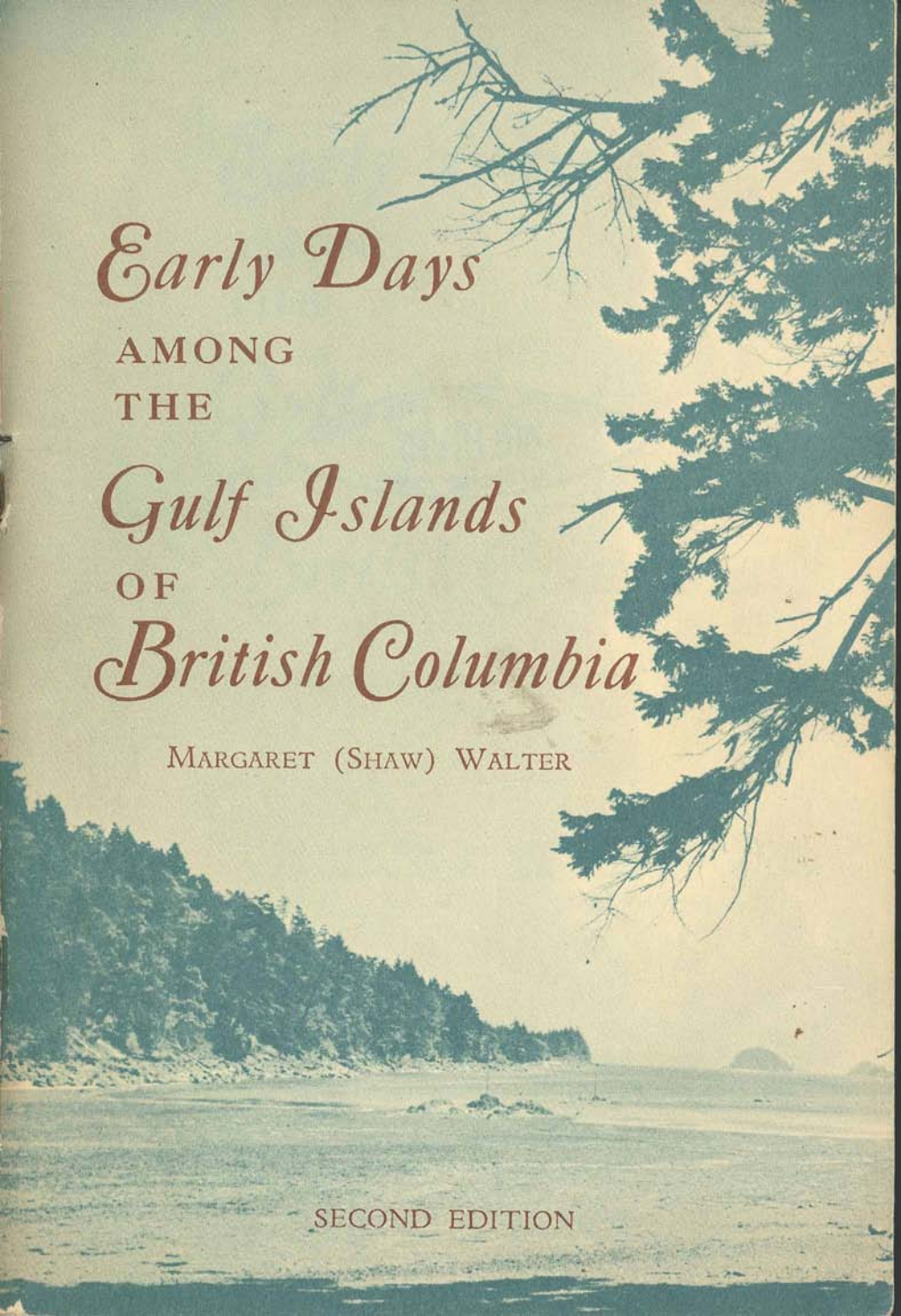
Early Days
AMONG THE
Gulf Islands OF *British Columbia*

MARGARET (SHAW) WALTER



SECOND EDITION

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OF
British Columbia

MARGARET (SHAW) WALTER

"Our Fathers' God! from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand."

WHITTIER.

SECOND EDITION
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Foreword

There was no thought of ever having printed what had been gathered from time to time of happenings among the Gulf Islands especially; heard from friends, learned perhaps from press items, and also from people who had taken an active part in such.

Now, in reaching fully four score years, and finding as time went on many items of local interest forgotten, and other events repeated until many errors had crept in, I have felt moved to write down some of these in rambling sketches of small literary merit; but recording conditions and incidents of an earlier time such as can never happen again.

It would have been easy, and perhaps more interesting, to have added real happenings to the credit of persons described but I have kept strictly to what I know or believe to be true in every case.

M. (S). W.

EARLY DAYS

REMINISCENCES

Of our journey across the Atlantic in May, 1877, there is little unusual to mention. The heavy seas and great spaces gave one a feeling of awe. Coming up on deck after being confined to our berths for a time, and revelling in the fresh sea air, it must have been on the seventh day, for I remember someone near us make an excuse for knitting then, by saying that "there was no Sunday at sea," which remark was certainly startling for the moment. Later on, a sweet-faced and evidently timid old lady came along to our part of the deck carrying some tracts in her hand, probably thinking it a duty to try and benefit others. It was with tense sympathy I watched her offer them to one after another, only to meet with refusal; when, just as she was about to turn back, my father rose from his seat beside mother, and took them from her, very courteously. I always remember her relief—also that my father did not read them.

Landing at New York from the "Ethiopia" in good time, we crossed the United States on various railway lines, causing a number of changes, which my mother found decidedly trying, since sometimes when all were asleep, the shout "change cars" would be heard, and there were four sleepy children to arrange. Some of the roadbeds for these railways were so roughly finished that the trains rocked so much in travelling, the standing or walking down the aisle was difficult. We passed through, or near, places only known by name before; Niagara for instance, and Chicago, which recalled the great fire of a few years before, when even as Sunday school children we had added a little coin to the sympathy so widely felt for the young city in its calamity.

This line of steel must then have ended at Sacramento, for the next day's journey was taken by steamer down the river of that name, to San Francisco. Great salmon awaiting shipment on the various wharves called at were a most unusual sight to anyone coming from the Old Land.

Of San Francisco, its heat remains mostly in mind. They said it was nearly as warm as in India just then. Clad in our heavier travelling clothes still, we felt it greatly. I remember mother fainting while in the luggage room and father flinging his purse on the counter to attend to her.

Staying a day or two in the city our next stage of the journey was from there to Victoria, British Columbia, on the "City of Panama," a boat noted for her rolling propensities, which she certainly indulged in. Shortly before reaching Victoria we entered sheltered waters, greatly to our relief.

The city itself, on a quiet moonlight night in June, seemed like a haven of refuge. It was the first part of Canadian soil we had set foot on in our journey and indeed scarcely considered itself in that way. The C.P.R. was yet to reach its coast; Confederation was a fairly recent act, and none too popular. Many resented being called Canadians—as a Crown Colony they belong directly to the Mother Country, was their explanation if asked for it—and they had no wish to alter their status.

Wiser thoughts have come gradually and to belong to Canada as well as the Motherland is certainly now something to be proud of.

On arriving at Victoria we found there was no way of finishing our long journey by direct communication but some of our late fellow passengers on the "City of Panama" found out that one Capt. Luckie would make the run from there to Nanaimo in his little steamer, provided a certain number of passengers could be found. This was managed that same evening. So it was from the deck of the "Emma" that we first saw the Gulf Islands, names of which at least were to become so familiar later on. Except for the crew itself there was no sleeping accommodation aboard, so we all spent the night in the little saloon, some of the passengers joining in singing to help pass the time. By daylight the chain of islands seemed to be closing in on our way, but coming to Captain's Pass the channel opened out again, and ten miles on, the "Emma's" whistle roused my uncle in the very early hours of an exquisite June morning to take off the relatives who had come so far to join him. We found this was a complete surprise, for although letters had been sent advising him of our expected date of arrival, they were still in the post office at Victoria, 60 miles away, and so not too frequently called for. This first little trip ashore in Uncle's row-

boat remains a clear memory after between sixty and seventy years. We had never been in such a small craft before, so near the water, which was then like a mirror, showing quantities of medusa swimming gracefully almost on the surface.

We landed in the little bay where Uncle's home stood, and all around the scenery was very beautiful. Otherwise things were not as we had thought they would be. The house was a one-room cottage with a little verandah, also a good stone fireplace, very comfortable—for a bachelor; a small fowl house for a few hens—the only stock on the place, except a dog; and a sort of hut for a transient occupant. Near the house about a dozen young fruit trees had been planted. Otherwise among the 160 acres of forest there was perhaps one of roughly cleared land—no fencing, no crops or garden. My Uncle had written home such glowing accounts of the new country, its prospects and opportunities, advising us frequently to come out and perhaps take up land for ourselves (which we did later). This was all in good faith, for he had the prospector's confirmed optimism. To my Father with a family to provide for, the situation gave such grave discouragement that he thought the only thing to do was to go back to Scotland again. This distressed Uncle greatly, who pleaded with him to try conditions here for a year or so. This was done, Uncle helping in any way he could toward improving our inexperience. For instance, none of us had ever handled an oar, but Uncle who had been trained professionally in his youth, taught us, and we grew soon able to feel at home in boats, which was our chief way of travel, since there was no road near us then, or for many years afterwards.

By that time things seemed more possible, but there were many thngs to adjust—and many to do without, for the next few years. Uncle found three cows for us, even if Father objected that there was not enough on the place to support them—to be answered in Uncle's optimistic way, that the woods would provide that. This served during Summer but Winter was different. The last of them was lost through weakness before Spring came, and Father said there were to be no more till we could take proper care of them. Later on I remember one of the older settlers on Salt Spring Island when coming across to see the new family he had heard of as being on Galiano, bringing with him a full

bucket of milk "for the children." We had forgotten the taste of it, but Mr. McFadden's kind thought is still remembered.

It was some time before this that Father had gone to Victoria, thinking of employment, but in a city of its then size and limited opportunities he found prospects not assured enough to justify moving his family there, so returned to Galiano.

Meanwhile our Mother, with her four children, waited on the island home, where there were no neighbours of her own kind that she knew of. On one very early morning she heard voices of Indians as they drew up their canoe on the beach close by. They were probably, as their custom was, going hunting at daybreak, but Mother, brought up in a faroff city where tales of Indians in those days were connected mostly with fear and danger, felt greatly alarmed. She did not wake the children, who would be so much in her thoughts, but dressing quickly and going down to the beach, made them understand somehow, that she wanted them to go away—which they did. The incident, however, must have given her much unrest, for when Father came home I remember her meeting him near the landing place to lay her head on his shoulder, sobbing, while he tried to reassure her in his quiet, strong way.

It was the first—and last time that Indians gave her serious anxiety, and many of them proved kind and considerate neighbours.

Neighbourhood in those days stood for quite an indefinite space. From Mayne Island, the nearest to ours southward, which forms with Galiano, the swift current of Active Pass; that of Pender, Saturna and even to San Juan—for there were no tariff boundaries then, people travelling up the channel toward Nanaimo perhaps, would anchor sometimes in our little bay. Often, Father, remembering rather cramped quarters on board, would go down to invite them up for the evening, and perhaps share a meal with us. Some of these men were most interesting in their personality and conversation. It might happen that we never learned their names —or saw them again. The favourite boat in use was a small sloop which might carry a certain amount of cargo; while not only could its mainsail and jib be managed single handed, but when wind failed a long pair of oars, could with a fair tide, help toward its destination. Of these smaller islands, Mayne

had the most settlers. They said there was more good level land there in proportion to its size than on the others, and strongly advised Father to come down there and start over again, but this did not happen. There were few people on Saturna, and on Pender, if I remember right, just two. These were Noah Buckley and David Hope. It made one feel like a relative of Rip Van Winkle in remembering this, as the C.P.R. steamer drew in lately to the wharf at Hope Bay, where perhaps a hundred people were gathered to watch her arrival—a number of them doubtless Summer visitors.

Of these two elderly bachelors and fast friends who engaged in sheep farming, Mr. Buckley was the more active partner and it was he who oftenest took the cargo of sheep in their sloop to market. Sometimes of a quiet night the steady clank of oars would be heard and we would guess that it might be our neighbour from Pender making his way to Nanaimo as soon as possible. They had other anxieties, too, besides marketing. In very early days one of the well-known and valued employees of the Hudson's Bay Co. retired to a home near Victoria. It is said that in his time, on hearing that a serious Indian uprising was being fomented some distance from where it could be resisted, he persuaded many of the tribesmen to take precaution in vaccination against the epidemic they dreaded most of all—smallpox. This took desire to fight from them for the time being, and the uprising did not take place. This powerful Scot, and his native wife, had a family of stalwart sons. Two at least of them had not the integrity of their father for they became noted sheep-stealers. They would anchor their sloop at a convenient part of the island, put a plank between it and the shore, send out a trained dog to round up the sheep, and sail away with their cargo. Once "dressed" the identification of such animals would be almost impossible, so, although settlers were often victimized by these marauders they were never caught. However, they disappeard in time, somewhere. Meanwhile the two sheep farmers carried on until Mr. Hope, feeling that he must put his affairs in order, proposed making a will leaving his share of their partnership to his old friend; but Mr. Buckley, reminding him that he had still a sister in Scotland, advised him to consider her first, which was done. This sister, her husband, and family came out to British Columbia later, and their descendants are here still. Mr. Buckley returned to England shortly afterwards.

SUNDAY

There being no place of worship near us, our Sundays were necessarily quiet days. There might be a certain number of exercises connected with Bible study and the shorter Catichism for us youngsters, and mother might read of a quiet afternoon one of the then well-known C. H. Spurgeon's sermons, published in pamphlet form, regularly. These would sometimes reach us from friends at home—am afraid, as children we found them uninteresting.

Sometimes, especially in Summer, we would row over to Salt Spring, and be able perhaps to join the little group gathered in the Griffith's home, to hear a travelling minister or young student preach; and at times walk another couple of miles or so to meet with others at more or less regular services held in the little primitive log schoolhouse at the cross-roads.

As time went on, when making a journey to Nanaimo, our nearest town and twenty miles away, we could sometimes arrange to spend Sunday there and attend service at St. Andrew's—a rare privilege. The first time this happened we were of course utter strangers among the congregation, but in its minister, the Rev. Mr. Clyde, Mother recognized one who, like herself in her girlhood days, had been a former Sunday school teacher in the old historic Tron Kirk of Glasgow.

At that time St. Andrew's was still directly under the auspices of the Church of Scotland so that after all it would mean a natural if unexpected coincidence.

