy-five years ago, although Craigflower was only a few miles distant from the fort, it seemed a long way, for there were no roads, only winding Indian trails through the deep woods; but emerging, one saw a scene lovely as a vision. Oaks and maples studding park-like land, red of the arbutus bark, the vivid white flame of dogwood, flowering currants red as sunset clouds, lilies carpeting all the green, and patches of palest pink where the lady slippers grew.

This was the delightful vista spread before the eyes of Mackenzie, and although only the bare foundation of one house had been made, they decided to remain and hew a new home out of the wilderness. Which literally was what he had to do. As machinery and all sorts of tools had been brought out with them, it was possible to begin work at once. A sawmill was set up. Trees were felled and cut into lumber. In a few days temporary shelter was ready. Large logs were used in the construction of the homestead. That is why it stands so sturdy and strong today. Barns were erected and a stone mill for grinding grain. The place was christened "Craigflower," after the farm of Governor Calwell in England. Cattle and sheep were brought from far away Nisqually and some from Langford's. Mr. Mackenzie himself imported some prize cattle from England. The farm soon thrived and became a great asset to the young colony.

"At first our cooking was all done out-of-doors," said Miss Mackenzie. "We had to make our own bricks for the fireplaces and chimneys. I remember how delighted father was when he discovered the deposit of limestone. He was walking along a trail and stumbled against a rock. When he examined it, it proved to be limestone. We had a quarry there at once, and building was much simplified. Large brick ovens were constructed, and H.M.S. 'Trincomalee,' then in port, sent over their bakers to make big batches of bread and cake for the navy. The ships were always supplied from our ovens with what, in those days, they used to call 'soft bread' as distinguished from the ship's biscuits or hard tack.

"Before the horses came from Nisqually we had oxen to do the ploughing and hauling. In fact we liked the oxen best. The horses were apt to be fractious, but the oxen were always steady and dependable.

"We were very happy as children," Miss Mackenzie recalls rather sadly, "for it was a great change for us to run wild after a more or less restricted nursery life in Scotland. But our mother found it very difficult. She had brought two servants with her, but there was such a lack of white women that they married, almost at once. So we were obliged to have Indian help. At first we were afraid of the natives, we little girls and my mother. We had heard such terrible stories before we left home. The Indians of Esquimalt and even the Songhees were very curious about us, especially us little girls with our long, light, fluffy hair. They would come from miles around to watch us at play. To us the drill every morning, to which we were summoned by the bell, was the one thing which insured our safety. Each morning the bugle was blown for roll call and military drill, and each night our one small cannon was fired and every man set off his musket, while my mother fired her horse pistol. Even after we knew there was not the slightest danger from the natives, we still kept up the practice, which was always a source of interest and excitement to us children and the Indians.

"As a matter of fact they were kind and friendly. I do not remember personally a single instance of anything else, although, of course, we heard some unpleasant stories. There was one old Indian woman who used to talk to us and who could remember when the Spaniards were here in 1790. Once when some of the Russian prisoners taken at Petropaulowsky were brought into Esquimalt and were allowed out on parole, they went down to see the Indians. The natives were very much excited when they realized who their visitors were. They knew England was at war with Russia. They came running to my father. 'The Russe, the Russe,' they shouted, pointing over their shoulders, no doubt believing that the enemy had landed somewhere and was about to make an attack. The matter of 'parole' was quite impossible to explain to them.

"We children could talk chinook fluently, all of our servants being Indians. The chief at Esquimalt, 'Sisiwaka,' had two daughters, but not by the same wife. He had any number of wives and children. These daughters' names were Lucy and Polly, and they were very jealous of one another. Each one thought her mother the superior wife. Both girls used to work for us, but they had a lot of dignity and we must treat them with every respect. I have known Polly to draw herself very erect when my mother reproved her and say, 'Remember I am a chief's daughter.'

"We had been given a parrot by one of the naval officers, and we hung the cage outside one day when Polly came to wash. As she was working away the bird suddenly screamed out, 'Pretty Polly, Pretty Polly, Pretty Polly.'

"The real Polly nearly fainted from amazement and fright for a moment. But recovering, she began to see something in the incident from which she might make capital. Thereafter she boasted to Lucy that even the strange bird had recognized her beauty and station. Of course Lucy did not believe her until she had come and heard the parrot herself. She was much chagrined.

"I once attended a potlache given by Chief Sisiwaka. It seemed to me there were thousands of Indians there. But it was long ago, nearly seventy years—I cannot remember very well. I know that Lucy stood on the flat roof of her father's lodge and called out the names of those who were to receive the gifts. The Indians would advance in a very surly manner and accept what was offered without a word of thanks. Of course when one remembers that all presents had to be returned in something of at least like value, perhaps this was not surprising."

Miss Mackenzie remembers very well the great excitement there was over the shooting of the shepherd, Peter Brown, out at Lake Hill, by two Indians, one from Cowichan and one from Nanaimo, who murdered and robbed him and made their escape.

Mr. Douglas, having learned who the culprits were, organized an expedition of bluejackets and marines from the brigantine "Recovery" with a contingent of thirteen men, Voltigeurs, under the command of Captain, later Senator, Macdonald. They sailed to Cowichan and went up the river to Quamichan village, where they found themselves confronted with at least 1,500 Indians, all armed and determined to resist. In the end, however, after Douglas had harangued them, they agreed to give the murderer up. But it was a case of "First catch your hare." The expedition went on to Nanaimo and in the ship's boat proceeded up the river. Baptiste Botineau, Gabriel St. Gre. Montreuill and Gabourie, French-Canadian half-breeds, wonderful sleuth hounds and intrepid boatmen, were sent down to try and get behind the village where the murderers were known to be. They had taken to the woods, now deep in snow, doubled on their tracks, and then waded in the river. But the Voltigeurs rounded them up and caught them. In the drumhead court martial which was held the Cowichan was found guilty and hanged to an oak before the eyes of the assembled tribes. The Indians gave every evidence of anger but made no attempt to interfere.

The little Mackenzie girls were only ten and eleven when they went to their first ball. Their mother was very much opposed to it, but there were so few young girls for the officers to dance with that they managed to persuade her. And though the children were rather shy, the young men from the ships had been guests at their home so often that this soon wore off. All of the old-

fashioned steps were danced, gallops, polkas, mazurkas, and the square dances, the lancers and quadrilles.

Riding parties were the favourite amusement all the year round. The Mackenzies had good horses and Mrs. Mackenzie was a fine rider. She usually accompanied her husband down to the fort when he went by trail. Sometimes they made the journey by boat. Then, if the tide was running high at the Gorge, they must wait till the water was quiet unless there was another boat waiting below or above the falls. There was only a bridge of three logs across the Gorge then, but the children ran over it as sure-footed as squirrels.

If it was stormy out beyond the harbour, boats would often come up Victoria Arm, past the Craigflower Farm, and the portage would be made across to Esquimalt that way. There was a constant moving back and forth between Esquimalt and the fort and the farms of the Hudson's Bay bailiffs. The officers entertained lavishly and in turn were welcomed everywhere.

Miss Mackenzie's story ends on a minor note. For they left the old homestead after thirteen happy years, and were sorry to go, for they loved it dearly. And from the thousand acres of which the new farm was composed it has shrunk now to merely the dwelling and a little garden and orchard. Time was when their shepherds used to drive their flocks from one valley to another, as they ate the pasture down, and still keep within the confines of their farm.

Not very long ago Miss Mackenzie, who used to be, the old people say, "as lovely as a Greek goddess and the belle of many a ball," visited the old farm at Craigflower for the first time since they left it more than sixty years ago. "I went up the walk," said she, "and I knocked on the door. I felt a little confused, so many memories came fluttering about me. To the lady who answered my summons I said:

" 'May I take a little peep, please, at the house where I used to live before you were born?'

"She let me come in, and I saw the room where I slept with my sister, and I looked out of the window at which I had so often stood in years gone by. The trees are just the same, grown bigger with time, the water as quiet, the reeds as still. Very familiar was the broad staircase with its heavy banister. In those days we never walked down the stairs. The banister was always kept brightly polished by little sliding bodies."

The Skinners

In the same ship in which the Mackenzies came from Scotland an English family sailed from Farley in Kent, Mr. Skinner, his wife and six little children, bound also for the colony on Vancouver Island.

Six children and another baby expected! No one but a mother can appreciate what that meant to the brave woman who left the safety and comfort of an established home to come to a western wilderness. And they arrived in Victoria in a blinding snowstorm. It was night, pitch dark, the waters in the harbour showing white caps in the dim light of the ship's lanterns.

"We shall stay aboard till morning," said Mr. Skinner.

When morning dawned the storm had not abated, but the ship's boat was launched and they were rowed ashore.

No one but Indians on the beach. The fort gates locked. The palisades grimly forbidding. They took shelter under a large tree, the children and servants surrounding their mistress, while Mr. Skinner, hotly indignant at such a reception, or lack of reception, sought admission to the fort.

They told him that there was not an inch of space within for his family; the passengers who had come in last night had more than crowded the place; they had better go back to the ship and wait until shelter could be provided. But this was not possible.

Eventually an empty hut on what is now Humboldt Street was cleaned out for them by some Indians, who were obliged to use fir boughs for brooms. There were no partitions; blankets and shawls were tacked up to divide the place in two parts, one for the family and one for their servants; there were eleven of them altogether the first day; the second day there were only ten, for one of the maids had cried herself sick with disappointment and nostalgia, and had gone back to the ship. On the way out the cook had made love to her and wanted to marry her, but she had been quite disdainful in her refusal. Now she was glad for any excuse that would take her back to England and they were married on shipboard.

One month later, in this poor shelter with its blanket partitions, wind blowing through the crevices, the roof letting in the rain, Mrs. Skinner's baby was born, a healthy, happy, beautiful baby girl. When left to herself, Nature sometimes performs her kindliest marvels.

Meantime, out at Constance Cove the workmen were beginning the construction of a farming establishment. And when it was ready, it was with thankful hearts that the Skinner family moved into the commodious house.

“Oaklands” they called it. All the names of these early places were clear to the owners or tenants through some association in the home they had left. The grounds of the farm adjoined those of Craigflower, but the houses were several miles apart. There were two little girls now in the family, four boys and the baby. Later still, two more baby girls arrived. Mrs. Skinner felt the isolation keenly, and was particularly anxious about the children. The Indians who had been employed to clear the land were from a northern tribe and not the good-natured, easy-going sort that lived about Victoria.

There was no money in circulation and the Indians were paid in goods from the fort. The northern Indians always wanted blankets, two, three, four or five-point, according to what they had earned. One pay day Mr. Skinner was away from home, and the Indians went down to the fort to draw their blankets. It happened that there was none in stock at the time, and the Indians were very angry and impatient; suspicious, too, that there was some scheme afoot to defraud them.

They went back to “Oaklands” and told the Indians on the place that they meant to have their revenge and tried to persuade them to join them in an attack upon the house.

Mrs. Skinner had been uneasy, and when the Indian nurse came running to her, followed by the frightened children, she opened the door and gathered them in, putting the heavy bar in place.

“Don’t go out,” panted the native girl, “they are very ugly. They make bad threats. They may try to run away with the children.”

Mrs. Skinner went to her room. She gathered up some of her own clothes, took some blankets from the beds, and picked up many other things.

“When I have gone,” she told the children, “slip the bolt and the bars in the door, and stay inside until I return.”

Then, followed by the Indian nurse, she went straight out through the garden and down toward the water where the Indians were holding more or less of a council of war.

“Here,” she called to them, showing what she had brought. “Here are some of my own things which I give to you as presents. You will receive your blankets in a few days, but these are gifts from me.” The Indian nurse translated what she had said, and at once the surly faces of the natives cleared. They gathered around her with grunts of satisfaction. They patted her arms and smiled and told her she was their very good friend. Thus was serious trouble averted by the generous act of this brave woman.

Between the Skinners and the Langfords there was constant communication. Each farm comprised six hundred acres, and each one had a large complement of men and machinery. In Mr. Dean's diary he speaks of two hundred and twenty colonists, Scotch and English, coming to Vancouver Island, the former for Mr. Mackenzie's farm, the latter for Mr. Skinner's place.

The Skinner girls always walked across to Craigflower to morning service on Sunday in the school house. They attended the naval dances and the riding parties and the picnics. "We were taught to ride," said Miss Mary Skinner, "on the horse of the famous outlaw, Ned McGowan. Everybody in those days knew of McGowan. He was supposed to be a desperate character who had connived in some murder in San Francisco, where he was wanted by the Vigilantes. But he escaped into British Columbia, and as soon as Governor Douglas heard of it he gave orders to Colonel Moody to have his men institute a search for him. I am not sure how we obtained the horse. I think McGowan was not caught. If he was he was allowed to go back over the border, and I believe he afterward was appointed to some official position. I think he was made sheriff of some county. His horse was a beautiful one, a reddish roan with a broad white stripe on his nose. He was very gentle, but full of spirit. His right name was 'Redfern,' but we named him after his famous owner, 'Ned McGowan.' "

The Skinners left Oaklands to settle in Cowichan, and here they had an experience of the real hardships of pioneer life, which Miss Skinner does not like to recall. They lived in a small cottage on Quamichan Lake at first. Very lovingly Miss Skinner speaks of the fortitude and patience of her mother, who always contrived to have some little comforts for her children. It was in this tiny cottage that the first wedding of the family took place, when Annie was married to John Bremner, of the Royal Navy. He had fallen in love with her when they were living down at Constance Cove, when she was only a very little girl, and had said he would wait until she was grown up. But she could scarcely be said to have done that when he married her, for she was only sixteen. The wedding took place on Sunday when the clergyman, Mr. Lowe, from Victoria, was on his monthly visit to Cowichan. The bride and groom went away to England via Panama.

Mrs. Davie was also married at Cowichan, but this was after they had moved into the larger house, "Farley," the name of their former home in England. They came down to live in Victoria. Ada was married twice, first to Joseph Mason, M.P.P. for Cariboo. This wedding took place in the romantic mining district of Quesnelle. She was married a second time to Mr. John Stevenson.

The Langfords

The Langfords, the first white family to come to the fort, had arrived two years before the Mackenzies. But they are all dead or long gone away from Canada. Two sisters live in England today; Miss Langford, who is 89, and Mrs. Pugh, ten years younger.

Their farm was seven miles from "Oaklands," and they gave it the name of their place in England, "Colwood," which has been perpetuated in that of the village today and in the famous golf links which are part of the old estate.

The Langfords were a charming family. There were five daughters and one son, and in a community where there were so few women they were doubly welcome. A pretty little story is told of Mary Langford which had its beginning on the ship "Tory," by which the family came to Canada.

The first mate of the ship was Herbert Lewis, and when he met Mary he at once lost his heart to her. She was dark-haired, brown-eyed and vivacious; her figure was small and pretty, and her unfailing amiability endeared her to everyone. A long sea voyage is an ideal opportunity for the development of romance, and the young people saw one another nearly every hour of the day.

But Mr. Langford had other plans for his daughters. Mr. Lewis was a gentleman, a member of an honoured English family, but he was only a subordinate officer on the old ship. Mary should do better than that. Besides, she was much too young. He kindly but firmly refused to consider the young man's proposals, or to listen to his daughter's pleadings.

After their arrival in the new colony Mary had many suitors, but she did not forget her sailor lover, and when the Langfords went back to England she was still unmarried.

Years passed and Mr. Lewis returned to Victoria. He was still in the employ of the Hudson's Bay, but a captain now, and having become prosperous as well, he had come for Mary.

But Mary was gone. He could not find even her address. She was somewhere in England. It had been twenty years since he had seen her, but he was not dismayed. He made up his mind to go and find her.

This he did, and thus was the old romance renewed and consummated. They married in England and he brought her back to Victoria. They had a pretty little cottage in James Bay and here they lived happily, lovers to the last.

An amusing little story is told by Mrs. Harris in which the Langfords figure indirectly. Mrs. Harris' two sisters, Alice and Agnes, were going to the

Convent School at St. Ann's. They were about fourteen and fifteen at the time, mischievous and full of fun. They found the rules of the good nuns a little irksome, and Mr. Langford's sister having come to Victoria, a lady qualified as a teacher, they were very eager to go to her for tuition. But they did not like to broach the subject to their father.

A dance was to be given on board one of the war ships in Esquimalt, and there being a dearth of young ladies, some of the officers begged that Agnes and Alice should be allowed to go.

Now this was strictly against the Convent rules, and when the matter was mentioned to the Sister Superior, she said they could not attend the dance with her consent, and if they went without it she would be obliged to expel them from the school. She wrote a letter to Sir James, explaining to him, and perhaps if he had seen it he would also have appreciated her viewpoint. But it never reached him.

Agnes and Alice waylaid the Convent messenger. They would carry the letter to their father, they told him, and, without any misgiving, he delivered the missive to them. But they hid it in a hedge, and when the night of the ball arrived they gowned themselves in their pretty dance frocks and were rowed out to the ship along with a score of other guests, and had a delightful time.

"And that," said Mrs. Harris, with a twinkle in her eyes, "is how they came to go to Miss Langford's school."

STORE, LEECH RIVER, 1864.

CHAPTER VII.

Saanich Pioneers

Mrs. William Thomson (nee Margaret Dyer) and Mary Ann Richardson

This is the story of the first white woman to settle in the beautiful Saanich Peninsula, named for the Indian tribe which still inhabits that part of Vancouver Island. She was a Scotch girl, born in the village of Pathead in Huntingdonshire, and her father died when she was very young. Her stepfather's name was Duncan Lidgate, and, hearing of the fortunes to be made in America, he decided to come to the Northwest.

With his wife and little Margaret he sailed from Gravesend in August, 1853, on the second trip of the famous "Norman Morrison," the boat which brought so many of the earliest settlers to Vancouver Island.

Duncan Lidgate and his family were Hudson's Bay colonists, and they reached the Fort in 1853 after a voyage of more than four months. Followed the trip up the Arm to Craigflower, where the Company's farm was, the mill, the little school and the rambling old farmhouse belonging to Kenneth Mackenzie, a brave monument to the fine handicraft of those early builders.

Now a few years earlier William Thomson, a good-looking ambitious young Scotsman also sailed from the old country, prompted by a desire to see the world. He was a mechanic and signed on as a ship's carpenter, visiting many ports and finding life a very gay adventure. In course of time he arrived at San Francisco; but the gold fever having somewhat subsided there, he decided to try his luck farther north.

In those days there were no lighthouses, no buoys nor foghorns to mark the danger points along Vancouver Island's wild coast. The ship "William" sailed away beyond her course and during a stormy night was driven ashore near the entrance to Barkley Sound, at Pachena Point. There were fourteen of a crew, besides the captain. He refused to leave the sinking ship. But the rest of them managed to get ashore on the kegs of rum which were washed overboard. They took the precaution to stave them in, knowing the havoc that liquor worked among the Indians. And it was well they did. Early in the morning they found themselves surrounded with savages. Nitinats, surly and hostile. The sailors begged to be taken to Fort Victoria, promising them large rewards. But the Indians refused. After a consultation the chiefs decided to

keep them as slaves, rather than put them to death. And as slaves they remained there in the Indian village for six months.

At the end of that time, one of the sailors having died, the others were able to persuade their captors to take them to Fort Victoria, with the understanding that they should receive for each of the twelve, thirty dollars' worth of goods. They departed in a large war canoe, the white men wearing the same cedar bark clothing as the savages, for all that they had owned had gone down in the ship. And this was the way that William Thompson arrived at the Fort and was first seen by the little girl who was afterward to become his wife. But the Hudson's Bay soon remedied his condition, supplying him with clothing and goods on the understanding that he would work to pay off his debt.

The Saanich Peninsula was at that time a wilderness. Only an Indian trail led out from Fort Victoria, wound its way over the top of Little Saanich Mountain and thence to the Indian village on the Inlet. Arming himself with his gun, Thomson struck off one day to look the country over. He had paid what he owed and was free to do as he chose. The soft hills and sweeping valleys of the peninsula charmed him, and, reaching the west end of what is now Mount Newton, he stood enthralled. Lovely today and always must be the glorious vista to be seen from there, the green of the majestic Malahat hills, the deep blue water of the Arm, and the nearer view of gently undulating land, interspersed with groves of graceful trees. But the whole countryside was carpeted with flowers, golden rod, lilies and spiræa; brooks where pond lilies grew trickled through the valleys; the grass was thickly green and studded with magnificent oaks like a park. Thomson made up his mind then that there his future home should be. Only one white man had preceded him in the Saanich district, another Scotsman by the name of McPhail. When Thomson decided to take up his home there he applied for a thousand acres of land, and left the fort by an immense northern Indian war canoe. An unusually large one it must have been, as it carried besides himself, the three white men who came along to assist him to build his cabin, half a ton of provisions and nineteen pigs. They followed the coast line and it took four days to make the trip from Victoria to Saanich. An easily-cleared bit of land was chosen, and, the Indians looking on, the first little log house was put up, and the place christened "Bannockburn."

Meantime little Margaret was living with Captain Cooper's family at Craigflower, going to school, learning to cook and to sew, blossoming into pretty young womanhood. Thomson was an impetuous wooer, and they were married while she was still in her teens, in the little Anglican "Christ

Church," by the Rev. Mr. Cridge, this being the second wedding performed in the church.

At first they lived outside the fort on the corner of Yates and Langley Streets. But when their first little boy was six months old the young husband persuaded his wife to come to the Saanich property. They had one horse between them and took turns riding and carrying the baby. It was a long, arduous trip. They did not arrive at the cabin until evening, and the poor little mother was utterly weary, the baby fretful and sleepy.

There was no furniture in the cabin. Nothing but one chair and a great stack of straw in one corner. The chair had been made at Craigflower by young Thomson, and was a work of art. Of maple, with a deep seat and strongly reinforced, it was of Jacobean design, and is still in use, as firm and comfortable as ever. That night the little sixteen-year-old mother cried herself to sleep on her straw bed and refused to be comforted. And very shortly afterward Thomson took her back to Victoria to stay until he should have a proper house built for her, a timber house of four rooms. Here in the following year, 1859, was born Alexander Thomson, the first white child in Saanich. He was an object of great curiosity to the Indians, who were very friendly and always finding an excuse to come up from the reserve to see the white woman and her small children. Scores of them were about all day. But there was never any trouble or fear of trouble. Mr. Thomson had won their respect, and they established him as a sort of counsellor and arbitrator.

The homestead was in the midst of a small clearing; but a stone's throw away was the forest. Bears and wolves and panthers prowled around by night and sometimes by day. The Thomsons had cows, a team of oxen, pigs and poultry. Besides there was unlimited game to be had, and fishing in the Saanich Arm or in the streams. They grew their own grain and carried it by ox team to the grist mill in Victoria to be ground into flour. It was young Thomson who had built the mill for Kenneth Mackenzie to help pay off his debt to the Company.

Very often the young mother was alone in the cabin with the babies, and more than once the bears came around and killed some of the stock. Once she heard a pig squealing horribly and rushed out to the pen. A large black bear was devouring a half dead pig. She fired at the marauder and he made off. The acorns were thick all over the greensward then, and pigs thrived upon them.

One morning while she was busy with her duties in the cabin the sound of frightened bleating came to her ears. It was lambing time and the sheep were out beyond a grove of maples feeding on the rich young grass. Rounding the

thicket, she saw the sheep in a huddled mass, and half a dozen wolves circling warily about them, watching their chance to kill. Seeing the woman, the sheep ran to her, followed by their crying lambs, and surrounded her, trusting to her for protection. The wolves hesitated, advanced a few steps and sat on their haunches, their eyes on their leader, a big ugly brute, whose fangs were showing, his jaw dripping in anticipation. The young woman, shouting angrily at the wild animals, pushed out from among the sheep and ran at the wolves, shaking her big blue apron. It had the desired effect. The wolves made off, and she drove the frightened sheep near the cabin, where they would be safe from molestation till her husband came home.

Her little boy Alec had never seen any other children until he was two years old, and one day a klootchman selling fish brought her small son with her to Bannockburn. The wee Indian was crawling about on his hands and knees, and Alec stood in the doorway looking at him with wondering baby eyes.

"It's not a doggie, is it, mummy, and not a horsie, nor a 'ittle bear. What is him?"

Those early days were not without their tragedy. One baby was drowned in the well. He had crept away from the house without his mother knowing it, and when she went to look for him it was too late. And still another boy was killed by a horse. But for the most part they were a healthy, happy family, with plenty to eat and that of the best. They lived out of doors most of the time. In all there were fifteen children, ten boys and five girls, all of them, except David, who was the eldest, born on the Saanich farm. An orchard was planted in the first years, and yielded delicious fruit, apples, cherries, pears, plums. They killed their own meat. Every Saturday a sheep was made ready to last them through the week, or perhaps it was a beef, or a fat porker. And there were chicken and turkeys and geese, plenty of thick cream and butter and cheese. Wild berries grew in abundance.

As time went on the four-roomed house gave place to a broad, spacious dwelling, and large barns were built to house the stock. The kindness and hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Thomson became proverbial. Any and all travellers were welcome. For years there were no neighbours at all, and as the journey to Victoria was such an undertaking it was only rarely that the busy mother could make the trip, perhaps once a year to get supplies for Christmas. Indian help was the only kind to be had, but that was always available. In fact, an Indian nurse was in attendance when the first babies came, and that was all. A doctor was out of the question.

The Thomsons were instrumental in getting the church built, St. Stephen's, and their children were the first to be christened there. It still stands and is the oldest country church in B. C. At first the school was held in the church, but later Mr. Thomson gave a piece of land for it. Mr. Newton was the earliest teacher, followed by Mrs. Butler.

Mrs. Richard Cheeseman and Miss Janey Duval

Mr. and Mrs. Duval, of Royal Oak, Saanich, are delightfully refreshing old persons with a joyful outlook upon life and a happy past behind them. Mrs. Duval is comparatively young, only a matter of three score and ten. Her husband is ten years older. But his eyes are blue and bright and his smile quick and candid like a boy's. To reach their house one travels out to Saanich, taking the turn to the West Road, passes in through a small gate and walks a delectable way under a rose-hung pergola. In the neat and comfortable living room Mrs. Duval sat and told her own and her mother's story.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Cheeseman, her father and mother, were married at Sevenoaks, in Kent, England, and her father came first to Vancouver Island alone, later returning for his wife. They travelled in the "Norman Morrison" with Duncan Lidgate and his family as fellow passengers, also Doctor Helmcken. It was fortunate for Mrs. Cheeseman that there was a doctor aboard, for it was very rough rounding the Horn, and while the ship rolled and tossed and the wind whistled through the rigging, she gave birth to her first baby.

Shortly after their arrival in the fort, in December, 1853, Mr. Cheeseman left the service of the Hudson's Bay to take up farming on his own account, and they moved out to what was then called the Lake District, which is that part of Saanich Peninsula watered by Elk and Beaver and Prospect Lakes. The land was all forest then, and full of wild game. The deer, gentle and curious, would come out into the clearing while they were at work, and watch them with timid, wondering eyes. Wolves and panthers and bears prowled furtively through the underbrush.

Their home was a small log cabin, and here their babies were born; Mrs. Cheeseman sparing what time she could from her household duties to help her husband clear the land. She was strong and sturdy, a brave helpmate for any pioneer, making the best of difficult and trying circumstances, and invariably good-natured. Their furniture was all hand-made at first, and their stove an open fire with a big camp oven.

But, according to Mr. and Mrs. Duval, no food ever tasted so good as the bread and the meat, the ducks, geese and chickens, cooked in this primitive

way.

“It was nothing but a large iron pot as big as I could span with my two arms and hands,” explained Mrs. Duval. “It stood on three legs and had a close-fitting lid, indented just within the edge. When the fire was a glowing bed, the coals were piled around it and placed on top and renewed as they burnt out. Bread baked in that pot came out a great, golden, fine-grained loaf with a mellow crust; and the ducks, all steamed tender or stewed in their own juice, were dishes fit for a king. I remember old Captain Simpson, who had a home on the upper end of Elk Lake and owned a boat. He was a famous cook. The dishes that he would prepare in his camp oven make my mouth water to recall. Stuffed fowl, popped in the pot before he would come down the lake to fetch us little girls, and when we went back with him he would remove the cover, and there they simmered, done to a turn and sending out an aroma that would make a hungry man of a confirmed dyspeptic.

“The lakes were full of trout then, some of them as long as my arm,” she went on, “and we used to dam the little creek that you see down there in the valley. Two gate dams we made, and when the fish would come in we would let the water out and catch tubfuls of fresh trout.

“The Indians were very inquisitive and loved to come to see us. But they were clever pilferers. Wrapped in their blankets they would sit on the floor and, when we were not looking, grab anything within reach and hide it under their voluminous garments. When my mother would catch them at it, she would snatch away the blanket and, seizing whatever they had taken, hairbrush, rolling pin or other article, she would give them a good swat with it. Invariably they would pretend great innocence and cry ‘Potlache, potlache,’ as if that explained the theft.”

A tragic incident which stands out very clearly in the memory of Mrs. Duval is the death of her father. He had bought a team of fine horses, apparently well-broken and gentle. They would let Mrs. Cheeseman and the children fondle them, and were docile under the harnessing. But the first time Mr. Cheeseman started to take them into Victoria something happened. No one knows what it was. Mrs. Cheeseman was putting on her bonnet. Her husband was to drive from the turnip field and pick her up. The newly made road was steep and full of snags and ruts and boulders. She heard the rattling and creaking of the wagon, her husband shouting. She ran to the door.

The horses were taking a wild way down the hill, dragging the heavy, overturned wagon. When she and the frightened children reached Mr. Cheeseman, he was dead.

She was left with four little girls, too small to be of much help. There was the farm to look after, the cows to milk, butter to make. Before her husband died he had built another larger home for his family and they were very comfortable. But the responsibility of caring for the children and the house and doing the outside work as well proved a heavy undertaking. The only money they had was what she could make selling her butter. Every week she walked into Victoria with her basket full, sold it and brought it back with things for the children.

Her oldest little girl had been going to boarding school in Victoria at Mrs. Wilson Moore's; but she could not afford to send the other children, so she conceived the idea of giving the land for a schoolhouse and boarding the teacher free if her children could be given an education.

The schoolhouse was built by community effort. In those days, Mrs. Duval explained, that was the way many buildings were put up in the Lake District. "Barn raisings" they were called. The timbers would be prepared, the ground made ready, and then the women would provide a bountiful repast, the men assemble and start to work as busy as bees. Within a few hours the structure would be in place and pretty well finished except for the roof.

Mrs. Cheeseman married again, but both she and her second husband have been dead some years.

Mrs. Duval and her sisters were all married at Royal Oak, which had been named by their father, after his home in the old country. The Cheesemans and the Thomsons, of Bannockburn, were great friends, and Mrs. Duval was present at all of the weddings in the old Thomson homestead.

"Wonderful weddings we had. You never see such weddings nowadays," she said. "Real Scotch weddings, lasting for two days and nights. First there was the ceremony in the church and then festivities at the bride's house, followed the next day by a party at the home of the groom's parents. And we danced all the old-fashioned things, reels and polkas and jigs, 'Trip the Willow,' 'Sir Roger de Coverley.' Crinoline dresses of muslin we wore with bright ribbons on our arms and in our hair. New Year was our great day; two days really; with all that goes to make up a Scotch celebration, first at the Thomson house and then at our own.

"The late Doctor Fraser was a school teacher then, and he lived with me while he taught in the village school, earning enough money so that he might go to college and become a physician. He was a fine man and a loyal friend. I remember his wedding well."

Under the rose pergola Mr. and Mrs. Duval stood to say "good-bye." His arm was about her shoulders and they were both smiling gaily.

"We've had a happy life," said she, "so happy that I never want to live anywhere else and chance being unhappy. In Royal Oak I was born and here I have been ever since. Here all my children have been married and they bring their children and come home to us now and then. I shall die and be buried within sight and sound of everything I've known and loved."

And Mr. Duval, the boyish-faced octogenarian, who has a most charming little French accent and manner, added philosophically:

"It's a great life, if you know how to live."

Mrs. Richardson

The first wedding to take place at "Bannockburn" was that of Mary Ann Raby, a young girl who had come out with Mr. and Mrs. Cridge and who afterward went to live with the Thomsons. It was while she was here that she met her future husband, Richardson, a young Englishman who had sailed out from Liverpool on the ship "Helvetia," and landed at Victoria in 1863. He was a real sailorman, but when he came to "Bannockburn" and saw Mary, he decided to become a farmer. So he hired out with Mr. Thomson, and when he was not hard at work in the fields he was making love to Mary.

They were married by Bishop, then Mr. Cridge, and remained with their friends and benefactors for several years. Mary was like a sister to the Thomson girls and an inestimable help to their mother. Except for a brief sojourn in Cowichan, the Richardsons have made their home in Saanich for sixty-five years; and, like the Thomsons, they have a very large family, six boys and eight girls.

CHAPTER VIII.

Contrasts: Mrs. Manson—Mrs. Bailey

Mrs. Manson's Story

Just beyond the "Royal Oak," the shabby, time-worn hostelry which marks the forks of the east and west roads of Saanich, there is a green valley with a brook running through. Maples, laburnums, a magnificent cedar and acacia trees make a little grove. In the midst of the grove is a cottage with a flight of steps running up to a porch. Through the porch and by a narrow hall to a living room flooded with sunlight and gay with flowers, and here is Mrs. John Manson.

She is ninety-two years of age, but she rises to greet one with that simple dignified courtesy which is innate, and motions one to be seated. Her handsome, aged face is like a piece of carved oak. One can see that she possesses all of those sterling, hardy qualities which made her father so noted a character. Time has marked them on her countenance. She proudly claims to be like him. She points to his picture on the wall and her own hanging beside it. There is the same firm, humourous mouth, the quiet, penetrating eyes, the alert poise of the head.

"Little Yale" they used to call her father. Everybody knew him in the old days, and the Indians especially loved and respected him, from the very beginning of his life in New Caledonia. More than once they rescued him from almost certain death, and in return he gave them a warm affection, though he was never unduly influenced in his dealings with them.

(1) Mrs. Edward Mohun (2) Mrs. Caroline Schubert
(3) Mrs. John D. Manson
(4) Mrs. James Robb (5) Mrs. Eli Harrison

When he entered the Hudson's Bay service, competition was keen between them and the Northwest Company, their rivals in the fur trade, and party feeling ran high. John Clark, with about one hundred men, had set out for the Rocky Mountains and beyond, to establish new posts for the circumvention of the Northwest Company. Certain fisheries in the beaver

country upon which they had depended for a supply, failed them, and starvation stared them in the face. Their rivals were there with food and would have given them all they wanted provided they renounced their allegiance and joined the Northwesters. But sooner than do this they would die.

One day an Indian brought word that in a camp some miles away his people had had a successful fishing season, and there was plenty to eat. So a party, of which Yale, then a boy, was one, set off for the distant camp. It was winter time and the trails were very bad, in places almost impassable with drifts. They were travelling on empty stomachs, and the march proved too much for many of them. One by one the men dropped in the snow, never to rise again, and at last plucky "Little Yale" began to tire. A stalwart old voyageur had taken the lad under his protection, and when he saw the boy was losing heart, encouraged him by every means in his power. It was no use. There came a time when Yale could not move one foot before the other. Blinded by the snow, half frozen and sick with weariness, he dropped in his tracks and saw his companions disappear in the veil of the storm. But the Frenchman, missing him, turned back. Reaching the boy, already half buried in the drift, he knelt beside him and roused him, shouting at him between tears and curses.

"Sacre, Misere, C'est trop de valeur. Embarque! Embarque!" This was the expression the voyageurs used when they wished to carry some weaker comrade or child upon their backs. "Little Yale" was too weak to comply. So the Frenchman slung him across his broad shoulders and staggered along through the storm until that night the Indian camp was reached. Here the half dead boy was tenderly taken by the native women who soon brought him back to life and health, and he lived for many years to serve the Hudson's Bay. In spite of his stature he was wonderfully strong and active and his courage was proverbial. There was the time George Holland was murdered and "Little Yale" went out alone in a boat to search for him. The hunt was a long one, and when he finally saw the murderer he was in a war canoe with forty or fifty other natives. Yale did not hesitate; when the Indians would not surrender the criminal, he raised his gun and fired point blank, killing him instantly. He expected to be overtaken and put to death, but the natives made no attempt to follow him. They said afterwards that they thought he was possessed; for no human being would dare to make a lone stand against a half a hundred Indian braves.

Mrs. Manson tells another story of a chase after a criminal through the burnt lands near a Hudson's Bay fort. One of the Company's men had been found scalped and the offender was known to Yale. All among the blackened

stumps and the shoulder-high bracken and fireweed he stalked the murderer. Suddenly they came face to face. It was simply a question of which of them should shoot first.

But most of his dealings with the natives were friendly and there was visually a complete understanding between them and "Little Yale." Many were his trusted friends. Two of them particularly, Mrs. Manson remembers; the one who brought in the furs from Lillooet, and the Indian doctor stationed at Kamloops, who was a Christian and who always took his meals at the chief trader's table. He had a very beautiful daughter, but she does not remember what became of her.

Mrs. Manson has given her own reminiscences, and they are perhaps the most graphically interesting of any of the many stories which have been told by these pioneer women. They cover a large territory and embrace much that is of great historical value. In so far as is possible, the story is told in Mrs. Manson's own words and just as she recalled it. It takes one from Victoria to old Langley, away up the old Brigade Trails to Fort Fraser in the north country. It dips down into the forts on the Columbia, and touches on the tragedy of Indian massacres in Oregon. Some of the brightest and bravest of the figures of a century ago make a brief appearance within it, and coming from the lips of this very old lady who lived through so much of it herself, the romance is unique.

"Fort Langley, as you know, was the first British settlement in New Caledonia. The old fort was built by James McMillan, of the Hudson's Bay Company, in 1824. One building is still standing and is called 'a fort within a fort.' The village of Milner is situated in the centre of what was the Hudson's Bay farm, where the first grain was grown in the Province of British Columbia.

"My birthplace was within a few miles of Fort Langley, and I was the second of three sisters and am now the only one surviving. The one memento I have of my mother is a long braid of dark brown hair. My father, James Murray Yale, whom I resemble, it is said, died at Stromness, Burnside Road, in 1871. My only schoolmate who survives is Mr. J. R. Anderson, of Victoria. The late Mrs. Bushby was also a schoolmate.

"I went to school in Victoria to the little log schoolhouse within the fort, where Mrs. Staines taught us. She was the wife of the first chaplain of the Hudson's Bay, Rev. James Robert Staines. This was where my sisters, Mrs. Simpson and Mrs. Peers, and myself were taught to read and write. The Douglas girls were day scholars; one of them left and married J. S. Helmcken some time in 1852. Her first birthday was celebrated, I remember, by a salute

from the Bastion, where they kept the cannon of the fort. There was also a picnic. Mr. Fish lost an arm at that time through an accident in connection with the firing of the cannon.

"The gentlemen of the fort were Mr. Douglas (later Sir James), Mr. Finlayson, Mr. Moffatt, Mr. Benson, Mr. Ray Stephenson Waynton; and William McNeill, son of Captain McNeill, was chief constable. These gentlemen had houses of their own. The hall was used by Mr. Staines for church service. Dr. Helmcken was married there and built a cottage outside the fort for himself and his wife. Soon after Mr. Douglas and family moved away to their new home across the bay.

"The ship 'Norman Morrison' came to Victoria twice with people for Victoria. The first arrivals were Mr. and Mrs. Blinkhorn, who lived with Mrs. Staines for a little while. I must not forget her niece, Martha Beeton Cheney, who married Captain Ella.

"The second arrivals were Mr. and Mrs. Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Weir, Mr. and Mrs. Langford and daughters and Mrs. Langford's sister-in-law, who became the wife of Dr. Benson. Miss Langford married Captain Lewis, of the Hudson's Bay Company. Mrs. Cooper, Mrs. Johnson and the Langfords were guests of Mrs. Staines just at first.

"There was a Mr. Muir who was the first saloon keeper in Victoria.

"I remember the first time I heard the bagpipes. It was at the wedding of William J. McNiell and Miss Mary Macauley. All of us school children went to see Miss Cecilia Douglas married to Dr. J. S. Helmcken. That was in 1852. The ceremony took place in the Hudson's Bay Company's hall, and afterward they went to Mr. Staines' house to register.

"These are my recollections of Fort Langley:—

"James Murray Yale was Chief Trader. Gavin Hamilton was the Chief Clerk. The blacksmith's name was Taylor; Samuel Robertson was the carpenter. There were a number of men who worked in the cooperage all the year round, William Cromarty, Charles Ohia, Peter Ohula and Maayo. They made kegs, barrels and vats for the great salmon run.

"Mr. Ovid Allard did all the trading with the natives for their salmon. He used to stand at the wharf and had boxes filled with things to please them, beads, vermillion and other knick knacks.

"Cromarty would be at the big cauldron making brine, ready for the salting. Then the boys from the fort, with two or three native lads from the Indian village, did the running with the salmon from the wharf. These they

piled before the women of the fort, and others who were seated in a circle in the shed where they were salting the salmon. They worked all day from early morning until late at night as long as the 'salmon run' lasted.

"Langley was a fur-trading station, and the Chief Trader used to say, 'The old fort must make her five thousand dollars.' Of course, that was counting everything, kegs of salmon, cranberries, hazel nuts, pork, ham, beef, bacon, butter and the furs of the year.

"Basil Brousseau kept the dairy, made the butter, and, with two or three assistants, milked the cows. I can see him yet with a pail on each arm going to the milk house. For the winter the cattle were driven out to the farm on Langley Prairie, where the Company had their barns, ricks and other outhouses.

"Once when the men were building a hayrick at Langley Prairie and my father had asked them to dig the post holes very deep, they discovered a great quantity of human bones. None of the Indians knew how they came there. But at some time or another a great battle must have been fought on that spot.