However our Sundays were spent they ended with Father "taking the Book." In the "Cotter's Saturday Night" there is a stanza where it is thought Burns gives a word picture of his own father. It might also be that of our's as he read the sacred words from the big family Bible, with its footnotes by "Scott and Henry"—one of the special possessions we brought with us from the homeland.

After all, the poet's family, and my Father's, belonged to the same countryside.

One incident of a quiet Sunday stands out in memory. It had been a hot afternoon in June, and we were lounging outdoors hoping for a cool breeze when a dark cloud, as of smoke, drifted slowly overhead across the island, going westward. This was rather puzzling since there were twenty miles of gulf between us and any possible bush fire. Later on

we learned it had come directly across from the young city of Vancouver which had been practically destroyed by fire, and the greater number of its then about three thousand inhabitants left homeless. Friends who had been there told us later how quickly it had all happened—this was in 1886.

ROBERT, JOHN, JEREMIAH CHIVERS SHAW

Among the problems that came to Father ond Mother was the matter of education, since there were no schools near us. My eldest brother, Robert, whom we lost later on, and I, had attended school in Scotland under an outstanding master, but there were still the two younger sons, so Mother taught them herself for a time and then asked me to carry on. For years afterwards, especially during Winter, when the day's duties were over we had "lessons" while sitting around the big open fireplace with a round home-made table holding the books my brother and I had used in the Old Country. It was a very limited education this resulted in, but it made a foundation at least, to build on.

Years afterwards, when T. W. Paterson (later Lieut.-Governor of B.C.) became Member for the Island's constituency, and installed a post office for the growing district, he asked the elder of the two sons to be its postmaster.

This office he held for twenty years before resigning it; able to recall that he had never missed meeting the mail steamer, whether in Pass, at wharf, or in mid-channel; often in the dark of a Winter night after hours of waiting and uncertainty; nor made any serious mistake in his work.

The youngest son entered the C.P.R. employ as deck hand on one of their steamers. Such is (or was) their rule on board ship, and became in time a well-known master mariner in its coast service.

GALIANO ISLAND

* Galiano, for its size, is perhaps the least fertile of the Gulf Islands. Eighteen miles or so long, and from one to two in width, it lies like a huge rock risen out of the sea—as perhaps it is. It slopes to the Gulf of Georgia (so named by Capt. Vancouver) on its eastern shore, where bays or shelter of any kind are conspicuous by their absence, but on its western coastline there are narrow fertile valleys between its ridges with at the south end, more level and arable land.

A superb view from one of these ridges, not far from our own home, has always been remembered. Its shape reminded one of a whale's back, and being then Springtime, its shallow covering of earth was carpeted with native flowers. There was not living thing in sight, but as one looked across to Vancouver Island the smaller islands in between seemed to be floating on a sea which gave back their reflection and that of their foliage, so quiet lay they in the sunlight; then turning toward the Mainland there was a clear view for twenty miles across the Gulf, to see the entrance from it to the Fraser River. It came in one's mind to wish that Sir Walter Scott, who took such delight in beautiful scenery, could have witnessed this—and described it.

The island owes its name to Dionisio Alcala Galiano, of the Spanish navy, who was in command of the exploring vessel "Sutil" in the Summer of 1792. Its northern end forms with Valdez Island, Porlier Pass, and its southern with Mayne Island, Active Pass, while along its western shore are some coves and harbours providing anchorage for small craft. Our little bay called by the natives, Quetathem, and later, when the C.P.R. mail steamer "Island Princess" called at the wharf there for some years, "Shaw's Landing" was not so well sheltered as some of these, but several miles southward is the well-known Montagu Harbour where a small fleet of ships might find perfect anchorage.

On the inner shoreline of this harbour is a cave remarkable for its completeness, and one might pass it in their boat year after year without suspecting its existence. About perhaps thirty or forty feet above high water mark there is, among the rocky boulders and sparse shrubs, one of the latter, which when pushed aside, shows a possible path to a narrow lobby-like entrance.

* see Random Note (13)

Stooping a little to go through this, it opens into a sort of large room with earthern floor—probably the dust of centuries. The high ceiling of this cave seems to be the earth's crust, and in it is an opening large enough to provide exit for the smoke of a fire that might be kindled on its floor, while facing the sea is a sort of recess where the piled-up boulders along the shore form a rough opening that is not unlike a bow window, which looks out on the waters of the harbour and channel.

To complete the description of the only time, when with my brother as guide, I saw it, there were a number of bats which evidently made it their home, flying backward and forward under the ceiling. Until later years very few had entered this place, but the Indians must have known it, for in early days two of them spent some time—several months it is said, hiding from the law. What the special reason for the close search made for them was is not remembered but the natives baffled it, until a canoe drawn up into the woods not far from their hiding place, led to its discovery and their arrest.

Another native happening is connected with this locality. It began when Northern Indians, travelling southward, came across a local canoe which they attacked at sight, as was to be expected. How many were killed beside one man and his son is not known but the brother of this native, instead of reporting it to the authorities (he could probably have proved nothing anyway) had the northern canoe followed on its travels; then as it was returning and took shelter for the night in Montagu Harbour on its way northward, this Indian (perhaps others with him) took full vengeance for his brother and nephew. He fled afterwards to the American side, and only journeyed back at intervals—evidently always in dread of arrest, to see his relatives near the native village of Penelikut. From the little island where he stayed for a short time now and again, he came to be known as Le'mantsu Tom. Years passed, and when at the time of Queen Victoria's Jubilee amnesty was granted to certain people under the law, Lem'antsu Tom's name was among the number.

Perhaps the authorities were not at any time anxious to apprehend him. He had followed his own code of justice, being not yet able perhaps to understand a new law which had come to replace the tribal one. At any rate he came back to stay among his own people and lived quietly with his

wife on their little island. We used to see him now and again —a quiet, grave man with no resemblance to a criminal. I still keep a little Indian basket he gave me in my young days.

On the extreme northern end of the island is a small Indian village, valued for its fishing facilities. Among those who lived there part of the time and claimed his share of land in it as a direct gift from Governor Douglas himself, was Peter—the first of his race to be remembered; perhaps because he spoke fairly good English, an unusual accomplishment among the natives of that time, when Chinook was used by both races in conversation. As a lad he had lived near Victoria, and worked for the very early settlers there.

Being then doubtless, as always, very intelligent, he had acquired their language and in some ways their opinions. I remember he was a devoted subject of Queen Victoria. She was the "Hyas Tyee" (Big Chief) to whom he gave a personal loyalty and thought of her as taking an interest in his race as well as in the others she ruled—he would not be far astray. When her son came to the throne things seemed quite different. "He does not care for us." I remember my Mother trying to convince him it was otherwise, but he would not accept her opinion. As a boy, among those who had employed Peter, was Governor, later Sir James Douglas, for odd work around his home. One of his duties was to frighten crows from the Governor's garden. His wages which he used to recall later on, with laughing amusement were, if I remember right, 50 cents weekly. One happening in later years he always remembered with pleasure. It was when the Duke of Connaught was Governor-General of Canada that Peter, with some of his friends, went over to see his arrival in Vancouver and the preparations made to welcome him there.

Standing among the spectators they perhaps pressed too much forward, for a police officer was evidently zealously pushing them back, when the Duke, noticing this, said, "You must not treat them like that—they are my very good friends." He even shook hands with Peter—a memory to be treasured. Some of these events happened a long time ago but Peter still lives at the "Gap" (Cowichan) where his kith and kin will give him every consideration as is their custom with aged relatives: for he has "come old," to use an expression of his own, probably one, if not the oldest native among the Gulf Islands; and all being well the writer

of this in another few weeks, hopes at Christmas time to send, as usual, a card of greeting to "Chief" Peter.

VICTORIA, 1943.

MARY MRS. TEETERS—LATER MRS. RICE *

Another native who lived on Galiano for a few years about a mile away from our home was Mary, comely young wife to a tall sturdy Texan who could lasso a halfwild steer or anything else, at pleasure—he said the lasso was used as a plaything by even young children in Texas when he lived there. Like our friend Peter who was said to be a cousin of hers, she was most intelligent and very sensible. Seeing she already spoke a certain amount of English my Mother suggested I might try to teach her and her sister Josephine to read; so for a time they came to us of a Sunday afternoon for lessons. However, results were rather scant. The family moved about so much part of their time that definite progress was out of the question, but at least it all helped toward a friendly feeling.

A few years later Mr. Teeters died very suddenly, leaving his affairs unsettled. While under no obligation to do so, Mary sought work elsewhere and finally paid all his debts. Later on she married again, a Mr. Rice, half native, and had several children.

It was her son's widow, Mrs. Rice (trained as a girl at one of the Indian "Homes") who with her boy of about ten years of age, received official recognition from Legislature and the Air Force, for going in her canoe to rescue two airmen whose 'plane had been forced down into the sea within sight of her home (1941).

* see Random Note (15)

SALT SPRING ISLAND

Lying parallel to Galiano and surrounded more or less by others of the "Islands" group, also about halfway between Victoria and Nanaimo (native Nan-aymo) Salt Spring seems to have attracted the earliest settlers among them. The largest of the group, it is said to contain 77 square miles of mountain, forest, lakes and a fair proportion of arable land, also picturesque harbours and inlets. To the natives living near its northern coastline it was known as "Klaathem" (Salt) doubtless because a number of such springs were there. Whether it was coincidence or otherwise the new settlers there spoke of it as Salt Spring Island. Later on it was charted as Admiral Island but the former name persisting, it was finally adopted officially.

To this northern end came Mr. Sampson, an Englishman, said to be one of the two first white men to arrive* there. The other was Mr. J. P. Booth, a Scot, who chose land at the foot of what is now Mt. Erskine (1500 feet) by the canal which still bears his name, A.D. 1859.

Mr. Sampson settled in the district now known as Fernwood, and later on two others, also retired Hudson's Bay employees, became near neighbours. Since there were no roads then these pioneers settled near the seashore. Governor Douglas and his Council gave them permission to choose any location wished for, on condition that when such land was surveyed in time to come, it would be confirmed to them by clear title on their paying a sum not exceeding $1.25 per acre. This price was fixed later, if memory serves, at $1.00.

It meant slow hard work to clear a homestead from the forest; felling trees, burning them, digging among the stumps to plant potatoes, with vegetables and different grains; getting some fowls and later on, cattle by degrees. Then when stumps of trees were fewer, a yoke of oxen to plough between them, a task quite unsuited to horses, which when brought up suddenly by buried roots might make even a pannicky effort to carry on, which, likely as not, would mean an overturned or broken plough, whereas the patient oxen would halt till matters were adjusted. It was they, too, who by sled or waggon hauled firewood and other farm necessities here and there, even taking produce to and from the wharf on steamer day. One advantage they gave the farmer with little grazing, was in his being able to turn them into the woods between times of employment, with bells on their

* see Random Note (12)

necks, whereby they could find their own food. As fields grew larger and better cleared horses came into use, while later still, one of the pioneers was to be seen driving, importantly, the first horse and trap over the familiar road.

This most travelled road just then skirted the tree-bordered shore of St. Mary's, largest of our island lakes and perhaps three miles long, on its way to Vesuvius Bay, where before the existence of the E. & N. railway, steamers on the Victoria-Nanaimo route carrying all passengers, mail and freight traffic between these two ports, called regularly at various wharves between. Among those gathered at Vesuvious Bay at such times either to ship or receive freight and collect mail, would be a certain number of coloured people whose presence on the island belonged to its earlier history. *

As steamer routes changed and settlers were arriving increasingly, a wharf was built on the picturesque peninsula at the head of Ganges Harbour, known to the Indians as See-Aught. Around this important landing place has developed, partly through the enterprise and energy of Mouat Brothers, the islands largest business centre.

* A substantial stone seat by the shore bears a name plate of "H.M.S. Ganges" to which the harbour owes its present name—a gift made possible throught the courtesy and influence of Capt. Walter, R.N., who made his home on the island for a time.

Near by is a little granite monument to the men who left us when the war of 1914—to be later known as "Great," was proclaimed. Name by name one recalls them as taking part in our everyday life, young lads mostly; some had grown up among us; others, who had come from the homeland to take up interests in a new country, perhaps near relations or former friends; and if some of them did bring out weapons to safeguard themselves against Indians and wild animals, they were the first to join happily, later on, in amusement at their unnecessary forethought. These enlisted almost to a man when war broke out—the more eager spirits at once; others who were developing their new homes, a little later, leaving them, when it became evident that more men would be needed.

Of those whom we were able to welcome back several had passed through military hospitals, some had won promotion on the field, and some had received decorations.

* see Random Note (3)

* see Random Note (16)

The first matron (and staff) of our little Ganges hospital, who enlisted also brought back several of these—one of them bestowed personally by the King himself. To her was given the privilege of unveiling the War Memorial to their comrades, who "Took on them as a mantle the shade of death's dark cloud."*

As we follow the main road it will take us past the little pensinsula with its landmarks, leaving behind churches, consolidated school, hospital, hotel and a growing community, to rise steadily uphill for perhaps two miles before reaching the "Divide"—aptly so called; going downward gradually again to pass near the clifflike face of Maxwell's mountains (1030 feet), also Burgoyne Bay; on its way to Fulford Harbour, so named for the Captain of "H.M.S. Ganges." The fine valley stretching from Burgoyne on the west, to Fulford on the eastern shore of the island, and perhaps three miles in length, was also settled on in early days, but travelling conditions then were such that neighbours on either side of this "Divide" did not see a great deal of each other, thus forming distinct communities, though a genuine interest on both sides was maintained.

There were earlier settlers in this fertile valley, but about 1864 the first white woman on that part of the island came to make her home there. This was the young wife of an Englishman who, on marrying one of three sisters who had come out from Leicestershire on board the "Robert Lowe" in 1862, came to Salt Spring and chose a homestead near Fulford itself, beside a fine creek, having its source among the little lakes on higher ground and running into the harbour all the year round—a most desirable asset to any settler! Conditions there were absolutely primitive and they must have been an unusually stout-hearted couple to adapt themselves to such circumstances. Husband and wife shared in the building of their home as in other activities on the place, which improved steadily under their care. It was only after her retirement to Victoria that I met this outstanding and interesting pioneer, then over ninety years of age. Her memory was still clear and dwelt much on earlier days, both in England and British Columbia which then prided itself on being a British Crown Colony and claimed no direct connection with Canada. She could tell of panthers and wolves on Salt Spring—spoke especially of the latter in hearing of them at night calling to each other across the

* see Note (1)

hills — "a nasty sound." Panthers also must have been plentiful—and bold. She told of one evening taking poultry from their fowl house to another, some distance away.

Her husband was also carrying some, and on the other side of the fence dividing what was probably a field from the road or trail where they were walking, a panther kept pace with them and the squawking hens in their hands. This got on his wife's nerves and she cried out, "Joseph, if this beast follows us any longer I will drop the fowls," but her husband's only reply was, "Don't drop the fowls."

Another experience must have given her a great shock. While busy at some gardening work near the home when her husband was elsewhere, she laid her baby girl on the ground while she went on with her task. Happening to lift her eyes later on she saw a panther walking down between the rows toward her little daughter. With no weapon at hand she ran screaming toward it and it must have been fairly close for she spoke of lifting her foot as if to thrust it away. Whether it was the movement, however, or the sound of what would be frantic screaming, the animal turned back and left them. She said little about her feelings in the matter, but her quiet remark, "I did not sleep much that night." told its own story.

She spoke also of native women having to be careful about leaving their babies out of sight when gathering berries in the woods.

For over 50 years this pioneer family were able to live on their island home—the husband passing on in 1919 at the age of 82. His wife survived him until 1933, to reach within four years of century age, and see her children's children to the third generation.

For a number of years the island's main road ended at Fulford Harbour, and became more often trails through hills and forest; settlers near the shore, finding their way from place to place by water. Near its end there is some good land, and in one place there used to be a little colony of Kanakas but gradually this has disappeared. By a sheltered cove on its western shore, two English brothers, Pimbury by name, built a home on the hillside which rises almost from the sea shore. This grant of land they later sold to a family who, if memory serves, used it as a sheep run, and

have left their name to the little harbour and mountain called Musgrave's. This place, practically cut off from the rest of the island, had its own wharf where a steamer could make landing. Near by, southwards, is the island's highest mountain (2000 feet) called by the Indians Tsuan. Curiously enough those of the Saanich, also perhaps of the once powerful Cowichan tribes, had a different name for Salt Spring from its northern neighbours. This has been mentioned as Wenaanitz, the meaning of which has not been gathered.

ST. MARK'S, S.S.I.

Copy of a letter sent to the Vicar of St. Mark's, as other Anglican churches on Salt Spring Island:

Dear Sir:

It is a stranger to you who takes the liberty of sending this letter, but I hope you may consider it justified.

As perhaps you already know it will soon be fifty years since the little church of St. Mark's (and churchyard) was consecrated.

And while in these anxious times anniversaries may be little observed, it has been in my mind of late to write down—partly for family reasons—memories of its building in earlier days when war, such as it is now, would have been thought unbelievable.

There must be few among your congregation who were old enough at the time to remember details of its beginning and fewer still I am afraid, who took part in it. So I am venturing to send the enclosed sheets for your reading.

Should these be of use to you or interest concerning their subject, it will give me pleasure. Any information in them is fully at your disposal except, please, that for the present at least the writer's name is not given.

Victoria, April 2nd, 1942.

In

Charge to the synod by Bishop Hills on Oct. 25th, 1889, the following sentence is recorded:

"At Vesuvius Bay a church is nearly completed, and is already used for services."

Written over 50 years ago, this is the first official mention of St. Mark's, first Anglican church to be built on Salt Spring Island. There had been many hopes and plans concerning it in the minds of a comparatively small community long before its building took shape.

In those early days worship was held in the little log schoolroom, serving as such during the week, and where, from the teacher's platform, clergymen who came from elsewhere as often as circumstances (and weather) permitted, held Divince Service. The greater number of their hearers were of the Methodist persuasion, but Anglicans and the

very few Presbyterians joined in the services, as the others did in theirs. Much good feeling prevailed in this way and when the time came for St. Mark's to be built, our Methodist neighbours were among those who helped toward it.

This was recognized years afterwards when their own church was being planned for, Anglicans helped them in the same spirit.

Later on, as was natural when each had their own church with regular services, congregations attended their different places of worship. In earlier times, both at the schoolroom and later, Anglican clergymen came to the island fortnightly, perhaps, or as often as could be arranged, mostly from the Cathedral parish. Among these were Archdeacon Scriven, Canon Beanlands and the Rev. Mr. Kingham, who was perhaps the most actively interested in the new church just then. It was the people themselves however who decided for its erection after many deliberations regarding funds etc., and especially locality.

Just where would be the most central situation for that part of the island was quite a problem. At the north end there was a little community of the earliest settlers.

The only wharf then was at Vesuvius Bay—a busy place at that time, being on the direct steamship route between Victoria and Nanaimo before the E. & N. railroad was built. Around Ganges Harbour there were only a few scattered families; so, among the different sites freely offered that of Mr. and Mrs. Stevens was chosen, to their great pleasure, since they had the undertaking very much at heart, and helped toward it accordingly. How precious the place seemed to the comparatively few who saw it built, can hardly be expressed!

An only drawback to its site was in lack of suitable ground for a churchyard. This however was given later on by Mr. Arthur Walter of "Woodhill" from a part of his own land nearest the church. A contract for walls and roof of the building was given to one Carl—who did the work almost by himself, and it is remembered that even the beams of roof and rafter were put in place without extra help. Soon afterwards, a pulpit and pews from a superfluous supply of such in Victoria, made it possible for services to be held more or less regularly in the church, then, and ever since. There were still many improvements to be carried out. Some in the

congregation had friends in the homeland who were able and glad to share in the good work. Then there were local efforts, especially concerts held now and then, which often with outside talent to help, were certainly enjoyable affairs. So things went on steadily, if slowly, for it was the settled purpose of the committee that no debt should be incurred. In time the inside walls of the church were lined, a little organ found, to be replaced later on by another provided by Mr. Bullock, who also gave land on which a vicarage and grounds might be prepared. The church cemetery was by this time cleared from its first growth of timber and in order to have it consecrated during Bishop Hills' visit, fencing material was purchased, which Mr. Beddis (who with his wife had been consistently helping all along) volunteered to see placed in time.

This was done, but even so, it is remembered that the clergy in making procession round the land to be consecrated, had to step over some small trees not yet cleared away from the enclosure.

It was on May 15th, 1892, while our first resident clergyman Rev. Belton Haslam was in charge of the parish, that both church and churchyard were consecrated by Dr. Hills, first Bishop of British Columbia.

This account of St. Mark's beginnings was read from its pulpit at a service held to commemorate the 50th anniversary of its consecration; by Ven. Archdeacon G. H. Holmes on Sunday, May 16th, 1942.

OUR NEIGHBORS—Mrs. Griffiths (later Mrs. Booth). Except that she was not able to speak the language of her native country, being brought up near the English border, Mrs. Griffiths was a typical Welshwoman—not very tall, but sturdy, with the dark hair and eyes, also high colour of her race. Comely always, she must have been in youth most attractive. Also as one recalls her later very capable and a noteworthy manager. It was some time in 1878 that we met her first at their farm on Salt Spring Island, facing Trincomalee Channel. She was the first white woman my mother had seen since arriving the year before at Galiano Island, then rather isolated among the Gulf Islands in the Straits of Georgia. On one of her business trips to town, Mrs. Griffiths, with several Indians engaged for the journey, happened to pass our bay, and these, resting on their paddles, told her that a white family had come to stay there. My mother, noticing her among the natives in the big canoe, hoped she might come ashore, but they passed on. It was in her own home we met after all, which, with its comfortable appointments, standing in a fine orchard and nursery; a great lilac and laburnum bush on either side of the entrance, with standard roses nearby, then in bloom, seemed like civilization itself compared to the primitive surroundings we had on our smaller island; where however we overlooked such beautiful scenery of channels and islands with mountains of Vancouver Island for background, behind which the sun would set of an evening; as made an everchanging vista of light and interest; with the occasional steamer or sailing craft passing up and down. There were times too at certain stages of the moon when it seemed to form a broad path of silver for itself across the channel to our very gate near the sea.

Mr. Griffiths was then almost a confirmed invalid, so it was his wife who made us—complete strangers, feel welcome in pioneer fashion, and so began a quiet friendship which was to last for life. Whatever kindness she could show us was cheerfully given. One especially she carried out year after year. There was no post office near us in those days, so she had our mail matter collected along with their own when it arrived at Vesuvius Bay, then the only port of call and distributing centre for steamers on the northern half of Salt Spring Island; and sent it over to Galiano—perhaps once a month, by a special Indian, 'Capt.' Peatson he called * himself, brother to Capt Verygood, in whose largest canoe

* see Random Notes (5 and 6)

Mrs. Griffiths made her business trips to Victoria or Nanaimo as the case might be. These two brothers were rather outstanding natives.

The Griffith's neighbours whose land adjoined theirs on each side, also facing the channel, were retired Hudsons Bay Co.'s employees, who had followed a favourite advice of their governor (later, Sir James) Douglas "To take a native woman and settle down."

On their grant of land this would probably be undertaken with the proverbial "sack of flour" and little else, to start on. Deer were plentiful in the woods however—other game also; their wives were expert in fishing, and at every low tide the "butcher shop" was open for clam digging, etc. We came in time to know some of these families. There was Mr. Hudson, an Englishman whose very fragrant white roses were, he said, the first brought into the province; (we have their kind yet). Mr. McFadden from Ireland whose descendants are still on the island; and Mr. Sampson, also an ex H.B. Co. man, and certainly the most interesting of the three. On this part of the island lie mostly the salt springs which have given it its name. During the drought of Summer, they leave on some fields a white deposit on which no vegetation grows. These springs permeate the soil here and there, so that on the Griffith's farm there were no other kind. Fortunately the saltiness is not too pronounced and it is said that horses reared there have refused any other kind; but in calling at the home on a summer day, one would be in two minds—whether to suffer thirst, or ask for a glass of water. Wells have been sunk on the place from time to time in hopes of finding a normal supply, but so far without success.

The Griffith's home in those days was a gathering place for the comparatively few scattered settlers in the community, partly because of such conditions and partly because of the generous hospitality of its mistress; and when the occasional * Methodist minister, or young student came to the island to hold divine service, it was frequently in their sitting room that it took place. At other times it would be held in the old log schoolroom, about a couple of miles away—there being no church in the district then. It was on days such as these that Mrs. Griffith's would tell my mother of still earlier times, when on a Winter's evening they would hear the wolves howling on neighbouring islands, especially

* see Random Note (9)

Galiano. This always remained in one's mind as puzzling. Our family settled there in 1877. It could not have been from ten to a possible twenty years earlier that such conditions existed, and yet there was never a wolf seen or heard of then or since. What could have caused such complete disappearance?, for I have heard other earliest settlers mention them as being on S.S.I. also.

Panthers were common, and occasionally bear. * An occasional panther is still seen there, and strenuously hunted down, especially by sheep owners—it is thought they must swim across the Sansum Narrows from Vancouver Island Native elk must have lived too on S.S., for Willis Stark. —hunter and guide, gave to my husband, somewhere in the 1890's an elk horn he had found while excavating for a barn he was about to build on his Hill farm—we have it yet. Another horn he kept for himself. I have never heard of any elk (Wapiti) being seen on the island. A remark of Hugh Miller's in his "Schools and Schoolmasters," anent such happenings caught my attention lately; where he mentions certain species of well known birds, particularly; which even in his Scottish countryside and within an ordinary life time (his own) have become rare.

It was on a very stormy Sunday in January (about) 1874, that the Griffith's household watched the 'Panther' laden with coal drift helplessly up Trincomahi Channel to be wrecked on an outlying reef on the southern end of Narrow Island.* The tug boat with the clipper ship in tow met such heavy weather as made it unsafe for both vessels—it is said the tug's firemen were standing in water to the waist, so the hawser was cut as a matter of necessity and the 'Panther' left free to take her chance. When she finally grounded it was near a bay about a hundred yards distant where, from pine trees on the island a rope could be stretched, and thus help in salvaging some of her contents, which, like the men themselves were sheltered for the time being in a rude building put up for the purpose. The 'Panther' itself was a total loss and lay for years on the rock to which it has given its name, until it very gradually disappeared.

To my mother, Mrs. Griffiths would speak of still earlier days, especially of the times she and her husband had shared before coming to Salt Spring Island. *One had heard

* see Random Note (2) * see Random Note (7) * see Random Note (8)

from an older generation of the Mormon movement and how Brigham Young of New Brunswick, following his predecessor 'Joe' Smith had founded a colony of new ideas, and moved to a desert in Utah, U.S.A. to develop them; afterwards sending out 'missionaries' to Britain especially, in order to make converts, and provide for a plurality of wives which was one of their practices. Many joined the movement thinking of a higher spiritual life in Salt Lake City, away from outworn restrictions; and among them were this young Welsh couple Mr. and Mrs. Griffiths. Railroad traffic was very limited at that time, so after the journey by sea was over, the greater part of it,—1,200 miles or so was made in covered waggons—at least the older and more infirm travelled in this way, the younger people like our friends followed on foot. Each evening the caravans halted—there is an impression they were placed circlewise to provide for the travellers a certain amount of protection; to cook over fires collected and made of dried buffalo 'chips' (manure), afterwards resting by the camp fire, where religious exercises would be held—very happily, it is said, for were they not on their way to join the Latterday Saints in a city of peace and holiness. The journey itself must have been tedious and trying. Bands of Indians would be seen from time to time, and should they seem apt to become too inquisitive, were shown some of the immigrants lying in a waggon with red spots painted on their faces, which, with the explanation, 'smallpox'—a word of terror to all such natives, sent them scattering.

Their caravan reached Salt Lake City in due time and Mrs. Griffith's first impression of it, was, that just at its entrance there was a man—in drink if one remembers right, cursing and swearing vigorously—a rude awakening indeed.

Inside the city itself they soon found further disillusionment, and as time went on her husband and she planned to leave it. This was a dangerous decision; for Brigham Young and those in authority did not believe in having 'delinquents' carry tales elsewhere. Away from all constituted government they were more or less a law to themselves for the time being. Mr. and Mrs. Griffiths however did manage to get away somehow, and their next home was evidently in California during the gold excitement there. I can't remember Mr. Griffith's occupation, but his wife I think took up tailoring. At any rate, on leaving the colony which was

more or less a lawless one then, their earnings, in the shape of $20 gold pieces were sewn in between a lining of the husband's waistcoat. There must have been a number of them too, for I remember Mrs. Griffiths showing my mother the identical garment with the shape of them very plainly marked in their hiding place, suggesting that they had been carried about there for quite a time. On their coming to Nanaimo, B.C., and finding Mr. Griffiths occupation there unsuited to his health, they bought land on Salt Spring Island belonging to I think, a Mr. Beggs, who must have settled on it very early indeed; and concerning whose stay there I have copied elsewhere an incident happening to him—taken from the Victoria 'Colonist.'