"In the men's dwelling houses lived the caretaker, a farmer named Peppin, who was fond of the Englishman's expletive 'Quit-ta-heel' (Go to hell), a name which he bore all his life to his grave. I remember old advertisements, offering cattle for sale, would read, 'Picked from the Langley herds.' There could be nothing finer or handsomer than those long-horned Spanish cattle from the Hudson's Bay farms.

"The men of the fort used to go to Langley Prairie to help the natives cut the grain they had sown in the spring. A man from the fort with some natives did the threshing of wheat and oats and pease in the autumn.

"Those stirring days are done.

"My father, as Chief Trader, had one share in the interests of the Hudson's Bay Company. In 1857 Mr. and Mrs. Henry Newton came and Mr. Manson acted as his clerk. Captain Henry Newsham Peers was the visitor, and he married one of my sisters. Two of their children are living, Miss Brenda Peers and Mrs. McNaughton, both of Victoria.

"The Brigade, their one hundred horses left at Hope, used to come to Langley with their Chief Traders, Ogden, McLean, and their clerks. They brought rich loads of furs and stopped with us for a few days selecting their outfits for the year.

"My younger sister and I were married at the same time. She married Mr. G. Simpson, son of Sir George Simpson. He was much older than my

husband. John D. Manson was the son of Donald Manson, who founded Bella Bella. Mr. Donald Manson left the Company in 1857 and with his family came to Langley. In 1858 he went to his wife's birthplace, Champoeg, Marion County, Oregon.

"Our wedding ceremonies were performed by the Governor, Sir James Douglas, in the presence of his daughter, Miss Agnes, his niece, Miss Cameron, Mr. Dallas, Mr. Pemberton, and Mr. Golledge and Mr. Ogden of Stuart Lake. Captain Mouat gave the signal to the men who were waiting, and seven guns were fired from the fort to salute the weddings of the Chief Trader's daughters.

"Mr. Ogden suggested a canoe ride after the ceremonies. So the boats were brought out, manned by the voyageurs. The Governor, the Chief Trader and bridal party took the first canoe. The remainder of the party followed in the other one. I can see it all still. We paddled up the Fraser River, the Canadiens singing their Boat Song.

"Those days are gone forever."

History does not mention the part which Mrs. Manson's husband played in the massacre at Waiilatpu, but the following story was told by him to Mrs. Manson and his children, and is set down here for the first time.

John D. Manson was one of the two sons of Donald Manson who escaped the massacre at Waiilatpu, when Mr. and Mrs. Whitman, the head of the mission, and many others were murdered; the young women carried off to become the wives of the chiefs, and only a few of the children spared from death.

The lives of those children were saved through the influence of the little Manson boy, who stood in the eyes of the savages for the all-powerful company of the Hudson's Bay.

Even the American historians themselves admit that the native tribes of the coast had far more respect for the Canadian fur-traders, the Hudson's Bay men and the Northwesters, than they had for any of the American fur companies. The Canadians had won a reputation for fair dealing and for truth which the Indians, in their silent way, admired. But perhaps stronger than their admiration was their fear of the great companies which apparently had such unlimited power at their command, and which performed all acts in the name of the King, a white chief across the big water who seemed to the Indians a being of the utmost omnipotence, combined with a rather all-embracing benevolence.

Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Spalding, who were two of the first women missionaries to come to the west, made the long trip from their homes as a wedding journey. But for one of them, at least, it had a tragic ending. The Indians of that particular part of Oregon where the mission was situated were disgusted with the treatment they had received at the hands of the Americans, who, they claimed, had not kept a single promise which they had made. They did not want white people settling in the lands which they had always looked upon as their own. Though Doctor Whitman and his beautiful wife and his assistants, Mr. Spalding and Mrs. Spalding, had done everything that could be done to instruct and elevate the savages, even they had not attempted to conceal the fact from the natives that they looked upon the country as belonging to the white people, the "Boston" men.

Then there was an epidemic of measles, brought in the train of immigration which followed the missionaries.

The Indians believed, or pretended to believe, that the pestilence had been deliberately brought among them to decimate their numbers.

It was in November. Everything had been going on as usual at the mission. The doctor, who had been away, had just come home. It was early afternoon. Several of the mission children were in the doctor's house, among them little John Manson.

The doctor was sitting in front of the fire, a Bible in his hand, reading, when several Indians came to a side door asking permission to enter and get some medicine. The doctor handed them what they required and took his seat again. Instantly there crept up behind him one of the savages, tomahawk in hand.

There followed a terrible scene of carnage, during which Mrs. Whitman, too, was murdered.

All of the people in the settlement began to crowd about the doctor's house, and in the confusion the children were smuggled upstairs and the trap door closed.

They were not missed by the murderers for several hours. Then a demand was made for them. Through an interpreter, Tamt-sak-y, one of the chiefs, sent word to the children to open the trap door and come down.

It was young Manson who appeared in reply to the summons. He put his head through the opening.

"I am the Hudson's Bay Company," he said. "If you kill me or any of these children with me, my father and all his men will punish you until there

is not an Indian left alive in all the Columbia valley."

Tamt-sak-y waved his blood-stained fist at the child.

"I shall set fire to the house and burn you all," he said, "if you don't come down, and there will be no one left to tell your father."

"There is nothing hid from the Hudson's Bay men," said the boy. "Sooner or later, it is a life for a life." There followed a brief parley between Tamt-sak-y and the interpreter. Then, "Come down," said the chief, "I will spare all the children, but it is only because a Hudson's Bay boy is among them."

And not one of them was injured. It was Dr. John McLaughlin and other officials of the Hudson's Bay Company who were the means finally of rescuing the children and other captives from the hands of the Indians.

A tress of Mrs. Whitman's golden hair is still preserved among the state documents of Salem, Oregon, pathetic memorial of the Whitman massacre, from which the Manson children and their companions so miraculously escaped.

"In 1858," Mrs. Manson's narrative goes on, "my husband was given charge, as factor, of Fort Fraser, about 800 miles north from Langley at the end of the Brigade Trail. We left Langley in July and travelled by bateau as far as Hope. It was bright, warm weather and the river wound through the open valley, thickly wooded then and almost like a jungle, cedars, cottonwoods, firs and alders. The cottonwoods grew very large in those days and the Indians made their giant dugouts of them for freighting and transport service. They were cut from a single tree, from fifty to sixty-feet long and four feet in the beam.

"It took us three days to reach Hope, where we made camp. From there we travelled by horseback to Manson's Mountain, which we climbed and camped again. I remember that night our cook went out hunting and brought back two marmots.

"Our third camp was made half way up the mountain where Paul Fraser was killed by a falling tree; and the next time we stopped it was up where the glaciers are, and we found some blue lupin peeping through the snow. There were many thunderstorms, and sometimes I was frightened. It seemed as if the mountains would crash down upon us. But it was very wonderful and beautiful, too, the clouds so close!

"Then we went on through the bunch grass country. It was easy riding there and the grass sparkled with flowers. Today they tell me the tumbling mustard, the Russian thistle and the French weed that taints the cow's milk,

have spoiled all that clean forage land. But before the railways came there were no noxious weeds. They are one of the prices we pay for civilization.

"When we reached the Thompson River my husband took me for a walk to the underground Indian villages. The natives lived in caves in the rocks, and some of them came running to meet us.

"From Thompson's River or Kamaloupi to Lac La Hache was all open prairie and an easy trail. This was the country where the Hudson's Bay Company pastured their horses. Our way was marked by lakes, the water peculiarly coloured by the pure salts, some of them dark blue, some of them pale, some of them with no colour at all. We saw Chasm Creek, a great crack in the surface of the earth 900 feet deep. From Clinton on, the country was lovely. Firs and pines grew on the plateau, and lupin, wild roses, marguerites and purple vetch were everywhere. Near Alexandria the ground was covered with yellow tiger lilies, from five to eleven on a stem, and wild roses. I never saw such a gorgeous sight.

"Fort Alexandria, where we made a stop and I had a long rest, was a very important post in those days. It was the central depot for the collection of furs from western and eastern areas. All travellers must leave the boats at Alexandria and take the Brigade Trail. And those going north left their horses and boarded the bateau. Fort Alexandria was as far south as Alexander Mackenzie came on his famous trip through the Rocky Mountains.

"From Alexandria, when we took the boat again, we travelled through sheer cliffs for many miles, and I feared for the rapids through the canyon near Prince George, where so many persons had been drowned before then and since. But we landed on this side and drew our canoes through, leaving only the pilot aboard to keep the boats from crashing against the rocks.

"At Fort George we camped again and then went on to Fort St. James by way of Stuart River, and from there we rode forty miles to Fraser Lake. I was so glad to be at my journey's end that I could have cried. But it was not very much of a holiday. For five years I had to live in one room. The other room of the building was called the hall, and was used for meetings of the Indians and also as a kitchen. There were, besides our dwelling house, a men's house, a house for furs and dry goods and provisions.

"In this one room where I lived, my two children, Isabella and Flora, were born.

"On the left of the buildings of the fort, behind a small mountain, there was a lake with silver trout of all kinds, and white fish. The natives shot game there, too, geese and ducks. The climate was good for beets and turnips and

potatoes, and there were raspberries and black and red currants. We always had abundance to eat, and good cooking.

"While we were at this camp one of the Indian women living there died, and the natives took her body away for cremation, which was the practice then among some of those northern tribes.

"In March, 1863, we left Fraser Lake. The winter had ended. The snow was melting. Our two men each carried a trunk on their shoulders. Mr. James Bouchee steered the 'carryall' in which I sat with a baby in my arms. Mr. Manson had Isabella strapped to his back. In a day or two we reached Stuart Lake and waited there till the Brigade was ready to start down the river.

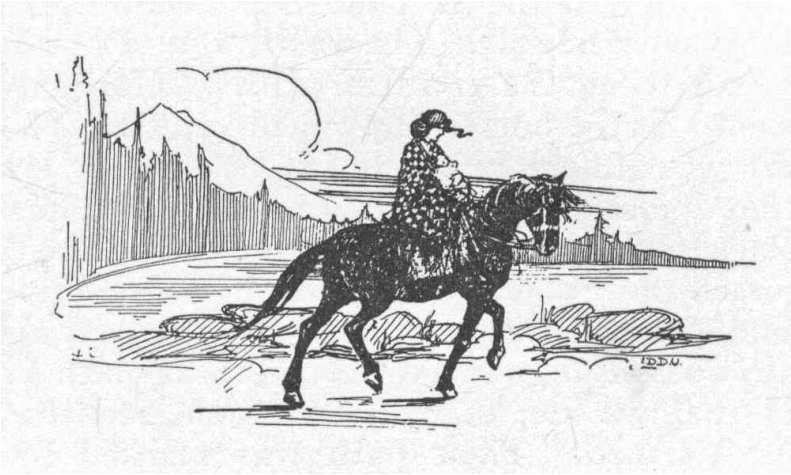
"At night we used to sleep in the bateau, but the thaws had set in and the river was rising. It was not safe to stay close to shore. One night we had gone to higher ground to camp, although I was very tired and wanted to stay where we were with the children. But my husband insisted, and it was well we did, for the river rose in the night and we should have been swept away and drowned.

"We followed the Brigade trail from Alexandria to Lillooet on horseback. It was rough. The Winter storms had felled the trees in places. Our only way over was to let the horses jump them, and several times my baby was almost swung out of my arms. I was so tired that I found myself now and then in a daze, the reins slack, my horse instinctively following the others. We crossed the Fraser, proceeding by Seton River and Lake and Anderson Lake. This was the pass through the main Coast Range to Lillooet. It was on this return journey that we met many of the gold seekers going into the Cariboo. Their path was marked by their empty tins and boxes.

"We came home to Victoria in 1864. The town had grown as far as Johnson Street. Quite a change in six years. We did not stop long, but drove in a wagon with our belongings to Swan Lake. All the country round about was covered with trees and underbrush. Ours was the first house on the road. It stood on the rocks at the corner of where Wilkinson and West Saanich Roads are today.

"We lived in this house for some time with my father, who, after he had retired from the charge at Fort Langley, had returned to Montreal. But he had found that city so much changed, so many old friends gone, that it made him very sad, and he could not remain. It was he who built the house at Swan Lake, which he gave to us. Then he had his own house built, 'Stromness,' on the Burnside Road. We used to go to see him there and listen to his stories of the brave old days. But he was always very shy of strangers. It was only to

his own children that he would talk of the part he played in the development of this western country. I do not think he would mind my telling it now, it was all so long ago."



Mrs. Sarah Bailey

A frail contrast to Mrs. Manson, with her splendid memories, was little Mrs. Sarah Bailey, who, since giving her reminiscences, has passed away. She made one think of the little sea shells which have been washed up on the beach out of reach of the tide and to which the sun and wind have brought a transparent fragility, so very slim and delicate she was and so very white, her face, her hands, her hair. Her voice was soft and musical, just as one would expect the voice of a very old lady to be who has hushed and crooned over fifteen babies of her own.

She was only seventeen when she was married, and so small that she could stand under her husband's outstretched arm. "But I grew a little afterward," she said. She had long brown curls, dark blue eyes, red cheeks and a merry smile. Her daughters have her wedding dress still. It is made of pale lilac-coloured silk, eight whole widths, gathered into the little waist of eighteen inches. It had a tight-fitting bodice, and she wore a veil and orange blossoms and white kid gloves. Her shoes were white kid, too, with no heels. They laced up with white satin ribbon. Her daughters have the christening robe, too, in which all fifteen of the babies were christened.

She was born in Hobart, Tasmania, in 1838. When she was eleven years of age her parents decided to go to California, as so many hundreds were doing, in search of their El Dorado. Her father was Captain Paterson, and they set sail in his own boat, of which he was also master, and which was a

twenty-five-ton steamer. They had a very stormy passage, which took them four long months, but arrived safely in San Francisco. She could remember the Vigilante Committee, which helped to establish law and order in that place. The tolling of the old Monumental Bell at the time of executions also made a marked impression upon her. Her father and mother died while she was quite a young girl, and after she was married she left San Francisco for San Mateo. The first Bishop of California, Bishop Kipp, married her and her husband, and immediately following the ceremony they went to their new home.

"I loved San Mateo," she said. "I was so happy there. We had a dear little house, with big trees all around, and my husband gave me a pet lamb. No," in answer to a question, "there were not many flowers, only trees. Even the smallest nosegay was very much valued in those days. We had no time for gardens of flowers. Everything was in its natural state. Just the big trees and lots of little woodpeckers. I remember how I loved to hear them tapping away. There was a little horse and buggy for me to drive. Those were my happiest days."

After they had been married rather more than a year, Mr. Bailey left California for British Columbia to go into the Cariboo. It was while he was gone that their son was born, and that the young mother heard the terrible news of the massacre at Boston Bar, near Yale. They told her that her husband was among the white men killed. Her agony of mind can be imagined; and when, a few days later, she received a letter from him, stating that he was quite safe, and wanted her to join him, she could scarcely believe the good news.

She left for Victoria in April, 1861, sailing on the steamship "Brother Jonathan," in the care of the express manager. She landed at Esquimalt and stopped at the old Colonial Hotel for a few days, then took the steamer to Hope. Her husband met her and they travelled the rest of the way by canoe.

She was very much discouraged and disheartened when she reached her new home at Yale. It was very different from the pretty little place she had left at San Mateo, where she had been so happy. She met Governor Douglas, who was in Yale at the time, and he tried to cheer her.

"There will be trails and wagon roads, and even railroads built through here before long," he told her. "You will see."

She did live to see it, but she never grew to like the place as a home. Her husband had a small store, and he had built an addition for them to use as a dwelling.

"Afterwards," said Mrs. Bailey, "we had a nice little house on the hill. There were two rooms besides the kitchen, which was quite grand for those days and that place. We had a garden also, a really lovely garden, and plenty of vegetables. But I cannot remember about the gold rush, or the building of the road. I was much too busy with my house and my babies. There was always a little baby, and I made all the baby clothes myself, often sitting up all night to sew. As the children grew older, the bigger ones helped me with the little ones, and I taught the girls to sew. The only social entertainment was the dances, and there were so few ladies we were in great demand. My husband used to stay at home with the babies and let me go to the dances. When my girls were old enough they came with me. After a few years there were five of my daughters dancing on the floor at the same time as I was. We wore crinolines then, and we always had champagne for supper. Sometimes the parties would last until morning, and many times we did not come home until it was time to get breakfast. So, of course, we did not go to bed at all. But we did not mind. We were young and healthy and enjoying ourselves. Sometimes Mr. Bailey would play for dances when we had guests in our own home. He was a fine musician. Those were much better times than you have now."

Twelve of Mrs. Bailey's fifteen children were baptized in the little church at Yale, which is still standing. She nursed them through various childish ailments, like measles and whooping cough, without any doctor. Only once was there a case of serious trouble, and that was when one of her little girls was ill, following an accident, and they were obliged to bring her to Victoria to Dr. Helmcken. They had a very hard trip, coming to Westminster by canoe and making a portage over the ice. Their canoe sprang a leak, and the holes had to be stuffed with straw. Two nights they were storm-bound and were forced to stop with the Indians. When Mrs. Bailey's twins were born, all the flags in Yale were raised in honor of the event.

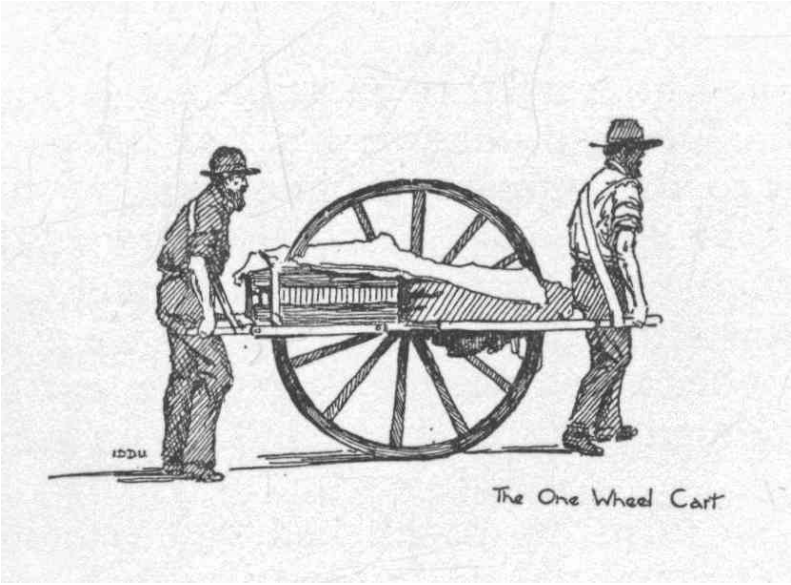
Another vivid memory which Mrs. Bailey had was of the times when hangings took place not far from their home, and she was obliged to draw the children away from the windows and pull down the blinds so they might not know what was going on. She remembered very well when the first Canadian Pacific Railway train went through Yale. It was in the Spring. Onderdonk was chief contractor for the Yale district, and cars, which were merely box cars then, were placed at the disposal of inhabitants of Yale. Mrs. Bailey and her whole family went on the train. They took a picnic basket and travelled as far as Emery's Bar, where they spent the day, returning in the evening. It was a great event. After Mr. Onderdonk left Yale his house was turned into a school, and the Anglican Sisters of St. John the Divine were in charge of it.

Here the little Baileys went to school. In those days the late Dr. Hannington was stationed at Yale, and Mrs. Bailey remembered him very well as a young man.

Mr. and Mrs. Bailey came to live in Victoria in 1882. Mr. Bailey was sanitary inspector in Victoria during the smallpox epidemic in 1897. He was one of the victims in the terrible accident at Point Ellice Bridge on that fatal 24th of May when so many persons were drowned when the bridge collapsed. He was thrown clear of the car, and was rescued, even assisting in the rescue of others. But he died the following year from shock and exposure.

Mrs. Bailey's grandchildren number nineteen, and there are thirteen great-grandchildren. Her eldest son, one of the pioneer merchants of Ashcroft, is doing business there under the firm name of Harvey & Bailey, and is well known in Victoria. All of her family of boys and girls married.

One of her older daughters married Mr. John Fingal Smith, now of Cranbrook, who is one of British Columbia's pioneers.



CHAPTER IX.

Women of Sooke and Metchosin

Mrs. Thomas Blinkhorn

In 1849 there arrived at Victoria the first independent settler. He was Captain W. Colquhoun Grant, but unfortunately he had no wife, and brought no women in the ship with him, or we might include his romantic career in this book. He did bring a number of men servants, and a shipload of all sorts of wonderful things. Being a military man, part of his luggage consisted of every kind of weapon, and some handsome hunting suits. He was a very dashing, brilliant sort of person, and his arrival made a great stir in the little colony.

He purchased a thousand acres of land at Sooke for one pound an acre, and he built a cottage called "Mullachard," and planted two 3-lb. smooth bore guns on a conical rock in front of it. There were houses for his men, too, and he started them at once clearing land and fencing it. One can imagine what an addition he must have been to the company at the fort, when he would ride in from his farm. He was well-educated and accomplished. A remarkable swordsman, too, and had a fund of wonderful stories. But he went away very suddenly when the Crimean war broke out and joined his old regiment, the Bashi-bazooks, and was killed in India.

But the farm he established still remains, and he has another memorial more beautiful than any built by man. For it was he who brought with him from Hawaii the first seeds of Scottish broom, which have become such a glory to this southern end of the Island. It was Mrs. Muir who saved the first few bushes from destruction after Captain Cooper had gone away. But the first white woman to settle in this district was Mrs. Anne Blinkhorn.

Thomas Blinkhorn, J.P., and his wife, who was the daughter of Thomas Beeton, of Great Gidding, Huntingdonshire, came out to Victoria in the barque Tory in 1851, as free and independent settlers. This required a lot of courage and determination. For at that time the Hudson's Bay were all supreme, and unless one acknowledged that supremacy, and put oneself in their hands, his lot was a hazardous one.

With the Blinkhorns came officers Browning, Beaumont, Alexander (later Senator) Macdonald, and Miss Martha Beeton Cheney, who was Mrs.

Blinkhorn's niece, a very attractive, bright-eyed young woman, who at once became the cynosure of all masculine eyes at the fort.

But the officials of the Hudson's Bay, according to old letters, were not at all friendly to the newcomers, and they could get neither food nor shelter. The Rev. Mr. Staines and Mrs. Staines took them into their home, however, and treated them with every kindness, until arrangements were made to get them some land at Metchosin and build them a house.

At that time Captain Cooper had also arrived, and had begun farming in the same vicinity, with Mr. Blinkhorn in charge. They secured plenty of labour, for there were any number of Kanakas (Sandwich Islanders) to be had, who were particularly good as axemen.

Before they left the fort to go out to Metchosin, the young niece of the Blinkhorns had met the man she was to marry. He was Captain H. B. Ella, and he had one of the Hudson's Bay boats in his charge. He had run away to sea when a boy of nine and had a most adventurous career. He came up from the waterfront and in through the fort gates, one sunny day, with a group of friends, joking and chatting gaily as was his wont, about the journey from which he had just returned; when he caught sight of the new young lady of the fort, Miss Martha Cheney, looking very bright and bonny. He lost his heart at once.

It was three years before they were married, and then it was out at the farm, on July 19, 1855. A gay wedding, with many guests, among them His Honour Governor Douglas, with charming Miss Mary Langford as the bridesmaid, and a host of naval officers. But the chief excitement of the day was not the wedding. News came during the ceremony that the Crimean War was over, and at the wedding breakfast Governor Douglas read the message aloud. It was greeted with cheers and great rejoicing.

The newly married pair remained at the farm with the Blinkhorns until the death of Mr. Blinkhorn in 1856. Mr. Blinkhorn was a native of Australia, born in 1837, and before coming to this coast had been instrumental in saving from certain death Sir John Franklin, R.N., who had become lost in the bush and was at the end of his resources. One of the distinguished guests of the Blinkhorns at the farm was Lady Franklin. When she was in Victoria in 1861 she called to see Mrs. Blinkhorn in memory of the great service her husband had rendered the noted explorer, whom, it seemed, fate had destined to be lost.

"Grandma" Blinkhorn, as she was lovingly called by all who knew her, lived until she was eighty, a wonderfully hospitable and sociable old lady to

the end of her days. She gave the building for the first hospital until another should be built. It comprised a store and rooms on Broad Street.

Mrs. Muir

When the Muir family moved down from Nanaimo in 1852, they bought the Grant farm. He had left on his estate a water mill, and this the Muirs acquired; and when they had built themselves a log cabin they boarded it all over and made it very comfortable. Here for a time the whole large family of them lived and worked, cleared the land round about, made a broad, beautiful farm, set out an orchard, imported cattle, and became prosperous.

The water mill had an uncanny habit of changing its position with the rising of the river. Often when they started down the trail towards it they would see it come floating toward them. So they built another mill on a more stable foundation, and fate played into their hands.

A steamer had been wrecked at McAulay Point, and the Muirs bought the hulk. Then, by man power alone, for there were no derricks or other paraphernalia, they removed the engines, placed them on scows, and took them the twenty miles by water, in all sorts of weather, around to their new mill.

Now began an era of prosperity. They cut lumber and supplied ships going to China and Japan and other places, and Mr. and Mrs. Muir decided to build a grand, big house.

When it was all ready they made arrangements with the master of a ship sailing to China to bring them back splendid Oriental rugs and furniture with which to complete their new home. The ship was loaded with lumber, and the Muirs watched it sail out of the Straits with happy hearts, thinking of that wonderful return journey when it should come loaded with the riches of the Far East. But it was never heard of again, and they never lived in the big house.

Like Mrs. Blinkhorn, Mrs. Muir was called “Grandma” by all of those in the community at Sooke, and Mr. Muir was known as “Tay.” His was a very familiar and picturesque figure, in his Scotch plaid and his knitted tam-o-shanter.

In the early days of their life at Sooke the Indians were constantly around, and they all loved Mrs. Muir. It was considered a very high honour in the tribes to make gifts of the skulls of those whom they had killed in battle. The Sookes, according to Mr. Muir, were once one of the most hardy and warlike tribes on the West Coast. No other tribes dared to attack them alone. But the

Cowichans, the Clallams from Puget Sound, and the Nit-i-nats combined and brought about their downfall. After Indian battles the chiefs would bring the scalps of their defeated enemies to Mrs. Muir and lay them at her feet. She could not make them understand her horror, or her reasons for refusing such gifts.

Time went on and the natives became more civilized. There were no more uprisings, no more tribal wars. All was peaceful now. And "Granny" was getting old. During her last illness, the Indians were most solicitous. They called daily at the old home, bringing some little gift of fish, or pretty basket, or herbs, or wild game. And when she died they all gathered to her funeral, forming a procession of mourners more than a mile long.

Of the Muir family, the oldest daughter, Mrs. Turner, who came out with them, married the captain of the "Harpooner," culminating a romance begun on the long voyage. They went to live in Astoria, down on the Columbia River. Michael Muir grew up and married an Irish girl whose name was Matilda Welch, and who came to Victoria in 1863. Robert Muir married Christine Muir. She arrived in Victoria in 1864 on the "Robert Lowe," and Robert fell in love with her at once and they were married in June of that year. Andrew Muir, the fiery young rebel, married Isabella Weir. Their married life was very brief. She died when their first baby was born, and he lived only two years longer. Their daughter, Bella, married George Trenchard, who was her cousin.

Mrs. William Fisher, Metchosin

Closely linked with the early history of old Metchosin is the name of the Fishers, who were among its first pioneers. Mr. and Mrs. William Fisher came out to Canada on their wedding journey in 1864. They had been married at Falmouth in August, and sailed on the full-rigged ship "Speedwell" around the Horn and up the Coast to the young colony on Vancouver Island.

Mrs. Fisher was a large, handsome woman, of excellent health and magnificent physique, the finest type of pioneer, who gloried in meeting and overcoming obstacles. When, after some years in Victoria, they decided to go outside the city and settle in what was then the forested districts, she welcomed the change with her unfailing cheerfulness, and set herself at once to surround her husband and children with the comforts of a real home. Her old mother, Mrs. Morris, had also ventured into the New World, and was living with the Fishers, having lost her husband in the Crimean War.

There were only a few settlers scattered throughout Metchosin and Sooke, and they lived many miles apart. The journey to Victoria was a long one, and as there was no road it had to be made by trail and usually on horseback. Mrs. Fisher had been a school teacher before her marriage, the first lady teacher in a girls' school in Victoria; and when the authorities heard of this, they offered her the post of school mistress at Metchosin, which she accepted. It was the first school in the district, and she the first teacher. She took her small family with her and lived in the schoolhouse, leaving her husband to look after the farm at Glen Lake. Once a week he would ride over the hills to the little school to see his wife and family and to bring them a load of provisions. It was one of their greatest delights to "watch for father," and the week-ends with all of them united were very merry. Occasionally Mrs. Fisher took the long ride into Victoria for family necessities and commissions for the neighbours. She thought nothing of it, coming back with heavy saddle-bags, her bright face smiling, calling out her greetings in cheery voice. Everybody loved her. In case of illness, her services were indispensable, for she seemed born with the gift of healing; and her home-made remedies and sound advice saved many a life, and cured countless wounds. In course of time she gave up teaching, and Mr. Fisher having bought the old Douglas property at Ferncliff, they all went to live there. On this historic spot there was a log cabin which belonged to Sir James, and which the Fishers used for servants' quarters. It is still standing.

Ferncliff was a beautiful farm, one quarter section, diversified hill and valley. Here the Fishers planted elms which have since grown into gracious, wide-spreading trees, shading the broad lawns. Ivy, laurel, holly, hawthorn and other shrubs gave a well-settled dignity to the garden, which was always bright with flowers the year round. The little apple, pear, plum and cherry trees which Mr. and Mrs. Fisher set out have become a magnificent orchard. They specialized in bees, too. At Ferncliff one could always be sure of a welcome. Here the table was spread with the richest of country fare for the guest, be he high or low, rich or poor. The open-hearted hospitality of the Fishers became proverbial; and, as the children grew up, their home was the rendezvous for young people not only from roundabout, but from distant Victoria, and from the visiting warships in Esquimalt. Mrs. Fisher was very musical, possessing a clear, melodious voice. She led the choir in the little church of St. Mary's, and also played the organ. Loving music herself, she determined that her daughters should not miss this joy in their lives, and as soon as they could be trusted to ride alone they used to go into Victoria to take lessons in music and French.

It was at the little church of St. Mary's that the Fisher girls were married. Miss Fisher married Rev. F. L. Stevenson; Miss E. Fisher married W. Langley, of Bath, England; Miss A. G. Fisher, W. Dunne, of Crofton; T. L. Fisher married Miss Muir, of Sooke, and later Miss A. Tuck; and W. E. Fisher, now of Prince Rupert, married Miss G. Andover, of Ottawa.

A chronicler is always happy when it is possible to take a story down from the lips of the person concerned. Unfortunately, there are very few left living today whose history was bound up in early Victoria, but among those is Mrs. Cooper, of Luxton.

Mrs. Cooper, of Luxton

She is seventy-five, but as robust as a woman of fifty, and quite as active; built along generous lines, with splendidly capable arms and hands, and with a cheerful face that defies time, and laughs at hazards. Hers has been a hard school. But she was a brave and earnest pupil, and has graduated into the finest type of pioneer womanhood. Her voice rings hearty and vibrant, and she still sings. Only a few months ago at a gathering of the pioneers in Metchosin she got up on the stage without a trace of embarrassment, and quite unaccompanied sang that doleful, old-fashioned ditty, "The ship that never returned." Her eyes twinkled as she wove into it a whimsical pathos, appreciating how incongruous it must sound to modern ears.

And the little cottage she presides over is the pink of neatness and cleanliness, as is her garden. She does all of her own cooking and makes a glad glass of wine out of wild blackberries, raspberries and currants, wine of a wonderful colour and sparkling timbre.

Hers is the sort of story that one loves best to hear. Frank and naive as the tale of a child, going straight to the point, minimizing nothing, nor in any degree exaggerating, punctuated with laughter.

"My father, James Porter, came out in 1853 for the Hudson's Bay. And that must have been a great trip for my mother, for she had one little baby along two years old, and she was expecting another. Poor mother. I don't remember her at all, except dimly, as they lifted me up to look at her in her coffin. Those were hard, hard days for the women.

"We came first to Skinner's Cove, and here, in a little log house of one room, we lived. I say 'we,' but I wasn't born till two months after our arrival; but I've heard my father tell. A little log cabin of one room, as I said, and with a bed in each corner. No other furniture except a table; and the only heat coming from a stone fireplace that had been built just outside the door, close

enough to let some of its warmth inside. On this stove was done the cooking, and there was only one pot.

"And in this place my mother was confined, and little Mary, that's myself, was born. Old Mrs. Francis was supposed to come to help her, but she was late. Doctor Helmcken was there. He got impatient, and when the baby had arrived and there was no one to wash and dress it, he took it in a towel on his lap and bathed and tended it himself. That's the kind of fine doctor he was, the gentlest friend of old and young. Many's the time afterward he's said to me, 'And don't you talk back to me, Mary Porter, I was the first one to wash your little face.' A year after my birth my sister was born, and only a short time later my poor mother died. Her funeral is my earliest memory.

"The Castletons, the Flewins, the Williams and the Francises, shipmates of my father's, carried the coffin all the way into Victoria on their shoulders. For there were no vehicles of any kind to be had. I don't know where the service was held. There was no church then, and Mrs. Crittle, who took us in charge at the time, couldn't buy any real mourning for us. Only enough black cloth there was to make us two wee baby girls small black hoods. I think we must have looked pathetic, and I remember women crying over us and saying, 'Poor little motherless children.' Those days at Skinner's Cove are very hazy. I know we used to have candles made of the tallow my father would bring home. He butchered for Mr. Skinner. The tallow was poured into tin moulds.

"There were always men-of-war in Esquimalt Harbour, and one day I fell on some broken bottles. Bottles were plentiful around the port in those days, and I cut my arm at the wrist. I bled so badly that my father didn't know what to do to stop it. So he carried me down to his boat and rowed me out to H.M.S. 'Satellite,' which was then in the harbour. The ship's doctor sewed my arm up, and saved my life. I've often heard my father say that he only got me to the ship in time. You can see the scar still." and there it is, all along the inside of her forearm.

"When my father made up his mind to marry again, my little brother was sent in to Victoria to school; but my sister and I, being far too young for that, were taken out to North Saanich and placed in the care of Mrs. Deake, on the Deake's farm. Oh, yes, my father knew whom he was going to marry; he'd made up his mind. He had a shipmate by the name of Birkins, who became his pal, and he had talked to him a lot about his sister. She was upper housemaid in Lord Cheston's house, and it was a shame ever to bring her out to this country; for she was small and delicate and had never had to rough it at all. A gentle, refined girl; and I've always felt it wasn't fair to her. My

father had painted the place in glowing colours, and when the long voyage of six months was ended and Victoria hove in sight, he stood on the deck waving his arms and shouting, 'At last, at last, the land of milk and honey.' But my poor stepmother looked around in vain for one redeeming quality. Naked Indians, with their faces painted, rain falling, and when they landed no sidewalk, and a flooded trail. 'Milk and honey,' said she sadly, 'more like mud and misery.' She'd expected things to be so different. No wonder she was never happy, and never well.

"Meantime out at the Deakes' my sister and I were growing fast. Our greatest treats were the rides into Victoria. It took so long, as there was no road, that they used to start at midnight so as to be in town at some kind of seasonable hour. A mattress would be put into the back of the cart, and my sister and I would sleep there all the journey. After a little we were sent in as boarders to Mr. Burr's school up there where the Central School stands now. It was a log cabin.

"While my father was building a real house for his bride and his children, near Millstream, we lived at Langford in a small cottage at the foot of the paddock. The Langford farm was a fine establishment, and of course there was a lot of entertaining at the Big House; for there were three Miss Langfords, and always a crowd of naval officers coming and going. Girls were scarce in the colony, and the Miss Langfords were very pretty. Mrs. Francis had another cottage and she did the laundry. Oh, the fine muslin dresses that used to be sent down to her to be washed! My sister and I would dress up in them and play lady, walking up and down the drive, smiling and mincing and switching round the long trains; while Mrs. Francis would watch at the bend of the road to see that nobody should catch us, all the time roaring with laughter. There was a man by the name of Bond, who was a steward at the place. He was a mischief. He used to lock my sister and me in the chicken house. Once he caught a rat, and that night there was a ball at the Big House. He called me and my sister, 'Mary, come and see some fun.' We tiptoed after him and went into the house and along to the room where they were dancing. Here he opened the door a very little way, and let the rat run in. Such a shrieking and screaming, and knocking over of furniture! We ran away as fast as we could, Bond choking with glee.

"In those little cottages, I remember, we had open fires with a shelf on one side and grids to cook on. And many a fine dish was roasted or broiled or stewed in that primitive fashion. There was game in abundance, grouse in clouds, and deer. My brother shot his first deer when he was only eleven. He came running up from across the Plains: 'Mother, mother, I've shot a deer,' and my stepmother ran out and down the greensward with him, as excited as

he was. She had on a big white apron, I remember, and when she came back she was helping him carry the deer, holding it by its two ears and crying, and her apron was covered with blood. She was a gentle, refined little thing.

"It was in April when we moved into our new house. How I remember is that the ground all around was covered with lilies, like a big white sheet among all the blackened logs. My sister and I were dressed for the occasion in clean pinnies, and such a sight as we were in a short time! Our place was in the Millstream district. The house was a good size for those days, all made of planed logs built upright, and so close together not a breath of wind could get between them. It was lined with canvas and paper. A man by the name of Naylor built it.

"For neighbours we had the Simpsons, the Tylers of Yew Tree Farm, the Pikes, and the Peatts, who sold the land to the Colwood Golf Club. The Leeds and the Helgesons used to visit my father, too.

"I married very young, far too young. But I was anxious to get away from home, see some life and be independent. Thomas Craigie, my first husband, had come out on the ship before my father, and he was old enough to be my father. But I married him. It was a quiet wedding at our home there on Millstream, and afterward he took me to Victoria to live, up on Yates Street, in a little cottage. We moved about. I had six children. Three of them died. Three are grown up and married now, and have married children of their own. My first husband died, and years later I married again. Mr. Cooper was an American, but I've heard him say he was born on the high seas, as I came near being born myself."

Mrs. Cooper is one of the foremost and most respected women of the district where she lives. Her son went overseas and her grandson, and they both returned home safely. During the Great War she worked as hard as any soldier to help the Allies win. It was she who was instrumental in getting the Luxton Hall built. During the war she started weekly dances in the schoolhouse to get funds for the Red Cross. But the school authorities decided to put a stop to that, as they thought it was not the place for such festivities. "Never mind," said Mrs. Cooper to the disappointed young people, "we'll build a hall of our own." And through her efforts this was accomplished. Mr. Reid gave the ground and Baker's Mill sawed the lumber, which was cut from the forest by the men who built it: the whole thing a community effort, and now it has become the community centre. An additional eight acres has been obtained, and here they will hold their annual fairs.

A Homestead

CHAPTER X.

When the Sisters Came

It stands today, unchanged from what it was seventy years ago, the little log cabin which was the first home of the Sisters of St. Ann. And there is no reason, unless it is torn down, or destroyed by fire, why it should not remain the same for another hundred years or more. For it is built of stout cedar logs, which are supposed to last forever. The outside has been clapboarded and painted an unlovely shade of crimson. In fact, there is nothing attractive about the old building, except the loving memories that crowd around it, to those who knew it long ago; when it was a kind shelter for the hungry and the homeless children of the infant colony of Victoria; and when the gentle nuns who lived there, exercised a tender and beneficent sway over the little community. For that reason perhaps it will be allowed to grow old gracefully, till the ivy covers it, the moss fills the chinks and it becomes a really fitting monument to an age that is past. The remains of an old orchard are about it now, and the grass grows waisthigh. A close, tall fence shuts it in from the road. Once within it, the world is forgotten. The sunshine fills the enclosure like a cup. It is a place of memories only, but to the uninitiated the old house tells nothing at all. Only the Sisters themselves can give the story.

It stood a brave long way from the protection of the fort, in those early days when the nuns first came. And perhaps they were a little timid about that. For the Indians had not been tried and proven, and it was not long after their arrival that John Sabiston was murdered out at Lake Hill by the Saanich Indians, and the Songhees had many a quarrel among themselves. For years after Victoria became quite a settlement the people living in James Bay, where the house of the Sisters stood, were obliged to put up heavy wooden shutters at their windows, for fear of stray shots from the wrangling natives. The waters of James Bay sent up a muggy tide twice a day over the flats that separated the hill on which the convent stood from the fort itself. The underbrush was thick. The great trees cast a deep shade by day, and made the night pitch black. From the windows of the little house might be seen the leaping fires across the water in the Indian village. Their strident cries, the barking of their dogs pierced through the dark. An occasional naked form moved into the glare of the camp fire. All very primitive and savage, and sometimes a loneliness and a homesickness must have swept over the hearts of the young Sisters from Montreal who had dared to face the privations and dangers of spreading the Gospel of Christianity in a strange, wild land. But

they never would say so. Or perhaps they forgot all that side of it, in the realization of duty done.

For today, just below the eminence on which the small shack stands, are the beautiful, dignified buildings of St. Ann's Convent, within their high-walled gardens. The little chapel, which was the first Cathedral in Victoria, and was moved from Humboldt Street to its present position, is part of the Convent. Almost adjacent to these buildings is the handsome hospital of St. Joseph, also under the jurisdiction of the nuns. Their work, begun so humbly in the colonial days, has grown and prospered beyond their fondest imaginings.