Here for a number of years Mrs. Griffiths managed their farm, for her husband's health declined steadily. It was certainly a strenuous life, she would sit out of a night, with their help, to tend an ailing animal; or make business journeys to Nanaimo or Victoria, as the case might be with 'Capt' Verygood and his native crew paddling the distance to Victoria for instance, in about a day—wind and tide permitting. Otherwise it might take several.

Some years after we knew them Mr. Griffiths passed away, and later on, his widow married Mr. J. P. Booth, a native of Orkney, who had taken up the first ownership of land on what is now known as Booth's canal. This place * he used to leave now and again, to come back at intervals, finally selling it to Mr. Arthur Walter, of Bristol, England, * who thus fulfilled his boyhood's ambition to own land in Canada. The marriage of these two pioneers brought a fortunate companionship to both.

In earlier days Mr. Booth who had a natural inclination toward politics, as well as a kindly personality, had been given election to the then young legislature as member for the 'Islands' constituency. Some time after his marriage he became a candidate once more, and was returned several times in succession, becoming Speaker of the House before his retirement; leaving behind him in that capacity and membership, a reputation for honesty, which no one ever questioned.

When the first Anglican place of worship on the island was built, its rocky site provided no ground for a churchyard, so Mr. Walter offered a corner of his, nearest St. Mark's for the purpose. This in due time was consecrated, and here

* see Random Note (11)

* see Random Note (10)

Mr. Booth, with his wife, rest in land which had once been his own.

TRIBAL BATTLE

In those days Ganges Harbour was a favourite fishing ground in Summer for the Cowichan, Saanich and other neighbouring tribes. There were almost continual feuds between these southern people and the northerns—the Bella Bellas, and the Haidas—many and fierce were the fights around Salt Spring Island when the northern Indians ventured down.

In the Summer of 1863, Ganges Harbour was as usual, crowded with Cowichan and Saanich Indians. Vague rumors got abroad about that a party of Bella Bellas contemplated a trading expedition to the Hudson's Bay post at Victoria, and they were solemnly warned that if they passed Ganges Harbour they would be murdered to a man. Trading with the Bella Bellas at that time was a renegade Englishman named Macaulay who came to the coast from the Sandwich Islands. Thinking that he would have a good chance to secure a couple of loads of very valuable furs cheap if the Bella Bellas would venture down and be murdered by their foes, the wretch persuaded them that no harm could come while he was with them. So it happened, that about noon one day, in the Summer of 1863, thirty Bella Bella warriors, women and boys appeared in their canoes off Ganges Harbour. They landed and came up to the white man's (Mr. Lineker's) cabin —Macaulay with them. They were sitting around talking when suddenly the alarm was given. Nine hundred Cowichan-Saanich warriors were coming down the harbour. The Bella Bellas fled to the beach, sprang into their canoes, and prepared to fight it out. Their foes in overwhelming numbers formed on the beaches—about two hundred yards below the cabin—and opened fire with their flintlocks.

The northern braves returned it in good shape, the squaws loading the guns for the men. Fiendish yells were echoed back by the rocky hills around, and many a bullet lodged in the cabin walls while for three long hours thirty held out against the nine hundred. But at last a boy and girl were taken prisoners by some Cowichans who had taken to a canoe—and only one northern warrior was left alive. Seeing that his sole chance lay in flight, he paddled his canoe to the foot of the ledge that rose almost perpendicularly from the

sea at that point. Wounded in the leg and cheek, and followed by a swarm of bullets, the plucky fellow climbed the rocks like a cat, and reached the top in safety. A yell of baffled rage from below, then the whole band made for up the side of the mountain to head him off. Now began a race for life. Running a few yards ahead, the warrior hid himself in a clump of wood. His foes rushed past, so close that he could hear their laboured breathing. When they had gone far enough he left his covert, made a detour around the cabin and standing before the door, coolly asked the white man to hide him. This Mr. Lineker dared not do, for the Indians had warned him before the fight, that if he interfered in the least, they would cut the throats of his wife and children. However he put the warrior on the trail to a settlement of whites in the opposite direction from where his outwitted foes were hunting him. But in a short time they were on his track again, and he had to change his course. Successfully eluding them a second time, he reached a rocky ledge on the shore, and having bound a couple of logs together with pine twigs; tired and wounded, he paddled across to Saanich peninsula, armed with his faithful flintlock.

Here he was attacked by a couple of Saanich Indians, who seeing his plight, immediately concluded that he had been in a fight with their friends on the island, and it would have gone hard with him, had not two white men from Victoria who were out hunting, come to his rescue.

When the Indians on the island had given up the chase after their wily prey, they returned to the harbour and carried the bodies of the northern warriors, and women, to a little island in Ganges Harbour, and piled them up on the shore (The furs had all been thrown overboard to clear the canoes during the fight). Then they went back to their camps. By six o'clock that evening not a vestige of evidence remained to show that a deadly struggle had taken place in Ganges Harbour.

When all was over, Mr. Lineker and his family went over the trail to the home of Mr. Booth—later, to be Speaker of the Provincial House in Victoria. It may be mentioned that Macaulay had stolen a double-barrelled gun—the only firearm they possessed—and fled, before the fight began.

H.M.S. gunboat 'Satellite' came to the harbour shortly after, and Capt. Prevost having learned the particulars, compelled the victorious tribe to release from slavery, the boy

and girl whom they had seized, and give up the ringleaders in the fight. Every fortnight after the battle the gunboats 'Forward' and 'Grappler' called in turn at the island to protect the settlers by putting the Indians in wholesome fear of British law.

EARLY DAYS

The first white family to settle on Salt Spring Island landed there in November 1858. It consisted of an Englishman, his wife and two children. Their home—a rude log cabin was built on the border of Ganges Harbour.

Perhaps 60 years later one of the 'Colonist' reporters gave to his newspaper an interesting account of an interview with the elder of these two children, on reading which, I took courage to write and ask the stranger mentioned, if she would give me the privilege of meeting her, since, although not a real pioneer. I had known several of those whose names she had mentioned in her interview. An invitation to her daughter's home where she was then staying was the answer, and a long-to-be-remembered conversation—by me at least, came over our afternoon tea, which grew cold unheeded, as we talked of old times, and of pioneers whom I had known as elderly men—she spoke of them by their given names as if they were still more or less young in her memory. She herself would be the first white girl to live on the island when her mother and stepfather settled at Ganges for a time. They had come there from New Zealand where the wife's father had been a clergyman; and whose second husband was evidently of a very unadaptive nature. In their primitive home, with if I remember right an earthen floor, they had to undergo many privations, which only a man of experience or resource could have lessened. Provisions were difficult to procure; the Hudson's Bay store at Victoria their nearest base of supplies.

The two children learned how to dig clams, taking a lantern with them if low tide happened after dark; and with a scoop net draw ashore smelt from the harbour where they arrive at certain seasons of the year in great numbers. They lost their two cows from privation during the winter.

The only light they had was made by dipping wicks in fish oil. Bands of Indians might come to the cabin and quite fill up the small space. Before the fire they would sit perhaps a whole day, for no one dared ask them to move.

They talked among themselves, and intimated by suggestively drawing a hand across the throat, what would happen the unlucky mortal who ventured to disturb them. The family did not stay very long on the island, and it was interesting to hear from this, then, young girl, that she had never seen 'Salt Spring, meaning that part of it where most of the saline springs are; since known as Fernwood.

This is now scarcely 30 minutes' drive on one of the island's fine motor roads, from where they lived, but had they been rash enough to risk losing their way in forest where there were only trails of sorts, it would have taken the best part of a day to get there and back.

It was from our conversation that I heard more of very early days for the incoming races who were to gather increasingly; where countless generations of natives had left so little mark on this great, and to us, hitherto unknown territory. There was a doctor among these, who was said to be peculiar in some way "but trustworthy professionally."

This was probably the one which an almost forgotten rumor told of his being killed by Indians because some child he had treated for illness did not survive. The tribe's "medicine men" would doubtless have their own explanation of the child's death.

It is said that a son-in-law of this doctor, Mr. Cusheon, settled for a time near the lake which still bears his name, and that he was in some way connected with the navy. There was also the little colony of coloured people among these early settlers, whose presence there seemed rather puzzling at first. Some of these were people of education from California, which although a free state, had unjust laws against their race; which led it is said several hundred of them to seek homes elsewhere. Governor Douglas, and those in authority offered them such, on Vancouver Island; and to some of their number was given permission to settle on Salt Spring—about 1858. One of these men was presumably the island's first schoolmaster and some of the grownups were among his pupils. There would probably be no Department of Education in the colony as yet, but it is said Government allowed him a yearly salary of, if I remember right, $100.

Of all experiences this pioneer family lived through, that of witnessing the last Indian tribal battle on the waters of Ganges Harbour, must have been the most anxious, one

would think; seeing that part of it took place on the shore little more than a stone throw from their home, while bullets rattled against its walls. Shutting themselves up indoors after being sternly warned by the natives as to what would happen if they interfered in any way; and with none of their own kind near them, they waited for several hours until all was over; with only one of the Bella Bella Indians alive. It was this man who came to their house asking protection from his enemies who were trying to capture him; and Mr. Lineker gave him the only possible help in showing him a trail through the forest, which led indirectly to eventual safety. Apart from the Indian's fierce warning to the family, there would be absolutely no place in such a primitive home where he could have been hidden.

When all was quiet again the family took their way through the woods to the home of another early settler, by the Canal, nearly two miles away—that of Mr. John Booth —Mrs G—called him Jack Booth, I had never heard him so named before.

It seemed strange to be listening and speaking in a modern house, among cultivated people; of such happenings as we recalled—so far away, not so much in years, as in conditions and circumstances.

It is barely a week since my daughter and I were standing where the Lineker home must have been; looking down the harbour; quiet in the sunshine of a beautiful Summer day. A friend; reminding us that the place had once belonged to ourselves, remarked "How could you bear to part with all this." Time had certainly brought many changes. On leaving the island, Mr. Lineker had sold it to Mr. Booth and by him was included in the sale of his land to Mr. Arthur Walter, with the rest of his property. It has changed hands twice since then, and is now a well known Summer resort. As we stood near the creeper covered verandah looking across fine tennis lawns, sheltered by shade trees to the beach below, where groups of young people in bathing costumes were talking happily; it might have seemed in a different world from that where such events as came into one's mind, had taken place within almost the span of an ordinary lifetime.

Victoria, Aug., 1943.

BAND OF HAIDAS MET SWIFT JUSTICE WHEN CAUGHT BY WARCRAFT

Written for the "Colonist" by George Bonavia

Many early settlers on Vancouver Island, and adjacent islands in the '60's (1860) lived in constant fear of attacks by roving bands of Indians, intent on plunder, and quick to commit murder, if their plans were thwarted. In cases where the savages escaped punishment, they often became emboldened, and carried out their pilfering close to Victoria and other populated centres. But some early records show that justice overtook the natives and they were made to pay dearly for their crimes.

One such episode occurred on Salt Spring Island on March 9th, 1861.

Stealing silently along in thirty canoes, a band of Haida Indians swooped down upon the store of —. Begg, smashed the door in, and stole flour, vegetables, a Union Jack, clothing, candles, and other supplies. Before Begg could secure his rifle several Indians pointed their muskets at his head and commanded him to stand in his tracks until they secured what they wanted. H. (Henry) Sampson, a neighbour, heard the savages shouting with glee and ran up to render aid.

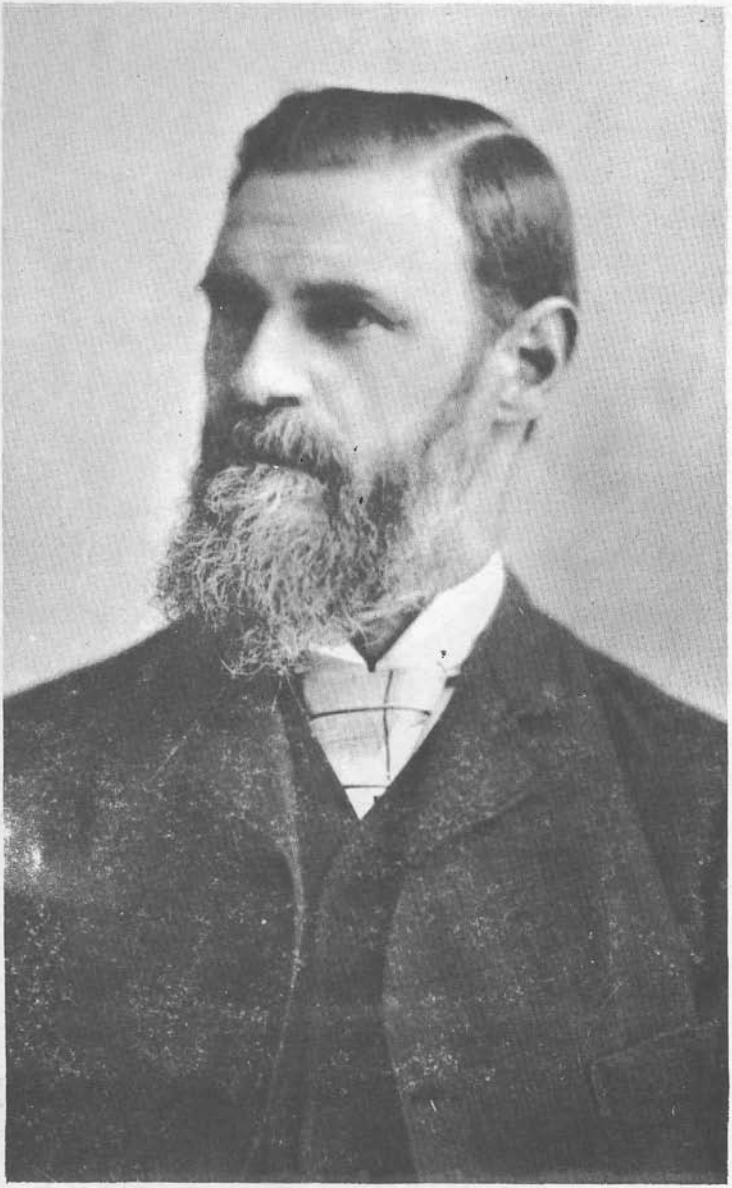
He was threatened with sudden death if he did not immediately depart.

Half an hour later the Indians departed, laden with plunder. A hasty meeting of the settlers was held and it was decided to send an account to Governor James Douglas, without delay. Louis Brown left in a canoe with a petition for action before the natives left for other parts to continue their depredations.