It was the Right Reverend Modest Demers, the first Catholic bishop of Victoria, who made application to the Order of St. Ann's in Montreal to assume missionary work in the Far West. Bishop Demers' diocese was by far the poorest in the whole of Canada, but every one of the Order volunteered at once to go. The following were the four who were chosen:

Sr. Mary Sacred Heart, Salome Valois, Vaudreuil, Quebec.

Sr. Mary Angele, Angele Gauthier, Vaudreuil, Quebec.

Sr. Mary Lumena, Virgine Brasseur, Vaudreuil, Quebec.

Sr. Mary Conception, Mary Lane, Rawdon, Quebec.

Leaving Montreal April 14th, 1858, the Sisters arrived in Victoria on June 5th. Their route had taken them by rail to New York, then down the Atlantic to Aspinwall, across the Isthmus of Panama by train, up the Pacific to San Francisco, then on to Vancouver Island, a two months' trip.

After crossing the newly made Panama railroad, the Sisters had to await their chance to embark on one of the steamship tenders. Seventeen hundred passengers, all men, bound for the Cariboo gold fields, were waiting to board the steamer "John Ellis," then bound for San Francisco.

One can imagine the quiet, black-robed young Sisters, led by the Bishop, trying to make their way through the excited crowd of gold seekers. At length it was found that to reach the boats they must be carried on the backs of mulattoes. The nuns, who were obliged to wade to the little craft, were aghast. To be hoisted on those naked shoulders! To grasp those naked necks, and to be held by those brawny arms! In fact, one of the Sisters held on so gingerly that she was very nearly dropped into the Pacific and the irate mulatto scolded her roundly. Another one of them was very much more than average weight, and her coloured steed demanded twice the fee of eight dollars!

An old journal thus describes their first quarters in Victoria:

"A little building 30 by 18 feet, made of the trunks of the trees—no fence, no outhouses, not even a woodshed, no well. One broken chair, with their steamer stools and a rough board table comprised their furniture. They slept on the floor. It was three months before they had bedsteads."

The Convent School was opened with four Sisters, and their first pupils were some little half-breed boys. The first lesson in catechism was given on Sunday, twenty-four hours after the Sisters' arrival, and on Monday following school began.

It soon became necessary to increase the staff. In '59 two more Sisters came; in '63, eight more.

The climate was favourable to their health, and the work congenial to their ardent spirits. Sister Mary Angele, an ex-Mother General, lived to give forty years of wise and devoted service before she was laid to rest in the land of her adoption. Another Sister laboured forty-eight years, whilst the other two crossed the half century on active duty.

Those religious women who gratuitously dedicated their possibilities to God and the Province of British Columbia were:

Sister Mary Angele; chief employment: assistant administratrix; died May 25, 1898.

Sister Mary of the Sacred Heart; chief employment: hospital duties; died November 12, 1906.

Sister Mary Lumena of the Sacred Heart; chief employment: work among the Indians; died August 12, 1912.

Sister Mary of the Conception; chief employment: work among the Indians; died November 18, 1915.

The above-mentioned Sisters have been steadily followed by others, each and all of whom have had but one purpose, that of promoting the cause of Christian education, the relief of the suffering, and the betterment of the Indians. On the seventieth anniversary of their first arrival, the Sisters of St. Ann numbered two hundred and twenty in British Columbia. Those immediately following the above were:

	Name	Arrived	Chief Employment	Died
Sr. M.	Providence	Oct. 26, 1859	Administration of St. Ann's schools and hospitals	May 29, 1904
" "	Bonsecours	" " "	Orphanage duties	Feb. 12, 1915
" "	Virginia	July 21, 1863	" "	Mar. 12, 1907
" "	Romuald	" " "	Teaching	Mar. 13, 1875
" "	of the Cross	" " "	"	May 29, 1882
" "	Praxede	" " "	Music	Aug. 21, 1926
" "	Emerantiana	" " "	Succumbed to the effects of the voyage	Feb. 2, 1864
" "	Dolores	" " "	Teaching	Oct. 5, 1876
" "	Patrick	" " "	"	Jan. 1, 1908
" "	Catherine of Sienna	" " "	"	May 1, 1870
" "	Bridget	Dec. 19, 1866	Hospital duties	Living at present date, 1928
" "	Alphonsus	" " "	Infirmarian	Sept. 4, 1873
" "	Lucy	" " "	Music	Dec. 22, 1926
" "	Clement	" " "	Teaching	Mar. 18, 1915
" "	Anne of Jesus	" " "	Orphanage duties	Mar. 29, 1871

The solidity of the St. Ann's schools, hospitals and orphanages shows the executive acumen of these courageous Sisters, whose only financial resources were thrift and trust in God."

The name among these which stands first for philanthropy, education and administration, is that of Mother Mary Providence. For forty-five years she directed the undertakings of her Order in the West. She opened convents and academies in New Westminster, Kamloops, Vancouver, Nanaimo and Alaska. She also opened an orphanage for girls and a protectorate for boys in Victoria. Both of the last-mentioned have since been transferred to island localities. As early as 1864 she started mission schools for Indian girls in Tzouhalem and Mission City. Later she continued this work in the industrial

schools of Kuper Island and Kamloops. St. Joseph's Hospital on Humboldt Street and another in Juneau, Alaska, are monuments to her charity. Besides these practical forms of her greatness of heart towards the young, the sick, the poor, her keen intellect was a bureau to which persons of all stations came for the solving of their difficulties. The consensus of the public is that this nun, who seldom left the convent grounds, exerted a far-reaching and beneficent influence which distinguished her as the greatest woman of the time in British Columbia.

From the beginning of the Sisterhood in British Columbia, no discrimination was shown in regard to race or colour. The two following stories will prove how comprehensive were the efforts of the nuns toward the amelioration of human suffering. They have to do with a small Chinese child and a little negress.

The first one begins in Hong Kong. A large garden all around a Chinese home, and a young girl, Ah Fah, perhaps nine years old, running through the shrubbery and out of the gate, anxious to get away from parental eyes and to see something of the world.

There were flowers outside the garden, too, and the child began to gather them, wandering farther and farther away, until finally she realized that she was lost.

A woman with a kindly manner, a Chinese woman, hearing her crying, asked her what the trouble was, and she explained that she wanted her mother, but did not know her way home. Not for a moment doubting the woman's proffered friendliness, she took her hand and they walked into the city, through crowded streets and down to a dock. Then Ah Fah became very much frightened and tried to pull away from the woman, who drew her along, and threatened her that terrible things would happen unless she kept quiet.

They went on board the ship, into a cabin. The child was thrust up on a bunk and told to stay there. At once the boat began to move. Ah Fah knew now what had happened. She had been kidnapped.

They brought her to Victoria, and she was kept imprisoned in Chinatown. Whether or not the child realized the dreadful fate in store for her, she made up her mind to run away and drown herself. But the old people who were in charge of her kept a very close watch. At length her opportunity came.

She got out of the window one night. It would not be hard to find the water, for every road led to the sea. But she decided she would not die until morning. She lay down in the hollow of a mossy rock that was still warm from the sun, and she slept till daybreak. Then the little martyr arose and

clambered down the rough way to the sea, walking boldly and quickly out to meet death.

But some boys having an early morning swim saw her just as she got beyond her depth, and little Ah Fah was rescued in spite of her protestations.

The story has a happy sequel. The small Oriental was taken in charge by a good-hearted man and woman, and the story she told was made public; for unconsciously Ah Fah had brought to the light of day an abominable condition of things existing in the particular locality in which she had been confined. Court proceedings followed, and punishment was meted out. Ah Fah was entered at the Convent as the child of her benefactors, who had bought the right of guardianship for the sum of fifteen dollars. In spite of the secret plans for revenge by the persons who had been concerned in the imprisonment of the child, no harm ever came to her or to her benefactors. In time little Ah Fah was married to one of her own race and now has grown-up children.

Little Elizabeth was the child of a negro and an Indian woman, a tragic enough beginning. Her own mother died and her father married another squaw, who hated the little girl and wanted at once to be rid of her. The story reads like one of the old-time fairy tales. The inhumane father consented, and they took Elizabeth with them and went out in a boat one day, landing at a small island. Her father lifted her ashore and told her to run and look for berries, for the wild strawberries were ripe.

When the child returned, the boat was gone. She was only five years of age. She could not guess what had happened. She could see from the rocks the rowboat far out in the water, steadily disappearing from sight. She screamed after it. She was in a frenzy of baby fear. She ran to the beach. No sign of any living thing now. Followed a terrible quiet and a vast loneliness.

It was a missionary priest who found her. Drifting with the tide in his canoe, in the quiet waters of the little archipelago, he heard a faint, far-away sound of someone in distress. Following the cries, he at length saw the child on the strip of sand, lying in a heap, sobbing and exhausted.

He picked her up, placed her in his boat and paddled quickly to shore. His first thought was the Convent. There she was at once taken in and compassionately cared for, and there she remained. The father who had cast her away to die would have nothing to do with her. So the kindly Sisters gave her a home until she grew up and married.

It was Mother Mary Providence who established the first mission up at Cowichan, she and her companion Sister making the long voyage from

Victoria to that district by Indian canoe.

They assisted in finishing the first log building, which was 50 by 30, filling in the grooves between the logs with moss and rags. They were given the present of a fine cow, and were delighted with the beginning. Young as children themselves, nothing daunted them, and their sense of humour helped them over many a rough spot.

Indian girls flocked to the Convent school. They came prepared to stay. Each one carried her pack of fish and bedding on her back. Some of them had feather beds, others had cedar mats. They slept on the schoolroom floor, with the garment worn during the day serving as their pillow. They boarded themselves. At mealtime each one cooked her own fish at the schoolroom hearth. Bread was unknown to them. The Sisters themselves had only two sacks of flour the first year, and even potatoes were a luxury.

Though this was an Indian mission there was never any serious trouble. The girls liked the place, and went home only to get their provisions. But one day the Sisters decided, in the cause of cleanliness, to cut off the hair of one of the pupils. As soon as the child knew what was proposed she rushed to the Indian village, carrying the story that the hair of all the Indian girls was to be cut off. Instantly some of the men ran to the Convent and entered without ceremony. They spoke in their own tongue, shook their fists in the faces of the nuns, and threatened direful things. But nothing happened. The Sisters were combing their daughters' long hair and continued to do so. They saw no evidence of it being cut off, and they at length withdrew.

Stories are told today of the wonderful courage of the young nuns in dealing with the drunken Indians when their wives, in fear of their husbands, had fled to the Convent school for help. But this mission for Indian girls did not meet with the success which was hoped for, and after seven years of patient striving, and a fast dwindling attendance at the school, it was abandoned. The old primitive urge was too strong for the Cowichan squaws. When the novelty had worn off, the smoky lodge fires beckoned, the easy, lazy ways lured, and they returned to the old gods.

CHAPTER XI.

The Bride Ships

Since the very earliest settlements in North America there has always been one way and one only of meeting conditions existing in communities where men were in the overwhelming majority. That way was to send to the homeland for young women who should become the wives of the pioneers. In times of more restricted freedom than those of fifty or sixty years ago, arrangements toward this end were often anything but happy. Women and young girls were deported to the colonies sometimes for political reasons, or through mistaken religious zeal, or because of private grudge by some potentate whose will no one dared question. Upon arriving they were treated little better than slaves, sometimes offered on the block or forcibly made the wives of men little better than brute beasts, though occasionally there were happier unions. Many a story has been founded upon this tragically romantic theme.

What was true of the early conditions existing in other parts of America was quite as true of Vancouver Island and British Columbia. Thousands of men had flocked to the West, drawn first by the discovery of gold on the Fraser, and by subsequent rich strikes in the Cariboo. When the edge of their excitement had worn off, they began to feel the pangs of loneliness, the natural desire of a man for a wife, a home and children; although many of them, not translating that desire at its true worth, were content to accept a sorry substitute, in the dissipation of the dance hall and the questionable society of the "hurdy gurdy girls."

Prior to '62 very few white women came to the colony. Those who had made the long voyage from England, with very few exceptions, were already married, and the journey was in the nature of a wedding trip. Some of them had brought servants, but these did not remain long with their employers. There were too many lonely bachelors, and the nuptials of the maids followed shortly upon their arrival.

In 1862 the Bishops of Oxford and London heard with grave misgiving of conditions in the new colony of Vancouver Island, and more especially those existing in the newly opened district of the Cariboo on the Mainland. The Lord Mayor of London presided at a meeting which was called to try and deal with these rather delicate matters. For instance, in all the vast regions of the gold diggings with its six thousand miners there were not more than three or

four married women. The remainder of the sex were the Indian women who became the mistresses, sometimes the wives, of the miners, and women of the underworld.

As a result of this meeting the British Columbia Emigration Society was formed for the purpose of encouraging the emigration of respectable, industrious women to the colony as a step towards supplying wives to the miners and others, and "establishing a solid basis of colonial existence." Prominent in the Society was the Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

On April 17, 1862, the first contingent of wives-to-be, consisting of about twenty girls, drawn from orphan asylums, left London, and this venture met with such success that it was decided to enter more ambitiously into the work.

In June, 1862, the "Tynemouth," a ship which had weathered the Black Sea gales during the Crimean War, was made ready to go to Vancouver Island. The lure of the Cariboo gold attracted more than three hundred passengers. But "the most noticeable living freight was an invoice of sixty young ladies destined for the colonial and matrimonial market." A matron and a clergyman had charge of them, and they were so adequately chaperoned that for all the long months of the voyage from England to Victoria, they were kept by themselves and not permitted to take any part in the social life on board ship.

When news reached the Pacific Coast that "sixty young marriageable lassies" were due to arrive at Victoria, it spread like wildfire all up and down the coast from Fort Rupert to San Francisco. Plans were made in the Californian port to kidnap some of the young passengers, but long before the ship sailed into the Golden Gate, strict orders had gone forth that not one of the young women should go ashore.

The "Tynemouth" sailed into Esquimalt Harbour on September 17th, and the ladies were transferred to H.M.S. "Forward" and brought to Victoria. Hours before their arrival the whole population of the colony had been on the tiptoe of expectation. Men from every profession and trade vied with one another for the securing of vantage points from which they could get the best view of the debarkation. Everything was conducted in a very orderly manner, however, though there were a few hilarious spirits who could not be suppressed.

From the "Forward" the girls were taken in small boats to the landing stage in front of the Government Buildings, and here they were lined up, two and two, like the children of a school, under the stern eye of the matron.

Immediately the dense crowd of eager spectators fell back, opening up a narrow line through which the procession should pass.

Most of the girls were very young, from twelve to eighteen years of age. Some of them were pretty; most of them more or less buxom, for they had been chosen with a desire to create a pleasing first impression. They were taken to the Marine Barracks, where temporary quarters had been prepared for them.

A large number had places waiting for them as domestic servants. Nearly half of them married soon after arrival. A few were disappointments, and the colony would have been better off without these. But taking it on the whole the venture was considered a success, and the same society sent out thirty-six more girls in January of 1863.

They arrived in Esquimalt on the "Robert Lowe," and twenty-five of them found positions at once. All of them had offers of marriage. Many of them had their choice from a large number of suitors.

Mrs. Mallandaine and Mrs. Townsend

Not all of the young ladies who came out on that memorable journey of the "Tynemouth" belonged to the matrimonial party. Two of them who were cabin passengers have given an interesting account of the voyage. These are two sisters, Mrs. Mallandaine and Mrs. Townsend, who recall that momentous journey with much amusement. They had left England to come to Victoria with the expectation of teaching, and describe the "sixty marriageable lassies" as for the most part an odd assortment of females. When they told their story Mrs. Mallandaine was 93 years of age, and her sister two years younger, but their memories, particularly about the very long ago, were singularly clear.

"We had beautiful clothes for our journey. Quantities of fine lingerie, dainty dresses and smart hats, boxes of handkerchiefs and lace mits. Then we brought our piano, and a beautiful sewing machine, a Wheeler and Wilson. No one on the ship had half the luggage we had," said the old ladies with charming naivete.

When they arrived in Victoria they found that great tubs full of hot water had been placed in readiness in front of the Parliament Buildings, and piles of laundry soap, in case any of the women desired to wash their linen at once. Some of them did set to work immediately. "But my sister and I," said Mrs. Mallandaine, "were in no such extremity. We had worn our oldest clothes on shipboard. In fact, we had given nightdresses and other things to some of the passengers, and before we landed we simply thrust our old clothes through

the porthole. When we arrived we had quite new garments, and our trunks were full of lovely things."

"We met Mrs. Pringle, the lady with whom I was to stop for a time," went on Mrs. Mallandaine, "on our arrival in Victoria, and a little later she took me with her to some place on the Mainland. I forget the name of the place, but I know there were a lot of soldiers and I was never allowed to go out on the street alone. No, I was not happy, and I saw nothing beautiful about the new country. From the moment of landing I was disappointed, so was my sister. One of the things the people seemed so proud of was the gas. They kept constantly calling my attention to it. I thought it a very badly lighted place, and the rain and the mud were dreadful. When we went to church we had to carry along little sticks and put them down in front of us to step on or we should have gone in over our boots.

"I used to cry myself to sleep every night. I slept in a garret room with big cracks that let in the rain. The houses were all very poorly built. I was supposed to be a sort of companion; but though they kept Chinese help, there were tasks to do which were distasteful to me, for I had been brought up with servants in the house at home and all sorts of comforts. However, I made a few friends. There was only one piano in the place, and nobody knew how to play it very well. Besides, I was young, and young people were a rarity. Then I had very pretty clothes.

"One day I remember, when I was out walking, I met a girl who was soon to be married. I had on a lovely dress, very fashionable, and a pretty hat, and lace mits. I did not know this girl very well, but she stopped me.

" 'You've got a nice dress there,' she said, 'much nicer than anything I have in my trousseau. I wish you would be a bridesmaid at my wedding.' I was astonished and amused, but I agreed.

"However, when the wedding day arrived, I had such a lot to do in the house that I could not get away in time. A young man called for me to see what the delay was, and he found me crying bitterly. I had really wanted to figure at the wedding, and had looked forward to a happy time in my pretty clothes. He whisked me away with him, and when I reached the house where the ceremony was taking place I found that they were waiting the wedding breakfast for me."

These are the sort of memories old Mrs. Mallandaine and her sister dwell upon. Names of persons and places they have forgotten. They tell how proscribed their life was, and how very circumspect they had to be. The marines and sappers at work upon the Cariboo Road used to walk up and

down in front of the house, hoping to get a glimpse of the young girls. They recall a miner who came down from the gold diggings with a large bottle full of nuggets who wanted to marry one of them, and offered the nuggets as a guarantee of good faith.

When they went back to Vancouver Island, Mrs. Mallandaine lived first with the Pidwells and later with the Rhodes family. "Mrs. Pidwell was very sweet and kind," said Mrs. Mallandaine, "I used to teach her two little daughters, naughty children, they did not want to learn! The Pidwells lived where the old Y.W.C.A. home used to be on Humboldt Street. They entertained a lot. I remember when Mr. Pidwell was killed. It was while driving to Esquimalt, and he ran into a big rock that used to jut out on the road. He died instantly."

"At Mrs. Rhodes' house there were all sorts of balls and parties. It was a beautiful home, with a fine garden, 'Maplehurst.' It is an old landmark still. Men from the Navy and from the Garrison and all the belles and beaux in the town used to be proud to go to the Rhodes house. They had those big carpets in the drawing-rooms that fasten down with hooks, but you can take them up for dancing.

"I remember the first time I went to Government House. They said my dress was the prettiest there. I bought a whole bolt of tarleton and I made it myself in three rows of scalloped ruffles, with a broad white satin girdle. It was decorated with variegated geranium leaves, and had a beautiful crinoline skirt. I had a glorious time at my first ball. I was not engaged then, but Mr. Mallandaine had invited me to go with him. Afterwards I had a standing invitation to go to Government House every Friday afternoon.

"The first time I met my future husband was when I went to sing in St. John's choir. He was a young widower. He said he fell in love with my wonderful hair. Mr. Mallandaine was born in India, and was only four years old when his mother died, and he was sent to Paris to school. His father was the Governor of Singapore. Mr. Mallandaine was the only English boy in the French school, and he passed ahead of all the little French boys. He came to Victoria when it was a city of tents, during the great gold strike.

"My sister Louise was married before I was; her husband was Mr. A. A. Townsend, and their wedding was in old St. John's Church. I was living with her when I was married. Mr. Mallandaine and I had decided on a quiet wedding and we told nobody about it until the day before. Then he said to Louise:

" 'Charlotte and I are getting married tomorrow morning.'

"Louise was not at all pleased. She wanted me to have a grand, big wedding, but we would not listen to her.

"So the next morning I put on a dainty muslin dress, a large white hat with enormous white plumes on the side, and over all a beautiful white alpaca coat.

"We walked along Douglas Street. It was very quiet, and we hadn't much to say. We met only one old man, who looked at us and said 'Good morning,' and we said 'Good morning,' and smiled at one another.

"Mr. Redfern, who had come out on the 'Tynemouth' with us, was best man. I didn't have a bridesmaid. And that afternoon I went shopping. So you see I was very practical.

"The old home where we first lived, at the top of View Street, is still standing. That was more than sixty years ago."

It is a kindly fate that preserves for the old so much that was happy in their youth, and makes them forget hardships. Nearly all of the grandmothers who tell their stories love to dwell upon the romantic side, and to hint, with their faded eyes twinkling, of the many swains who came a-courting when life was young.

Mrs. Mallandaine and Mrs. Townsend, except for a few months' separation when they first came to the Coast, lived either together or close beside one another for more than ninety years, from their earliest childhood until the death of the older sister. Until recently Mrs. Townsend, who has been a brilliant pianist, could still play. But she will be ninety-five her next birthday, and her strength is failing now.

The "Tynemouth," which was the first auxiliary steamship to come to the Coast, was a full-rigged ship, built of iron. After leaving Victoria for Hong Kong she was sighted once off the Chinese coast, but was never seen again. It was presumed that she was lost in a typhoon, with all on board.

Tragedy overtook several of the men passengers who came out on the ill-fated bride ship. They were the unfortunate victims of the Bute Inlet massacre, the terrible affair which preceded the Chilcotin War.

This was in 1864, when Mr. Alfred Waddington and his men had begun the survey of the proposed Bute Inlet route in connection with the building of the C.P.R. Sixteen white men in two parties were working four miles apart. Another man was in charge of the ferry where the trail crossed the Homathco River. There were sixteen Indians employed as packers, and these in a few days were followed by their squaws.

At night camp was made, and all was quiet, although previous to retiring the Indians had put on war paint and had a sort of dance. But no one suspected trouble. There were three white men in each tent and the Indians were camped a few hundred yards distant.

At daybreak the savages rose stealthily and crept to the tents of the white men. They cut the ropes and the canvas dropped over the helpless, struggling figures. The Indians used both knives and guns, and only three of the men escaped.

Then the Indians, who had been joined by large numbers of their tribe, crossed the Cascade Range; killed a white settler at Puntze Lake, and proceeded on their way, their number being constantly augmented by other natives from the villages through which they passed. There came along the pack train of Alexander McDonald, whose squaw had warned him of the danger. It was too late for the white men to retreat. McDonald and his female companion were shot and three of his men killed, the rest badly wounded. By this time the Indians' ranks were swelled to fifty or sixty, and they had murdered nineteen white men.

And now the whole Chilcotin tribe from the Cascades to the benches of the Fraser had risen and joined the insurgents. The report spread that the Indians had combined to kill every white man they met.

The real origin of the trouble seems to be wrapped in mystery. Revenge for wrongs, real or imaginary, was probably the motive. But there are historians who would have us believe that a woman or women were at the bottom of the terrible affair. The Rev. Dr. Grant, who visited the scene of the destruction of the main Bute Inlet party, says that amongst the articles scattered about the melancholy spot were "at least one pair of woman's boots —too surely indicating the source of the trouble."

Mrs. James Robb

A resident of the Comox district who was widely esteemed was Mrs. James Robb, who came out to Vancouver Island in 1862 on the famous "Tynemouth," as matron in charge of the "sixty marriageable lassies." That she was a very worthy and conscientious matron is borne out by many of the passengers, and besides having such a large number of young women under her care, she brought three of her children as well. Throughout all the long months of the voyage there was only one case of serious illness, and the sufferer was a very delicate lady who died at sea and was buried when the "Tynemouth" put in at the Falkland Islands.

If Mrs. Robb had kept a journal of that trip and subsequent happenings, it would have been of intense interest, for many a romance quickly followed the arrival at Victoria of the "bride ship." She could remember one instance which might serve for the basis of a love-story. It concerned a young lady from London who was married three days after landing in the colony. A lonely settler, living out toward Sooke, had heard of the expected "Tynemouth," and, getting up while it was still dark, had walked into Victoria in time to meet the vessel when she anchored in the harbour. As the procession of young women filed up from the landing stage, he gazed with appraising eyes at each of them. Finally he stepped forward, grasped one of them by the hand, and drew her out of the ranks. She did not demur. Admiration seemed mutual, the marriage followed quickly, and they lived happily ever after.

Mrs. Robb remained only a few weeks in Victoria, and then, with her son and her youngest daughter, accompanied her husband to Comox. They made the journey in a sloop, and took with them their feather beds, a chest of drawers, a china tea set, two brass candlesticks, and some pewter pots, all of which they had brought out from the homeland.

There were no white women in Comox then. The land was covered with forest down to the water's edge, and the only shelter were the huts in the Indian village. For two or three days, Mrs. Robb and her children were obliged to sleep in a native cabin with an Indian woman and her child. It was an uncomfortable experience. The klootchman had procured some whisky and was very drunk and excited. In spite of all that Mrs. Robb could do she screamed and raved and abused her small son, so that the white woman would have taken her own children and gone out of doors to sleep, if she had not been afraid of the wolves which howled near at hand, and all night long. As soon as the four log walls of a shelter could be made, she moved her belongings, and, with a sheet for the roof, and for the door and partitions, she set up housekeeping.

Once established there, even though there was no floor, and for weeks they could not keep out the rain, she was happy. She put her few belongings in place; spread some cedar matting over the ground; had a rough table built and a couple of benches; hung up their clothing behind a curtain; put her precious china on the chest of drawers: suspended from pegs her bright pewter utensils; placed brightly polished candlesticks on a hand-made shelf, and the little cabin became home. The bracken and the sweet-in-death among which the house had been built, smelt as sweet as the English woods, and the song of the meadow lark in the early morning was cheering and hopeful.

Even if the wolves did howl by night, she had her husband with his trusty gun close at hand, and her children slept soundly and unafraid.

The only ships to come up to Comox in those early days were the men-of-war. The "Grappler" brought a contingent of settlers in 1862. But for the first year or two there were no other white women, and the Robbs' cabin was a source of the greatest interest to the Indians, and a pleasant rendezvous for all the lonely settlers. It was not long before another log house was built, much more commodious and comfortable than the first hastily-erected cabin. It had three rooms and an attic which Mrs. Robb divided into two bedrooms. Here they lived until 1878, and here was held many a merry party with some of the visiting sailors as guests of the few colonists of Comox. Life was very simple. Wants were few. There were salmon to be caught at their very door. The streams teemed with trout, and game was abundant. Mrs. Robb was more fortunate than many another pioneer woman, for she had a stove. She had brought it all the way from England, but it was well worth the expense and the trouble. Old-timers used to recall her bread and cakes with wistful longing.

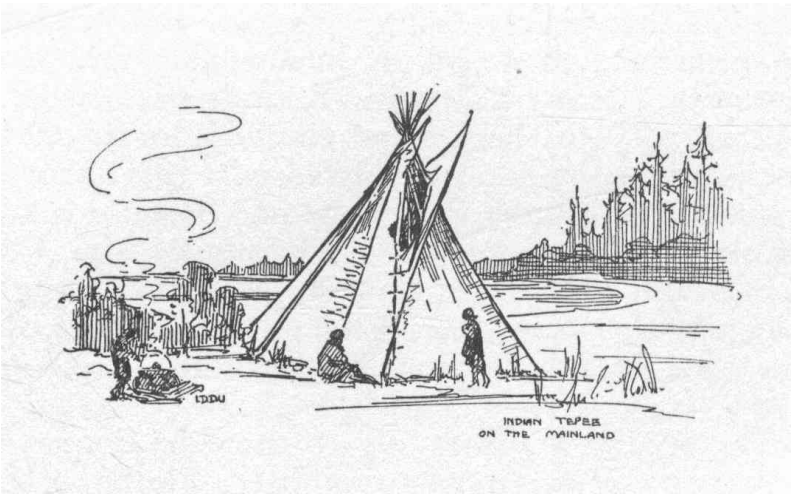
The first thing that was bought was a cow, then a team of oxen. Land was cleared and the beginnings of a farm made. There is no land on the island more fertile than that of the Comox Valley. Their grain went 35 bushels to the acre, their turnips and potatoes 25 tons.

From the Indian rancherie down on the flats came a daily procession to the Robb cabin; but the natives usually kept a respectful distance, satisfying themselves with a long look within the doorway at the glowing stove, the shining pewter and brass, the neatly swept floor, the spotless table. Once, however, an Indian's cupidity got the better of him, and when Mrs. Robb was not looking, he dashed in, snatched the candlesticks, and, hiding them under his blanket, made off. He was not quick enough. Mrs. Robb, a club in hand, was after him like the wind. She overtook him, but he still ran on. Then she brought her stout stick into play, belabouring him as they both raced. She had a strong arm, and the Indian dropped both his blanket and the candlesticks and, shouting out imprecations, went down the wooded road to the rancherie.

There were many fights between the Indians of Comox and the Haidahs and other northern tribes; but there was no trouble that Mrs. Robb could remember so far as the Indians and the white settlers were concerned. Once she saw a very ghastly sight. She was down at the shore when a large war canoe hove in sight, piled up between the paddlers were bleeding Indian heads.

Mrs. Robb did the milking and churning on the farm. As time went on they had a large herd of cows, and her butter was delicious and in great demand. She was a healthy, hearty, happy woman, and her knowledge of nursing made her of incalculable value to the community. Many miles, in all kinds of weather, she would journey to the help of the sick, or to mothers expecting their babies. She lived past three score and ten, but the daughters whom she had brought out with her from the Old Country all died young. Mrs. Planta, wife of Senator Planta, of Nanaimo, is a granddaughter; her own mother being one of the pioneer women of that place, Mrs. D. W. Gordon, but she died in her early thirties.

The second white family to come to Comox were the Greens. Mrs. Green's daughter, Florence Harmston, was the first girl married in that district. Her husband was Mr. Sam Cliff. Then there were the Musters. Mr. Muster brought his bride from England. He belonged to a very fine old family there. Until he came to Comox, all the ploughing had been done by oxen, but he had a team of horses. His youngest daughter is now Lady Currie, wife of Sir Arthur Currie. Two other passengers on the "Tynemouth" whose names have been sent in to this book are Mrs. William Bentley and Mrs. Joseph Farr. They were Augusta Jane and Emily Ann Morris. Mrs. Bentley's husband was an ex-Crimean soldier, and came to Vancouver Island with the Royal Engineers. Mr. Joseph Farr was a blacksmith who lived at Chilliwack. After his death, in 1901, Mrs. Farr married again, Mr. D. C. McGillivray, of Chilliwack.



CHAPTER XII.

Some Memorable Voyages

The history of the exploring and trading ships to the northwest coast of the Pacific had its beginning in the days of Spain's sovereignty of the seas, which lasted until 1578, when Francis Drake came sailing out from England on the famous "Golden Hind," and proceeded all up the coast, leaving terror and desolation behind him, plundering the seaports and the Spanish galleons in the name of England's Queen.

A long procession of sailing ships visited the Pacific Coast from that time on, ships from England and Spain and the United States, exploring the waterways and bartering cloth and metal and trinkets with the Indians in exchange for sea otter and other skins. For this purpose, too, several boats were built in these latitudes, the first of them being the "Northwest America" in 1788. But the most famous vessel of any of those which ploughed these waters, and the one whose name will endure so long as Western Canada's history is written, was the "Beaver," the first steamer to enter the Pacific Ocean, and as closely identified with, as it was indispensable to, the development of Vancouver Island.

It was built on the Thames in 1835, and 150,000 persons, including King William and many of the nobility of England, saw the launching, and for years afterwards followed the part it played in the great drama of the West. The "Beaver" plied up and down the coast between Puget Sound and Nootka, collecting furs and carrying goods for the Hudson's Bay Company. She sometimes towed the Russian ships on her northern trips, and was paid handsomely. She earned many times her own value for the great Company. But she is best known to British Columbia as being the boat which brought the officers of that Company to Camosun to establish Fort Victoria, the first settlement on Vancouver Island. The fine, two-masted, schooner-rigged "Cadboro" had arrived on the Columbia River in the Fall of 1826. She was the crack ship of the Pacific; carried six guns, 35 men, and made a fortune for the Hudson's Bay Company on her trading trips between Fort Vancouver and Nootka Sound. The "Cadboro" was the second vessel to enter Victoria Harbour. She was under the command of Captain Brotchie, who was the first navigator to take his ship into Cadboro Bay, hence the name of that beautiful piece of water.

It was the ship "Harpooner" which brought the earliest settlers to Vancouver Island from England. The "Norman Morrison," another sailing vessel, arrived with 80 immigrants in 1850; she was a regular passenger ship from the Old Land. So was the "Tory," which came out with miners and settlers for Fort Rupert. The "Robert Lowe," a tramp steamer, came in the early '60's. The "Brother Jonathan" was another well-known steamer plying between San Francisco and Victoria. It brought many persons to Vancouver Island, who had made the trip via the Isthmus of Panama.

The "Brother Jonathan" was wrecked in 1865, when nearly 200 persons lost their lives. A similarly tragic fate overtook the steamer "Pacific," in the wreck of which so many residents of Victoria, and mining men who had come out of the Cassiar and were on their way back to the United States, were drowned. That was in 1875, but the vessel had been plying in these waters since the early fifties. The old boat steamed out of Victoria one night, her decks black with people, and carrying over $100,000 in treasure. At ten o'clock at night, just off Cape Flattery, she collided with the "Orpheus," and shortly afterward sank. Only two men lived to tell the story of how the "Orpheus" sailed away without trying to rescue any of the drowning, and was herself wrecked a few hours later off Cape Beale. Both the "Brother Jonathan" and the "Pacific" were American-built craft.

It is remarkable, in view of the size and kind of boat which plied between the Old World and the New, making the long trip round the Horn, which took from three to nine months, that there were so few accidents to British sailing vessels and steamships. From journals kept by the passengers, or reminiscences told by them, we learn of the discomforts, the storms, the occasional want of food and water, the mutinies. But nearly all of those emigrants who left the British Isles for Vancouver Island during the years between 1849-66 made the journey in safety.

From old manuscripts the two following stories have been taken, which are typical of the experiences of the women who came from the Old World to Vancouver Island in the middle of the last century.

Mrs. Eleanor Caroline Smyth, 1831-1926

Victoria knew the late Mrs. Eleanor Caroline Smyth as Mrs. Arthur Fellowes, for it was in 1861, before her second marriage, that she came to Vancouver Island, where she remained for some years.

She was born at Bruce Castle, Tottenham, in the north of London, on March 7th, 1831, the second daughter of the great postal reformer Sir Rowland Hill and of his wife, Caroline Pearson.

In her own memoirs she thus describes the old castle which was her childhood's home:

"Bruce Castle is the third to stand on the one site. The first was a Norman stronghold, which, after belonging to Walyheof, who married Judith, the Conqueror's niece, came into possession of the de Breix family. Two of the most striking objects in the greatly diminished modern Bruce Castle park, when I knew it, were a pair of cedars of Lebanon, relics of some one of the Crusades. By a particular little gate, in the western boundary of the park, near a graceful Lombardy poplar over 100 feet high, one crosses a lane to the Parish Church of Tottenham, which is interesting to all Canadians for its Vestry, or Saint's Bell, which once surmounted the Citadel of Quebec, and there clamoured out the too-late warning of the British advance under Wolfe. With further spoils it was captured in 1759 and brought to England." Of Jacobean architecture, with a tall clock tower in the centre, Bruce Castle had all its severity masked by twining vines and flowers, and tall, gracious shrubbery. Its large windows let in floods of sunlight, and it made a most ideal school.

It was as a school that she first knew it, for her father was then head of a famous institution of learning there, one of the Hill Top Schools. A master, under Sir Rowland Hill, was Mr. Isaac Fellowes, whose two sons, Frank and Arthur, married the eldest and second daughters of Rowland Hill. Alfred, Isaac's second son, married Miss Louisa Morgan. The two latter and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Fellowes came out to Victoria shortly after their weddings.

"From childhood," wrote Mrs. Caroline Smyth, in her memoirs, "I had loved the sea and longed for sea voyages. Only towards the end of 1861 did I see my day-dreams realized; and that was when I was married, and set out for British Columbia, in those days a long journey, involving many steamer changes and the crossing by rail of the Isthmus of Panama. Then at last did I come to taste the ocean salt upon my lips, and feel the ocean breezes ruffle my hair and bring colour to my face; then did I sway from head to foot in unison with the lively dance of the good steamship 'Niagara' as she breasted the eastward-flowing, huge waves of the Atlantic in November. 'Rough!' exclaimed a pleasantly smiling, toughened old salt, in answer to a remark I, one day, hazarded, while for a brief space I lay prostrate in a deck chair; for we had set out in a 'half-gale' which bore a surprisingly strong family likeness to a whole one, 'Why, it's only really rough when you get three waves to a quarter of a mile!' I shall not describe that first of my several crossings of the 'Herring Pond.' Descriptions of such transits have been done to death. But I shall have something to say of other voyages, both on the

Atlantic and the misnamed Pacific, and on other steamers less well-found and very much less seaworthy.

"Our ship took fourteen days to bridge the tumbling seas between Liverpool and Boston. But ocean 'greyhounds' capable of performing the trip in less than half that time were as yet unknown. Therefore the opinion on board was unanimous that, with persistent headwinds and heavy weather all the way, we had not fared amiss.

"Boston we found in a state of great excitement, for the war between North and South which broke out in the preceding April was now raging. Having, like most of my country-folk, taken my view of the slavery question from that sensational book, 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' I expected to see the negro in 'Abolition Boston' treated as a man and a brother; and was amazed to find how different was his actual standing. For instance, he was not allowed to enter any public conveyance; when he went to a theatre he had to take a seat in the topmost gallery; his place in church even was of the humblest; no white person would receive him as a guest; and he was generally looked upon as the 'missing link,' only much more akin to 'our poor relations' than to us.

"Of course, we did the sights of Boston and its pretty suburbs; and were taken to the wharf, now greatly extended and altered, where the famous chests of tea were thrown overboard by rebellious Massachusetts; and 'there,' said the pleasant old Bostonian who acted as our guide to this and other show-places, including Bunker's Hill and its ugly memorial tower, 'they lie to this day!'

"But our most interesting visit was to the poet Longfellow, then rather recently become for the second time a widower, his wife, while showing her children how to make seals, having accidentally dropped some flaming wax on her light Summer dress, and being burnt to death. He lived in an old-fashioned, roomy house, with well-grown trees screening it from the road; a famous house, too, for when, during the War of Independence, Washington was in that part of the future United States, he made the dwelling his headquarters.

"Longfellow we found most kind and hospitable, and his talk most interesting. Being a Bostonian, he was, of course, a man of cultivation and charm of manner, knew Europe and Great Britain, and many of our public men; and on his library table lay several old-world publications. Speaking of Tennyson, whose poetry he greatly admired, he said he thought 'In Memoriam' the finest work of its kind since the advent of the Psalms.

(1) SISTER MARY PROVIDENCE (2) MRS. EDWARD CRIDGE
(3) MRS. THOMAS BLINKHORN
(4) MRS. JOHN MUIR (5) MRS. T. J. SKINNER

"From Boston we went to New York, and thence by steamer to Colon, on the Isthmus of Panama.

"On our way thither one curious experience was ours. We had left New York fast bound in ice and snow, but by the time we had steamed well past

stormy Cape Hatteras the temperature perceptibly ameliorated, although out of the sunshine it was still chilly, and at intervals we were pelted by sharp, short hail-showers, followed by gorgeously-tinted rainbows looking so near and so substantial that they seemed to be almost within our grasp. Although nearing the tropics, it was evident that Winter's grip upon us was not yet loosened. But gazing southward, we one day beheld a wondrous thing surging steadily to meet us, and casting up rolling clouds of steam which, as we advanced, grew loftier and denser. What was it? Simply, the most famous of all the vast ocean rivers fresh from whirling into and out of the torrid Gulf of Mexico. Aboard ship the thermometer registered 44 degrees Fahrenheit; in the Gulf Stream, as we saw it, 76 degrees, a difference of 32 degrees. Hence the seeming phenomenon of the clouds of steam.

"Another day a much more exciting experience befell us. About noon the passengers were seen to gather to starboard to gaze and point at a brown object floating far off in the Caribbean Sea. To some of us the thing looked like part of a wreck—the previous night had been stormy in those not-seldom hurricane-visited waters—while others were sure it was a boat adrift with a solitary man on board. As he made no effort to signal us, the poor fellow was probably no longer living. Soon our steamer bent out of her course and made for the waif, passengers and crew getting every minute more excited. And when we were so close to it that our wash set it dancing like a mad thing we found it to be only a large tropical tree afloat half in and half out of the water, and destined perhaps to drift as far even as to the northwest coast of Iceland, where up to the line that marks the beginning of the Arctic regions wandering flotsam in the shape of trees detached from tropical jungles occasionally find anchorage.