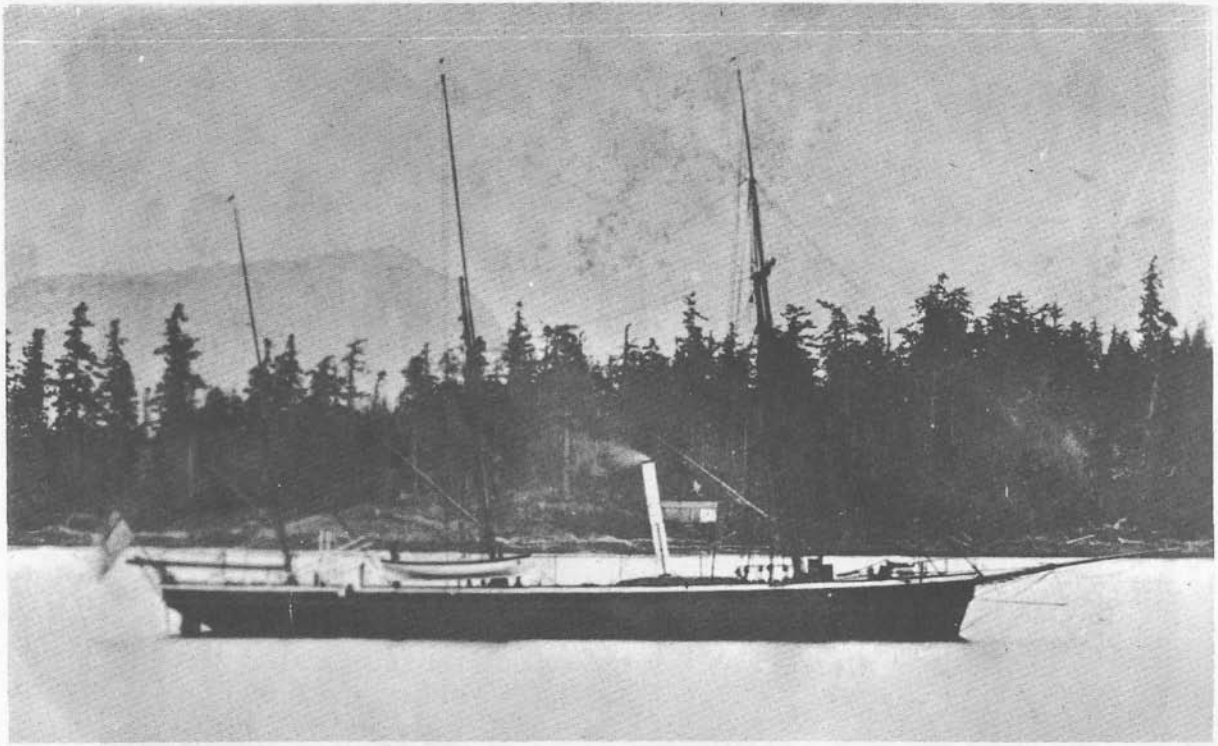
GUNBOAT ARRIVES

H.M.S. gunboat "Forward" passed Salt Spring Island seven days later on her way to Nanaimo. Settlers were disappointed because the vessel did not anchor, and send a boat ashore for details of the armed robbery. Begg and two others (this sounds like Mr. Sampson's decision) leaped into a canoe and travelled all night to catch up with the "Forward." They met her anchored a few miles off Nanaimo, and were taken to the port, where a full account was given to Capt. Franklyn. A search of the vicinity revealed no Indians

St. Mark's Church



Hon. John Patton Booth



Gunboat — H.M.S. Forward

On right: Church of England, Fulford Harbour.
left: Mr. Sewell's house at end of bridge that was across end of Fulford Harbour — 1904.

answering the description of the looters, although they had been noticed in the vicinity three days previously. Capt. Robson of the "Forward" decided to comb the east coast until he found the marauders. He invited Begg aboard to identify them. After a minute search of every bay, cove and inlet, the Indians were sighted near Cape Mudge. Through a telescope Begg recognized their canoes from characteristic markings.

Soon there was a great commotion in the camp. The Indians blackened their faces with charcoal, and manned the canoes for combat. A short distance from land the "Forward" was brought broadside on, and two officers left in a boat to request the chiefs to come aboard for a conference. Their departure was well covered with cannon and rifles, but even then their mission was fraught with danger.

SHOUT DEFIANCE

Defying law and order, the Haidas attempted to take the white men prisoners. They shouted they were not afraid, and defied the gunboat to open fire. Taking the challenge Capt. Robson ordered a thirty-pounder fired over their heads. The shot had the opposite effect. Indian muskets and rifles belched forth a hail of lead.

Quickly, rifles and cutlasses were handed out to sailors on the "Forward." Cannon were brought to bear on the thirty canoes drawn up ashore.

For several minutes the roar of heavy guns and rifles echoed like thunder throughout the neighbourhood. Within fifteen minutes several canoes were reduced to splinters, four Indians were killed outright, and eleven wounded. The Haidas fled to the hills, leaving their dead, wounded, and plunder on the beach.

Those on the "Forward" awaited the next move from the savages. Not a man aboard had been killed or injured. An hour later a few Indians crept down to the beach and manned a canoe, with a small flag flying at the bow. A chief known as "Capt. Jefferson" was the spokesman.

UNABLE TO TALK

For several minutes after reaching the "Forward" Jefferson and his followers were too excited to talk. The spokesman was kept as a hostage and told to send his companions

back with an order that the other leaders should immediately come to the ship, or the remainder of their canoes would be destroyed, and they would be hunted down by a landing party. Soon a number of docile Haidas arrived, but could give no coherent reason why they refused to parley before the battle commenced.

Next morning a frightened band of Haidas waited on the beach to find out what would happen to their chiefs. They were commanded to bring all their arms to the "Forward." Soon the order was obeyed. They were willing to accept peace on any terms.

A thorough search of the encampment revealed tools sufficient for fifty carpenters, sufficient blocks and tackle to rig a schooner, fifty corkscrews, liquor sufficient to furnish twenty bars, silk and calico to stock a large shop, Theodolites, barometers, ship's clocks and a large stock of stolen foodstuffs. Five Indians who appeared to be in sole charge of the stolen goods were conveyed to Victoria and given long terms in prison. Much of the property was never identified.

MRS. WILLIAM THOMSON—First white woman settler in Saanich, V.I., British Columbia.

Margaret Dyer was born in Scotland about 1842, and with her mother and stepfather, Mr. Lidgate, arrived in Victoria, B.C. on the second journey of the Hudson's Bay ship "Norman Morrison"; sailing from Gravesend, England in August, 1852, on a voyage lasting six months. She always remembered the dreariness of their arrival here. There had been no preparations made; one big shed-like building served for accommodation, and provisions were brought from the ship to supplement those on shore. She recalled that some of the women cried on exchanging the more comfortable quarters on board for those on land.

However things soon improved. Margaret would be one of the earliest pupils in Victoria's first school at Craigflower and always kept for it a special interest and affection.

Years later she married Mr. Thomson—also a Scot. If one remembers right their wedding ring was fashioned by the local blacksmith from a gold coin. There would of course, be no shops in those days, when the H.B. Co. doubtless had possession of all supplies, and later, in their modest store on what is now Wharf St., sold the various necessities of life.

It is remembered even in after days, when physicians of that time often included liquor in their prescriptions, it was generally with the advice "see that you get it from the H. Bay store"— a guarantee of quality. A few years afterwards the young couple finally moved out to what is now Mount Newton, where Mr. Thomson had been with one exception, the first white man to take up land in Saanich. On Mrs. Thomson's joining him there, it would be by Indian and deer trails. The journey took about two days from Victoria, mother and little son on horseback, with the father leading them, on foot. The first night was spent on top of the (now) Observatory Mountain where the child caused some alarm by wandering a little way into the surrounding woods. To this new home with its fine creek, or burn, as it called in their country, they gave the name of "Bannockburn." Being in absolute forest, bears and other wild animals were frequent visitors, while comparatively near, was a small Indian village, which always lived on friendly terms with the kindly settlers. Here in 1859, the first white child in Saanich was born—Alexander Thomson.

Other sons and daughters came to the fine homestead which was being developed, growing in time to contain about a thousand acres. There were many and frequent hardships to be met with, and drawbacks to be overcome. In earlier days one of these latter came, when Mr. Thomson undertook to Winter a (comparatively) large flock of sheep belonging to the Hudson's Bay Co. on his farm. White settlers had not been long enough in this country to know that among its usually mild and open Winters, a notably exception comes now and again. One such occurred just then; there was no way of meeting it, and the flock perished in the deep snow. Mr. Thomson had to make the loss good. As time went on neighbours came gradually into the district where the first household was always a centre of hospitality and good feeling. There were fifteen children, and when two of those met with untimely ends, they were sorely mourned. Mrs. Thomson always remembered walking backward and forward beside the farm waggon, with a child in each hand, till help came to release another, who had fallen from it under the wheels. In later life, a favourite son was brought home from a railway accident, and it gave another glimpse of a busy life, when she told of planning her work so that she might have just a whole hour beside him in the darkened room.

During years when the district was becoming more settled in, thoughts turned to a place of worship. It was Mr. Thomson who offered and provided the site, for what is now St. Stephen's, the oldest country church on Vancouver Island, if not in British Columbia. Also he gave land for churchyard; for vicarage, with grounds; and later for a school site and surroundings.

This "dear little church" as it lived in Mrs. Thomson's thoughts was duly consecrated by the first Bishop of the province, whose office at such an early date, was made possible by the generosity of the Baroness Burdette Coutts, a noted philanthropist in her time, and friend of Queen Victoria. On this special journey the clerical party set out from Victoria for the consecration, in some horsedrawn vehicles over primitive roads, provisioned for the way; and the account of their adventures and misadventures as recorded in Bishop Hill's official diary is both interesting and amusing.

In the various clergy and teachers who lived so near them Mr. and Mrs. Thomson took a very practical interest. It was a number of years later, while Mrs. Thomson on one of her visits to the homeland, and then the guest of the Rev. Mr. Gregory, a former vicar of St. Stephens (1885 to 1889) and his wife, then living in Derby, England, that an excellent likeness of her was taken, a copy of which is now on the walls of Craigflower (museum) school. By this time sons and daughters had grown to manhood and womanhood; there were motherless grandchildren being brought up in the old home, also another orphan whose only claim was her condition for Mrs. Thomson's practical kindness scarcely knew limits. It was about this time that the writer of these lines knew her best, and valued greatly the privilege—among others, of talking about earlier days. With a keen memory, and in her quiet unhurried way, she would bring the old names back, which now mean history, and are recalled in many instances by district and street names around, and in the city. For, among such a limited population, these people would be a familiar sight in every-day life, as well as by hearsay. Development moved fast in the new colony, and Mrs. Thomson lived to be amused at losing her way among the streets of a city which had been forest land when she and her husband knew it first. They lived to see sailing ships and canoes, replaced in these coastal waters by the S.S. "Beaver," first steamer to ply them; and later on stately C.P.R. "Empress," among others. Also the use of telephone,

phonograph, radio, electricity, and airplanes, came in their time. They lived too, through the years of the Great War of 1914-1918.

Mr. Thomson predeceased his wife by a few years, and in 1920 at the age of 78 or 79, she too was laid to rest in the little pioneer churchyard which was once part of their own land.

Six of her sons were pallbearers.

In the Provincial Archives, Victoria there are other records of the Thomson family also in "Pioneer Women of Vancouver Island." By Lugrin and Hosie

Victoria, 1942.

(LITTLE) VALDEZ ISLAND

The south end of Valdez with the northern tip of Galiano form the boundaries of Polier Pass (Cowichan Gap) through which salmon travel in season on their way to the Fraser River. A small community of Indians own more or less a limited amount of land on both sides of the pass for a fishing station, and it used to be a pleasant sight on a Summer morning—after daybreak—the best time: to see the little canoes being paddled, shuttling backward, forward and across the swift current towing the salmon lines; surrounded by such beautiful scenery. Not always a very safe occupation though! They say one reason for letting even their boys' hair grow fairly long, was that if by accident they fell overboard from one of the canoes and most of their travelling was carried out in this way— it made their rescue easier.

A mile or more northward from the pass a native named Ce-Who-Latza, Valdez Chief, had his home on a harbour, partly protected by a little peninsula.

This intelligent Indian had acted in early days as a sort of pilot among the very difficult and unknown channels our gunboats had to navigate at times; and thereafter wore a naval cap, also in greeting, gave the naval salute—with gravity and dignity as if to the manner born. His sons were skilled boatbuilders, and each; there were several of them, played some musical instrument to form a band of sorts. The priest used to pay periodical visits to this little community—they had even a private cemetery on their land, which was doubtless a government grant. Also in very early days when ships from Mexico perhaps found their way here, some one

had most likely given Ce-Who-Latza a cow or calves of their special breed for as they multiplied one saw cattle, mild enough in appearance, but with great and rather fearsome wide spreading horns—not to be seen elsewhere—I think these must have all disappeared by this time. The family, in imitation of their new neighbours, built themselves quite a big house, which outwardly was fairly true to type; but once indoors it was seen, not to be divided into rooms, but followed more the pattern of an Indian community lodge.

Apart from these two native districts, Valdez as well as the De Courcy group nearby, belonged to an ex captain of the Royal Navy, who after retiring from Her Majesty's Service commuted his pension—a practice fortunately since forbidden—to take up interest in Virginia, U.S.A. The venture resulting unsatisfactorily this family whose name is among those conceded by Heraldry to be the oldest traceable in British history, came out to British Columbia and was given a grant of land on the islands already mentioned. For their home, they chose the northern shoreline of Valdez, which forms with its neighbouring island lying across it as it were the narrow Gabriola Pass. This was about ten miles or so from Nanaimo their nearest town in point of contact. Here they lived for some years, and as travelling was always by water it was noticed that though the two sons were expert enough in managing their boats, the captain himself did not seem to acquire skill in adapting himself to small craft of the kind, and had to be assisted in getting out of difficulties from time to time—someone making the remark that he might get into them once too often.

This happened under circumstances which might have overtaken the most experienced. There is in Winter and Spring at times a dreaded northerly wind in these parts; the kind which as you may be rowing on a quiet water and happen to lift your eyes, can see in the far distance a black line across the channel; making one grip the oars firmer and consider themselves fortunate if they are near enough shore to reach shelter before the fierce wind reaches them.

It was such a storm which overtook the captain on his way back from Nanaimo where he had gone in his sloop to receive packages and heirlooms from England. It was known he had started homewards; but except that his sloop was found wrecked on the shore of a distant island, no trace of its owner was ever found—or its contents.

In time to come a young granddaughter's name—the same as his own—came into sad prominence; when, during the Great War the Germans bombed one of our hospitals at Etaples in France, where she was among the nurses, and was one of the casualties. A tablet to her memory has been placed in St. Paul's Anglican church, Esquimalt.