"The making of the great fifty-odd miles long canal which now connects two oceans is without doubt a triumph of engineering skill, a world-wonder which would have amazed even those masters of scientific construction and of the universe so far as it was known to them, the Romans. But the work has involved, perhaps necessitated, the perpetration of one act of vandalism much to be deplored, the obliteration, maybe permanent, of most of the beautiful Isthmian scenery. That is, if the many views, cinema and otherwise, I have seen faithfully represent its present condition. When, on a sultry December day, I first beheld the Isthmus, it seemed like fairyland, only that one very un-fairy-like feature had strayed into the picture. For on the Chagres River's unlovely, bare-looking, muddy banks reposed scores of alligators resembling large, roughly-hewn logs of wood, and about as motionless, feigning slumber, but always, 'tis said, with eyes half open, watching for a favourable opportunity to get a sudden snap at any unwary pedestrian, biped or

quadruped, who should come within reach. But the jungle, then abundant, was beautiful, with thickets of graceful, bower-like trees and flower-laden undergrowth, all laced together by blossoming parasitic festoons; with here and there a tiny village, a stream, or placid lake; and the steadfast, violet-tinted mountain range making a scarcely varying background to the ever-changing scene lying at its feet. For several hours we sat in the leisurely-moving train traversing the forty miles of winding railway, watched the fascinating landscape, and consumed the luscious fruit which, whenever a stoppage was made to feed our insatiable locomotive with its wooden diet, the picturesquely-clad natives importuned us to buy.

"An unforgettable scene after snow-and-ice-bound Boston and New York, quitted so recently.

"Historic Panama—two cities there are of the name, one old and in ruins; the other a growth of yesterday, and not beautiful—looked so inviting that we felt acutely disappointed when we were hurried into the tender which was to take us out to the steamer lying afar off on account of the shallowness of the waters, a shallowness that exists on both sides of the Isthmus, and has necessitated the carrying out, for a considerable distance, of each end of the canal into the sea.

"But from the tender's deck we had ample time to view the mountains that sweep round the bay, and to wonder from which 'peak in Darien' 'Stout Cortez' certainly never 'stared at the Pacific.' For Keats' historic knowledge was at fault; and it was Balboa—after whom a settlement close to the western end of the canal has been called—who actually discovered that vastest of oceans.

"I wish we could have had some time at Panama, for it is a curious town, two or three centuries old, and well worth a visit, and much more interesting than Aspinwall, and looked very picturesque. But the steamer was waiting for us, so we could not wait. We embarked on a smaller steamer which took us out to the 'Uncle Sam,' which was lying some way from shore, for the sea is shallow here, and on this smaller boat we met Alfred and his wife, whose vessel, after a wonderfully smooth and beautiful passage, had arrived four days before us.

"In due course the tender shipped us on board the very worst of the several bad Vanderbilt steamers on which I have made a voyage. One consolation, however, we passengers enjoyed for that 'hugging' of the coast from Panama to San Francisco to which our careful captain adhered, in order, so 'twas said, that the vessel could be driven on shore should a storm arise in

which she might founder; and that consolation lay in beholding, at unusually close quarters, some of the most magnificent scenery our globe can show.

"We had lately crossed the Atlantic in a Cunarder; and although the steamers of that line were then far from being the palatial floating hotels they have since become, the contrast between the one on which we had spent fourteen days in comfort—and that one a second-rate liner only—and any of the Vanderbilters I have known was amazing. Some of these latter ought not to have gone to sea at all. They apparently went because there were no rival lines to teach the firm owning them the value of wholesome competition; and because no railway then spanned the continent at its almost widest. It was a case of 'Hobson's choice,' and it gave the transatlantic Hobson a grand opportunity to become a millionaire.

"One steamer I travelled by a few years later was on fire three times, the third time so badly that, but for our good captain's almost superhuman exertions, we must have ended existence in the shark-infested Caribbean Sea, for the supply of boats was shamefully inadequate, and had the vessel foundered, nothing probably could have averted an 'ugly rush.'

"On the two Vanderbilters by which I travelled during the last month of 1861 the accommodation in saloon and cabins was very poor, while as regards certain other necessary accommodation it was on the second steamer almost entirely wanting. The bedding was mean and scanty and the food provided on both vessels even for the first-class passengers was insufficient, uninviting, and not too cleanly served. When it became apparent that the ship's officers, one of whom sat at each end of the several first-class tables, had rather better fare than we, including milk for the strange beverages inappropriately called tea and coffee, a spirit of revolt broke out among us, and whenever the chance occurred we raided the table-end supplies until defeated by superior force or more skilful strategy. How the second-class people fared for food I do not know, but was told that, for the steerage it was a case of 'toujours perdrix,' only that, instead of those toothsome birds, very weak gruel was doled out three times a day in very slender portions; a fact which indeed I witnessed more than once. On the second steamer the cabins which the passengers of the intermediate class should have occupied, and for which they had paid, were filled with freight even before their rightful tenants went on board at Panama. The victims had perforce to sleep wherever they could lie or sit, in nooks and corners upon deck, or on the heaped-up luggage which should have been consigned to the hold. When in the evening we walked the deck in the bright moonlight then prevailing, it was not always easy to avoid treading on the sleepers. To undress, or to change any but outer clothing must have been to many all but impossible.

"And these and other discomforts occurred on a line of steamers part of whose voyages took place in the fierce heat of the tropics.

"I have, of set purpose, reproduced this unpleasing picture because it serves to illustrate some of the evils of monopoly; and because it is indicative of the heartlessness and greed of which those can be guilty who wield almost unlimited power under its ægis. While there are, perhaps, worse instances than that above cited, I, personally, have come across none. And I may add that in describing this experience, both as eye-witness and sufferer, I have been careful to avoid exaggeration, because over-colouration of the picture drawn never yet served useful or honest purpose.

"For close upon a fortnight we endured these discomforts as best we could, though with ever-deepening indignation; and then one day, to our intense relief, the Golden Gate was sighted, and we bent to eastward. Heavily though we rolled through the fast-roughening waves driving through that welcome portal, noting as we went how in the falling tide the lengthy bar's brown sand was being churned up, threatening disaster had we touched bottom. Supremely thankful, therefore, did we feel when the waters gradually calmed, and we were made fast to a substantial-looking wharf at San Francisco, and turned our backs alike on the steamer and on the storm, which speedily broke with the customary fury of an (un)Pacific gale. Not long after, a friend told me that ours was the last voyage that 'floating coffin' completed.

"A curious-looking city seemed the San Francisco of half a century ago to one then so little travelled as was I. Planted in any-how fashion up and down its steep sandhills which resembled nothing so much as the waves of a stormy Atlantic suddenly arrested and changed in colour and material, this city of only twelve years' haphazard growth struck one at first sight, and on a steadily-pouring wet day, as the dreariest and least desirable in which to pitch one's metaphorical tent.

"But more intimate acquaintance showed that it possessed an interest of no common order, the many incongruities and cosmopolitan character of the picture simply fascinating the beholder. When, for instance, one went for a stroll along its untidy wood-planked streets, one met strange figures, faces, and costumes, and heard a dozen different languages in as many minutes; while, if extending the saunter out Mission Dolores way—where stood an ancient but far from beautiful Spanish church—one came upon the curly-red-tile roofed adobe houses crumbling with age, not yet all cleared away, and some of them still bearing fairly legible Spanish names of streets."

After a short stay in San Francisco, they left California for the British colony to the north, and the memoirs continue:

"During my stay throughout most of the 'sixties in British Columbia (or rather Vancouver Island), then in its youth as a separate and sparsely-populated colony cut off from the eastern and central Canada almost as effectively as if it had been in another planet, I came in some ways to get a backward peep into the Britain of our early English, or as some people, with doubtful accuracy, prefer to call them, 'Saxon' days.

"Little Victoria, the capital, must have been not unlike our own infant settlements in Britain of a thousand and many more years past, in that it was a wooden town of unpretentious buildings which, except where it faced the sea, was hemmed in by vast forests whose outer fringe only had been explored, and in which roamed packs of fierce timber wolves and other beasts of prey and of preyed upon, among these last the gentle-eyed deer of various tribes and a few of the, in Europe, extinct 'Irish elk.' But at least this dense, arborial barrier, hundreds of miles in thickness, and, thanks to the giant pines, often well over two hundred feet in height, held back the icy northern winds, and hindered from running to waste the bounteous rains which came in their season, and kept fresh the lovely wild flowers, many of them identical with the blooms we cherish in home gardens, but which in this favoured far-western island grew wherever sunshine fell upon them. And, in passing, one is fain to express regret that at the present day such wholesale, and often reckless, destruction should go on among what Drummond of Hawthornden, in connection with woods nearer home, called 'the statelie comeliness of forrestes olde!'

"Nor did the oft-claimed resemblance to older, even 'Druidic' Britain end here. There were people in that sparsely inhabited land who reminded me of the curious illustrations in pictorial History of England books in which the serfs and thralls are represented at their daily avocations. I remember once seeing a white man clad much as, according to those illustrations, the humbler folk of old must have been, and whose heavy moustache, lengthy beard, and abundant, tawny locks reaching to the shoulders brought back to mind Tennyson's portraiture of Coventry's long-haired, grim earl. The strange-looking being I saw sat, with his Indian wife beside him, on a rude wagon, evidently home-made, and drawn by an ox which at another season doubtless dragged a primitive plough. The rough, unmade road or track along which the vision slowly passed, and the sombre, shaggy forest served as appropriate adjuncts to a picture which seemed, by many hundreds of years, to be wholly out of date. Not even was wanting here and there in the shallower woodland recesses some green-coated, treacherous, dismal swamp where legions of frogs made hideous the night with their loud, discordant song, and recalled to memory the story of how in the pre-revolution days of

France the hapless peasants were set to flog the ponds and morasses all night long in order that the seigneur and his family when in residence at their country seat, might slumber undisturbed.

"This phase of early British Columbian life has long passed away; and the men of the type described were, as a rule, the humbler employees of that 'Great Company' which caused the name of Rupert's Land to be printed broadcast athwart old maps of three-quarters of that portion, the widest, of the American continent which stretches north of the vast fresh-water Lakes and of the 'forty-ninth parallel!'

"The Company has long held honourable record for its treatment of the aborigines, with the result that these too frequently harshly-used tribes long ago came to prefer the 'King George' to the 'Boston' men—i.e., the British to the citizens of the United States. True it is that to the Company has also been attributed, perhaps by people jealous of its extraordinary success, a genius for profitable bargain-making, as, for instance, when causing a musket, worth a few shillings only, to be set on end against a pile of furs, often of great value, till the latter has attained the level of the musket's mouth. Though if the Indians found no fault with such transactions, who else should cavil at them?

"But among these strange-looking people there must have been some who were not the Company's humbler employees, since rumour said that in one farmhouse, as primitive-seeming as any, and within easy reach of little Victoria, a masterpiece from the brush of one of the famous Italian painters of over four hundred years ago was treasured as an heirloom. Was its proprietor a man of broken fortune who forsook his country, but took with him his most cherished possession? I had hoped to see it, but opportunity never came.

"Other members of the Hudson's Bay Company, Scots to a man or of Scottish descent, as their names proclaimed them, and off-shoots sometimes of clans renowned in history—was it not a Simon Fraser who gave his surname to a well-known British Columbian river?—were, to my thinking, unusually interesting to talk with, being men of a type I had never yet seen. Some had only recently come into contact with Europeans, having spent the greater part of their lives in that grand Far West which till the advent of the first of its several gold fevers, that of 1858, was to the outside world little more than a 'geographical expression.' These were the higher-classed officials, most of whom in the earliest days dwelt, together with a few other people, within the lofty, wooden walls of the little fort known in pre-Victorian times by its Indian name of Camosun.

"Almost the only once intramural building still standing when I revisited British Columbia in 1910 was the Company's old store, outwardly scarcely

changed, inwardly unrecognizable. It was long the only thing in the shape of a shop, a genuine ‘Universal Provider’ in which I sometimes made hardly-needed purchases as an excuse to enjoy a chat with the officials. For they were pleasant of speech and courteous, after the mode that elsewhere has long died out; and it was as they grew more sociable that they came to tell me stirring tales of older days when they themselves were young, and life was more adventurous as well as less conventional than in the ’sixties.

“One of my friends was old Chief Justice Cameron, who on an ideal Summer day drove me to his country house in order that the sight of his garden of fruit trees, then a thing rare in the land, and in their full glory of blossom, should gladden with a ‘little glimpse of the Old Country’ a sometimes home-sick exile.

“Another friend, a doctor, a learned man, and a most interesting talker, after whom Mount Tolmie is called, had landed on the north Pacific Coast in the last century’s mid-thirties. He had kept journals recording the impressions and experiences of a long life, including descriptions of the beautiful and abundant flora which in his youth clad even to the summit of the lofty hills a land made temperate of climate by the great Japanese current which has on the Western American coast the same beneficent effect that the Gulf Stream has on Western Europe. The journals today would be of priceless value. After his death they were borrowed by an acquaintance who professed a wish to read them; and they exemplified the oft-quoted fate of literary treasures which are lent.

“Once a year the Company’s sailing vessel set out from Britain laden with everything that heart in reasonable mood could desire; and on her return voyage took to the Motherland the ‘peltries’ which had been collected during the previous twelve-months. For the dwellers in this remote, ocean-washed West this vessel was for long almost the sole link between themselves and the Old World; and in the earliest times Fort Camosun received a mail only once a year. The letters took about five months to come, and the answers to them were dispatched when, a month or so later, the lading of the ship had been completed. By the time the return voyage came to an end another five months had sped, and the missives’ news was somewhat stale.

“Once, therefore, in each recurring twelve-months the Company’s officials, mindful that the one great event of the year was at hand, gathered in a throng upon their wharf to gaze as lovingly as if she were their human child, on the good ship ‘Princess Royal,’ as, her long western-bound voyage ended, she swung leisurely and gracefully into port. No steamers then

attempted to round stormy Cape Horn, or to thread the intricacies of Magellaen's Straits.

"Some of the Company's curious-looking, low, small-windowed, old buildings were demolished only half a century ago; and during the process one saw that even in the smallest houses pebbles from the sea-shore had been used to fill to the roof the fairly wide space dividing the outer and inner wooden walls, thus forming an effective arrow and bullet-proof barrier. The necessity for such a defence had, by the advent of the 'sixties, passed away, but in the earliest days of Fort Camosun the aborigines were given to attack the little settlement, and if it seemed likely that they would succeed in breaking in, had, so legend avers, to be bought off by the much-appreciated gift of a barrel or two of 'molasses,' which the besieged lowered over the stockade. An action whose effect, as in the case of our own old-time payment of the 'Danegelt,' probably insured the speedier return of the enemy.

"Only a few months before I set foot in the little town a fleet of war canoes manned by a hostile tribe surrounded a British gunboat lying in the harbour and challenged it to fight. Today the war canoes are used by the descendants of those and other warriors to paddle races on 'Victoria Day,' May 24th."

Mrs. Harvey's Voyage as Told by Annie Harvey

"It seems to me the only way I can tell about the particular pioneer woman, my mother, in whom I am especially interested, is to begin at the beginning of things, i.e., the start and journey from the homeland to Vancouver Island.

"My parents were born in Bury Saint Edmunds, Suffolk, and lived there until, from force of circumstances, it was thought wise to emigrate to

Victoria, B. C., in the year 1861. Australia was, at that time, in a poor way, while the discovery of gold in B. C. had raised people's hopes, everyone expecting to regain lost fortunes in a short period. Then there was talk of a transcontinental railway being put through within ten years, when colonists would be able to return to England in much less time than if they went to Australia. Another inducement was that a brother of my father's, Harry Harvey, was already in the new land, having been left behind by a sailing ship on which he had received a rather serious injury.

"Now to my real story. Coaching to London and picking up there a family of five little boys, the eldest being six years old, who had been left with their aunts for safe keeping during the preparations necessary for a four months' voyage (it turned out to be six months), my people proceeded to the H.B.C. Ship 'Pruth,' going aboard her on June 18th, 1861. The party consisted of my father and mother, my father's brother, Willy Harvey, and the five little boys, before mentioned, and one maid. Besides this party there were four first-class passengers, Mrs. Moresby, who was going out to join her husband, a notary, in B. C., her two daughters and one son, for whom accommodation had to be made in the forecastle. Then there were three intermediate passengers, a Mr. and Mrs. Bailey, who were returning to Victoria, and a Mr. Robertson.

"My mother, not being in very good health, it was thought wise to sacrifice a portion of their cabin in order to make room for Mrs. Moresby and family and so have another lady on board. Women were heroines in those days. At least I consider my mother one, for to start out on a perilous journey, herself not well, her husband in bad health, and with five little boys, must have taken the courage of a heroine. The sadness of parting from those one loved, among them a mother who was blind, must have been very intense. I doubt if she felt as happy as the eldest little boy, who exclaimed in a joyous voice as he said good-bye to his aunts, 'I's going to Vancouver today.' Fancy the preparation for such a trip. A few luxuries were provided for by kind friends, but all the necessary clothes for both heat and cold had to be thought of by the mother. Placing things in the right boxes so that they could be easily got at as needed was no easy task. Then the necessary bedding and furniture to be used upon arrival had all to be provided and brought with them. The necessary articles needed for repairs on the journey, such as buttons, darning cotton, laces, etc., to keep the family tidy. We, of the present day, can hardly imagine the labour attached to a trip by sailing vessel in the year 1861.

"In order to board the vessel 'Pruth,' which was evidently anchored mid-stream, it was necessary to pass from boat to boat, and over gangplanks laid between, the little children being carried across by their father. All being in readiness, the vessel was then towed down the Thames as far as Deal. From

there, until the end of the trip, progressing under her own sail. Her captain was a certain Mr. Thomas Meay, besides whom there was Mr. Martin, the first mate. The second mate had joined the ship in order to learn navigation and was paying his passage, and a cabin boy. There were several sailors, two boys, a negro steward, and a Bengalese cook, who worked in a kitchen about five feet square. The latter had much to do. There was a breakfast to be served for the children at 8 o'clock, another for the mates at 8.30, cabin first-class passengers at 9 o'clock. After that came the intermediate passengers and still later the crew. These meals, to be served three times a day, kept the cook well employed.

"The ship proceeded slowly down the Channel, there being but little wind. At last a favourable breeze sprang up and the vessel went on her way toward the tropics. The children, and all, suffered much from the heat. At the start, as was natural, all were very sea-sick, but before long found their sea-legs, only my mother suffered off and on from the affliction for over six weeks. One wonders how on a trip of six months the travellers kept themselves occupied and amused. My father, for the time being, turned schoolmaster and gave the children a short period at lessons every morning. Sunday was not left unobserved, a short service being conducted on that day, and one of Kingsley's sermons read. The keeping of five little boys clean and tidy took much of the time of my mother and nurse, although the latter was in demand by the occupants of the forecastle. Whist was played in the evening by captain and passengers, a bottle of beer being donated to the winner. As my father was a very good player, he generally won the beer, so obtaining his beverage and a dinner free. Singing was also indulged in.

"No land was seen until the vessel passed Cape Verde Islands on July 12. At the same time a ship was seen in the distance, and next day a homeward-bound vessel, in full sail, passed, when they were able to answer flags, the first communication with the Old Country since leaving on June 18th. Every little incident was of importance: the first sight of flying fish; the bottling of a cask of porter, and, when nearing the tropics, the passing through a shoal of bonito and the watching of grampus and pilot-fish alongside the vessel. On July 22nd quite an excitement took place when a box of provisions my people took with them was opened and they were enabled to enjoy a change of food. Not that there was anything to grumble at with the food generally served them. It consisted of soup, tinned chicken, preserved meats, salt beef, occasionally fresh meat, pork, and good potatoes, usually two kinds of puddings, cheese, raisins, figs, and nuts for dessert.

"We were much hindered by headwinds, not crossing the Equator until July 28th, when, as usual, Neptune came on board and amusing tomfoolery

took place. On July 28th, three ships were passed, one signalling them, and reporting to them at home. It is difficult to realize in these days of wireless, how precious these reports were to the people in the homeland, even though there were weeks before they received them.

"Lights must have been poorly provided, for my father speaks about the difficulty of dressing five little boys in the dark, clothes getting mixed, etc. Sanitary arrangements, too, were very bad. The time spent on deck kept them in health. With the exception of an attack of gout, from which Mr. Bailey suffered, and the youngest boy being indisposed from teething, there is no mention of illness.

"On August 1st the Island of Fernando de Noronha was passed only fifteen miles distant, the first land to be clearly seen since leaving England. The passengers were occupied with looking over boxes, etc., for it was a difficult matter to keep clothing dry and from mildew. They had only recently passed the Equator, and had yet a long way to go, when both warm and cool clothing would be needed. Now they were nearing the Horn, being about latitude 35, with a good breeze springing up, which increased in violence, with a regular gale blowing. It was evidently thought wise to kill one of the livestock, and a leg of mutton for dinner was an event in the voyage, especially to my mother, who could not manage to eat the salt beef, the staple diet. She was still suffering from sea-sickness. Warmer clothing was now adopted, and a sign of storm was observed when they saw Mother Carey's chickens. The last but one chicken on board was killed, a fine rooster possessing spurs 3¼ inches long; and also a pig was killed and prepared for table. The weather got steadily colder and the breeze freshened into a regular hurricane, so that the sea could be seen through the skylight of the saloon. The ship rolled much, and many of the passengers received injuries. It was necessary to confine the children to the cabin, this causing the first quarrel with the captain. No doubt he was not in a very good temper, for the vessel was passing through the worst storm he ever encountered. No one dare go on the deck. All bulwarks and everything moveable were washed overboard. A big sea struck the galley, washing cook and steward out and upsetting the stove. My mother and children kept their berths, the latter being fed by their mother with biscuits, cold meat, and jam. Poor brave mother, with her little flock! Finally a big wave carried away the jibboom and all her gear. Luckily after this the wind lessened, the vessel having passed through about all she could stand without going to the bottom, and the captain narrowly escaping being washed overboard. The greatest loss was that of livestock, namely, the last pig and rooster, which went to feed Davy Jones. On September 10th our voyagers reached the latitude of Cape Horn, encountering great cold and

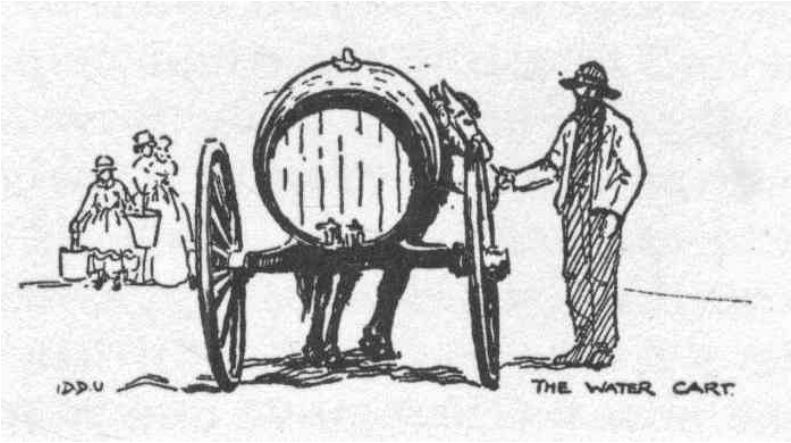
snow storms. There, another misfortune overtook them, for they were running short of food, which trouble was followed by a shortage of water. The captain had not put into the Falkland Islands to replenish his supplies and refill his tanks, as was customary, preferring to take advantage of a favourable breeze. While off the Horn they nearly lost a sailor, who fell from a yard, but was fortunately saved by being caught in the rigging. The ship was rolling terribly all the time. By the 26th they were well round the Cape, but still encountering bad wind and finding it very hard to get any exercise on account of the slipperiness of the wet decks. On September 29th a sailor fell overboard and was drowned. The gale was still so severe that my mother and her children were obliged again to keep their berths, the latter being fed by their mother with mutton chops, cooked on the cabin stove by my father. But, in spite of the weather, my father's birthday was celebrated by the passengers, who drank his health in champagne. The winds remained very strong and contrary. At one time the vessel was only 30 miles from shore, the captain very anxious, fearing the too close proximity to land. When at last they could rejoice in a favourable wind, their joy was tinged with anxiety on account of shortage of food. There was not enough flour left to make bread for breakfast. They were obliged to have ship-biscuit for that meal. There was no butter, and they were rationed for water, only one quart a day being allowed each individual for every use. However, the weather was fine, the sea calm, and all were well. On October 17th they passed the Island of Juan Fernandez (Robinson Crusoe Island) and were disappointed that the captain did not put in for water. There was trouble between the captain and the crew. He was not liked by his men or the passengers, he being very stingy and insulting. The passengers became very nervous. The crew now began to put their ship in order, repainting, etc., preparatory to their arrival at Callao, which port they reached on October 24th, the first port called at since their departure from England on June 18th, a little over four months. What a joy it must have been to get on land again. Everyone went ashore and took the train for the six miles necessary to reach Lima, the capital of Peru. This cost fifty cents, while a bottle of beer taken with the dinner cost seventy-five cents. They enjoyed a good dinner, a good theatre, seeing the sights of the city, which interested them all very much, then returned to Callao and the ship, finding, when boarding the latter, that the crew had all run away and a new crew was on board, every member of which was drunk and had been supplied with more grog. The cook and carpenter picked a quarrel, and as the former determined to have the life of the latter and the crew took different sides, one can well imagine the state of feeling of the passengers. They were ordered by the captain to have firearms ready. They did not undress for five nights, taking turns at sleeping, and even then having firearms at their sides. The decks

were commanded by guns from the cabin windows. The first-class passengers' food was broken into, they being obliged to partake of some of the sailors' rations. By degrees the crew sobered down, and, more by the grace of God than any other way I can think of, the 'Pruth' sailed steadily northward, encountering the usual tropical calms, heat, and ordinary winds, until she reached the latitude 127 and longitude 125, when a notable event took place. My mother gave birth to her first little girl. Mrs. Moresby and Mrs. Bailey acted as nurses and my father was present at the birth. Poor mother, she had six weeks' sea-sickness, passed through the terrible storm, had been short of food and water, and suffered much anxiety and hardships. Hard to have a little one born under such circumstances after being accustomed to every comfort, doctor and nurse at your side, and kind relatives to wait on you, in fact every comfort. Yet, "the wind is so tempered to the shorn lamb," that this was the first baby she nursed, and the little one was strong and well. Everyone was very kind except the captain, who swore when he heard of what had taken place and commanded the cook to put out the fire when my father requested it kept up a little longer, in order that my mother might have a warm drink. However, the cook, who was more human, disobeyed orders, keeping the fire up and giving my mother what she required. A fortnight after this event the 'Pruth' reached Victoria, December 14th, sailing right into the Inner Harbour. During this long voyage they had seen about a dozen ships; communicated with, and reported to, the homeland once; observed many birds and different fish, such as flying fish, porpoise and dolphins, bonito, grampus and pilot-fish, followed by sharks; saw land three times, landing once at Callao. For amusement there was whist at night and games for the little boys. As to music, Mrs. Bailey possessed a fine voice. The negro steward could play the bones and banjo, and, no doubt, regaled them sometimes on deck. Everything was an event, even the first step by the baby boy, who learnt to walk on the unsteady deck. Accidents were few. One boy fell down the hold, fortunately on a coil of rope, so was not seriously hurt, while one child received rather bad cuts about the head through a fall. All were heartily tired of the long voyage, with its many anxieties, before they reached British Columbia.

"I can remember my mother saying what a beautiful sight it was to see the Indians in the red Hudson's Bay blankets squatted on the rocks, backed by the tall, dark trees of the forest on each side of the harbour. Upon landing, the little new-born, wrapped in a shawl, was placed safely behind the door, while the mother, still weak from all she had passed through, had a good cry and then dined off a leg of mutton, food they had hardly tasted for six months. My readers may wonder why I have written all I have about the voyage to

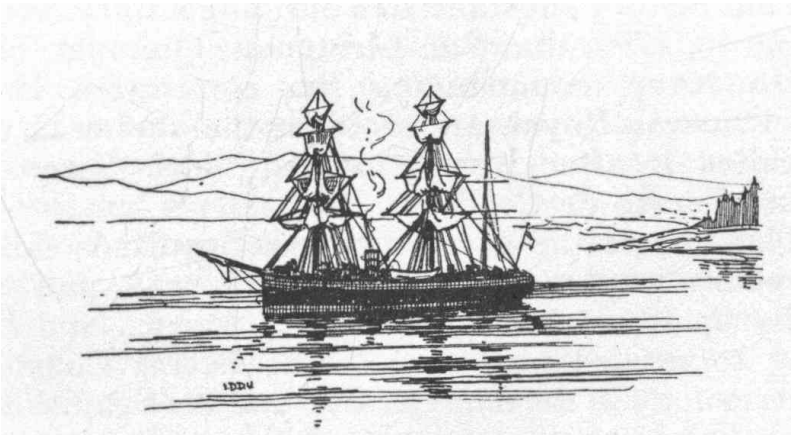
Vancouver Island, but I want them to realize what a pioneer woman went through before she even reached what was then a new country.

"The first house occupied by my parents stood where the Times office now is, at the corner of Broad and Fort Street. Fort Street was not even levelled then. There was a two-board sidewalk, and the geese and goats running up and down were a great annoyance to my mother. One morning, soon after the arrival, a lady arrived at the house wearing a shawl, with a baby also wrapped in one. Shawls in England worn in this way were generally used by the poorer class, so my mother wondered who this could be. There was no mistaking that it was a lady, and it turned out to be the late Mrs. Cridge, wife of the Rev. Mr. Cridge (afterwards Bishop Cridge). She had come to inquire after the strangers and to ask if she could help them in any way. My mother wanted to know how she could get a large amount of washing done. Do what one could, ten people on a six months' trip, needed a great deal of laundry. Mrs. Cridge kindly suggested an Indian woman. She arrived, and so did all her friends, who sat around the new kitchen stove and used all the new pots to cook their clams and fish in. Nice for an English lady freshly arrived from the Old Land! We talk of the prices of articles nowadays, but what would we say to paying twenty-five cents for an egg? That is what my uncle paid for the eggs used in the first Christmas pudding we enjoyed in British Columbia. As to needles, my mother needed a few extra large ones, and upon going to a shop to purchase them, the man held up a package, inquiring, 'How many do you want? They are four for twenty-five cents.' A package would, I suppose, have made her a wholesale buyer. Things were not flourishing in British Columbia at the time my parents arrived. In the mining language of the land, 'the bottom had dropped out.' We had to do the best we could. There were no comforts then as there are now. No gas, no electric light, only oil lamps and candles. Water was very scarce, it being all supplied by wells and carried around in carts. In many cases people bought their drinking water. At one house we occupied we were obliged to rely on tanks of rainwater, buying all the water we drank, and if the water in the tanks ran short we were obliged to buy for all purposes. It was difficult to bring up boys to have a daily bath under such circumstances. The Summer did away with that trouble when boys took their daily swim clad in only nature's garb. There was quite a feeling of annoyance when they were first ordered to wear bathing suits.



"Times were hard for early pioneers—not that I can remember my mother grumbling. Two little ones were born after her arrival here, one of these passing away through a convulsion; but the saddest loss to my parents was that of their eldest boy, by diphtheria, the first case in Victoria (1867). Children were brought up usefully, each of the boys having duties to do, such as cutting kindling, cleaning knives and boots, laying the table, and even making beds, for servants were hard to get, and the one brought out from England did not remain long unmarried. My mother would laughingly say she thought of putting her bonnet up for sale, as she so seldom needed it. I do not know that I can tell you any more, but all women who came out to these new countries in the early days were heroines."

—Written by Annie M. E. Harvey (the little baby born on the voyage).



A Warship in Esquimalt Harbour

CHAPTER XIII.

Imperial Navy Days

In the year 1888, there died out in Esquimalt an ancient Indian woman whom they called "Old Jane." She had lived to the great age of well over one hundred years, for some of the coastal tribes are remarkable for their longevity, and she could distinctly recall the first ship which ever sailed into Esquimalt Harbour, which takes its name from an Indian word meaning "a place gradually shoaling." It was a Spanish ship, she said, and her father, who was a chief, had taken her on board the "boat with wings," and the white "Tyee" had given her father a paper.

The precious paper, whatever it was, was lost long since, but history substantiates old Jane's story. It was on June 10, 1790, that Sub-Lieutenant Quimper, of the Spanish Navy, commanding the confiscated British sloop Princess Royal, anchored in the sheltered cove, and called it after his patron, the 46th Viceroy of Mexico, Puerto de Cordova.

Those were the days when the Spaniards sailed a triumphant way over these Western seas, and came proudly up from their conquests in Mexico and Peru, hoping to establish on this North Pacific Coast still another colony in the name of God and the Spanish king. Cordova remains a memory today in another waterway, and there is a Quimper Peninsula. In so far as was possible, the nomenclature of the first charts was preserved, and we have headlands, and islands, and rivers, and bays all called after some brave Castilian explorer or navigator. But that is all. Spanish claims to supremacy in North America ceased when, in 1795, at Nootka, on the West Coast of Vancouver Island, under the treaty between Spain and Great Britain, the golden banner of His Catholic Majesty King Ferdinand of Spain was hauled down and replaced with the Union Jack of England.

Between the time of the Spaniards and the coming of the first British man-o'-war in 1848, the protected waters of Esquimalt were to know no fleets except those of the Indian war canoes. Chachimtupusas was what the natives called it, and it was a place of peaceful and verdant beauty. Green trees fringed its banks. Water fowl in thousands frequented it. Old-time mariners waxed eloquent in their logs over the loveliness and serenity of it. So it looked when H.M. Frigate "Constance," S. W. Courtenay in command, arrived in July over eighty years ago, the first ship of the British Navy, which was to reign supreme in these waters from that time on.

Of all the ports on this Pacific Coast, none has had a more picturesque and romantic history than Esquimalt. In the 'forties and 'fifties nearly all of the boats anchored there, for the harbour is deep, safe, and commodious, and sheltered from the winds. But it was the sailor lads themselves who lent this famous waterway and the busy village its chief interest and attraction, for it has been a temporary home to thousands of them, from admiral to midshipmen, down to the humblest of the naval ratings. And there has been a procession of weddings during the last forty years between the pretty girls of Victoria and the officers and men of His Majesty's Navy stationed in Esquimalt, colourful affairs marked by the decking of all the ships in the harbour, naval uniforms, music from the ships' bands, the swords of the officers forming a brilliant arch for the bride and groom to pass under, and a merry crew of Jack Tars to draw the bridal carriage.

The gala days of Esquimalt passed when Canada took over her own defences in 1906, and many of us will recall the misty September morning when the last of the Imperial naval ratings marched away. A mist hung over the town, and out of the mist, long before one could see the procession, came the shrilling of the pipes, the roll of the little drums, and the thud, thud, thud of the marching feet; while all along the way the women and children wept that the sailor men from the Old Land should go home.

Mrs. C. E. Pooley

It was at Esquimalt that the mail and passenger steamers from California would anchor about once a fortnight, and "steamer day" was always an event. The road from Victoria to the port was crowded with vehicles of all kinds on those occasions, for everybody wanted to go down to meet the boats. There were such throngs of people, especially during the wild days of the gold stampede into the Fraser River country, and so much hilarity, that it was hardly safe to go afoot. There were no sidewalks for years. It was Sir Joseph Trutch who built the road from Esquimalt to Victoria. "It was a fine road, and a beautiful one," said Mrs. C. E. Pooley, when she gave her reminiscences, "much more beautiful then than now, because it wound through green lanes and noble trees, the banks were red with wild strawberries in the early Summer, and all sorts of flowers and ferns."

Most people in Victoria know "Fernhill," the charming home of Mrs. Pooley. She has lived there for more than fifty years now. A beautiful garden surrounds it today, but when it was first built there was a thicket of ferns, shoulder high, a shimmering green sea of them under the old oak trees. Hence its name. "There was not another house nor a fence in sight of us," said Mrs.

Pooley. “We were surrounded by a beautiful park, and the view of the snow-crowned mountains over the green slopes beyond the sea was magnificent.

“We arrived in Esquimalt in 1864, my father, mother, four brothers, and myself. We came in a sailing ship around the Horn, and spent months on the way. It was a non-stop voyage, and we only sighted land twice. But it was a good trip, without serious storms. My father, who was a ship merchant in the Old Country, and whose line of ships was afterwards amalgamated with the Allan Line, had come to Victoria two years previously to look the country over, intending to go into farming on Bentinck Arm. My older brothers were fifteen, seventeen and nineteen, and he expected them to help him. But there was a dearth of young men in Victoria at the time, and when word reached here that he was bringing his three sons, Mr. Holbrook, of New Westminster, Mr. Sproat, and the manager of the Bank of British Columbia all came out to our ship where she was at anchor and offered positions to my three brothers, with the result that the idea of a farm was put aside and the three boys started to earn their own way at once.

“It was May 24th, the Queen’s Birthday, when we went ashore, and, funnily enough, it happened that just as my father stepped on land a royal salute was fired. He was very much pleased, and looked upon it as a happy augury.

“Esquimalt was a very gay place in those days; sailors were always going and coming, ships arriving and departing, miners starting out on a search for gold or returning from the gold fields with small fortunes. There was no way of getting into Victoria unless one walked. But we thought nothing of that. To be sure, there were two stages, ‘Green’s Bus’ and ‘Wilby’s Stage,’ but they were always packed to overflowing, the fare being only fifty cents. One could get a cab from town when I was a girl, but the round trip cost ten dollars.

“Admiral Denman was in charge at the time of our arrival and for some years afterward. He lived at what was known as ‘Admiral’s House,’ on the other side of Esquimalt Harbour, facing the entrance. He entertained a great deal, and though I was only fifteen or sixteen I went to many dances, riding parties and other entertainments.

“The dances were always held on board ship. At that time there were only three young girls in Esquimalt, a Miss Sparks, whose father was in charge of the Naval Yard, Miss Langford and myself. The picnics were delightful affairs. We would go to the Langford farm or Parson’s Bridge for luncheon by trails that were gorgeous with flowers and cool with shade. The young naval officers were equally charming, whether as hosts or as guests, as much at home in our little cottage, where we had no servants and had to cook our own

meals and wash up afterwards, as they were aboard the ship with perfectly appointed service and stewards to do their bidding.

"What larks they used to play, too. Lord Cecil and Lord Beresford were two of the midshipmen whom I remember well. Lord Beresford was particularly fond of jokes. There was a piebald pony in Esquimalt which the midshipmen used to hire, and which was known the countryside over and in Victoria as well. Lord Beresford did not want to ride a horse that everybody knew, so he conceived the idea of painting him. He did so, a deep black. One day we saw him riding by in the pouring rain. The paint was running off in streams, and Beresford's clothing was getting its full share. Another time I recall seeing him on the same horse, racing as though his life depended upon it, a large goose held tightly under either arm, while after him, astride a raw-boned horse, came an irate farmer, shouting out imprecations, and far in the rear a crowd of shrieking boys. At the turn in the road Beresford drew rein and let the geese go. He was laughing so hard he could not hold them any longer. The farmer was placated by being asked aboard the ship, treated to a fine dinner, and given a gratuity. Years afterwards, in England, when I was visiting my daughter, I met Lord Beresford again, and my daughter brought him up to me and said, 'Mother, this is Lord Beresford; you will remember one another.'

"He looked at me for a minute in his droll way as he laughed and shook my hand. Then he said:

" 'Why, it's Lizzie Fisher. It must be months since we met.'

"It was more than thirty years.

"I used to go to school in Victoria to Archdeacon Reece, and boarded through the week with Archdeacon Woods.

"I met my husband in New Westminster, at a dance given by Governor Seymour. Mr. Pooley had come out to the colony in 1862, when he was eighteen years old. He was one of a little group of youths about the same age who were attracted here by the hope of discovering gold in the Cariboo, as many others had done. But they were sorely disappointed.

"They carried some flour in with them and made a little money out of the sale of that, although they needed it themselves. It was a question of selling it or having it taken from them. So they let it go at two dollars a pannikin. But their money was soon gone. Provisions were very dear. Eggs, for instance, were two dollars apiece, flour, bacon, beans and salt cost one dollar and a half a pound. The boys were soon stranded. Mr. Pooley had letters of introduction to Sir Matthew Begbie, who was then holding court at Barkerville, and he

took the opportunity to present them. He and his friends were promptly given a good dinner, and then offered the position of looking after some prisoners who were being sent out from the gold fields.

"Arriving at New Westminster, Mr. Pooley did not wait for something congenial to turn up, but went to work at gardening wherever he could find it. It was while looking after Mr. Bushby's garden that the Registrar of the Supreme Court died, and Mr. Pooley, doubtless through the good offices of Sir Matthew Begbie, was offered the position. He held this post for some years, travelling with Sir Matthew Begbie twice a year around the country to hold court.

"We were married in Esquimalt, in the old Garrison Church of St. Paul's. It had only recently been completed, and was not then moved to its present location. My wedding was the second to take place there. Several ships were in port at Esquimalt at the time, and all of the naval officers were present, as well as our friends from Victoria and the Mainland. It was the largest wedding which had ever been celebrated in Esquimalt up to that time. Mrs. Fitz-Herbert Bullen, granddaughter of Sir James and Lady Douglas, then a very little girl, was my bridesmaid."

Mrs. Pooley's second daughter also had a naval wedding. She married the Hon. Admiral Stanley, and is at present living in England.

Mrs. Cameron

Belmont, out on the Esquimalt water, was the home of Judge David Cameron, who married a sister of Sir James Douglas. Theirs was a very pretty place, the garden running down to the sheltered beach, making an ideal playground for the many children who used to visit them. It was a second home to all of Sir James Douglas' little girls, and when they grew older they attended many dinners and dances there given in honour of the visiting naval officers.

The drawing-rooms were large and opened on wide, partly closed in verandahs, a perfect place for dancing. There were two Cameron girls; one of them married W. A. G. Young, who for many years was Colonial Secretary, and Edith became the wife of Lieutenant Doughty, of Theberton Hall, Saxmundham, England. Theirs was a romance tinged with sadness, but ending happily. They had become engaged while his ship was in Esquimalt, and he went back to England, leaving his sweetheart behind him. Then Mrs. Cameron died suddenly. Mrs. Harris thus tells the story.

"Word was brought from Belmont one morning early that my aunt was very ill. My father could not go to see her as he was engaged in something

important which could not be put off. So my mother went, taking me with her for company.

"There was always a ship's boat held in readiness for my father down at the great rock which used to lie above the old bridge before the causeway was built, when the waters of James Bay ran as far back as the site on which the Reformed Episcopal Church stands. In this boat my mother and I embarked, and the sailors rowed us around McAulay Point and into the harbour to the landing at Belmont.

"I can see it all very vividly still. My uncle and my cousin Edith came to meet us, weeping, and we went up to the house, which had until then only the brightest and happiest associations. My aunt was lying dead in her big tester bed with its heavy red curtains. It was very sad. She had always been so good and kind and merry. We all loved her so.

"The officers of the ships looked upon her as a second mother. The house had always been open to them. Their grief was a token of their affection. They would not permit anyone to look after the funeral arrangements but themselves. It was a naval funeral. They brought the casket around from Belmont in a ship's boat, and the naval officers carried it up to the Cathedral, followed by ever so many sailors in the long procession.

"And my uncle was so heartbroken that Edith decided she could not leave him. She wrote to her lover in England and explained that they must break the engagement; her place was with her father. She hoped he would forgive her, and perhaps in time he would find somebody else——

"The lieutenant's reply was characteristic of a sailor. He sent no letter. He secured leave of absence and returned to the colony by the same vessel which had brought word of Mrs. Cameron's death and his fiancee's heroic decision. The moment the ship anchored he took a small boat for Belmont, sprang ashore and ran up to the house. There he found Edith and answered her letter.

"They were married almost immediately, for he was due back on his ship at once. And they returned to the Old Country together."

CHAPTER XIV.

Music and Drama of Long Ago

The earliest music of the pioneer days was the song of the voyageurs. They came singing their way from East to West, from Quebec to New Caledonia, for a voyageur could no more journey without his song than without his paddle. Adaptations of old French chansons, with a lilting refrain, they sounded along the waterways, through the divides, and down the canyons of the mighty Western rivers, heralding the approach of the conquering white man. And the ancient Indian seers prophesied sadly: "No one can stand against those who come singing. They are as far beyond us as an army of birds that fly above and are gone while we fix our arrows."

The old Indians spoke truly, not only of the first explorers, but of all of those who "come singing." And it was the song in the heart and the song on the lips that gave courage to many of the dauntless pioneer women to rise above the stress of circumstance, and prove to the world the gladness of overcoming obstacles.

Among the first few scores of women to come to the colony there were many who were real musicians. They had been educated in England and taught what was best. They were familiar with the classics, and had learned only what was worth knowing. Many of them brought pianos with them, and the civilizing and harmonizing influence of music soon began to make itself felt among those who had never known anything except the war chants of the Indians, the savage music of the native dances, or the rare song of the voyageurs.

Among these women were Miss Susan Pemberton, Mrs. Edward M. Mohun, Mrs. W. A. Mouat, Mrs. Edward Hammond King, Mde. L. L'Hoteliere, Mrs. Henry Wootton, Mrs. Fellowes, afterwards Mrs. Smythe, Mrs. Kent, the Misses Pidwell, Miss Kate Reid, afterwards wife of Senator Macdonald, Mrs. Charles Kent, Mrs. Forbes-Vernon, Mrs. I. W. Powell and Mrs. P. T. Johnston.

Mrs. W. A. Mouat

Mrs. Mouat left England with her husband, Captain W. A. Mouat, of the Hudson's Bay Company, in September, 1854, on the ship "Marquis of Bute." Mr. and Mrs. Cridge, then on their honeymoon, were fellow passengers, and Captain and Mrs. Mouat had been married only a short time. The ship

stopped for some time at the Sandwich Islands, and it was while they were at Honolulu that they first received word of the fall of Sebastopol. On their arrival, in April, 1855, they lived in the fort, it being the only place available. Mrs. Mouat had brought her piano, and Mr. Cridge was very proficient on the 'cello. Then there were Mr. Pearse, who played the violin, and John Tod with his flute. These four gave musical entertainments in the old fort, to the delight of everybody within hearing, the Indians crowding around the palisades to listen.

Captain Mouat built a house for his family on Belleville Street, and here they lived until 1866, Mrs. Mouat always contributing to the musical life in Victoria. In 1859 she went to San Francisco with her husband and met Mathias Grey, who was a very well-known musician there, and who wished her to remain. He was charmed with her playing, and felt that she could make a small fortune if she took up teaching and playing professionally. But the home ties were much too strong. After she went back to Victoria, for many years he sent her all of the new music as it came out, the popular things of the day, songs and variations by Brindley Richards, "The Last Rose of Summer," "Annie Laurie," "Charlie Is My Darling." Very old they seem to modern ears, but then they were quite new and everybody was singing them. But Mrs. Mouat had not much liking for them. She clung to the composers she loved best, Beethoven, Mozart, Handel, Liszt. These were household names to the Mouats, all seven of the children, every one of whom had imbibed an admiration for what was most worthy in music. Two of the daughters had delightful voices, and later on became great favourites with Victoria audiences. Many today speak of the lovely harmony of the sisters singing in duets, their tones blending so perfectly that it seemed like one voice.

From Victoria, Captain and Mrs. Mouat and their family went to the north end of the Island to Fort Rupert, where Captain Mouat was in charge until his death in 1871. Then Mrs. Mouat and the children returned to Victoria, where she took her place in the musical world again; and until her death in 1896 her interest in anything pertaining to music never flagged. Their home was a meeting place of artists, and delightful soirees were given which many Victorians still living recall with pleasure. Mrs. Mouat was a deeply religious woman, and a large part of her leisure was devoted to church work. Like most of the other pioneers, she found conditions in the colony very trying, but her courage never failed, nor her faith.

Mrs. Henry Wootton

Mrs. Henry Wootton came naturally by her love of music. She was born at Stoke Newington, December 4th, 1826, and her father was a direct

descendant of the Yardley whose name is attached to the Magna Charta. He was signatory to the original document and designated as a Doctor of Music thus:

"William Yardley C. M. 1215 A.D."

In 1857 she was married to Captain Henry Wootton, of the East India Company Service. He arrived on Vancouver Island in 1858, and two years later his wife joined him in Victoria, having journeyed via Panama. Their home is still standing near the old Christ Church Cathedral. Her husband left the sea after a few years and was made the first Postmaster-General, which position he held until he died in 1875. Like Mrs. Mouat, Mrs. Wootton was an ardent church worker and a talented pianist. She lived to the advanced age of ninety-two.

Mrs. E. H. King

Mrs. Edward Hammond King was born in Wales and came to Victoria in 1858. She was at that time married, and had two daughters, and, after she arrived in Victoria, one son. Her daughters were Mary Pauline, who married Mr. Robert Ward, and Florence Harriet, whose husband was Mr. T. R. Smith, for many years manager of the Hudson's Bay. Her son, Elliot King, married a daughter of Mrs. Wootton. Mrs. Edward King's husband was accidentally shot while on duty up the Island. One of the Gulf Islands is named in his memory. Later Mrs. King married T. L. Stahlschmidt, and she has always been closely associated with musical affairs in Victoria.

Mrs. Ellen Kent

The Kents' name has been identified with music in this city ever since the earliest entertainments were given in the colony. Mrs. Kent came here in 1864.

She was born in London on September 13th, 1831, and was married there twenty-four years later, her husband leaving her behind him when he took the long journey to Western Canada and into the Cariboo, for she was going to have a baby, and he feared the trip would be too much of an undertaking for her. In letters which he left he relates how the good news was brought to him at Barkerville of the birth of their son and heir. It was months after the event, but "the occasion was celebrated with a beef-steak and kidney pie and other delicacies which were a decided luxury in these gold fields."

In 1864 Mrs. Kent left England to join her husband, who had by this time come to Victoria; and though he did not bring fortune from the Cariboo, he had what is better than riches, fine health, plenty of ambition, and a never-

failing optimism. The little family were inexpressibly happy to be reunited; and the baby, nearly two years old now, was a bright, bonny boy, like his handsome mother, and, like her, very early showing evidence of marked musical ability.

Their fortune varied, but they were always happy in their home life. Their first little house was destroyed by fire and all of their furniture burned and their clothing; but they cheerfully started housekeeping again in a small cottage on Fort Street, near the site of the present Campbell Building. There were several little houses in that vicinity then, all with their bits of garden, bright, cosy, old-fashioned places, fronting on the crooked, bumpy, shady road. After some years spent in this locality they took up their residence in the new home on Yates Street, which is still standing, and where the roses twine as luxuriantly today as they did a half century and more ago.

Mrs. Kent had always been an earnest student of the piano, and her voice was a soprano, rich and full and well trained. During the period between the sixties and seventies she was much in demand for all of the various musical affairs. The fact that she could play her own accompaniments made her contributions delightful. She sang also in St. John's Church choir for many years. No entertainment was ever considered complete without her assistance. Though she was a member of the Church of England, she freely gave of her talents to any and all denominations for charity. She often said: "God blessed me with a singing voice which evidently gives pleasure to others, and I shall always sing when I can." She was obliged to work hard, for domestic labour was very difficult to procure, and there were very few conveniences to make housework simple and easy. Times were often hard, too, and their little family suffered sad bereavements when two of the children died. But she was invariably brave and cheerful. And she always sang, at her work or her play with the children. She went through life singing.

Among her many philanthropic interests was the B. C. Protestant Orphanage, and she was an indefatigable worker in the parish of St. John's Church. Later her son Herbert being appointed choirmaster of the Cathedral, she transferred her energies there. When, owing to her advancing years, she was unable to take the long walk to the Cathedral, she used to read the service every Sunday at home.

For over forty years she lived at "Rose Cottage," where she and her husband took great pride in the garden and the profusion of flowers which they grew. Theirs was one of the show places of the community, and everybody in Victoria delighted in it.

Mrs. Kent lived to be eighty-seven. She has left behind her the happiest memories. Many a gay dance of the old days owed its success to the splendid music played by her on the piano, which was an inspiration for all, old and young, to take the floor and dance their best. Many living today will recall one schottische especially which had been composed by a relative of hers in England and which was always called for on these occasions.

Mary H. Waitt

Mary H. Lambard was born in Boston, Mass., in the year 1836, and it was in 1861 that she came out to Victoria to be married. She made the trip alone, but there was such happiness at the journey's end that she had no misgivings about undertaking it. Her fiance, Marshall Welder Waitt, son of Captain Waitt, had arrived here in 1860, and was waiting for her.

Like nearly everyone else who came to Victoria in the early days, they began their newly married life in a humble way. Their house was so small and had so few rooms that when Mrs. Waitt wrote home to Boston about it, she counted in the pigsty as one room, so that she might make her establishment seem larger without actually having to fib about it. They had no furniture, except what they could manufacture out of packing boxes. But in spite of this, the little home was artistic, for they had bright chintz to drape and tack over the rough boards, and to hang at the small windows. In this house their two children were born (Mrs. Herbert Kent and Mrs. J. H. Henderson).

Mr. Waitt finally bought the house standing on the corner of Quadra and Fisguard Streets, the first house in Victoria built of Portland cement. Quadra Street was not cut through then and it was quite in the country, a splendid place for children to play. Only that Mrs. Waitt was terrified of the Indians. They used often to come to the cottage, peddling berries and kindling wood. She never saw them without her heart beating fast for fear. She would give them presents so that they might never harm her or the children, quite unaware that the Indians had no thought of hurting anyone. One day, after she had given one old squaw three pairs of stockings, all of which she donned at once, a whole party of Indians appeared and camped on the greensward. Mrs. Waitt fled with her children when she saw them, and ran to the Partridges' house, the only other place on the street. Sam Partridge returned with her, to be cordially greeted by the Indians, who grunted: "Hias chock kumtux," which, according to Mr. Partridge, was high praise. Delighted with the gift of the stockings, they had all come to receive similar presents.

Mrs. Higgins, Mrs. Aikman, Mrs. Gore, Mrs. Powell, Mrs. Jenns, Mrs. Kent and Mrs. Jay were among the friends of Mrs. Waitt. The concerts given

at that time were called conversaziones, and were held in a small hall on Government Street, near the Post Office. They consisted chiefly of songs and readings. Mrs. Herbert Kent, who has given her mother's story, speaks especially of the delightful singing of Mr. Edward White, Mrs. H. H. Green and the Misses Bowden.

She also furnishes an interesting bit of local colouring in her description of the downtown district. The sidewalks were wooden and the houses all had verandahs upstairs; so that even in the rainiest weather one could walk along and do one's shopping from one place to another without getting in the least wet.

Mrs. Waitt's older daughter, Georgina, married Mr. Herbert Kent. They have taken a very active part in the musical life of Victoria and have been responsible for many successful amateur entertainments.

Mrs. Waitt lived to be seventy-five, and died in Victoria in the year 1911.

Mde. L'Hotelier

In August, 1858, a star of Paris Grande Opera fame came to Victoria to live. This was Mde. L'Hotelier, nee Mlle. Louise Balagny, and her story is a romantic one. She was born in Paris, France, and at a very early age began to sing. While she was still a very young girl, rather shy and with her voice quite untrained, someone persuaded her to sing at a musicale. This she did, having no idea at all that a famous impresario was one of the audience.

When the great man had heard her he was delighted with her. He told her that if she would consent to study for three years at the Conservatoire, he would pay all of her expenses.

"When you make your debut," he said, "if you are the success I feel sure you will be, I shall be amply repaid."

Mlle. Balagny studied diligently, and in two and a half years' time was ready to make her bow before the critics. The great night of her debut arrived. She came on the stage, her heart fluttering, her knees shaking. By instinct almost she sang the cavatina which her teachers had chosen for her, and her sweet, high, full voice filled the auditorium. When she had finished she waited a breathless moment. All depended upon "la claque." If the critics approved they gave the signal to "la claque" in the balcony. Thunderous and prolonged applause followed Mlle. Balagny's performance, and her career was made. She was at once engaged by the theatre, and proved to be as gifted histrionically as she was musically. She played and sang in L'Opera Comique, at L'Ambigue, and then at Comedie Francaise. Her fame spread.

Her voice increased in beauty and volume. She travelled to other European countries and was everywhere acclaimed. Princes and statesmen delighted to do her honour, and show their appreciation by lavish gifts. She and Dejaze were the leading operatic singers in Paris, and La Blache, the great basso, was a contemporary. The whole world in those days knew of these three.

Mlle. Balagny left with her opera company to go to Valparaiso, and it was while she was performing here that M. L'Hotelier saw her and fell in love with her. She had been married before in Paris to M. Charles Lombard, who died when their little boy was two years old. M. L'Hotelier did not wish Mlle. Balagny to remain on the stage. He was very rich, by profession a wine and coffee taster, and he owned a large amount of property in Valparaiso. He at length was able to persuade the charming singer to leave her profession and settle down to a domestic life.

Her leave-taking of the great public who loved her was a sad one. The house was packed, and as she sang there were many who wept, knowing it was the last time they should hear her. The four consuls who were present, French, English, Spanish and Italian, advanced to the stage during the last act of the opera, bearing between them a huge floral piece, which they placed at her feet. On top of the flowers was a small box, and within it a tiny heart-shaped watch of gold, enamelled in blue and set in diamonds, a diamond "S" for souvenir on one side, and on the other a diamond cross for hope. There was a long chain of solid gold also, the whole a present from the four clubs of which the four consuls were representatives. Mr. Charles Lombard, of this city, has the beautiful little souvenir still.

Unfortunately, through luckless investments, M. L'Hotelier lost nearly all of his money. They went to Lima for a time, and afterwards to San Francisco. Stories of the finding of gold in the Cariboo decided them to come to Vancouver Island. But they had not enough money for the long passage up from California.

By dint of earnest persuasion, M. L'Hotelier consented that his wife should make another appearance in public. She was to give three performances, one of them a benefit for herself. Crowds flocked to hear the great Paris singer, whose voice had so long been silent. There was plenty of money then for the journey.

But they did not go to the gold fields when they arrived in the North. They remained at Victoria, and M. L'Hotelier hired a shop and set about a business of coffee roasting and grinding. Success attended him, and in a year or two he had made ten thousand dollars.

Mde. L'Hotelier found life very hard, although, with a Frenchwoman's proverbial good humour, she tried to fit herself to the strange conditions. She knew nothing whatever of house work, but an old Frenchwoman who lived in Victoria taught her to wash clothes. She had her tub in the small yard of their house, and frequently while rubbing away at the family linen, she would begin to sing, and singing she would forget everything but the music, until crowds collected outside the fence, and M. L'Hotelier, coming home, would discover them, and hurry in to his wife in great distress.

Mde. L'Hotelier did not remain very long in Victoria, but she sang several times in aid of charitable institutions, and one such occasion had rather a disastrous ending. It was the time of the Civil War, and the feeling between Southerners and Northerners ran high; particularly were some of the Americans living in Victoria very much opposed to any social intercourse with the coloured members of the population.

At that time a coloured family by the name of Pointer lived here, very respectable persons, who invariably formed part of the audience at every public entertainment. A concert was to be given in aid of the Royal Hospital, and Mde. L'Hotelier had agreed to sing a duet with a Frenchman, Felix le Louis. Another performer was a man named Sutro, who now owns the famous Sutro Gardens in San Francisco. He was to play the violin.

Mr. Pointer bought tickets for himself, his wife and daughter in the gallery, the best seats in the house. When the audience was assembled, another American by the name of McCrea, an auctioneer, discovered the negroes in the gallery. He was incensed, and he and some of his American friends went behind the scenes and told Sutro, who refused to play. They also tried to persuade Felix le Louis that it was an insult to him to have negroes in the house They wanted him and Mde. L'Hotelier to appear on the stage and then, pretending an indignant surprise at seeing the Pointers, decline to take any part in the entertainment. Madam and le Louis refused to do anything of the sort.

A sack of flour was procured by the plotters and all of the old vegetables they could carry. The sack of flour was cut in two. How this mischievous group managed to get into the theatre and behind the Pointers is not clear. But the moment that Madam and Monsieur took their places on the stage and the orchestra started, the flour was emptied over the heads of the luckless Pointers, and the vegetables followed.

Instantly the gallery was in an uproar. The boxes were full of officers from the ships in Esquimalt, who, anxious to be in the thick of whatever excitement there was, did not wait to go up the stairway, but shinned up the

poles of the gallery to the rescue of the negroes. But the offenders had vanished, order was soon restored, and the concert proceeded.

The affair, however, was brought up in court and McCrae and his fellow conspirators were heavily fined, the judge delivering the following homily to the culprits:

"In British law, all races are equal. The negroes here are under the protection of the British. If you Americans do not like our laws, you may step back and over the border to your own country."

M. and Madam L'Hotelier left Victoria to return to Lima, Peru, and there they remained; but their son, Charles Amand Lombard, stayed in Victoria, where he has been active in musical affairs during his lifetime, and, inheriting his mother's glorious voice, has sung his way into the hearts of all of the old-timers.

Mrs. Eleanor Caroline Smyth

(Formerly Mrs. Arthur Fellows, Second Daughter of the Postal Reformer, Sir Rowland Hill)

A short account of this remarkable woman has been written by her daughter, Miss Caroline Frances Fellows, and sent from England for inclusion in the book of pioneer women of Vancouver Island. It is reproduced here, and is followed by Mrs. Smyth's own description of a play she saw in the early days of Victoria.

A Lover of Vancouver Island

"My mother, nee Eleanor Caroline Hill, born at Bruce Castle, Tottenham, England, in 1831, was the second daughter of Sir Rowland Hill, originator of Uniform Penny Postage, which came into force in the British Isles on January 10th, 1840. She was private secretary to her father from 1847, when she was sixteen, till the year of his death, 1879, though with a break of some years, part of which was spent at Victoria and Esquimalt, Vancouver Island, whither she journeyed with my father, Arthur Fellows, soon after their marriage in October, 1861. Their children, two daughters and two sons, were all born on the Island, but our parents returned to the Old Country, taking us with them, in 1866. Unfortunately, we were too young to remember our native land in later years, but our parents, perhaps our mother especially, always inspired us with a great affection for it and a strong wish to see it again. In 1909 this desire was gratified for a time, when my twin sister and I escorted our mother

(then Mrs. Smyth, in her 79th year) to Victoria, where our younger brother, Arthur, was staying. After the absence of 43 years, our mother naturally found many changes in the Far West, and, though she greatly enjoyed her visit and meeting again some of the old-timers and their descendants, still the city of her dreams had almost passed away and many of the old friends and landmarks had gone.

"How often she had spoken to us of the big trees, gold excitements, the miners' Canvas Town at Victoria, the forty-niners, the mountain scenery of which she was never tired; of watching thunderstorms amongst the heights in the distance; of Mount Baker losing its perfect cone by volcanic eruption during her sojourn; of the lovely flowers, cultivated with care in England, but growing wild and in profusion close at hand in Victoria; of the occasional visits of wolves to our neighbourhood; of pumas, panthers, little bears, wild fowl and dainty humming birds! One day she saw our Indian handyman in his canoe pushing his spear into the rocks just below the sea level and close to where we lived. Presently he landed his catch, a large octopus, now lifeless, into his canoe, and then took it home to his village opposite.

"Our mother met with people from nearly every nation, and was greatly interested in the coming of the first ship from Japan after that country had decided to have communication with the outer world again. She said she had never understood the phases of the moon until she lived at what she called 'The House in the Woods,' which was Thetis Cottage, at Esquimalt. The cottage had been a Hudson's Bay Company's fur-trading house, and overlooked the harbour, with the Cascade and Olympian ranges in the background.

"The greatest event, however, with which she came in slight contact was, of course, the American Civil War. Before her marriage she had wished to become a public singer, and though that was not to be, the excellent training she had received in the Old Country, and her appreciation of the Italian style especially, made her a favourite at concerts in which she took part at Victoria and elsewhere. To Longfellow, either at his home or in England, she had sung his own song, "The Bridge," and he had shaken her hands cordially afterwards and thanked her.

"She was fond of painting and drawing, and gave me some of her pictures of Far Western scenes not long ago. When showing them to a friend recently, he admired them and said, 'One does not often see such good sketches as those nowadays.'

"She wrote a life of her father, and contributed at times to the Press, her articles to the 'Halifax Chronicle,' Nova Scotia, which province we visited in

1882-3, being strongly in favour of Free Trade. Amongst famous people she had met or seen at her father's or friends' houses were the poet Hood, Miss Mulock, afterwards Mrs. Craik, authoress of 'John Halifax, Gentleman,' the artist Turner, Mr. Gladstone, Thackeray, Charles Dickens, Sir George Airey, Astronomer-Royal, the Chambers, brothers and sister, the novelist Wilkie Collins, Barbara Leigh Smith, artist and founder of Girton College, Cambridge, who became Madame Bodichon.

"Our mother's recollections included the coming to the throne of Queen Victoria, the building of the early main line railways in England, introduction of Penny Postage, the sailing of Sir John Franklin's ill-fated Arctic expedition, the Chartist movement, the Hungry Forties, the adoption of Free Trade, which swept the former away, the Great Exhibition of 1851, the funeral of the Duke of Wellington, the triumph of Italy and welcome in London of King Victor Emanuel II., the Indian Mutiny, the Crimean, Franco-German, and too many other wars. Our mother was very well read and had a good memory for history, poetry, geology, astronomy, general science and literature. She was also busy in domestic matters, her knitting and sewing needles, and her crochet hook never being idle for long.

"The Great War was a shock to her at first, but as time went on she took air raids and the firing of guns quite calmly, and crocheted some hundreds of beautifully made little garments for the Belgian refugee children.

"In her 88th year she went out in the rain to record her Parliamentary vote. When about 92 she wrote on the subject of the great scientist of the 13th century, Roger Bacon; and later on of Geoffrey Chaucer and his Canterbury Pilgrims.

"Her activities during the last few years failed very gradually, but perceptibly, and though interested to the last in public events, and in friends near and across the seas, she at length passed peacefully away on December 31st, 1926, within three months of completing her 96th year.

CAROLINE FRANCES FELLOWS."

Shakespeare in the Far West

(By the late Mrs. Eleanor Caroline Smyth, 1831-1926)

"Although the city of Victoria, British Columbia, was a mere baby of a capital twenty years ago"—about 1861—"we already possessed there a building sacred to the tragic and comic muses, albeit more especially perhaps to that mongrel sort of histrionic deity which, fondly imagined and honestly intended to be tragic, oftener becomes irresistibly comic, and at times ends by

broadening into the veriest farce. It was a substantial wooden structure of goodly proportion, once a storehouse of the Hudson's Bay Company, of later years modernized into a tolerably fair specimen of a theatre. There was a pit, or as the Anglo-Americans, in imitation of the French—we were all somewhat Anglo-American there—prefer to call it, parterre, about as good as most others of its supremely uncomfortable kind, the few front rows of which were popularly known as stalls, for no apparent reason, since they were not a whit better than the rest, unless that so to be called was the right and proper thing; and above was a gallery, the only one, consisting of several tiers of more or less far from luxurious seats, and terminating at each extremity on either side the stage in a private box. Below each private box, and just above the level of the pit and stalls, was another private box, making in all therefore only four of these penetential-cell-like places. As one of them belonged exclusively to royalty's representative, there naturally remained accessible to the general public but three, for possession of which, whenever anything particularly attractive in the way of theatricals was about to be performed, 'Society' in Victoria strove with that eagerness not unmixed with venom which is so apt to be characteristic of small communities where one loving neighbour deems the outshining of every other loving neighbour to be an aim of paramount importance.

"In the 'good old days' before the gold excitement of 1862 had brought so many English immigrants to this distant corner of the world, of whose existence comparatively few, save perhaps the inmates of the Colonial Office and school children struggling with the science called Geography, had till that time heard, the Victorian theatre-going public was given to comport itself in the freest and easiest of styles; and if the fair sex was absent from the place, in but scanty numbers, or not of the fairest complexion, it was, I have, on excellent authority, been assured, quite the correct thing, especially when the miners were 'down from the upper country,' for the lords of creation to witness the performance from the gallery with a quid of tobacco in the mouth and their feet a l'Americaine upon the railing in front of them. The rows of boots of all sizes, shapes, and ages, from the brand-new to the deplorably-dilapidated, arranged round the theatre in the semi-circle usually ornamented at Old Country theatres by the velvet cushions plus the bouquets and scented playbills of Old Country theatre-going people, is said to have presented, as viewed from the parterre below, a most peculiar appearance.

"During the time of my residence in Victoria, the interior of the building was rendered tolerably brilliant with gas; but in the old days just mentioned it had been indifferently lighted with oil lamps much addicted to getting out of order; and thus not infrequently there was added to the excitement of the

drama the yet further and far more awful excitement of a possible conflagration of the premises, on one of which occasions I happened to be present. Happily these alarms never amounted to anything serious; and the Victorian temple of the muses exists in somewhat embellished form, I believe, to this very day.

"Outside the theatre it was the custom in the evening for the town-crier, who was also the public wag, to ring his bell at intervals by way of proclamation to those whom perhaps his voice could not well reach, that the doors were open; while for the benefit of those within easier hearing he would give forth, first in English and then in the Indian dialect, a verbal notice of the evening's programme, adorning both versions with such alterations and additions as suited his fertile imagination. The roars of laughter from the white population, coupled with the broad grins and guttural chuckles of the duskier folk who crowded about him, were the surest evidence that his wit met with hearty appreciation. The man, dead now many years, was indeed a born humourist, and, if report spoke truly, had in the Old Country held a far better position than he did in the New. But then society in the colonies is apt to be upside-down.

"At one time during my stay in Victoria there was given the play founded on that well-known incident—said never to have taken place—at the siege of Lucknow when, while relief is approaching, the Scotch girl suddenly cries, 'Dinna ye hear it? 'Tis the pibroch,' etc.; which exclamation, rendered as it was in 'down-East' twang of the American actress who personated Jeanie, was something too appalling ever to be forgotten. On that should-have-been blissful evening, the building was crowded with long-exiled sons of Caledonia gathered from different parts of the colony, members of the Hudson's Bay Company and other old residents, people who perhaps had never before, or not for many years, been inside a theatre, yet who were attracted by the promise of a drama in which a Gaelic lassie plays a conspicuous part. Alas, poor souls! their agonized countenances, what time they heard their native Doric interpreted by Anglo-American lips—and noses, were a piteous sight enough.

"But the Victoria theatre could now and then turn out some very fair performances; the 'Colleen Bawn' was once creditably got up, and another time I saw the 'Octoroon' there far better done than, only a year or two later, I beheld it at the Princess's in London, especially as regards the all-important parts of the Indian, Old Pete, McCloskey and Salem Scudder. On another occasion, the Charles Keans and their party visited us; and those, of course, were, dramatically speaking, the palmiest of eras. But about the time when the acting company essayed, with more ambition than judgment, to get up

‘Macbeth,’ the theatre, like the colony, had fallen upon less flourishing days, and the tragic muse was more than ever disposed to set ‘laughter holding both his sides.’

“Now whenever I had time to go to any of the performances, I always chose my seat in the gallery—called, for some unknown reason, the dress-circle—in preference to the much-contended-for private boxes; not at all because I was less given to quarrel than my neighbours, and still less from any fear of being worsted in combat, verbal or otherwise; but simply because I found that part of the building much pleasanter than the penitential cells and more accessible to the occasional visits of such friends as might chance to be among the audience. And thus the evening we went to see after what fashion Shakespeare would be rendered in the extreme Far West, we straightway repaired to our accustomed quarters, and among the ‘gods’ recognized several terrestrial beings with whom we were acquainted. The house was a good one, scarcely an empty place to be found, not that that was very wonderful, since a piece in which there is plenty of bloodshed and a liberal display of the mediæval bowie-knife cannot fail to be attractive; the only drawback in the eyes of a genuine Far-Westerling being perhaps that in Macbeth’s time the revolver was not invented. Had Colonel Colt but been contemporary with Shakespeare, what a grand scene the Bard of Avon and of anachronisms might have made of the slaughter of Duncan by means of a seven-shooter, with a thrilling pause and a telling soliloquy between each shot! A revolver in the days of Edward the Confessor would, after all, be not a whit more absurd than is cannon in those of Hamlet.

“The curtain having ascended, a view was disclosed—so appropriate to a Scottish story!—of some tropical trees and a cotton plantation which had recently done service in the aforesaid ‘Octoroon.’ Behind these appeared an equally appropriate background representing a door, and on each side of it a nineteenth-century parlour-window draped with nineteenth century, hideous claret-coloured curtains; a tout-ensemble which surely on the part of a scenic artist hailing from a country whose citizens claim the proud privilege of doing as they please was a preposterously free rendering of the ‘blasted heath.’

“But, undeterred by misgivings as to adequacy of material or dread of anachronisms, the players began and continued bravely enough; and the immortal tragedy grew more farcical at every fresh scene. With the exception of the Thane of Cawdor himself and his energetic spouse, both of whose parts were creditably sustained, the other performers were ludicrously unequal to the roles they attempted; while perhaps the hardest and frequently the most audible of all fell to the prompter’s share. It is almost superfluous to add that

these mediæval British worthies and unworthies discoursed, as we felt confident they would, every one in the peculiar nasal tone and embellished (?) Shakespeare's English with several of the peculiar expressions of the subjects of the then 'king of the kingless land,' Abraham Lincoln; neither perhaps will the reader be surprised when told that the costumes of the theatrical troupe were of the fashion of all ages and of no age in particular, least of all of that supposed to be represented.

"Tolerably hard work it must have been for others than the prompter, as for instance, for King Duncan, who, after he had at last been sent to his account, rose again, Phœnix-like, from his ashes, and reappeared, first as a supplementary witch, and later as the somewhat prosy and scarcely competent physician who moralizes over the sleep-walking Queen. Of the three 'weird sisters,' one, unmistakably a brother, bearded beyond all doubt, six feet in height, and in private life a fine bass singer, was evidently not well up in his part; but wholly undaunted by what to anyone else would have been a serious consideration, he leant comfortably up against the tropical trees during the singing scenes, crossed his legs, and, with a dandy spy-glass screwed beneath one brow, read or rather sang off the score held openly in his hand, testifying meanwhile a lazy indifference to time and tune which was scarcely pleasing to his auditory. Report said he had been hired at the eleventh hour and at an amount of dollars, cents perhaps, not sufficiently remunerative, in his own estimation, to warrant the bestowal of much trouble upon study of the character allotted to him.

"When Duncan arrived at the castle within whose walls his doom awaited him, and spoke of the noble prospect before his eyes, audible titters among the audience interrupted his speech, for nothing in the shape of a view was in sight save a remarkable back-scene of much-tattered and very extraordinary mountains and water, and the everlasting claret-draperied parlour-windows and door split down the centre now, and doing duty as wings. The banqueting scene was supremely ridiculous. Banquet indeed it was none; for the two long tables set out upon the stage were bare both of viands and of vessels; and before them sat, eating nothing whatever, and looking as if they had not the faintest idea how to dispose of their arms and legs, 'all our friends,' consisting exactly of two couples to each table, every one of whom remained throughout the whole stirring scene in a state of almost statuesque unconcern, never turning their heads even, and leaving the expression of different emotions entirely to the principal characters. One noble lord, however, who occupied a very conspicuous front place, did give some sign of life by peeling an apple which he took out of his pocket. He succeeded in cutting what children call a 'long peel,' of which feat he appeared to be not a little vain,

for while Macbeth was in an agony of terror at the ghost, His Majesty's unsympathetic guest held at length his long peel, and, with evident satisfaction, dangled it until it untimely snapped in two.

"In this scene Macbeth and his wife were accommodated for thrones with two shabby horsehair-and-mahogany nineteenth-century chairs placed upon a large, rough packing-case on which was painted in conspicuous letters the name of the vessel which had brought it out from England; and a third and similar chair was put right in the middle of the stage, quite away from either table and where no guest would be likely to sit down, for Banquo, who, elaborately chalked about the face and gashed with crimson paint about the throat, but otherwise as unconcerned as though setting out for an every-day ramble, obligingly sauntered in from the wings whenever his presence was required.

"But perhaps the climax of fun was reached in the incantation scene, where the shades of Banquo and of the kings his descendants pass over the stage before Macbeth's eyes. There were but three actors to personate the seven monarchs, so that when they had every one stalked across it became necessary for them to crawl on all fours behind the back-scene—which was in too dilapidated a condition to have concealed them in the least had they stood upright—and reappear until the number was complete, when the last man carried in his fingers a small hand-mirror of the sort which ladies use to ascertain if their 'back hair' be properly arranged. Moreover these royal folks, either through poverty of theatrical wardrobe or by way of making themselves look spectral, were each enveloped from head to foot in a sheet; and during the final excursion behind the back-scene, the sheet belonging to one of the party caught upon a corner or a nail, when, after many violent struggles to get free—amid which the halting performance stopped short and dead silence took possession of the stage—he left half the covering behind him and reappeared in tatters above and ordinary tweed coat and trousers below. Now as the ragged back-scene—the same which the late King Duncan had so unblushingly gone into ecstasies over—quite failed to conceal the struggling actor, this was altogether too much for the gravity of the audience, who broke into a perfect shout of uncontrollable laughter.

"I have never seen 'Macbeth' performed since that day; and, to tell the truth, I hardly care to do so. It is not so much heterodoxy in taste that deters me as cowardice. In the midst of some tragical scene, I might, were I present, suddenly bethink me of the play as I beheld it in the Far West, and involuntarily break out into unseasonable mirth; and that sort of behaviour in a civilized community would be wholly without precedent, and thus be quite too dreadful."

Mr. Frank Higgins, whose mother was one of the musical Miss Pidwells, has written the following reminiscences regarding music and drama of long ago.

Mrs. D. W. Higgins

Imprinted on the scroll of memory are the names of women who, possessing physical endurance and ruggedness enabling them to cope with the hardships and meet the exigencies of early pioneer life, also found much comfort and pleasure in developing their naturally fine voices and musical talents. Although removed from the centres of music, yet they created a remarkable musical atmosphere in Victoria. Pioneers remember and still speak of the five Pidwell sisters. They were born in Prince Edward Island and journeyed overland with their parents to California and arrived at Victoria shortly after the discovery of gold in Cariboo. Being endowed by nature with voices of fine tonal quality and being members of the same family, they were able to harmonize beautifully in rendering madrigals, chansons, and other classics of that period. It was the first introduction to British Columbia of ensemble singing of that kind. The quintet consisted of Fanny Pidwell, first soprano; Louisa, second soprano; Minerva, contralto, and Jessie and Mary Pidwell, altos. The Pidwell house soon became a centre of gaiety and music; the young men of Victoria flocked to that bright home, and it was not long before they were busily engaged in organizing and producing cantatas and other musical entertainments.

Four of the Pidwell sisters married at an early age and removed to California. Mary, the youngest, remained in Victoria, and, at the age of seventeen, became the wife of D. W. Higgins, who owned and conducted the Colonist newspaper for many years, and was Speaker of the Provincial Legislature for a considerable time.

Mary Higgins, after her marriage, continued to take an active part in the organization and production of musical entertainments; as her singing voice waned, she became engrossed in other activities. She was mainly instrumental in launching the first movement to secure to women the right to vote, and, in conjunction with the late Mrs. A. C. Flumerfelt (a noted philanthropist), succeeded in establishing and equipping Victoria's first maternity home, where women were entitled to medical attention and nursing free of charge.

In connection with the first effort to obtain female suffrage an amusing incident occurred. A large number of women petitioned the Legislature to amend the Election Act, so as to permit women to vote. A member of the

Legislature from Victoria, the late Mr. Harry D. Helmcken, requested leave to present the petition. Mary Higgins' husband was in the Speaker's chair. He, in common with the majority, was not in favour of woman's suffrage. Speaker Higgins, being wedded to the master-in-my-own-home theory, had no idea that his wife would be so bold and independent as to join a movement that he did not approve of. Mr. Helmcken rose to his feet. His desk was buried in flowers, and pinned to the lapel of his coat was an elaborate and gorgeous bouquet, gifts from the ladies to their champion. Mr. Helmcken cleared his voice and said:

"Mr. Speaker, I crave leave to introduce a petition that has for its object the righting of a great wrong that has been inflicted upon our mothers, daughters and sisters. Women have for centuries borne shackles that have been welded by the brute force of man. They are struggling to cast off those shackles. Are we so inhuman and unmanly as not to give heed to their prayers and supplications?"

(Thereupon there ensued much applause from the ladies in the gallery.)

Mr. Speaker: "I wish to remind the ladies in the gallery that this is not a frivolous tea party, but a place where weighty matters are considered and dealt with. If there is any further outburst I must direct the Sergeant-at-Arms to clear the gallery. Will the Honourable Member proceed with his remarks?' "

The Honourable Member: "As I was saying, this is a determined effort on the part of women, which is not only local, but world-wide, to place themselves on an equality with men. They are, in my opinion, not only equal, but in many respects superior to men. I am aware that you, Mr. Speaker, and the majority of members in this House, don't agree with this."

Mr. Speaker: "I certainly do not agree with the Honourable Member; besides, he is clearly out of order." Then, with patent sarcasm: "The Honourable Member might tell the House what the petition is all about."

The Honourable Member: "I hold in my hand a petition addressed to this august Body, signed by five hundred women of Victoria, requesting to be given the right to vote." (The Honourable Member then proceeded to unroll the document and spread it on the floor of the Legislature.) "You will perceive, Mr. Speaker, that the name of an estimable lady, who signs herself Mary Higgins, whom we revere and respect, heads the list. I might remind you, Mr. Speaker, that although you have the power to rule this House, yet, it is evident that you have not sufficient power to govern your own domicile. Who can now say that the female is the weaker sex?"

Faced with a riot of laughter, the Speaker was speechless. Amid much confusion the petition was received, but women did not get the right to vote until years later. The world has always acknowledged that the artist, musical or otherwise, has temperament which a practical person is at a loss to know how to combat; so the worthy Speaker of the Legislature had to succumb, as is usually the case, to the untramelled temperament of his loving wife.

In the formulative siècle of British Columbia were young men and women of culture and refinement, who, before leaving their homes in other countries, had received musical educations. They were familiar with the music and popular operas of that period. As no professional troupes journeyed to the colony, they were thrown on their own resources and had themselves to supply musical entertainment. They organized choirs and got up concerts. Among the prominent vocalists of that day was Miss Kate Branks, a sister of the late Mrs. I. W. Powell, who became the wife of Charles Vernon. She was possessed of a delightful lyric soprano voice. Another soloist was Miss Sally Redfern, who eventually graduated to the professional ranks. Among other singers and musicians were Mrs. Charles Kent, Mrs. Henry Rhodes, Miss Patty Rhodes, Mrs. Richard Janion, Miss Bowden (now Mrs. McB. Smith), Mrs. P. T. Johnston, Mrs. Garesche, Miss McDonald, and Mrs. Atwood, who married Sidney Wilson, a prominent musician. The German population had their own musical organization called the Singverein Musical Club.

The first opera ever produced in British Columbia was “Love in a Village.” When it was decided to give an opera, the committee first thought of putting on “The Beggar’s Opera,” but it was considered too broad for that Victorian age, although the present generation does not seem to think so. Miss Sally Redfern, who was offered the leading part in the proposed opera, positively refused to take part, stigmatizing “The Beggar’s Opera” as being gross, vulgar and indecent. The committee eventually decided to perform “Love in a Village.” It was sung at Victoria’s first theatre, on Government Street, where the Hibben-Bone block now stands. Prominent in the cast were the Misses Redfern, Franklin and Thain, Mrs. Caldwell, Mr. and Mrs. E. White, Mr. and Mrs. P. T. Johnston, Mrs. T. N. Hibben, and Messrs. Herbert Kent, A. J. Langley, J. Nicholles, Ross Monro, C. E. Redfern and S. Y. Wootton. There was no orchestra, and Professor Digby Palmer, a teacher of the piano, furnished the accompaniment. Mr. Palmer had a prominent nose. Besides being musical, he was an ardent fisherman. In one of the scenes there is a part where the characters crack whips. One of the male characters could not acquire the knack of cracking a whip, and during the first performance he held the whip in such a position that part of it dropped over the footlights and

struck the accompanist on the head, who, evidently thinking more about his avocation as a fisherman than his vocation as a piano player, much to the amusement of the audience, he blurted out to the whip-holder, in a loud voice, audible to everyone: "Take away that confounded fishing-rod—stop fishing for my nose."