KUPER AND THETIS ISLANDS

Among the lesser islands lying between Galiano and Chemainus the two most inhabited are those mentioned above, which at times become one, since the short narrow channel dividing them goes dry at low ebb tide.

Of these 'twin' islands Thetis is known as a place of pleasant homes, Kuper is more associated with its native population, and on a picturesque site facing Vancouver Island is an imposing industrial school for children of Indian parentage. Looking across from Galiano to its eastern coast the native village of Penelikut can be seen on its rising shoreline, and field glasses can bring into view near a fine beach, the long low community lodges of a former generation, whose descendants have adopted rather, the use of individual homes; while farther up the hillside the steeple of their little Catholic church whose bell can at times be heard faintly across the waters, stands clearly against the sky. It has been there a long time and one of its priests, as he was to the whole Indian community, was Father Dunkell (or Dunkeldt perhaps), a name held in great respect by all who knew his life work. Quiet, cheerful and unassuming he went in his little boat from one village or group of Indians to another ministering to his flock, and sharing their hospitality, however crude. I remember a bluff old protestant skipper telling him jocularly that he need not fear purgatory after leaving this life, since he had had his share of it here; but a tolerant smile was his only answer.

Across Kuper, directly facing Chemainus is a sheltered bay and beach, where a smaller Indian settlement used to have its home. There had been some transgression of law among them and a man-of-war was sent to arrest the culprit. The natives not only refused to give up the accused, but as the ship's cutter was being rowed back without him, one of those on shore fired a shot, killing (presumably), the young midshipman in charge of it. The warship could not take

action without authority but returning to Victoria again, came back with, it is said, Governor Douglas' order "to blow the settlement to pieces." At any rate that is what they did, the natives fleeing across the island to Penelikut. Thereafter 'The gunboat' was a word of terror to that generation. In later days when the Rev. R. J. Roberts (a relative of General Lord Roberts of Kandahar) who had long been a missionary among the Six Nation Indians in eastern Canada had to seek a milder climate on retirement; a small mission station was established under the auspices of the New England Company on the site of the once native village, and for years afterwards cannon balls might be found now and then on the place.*

Mr. Roberts and his family made their home here for a number of years, and in the little church near the sea, people from Chemainus and the surrounding islands would gather to take part in its services. In missionary work Mr. Roberts was handicapped to a certain extent by the natives previous teachers, and even had they been able to discriminate between differing forms of religion, I doubt if he would have cared to cause dissension among them.

As it was, being an Irishman, he could see the humorous side of situations; such as when an Indian, sought him one day in order to make a 'confession,' and on being told by Mr. Roberts that he could not forgive sins, left him with the remark, "Then you (are) no good," and went off to seek absolution in the proper quarter.

These twin islands were named for Capt. (later to be known as Vice-Admiral) Kuper, who had entered the navy under the auspices of William IV (the sailor king), 1823; and his ship 'Thetis' a frigate of 36 guns which had been dispatched to Vancouver Island in 1850—a year after the island had been made a Crown Colony. Sansum Narrows and Moresby Island bear names of other members of the ship's company which cruised in these waters during the years 1850-53. It is said that trouble with Indians and disputes with the United States were of frequent occurrence, and the firmness and tact displayed by Capt. Kuper played no small part in firmly establishing the colony, and impressing upon all, the necessary respect for law and order. A letter of his in reply to one from Governor Douglas informing him of a serious crime committed by Indians, is in the files of the archives in the Parliament Buildings, which reads:

* see Random Notes (4).

"Her Majesty's Ship Thetis,
Esquimalt, October 10, 1852.

Sir;

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your excellency's letter of the 8th instant, acquainting me that Peter Brown, a servant of the Hudson's Bay Company, had been foully murdered by two Indians of the Cowityin or Nanaimo tribe, and that you had sent a message to the chiefs of the Cowitzin tribe demanding the surrender of the criminals.

I beg to assure your Excellency that in the event of your finding it necessary to resort to more stringent measures to enforce the surrender of the murderers, you may depend upon my hearty co-operation in this matter, as at all times when you may consider it to be necessary for the security and benefit of the colony of Vancouver Island.

"I have the honor to be, sir,
"Your Excellency's very obedient servant,
"Augustus Kuper,
Captain.

"His Excellency,
"James Douglas,
"Vancouver Island."

Three months later after a long chase in which the crew of the "Thetis" took part, these two natives were tried on the quarter-deck of the "Beaver."

When in 1853 Kuper left Vancouver Island there was a white population in the colony—man, woman and child, of 450, of whom 300 lived in and around Victoria, 125 at Nanaimo and the remainder at Fort Rupert.

AN EARLY PROSPECTOR IN B.C.

UNCLE

His given name was Jeremiah, so called after a Huguenot forbear who had left France "For the religion," generations before, but since he generally signed his name with a single "J" his new friends evidently concluded it must stand for "John," so he was known wherever he went as Jack Chivers. It must have been as a youth of over 20 that he caught the gold fever from practically in those days the ends of the earth, and in deciding to leave Scotland, seek the rich gold fields of Cariboo.

His sister Margaret travelled with him to Leith—the port of Edinburgh, and saw him start from there on board the "Cyclone," as one of its 200 passengers—this was in 1862.

She always remembered leaving with him some oat cakes of her own making as an addition to the ship's fare. Also that his little white terrier, "Foxy," went with him —all his life he found a dog to own.

The "Cyclone" made a quick passage for those days of sailing ships, partly because they had favourable weather around Cape Horn, which they never caught sight of as they passed, because of fog; and finished their journey in a little over four months' time.

Whether they had "spoken" ships on the voyage is not remembered, but one of the first questions asked on their arrival in Victoria was as to how the American Civil War was going on. What uncle did before starting for the gold fields is not known but it would doubtlese be in some employment to provide further funds for the venture.

It is said that "one had to be a real man to get to the Cariboo in those days over the pack trails, and a real man to stay there." Uncle's letters certainly confirmed these statements, and no wonder when details of their journeys and way of living have been since recorded.

Travel from the coast by water ended at Yale, as the Fraser River's then limit for traffic, and trails of various quality left there for the interior over the Cariboo highway, built through the instigation of Governor Sir James Douglas.

Travelling was mostly on foot, with horses, mules, etc., to pack freight. Oxen were used also, but being able to travel only ten miles a day, were eventually sold to some local merchants for food. Probably influenced by a similar experiment in the U.S.A. (with much the same results) some enterprising business men even imported about twenty camels to carry goods.* These continued for a while, causing horses and mules so much fright that they often shied and lost their loads. "This was overlooked when these packages were beans and bacon, but when the camels finally caused a pack train to lose a load of liquor, their operations were stopped by Court order."

* see Random Notes 14).

The miner's pack was supposed to include:

One sack (50 lbs.) flour, 10 lbs. beans and bacon; 10 lbs. (extra) flour; axe, frying pan, kettle.

Perhaps sheath knife, pannikin, sheet iron basin for gold pans—this was used at other times for baking bread.

Travel was according to weight of pack, ten to thirty miles a day. Indians carried flour from Yale to Lytton by Hudson's Bay trail—any weight from 80 to 100 lbs. They travelled from eight to ten miles a day and were paid in gold dust. Women, too, carried packs, with perhaps a papoose as well. Uncle noticed that their Winter quarters on the banks of the Thomson River consisted of conical buildings built somewhat like beehives in shape; seemingly of wood and clay (quite unlike those of the Coast Natives). The only entrance to those huts was by their smoke hole at the top, and the necessary ladder was a young pine tree, notched.

There were stations on this long trail 120 miles apart, whether government owned or connected with the Hudson's Bay Co. is not remembered. At some of these stations meals were evidently served—beans bacon, apple pie, bread (no butter), cost $2.50. I remember once asking uncle what happened if men returning from the gold mines "broke" had not the necessary money to pay for such meals, and was told "they got them just the same." Evidently the miner's unwritten creed covered such.

How long it took to reach the Cariboo district is not remembered, but in spite of many hardships it was travelled by men of high hopes who chatted and sang by the evening fire when their packs were laid aside. I remember uncle saying once that he had engaged himself to carry (besides other necessaries) a case of champagne for sixty miles, and was paid $60.00 for the work. It was seldom he spoke of those days but he must have spent some years in the Cariboo district, sometimes helping other miners, and sometimes prospecting on his own account where he had to gain experience seeing that a city training had given him little advantage in such an undertaking. At times he must have had a certain amount of success for he sent gratuitous to the father and mother at home and to both his sisters reminders in the shape of gold nuggets—varying in shade of colour according to the district mined.

However, with uncle, as with many others, lean times would probably even up with those of prosperity for living expenses were high. Flour, which reached there from San Francisco cost $1.00 a pound, and doubtless other things were in proportion. Beans were imported from Chili. There were times when letters to Scotland were long in coming—a far-back memory recalls my mother one day gathering her young children around her to kneel and return thanks to her Maker for a letter which had just reached her, after such a long silence that it was thought its writer must have perished—as many did there. It had come to her via an older address, and if I remember right, had no stamp on it. Such stamps as they were able to procure are very valuable indeed now, but collecting such was little thought of in those days. As is inferred, he was sometimes cut off from postal communication for different periods. Though he never spoke of it in later years, it was learned earlier that at one time he and another miner shared work and tent. In the floor of this tent — probably earthen, their earnings were buried for safety—then one day his partner dug it all up and disappeared therewith. Between one thing and another it was evident that uncle never really "struck it rich," but certainly never lost the gold fever, and remained all his days a prospector in thought if not in practice. Besides Cariboo, he followed the gold fields of Cassiar, Omineca, Skeena River, and almost to the end of his days, even when engaged in different occupations, looked forward to prospecting in certain northern areas he had in mind. From one of these prospecting journeys he brought back the curious present which I still own. It was an Indian robe of "Queak" (Marmot) skins snared on the Barbini mountains above the snow line on the way to Omineca. This little animal is said to be about the size of a hare.

The skins were tanned to a soft suppleness and sewn together with thread processed evidently from entrails of the animal itself. It is a plain wraparound garment with two heavy thongs serving to tie it round the neck. Its owner's fancy had been taken by a copper kettle uncle carried in his pack, in return for which he offered the mantle, asking a further sum of money as well. This latter, uncle refused to consider and passed on with the rest of his party. For a whole day's journey the Indian followed them before offering an even exchange, and going back with the coveted

kettle. Uncle at one time engaged, with others, in trading ventures in northern waters, and spent enough time in Alaska to get a smattering of the Russian language of its owners. The beautiful interior of a Greek church there excited his admiration—the more so one would think from contrast with its surroundings.

Other activities claimed his attention from time to time but the most permanent of these took place when well over fifty he purchased the little island lying off the north-eastern coast of Salt Spring. Narrow Island—an appropriate name, contained about 200 acres of land, mostly infertile with a good harbour for small craft. In a little valley near this he planted a young orchard, and lived to see his trees grow into full bearing.

He had never married and lived there alone with his dog, preferring the kind of life to any other. There would be trips to market his fruit as well as occasional visits to Salt Spring and elsewhere—to say nothing of keeping in touch with his own relations on Galiano, about three miles away. Of course such a solitary life had its problems. One of these happened whilst busy one morning moving some logs, when accidentally a slip caused one to roll back, partly over him. This took place some distance from home but he managed slowly to make his way there, and arriving wet from a heavy dew, pulled a sheepskin rug from the bed to lie down on on the floor. Soon his muscles stiffened and he found himself unable to move.

That day and night he lay without power to make a fire or reach up for food on the table close by. From time to time he called out, on the chance of someone hearing him, but in such a solitary spot this must have been a slender hope. However on the following morning a Japanese who had been rowing along shore heard a call (he must have had excellent hearing) and going to the house found its master helpless. At once he lit a fire in the stove, made him some tea, and on directions given, rowed across the channel again to let his relatives know how things were. With medical care and good attention he soon recovered, but had he not made the strong effort to reach his home at once, must have succumbed to shock and exposure. As it was, the chances were very great indeed against anyone hearing him call—to be answered by a "Good Samaritan."

On this island home he spent more or less the rest of his days. The house was a decidedly primitive building of two rooms, with mostly home-made furniture. As time went on he built himself a four-roomed cottage with larger windows overlooking the sea, good fireplace, and many conveniences he had not enjoyed in his first building. It was ready for occupation (whether that would have happened or not is another question) when he, to clear up a piece of land, set fire to some brushwood—quite a distance, perhaps a mile away. Even so, he waited till the wind was in a safe direction before putting the match to it. There seemed no danger at the time, but later on the wind changed and suddenly doubling back the fire swept his home part of the island taking the new house in its stride, but leaving the old one intact. Whatever sorrow the loss of his work of years gave him he said little and went on as usual—but did not try to build again or replace the old home. The door of this was invariably left unfastened when he left the island so that anyone travelling along might find a night's shelter if needed. As a rule he had no money in the house, but from his bank account in the nearest town, he reserved a working sum of any amount up to a hundred dollars. This was hidden in a carefully chosen spot some distance away—and never disclosed to anyone. Later on, when rumour exaggerated—as usual, its contents, people arrived on the island to search for its locality, but it could not be found, probably never will be!

Another pioneer trait was noticed at times when some one would ask for assistance or a small loan perhaps. Then the hand would go into his pocket and he would give—even if never expecting to see it again—money he would not spend on himself.

It is not remembered that he ever knew what organic illness meant, and even as his age came to ninety years, chose to live on his island home, where he said he never felt lonely. It was there one forenoon that his nephew, John, who kept a special care over him, opened his door, and noticing him still in bed remarked, "You are long in getting up this morning, Uncle"—then crossing the floor, found that some time through the night the brave spirit had passed away quietly in his sleep. My brother had seen him scarcely two days before in his usual health.

We laid him to rest in the little cemetery on Salt Spring near by the sister who had seen him sail from the Firth of Forth so many years before. On his headstone is a verse taken from Isaiah XLI: 6.

Random Notes

(1) CONCERNING WAR MEMORIAL AT GANGES

Printed underneath a Union Jack, these line were frequently quoted in the Victoria Colonist at the head of its casualty lists during the Great War of 1914-1918:

Those who with fame eternal their own dear land endowed.
Took on them as as a mantle the shade of death's dark cloud,
Yet dying thus they died not, on whom is glory shed,
By virtue which exalts them above all other dead.

—Sir J. Rennel Rodd's translation of Simonides epitaph on the Plateau dead at Marathon.

(2) SALT SPRING ISLAND (ANIMALS)

The larger wild animals of Vancouver Island are the black bear, the panther, the grey wolf, the beaver, the otter, the racoon, the elk, and the black tailed deer.

Of these none of the first mentioned animals are to be found (now) on the island (S.S.I.)—of reptiles there are a considerable number of the common garden snake (Eutainia) which is quite harmless, several kinds of frogs and lizards, and a huge species of toad (Brefo boreas) which is found on all parts of the island.

The foregoing extracts from "Salt Spring Island, 1895" are taken from an instructive pamphlet compiled and published by the Rev. E. F. Wilson of Barnsbury, England: well-known missionary to the Ojibway Indians, founder of the Shingwauk Indian Homes at Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario., and later at Elkhorn, Manitoba, who on being ordered to a milder climate became Vicar of Salt Spring in 1894. To this scattered and difficult parish he brought a quiet unsparing devotion for 15 years, supplying even at first, until a doctor arrived on the island, not only such medical skill as he was qualified to give, but frequently the necessary remedies as well.

(3) "H.M.S. GANGES"

This famous old ship was flagship of the fleet at Esquimalt 1857-60. Ganges of Salt Spring Island was named after the vessel. She was the last of the white-winged defenders of the Empire to return under sail from the ends of the earth, lying in Plymouth Harbour. "H.M.S. Ganges" left Esquimalt September 10th, 1860.

Now that the training ship "Ganges" has reached Devonport on her way to her new home at Harwich, East Anglia, readers may be interested in knowing that this old wooden wall—for she is really old—has a displacement of 3594 tons, was laid down at Bombay, May 1819, was built of teak, and was launched November 10th, 1891. She was not fitted out for sea at Bombay but arrived at Portsmouth in October, 1822, where she was fitted out as an 84 gun ship. She served several commissions abroad, the last from 1857 to 1861 as flagship in the Pacific. In 1866 she arrived at Falmouth where, except for an occasional visit to Devonport, she has been ever since.

—Press item taken from an English newspaper.

Word comes from England that one of the old wooden walls of Britain's might is being broken up, and her teak wood timbers are being made into furniture.

—Press item October, 1930.

(4) CHAPEL OF THE MOHAWKS

Sir Francis Cloud, British High Commissioner to Canada was one of the speakers at Brantford at the celebrations commemorating the founding of St. Paul's, His Majesty's chapel of the Mohawks, 150 years ago, continued there. A special service was held at the chapel Sunday.

Rev. H. W. Snell, rector and principal of the Mohawk Indian Institute, presided at a service in the church.

Sir Francis, who attended with Lady Cloud, is a member of the Court of the New England Company. A company is generally a group of men banded together to make wealth, but the New England Company was a group banded together to spend money for the conversion of the aborigines of North America, he said. They continued their work from pioneer days to the present.

—From a press paragraph, 1944

It was under the auspices of this society that Mr. Roberts spent his missionary life. After his death the station on Kuper was given up. The little church was never consecrated. Mr. Roberts' services were of the Episcopalian Order, but as I remember his explaining once, a clergyman of any approved denomination might be eligible to preach there, according to the Company's rules—hence the omission.

(5) "CAPT. VERYGOOD"

This was an intelligent and dignified old Indian whom Mrs. Griffiths especially employed from time to time. His hair was white, an unusual thing in a native. It was said his father had been chief of their tribe.

In his younger days he had acted as guide to earliest pioneers in the country and considered himself honoured by their approval.

When he passed away on the Griffiths' place (now termed Fernwood) its mistress had him buried in the usual way, but his wife not approving, she later had him removed to be placed near by, according to Indian tradition.

(6) "CAPT. PEATSON"

The brother of "Capt." Verygood was a little old man whose feet and hands were deformed—the result of frostbite it was said, while hunting in the interior in earlier days. He also had been a guide then, and carried about a collection of testimonials from those who had employed him. These "papers" which he valued greatly, and showed to special friends, were frayed and discoloured with much handling. One of his pleasures was to bring our family mail perhaps once a month, which Mrs. Griffiths kindly collected for us, to Galiano. When his little canoe reached there—about a four-mile journey, he would shout for one of my brothers to come and help him. It was generally next day before he left. He liked especially to watch us open up the precious Old Country newspapers "all the same (as) blanket" he would remark. Now and again he would make request for "old man coat" or "hat" as the case might be. If the answer was "no old man coat, Peatson," he did not seem to mind but renewed the wish for something else later on. Also he had quite a sense of humour. And if his fee as postman was just 25c per trip he must have been satisfied with results, for Mrs. Griffiths had to restrain his wishes to come over oftener than was expedient.

(7) BY GEORGE BONAVIA (In the "Colonist").

Wreck of the "Panther" on lower end of Narrow Island during terrific southeast gale, with snow, January 17-18th, 1874.

News was brought to Victoria by Str. "Emma", Capt. Luckie (son-in-law to James McFadden of S.S.I.) when she docked at Victoria from Nanaimo. Those aboard re-

ported the United States clipper ship "Panther," Capt. Balch, was a total loss. Crew all got ashore. The tug "Goliah" (Capt. Libby) was not strong enough to tow the "Panther" in heavy storm, so cut the hawser.

The "Panther" left Nanaimo January 17th with 1750 tons of Island (Vancouver) coal for San Francisco, in tow of S.S. "Goliah." Ran into gale near San Juan, and after several hours of buffeting was forced to cut the hawser. It was a case of save one ship or lose two.

Capt. Balch at once set his canvas and tried to beat off shore. Before daylight on the morning of the 18th the "Panther" struck a rock heavily. Pumps were sounded, nine feet of water was found in the hold and the captain decided to run for Trincomalie Channel and try to beach his ship. Two hours later she struck another reef near Narrow Island and soon became partly submerged.

Captain, officers and crew made a safe landing on the island (then uninhabited).

S.S. "Goliah" was feared lost also, but reached Seattle safely.

(8) BOUND FOR THE GREAT SALT LAKE

Extracts from "The Uncommercial Traveller," by Charles Dickens.

. . . I think the most noticeable characteristic in the 800 was their exemption from hurry. 800 what? Mormons! I, Uncommercial Traveller for the firm of Human Interest Brothers, had come aboard the emigrant ship to see what 800 Latter Day Saints were like, and I found them (to the rout and overthrow of all my expectations) like what I now describe with scrupulous exactness.

The Mormon agent who had been active in getting them together, and in making the contract with my friends the owners of the ship to take them as far as New York on their way to the Great Salt Lake was pointed out to me. (Uncommercial Traveller): These are a very fine set of people you have brought together here." (Mormon Agent): "Yes sir, they are a very fine set of people." (Un. T.): "Indeed I think it would be difficult to find 800 people together anywhere else and find so much beauty, and so much strength and capacity for work among them." (Agent): "I think so—we sent about a thousand more yesterday from Liver-

pool." (This was from London). . . . Nobody is in an ill temper—nobody is the worse for drink—nobody swears an oath or uses a coarse word—nobody appears depressed—nobody is weeping, and down upon the deck, in every corner where it is possible to find a few square feet to kneel, crouch, or lie in, people in every unsuitable attitude for writing, are writing letters. . . ." (Un. T.): "I am told that these people now on board are principally from the South of England." (Agent): "And from Wales." "That's true." "Do you get many from Scotland?" "Not many." (Un. T.): "Highlands for instance." No, not Highlands." "They aint interested enough in universal brotherhood and goodwill." (Un. T.): "The old fighting blood is strong in them?" (A.): "Well yes," "and besides they have no faith." (Un. T.): "Who has been burning to get at the Prophet Joe Smith and seems to discover an opening, "Faith in—(Agent) (far too many for Uncommercial) "well in anything." This ship lands them in New York city. Then they go by rail away beyond St. Louis to that part of the banks of the Missouri where they strike the plains. There, waggons from the settlement meet them to bear them company on their journey across about 1200 miles. (Un. T.): "So, on their long journey across the desert you arm them?" (Agent): "Mostly you would find they had arms of some kind with them. Such as had not, we should arm across the desert for the general protection and defense."

Copied in connection with Mr. and Mrs. Griffith's journey across the Plains to Salt Lake City, from Wales.

(9) From "A BEAUTIFUL REBEL"
(Upper Canada, 1812)
By Wilfred Campbell, "The Pioneer Preacher"

The woman of the house had a careworn faded appearance . . . She wore a simple homespun dress, and no foot covering. At her invitation he (the traveller at the forest inn) entered, and was about to take his place at the rude table, when the doorway was again darkened, and a voice came in a benediction, "The Lord be with all in this house." "Amen to that, Parson Webb," cried the woman, her face lighting up with a homely welcome; and forgetting her other guest, she went forward and received the preacher with a warmth that showed her appreciation. He was a small man, somewhat over middle age, with hair

heavily sprinkled with grey, and a wiry frame which endured much, and was inured to travel. He had a kindly, gentle face that mingled a wise shrewdness with its spiritual expression. His pleasant grey eyes could grow rapt in religious emotion, or twinkle with a kindly humour. Parson Webb as he was called was a Methodist circuit rider, one of those worthy, earnest men who carried the Gospel, and with it much consolation, to the rude homes of the settlers throughout the Lakeside region, and penetrated into the remote wilderness beyond.

What Presbyteranism and Anglicanism have been to the pioneer west during the latter half of the 19th century, Methodism was to the older Upper Canada of its first three decades. The churches of England and Scotland both accomplished noble work in their different spheres, especially in the education of the youth as well as in the ministration of religion. But the Methodist preacher was their forerunner in the more remote, more sparsely settled, districts. . . . Much has been truly written by Parkman and others in praise of the early Jesuit missionaries among the Canadian Indians; but strange to say, the heroic work of these early missionaries of Protestanism has been sadly overlooked by our writers. A type of such a class was this man who now advanced into the apartment and with his presence, seemed to bring so much pleasure and comfort. . . .

—Copied in connection with services in Mrs. Griffith's house in early days.

Vancouver, December, 1942.

(10) "WOODHILL"

The property which Mr. Arthur Walter purchased from its original owner, Mr. Booth, and gave to it the name of "Woodhill," remembering his old home near Bristol; he increased at one time to a thousand acres. This included part of Mt. Erskine where his little flock of sheep grazed during the Summer months. It was the first among the island properties to be given a place name as far as can be remembered—they were generally known by that of their owners.

At "Woodhill," as Justice of the Peace, and well-known resident of the island, taking much practical interest in its affairs, Mr. Walter lived for over thirty years, and there his son and daughter—the first white children to belong to the place—grew up.

His daughter resides in Victoria now.

His son, who after graduating from McGill as M.D., enlisted and served overseas during the First Great War, is again in uniform. As Colonel in the R.C.A.M.C. he is at present on duty under the Dominion Medical Service, Ottawa, as Consultant in Medicine among military hospitals across Canada (1944).

(11) BOOTH'S CANAL

The designation of this little arm of the sea running about a mile inland (and probably in times past through to Ganges Harbour) seemed puzzling to any one accustomed to think of such, as meaning a narrow channel of water open at both ends; but one who writes with authority—the Rev. Archdeacon Connell, points out "that this word 'canal' on the coast of British Columbia is something other than it is in Britain or in Eastern Canada." It is really a Spanish word introduced into our marine geography by the explorers who came up from Mexico. The well-known Century Encyclopedic Dictionary in its first edition omitted this use of "canal," but in a supplementary volume later, it admitted the use of the word as descriptive of a narrow arm of the sea running up into the land. The Spanish, however, gave it a broader significance still, for in Europe their name foe the English Channel is "Canal de la Manche." In fact the Spaniards' "canal" is just our English word "channel," which may be a narrow body of water open at both ends, or one which running up into the land, is closed there. As the English Channel illustrates the first, the Bristol Channel does the second.

(12) MR. HENRY SAMPSON

An Englishman, and said to be one of the two earliest settlers on North Salt Spring (the other was Mr. J. P. Booth) where with his kindly native wife Lucy and their children, he lived many years. A retired employee of the Hudson's Bay Co., he had shared earlier experiences, especially at Fort Rupert with the late Robert Dunsmuir, afterwards to become prominent in coal mining and railway interests in the province; and on the rare occasions they came across each other afterwards, the latter was always addressed as "Bob." Mr. Sampson must have been employed as constable at times by the H.B. Co. for I once heard him tell of an Indian who, escaping from him to another island, he followed by swimming and brought him back again. In

later days he was frequently employed by my husband, Arthur Walter, as special constable on S.S.I.—a very satisfactory one.

Their only surviving son lives now on the same grant of land. He also has a long family to which he and the English girl who became his wife have devoted themselves to admirably. Of their eleven sons, five are now old enough to have joined our fighting forces in the present war (1943).

(13) GALIANO

This island was named after Diomicio Alcala Galiano of the Spanish navy, who was in command of the exploring vessel "Sutil" in the Summer of 1772. In this same year Capt. George Vancouver in "H.M.S. Discovery" was exploring on behalf of the British Government.

Galiano later commanded the Spanish line-of-battle—ship "Bahama" (seventy-four guns) which was captured at the Battle of Trafalgar.

The neighboring islands of Valdez, Gabriola, and the De Courcy group, probably received their names from the Spanish commander also.

In the same year the Spanish ship was exploring this coast, Capt. George Vancouver was exploring on behalf of the British Government in "H.M.S. Discovery," and we are told that at what is now Port Blakely "Vancouver took solemn possession of the country in the name of George III. A turf was turned. The British flag hoisted. The crews drank the King's health and the guns on the ship fired a salute." "And so Vancouver sailed on, naming as he went, waters and islands after his friends of high or low degree."

(1792)

As the boats ("Discovery" and "Chatham") returned from Jervis Inlet, vessels were seen at anchor near Point Grey. These proved to be the Spanish men-of-war under command of Lt. Galiano and Valdez, which had sailed from Nootka June 5th on an exploring expedition. They were in search of a large river heard of from Indians.

The British and Spanish commanders engaged in evidently friendly consultations with each other.

A number of years ago, Mr. William Walter, of Bristol, England, sent out from London as a gift, the fine painting

of Capt. Vancouver which is now in the Legislative Buildings, Victoria.

(14) CAMELS

Quoted from "Uncle Sam's Camels," the true tale of our one and only Camel Corps.

For the camels personal unpopularity was too much for the corps. Every horse, mule and burro stampeded at sight of him. Every other animal disliked him. The whole army hated him. In return he looked down his nose at the whole army, respecting only his own imported camel drivers. Besides sand is one thing, lava-strewn mountains another.