In the early '60's several coloured families reached Victoria from the Southern States; among their number were women who had good voices. They could render the old plantation melodies of the South with telling effect, but were not contented to be restricted to that field of music. They hankered to sing the songs of the white folks. With this object in view they formed a musical club, calling themselves the "Janissaires of Light." They engaged Sidney Wilson, a well-known conductor, and put on a performance at the Mechanics' Institute, on Fort Street, with a goodly number of the white population attending. The first number on the programme was a recitation. A coloured man of huge proportions came on, overdressed in the height of fashion. A smile passed through the audience, which turned into roars of laughter when he started to recite the favourite poem of a popular naval officer, imitating his every posture and gesture. Next to appear was the coloured Jenny Lind of Victoria. She wore a castoff dress of one of the city's well-known amateur vocalists, which had been embellished by the sewing on of many bright and colourful furbelows, and, to the enjoyment of everyone, she rendered that one's favourite song. It was a delightful sketch in black. Every number was a gem in mimicry, although honestly intended to be respectful imitation. The final chorus stopped the show. This was participated in by the whole company, who, being dressed in the discarded clothes of prominent ladies and gentlemen of the city, presented a ludicrous sight. But the climax came when all the coloured performers joined in singing, "See what grace is shown in our mien and bearing."

Mr. and Mrs. I. Belasco came to Victoria at an early date and took up their home near the Roman Catholic Convent. Mrs. Belasco gave birth to a son, who was christened David, and has since become one of the world's greatest dramatists and impresarios. David Belasco, in his memoirs, with much beauty and delicacy, tells how he was lulled to sleep in his mother's arms, soothed by the chimes of the Angelus and the sweet chanting of the Sisters of Charity. Mrs. Simon Leiser, then Caroline Lenz, moved to Victoria with her parents about the same time, and, being a thoroughly trained pianist, was much in demand for recitals.

One of the church choirs had a distinguished member in the person of Sir Matthew B. Begbie, Chief Justice of British Columbia. Sir Matthew, when sitting on the bench, affected a thin, piping tone, but in singing he possessed a

resonant, powerful voice, which, when open to full capacity, had a tendency to drown out the other singers. One evening the choir was practicing a new anthem under the leadership of J. J. Austin. In one of the crescendo passages, to which Sir Matthew was, as usual, doing full justice, there occurred a frightful discord. The conductor tried the part over several times, but the discord continued. At last, in desperation, he called a halt, and, addressing Sir Matthew, he said, "Sir Matthew, I have to respectfully point out that you are singing the wrong note. Instead of singing 'D' you persist in singing 'F.' " Sir Matthew, much incensed, replied, "I desire to inform you, sir, that I am singing the note that is written on the score." He then turned to one of the ladies of the choir and, pointing to the score, said to her, "Madam, is not that 'F'?" The lady smilingly replied, "Oh! Sir Matthew, that is not a note, that is a fly speck." A ripple of laughter ran through the choir. To be historically accurate, Sir Matthew, who was a bachelor and very sensitive to the gibes of femininity, was visibly mortified, and never again did he speak to the lady, or the conductor.

What is sought after by this meagre effort to project a beam of light on the beginning of things in British Columbia, is to reveal the great part that women took in developing and upholding the finer things of life under most strenuous and harsh conditions, and to leave later events to be dealt with by other historians. They realized that the great solace for distress, discomfort and hardship is music, and they adopted without question and put into practical effect the thought that was once expressed by a great statesman when he said that "he cared not who might write the laws of a country, so long as he could write its songs." And in looking back through the flood of years a feeling of adoration and reverence swells up within us and we long to pay a lasting tribute to those pioneer women who had the spirit to rise above the hard material things of life and cheer their men-folks along the rough and weary road with a song.

As the country became more settled, local musical ranks were augmented by newcomers, which permitted the performance of the standard oratorios and operas. Among their number were Mrs. McNaughton-Jones, who had been professionally trained and who on many occasions sang duets with Sir Matthew B. Begbie. Mrs. James Angus was a pianist of outstanding merit, having been a favourite pupil of Liszt. The first oratorio produced in British Columbia was "Esther, the Beautiful Queen," given at the Philharmonic Hall for two nights. Mrs. J. W. Troup was the leading character of Esther the Queen, and the chief musical critic at that time wrote that "she has a strong soprano voice, and enjoys the advantage of good ability as an actress." Other members of the cast were Mrs. C. N. Cameron, Miss G. Bowden, Miss Waitt

(Mrs. Herbert Kent), Miss F. Heathorn, Miss E. Bowden (Mrs. George Jay), Miss A. Carmichael, Miss M. Farron, Miss C. Cameron, Mrs. C. Wilson, Misses Storey, Miss Lindsay, Miss Sehl, Miss May Hibben, Misses Davidson, Mrs. P. T. Johnstone, Mrs. Caldwell, Miss Broderick, Miss Anderson, Miss Urquhart, Miss Eva Loewen (Mrs. A. W. Jones), Miss Heathorn and Miss Parker. Later on some of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas were rendered, and the musical talent in Victoria at that time was capable of doing full justice to grand opera by singing “Il Trovatore” and “Martha” to appreciative audiences.

The amateur musicians of Victoria were eminently successful in their renditions of light opera, the performances were highly commendable, and eventually some of them, becoming more ambitious, decided to enter the realm of grand opera. It was eventually decided to put on one of the Italian operas. A music teacher, who had once sung in the opera, undertook to put it on. For the principal male tenor part he selected one of his pupils and commenced rehearsals. The music teacher did not know the original Italian version of the opera, having only sung it in English. He resolved to present the English version. After the rehearsals had been going on for some time a difficulty arose, a suitable singer for the female soprano part could not be developed. There was a young lady living in Victoria who had been coached in the opera by an Italian music master. The female part was offered to her and she accepted. At the next rehearsal, when it came to her turn, to the consternation of everyone, she started to sing in Italian. The conductor tried to get her to sing in English, but she refused. Assuming the airs of a great operatic star and with a display of histrionic temperament, she reminded all present that as the composer had written the opera in Italian, she could not, possessing the instincts of a true artist, desecrate his name by singing his masterpiece in English. Here was a pretty kettle of fish. None of the other members of the company could sing in Italian, and no other presentable soprano could be found. It was either a case of going on, or abandoning the attempt to produce the opera. At last one of the ladies of the chorus solved the problem by sapiently remarking that no one could tell what the ordinary operatic singer is singing about anyway, and the audience wouldn’t know whether the performers were singing in English, Italian, French or Chinook. It was finally decided to go ahead. The opening night arrived; some attended from curiosity, others went to applaud their friends in the cast; the amateur musical critics were there in force to see what they intended to do to the composer’s artistic gem. The critics were silenced by the sumptuous manner in which the opera was mounted and the creditable way in which the principals and chorus sang their difficult roles. The first three acts were splendidly done. In the last act, in which is sung a duet between the principal

tenor and soprano, the tenor began by singing the first stanza in English, and as he finished the opening strain the soprano appeared above a scenic wall and began her response in a strange tongue. The audience wondered how the two singers could possibly understand each other. As the soprano continued to sing in a voice that was decidedly tremolo, it was clearly evident that she was agitated, whether from nervousness or emotion or from an artistic desire to give the part full justice, could not be determined, but as she continued to sing she became more and more tremulous and shaky. When she would gesticulate she would suddenly drop her hand and apparently grip at something to support herself. In one of her intense movements to stay her apparent agitation, she unfortunately grasped the scenic wall, which fell outward towards the footlights, disclosing her standing on a frail step-ladder, which was being held by one of the courtiers. The peal of laughter which rocked the theatre set her off her balance. She fell from the ladder on to the courtier, and flattened him out on the stage. The curtain rolled down on her complacently sitting on the valiant courtier. The production scored a twofold success; it pleased the lovers of grand opera, who merely looked upon the accident as an unfortunate incident, and to those who were more partial to comic opera, it furnished an enjoyable evening.

Mrs. I. W. Powell

Mrs. Powell was born in New Zealand of Scotch parentage and arrived in California in 1849, the year of the memorable gold stampede to that country. She was educated in San Francisco and Santa Clara, and among her earliest memories are two which bring back events of the greatest excitement and importance in the history of California. One of these is of the arrival of the first Pony Express. There are few persons living today who can recall that incident. She also remembers the great celebration when California was admitted into the United States. She can visualize again the stately procession; the Spaniards haughty, erect, sad of face, riding their gaily caparisoned horses; see the flags waving; hear the music and the cheering.

She left California after the death of her mother and came to Victoria in 1863, this being her second trip, as she had visited her sister here two years previously. Mrs. Powell was outstanding among the musical people of Victoria. She was the first president of the Ladies' Musical Club, took a keen interest in it, and, until recent years, an active one. She recalled that in the early days of her life here, the old theatre was in existence and many amateur performances were given.

In 1864 Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, members of the famous histrionic family, came to Victoria on their return to England from Australia. They

performed in the theatre, giving "Othello," "Hamlet," and the usual Shakespearean plays. Their leading lady married a member of the Rhodes family in California and remained there, the company going on to England without her. Another favourite of those days was Mrs. F. M. Bates, mother of Blanche Bates of recent times.

"Many persons," said Mrs. Powell, "will remember this charming woman, who produced such plays as 'The Hunchback,' 'Lady Macbeth,' 'Much Ado About Nothing,' and other Shakespearean dramas. We had many clever amateurs. Some of us can recall that wonderful comedian, Callingham, who made one laugh from the moment he came on the stage. Then there were Mr. Redfern and his sister, the latter a delightful actress, who afterwards became a professional. Among the prominent local artists were Mr. Herbert Kent, Mrs. Kent and Mr. Charles Rhodes. I recall a beautiful performance given by Miss Finlayson, now Mrs. Keith, of Vancouver, in which Colonel A. W. Jones also took part. The celebrated Marsh troupe gave many performances. Operas were put on which would have been a credit to professionals, notably 'The Pirates of Penzance,' 'Chimes of Normandy,' and 'Pinafore.' In the latter opera Miss Macdonald, now Mrs. Fleet, acquitted herself delightfully."

A very successful effect in dramatic work was produced by amateurs in "Our Boys." Mr. C. W. Rhodes surpassed all former efforts as Mr. Middlewack, the retired grocer, and kept the house in screams of laughter, as did Mr. Scaife and Mr. Foulkes. Mrs. Doig was one of the dainty daughters, Mrs. Scaife the other. Belinda, the character sketch, was impersonated by Mrs. Powell, who, with her natural endowment of mimicry, was quite equal to the necessities of "Silvie." Mr. Brian Drake was incomparable in his delineation.

"Among the list of musicians of earlier days," said Mrs. Powell, "was Mr. Bushby, father of Mr. George Bushby, who possessed a tenor voice of beautiful quality, much cultivation having been given its development. His solos and duets were rendered with true artistic skill. Like Mario, in Owen Meredith's 'Au Italians,' he could soothe with a tenor note the souls in purgatory. Some of the grand old compositions as sung by Sir Matthew Begbie and Mr. Bushby made the listener feel he had suddenly been transplanted to Paris or Milan. Sir Matthew, at seventy years of age, had a grand voice and sang his difficult solos with the utmost taste and finish. Mrs. Kent was a favourite singer at the regular concerts, and her personality was so winning that she never failed to elicit an encore. Mrs. Forbes-Vernon used to give great pleasure with her magnificent voice. Some of her renditions were 'Angels, Ever Bright and Fair,' 'Robert le Diable,' and 'Mighty Pens.' Hers

was a voice that lingered in the memory—such expression and taste. We had exquisite performers in two sisters, Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Helmcken, their voices blending as only sisters do. Mrs. Helmcken had a rich contralto, and Mrs. Jones a pure, vibrant soprano that was most fascinating."

Mrs. Powell was married two years after her arrival in Victoria to Doctor I. W. Powell, who had come to Victoria the same year as herself. They lived in Mayor Harris' house on Broad Street for several years, and then in a house near the corner of Fort and Douglas, where there was a large garden, green lawns, and where most of her children were born. From there they moved to "Oakdene," on the corner of Burdett Avenue and Vancouver Street, which was the family home for thirty-five years.

"Dr. Powell was a very young man," said Mrs. Powell, "when he arrived in Victoria. He was born in Norfolk County, his ancestors having been United Empire Loyalists, and was educated at McGill University, becoming a resident physician of that institution following his graduation. But he only remained with the college for a year, and then came to the West. It was through the persuasions of Dr. Helmcken that he stayed in Victoria, where he soon had a large practice.

"He did not confine himself to one line of action, but, born with political tendencies, his father having been a member of the House of Commons for twenty-five years, he consented to stand for election in Victoria, and introduced some very popular motions in the House. Among them was the Public School Act by which the Public School system was inaugurated in Victoria. He was the first chairman of the Board of Education. He saw the necessity of protecting the medical profession from the inroads of those not fully qualified to practice, and he established the first Medical Board, and was its first chairman. He was also a prominent Mason, having founded the Grand Lodge of British Columbia in association with the Grand Lodge of Scotland. He was Grand Master for five years.

"He worked faithfully for Confederation. His pet object was to see British Columbia included in the Dominion of Canada. He was offered the first Governorship, but declined the honour owing to pressure of private business. To Dr. Powell belongs the distinction of making the first speech in Victoria in favour of Confederation. A large element of the population favoured annexation to the United States, and so much ignorance seemed to prevail in regard to Canada that it was considered beneath the dignity of British Columbia to join the Dominion. In the election which followed, the two men who had worked the hardest for Confederation, Dr. Powell and Amor de Cosmos, went down to defeat. But when a new appointee for Governor

arrived from England he came invested with the power of assisting to unite British Columbia with the rest of Canada.

"In due time three delegates were appointed, Mr. Cornwall, Dr. Carroll and Mr. Trutch, to make terms at Ottawa that everything might be just and in order. At one of the first deliberations in discussing terms they modestly insinuated that a wagon road was one of the things hoped for. Sir George Cartier, then Minister of Works in the Macdonald Cabinet, shouted, 'We will not give you a wagon road, we will give you a railroad,' and there were cries of 'All aboard for the West.'

"Although we have had and must always have our times of complaining," said Mrs. Powell, "I think the Federal Government has been pretty good to British Columbia.

"After twelve years of assiduous work," continued Mrs. Powell, "in the practice of his profession, Dr. Powell began to feel like taking a rest. An opportunity presented itself unexpectedly. Sir John Macdonald sent a telegram asking his acceptance of the Indian Commissionership, an office which had just been created. The doctor hesitated. His medical work was very precious to him, and he was reluctant to give it up. His wife's counsel prevailed, however, and he was duly inducted. The position involved a great deal of work. In the first year no railways were available, and the doctor soon found that those who looked upon it as a sinecure were very much mistaken. But it was a great pleasure for him to minister to the wants of the Indians, with improved homes, schools and churches, and to receive their homage in gratitude for the same. Their progress was soon manifest, and the administration of 'Indian Affairs,' I think, gave much satisfaction at home and abroad.

"The Senatorship which was tendered Dr. Powell he declined on account of pressing affairs, and inability to be away so much from home. He wrote a most laudatory letter begging the 'powers that be' to confer the honour on Mr. W. J. Macdonald, as he had every requisite, sterling qualities, leisure, private means and a character of unimpeachable integrity. We all remember our handsome Senator, of whom we are justly proud."

Mrs. Powell died shortly after these reminiscences were written. Two of her daughters, Mrs. David Doig and Mrs. Langworthy, and two sons, Ernest and Sidney, live in Victoria; Mrs. Fordham and Mrs. Bridgwater are in England. Both of the latter are accomplished musicians and composers.

Mrs. P. T. Johnston

Almost up to the day of her death two years ago, Mrs. P. T. Johnston was as young in spirit and demeanour as a woman of fifty. She recalled with remarkable clarity outstanding events throughout a long life, from its very beginning, and her reminiscences are set down almost exactly as she related them.

"I was born in Brighton, England, in 1842," began Mrs. Johnston, "and my sister Lucy and I were twins, the youngest of the twelve children. My mother's name was Hamilton, and before she was married she used to live at Highgate, next to the Burdett-Coutts, the rich bankers. Her father's name was Mainwaring. My mother and Angela Burdett-Coutts, afterwards the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, were playmates. The reason I mention this is because it will account for certain incidents which happened later in my story.

"I was only five years old when my father died. Previous to that time the great composers, Burnaby and Sterndale Bennett, had been dear friends of my parents until we moved to Brighton. But after my father's death we returned to London, and once more my mother met these two brothers, who were very famous in England at that time.

"I still have a lot of their music which they gave to my mother. I can remember, although I was only just past five, meeting these two men, and them asking my mother, 'How old is little Agnes?' When my mother had told them, and added that I was very musical, they said she should bring me to their next musicale.

"On the way to the musicale my mother impressed upon me that in case I were asked to play the piano, I must not refuse, but must get up at once and do the best I could. I had begun to study the organ already, as my mother had a position as organist in one of the London churches, and I used to always go with her to practice, sitting beside her, pulling out the stops and turning the music. So when we came to the musicale, and all the guests were assembled, sure enough I was invited to play. I was an obedient child, and did not dream of argument. I got up at once, shook down my little skirts, climbed up on the music stool, and played 'Pop Goes the Weasel.' I shall never forget that, nor how everyone laughed.

"Later on I went to school at Rochester, Kent. The college had once been the residence of King Charles II. I was very happy there, and received a good education, chiefly in music and art.

"It was in 1868 that I married and came as a bride to Victoria," continued Mrs. Johnston. "My husband had been here previously, in 1863. He was a King's College boy, and very studious, and when he left college he seemed

delicate. His parents consulted their family physician as to what had better be done with him. The doctor promptly said, ‘Let him develop a chest. Send him to the Canadian gold fields.’ ”

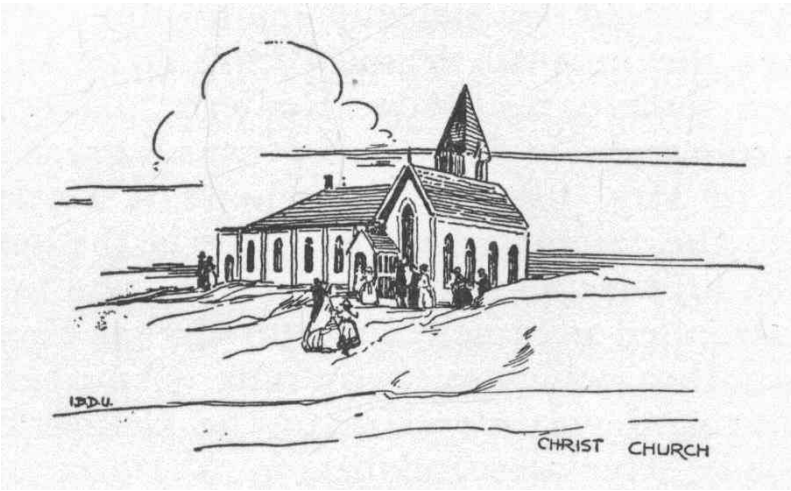
Probably the doctor thought that the outdoor life would agree with the boy, and it did. But he did not strike it rich, as he had expected to do, and he came down to Victoria determined to put his capital into something less ephemeral than gold prospects. Therefore he and a partner decided to go into horticulture. For this purpose they secured a block of land where Fort Street and St. Charles Street are now. They bought five acres extending from Fort Street to the Angus place, had hothouses built, and set out fruit trees, shrubs and flowers. Mr. Johnston did not know anything about gardening at that time, though he was to learn the science thoroughly later. His partner had the knowledge and Mr. Johnston the capital. After seeing the new business started, Mr. Johnston returned to England for his bride.

“Although we were not engaged at that time,” said Mrs. Johnston, “we had been friends ever since we were children. So the engagement was not a long one. Five months after Mr. Johnston had returned to the Old Country we were on our way back to Canada. It was a singular thing that two of my older sisters married two of Mr. Johnston’s brothers. They had been married some years before my wedding.

“I need not enter into a description of what Victoria looked like upon my arrival here. It has been described so often, and so fully. It is enough to say that I liked it, and was happy from the very first.

“When I heard that the Baroness Burdett-Coutts had endowed the Cathedral, and also a college, I was very much interested. When I learned that the name of the college was ‘Angela,’ so called after my mother’s old friend, I was doubly interested; and when I was offered, shortly after my arrival, the post of art and music mistress at the college, I was delighted to accept. What a pity that the blunder was made about the chime of bells which the Baroness sent out. It was a beautiful chime, a replica of the bells at Westminster, and they were so engraved in plain letters, ‘Westminster,’ and intended for the Cathedral here. But somebody, who was quite ignorant of what the inscription meant, thought they were to go to New Westminster. So they were sent to the Mainland, and shortly afterwards destroyed in the great fire.

“I had many friends in a short time, and among them I should like to mention Senator and Mrs. MacDonald, the Pemberton family, Captain and Mrs. Devereux and family, Mr. and Mrs. Woods and family, and Mrs. Hiscocks, who was just a very young girl then, but whom I dearly loved, and who is one of my best friends still.



"The first choir boys at the Cathedral were instructed by me, and it was a labour of love. I enjoyed it so much. They were good boys and very patient. I taught them to play the fifes and drums as a recreation. I did not know how to play a fife myself, and I used to shut myself up in the greenhouse with my little flageolet, until I had mastered one or two airs, so that I might instruct the boys. I learned 'Bonnie Dundee,' and was very pleased to play it to the boys, who were at once eager to follow my example. Soon we had a fine little band, and used to play at all the Sunday school entertainments.

"I wish I could remember the names of those little boys," said Mrs. Johnston, with a sigh, "but names have a habit of escaping me. My own four little boys were among them. We had seven children, and we gave them the best of care. They were always our first consideration. But that did not mean that we were deprived of other pleasures. I do not think I missed many musical affairs. Of course, it was impossible to accept all the invitations. Mr. Redfern and his sister were very clever at taking part in amateur concerts and plays. And there were Mr. Edward White and Mr. Herbert Kent, who was just a very young man then, but had a fine voice. Mr. White was exceptionally good. We always used to depend upon him. They will remember the musical drama, 'Love in a Village,' in which we took part. Miss Redfern played in the soprano role and I in the alto. It was a great success."

One of Mrs. Johnston's nephews is Sir Harry H. Johnston, the famous explorer. He is the son of her husband's brother and her own sister. She had one of his autographed volumes, and stated that he was preparing another, which is ready now. Another brother of her husband was chaplain to the British forces at Hyderabad. Her descendants in Victoria and elsewhere

include Robert H. Johnston, C. P. Johnston, Mrs. J. S. Floyd, Mrs. H. F. Hewett, eleven grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

Mrs. Margaret Leighton McMicking

It is probable that there is no one in Victoria with a larger circle of friends than Mrs. McMicking. Nor is there anyone who is an active member of more philanthropic and other societies. In more than one association Mrs. McMicking is the most enthusiastic and inspiring worker, responsible for the carrying out of an indefinite number of ideas which develop to the public good. She is so unselfish, so interested, so kindly and cheerful that her bright presence has a leavening influence on any assembly.

Mrs. McMicking has a collection of most interesting family souvenirs, among them a beaded and embroidered reticule which belonged to her father's uncle, Colonel Branden, 42nd Highlanders, of Pitgaveny House in Elgin, and a crimson silk scarf. Both of these things came from Lucknow after the siege, and the scarf was used to help carry the dead and wounded. She has a satin scarf of the MacKenzie tartan hundreds of years old—the MacKenzies are a branch of her family—and daguerrotypes and jewelry, carvings and pictures form part of her unique collection. Each individual treasure has its own story and Mrs. McMicking knows them all, and relates them in her own vivacious, inimitable manner.

She (Margaret Leighton) was born at Garmouth, Morayshire, Scotland. Her mother was Isabella Buie, and she was the only girl among nine children. Her father belonged to the Leightons of Ulysses Haven, Forfarshire, of which Lord Leighton, better known as Sir Frederick, was a member, her father's cousin. Robert and William Lughton, Scottish poets, belonged to the same family. Her father was born in Dundee, and many a time she has heard her mother tell of how he used to come down to the little village of Garmouth to shoot. He was a young man then, very good looking, and the cynosure of all eyes. He drove in a two-wheeled gig, dressed in his hunting clothes, followed by his dogs, and brought with him his carrier pigeons. There were no mails in those days and he was a devoted son to his mother. The pigeons were used to carry letters back to her, to assure her of his safety and to send any news of import.

"He did not fall in love with my mother for her beauty," said Mrs. McMicking, "but because she was a good, wholesome country girl, young and gay-hearted. They were married when my mother was eighteen, in 1848, in the little Presbyterian church of the village. Doctor Milne's father and mother lived in the same village and were among the guests."

Mrs. McMicking paid an eloquent tribute to her father: “As a young girl I did not appreciate what clever and versatile qualities he possessed. Besides his profession of draughtsman, he was a real artist, modelling most beautifully in wax. He was a taxidermist too, and painted exquisitely. Before the fire there were many pieces of his work in the large buildings in San Francisco. I daresay there are some of them in existence down there today. He was a great lover of horses, and always had a stable of thoroughbreds.

“It was not very long after their marriage that my father and mother decided to come to America. My father had a position offered him in the Pacific Mail S. S. Co. My brother, J. B. Leighton, and I were the only children then, both of us babies. News of the gold discovery in California had reached Garmouth, and when it was decided that my father and his family should come out, all my mother’s brothers wished to join them, and so the home was sold and my grandfather and grandmother felt they were not too old to come along with the rest of us.

“Of that voyage of course I remember nothing, but I have often heard my parents speak of how long it was. It took us nine months to make the trip, and furthermore, we were nearly shipwrecked three times. We were off the Horn for six weeks, and in one of the gales the captain decided that the cargo must be lightened. Heaps of stuff was thrown overboard, among them practically all of the books and furniture from our old homestead. Many a time I heard my father lament the loss of his beautiful volumes and the family portraits. One of my mother, a charming miniature, he cut out of its frame and put in his pocket. I have it yet.

“San Francisco was not in existence at that time, and it was at Benecia that we landed. This was the headquarters of the Pacific S. S. Co., and all of the officials of that company were made up then of Scotsmen and Irishmen. So you see who was really responsible for the wonderful development of California,” and Mrs. McMicking laughed, for she is as loyal a Scot as ever smelled the heather.

Her father received a large salary. Money was plentiful in those days. He was paid twenty dollars a day and forty dollars on Sunday. A Mexican dollar was the smallest coin to give to a child.

When the great quartz and gold mines were discovered in Nevada, Mr. Leighton and his half-brother, John V. Brown, thought it would be a good opportunity to start a foundry, and for this purpose in ’54 they went to Grass Valley, Nevada. They made a great deal of money getting out machinery for mills.

From ’58 to ’62 the Fraser River gold mines were much talked of, and the sons decided to come to British Columbia and try their luck. They were anxious to get back under their own flag again. Not long after this, Mrs. McMicking’s father died, and the mother brought the family to Victoria. There were two more children now, both boys, born in California.

It was in ’63 that the family arrived here on the steamer “Sierra Nevada,” which anchored in Esquimalt, as all vessels did in the early days. They were met at the dock by Doctor Tolmie, who was their guardian until such time as their mother’s brothers could get down from Cariboo, about the middle of the Winter. Doctor Tolmie gave them all sorts of good advice, selected schools for the children, and chose the St. Nicholas Hotel as their temporary home. It was a fine hotel, very comfortable, and quite a social rendezvous. Mrs. McMicking was sent to the Ladies’ College, and the boys to the Collegiate School. After her uncles came down from the North, they moved into a cottage on View Street, which was then quite a fashionable residential centre.

“It was a lovely little place,” said Mrs. McMicking, “with a nice garden. Mrs. Reece and the Misses Penrice taught at the Angela College, and Archdeacon Reece had charge of the boys at the Collegiate School, with Archdeacon Woods. Many of the women living in Victoria at present went to school with me. And my school-days were very happy. I took all the studies that a young girl of that time was supposed to have—music, painting, drawing, French. And in spite of the fact that we were always strictly chaperoned, I think we used to enjoy ourselves quite as much, if not more, than the girls of today. For one thing, there were so few girls in the colony that we were always in great demand. Such times as we would have when the men would come down from Cariboo in the Winter, eager for the dances and the dinners and the hundred and one entertainments to which we were all bidden! Money was plentiful, prospects bright; no room for pessimism. All of the officers from the ships in Esquimalt were numbered among the gay throng, and there were Mr. Walkem, Mr. Bushby, Mr. Begbie, Mr. O’Reilly, afterward made judges; Mr. Willie Harvey, Mr. J. W. McKay, and Tom Pattullo, the Ladners, Colonel Haughton—oh, many more, whose names I can’t just recall. I remember young Commander Lascelles very well, of H. M. S. Forward, about whom you have heard, no doubt, for he was a very prominent young officer, an uncle of Princess Mary’s husband.

“After the Angela was closed I went to the Convent, where I stayed until my graduation in 1866. One of my school chums was Miss Agnes Laumeister. Her father, Frank Laumeister, was a well-known Cariboo man and brought the camels into that country. She was very pretty. My uncle, Thomas Buie, fell in love with her. They had a great wedding. I remember

my uncle coming to my mother and asking her if she thought one hundred dollars was enough to pay the clergyman for his fee. My uncle was an important man in the community. They held the Hudson's Bay Co.'s steamer over two hours waiting for him to be married. They went up to Lytton to live, where my uncle had his headquarters. He was a big trader and shipper, and had a string of teams for freighting. He built the telegraph line from Quesnel into Barkerville. I always went up to Lytton to spend my holidays, and I had glorious times. I was a good horsewoman. I used to ride to hounds with the Cornwalls, who lived at Ashcroft Manor, for which the town of Ashcroft was afterward named. Mrs. Good, a famous horsewoman from England, was one of the party." Mrs. Good is still living, and is now in Pasadena. She is more than ninety years of age, but still enjoying life, and corresponds with Mrs. McMicking. "I was never afraid of any sort of horse, broken or not. But now —I would rather not go too close to the old nag the vegetable Chinaman drives."

It was while Mrs. McMicking was visiting her uncle that she met the young man whom she afterward married, Robert Burns McMicking. It was his brother Thomas who brought the famous overland party across the continent in '62. This brother met his death tragically in trying to save a young lad who had fallen into the sea. He left a widow and children, then living in New Westminster, and Robert McMicking, who had also been a member of the Overland party, undertook to help the bereaved family. Robert was in charge of the telegraph office at Quesnel, and on his way down to New Westminster stopped in Mr. Buie's office.

"I saw him in there," said Mrs. McMicking, "and I wanted to meet him. I knew my uncle would be annoyed with me if I went in, but that is just what I did, and of course Uncle Tom was obliged to introduce us. I knew he was going down to New Westminster and I was going to Victoria, and I thought it would be pleasant to meet him. But for all that I had planned we scarcely saw one another on the way. Steve Tingley, the famous whip, drove the stage. I was outside and Mr. McMicking inside, and later I went down on Captain Irving's boat and he had to go on the 'Lillooet.' But at New Westminster he came aboard the boat to call on me. What a little imp I was in those days! Just to see the consternation on his face, I told him I was going down to Victoria to enter the Convent, and said good-bye to him without undeceiving him.

"However, he wrote to me, and for two and a half years we kept up a correspondence. I have some of his letters still. They are examples of beautiful penmanship and lovely composition. I still cherish a letter he wrote to my dear mother, who had gone back to San Francisco with my twin brothers, leaving me in care of my uncle. In this letter he made a formal

proposal for my hand. It is a model of old-fashioned propriety, couched in the most dignified yet flowery language, and embellished with many flourishes and artistic capitals. My mother's reply was no less old-fashionedly graceful, and at the last she quoted the words, 'Treat Desdemona well.'

"I saw my husband four times in the two and a half years before we were married, and on one of those occasions he came to my uncle's. Of course, my uncle lived in a lavish manner. I had most beautiful clothes, and times were very gay. 'I can't give you these things,' said Robert, a little down-hearted as he thought of how comparatively little he had to offer me. 'But never mind,' said I, 'I should be happy on the proverbial crust with you.'

"And so we were married. It was at Lytton, in June, 1869, on the same day that my mother and my grandmother had been married. J. B. Good, of St. Paul's Church, married us. It was a lovely day and a wonderful gathering. My wedding dress of white satin was covered with what we used to call illusion, caught here and there with tiny bunches of orange blossoms. Of course, I had all sorts of lovely clothes, some of them I have still. But I wish I had kept my little coming-out bonnet. It was so characteristic of the times. Very tiny, sitting on the top of my head. It was made of white crepe, and had a little wreath of daisies in the front, and the bows under the chin were fastened with a small bunch of daisies, too.

"We went straight to Yale after we were married, and there we lived for some time. In 1870 my husband was appointed superintendent of the B. C. Telegraph lines, which position he held for ten years, until the B. C. Telephone Co. was started, when he resigned to take charge of that. He came from old Covenanter stock. Major McMicking, from Wigtonshire, in Bobbie Burns' country, was one of the family. He sat in the Imperial House for many years. Admiral Sir James Startin was another member of the family.

"My dear mother died in San Francisco. Although I was separated from her for so long, her letters were a constant help and inspiration to me. My uncles always used to consult her upon business matters, as well as other things. She was level-headed and possessed of a clear vision and wonderful foresight. Both of my brothers married and lived in San Francisco. One of them died there. The other is still living, a wealthy railway man and a prominent citizen.

"My uncle died in 1873 on his way to California. He had been everything to me, and I was nearly broken-hearted at his passing. My father's brother, J. B. Brown, was interested in the famous Comstock Mine, Nevada, with Flood, Mackay and O'Brien, who founded the Nevada Bank in San Francisco. In

’69, while in his pleasure yacht in the harbour, he was run down by the Oakland ferry and drowned.”

Among the associations to which Mrs. McMicking belongs are the following: Local Council of Women, since its inauguration; the Friendly Help, since its beginning; the Victoria Literary Society, of which she has been vice-president for 24 years; the King’s Daughters; the Burns Club, the Historical Society, the Alexandra Club, of all of which she is an honorary life member; the Authors’ Club and the Navy League.

She was a charter member of the Camosun Chapter of the I.O.D.E., but left it to form the Lady Douglas Chapter in 1912. Of the latter she is regent. She worked on Belgian relief during the war, and was decorated by the King of Belgium for her services.

She has also written and published an excellent cook book, drawing the cover design.

Mrs. McMicking feels that it would not be fair to close her reminiscences without a reference to the pleasure and the benefit which she derived from the excellent musical and theatrical entertainments which have been given in Victoria.

“The very best used to come here,” she said, “all of the lovely operas and the classical dramas. It was a real education to attend them. And I believe our amateur talent here was second to none, and in many cases quite as good as the finest professional art. Julia Dean Haynes was a great actress, and Philps supported her. Such plays were put on as ‘Macbeth,’ ‘Hamlet,’ ‘Richelieu,’ ‘The Lady of Lyons,’ and ‘Lucretia Borgia.’ Another actress who came about this time was Fanny Morgan Philps. She played in ‘Camille’ and in ‘The Relief of Lucknow,’ the latter a thrilling and realistic performance. I remember ‘The Bride of Lammermoor’ very well too. I wish we could go back to the days of fine legitimate drama, instead of the silly, flimsy things we see now on the stage and in moving pictures.”

CHAPTER XV.

The Oldest Lady in Victoria

Mrs. H. Carne

Born ten years before the founding of Fort Victoria, if she lives for another four years, Mrs. H. Carne will have rounded out a century. But she is as bright and alert as a little bird. Her faculties are all intact, her smile happy and ready; she loves to talk, not only of the past, but also of current affairs. All her life she has kept abreast of the times, and thereby never grown old in spirit.

Her memory goes back to her childhood days in Devonshire. She was born in Cornwall, but when only four years old was brought by her grandparents to live with them. Her grandfather was "boss" of the tin mines in Devon, and a rich man for those days. So the small adopted daughter was surrounded with every comfort and had a delightful home.

Mrs. Carne can remember vividly seeing Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort many times, and once, as she naively puts it, "I very nearly shook hands with Her Majesty."

She was present at the ceremony of the opening of the bridge over the River Tamon, which divides Devonshire from Cornwall. It was opened by the Prince Consort, and it was on this occasion that he caught the cold which resulted in his death. But this, as she says, was not so very long ago, only a matter of sixty-three years.

Many of her memories are older than that. For instance, she was engaged in her early 'teens, and was to have been married at eighteen, but her grandmother took ill and the granddaughter would not consent to leave her. Her fiance was coming all the way from Canada and they were to have gone back together. Therefore he sailed without her and had to be patient for two years longer.

It was in 1853 that she left England to be married, and arrived at New York on a Sunday morning, then went by the Lakes up to Sault Ste. Marie. The hotel there was nothing but a rough board building, and she was not pleased at the prospect of being married in such a place.

An eager messenger at once set off at a breakneck pace to carry word to Mr. Carne, who was working at the mines two miles away, that his lady had

arrived in Canada and was waiting for him at the hotel. The news spread like wildfire, and crowds began to collect. Soon the street in front of the building was full of people, men mostly, all in high fettle at the prospect of a happy wedding, and intending to participate in so far as they were able. They all knew and liked Harry Carne, and wanted to have the ceremony a joyful affair according to their standards.

But Mr. Carne was wise. “He met the clergyman and brought him back with him,” said Mrs. Carne, “and the two of them came around to the rear of the house and entered through the window. We were married then and there, just as I was, in my travelling clothes.”

Meantime the crowd outside was getting impatient, wondering where the bridegroom was. At last he went to the window and told them the truth. Some of them laughed and appreciated the situation, but most of them were much chagrined.

For two years they lived at Lake Superior, and here two children were born. Then Mr. Carne decided to try his luck in California. Mrs. Carne returned to England for a visit, and was to have joined him, but the Civil War broke out in the United States and prevented her return to Canada for another six years.

It was in October, 1864, that she sailed from Southampton with her little family. Mr. Carne had in the meantime left California for the Cariboo. Mrs. Carne loves to dwell upon the pleasantness of that voyage across the Atlantic. Her husband had sent her plenty of money to travel in luxury, and, added to that, she had friends among the officers of the ship. It cost one hundred pounds to go to San Francisco from Southampton in those days. She recalls the long stop at Panama, where they were obliged to wait ten days for a boat.

While they were there, word came that the terrible war was over, the Northern forces were victorious, and slavery was at an end. All of the boats celebrated the news with the greatest rejoicing, hanging out every stitch of bunting they possessed, bands playing, parties and dancing on board, fireworks at night.

It rained hard at Panama while they were there, torrential rain. She recalls it with a laugh. “The women did not mind it. They were out in the streets in their gay clothes doing their washing, getting wet to the skin, but singing happily through it all.”

From Panama they were two months reaching Esquimalt. They took passage on the “Brother Jonathan,” and the old boat sailed into the harbour three days before Christmas.

"I was not disappointed in Victoria," she says. "I liked it from the first, and after San Francisco it was beautiful. 'Frisco was very uninviting: no wharves, no streets—just sand dunes and ugly shacks. Oh, it was good to be here.

"Our first home was the Victoria Hotel, which was the headquarters for all the miners. It stood opposite where the Post Office is now.

"My husband was 'boss' up at the Diller Mine, in the Cariboo. It was from this mine that they took the heaviest bucket of gold ever found in British Columbia. My husband was down in the workings and was the one to uncover the rich find. He had dislodged a boulder, and disclosed a pocket of solid gold nuggets. It was so heavy that those overhead who were pulling it up, called down to Mr. Carne: 'Get off the bucket, Harry.' But he did not explain," laughed Mrs. Carne. "He let them draw it up, and then came up himself to hear what they would say. They could scarcely believe their eyes. There were other rich claims. Four men whom I knew took out their weight in gold, up at the Cariboo; but they all died paupers."

Mr. Carne left Cariboo in '76 and came to Victoria to live. But prior to that time he had always spent the Winters with his family. He bought their first home, in '65, a house on the corner of School and Fort, then the city limits, and owned by Joseph Sayward's mother. The old Hudson's Bay school, built of logs, stood where the Central School is now, and this was where the oldest children of the Carne family started their studies. Mr. Burr was headmaster, and he had forty or fifty pupils. Children came down from Yale and other outside districts to attend it, for it was a boarding as well as a day school.

The family attended the old Pandora Methodist Church, which stood where Brackman & Ker's warehouses are today. The parsonage was where the Salvation Army quarters are. Mrs. Carne and Mrs. David Spencer are the oldest surviving members of the first Methodist Church.

"Mrs. Spencer came to Victoria two years before I did," said Mrs. Carne. "She sailed around the Horn. She was the first lady to shake hands with me when I went to church on my arrival here. I remember she looked beautiful in a brown holland gown made with a very full skirt and plain bodice. At the St. Nicholas Hotel, just below the Columbia Theatre, we Methodists used to hold our tea meetings. The admission was $1.50, and that included a delicious meal and a concert afterwards."

Mr. Fred Carne, Mrs. Carne's oldest child, who was eight years of age when they arrived in Victoria, and hence is a pioneer himself, supplied one or

two interesting little anecdotes along with his mother's reminiscences.

In those old days, Harris' Pond, at the foot of where Stanley Avenue is now, was the city's water supply. It drained into the large hollow between Government and Douglas Streets, up near King's Road. There were two bridges crossing it, and also a great water wheel which worked when the dam was open,and furnished infinite amusement to the small boys of the neighbourhood. Finlayson's house, the remnant of which is still standing, was a fine place in those days, with large gardens and stables, and green terraces down to the water.

"We boys," said Mr. Carne with a laugh, "used to open the dam and start the water wheel. We would go inside it, and have the maddest kind of excitement.

"We had cold Winters then; sometimes the ice would be two feet thick on the pond. The skating was excellent."

Mr. Fred Carne used to row in the races in all the regattas which were held during those early days up at the Gorge. "Things have never been quite the same," he says, "since the days of the Imperial Navy. There were always plenty of ships in Esquimalt to furnish crews to compete, and they were wildly enthusiastic. The Indians, too, came in crowds. Everybody went to the celebration. No one was too rich or too poor. Every sort of vehicle was requisitioned, and even at that most of us walked. Nobody thought much of a walk to the Gorge in those days. The celebrations were much finer than they are now."

When Mr. Carne came down from Cariboo to settle here he bought the Angel Hotel, and his wife was installed as its head. That she was most capable there are many still living to testify. It was the finest family hostelry on the Coast. There the Carnes made their headquarters for thirty-seven years.

"The miners coming out from Cariboo, and later those from Cassiar and Stickine, used to give me their gold to keep for them," recalled Mrs. Carne. "They would bring it out in large sacks, so heavy that it was all I could do to carry it and put it in the safe. It was necessary then to ship all the gold down to 'Frisco to the mint in order to get the best prices."

Not far from the Angel Hotel was the Alhambra Hall, which was a social centre in those days where most of the large balls took place, with, as the old-timers love to recall, champagne the only drink, and the women beautiful in flounced crinoline skirts, and carrying tight little nosegays with paper frills around them.

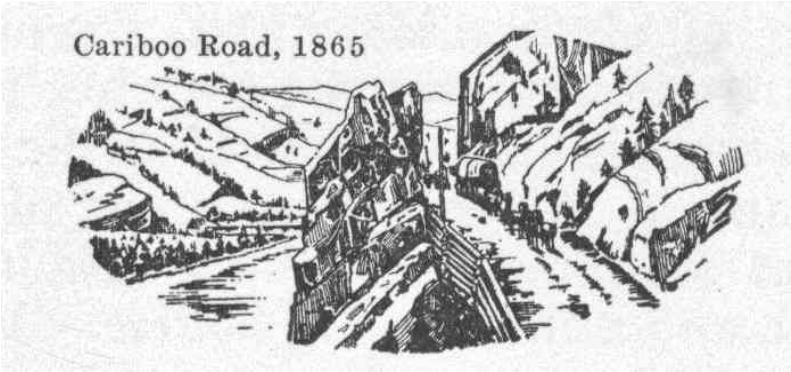
Speaking of old fashions, Mrs. Carne was asked about the wardrobe she brought with her from the Old Country. When she arrived in ’53 to be married she had some beautiful silk dresses and one of satin. Her appearing out costume was of shot silk, made with a very full skirt, and a close-fitting bodice. With this she wore a black silk velvet coat, a white straw bonnet with wide ribbons, and kid gloves. She was just twenty when she was married. She was small and slim, and had quantities of auburn hair, which curled naturally, and which she wore parted and taken back from her face into a large chignon at the back. When she left Lake Superior she sold all of her trousseau. The women there were very eager for pretty things and had no way of getting them.

Mrs. Carne has been to England twice since she married. The last time she travelled with Mr. and Mrs. Pendray, Senr., to the Paris Exposition. It was on this occasion that she went to hear Gladstone speak.

“It cost me five shillings,” she told us, “and some thought it was a waste of money. But it was the best five shillings’ worth I ever had.”

Mrs. Carne, Mrs. Goodacre and Mrs. Gould were the three persons responsible for the establishment here of the Aged Ladies’ Home. It used to be an old wooden building used as the French Hospital. But in twenty-six years it has grown to dignified dimensions. Mrs. Carne is still actively interested in it, although she is now in her ninety-sixth year.

Mrs. Carne has had six children, five of whom survive, four daughters and one son. She has had eight grandchildren, six living. One of her grandsons, well known and much loved in Victoria, was Lieutenant Douglas Whittier, R.N.A.S., who went overseas on the outbreak of war and was killed on active service.



CHAPTER XVI.

Some Women Who Came Overland

History tells us that it was Pierre de la Verendrye who was the first white man to catch a glimpse of the eastern spurs of the "Mountains of Bright Stones," the name by which the Indians called the Rocky Mountains. But he was not the man to penetrate beyond that great natural barrier to the Western sea, nor his the nation to receive the honour for such an achievement.

That honour fell to a Scotsman, Alexander Mackenzie, an officer of the Northwest Company, the powerful rivals of the Hudson's Bay. It was he who followed the northern outlet of Great Slave Lake to the Arctic Ocean and discovered yet another water highway, the magnificent river which bears his name.

With only ten men, Alexander Mackay, six voyageurs and two Indians to act as hunters and interpreters, he set out on a voyage of exploration and discovery which was to mean the opening up of the vast continent on the Pacific Slope of the Rocky Mountains, and to claim it in the name of England's King.

There were no women in Mackenzie's party. No women came through the mountain passes of the Coast ranges until seventy years later. The first woman who braved the dangers and rigours of the overland journey was Mrs. Caroline Schubert.

The trek of the gold-seeking party of which Mrs. Schubert was a member belongs to the history of the Mainland rather than to that of Vancouver Island. But in any chronicle of Canadian women, something must be told of her. She takes her place at the head of the brave little army of white mothers who first peopled British Columbia.

The Schuberts were living in St. Paul in 1860, and the Indians, who had long been brooding over real or fancied wrongs, were on the eve of a general uprising. Feeling the danger in the air, and having had several unpleasant experiences, the Schuberts decided to leave St. Paul for the safer precincts of Fort Garry, on the Canadian side of the border, four hundred and fifty miles away. It was mid-Winter when they started, travelling on horseback, the snow deep, the weather bitter cold. The wind swept across the prairies, driving the snow in drifts before them. Several times the Indians pursued them, caught up with them and robbed them. But at length they arrived unhurt within the stone

walls of the Canadian fort, and were warmly welcomed. Here they remained for two years, and then started on that overland journey which brought a measure of enduring fame to this intrepid woman.

Gold had been discovered in the Cariboo, and on the first trip of the Hudson's Bay steamer up the Red River to Fort Garry she brought one hundred and fifty men on their way to British Columbia. At this time Mrs. Schubert was twenty-eight years old. She had three children, the youngest two years old, and she was about to have a fourth. But when her husband suggested that she remain behind or that they wait until her confinement was over, she laughed at him. She would love the adventure of it. Had she not faced greater dangers than this with him before?

Ninety-six Red River carts were in the caravan that set out, drawn by twice that number of oxen. They were loaded with mining implements, tents and foodstuffs, mostly pemmican. Those were the days when buffalo were as numerous on the plains as sheep on Australian hills. There was a buckskin for Mrs. Schubert. She sat astride, and just in front of her, in two basket cradles slung across the shoulders of the horse, were little Mary Jane and August. Her husband carried the youngest child, James.

On June 2nd, 1862, the party set out from Fort Garry, Bishop Tache having first given them his blessing.

It would be nearly five months, Mrs. Schubert said cheerily, before they need expect the new baby. By that time they would be comfortably settled in the Cariboo, and her husband would be washing a fortune in gold from the creeks. It was a gay, hopeful party that waved "good-bye" to the Red River fort.

But it was mid-August when the travellers had their first sight of the mountains, and before that time they had been beset with storms, almost drowned in the swollen rivers; they had killed their oxen, then their horses, and starvation had stared them in the face. A week later they were in the foothills, but the trails were very bad and they could not make more than ten miles a day. Food was so scarce that many of them became weak and ill. Some of the men in desperation boiled their buffalo lariat ropes and tried to eat them. At last there was left only the faithful buckskin which Mrs. Schubert rode. It too had to be sacrificed.

Trackless forest met them as they tried to make their way to the head waters of the Thomson. The two weeks before they reached the river were the worst they had experienced. The days were growing shorter, the mountain air more chill.

Anxious eyes were upon Mrs. Schubert now, for time was going on, and the efforts she put forth to keep her place in the ranks seemed little short of superhuman. But she smiled away all fears. Her only thought was for the safety and welfare of her children.

Reaching the Thomson, they travelled by raft; but again food was running low. For nearly a week they had nothing to eat but some potatoes they had found in a deserted Indian village where the smallpox had killed off nearly all the inhabitants.

The morning of the last day Mrs. Schubert said to her husband, "If we do not reach a village before nightfall, I shall have to stop by the way and rest."

Weary, hungry, ill as they were, the men made a gallant effort to hasten the rafts, and in the afternoon they sighted the stockades of Fort Kamloops.

The brave mother was helped ashore, a tent was run up, and an Indian woman from the fort hurried to the scene. Here, two hours later, the first white girl in the interior of British Columbia was born.

Mrs. Elizabeth Harrison

In 1832, at Beckerton, Cheshire, England, a daughter was born to Thomas and Jane Warburton of that place, whom they christened "Elizabeth." She was a small, dainty little thing, and, the mother thought, rather delicate.

Captain James, of Westmoreland House, Liverpool, who was the child's grandfather, had made a special trip to see the new granddaughter, and he laughed at the mother's fears. "It's these little babies," he said, "who grow to be the strongest and bravest of women. I prophesy a remarkable career for Elizabeth."

And his words were true. The child grew strong and beautiful, developing a fine physique. Her hair was pale gold, very luxuriant, and when she had grown to girlhood it reached her knees when unbound.

At fifteen she married. Her husband was Eli Harrison, and their wedding took place in St. Peter's Church, Liverpool. For three years they lived in England, and then Mr. Harrison, little more than a boy himself, decided to go to America and take his wife with him.

At first they made their home in St. Louis, Missouri, and it was while there that Mrs. Harrison gave evidence of the courage and endurance which characterized her from childhood. An epidemic of cholera and smallpox visited the little settlement, and, having some knowledge of nursing and a heart overflowing with loving kindness, this young girl, still in her teens,

went among the suffering, tending them like an angel of mercy. It was while they lived at St. Louis that their first boy was born.

In 1852 news came through of the gold discovered in California, and the daring young couple made up their minds to go farther west. Caravans had set out already, and some had successfully reached their destination. But tragic stories had come back of whole parties having been lost or massacred by the Indians. Undaunted by these reports, Harrison and his wife joined a band of adventurers and started on the long journey to the Coast.

They had their own covered wagon, drawn by horses, their own cattle, and carried their household treasures. The party was a large one at first. They forded the Mississippi, and from the belt of wood bordering the Kansas came out on the prairies, which rolled away interminably toward the west. The going at first was not difficult, the weather clear and pleasant. They made camp always an hour or two before sunset, usually by a running steam. The carts were disposed so as to form a sort of barricade around a circle some eighty yards in diameter, the wheels interlocking. Outside of them the tents were pitched. Horses and mules and cattle were driven within the enclosure and picketed or hobbled, and guards watched all through the night, relieving one another every two hours.

Camp was broken at daybreak and the journey resumed. Indians were constantly met with, more and more of them as the caravans progressed. Sometimes they overtook other parties and travelled with them for a short time, then either passed them or were left behind. Always a scout rode some distance ahead to warn them of any danger.

Though camp was usually made where there was a running stream, at one time they travelled for days without coming to sufficient water to supply their needs. It was warm weather and the cattle and horses were suffering from thirst. At last they saw before them the dim blue of far-away water, and hurried on to stop for rest.

Mrs. Harrison clambered down from the wagon and Mr. Harrison set the baby on the seat and went to unhitch the team. But all of a sudden the thirsty horses and cattle realized that water lay before them and stampeded for the river. The docile oxen, catching the excitement, tossed their heads and dashed madly after them. Down the hill to the water went the thirst-maddened animals. In the rear lumbered the covered wagon, its top swaying, its wheels creaking; on the seat, clinging to the strap that held the leather cushion in place, sat the baby boy, the wind blowing back his yellow curls, while he shouted with glee.

They had halted another day in the lap of a valley, several hunters having joined them over night. The camp had been made, the horses grazing at a little distance, attended by the guard. All of a sudden the scout came flying back.

“Indians! Indians!” he shouted.

Instantly every man’s weapon was in his hands. The horses and cattle were driven in; the women and children hidden. But it proved to be only a band of Cheyennes, who were friendly enough after the gift of some tobacco, and who told them that there were plenty of buffalo two days’ journey away.

Sure enough, one morning shortly afterward, as they were travelling along the bank of the river, they saw a large herd of these animals ahead of them, coming up from the water where they had been drinking. They reached the level land and began crossing the prairie slowly, eating as they went. The wind was favourable, the morning cool, the ground apparently good. The open prairie gave an excellent chance for a few shots before the buffalo could get into the hills. There must have been hundreds of them. The caravans were halted.

Then the hunters of the party broke into a hard gallop, riding abreast. The animals were about a mile away, but the distance was speedily lessened. Not before the buffalo had the scent, however. They showed it by the sudden agitation in their ranks, a sort of wavering of the whole herd.

Some of the crowd of bulls which brought up the rear would turn facing about, as if inclined to stand and fight; then, apparently thinking better of it, would dash after the main body.

At last, at a distance of about thirty yards, the hunters charged, the mass giving way and streaking off, making for the shelter of the hills. Then they separated, each one singling his quarry. The clumsy bulls, less agile than the cows, got in one another’s way, stumbled, fell, rolled over in the dust. Some of them stood their ground and charged upon the dashing riders, but the trained horses were too fleet for them. Before the maddened herd had reached safety, any number of animals had fallen to the guns, and the caravan was well supplied with meat and pemmican for many days after.

The hunters left them that afternoon to take up their swift way north, and they were sorry to see them go. Shortly after this their own party began to diminish. A few at a time they dropped out to go back, tired of the long journey, and realizing that they had many months’ travel still ahead of them.

Finally, of the whole party, there were only Mr. and Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Harrison’s brother and the baby left. The young mother must take her turn

now, acting as guard with the two men, but they were never molested, though sometimes seriously alarmed.

Early one morning they had their first view of the mountains; dim peaks like clouds on the horizon. The trail became harder, steep and dangerous. Occasionally it was unsafe to ride, and while the two men walked beside the wagon, trying to keep it steady, Mrs. Harrison brought up the rear, her baby strapped to her back.

At Fort Laramie the Indians tried to buy the baby. Here the family party stopped for a much-needed rest. Their next long camp was at Fort Bridger, and they were there during the storming of the fort. But whether by Indians or by the Mormons, Mrs. Harrison's letters do not make clear.

Leaving Fort Bridger, they continued their way through the mountains, snow peaks and glaciers towering above them, rivers roaring through rocky canyons far below. Thunderstorms burst upon them often, awful as only mountain thunderstorms can be. Wet to the skin, weary and hungry, they did not falter.

Soon the Indians they met with were the tall riders from the plains, aquiline featured, slim and graceful. One evening, just after they had made camp, and Mrs. Harrison was combing out her long, golden hair, a band of them rode up, dismounted, and asked for food, gazing with astonished eyes on the woman with her mantle of shining hair about her. They asked for food and were given all that could be spared. The next day, before the Harrisons could get on their way again, the same Indians returned, a powerfully-built young chief in their lead. They were loaded with gifts, and, springing from their horses, they laid their presents in a heap at the feet of the men, by signs making it clear that they wished to buy the woman and child. The chief took the baby in his arms, fondling the soft golden curls, and tossing the little fellow up in his arms, while the boy laughed and tried to catch at the feathers in the Indian's hair.

Sick with fear the mother stood watching, her bearing dauntless, but her hands clenched to control her desire to snatch the child from the chief. Her husband tried to make the Indians understand that nothing they could offer would buy the woman and the boy. At last he succeeded. The chief showed his disappointment, but performed a graceful act on departing. Handing the baby back to his mother, he called his men to bring him some of the gifts with which he had intended to buy her. The necklaces he threw over her head, and the bracelets he clasped on her wrists. Then, mounting his horse, and followed by the other Indians, he galloped away toward the east.

At length the long journey was ended, and the Harrisons arrived in San Francisco, July 4th, 1853, after being nine months on the way from far distant St. Louis. Here they lived for five years, during the stirring days of the "Vigilantes," and they were present in that city when the French and English residents celebrated the victory of the Allied Forces in the Crimean War.

Alas! they did not find their Eldorado in the gold fields of California, and in 1858 they left for Victoria, British Columbia.

Under the great fir trees they pitched their tent, gathered ferns for their beds, and lived in this primitive fashion until lumber could be procured to build them a house. Mrs. Harrison was a remarkably versatile woman, a clever writer, a musician, and a witty conversationalist. She has left many letters, which are of the greatest interest as throwing light on those early days. She died at the age of ninety-four, a brave, bright woman to the last.

Of her eleven children there are seven living. Judge Eli Harrison, who was the baby they brought across the continent; Mrs. Augusta McPhaden, Mrs. Agnes Batchelor, Mrs. H. T. Alfred, Mrs. Elizabeth Gillihan, Mrs. Alice Wollason, Mrs. R. F. Verrinder.

Mrs. Leah Brown, nee Westwood

Another woman who came to the Pacific Coast by the long overland trail was Mrs. Leah Brown. She was the eldest daughter of William Westwood and his wife, and was born in 1843 at Stourbridge, Worcester, England, afterward leaving England with her parents for Missouri, where she must have lived during the time the Schuberts were there.

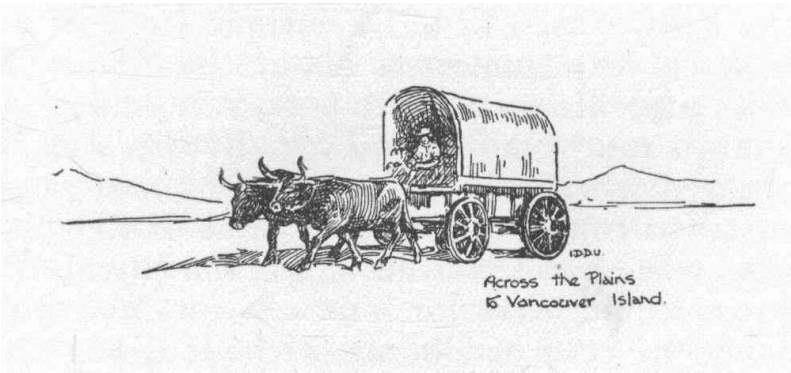
Like them, the Westwoods probably decided that the Canadian side of the border was the safer, and they too had learned of the discovery of gold on the Fraser River. But there is no record of their journey over the plains and through the mountains, nor the date upon which they came to Victoria. Miss Westwood was for a time one of the choristers in the little old cathedral here, and possessed a singularly sweet voice. Later on the family moved to Nanaimo and farmed land about two and a half miles distant from the fort. It was in the midst of the forest, a little cabin set in a raw clearing. The old family Bible gives the record of Leah's marriage to James Miller Brown, December 12th, 1863, and there follows the entry of birth of six sons and two daughters.

Their place was Ashlar Farm, and here they lived for many years, and their children were born there. The year 1869 was memorable for the terrible forest fire which broke out in the district between Departure Bay and Mount Benson, spreading with fierce rapidity and surrounding the Browns' farm.

The mother had to flee for her life with her children, and on the way to the safety of Nanaimo the flames leaped from the burning trees and started fires hundreds of feet in advance of the party, so that they had literally to fight through the blaze. By some miracle the flames spared the Brown farm and the family were able to return.

Mrs. Brown used to tell a curious story of a wolf. Wolves were very numerous about the Ashlar Farm, and it was not safe to venture out alone, unless armed and a good shot. One season Mr. Brown was invariably followed when he went hunting by a strange dog which used to round up the deer, and then wait until the animal was cleaned for his share, the entrails, which Mr. Brown would leave for him. It was not until one night when he returned home without a bag that he realized what the "dog" was. Ordinarily timid, and keeping at a safe distance, the animal had followed him all the way home tonight, and was howling his disappointment over the luckless chase. He was a large wolf.

At one time the Browns were in danger of their lives from two Indians, Quinim and Jim, who had murdered a man, James Hamilton, at Diver Lake, only a mile or two beyond Ashlar Farm, and had also killed another white man in Nanaimo. These two Indians were the terror of all the country round until they were finally arrested and one of them hanged, the other turning King's evidence. They had a cache of liquor, and when under its influence they became quite mad. They had planned one night to murder Mr. and Mrs. Brown and the children, and were on the way to the farm, when they decided that it would be impossible to kill all of the family before some of the boys could escape and incriminate them. This was part of the story Quinim told when he made his confession. Whether or not it was true, it was sufficient to convince Mrs. Brown that the farm was too lonely and dangerous a place for them, and they all moved to Nanaimo.



CHAPTER XVII.

Some Old-Time Chatelaines

Mrs. William Trutch

The stories of Mrs. William Trutch, Mrs. O'Reilly, Mrs. Edgar Dewdney and Lady Trutch are remarkable for the fact that they link up with the young colony of Vancouver Island, other outermost posts of Empire. They all have picturesque and romantic backgrounds and recall the days of the early Victorian period, and those tragic happenings, the recountal of which seems to stand out from the printed page in living letters. For instance, Mrs. Trutch herself, who was the mother of Mr. Joseph, afterwards Sir Joseph Trutch, was six years old when the battle of Trafalgar was fought, and sixteen when the glorious news of the victory of Waterloo was brought by courier from Wellington. She had heard the story from the dispatch bearer himself, Captain Percy. He described his hard ride from the battlefield to the sea-coast, his embarkation, the precious dispatches against his breast, and his lips sealed until he could carry out his general's orders: "Not a word of this is to be known, until you lay my letters at the feet of the King." How well he obeyed his instructions has been told before. But on his way to the palace he could not forbear waving from the coach windows the flags of France and England, till the people, seeing his uniform, and recognizing him, knew instinctively what his mission was. Even while he knelt at the King's feet, the cheering had begun outside, and while His Majesty read the good news, the whole populace of London was beginning to go mad with joy.

Mrs. Charlotte Hannah Trutch was born on the 6th of November, 1799. She was a member of a West of England family which held large possessions in the West Indies, and was the only child of the Hon. Joseph Barnes, member of the Legislative Council of Jamaica, and of his wife, Hannah, daughter of Archdeacon Williams.

A bright, vivacious little girl, she was sent to London to the celebrated school of Mrs. Broadbelt; and to London faithfully every year, her devoted mother would come to see her, making the long voyage from the West Indies by sailing ship in all kinds of weather. Charlotte was very talented musically. She played the piano, the harp, and had a very sweet soprano voice, well trained.

It was at her first ball that she met Mr. William Trutch, of Ascot, Somerset, England. That was on the 6th of November, and it happened to be the birthday of both of them. They fell in love at first sight and were married on the 11th of July, 1822. The little lace overdress which the bride wore on the occasion of first meeting her future husband, is still preserved by her descendants in Victoria.

They had six children. Two of the daughters married and went to India. Two of the sons, who were civil engineers, had came out to the United States to practise their profession, but had eventually settled in Vancouver Island, where Joseph William Trutch had married and had a home in Victoria.

Sunshine and shadows fell across the path of Mrs. Trutch, and 1861 found her a widow, living at Stoke St. Mary, Somerset; though she and her youngest and only unmarried daughter spent much time in France. An invitation came to them from the son and brother in far-away Victoria.

"Come and pay us a visit in this beautiful place we have found under the British flag. As far as the climate and general circumstances are concerned, I can give you every assurance that you might live here as comfortably and in as good health as at home. The climate is agreeable, and as to society there are now a number of nice families residing here. As regards ourselves, we long for your coming as a source of infinite happiness. As to the journey out, which you seem to dread, I am sure you would find it not so bad in reality as in anticipation. The worst part is the heat on the trip from Panama to San Francisco. The journey across the Isthmus of Panama by railroad is now quite a pleasure excursion. But you can avoid this altogether if you prefer to come by ship from London round the Horn, which would be much cheaper and perhaps more comfortable.

"I have acquired a most beautiful piece of land, about ten acres, on the skirts of the town of Victoria, and commanding a lovely view extending across the Straits of Fuca. When I hear you are coming I shall build a nice house, large enough for us all. The land I am now enclosing, and intend to plant it out this Autumn, with pear, apple and cherry trees, a pet scheme of mine. Think well over what I have said and let me know if one or both of you are coming. We have only men, no female servants, but want you to bring out one if you can, a very old and ugly one, if you can find such an article."

Leaving half her heart behind her in the country where she had known so much girlhood and married happiness, Mrs. Trutch, with her youngest daughter, set sail on the Royal Mail steam packet for the West Indies on her way to Vancouver Island; past the Island of Jamaica, where in her youth and beauty she had reigned a while as a little queen, adored by all who knew her;

to Colon and across the Isthmus in the tiny train, to proceed by sea up the coast of Central America to Acapulco, and on to San Francisco. The accommodation on board these American steamers was not of the best, and great discomfort was experienced in the intense heat and overcrowding by refugees from the Southern States, the war between the North and the South being then raging. The hearts of the English travellers went out to these unhappy people fleeing broken-hearted from their homes.

At San Francisco they were hospitably entertained by Mr. Booker, who was then British Consul there, and after some days of rest and pleasure again took ship and arrived at Portland, Oregon from whence they embarked for Esquimalt.

The colony of Vancouver Island was not only young in point of settlement, but it was very young as regards the age of its inhabitants, very few of whom were even middle-aged. Most of them were much younger. Illness was rare and death much rarer. It was a gay, youthful community in the early 'sixties; when dear, gentle Mrs. Trutch arrived she was accorded much the same sort of honour and deference as the Greeks in their gala days used to pay their old people; and was welcomed lovingly by the two sons and her daughter-in-law. She entered into the life and gaiety of those colonial times and was ready for anything, be it a ball, where she would sit in state, her programme filled with the names of those who were anxious to talk with one who had such a delightful fund of conversation and reminiscence; a picnic; boating or driving or dinner parties. She was always beautifully and daintily dressed, particularly fond of lavender silk and delicate fichus and lace caps. Her caps were many and charming, and exactly suited her dignified bearing. She was always ardently Conservative, and loyal. The death of the Prince Consort, shortly following her arrival here, was a real grief to her. She was devoted to the Church of England, never missing Sunday morning and evening service, though she must always walk.

Ten years after his mother arrived in Victoria her son Joseph was made the first Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia. We learn from her letters how much she enjoyed the life at Government House, with the attendant interests and gaieties, and the visits of the grandchildren from England and the nephews and nieces of Mrs. Trutch, her American daughter-in-law. Her son John had married Miss Zoe Musgrave, sister of the last Crown Colony Governor, and the daughter who came out with Mrs. Trutch had met here and married Mr. O'Reilly. So that there were British Columbia grandchildren too, to make new interest in her life.

When the term at Government House was over in 1876, Sir Joseph and Lady Trutch made one of their many visits to the Old Country. It was the Autumn of the year, and Mrs. Trutch was again at Fairfield House with her son John and his wife, when her health began to fail. Perhaps the death of a dear little granddaughter, Mary O'Reilly, hastened the end. They died within twenty-four hours of one another, and were laid to rest on the same day, Mrs. Trutch being then in her seventy-eighth year.

Lady Crease, Pioneer in British Columbia

The story of Lady Crease is one of high ideal in the path of Love and Duty, and has been written for this book by S. R. Crease.

The elder daughter of Dr. John Lindley, Ph.D., F.R.S., the famous botanist, she was trained in accuracy in study and modesty in estimating her measure of achievement.

She was born 30th of November, 1826, at Acton, now a part of London, then some miles from the great city.

Surrounded by plants and shrubs admirably grown in a well-ordered garden, she learned to appreciate perfection in the vegetable kingdom. She always called plants by their right names.

From her mother she imbibed a strong religious leaning, which became strengthened and ordered by her own reading, thinking and experience. The Bible was to her ever the guide to action in all the affairs of daily life, and family prayer her recognition of that guidance.

She mastered the art of engraving on copper early in life, learned to draw botanical specimens satisfactorily—no small matter with such an exacting master as her father—understood French and German, sketched in water colours, read carefully anything she considered worth reading, and was a letter writer with a charm and lucidity rarely to be found in these days.

One of the interesting events of her girlhood was the Coronation of Queen Victoria in Westminster Abbey, at which she was present. She often spoke of the touching youthfulness of the young Queen, her simple dignity, and also the fact that just as the Crown was placed on her head and the Peers and Peeresses lifted their coronets to theirs, a ray of sunshine struck them, making a wonderful and sudden radiance.

She married in 1853 Henry Pering Pellew Crease, B.A. (Cambridge), a young barrister of the Middle Temple, the eldest son of Captain Crease, R.N.

In August, 1859, she left England in the sailing vessel "Athelstan" (Captain Bracy), with three babies and a nurse, for what seemed to her the jumping-off point of the world—which she knew with satisfaction was under the Union Jack—and where her husband was waiting for her, having sent word that the Crown Colony of Vancouver's Island was a beautiful place where everything necessary for making a home could be got.

Disliking the sea, disliking still more travelling alone, these inducements were probably the only ones that would have been strong enough for such an undertaking—six months by sea.

There were plenty of thrills on this journey, especially for the children, who at one time were nearly washed overboard, and at another suffered the very real distress of seeing their only toys, some beautifully dressed dolls, thrown overboard by some young men in idle sport.

A solitary iceberg floating majestically past them was another event, only equalled in interest by the sudden fall of a great bird on the deck.

The first impression on landing on the 28th of February, 1860, was not cheering, for, though there were good buildings on Government and Yates Streets, there was neither hotel nor boarding-house to which this little family could be taken.

Rooms had, however, been secured, innocent of furniture it is true; but which, with the supplies brought out, were soon made habitable. The children's and nurse's room was reached by a ladder. Needless to say, the door of this had to be locked every time mother or nurse entered or left it.

There were patches of tin adorning the lower part of the walls, whose use was soon made apparent by scratchings and nibblings behind them.

The appearance of a big rat one day sent the nurse in hot pursuit of a cat and the three children into a bath standing ready for use, from which they dared not step while they and the rat had the room to themselves.

From this place Mr. and Mrs. Crease and their family moved to a cottage on Fort Street, near what is now the Jones Block.

Another move was made this year, when, by the invitation of Mr. B. W. Pearse, then a young bachelor, they were most cordially received at Fernwood, on Fort Street, a stone house at that time built but unfinished inside. In 1860 and for many years after, Fort Street was a road requiring careful navigation, especially at the town end, for the surface was far from level, and burnt stumps of trees and mud holes made the going in bad weather anything but simple. In 1860, however, the state of the road was not of great

importance, for vehicles were few. In fact, an express cart for special occasions and a dray were the only ones this narrator can recall.

In this year Mrs. Crease made several water colour sketches which portray the Hudson's Bay Fort surrounded by its nine-foot palings of split cedar, situated between Bastion, Government, Broughton and Wharf Streets, with the "sunset" bell inside the great gates, which was rung every evening to warn the trading Indians that it was time to go out.

Another sketch shows the Government Buildings of red brick—the centre one of which had a superstructure of wood, which was demolished later as being unsafe.

Another shows Government Street with its buildings good and bad; another, Yates Street, then the most important thoroughfare; another, Fort Street, etc.; another, the Indian women with hair stiffened with real bear's grease and partings painted bright vermillion. The Parish Church, situated on the Christ Church hill, is seen in another of these sketches. The building contained a square pew for the Chief Factor, Mr., afterwards Sir, James Douglas, who might have been seen there with his family every Sunday morning.

(1) Mrs. Peter O'Reilly (2) Madame L'Hotelier
(3) Mrs. R. B. McMicking
(4) Mrs. Edgar Dewdney (5) Lady Trutch

To Mrs. Crease, making these sketches to send home to her father and mother was a pleasure and a solace to the "home sickness" that most people going to a far country for years know so well.

With equal determination, she tackled unaccustomed domestic duties, but found these much more difficult; but her courage and determination to live in a healthy and orderly way never wavered, and in time all difficulties were overcome.

The nurse, who had proved a great help, was married and in a home of her own within a few months after reaching Victoria. The wedding entertainment was a picnic at Cadboro Bay, near a beautiful spring on the slope of the hill, which bubbled out and ran past a huge maple tree not far from the water. This was a famous picnic place. The guests, except those who rode, were all packed into the one express cart.

In 1862 the whole family moved to New Westminster, at that time the Capital of the Crown Colony of British Columbia, where Colonel R. Moody, R.E., was stationed with a body of picked men. The journey there in the steamer "California" on this occasion took three days, for a paddlewheel became disabled and the rudder dropped out. It was only when a passenger managed to rig a substitute with the aid of iron curtain rods (being taken to the new home) that the steamer was able to proceed.

Here Mrs. Crease had the discomfort of moving into an unfinished house.

She had a good deal of architectural skill, theoretical then, but made practical by this experience. The building was finished before long, but many were the needs for furniture, which had to be supplied by ingenuity, labour and skill.

Help in the work of the house was uncertain, but the needs of a growing family were very definite, and the necessity to help one's neighbour in times of illness was a claim upon her sympathy that Mrs. Crease never failed to meet in ways that are unnecessary now in any settled community.

She was a valuable friend, for the sympathy born of experience and an intense hatred of gossip made her a safe repository for the confidences of those who took their troubles to her.

Life in the West, though very strenuous, had excitements and enjoyments also.

Government House always realized its position as the leader in social matters. Many and delightful were the entertainments there. Whether it was private theatricals organized by Colonel Moody and the officers of the Royal Engineers, or dances, games and conjuring, or music, that was the basis of the evening's amusement during Mr. F. Seymour's reign, they were carried out with friendliness, spirit and dignity. Everything was voluntary.

Mr. Edgar Dewdney, afterwards Lieutenant-Governor, was a clever conjuror who sometimes used his talents for the general amusement; and Mr. Arthur Bushby was also a frequent contributor when singing was a part of the programme.

Picnics at pretty places up the Fraser River were organized, to which the guests were conveyed in the Governor's very small yacht, the "Leviathan." This was not always very cleverly captained, for it is on record that it ran on shoals occasionally, from which uncomfortable position it was freed by the whole party moving en masse from one side to the other.

One Winter was made memorable by the freezing of the Fraser River. This enabled carts of hay and other things to be taken across from one bank to the other.

Great fires were built on the ice, round which people gathered for warmth, and to partake of the roasted meat which was cooked at them. Others, more actively inclined, skated for miles up the river; others again were pushed in chairs by the skaters, a cold but thrilling experience.

In February, 1866, the first direct mail from San Francisco reached New Westminster by the S.S. "Active" (Captain Thorne).

That year was made very notable by the union of the two Crown Colonies, British Columbia and Vancouver's Island. In these early days Sir James Douglas, then Governor, used to rub into the minds of the children of the day, the duty of loyalty to the Crown and the Mother Country. This was done by gathering a few at a time, generally at breakfast, showing them some new English coins and telling them what the inscription meant, and then cementing the impression by giving each child a shining shilling or some other coin.

During this time Mrs. Crease went with her friends Mr. (afterwards Sir) Joseph Trutch, C.E., and Mrs. Trutch to the opening of the Alexandra Bridge, a suspension bridge over the Fraser, then just finished and considered a great achievement.

In 1868 Mr. and Mrs. Crease and their five children moved to Victoria, where several years were spent in rented houses. Two more boys were added to the family, and the Angel of Death visited it.

There were at this time good schools for girls but less satisfactory ones for boys, so their parents sent their eldest son to school in England, knowing well that seven or eight years must pass before they could see him again.

For those going to school in Victoria there was no “bus” or tram, much less “motor” to help the children on their way; so, after the necessary morning “tidyings,” there was generally a walk of two miles or more to be allowed for, before school, which always began at 9 a.m.

In 1875 Mrs. Crease and her family moved into “Pentrelew,” on the Fort Street hill, which had been rebuilt after a disastrous fire. Here, for some years, she had the satisfaction of seeing the garden she had planned with her husband, grow into being.

It was here in 1900 that the news of Mr. Crease’s knighthood, after thirty-three years of public service, was received.

Here, much quiet hospitality was exercised, and here, the last years of both were spent in peaceful happiness.

During the years spent here, Mrs. Crease made two trips to the Upper Mainland with her husband, then a Judge of the Supreme Court, the first puisne Judge in British Columbia. There was no railway to make the Judge’s Circuits easy—all the travelling that could not be done by steamer, had to be by stage or private express cart, or horse. The Judge generally preferred the cart. So his “man” had to have all-round qualifications. He had to be a judge of horses and a good driver; an able negotiator for lodgings for man and beast; a good provider against emergencies, and possessed of unfailing cheerfulness. Such a man was “Ben” Evans, who attended the Judge on many of these occasions. It is told of him that when, after much enquiry, he failed to obtain two horses of even height, he produced a small one with great glee, saying he would do very well, for he was a “sidling” horse, to be harnessed on the bank side of the road, where the ground was a trifle higher than the edge!

On the first occasion of her being in Cariboo, Mrs. Crease was taken into a gold mine. Here, the miners wishing to celebrate so rare a visit, offered her gold nuggets, but she declined any present, knowing well that the Judge never accepted any himself nor allowed any member of his family to do so. Of all she saw on this trip, probably the hardness of the lives of many of the women struck her most. For many years afterwards she kept those who had particularly interested her in constant remembrance, and gave them some tangible proof of this as opportunity offered.

During the second trip, an incident occurred of which she made a note at the time but did not mention till after her return. She had noticed when passing through the green timber, a man standing behind a tree, levelling his

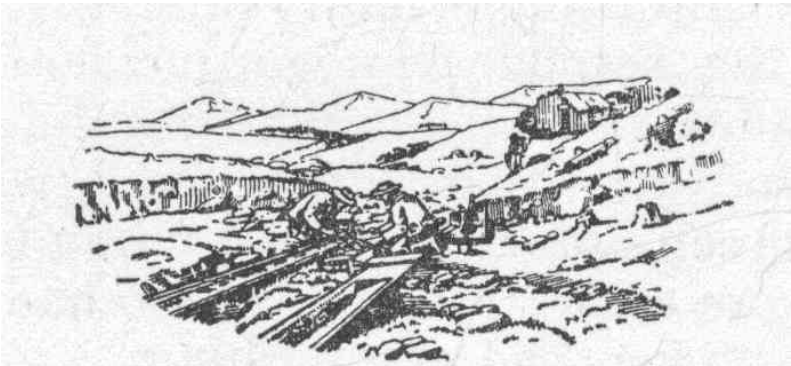
gun at the Judge. He too had seen it, but, fearing to alarm her, had said nothing.

About 1893 she began to see that women organized for any worthy or patriotic purpose, had their place in the world. She was especially interested in the Local Council of Women as she recognized the value such a combination of Women's Societies might be to a community. She remained a Patron of this body, and also an honorary member of a Chapter of the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire till the time of her death.

All through her life she took a lively interest in the welfare of the Church of England, to which she belonged, helping in times of stress as she was able, both with personal service and contribution.

There is not much to record of the last years of her life. It was spent quietly at "Pentrelew." With the passing of responsibility, her love for those in whose welfare she was always interested, expressed itself more freely.

She died at "Pentrelew" on the 10th December, 1922, with all the living members of her immediate family about her. By her affectionate nature, wide sympathy, great faithfulness in friendship, her quiet, polished courtesy, her sturdy determination to do what she considered right, combined with a sane judgment, she endeared herself to those who knew her well. She upheld the honour of the land of her birth as she pioneered worthily in the land of her adoption; and she played her part in the building up of the Dominion of Canada, in the Empire she loved so well.



Placer Mining in Cariboo

Mrs. J. D. Pemberton

A dainty, white-haired old lady, with a patrician carriage of the head; a slender little figure seated in her Victoria, smiling and bowing as she went on her quiet way, like a kind princess or somebody's fairy godmother; it is thus that many Victorians can remember Mrs. J. D. Pemberton, one of the colonial women of the West, particularly favoured by fortune.

Not for her the trials and vicissitudes that were the lot of so many of the pioneers. Her lines fell in pleasant places and all about her memory have grown up bright recollections. Parties in her beautiful garden, dances in the big house; and earlier, when she was a young bride and mother, balls on the men-of-war; riding parties with a galaxy of gay naval officers; Governor Douglas one of the leading riders, tall and fine on his spirited horse. There were picnics in Pemberton Woods or out at Langford, with archery for the ladies. Quaint, old-fashioned picnics, the belles of the day formally garbed in bonnet and crinoline. How charmingly incongruous those costumes must have been at a fete aux champs with the tables spread upon the ground! Governor Douglas used to take them over to San Juan Island on board the Government boat "Quadra." The island belonged to the British then, everybody thought. There was a British garrison there for years. Very delightful and congenial these parties were, all friends with the same interests. At every home was to be found old-world hospitality and charm. Life was leisurely. There was more time to enjoy the simpler things; long walks on a Summer day; getting up at dawn to ride for miles along the Indian trails; evenings devoted to music, singing the old songs, playing from the old masters, or dancing the square dances, the lancers, the quadrille, which were only just removed from the minuet of an earlier day, but which could be rather a romp, too, on occasion.

For these charming chatelaines of young Victoria there was little or no hardship. What they needed they had. Their wants were nearly always gratified. It might be that they must wait till a ship from home brought them their wish, but it was only a matter of patience. Everything came out from England in those days, and one can imagine the excitement attendant upon the arrival of the boats, the unloading and unpacking of the boxes. Beautiful things they had, those brides of long ago, splendid furniture, rugs, pictures, bijoux were brought to them as time went on. Their homes lacked nothing in comfort and beauty. They had lovely gowns and shawls, exquisite laces and other finery, finely tailored riding clothes, all very chic and complete from the hat to the varnished boots. There was as much difference between these fortunate young women and the others who went out and away to the Indian countries to make their homes as if they had lived on different planets.