At last the whole herd was turned loose in the desert (Arizona) where, with characteristic contrariness, they began to thrive. Two carloads were rounded up for the Chicago World's Fair. At the turn of the century stray camels were not infrequent. Perhaps as Mr. Leslie hints, there may be some yet lurking in lost corners of the Arizona desert. It rather looks as if the camel had the last laugh on Uncle Sam. The corp consisted of over 100 animals, purchased in Cairo in 1855 for sums ranging from $15 to $1,000 apiece; to supply transport with a camel corps for a wagon route from Fort Defiance, New Mexico, to the Colorado River (where gold had been found). The last camel driver (naturalized) died in 1905.

General Beale was, I think, the only army man who ever described the camel as "this economical and noble brute."

"My admiration for the camel increases daily with my experience of them. The harder the test they are put to, they seem to justify all that could be said of them. They pack water for others (horses, etc.) for days under a hot sun, and never get a drop. They pack many burdens of corn and oats for months, and never get a grain; and on the bitter greasewood and other worthless shrubs not only subsist, but keep fat withal. They are so perfectly docile and so admirably contented with whatever fate befalls them . . ." "and I look forward to the day when every mail route across the continent will be conducted and worked altogether with this economical and noble brute."

(15) NATIVE WIVES

These native wives—often so "without benefit of clergy," as Kipling puts it, adapted themselves in a surprising degree to the white man's ways—learning also to speak Eng-

lish more or less. One thing seemed curious in this direction. The mothers often spoke to the children in her own tongue but the youngsters invariably answered in English—at least those we knew did. And while these wives might be docile, this did not mean subservient. Should conditions become too uncomfortable there was always the tribal reserve to fall back on, and hubby had to choose between seeking them there or having his domestic arrangements put out of gear. This used to amuse my mother, who thought they were more independent in various ways than their white sisters. But such disagreements seemed to happen seldom and the union was as a rule kept loyally on both sides. As time went on they might be moved, or persuaded to marry legally, and one of such events we knew of, took place when the father and mother were married, and their grandchild christened on the same day.

(16) THE GROUP OF COLOURED PEOPLE ON SALT SPRING ISLAND

It is said that from the beginning, California was created a Free State. Its constitution provided that there should be no slavery within its boundaries; but the coloured race found as time went on, many laws against a satisfactory way of life for them. In 1850 and in 1851 the State Legislature had taken what appears to have been its first step against the negro. By these acts negroes were disqualified from giving evidence against white persons. It speaks well for the general standard of honesty that these statutes did not create, or at any rate encourage a condition of lawlessness, for their effect was to deprive the negroes of the ability to protect their property from spoilation by the white man. From time to time attempts were made, but unsuccessfully, to effect a modification of this law. "It is maintained in force," said a San Francisco press journal, "simply because a class of our people were brought up in states where negroes were not allowed to testify, not because they were negroes, but because they were slaves, and their vehement adherence to the prejudices of their birthplace has infected the popular mind." In 1852 the Legislature passed a Fugitive Slave Act, providing for the arrest of any slave found in the State who might have escaped from his master. It authorized any judge upon oral evidence or other satisfactory proof, to issue a certificate upon which the fugitive slave could be returned to servitude, but he must be removed from the State. It con-

tained a provision that "In no trial or hearing under this Act shall the testimony of such alleged fugitive be admitted in evidence."

The negroes of this State in convention in Sacramento in 1856 denounced without avail these prohibitions against their giving evidence, which left them without the means of protecting their property, persons, or liberty, and placed them in the same position as criminals. The feeling of injustice is deepened when it is recalled that the negroes of the State, in 1875 owned taxable property of the estimated value of about $5,000,000. In voting upon the constitution of Oregon as a State in 1857, its people had resolved that free negroes be excluded. This gave the "Evening Bulletin" the opportunity to remark, "It is much better to keep them away than to let them come and deprive them of all civil rights, and the power of defending themselves or their property as is done in this State." In his valedictory address in January, 1858, John Neely Johnson, Governor, impressed with the unfairness of the situation, recommended that "the law excluding the testimony of negroes and Chinamen should be abolished."

The question of negro slavery in California was discussed by the newly elected Governor, John B. Weller, a Democrat, in his inaugural address in January, 1858. The burden of his remarks was . . . that California had decided that slavery should not exist within her boundaries; that the agitation for the abolition of slavery was unwise, inasmuch as it was an attempt by one State to dictate how another should handle its own internal affairs; and that such agitation tended to weaken the ties of affection between the States.

Almost coincident with these pronouncements of the governors arose a test case.

A negro boy who had been his master's slave on his plantation for many years and was now with him in California as his body-servant had been arrested as a fugitive slave and held for deportation to Mississippi, where it is said he was worth $1,500. The coloured population were greatly excited in the proceedings for his release on "habeas corpus." His master deposed that he was travelling westward for his health and although resident in Sacramento did not intend remaining there. It further appeared that he had hired a schoolroom and advertised for pupils—that Archy had been

working for various persons, but Stovall had collected his wages. The case was transferred from the State Court to that of United States Commissioner G. P. Johnston. He found upon the facts as stated, that Archy had not escaped from his master and fled to California, but had been knowingly brought by Stovall, his owner, into a free State, and that therefore he had no jurisdiction, as the negro was not a fugitive slave within the meaning of the Act. He accordingly returned the case to the State Court.

Here, after much delay and controversy to evade a direct issue, and provoking the comment on one judge's verdict from another judge as "giving the law to the North and the nigger to the South," a verdict in Archy's favour was given. Despite the noise and clamour with which the decision in Archy's case was received, Stovall had his slave in his possession in California—the constitution notwithstanding.

He kept the boy secretly in gaol in San Joaquin County; this fact was discovered . . . but before a writ of habeas corpus could be served Stovall whisked Archy from there and kept him hidden away until the steamer "Orizaba" was about to sail for Panama from San Francisco. In some way the negroes became aware of his purpose. They caused a warrant to be issued charging Stovall with kidnapping the boy. Police officers with the warrant went aboard the "Orizaba." When the steamer was off Angel Island in the harbour, a small boat with Stovall and his slave came off to her. As the officers arrested him he resisted, saying that the Supreme Court had awarded him the boy and he would be d—d if any Court in the State would take him away. However Stovall and Archy were taken off the steamer to San Francisco. . . .

After more bills, delay, further efforts to gain convictions and heated controversy, Archy was granted freedom in April, 1858, to the great jubilation of the coloured population. But other drastic laws were likely to be enforced against them, their very existence and their freedom seemed in jeopardy. The only safe course seemed to be to remove from the State.

On the very day of Archy Lee's release a large meeting was held in Zion Methodist Episcopal Church. The question was not whether they should emigrate, but whither, and it was discussed at length. The choice lay between Vancouver

Island—then a separate British Colony—and Sonora in Mexico. . . . Though at the outset the majority seemed to favour emigration to Mexico the feeling gradually swung round to the nearest British possession—Vancouver Island. . . An advance party of 65 persons were sent to ascertain whether that British possession would receive them as residents, and if so, these forerunners were to purchase as much land as possible with a view to permanent settlement under British protection. . . . On May 6th, 1858, another meeting of the negroes was held in the usual place, Zion Methodist Episcopal Church, to hear the report of the delegates who sailed on the "Commodore" to Vancouver Island. About 300 persons were present of whom some fifty were whites. The report was very satisfactory. It was stated that the forerunners had been received "most cordially and kindly by His Excellency the Governor, and heartily welcomed to this land of freedom and humanity"; that land could be obtained at twenty shillings an acre; one quarter in cash, and the remainder in four annual payments with interest at five per cent, but with no tax on the land until full payment; that landowners after a residence of nine months had the right of electoral franchise, of sitting as jurors, and all the protection of the law as civilians of the Colony, but that to enjoy the complete rights of British subjects they must reside seven years and take the oath of allegiance. . . . Another report stated that within an hour after they had secured a house in Victoria they had held a solemn religious service in thankfulness for their improved prospects; that they had had a visit from the Rev. Edward (later Bishop) Cridge, the resident Episcopal minister who welcomed them to their new home and expressed his pleasure at having so many Christian friends around him, that he had invited them to the services of the Church of England, and to his home, and had concluded his visit with a prayer for their well-being. It added that they had seen the lands of this island and that it was in every way suitable for their requirements. Another letter spoke of the beautiful situation and site of Victoria. It also stated that the Governor had authorized the writer to say that if they came to the Colony they would have all the rights, privileges and protection of the laws of the country; that there were two churches and two schools—that in short, it is a God-sent land for the coloured people."

Throughout the whole story one cannot fail to be impressed with the deep religious feeling of these people and

their reliance upon God under every trial. This must plead in excuse of the flamboyancy of their language at times and of their metrical composition which sometimes "had in them more feet than the verses would bear."

An Emigrant Society was organized to raise $2,500 by contribution of $25 each, charter a vessel, and remove as a body to their new found home. Following the precedent of the Declaration of Independence, they now prepared "A Declaration of the Sense of the Coloured People."

Whereas we are fully convinced that the continued aim of the spirit and policy of our Mother Country is to oppress, degrade, and entrap us—we have therefore determined to seek an asylum in the land of strangers. . . .

Resolution (8). That we now unitedly cast our lots (after the toil and hardships that have wrung our sweat and tears for centuries) in that land where bleeding humanity finds a balm, where philanthropy is crowned with royalty, slavery has laid aside its weapons, and the coloured American is unshackled; there in the lair of the Lion we will repose from the horrors of the past under the genial laws of the Queen of the Christian Isles.

And with these words the negroes shook the dust of California off their feet.

The number who emigrated has not been definitely ascertained. Shortly afterwards began the Fraser River gold rush of 1858, where many were absorbed in the great crowd of adventurers.

Edgar Fawcett, writing in 1912, estimated the number at 800, but this appears too large; the Rev. Matthew Macfie, a Congregationist minister who came to Vancouver Island in 1859, places it at 400, and this appears to be a closer approximation.

A small band of these incomers found settlement on Salt Spring Island, mostly between what is now Fernwood and Ganges district—some with families. They in turn were the means of other relatives joining them here, some of whomwere thus redeemed from slavery. Among their number were people of education, and one, a Mr. Jones, became the island's first schoolmaster.

Another, the daughter of Mr. Estes, is still in every sense, the island's oldest inhabitant. She, long since widowed, with some of her family, have lived and been held in respect

among its people for many years. Her son, Willis Stark, himself an old inhabitant, passed on last year at the age of 86. His mother, however, still lives, and is said to be, according to family records, several years over the century mark. 1943.

Extract from "The Victoria Colonist."—

Funeral services for the late Mrs. Sylvia Stark, 106 years of age, were held at Ganges United Church last Thursday.

Born in Missouri, Mrs. Stark was the last of the coloured Americans who came to Victoria at the invitation of Governor Sir James Douglas. She moved to Salt Spring in 1859. Two married daughters survive her. 1944.

The above extracts concerning immigration of these new settlers into Vancouver Island are taken from an historical article on the subject, prepared by

(Judge) F. W. HOWAY.

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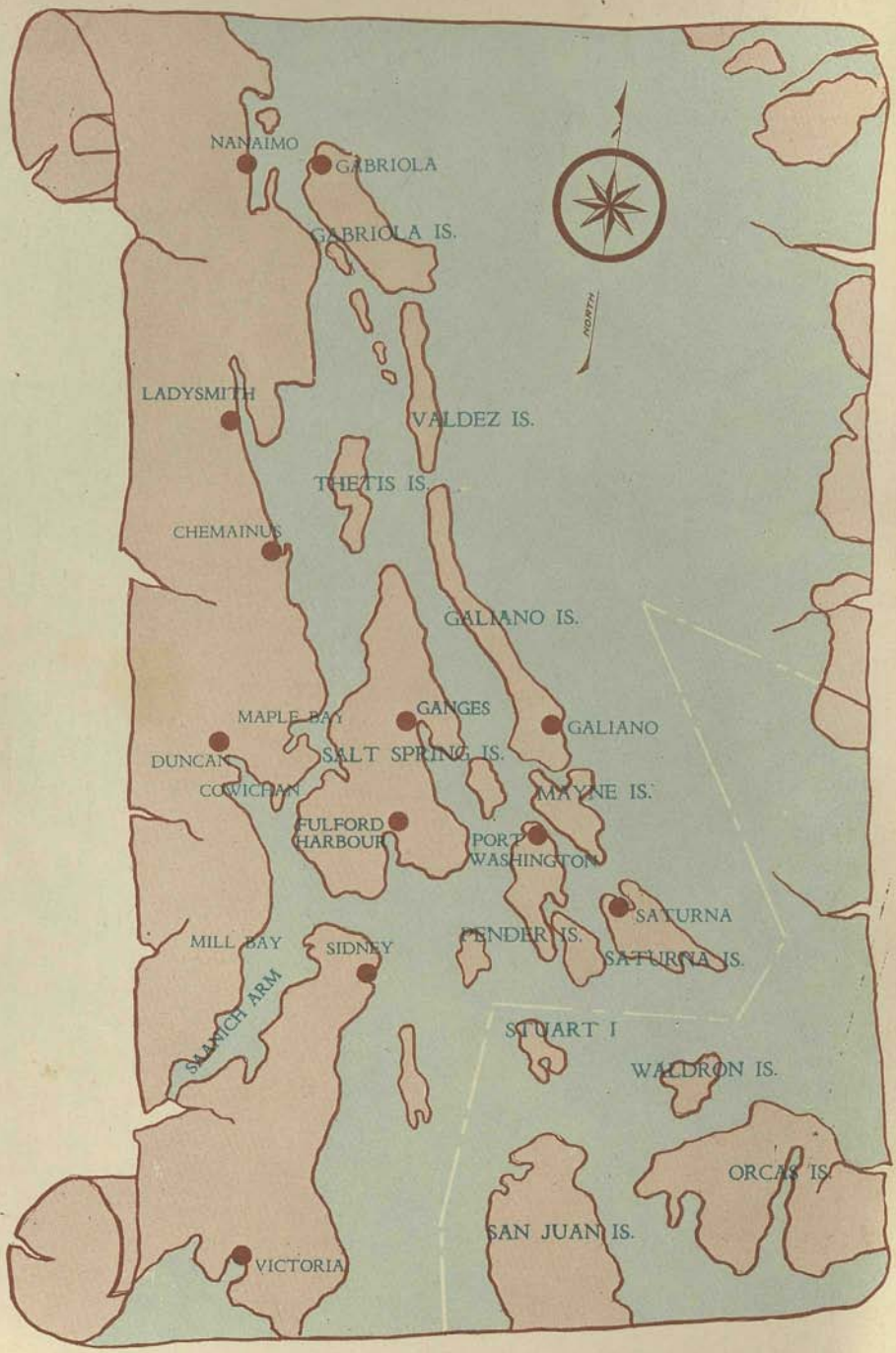
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PENDER IS.
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