Mrs. Pemberton was of rather distinguished birth, which accounted, perhaps, for her very aristocratic bearing. She was Teresa Jane Grautoff, a daughter of Harriet Mary nee Despard, who married Bernard Grautoff, and a great-granddaughter of Justinius Andreas Ritze of Baireuth, who served the Princess Wilhelmina, Margravine of Baireuth, as her Grand Chamberlain.

That was long ago, in the good old days of Germany, before the country became spoiled through Prussianism. The Margravine, according to all accounts left by members of Mrs. Pemberton's family, has been rightly called the Mde. de Sevigny of Germany. She was a sister of Frederick the Great, and her wonderful letters to him in prison, in court, in camp, in the bivouac follow him through his life. Mrs. Pemberton's memories went back to fete days of her early childhood, spent in Germany, in Lubeck, at the family home. She loved to recall a grand event which impressed her very much. Her father and mother were celebrating their silver wedding at the same time her father's brother celebrated his golden wedding, and still another brother his diamond wedding. One can picture her, a wee girl in the great hall; long dark hair, and large brown eyes; dressed in a high-waisted, long-skirted dress, with short puffed sleeves, and looking on at the festivities, which, according to German custom, were solemn in the extreme. The couples knelt at the feet of the pastor in gown and ruff, to receive his blessing. There were large tables laid out with presents of silver, silver-gilt and crystal, and a magnificent feast in the large dining-room.

The wedding of Miss Grautoff and Joseph Despard Pemberton, Surveyor-General to the Hudson's Bay, took place in England, and the bridal couple sailed from there to Canada in the party of the new Governor for British Columbia, Mr. Kennedy. A daily paper of sixty-four years ago thus chronicles the arrival of the new Governor.

"Yesterday, at precisely 3 o'clock, the booming of a cannon shot, immediately followed by a second, conveyed to the inhabitants of Victoria the news of the arrival of our new Governor. Every vehicle in the city that could be run, or any kind of locomotive was put into operation and hurried down to Esquimalt with all haste. There was a naval salute of thirteen guns from the vessels anchored in Esquimalt Harbour. The procession consisted of the Hebrew Benevolent League, Pioneer Firemen, City Council, Pilots, Societé Francaise, Police Band, Deluge Fire Engine Company with apparatus, Union Hook and Ladder, Tiger Fire Engine Company, and citizens. At 10.30 a deputation of the German Singverein proceeded to the hotel and sang some very popular airs."

Gonzales was the first home of the young bride. Mr. Pemberton had been in the colony since ’51, when he arrived after an adventurous journey via Panama. The railway was not built then, and passengers had to travel in open boats up the Chagres River, exposed to malaria by night and the fierce tropical sun by day. The result was an attack of malarial fever. On arrival here he determined to explore the country, then practically unknown. He was the first man to cross the Island in 1852, to Cowichan Lake, starting from Cowichan Bay up the river to the lake, thence to Nit-i-nat and to the West Coast. He had some brushes with hostile Indian tribes, and only saved his life and that of his companions by launching their canoes and getting away.

Mrs. Pemberton donated the Memorial Chapel at the Jubilee Hospital. This institution was one of her great interests in life, and Mr. Pemberton left funds to build the operating room at the same hospital.

Mrs. George Hills

Old Bishop’s Close used to stand where the new Cathedral is today. It was the quaintest, most rambling place; large rooms, long corridors, wide verandahs, and built of corrugated iron which was sent out here by the worthy Baroness Burdett-Coutts, who founded the Church of St. John and Angela College, all of them constructed of this same unlovely, but fireproof material.

But time made quite a charming thing of the first Bishop’s Close, twining it with vines and roses, and when the Hills lived there, it was simply a bower of bloom. Old-fashioned flowers of every description crowded the borders and the garden beds, fuchsias, heliotrope, mignonette, verbenas, till on a warm Summer day the scent of it all fairly went to the head, and the colour dazzled the eyes. Behind close-growing trees and a high fence, the garden was set away in the pleasantest privacy, a delightful place to bask and dream the time away.

Mrs. Hills was Maria Philadelphia Louisa, the eldest daughter of Admiral Sir Richard King, K.C.B., a bright-eyed and amusing little woman, devoted to her stalwart, fine-looking husband, who, by the way, was quite a clerical Beau Brummel, always most fastidious in his dress, and making a very pleasing impression in his immaculate long coat, knee-breeches and bishop’s hat. They had a funny little pony phaeton, with very small wheels, which was quite suited to petite Mrs. Hills, but in which her husband’s large length looked most incongruous. He never seemed to realize it, but sat beside his spouse in unmoved and happy dignity.

The bazaars Mrs. Hills gave in aid of the church were social events which everyone loved to attend. Her sisters in England used to send out all kinds of

pretty garments for children, which were the greatest boon to colonial mothers, far away from the fashions and from capable seamstresses, and who longed for dainty English frocks for their little ones. The Hills had no children of their own, but Mrs. Hills loved to have young people about her. She had a library full of old-fashioned tales which she would lend them. Many a little girl was indebted to the library of the Bishop's wife for the only story books she knew.

It was during Bishop Hills' time that the schism occurred in the Cathedral, and many of the congregation of that church followed Dean Cridge to the new church at the foot of the hill. The old bitterness of those days is passing away now, as the actors, too, have passed long since, and only the kindest memories remain of little Mrs. Hills, her books and her sweet garden, and dear old Bishop Cridge, whom everybody loved.

Mrs. A. F. Pemberton, nee Miss Jane Brew

It was in 1858 that Miss Jane Brew, then living in Tuam, County Galway, Ireland, had a letter from her brother Chartris, asking her if she would come out to the new colony of Vancouver Island, on the far-away West Coast of North America, and keep house for him. She was delighted with the prospect of sharing the adventures of her gallant brother, who, as an officer in the Irish Constabulary, had served bravely through the Crimean War and won much distinction. He had been appointed to organize a Constabulary in British Columbia.

She had not seen him since he left Ireland for that colony, travelling in the ill-fated steamship "Austria," which was lost at sea under the most terrible conditions. All but sixty-seven of the more than five hundred passengers were drowned, and his family had feared that Chartris, too, had perished. One can imagine the joy with which they learned of his safety and that he was well established and happy in a beautiful and romantic outpost of Empire.

In a letter to his family Mr. Brew gave an account of the wreck of the "Austria" and of his remarkable escape.

The ship had sailed from Hamburg on the 4th of September, 1858, and when they were in mid-Atlantic, ten days out, the captain gave orders that the steerage be fumigated by burning tar. The boatswain went below with a number of men to effect the operation, and himself took part in it. He heated a chain, as was usual in such cases, to dip into the tar, but being left too long in the fire, it was impossible to handle when he pulled it out. He let it drop on the wooden floor, which at once blazed up. The men, in the confusion, overturned the tar, and instantly the cabin was filled with flames.

The ship was running head to wind. The captain ran to the deck, but a little later, in an effort to help lower a boat, fell overboard and was drowned. Mr. Brew, who was a man of instant resource, and calm under any conditions, persuaded the man at the wheel to turn the ship broadside to the wind. But there was no discipline on board. The tragic drowning of the captain, the leaping, roaring flames, which, fanned by the wind, increased in volume momentarily, threw most of the passengers into a panic.

The first boat to be lowered was swamped, the second was so overcrowded that it too was engulfed. The flames pressed more closely, and scores of persons sprang from the decks into the sea, choosing the least terrible of two deaths. Mr. Brew himself leaped overboard, but managed to get into an empty boat. There were no oars, but he picked up some laths that were floating about and paddled after the burning wreck, endeavouring to rescue some of those in the water. But only one man managed to get on board, though they kept following the terrible derelict for hours. At length they were picked up by a sailing vessel, bound from Newfoundland for the Isle of Bourbon with fish.

Mr. Brew had been sent out from England by Lord Lytton to organize a police force in the newly-formed Province, but prior to his coming to the colony, another Irishman, from Clontarf, near Dublin, had arrived at Fort Victoria. This was Augustus Frederick Pemberton, the youngest son of Joseph Pemberton, who was Lord Mayor of Dublin. He had been educated for the Bar, and held office in Dublin Castle before coming to Canada.

He arrived in Victoria in 1855, having travelled to Central America by steamer. At that time a rebellion was in progress in the Central American States and his steamer was fired upon. He joined an overland party who were on their way to the Pacific Coast and had many an adventure. They overtook a large company of emigrants travelling in covered wagons, with an escort. As the Indians were then on the war-path, it was not thought safe to journey in small parties. Most of those with Mr. Pemberton decided to remain with the larger number, which was made up of men, women and children, it being thought that the savages would not dare to oppose such a formidable company. But Mr. Pemberton, impatient of delay necessitated by the more slowly moving caravan, pushed on ahead with a few kindred spirits, and they made the coast in safety. The larger party was attacked by a crowd of Indians as they crossed the plains and massacred to the last one.

Mr. Pemberton had intended to follow agricultural pursuits in British Columbia, but a more important calling awaited him. It had been taken for granted that Mr. Chartris Brew was drowned on the “Austria,” and he was

offered the position which had been intended for Brew. When Mr. Brew arrived, to the astonishment of everybody, none the worse for his terrible experiences, two similar offices were created, one on the Mainland and one on the Island. The latter in charge of Mr. Pemberton.

As Mr. Brew was now unable to meet his sister on her arrival in Victoria, he asked his brother officer if he would accept that responsibility and see that she made a safe passage to the Mainland, where he was looking forward to her capable and charming administration in his comfortless bachelor establishment.

Miss Brew came up from San Francisco on the steamer "Cortes," a mailboat. At that time most of the boats discharged freight and passengers at Esquimalt. A very annoying incident occurred. The Americans, jealous of the fact that Vancouver Island and British Columbia were attracting so many settlers, refused to let passengers off on the up-trip, insisting upon taking them on to Olympia, in the hope that they would remain on the American side of the line. This was particularly true in regard to young, attractive women, of whom there was a great scarcity. Often, in after life, Mrs. Pemberton would recall her chagrin and disappointment at being carried past her destination, without being able to say a word to those who awaited her on shore.

However, when she did at last reach Esquimalt and was permitted to get off the boat, it was to meet Mr. Augustus Pemberton. He introduced himself, and told of the commission her brother had entrusted him with, no doubt expressing his delight. There were no vehicles of any kind to carry passengers the long four miles from Esquimalt to Victoria. The two young persons thus romantically met, started on the walk together. Before the end of the trail they had fallen in love.

He escorted Miss Brew to Mrs. Mouat's house on Belleville Street, where she was very warmly welcomed by that gracious lady and her young family and made to feel at home. Miss Brew was enchanted with Victoria, its beautiful surroundings, its rustic simplicity and the friendliness of the people. No doubt romance lent its rainbow colouring, and she was young and strong. The absence of many of the comforts which had been hers in the Old Land did not worry her. And it was not long before she began the delightful preparations for her wedding.

She and Mr. Augustus Pemberton were married in Christ Church by Mr. (Bishop) Cridge, and the wedding reception was held at Gonzales, the home of Miss Susan Pemberton and her brother. Mrs. Harris, the daughter of Sir

James and Lady Douglas was one of the tiny flower girls. She thus describes the wedding:

"Amy Helmcken and I were the flower girls, and I thought the bride the most lovely vision I ever saw. A large marquee had been erected on the lawn, the garden was gay with flowers. Here in this little sylvan retreat the happy bride and groom stood to receive their guests, and under the gay awning the wedding breakfast was served." Mrs. Harris retains the liveliest recollections of her own and Miss Helmcken's costumes. "They were white silk, exactly alike, white silk stockings and white kid slippers and tiny white kid gloves. Our bonnets were the sweetest things. They were white too, with broad satin ribbons tying under our chins, and the prettiest little wreaths of clematis around our faces. Everybody wore bonnets in those days, and they were most becoming."

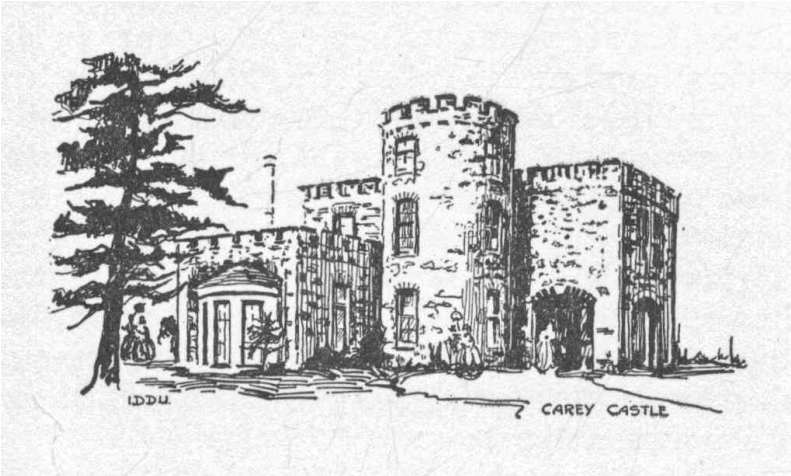
The family life of the Pembertons thus romantically begun was a quietly happy one. They had three children, one son, Chartris Cecil, named for the Commissioner of Police on the Mainland, who had been obliged to give his sister up to his fellow Commissioner on the Island; and two daughters, Augusta Jane and Evaline Mary.

Their last home was a beautiful place out on Fairfield Road, surrounded by many acres of softly wooded land. Here the children grew up and here their parents lived and died.

Mr. Pemberton's own life and the service he rendered the colony is a fine story in itself. Under his administration during the rough days of the gold stampedes, there was the most perfect law and order preserved in Victoria. He was a non-elective member of the local House, and was one of those who were strongly in favour of Confederation, and active in bringing it about. Of Mrs. Pemberton's quiet life there is only this to say: she was a devoted wife and mother, a loving friend, and an honoured member of the community.

Mrs. Frederick Seymour

Mrs. Frederick Seymour was born Florence Maria, daughter of the Honourable and Reverend Sir Francis Jarvis Stapleton, Bart., of Grey's Court, Henley-on-Thames, a lovely old place in Oxfordshire, England; and she was married on the 27th of January, 1866, to His Excellency Frederick Seymour, Governor of Vancouver Island and British Columbia.



Her husband was appointed before his marriage to the Governorship of British Columbia, and went home to England to bring his bride out to the colony. At first they lived in New Westminster, and here she furnished the ballroom at Government House with beautiful things they had brought out from the Old Country, gifts to the Governor by the Colonial Office in London.

When the two colonies of British Columbia and Vancouver Island became one, she came with her husband to live in Victoria. But she was never very happy here. Perhaps she had a foreboding of what was to come, for she always lamented having to leave her first home on the Mainland. They had been very gay and happy there. They brought all their charming things, beautifully carved and upholstered furniture and pictures, to Carey Castle here. But it was not the same. Her husband was not well and she was never free from anxiety. Finally, on the advice of his physician, he went for a sea voyage, hoping the change would be beneficial. He sailed on board a man-of-war, and when they were proceeding along the northern coast of British Columbia, he took very ill and died.

The sad news was brought to her at Government House, and the whole community was plunged into mourning. She returned to England heartbroken, for the three short years which she spent in British Columbia she often said were the happiest in her life. She had a little sketch of the exquisite wild lilies, the erythroniums, done by Mrs. O'Reilly, and until she died kept it always near her, where she could see it and remember old scenes and old friends. Her husband's grave is in the beautiful little naval cemetery at Esquimalt, kept in perpetual care by her loving thought. A tear-stained letter

written to her dear friend Mrs. Trutch seems to bring the past back with all the young widow's poignant sorrow:

"My dear Mrs. Trutch,

"I was so sorry not to see you today, only that perhaps it is better to be spared the pain of saying 'good-bye.' However, I cannot leave without writing to tell you how sorry I am to be leaving, and there is no one among my many kind friends whom I shall regret so much as yourself. You were always so kind to me, and my beloved husband was particularly fond of you—always. It is a hard thing to have to part with friends, but this world seems to me nothing but sadness and misery now.

"I can hardly believe that I am really going away this evening. Indeed, I shall not realize it till I have started. Then it will come to me as a most painful reality.

"You must forgive this hurried letter, but I have no time for more. I shall hope to hear about you in England, and I am sure that you will, for my sake, if not for his own, often go to see the one spot here forever to me the most hallowed on earth. I cannot bear to think of leaving him here—God will give me strength!

"Believe me, my dear Mrs. Trutch, always affectionately yours,

"Florence Seymour.

"Victoria, 12th July, 1866."

Mrs. Edgar Dewdney

Mrs. Dewdney was born in the tropically beautiful Island of Ceylon, her father, Mr. Shatton Moir, being a rich tea-planter, who died while she was a young girl. Some years later her mother married again a Mr. Glennie, and the family came to British Columbia, living at Hope, on the Fraser River.

It was here that she met Mr. Edgar Dewdney, then a very tall, handsome young man, from Devonshire, England, a civil engineer, who was practising his profession in the Cariboo. She was a small woman: so many of the earliest of the colonial ladies were petite! But she was very quick and active on her tiny feet, and never seemed to tire, going about everywhere with her long-limbed husband, a real helpmate to him through every walk in life. She has left many letters which she wrote while she and Mr. Dewdney were at Government House in Regina, and they contain clever, realistic pictures of that part of the great Northwest, then in its infancy. It was during his tenure of

office as Lieutenant-Governor of the Northwest Territories that the Riel rebellion occurred.

While at Regina the Marquis of Lorne, then Governor-General, used often to visit them and, realizing her loneliness, he presented her with two large St. Bernard dogs.

Mr. Dewdney had represented Yale District in the House of Commons from 1872 to 1879, and while they were living in Ottawa Mrs. Dewdney and Lady Macdonald, wife of Sir John A. Macdonald, became warm friends. She wrote describing the brilliant gaiety of the Dominion Capital, and expressing her enjoyment of it all. When her husband was offered the post of Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia, she was a most charming little chatelaine. That was in the days of old Carey Castle, with its stone towers and baronial architecture.

After five years at Government House, the Hon. Mr. Dewdney built a house on Rockland Avenue, which was well-known for its beautiful garden, the special care of Mrs. Dewdney, who was a great lover of flowers and a clever amateur botanist.

She died in 1906, after a protracted illness, through the long months of which she was incredibly brave.

Mrs. O'Reilly

Caroline Agnes, youngest child of William Trutch and of his wife Charlotte Hannah Barnes, was born in London at the time her family lived in their beloved West of England. She was bright and clever, and gifted with a beautiful voice. She sang well even as a little child, and could read at the age of four years. Her education was received at the same celebrated school at which her mother and sisters were educated. Learning to her was a pleasure, and she excelled in all her studies. Although loving out-of-doors pursuits, especially riding, as a young girl, she read deeply and voraciously and devoted much time to music.

During the Mutiny she was in India, having travelled out with friends. Looking forward to visiting two married sisters, she was fated to stay with only one, whose husband, a captain in the Army, was stationed at Madras; her elder sister, in the meantime, having suddenly returned to England, as her husband was selected by Sir James Outram to accompany him on the Military Expedition to Persia in 1856.

The voyage to Egypt was broken by a delightful stay at Malta, but the heat and discomfort of the ride on camels across the desert from the

Mediterranean to the Red Sea, before the days of the Suez Canal, were a never-forgotten experience.

In India, Miss Trutch enjoyed the usual gaiety of a military station, especially the wonderful balls, the riding, and the visits to the Neilgherry Hills, when the heat of the plains became unbearable. Her beautifully trained and sympathetic voice was often in request, and she always remembered the desperate shyness she suffered when the Governor's wife insisted on her singing in the ballroom at Madras, during an interval of the programme, at a big ball.

Although there had been a feeling of uneasiness since the end of January, 1857, the Mutiny actually broke out at Madras on the 24th of May. The native regiments failed to obey when the order was given to fire a feu-de-joie in honour of Her Majesty's birthday. Happily, the Crimean War was over, and there were many European regiments in the Madras Presidency. The native regiments were quickly disarmed, and all the women and children ordered into the Fort for safety.

In spite of the horrors enacted in other places, the round of gaiety was continued, and society kept a brave face and regularly attended church services and all functions.

The sisters lost many friends, civil and military, at this awful time. One friend of their girlhood disappeared. Her fate unknown, it is almost certain she perished in the massacre of Cawnpore. Her Book of Poems, with her name on the first page, is still treasured in Victoria.

On her return from India, Miss Trutch spent some time in France and England, and after her father's death, decided to accompany her mother to Vancouver Island. Her brother, Joseph Trutch, had written from Victoria, August 12th, 1860: 'I am glad you are seriously making up your mind to come out to us, a consummation most devoutly wished for by us three. Come and make your home with us for as long as you please. You and dear mother living with us would increase immensely our happiness. There is no more trouble in coming out here than you had in going to Madras. We are now in the midst of Summer weather, and very delightful it is in this really lovely neighbourhood.'

Although a terrible hurricane had been foretold and several passengers remained behind in consequence, mother and daughter had a fair voyage, 4,000 miles across the Atlantic to St. Thomas, West Indies. The time passed pleasantly. A concert was remembered at which Mrs. Alfred Fellows, long a resident of Victoria, a bride, and brilliant pianist, and Miss Trutch took part.

Into the tropics, passing the islands, the heat was oppressive, but the two and a half hours spent in the tram, crossing the Isthmus of Panama, were delightful; the Chagres River in sight nearly all the way, and creepers and tropical trees of all sorts.

Steaming out of the beautiful harbour of Panama, dotted with hundreds of islands, and coasting past the Gulf of California, they found it scorchingly hot. The ship was sadly crowded by refugees, fleeing from their devastated Southern homes; for this was in 1861, and the cruel Civil War was raging in the United States of America. The English travellers, full of sympathy, could do little to relieve the sufferings of these broken-hearted people, and all were glad to enter the Golden Gate.

At San Francisco, Mrs. and Miss Trutch were most delightfully entertained for several days by Mr. Booker, the British Consul, before taking another steamer for Portland, Oregon, where they made a short stay. Eventually arriving safely at Esquimalt, they were warmly welcomed, and drove up the then new Esquimalt Road to “Fairfield House.”

It was a very severe Winter, and they felt the cold intensely. Open fireplaces and newly cut wood insufficiently warmed those large, lofty rooms; but they were welcomed into a very pleasant society in Victoria, and met many charming and interesting people. Much open hospitality and good feeling prevailed, and in spite of the remote situation, residents lived happily. They enjoyed many musical evenings and dances.

Miss Trutch, who was always ready to use her talent in any good cause, sang in the choir of St. John’s Church, which was made up of many very fine and cultivated voices, both male and female. The pipe organ and the material for building the church itself had been sent out from England by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

In the Spring time, the beauty of the country was enchanting. Good horses from across the Southern Boundary were to be had, and English grooms to keep them smart. Riding in the trails and across the open spaces, with glorious views of the mountains, was truly exhilarating.

In those far-away days, the land surrounding Beacon Hill was open and park-like, big oaks dotted about, and a field of wild flowers under foot. No yellow broom, but golden buttercups crowned the hill, and wild lilies and blue camass grew on the slopes. Farther to the east, from McNeil’s Point to where the Oak Bay links now are, the air was sweet with the scent of wild roses.

Goldstream, a favourite spot for a riding picnic, was pointed out by Sir James Douglas to Miss Trutch as the only place from which Victoria must in the future get her supply of pure water; and for the best bird's-eye view of the countryside, he recommended the summit of Mount Tolmie.

There were comings and goings from Vancouver Island to British Columbia, up the Fraser River to Queensborough and Sapperton. At the latter place were quartered the Royal Engineers, who were doing good work in the new colony. The Colonial officials were nearly all men of good family in the Old Country, and brought with them British ideals of life, public and private, which imparted a distinctly British atmosphere.

Amongst these men, Miss Trutch had heard much of the delightful and popular tall young Irishman, Mr. O'Reilly, who, as Gold Commissioner in Cariboo, was the Governor's right hand, in keeping in check the turbulent population of that bustling mining camp. She met him for the first time at a dinner party at "Fairfield House." They were mutually attracted. About a year afterwards, on the 15th of December, 1863, on a beautiful bright morning, when the sun was shining brilliantly on a sparkling world and the trees festooned in glittering snow, a goodly company gathered in Christ Church Cathedral to witness the marriage of Peter O'Reilly and Caroline Agnes Trutch. In bridal array, she came with her brother, their carriage and horses decked with white ribbons and rosettes. Her gown was of white brocaded silk and she wore orange blossoms and veil, tiny heelless white satin slippers, and carried an early Victorian bouquet. After the ceremony, there was a wedding breakfast at "Fairfield House," attended by many friends, and the honeymoon was spent at Belmont, a delightful house on Esquimalt Harbour, close by the spot where Rod Hill Fort now stands.

In the Spring, Mr. O'Reilly returned to his duty in Cariboo, and Mrs. O'Reilly and her mother lived in Victoria, not far from Fairfield. Later the O'Reillys moved to New Westminster, and there in 1866 their elder son was born. Those were very pleasant days, enjoyed in the circle of His Excellency and Mrs. Seymour.

Some Summers were spent at Yale, the head of navigation on the Fraser River, and Winters in Victoria at their home on the banks of the Arm. Here two daughters were born to them and another son.

Mr. O'Reilly delighted to keep open house, and Mrs. O'Reilly was a charming hostess. Many friends enjoyed their hospitality; the spare room was seldom empty.

In 1876, Mrs. O'Reilly lost both her mother and her little daughter, aged seven, within twenty-four hours. Another severe wrench was parting with the elder boy, who was sent to school in England, via San Francisco and New York.

Several years after, when Mrs. O'Reilly took the other children to England by the same route, they had an alarming experience. Their big Cunarder broke down in the middle of the Atlantic and they were put into the boats. A vessel of the Allan Line, which had run two hundred miles south to avoid icebergs, picked them up, and they eventually arrived safely. Mr. and Mrs. O'Reilly went backwards and forwards whilst their children were at school there, and holidays were often spent abroad.

Returning to Victoria when grown up, the young people spent happy days in the home of their childhood, their mother entering into and sympathizing in all their pursuits and pleasures. It was probably Victoria's gayest period of social life. In the Winter, skating parties gathered at Colwood, where the bluejackets made huge bonfires to brighten the scene, and the band played. In the Summer there were many picnics, riding, driving and boating, and plenty of lawn tennis and cricket. The first ladies' lawn tennis tournament in Victoria was played on Mrs. O'Reilly's lawn. The yearly regatta on the 24th of May was a great event, when the boats began to come up the Arm early in the morning—all kinds of boats, from a large sailing yacht with a family from Cowichan to a one-man outrigger. Naval launches and ships' boats full of merry bluejackets. There were Indians from everywhere, paddling in fierce rivalry their big war canoes. Open house was held at the O'Reillys' all day on the Queen's Birthday. Young Englishmen from ranches or the Islands near by came to the Capital for recreation, and there were many cheery sailors in Esquimalt to join in all that was going on. There was much good sport to be obtained. The Navy looked upon the Pacific as an ideal station.

Mrs. O'Reilly took a keen interest in life in all its phases. Possessed of a clear judgment and steady purpose, she was in advance of her time in many of her ideas. She had a great charm of manner. A devout member of the Church of England, devoted to her family and friends, she lived for the happiness and welfare of others. The establishment of a Maternity Home in Victoria originated with her, and she was a great supporter of the British Columbia Benevolent Society, and later of the Friendly Help and the Jubilee Hospital.

Capable of intense enjoyment or keen suffering, in her happy life she had many strains on her nerves, not the least being the long and dangerous journeys made by her husband to remote parts of British Columbia,

occasioned by his position as Gold Commissioner and Stipendiary Magistrate, and later as Indian Reserve Commissioner. Most of these journeys had to be made either on horseback or by canoe.

In 1885, she was involved in a serious accident. When driving with her husband in Victoria, the horse ran away and upset the carriage. Mrs. O'Reilly was severely shaken and Mr. O'Reilly so seriously injured that for a time his life was despaired of; and though, after eighteen months, he was able to walk, he never fully recovered his accustomed health. Throughout his long and dangerous illness she nursed him with the utmost devotion.

Once, in the early days, she accompanied him on a ride over the Hope Mountain to Penticton and back, when she immensely enjoyed her first experience of camping in the wilds. Later, on another occasion, her husband drove her from Yale to Kamloops, over the old wagon road, a great part of which had been built years before by her brothers. She was reminded of a fine Autumn day in 1863, when a party had gathered at Spuzzum for the opening of the Alexandra Suspension Bridge. She had been the first to ride across that slender structure, spanning the Fraser River, designed and built by those brothers and named by them after the bride of the then Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward VII.

In 1899 Mr. and Mrs. O'Reilly left Victoria for England, where her brother, Sir Joseph Trutch, had been living for some years. He wrote to his sister: 'Come all of you and pay me a visit, for at least six months. Life is pleasant here, the house large and comfortable. I have some fine horses, and we can drive about this dear old Somerset.' Mrs. O'Reilly had not been in good health for some time, and it was with misgiving that she accompanied her husband on the journey. One son and their daughter were with them, and they had a calm crossing from New York, but in that cabin on the upper deck her life was drawing to a close. The ship was delayed by dense fog, and Mrs. O'Reilly died, only a few hours after she was carried on shore at Liverpool. The Christmas party was waiting for her, but it was not to be. The brave, unselfish heart was worn out. Her two brothers (both widowers now) and other relations hastened to Liverpool. She could only give them a smile of farewell. Those were the dark days of the South African War, which distressed her greatly, as she had hoped that war would be no more. One of the last things she asked for was 'news,' and was much grieved to hear of the loss of the guns at Modder River and that Lord Roberts' son had been killed. The sorrow and disappointment of her death were very real to her friends, and for those who loved her most 'life has never been the same again.'

Lady Trutch

Julia Elizabeth, Lady Trutch, an American, born in the State of Illinois, was the youngest child of Louis and Fannie Hyde. At the age of five years she lost her father. Her mother married a second time, and there were other children born of this union. Little Julia was not always happy, and when eleven years old she went to live with her devoted eldest sister, who had married John Preston, a civil engineer.

In 1852 Mr. Preston was appointed the first Surveyor-General of Oregon Territory, and when he came out, via the Isthmus of Panama, to take up this appointment, he brought with him his wife, infant daughter, and his sister-in-law, Julia Hyde. They lived in Oregon City, and their home was quite the social centre of that place.

Miss Hyde, an attractive young girl, received much attention. Amongst her many admirers, the one who found favour in her eyes was Joseph Trutch, the elder brother of two English civil engineers. This young man of sterling character and cheery manners, after being in California and Illinois, was trying the still newer field of Oregon. He applied for a position with the Surveyor-General's party, which was granted him. He was greatly liked and esteemed by Mr. Preston, who invited him to his home, where he fell in love with his sister-in-law. They were married in Oregon City on January 8th, 1855.

Joseph Trutch's letters at this time to his parents overflowed with praise of his young wife, and shortly after, when she, with her husband, visited them in England, they were charmed by her originality and enthusiasm.

Mr. Trutch came to the conclusion that happiness and freedom were not attainable for him under the "Stars and Stripes," and in 1858, when he decided to live in Victoria, Vancouver Island, both he and his wife took this country to their hearts. They loved the climate, beauty of the surroundings, big trees and wild flowers, and the charming home they made for themselves at "Fairfield," where they had excellent servants and entertained a great deal.

When Mr. Trutch was on the Mainland, conferring about the many engineering works in progress, his wife stayed at Sapperton with Mrs. Moody, wife of Colonel Moody, R.E.

Mrs. Trutch and her husband made many visits to Europe, where she revelled in the art galleries and took great interest in the manners and customs of other countries. Being an American, she was always amused at the thousand-and-one differences in the social life of the Old World and the New, and of all the places they visited, the one in which they took most delight was Rome.

In 1871, when British Columbia became a Province of Canada, Mr. Trutch was appointed the first Lieutenant-Governor, and Mrs. Trutch performed the duties of hostess at Government House, known as "Carey Castle," with much grace and charm. There were still relics of the Crown Colony days. Marines in their scarlet tunics relieved one another on sentry duty at the gate. Every morning a mounted messenger cantered up with the letters in a leather bag, slung across his shoulder. Water carts toiled up the hill to sprinkle the dusty roads.

It was not possible to have extensive gardens on that rocky hill overlooking the sea, as water by pipes had not been brought into Victoria; but there were terraces to the east, where the view of Mount Baker was magnificent, and where sweet flowers bloomed and proud peacocks strutted and spread their glowing tails in the sunshine, above the steps leading down to the croquet lawn.

Mr. Trutch was a cricketer, and matches were very popular in Victoria, frequently enlivened by the band from the flagship, which also played occasionally in front of the Parliament Buildings and on Foster's Pier, which at that time extended far out into Esquimalt Harbour in the form of a T.

During the Winters, there were many dances and dinners, also parties in the Royal box at the theatre. To reach this box, which was hung with red draperies and had a golden crown in the centre, one entered by Langley Street, passed along a narrow, mysterious passage, with an awkward step to stumble over, and suddenly emerged into the box and the glare of the footlights. Good plays and concerts, both by professionals and amateurs, were greatly enjoyed.

Two rooms at Government House were always kept in readiness for the Admiral or other naval officers who wished to sleep on shore, or for English or American relations and friends. The Americans were particularly impressed with the Old Country style of life. Family prayers were read by Mr. Trutch every morning, at which all members of the household were present. He and his wife were both very fond of horses and dogs, and kept well-bred animals. There was much good sport to be enjoyed, fishing and shooting, and they both loved riding and driving about the country.

Christmas was kept in the good old-fashioned way. The house was quite full for the week. Holly was rare in those days, but the men servants decorated the house with evergreens, twisted up the balustrade of the old staircase, with its wide, shallow steps, and round the gallery. Lamps and candles innumerable lighted the rooms; big fires made them bright and cheerful.

On Christmas Eve, the children were given their presents in the square, rather ugly drawing-room with its beautiful furniture, large mirrors and crimson damask curtains. Before the children went to bed, all gathered round the piano and joined in the dear old Christmas hymns and carols, Mr. Trutch leading in his sweet tenor voice, "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night."

On Christmas morning the whole party attended service in Christ Church Cathedral, where, in that pew under the pulpit, then at the north side of the choir, they listened to the grave voice and looked up at the beautiful face of the Bishop (Hills), clothed in his immaculate robes.

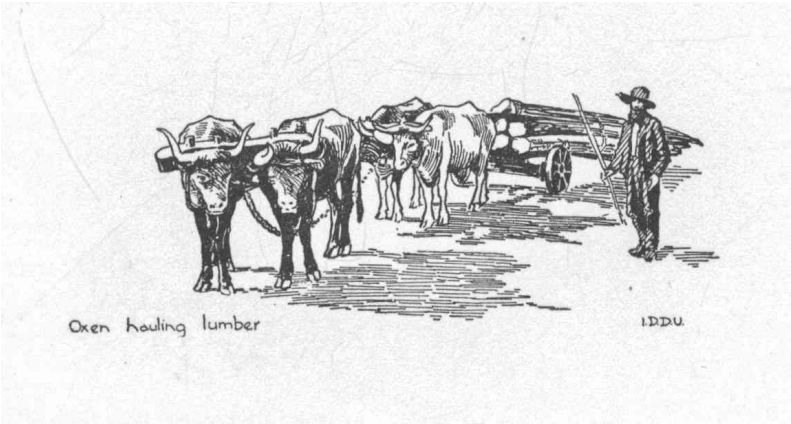
At the end of the day, a real Christmas dinner was served, followed by all sorts of old-fashioned games and dances, in which the grown-ups joined heartily with the little ones.

After the term at Government House was over, Mr. and Mrs. Trutch lived for several years in England. In the Spring of 1880, Mr. Trutch was appointed Agent-General to represent the Dominion Government in British Columbia during the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and they returned to live at "Fairfield House," Victoria. It was then that Mrs. Trutch introduced English song birds into Vancouver Island, she having brought with her larks, blackbirds and thrushes. To her great disappointment, they did not increase.

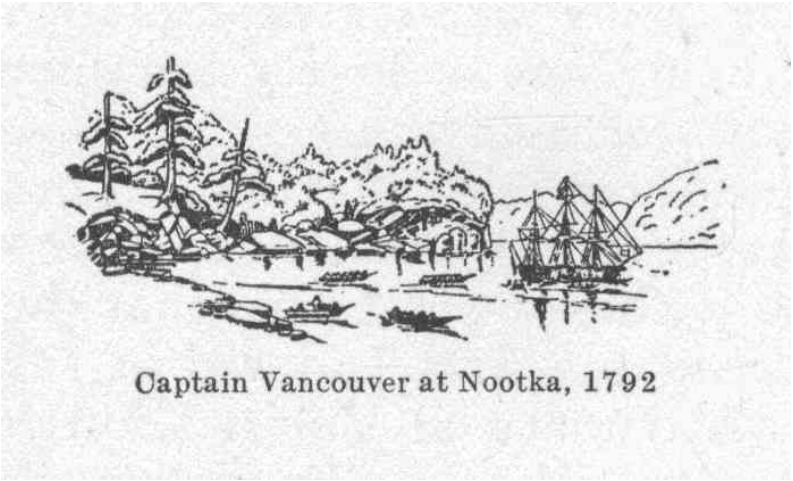
On the completion of the railway they returned to London, and whilst there, in January, 1888, Mr. Trutch received his Knighthood. After this, they enjoyed life in England for several years; but when Lady Trutch became seriously ill, she wanted to return to British Columbia. "Take me back to beautiful Victoria," she said; "I believe I would get well. I was always well and happy there." So he brought her all that long journey, during which she suffered greatly. On arrival, their hope was disappointed. Doctors agreed that nothing could be done to save her life. So long as she was able, she drove out with her husband along the coast, again to look at her beloved adopted country. After six weeks at "Fairfield," on a lovely Summer evening in July, 1895, she passed away.

Her courage in the face of terrible suffering and her implicit faith in God were a reverent wonder to all who witnessed them. The grief of her life had been that she had had no children. She was a firm believer in the Christian faith, a regular attendant at Christ Church and a supporter of the Sunday School. She was much interested in Miss Agnes Weston's Temperance work amongst the sailors of the British Navy. An artist of no mean ability, a lover of all beautiful things, and very fond of music, she encouraged these talents in others. She believed firmly that men would learn to fly, always saying that

she hoped this might be accomplished in her lifetime. She was a truly charitable woman, unselfishly denying herself what she gave to others; a wonderful helpmeet to her husband in all of his undertakings. Together they enjoyed life and served their generation.



Oxen hauling lumber



Captain Vancouver at Nootka, 1792

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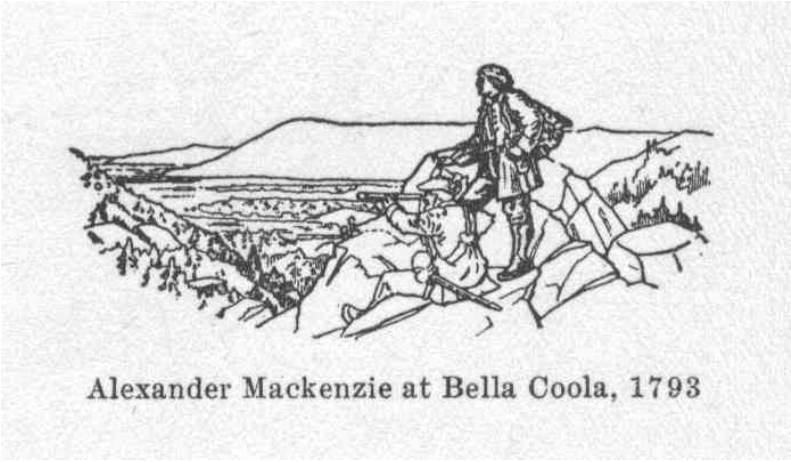
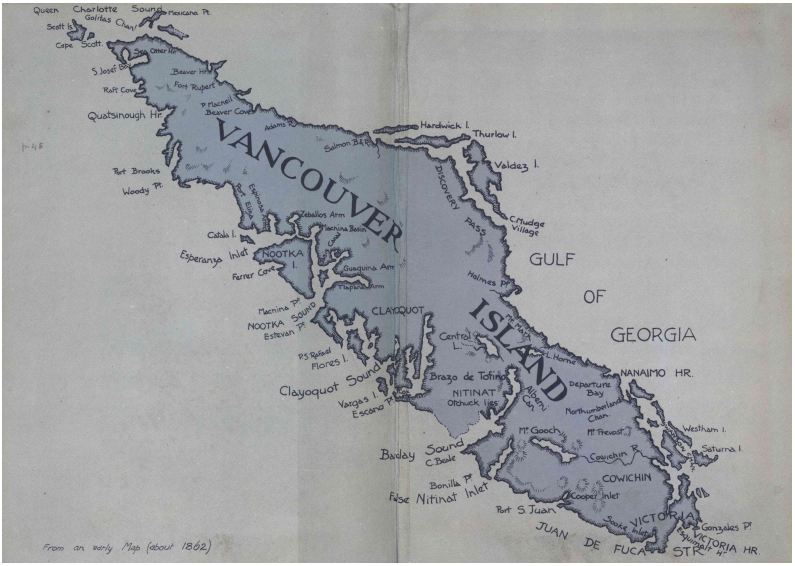


Alexander Mackenzie at Bella Coola, 1793



From an early Map (about 1862)

TRANSCRIBER NOTES

Mis-spelled words and printer errors have been corrected. Where multiple spellings occur, majority use has been employed.

Punctuation has been maintained except where obvious printer errors occur.

Some illustrations have been relocated due to using a non-page layout.

The book is Volume One of an intended two volumes, but Volume Two was never produced.

[The end of *The Pioneer Women of Vancouver Island 1843-1866* by Ann de Bertrand Lugrin (as N. De Bertrand Lugrin)]