

These pages are written for the first annual
report of the
OKANAGAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

By F. M. Buckland.

1.

In the hope that the exploits as told, of the old pathfinders, traders, and settlers, who were the foundation of our present happy position in this valley, will be an inspiration to you, as you read and admire the tenacity and fortitude displayed by them, in their struggle to establish civilization in the wilderness.

"Canadian, you find them everywhere, in this western country", wrote one traveller and writer, And what class of men would be more likely to "be everywhere" than those who represent the fusion of the Celt, the Saxon, and the Norman races. A fusion that gave them courage, perseverance, and strength, to accomplish those undertakings which we are so justly proud.

So we find that Canadian Traders working for an American Company have entered this wonderful valley from the south. I use the word wonderful advisedly, as it is the meaning of the first two syllables of the Indian word Oakin-ackèn as Ross spells it; Oakin meaning something great, wonderful, and out of the ordinary. Just as near to one hundred and fifteen David Stuart and his three companions passed along the lake front opposite Kelowna, on their way north, trading with the Indians, and they were undoubtedly the first white men to visit our valley that we have any written records, although there is every reason to believe that the Spaniards entered this country at a very much earlier date. So many years before that the memory of their short sojourn, and contact with the tribes here, was forgotten, unless it was reflected in the Indian Legend of their origin, depicting a white Queen called Scomalt, in a distant land called Samale-tuma-whoolah, or white man's island. And the long voyage of the man and woman towards the setting sun exposed to hardships that changed their skins to a colour they have retained ever since. Also there was the thousands of horses that roamed the ranges and were used by the natives for saddle and pack animals when the Astorians first arrived. But this is another chapter that is not complete as yet, so I will content myself with the story of the Fur Traders, and take you back to the years 1809 and 1810, to a time when the North-West Company's men were pushing their way through the mountains, streams and lakes of Western Canada in search of furs and suitable places where they could establish trade with the Indians.

At this time the Nor-Westerns had two rivals, first the Hudson's Bay Company, that ancient and honourable body of gentlemen that were incorporated in May 1670, and later, about 1810, the Pacific Fur Company, which was formed by Mr. John Jacob Astor, who remained at the head of the concern until the wars of 1812 and 1813, when they sold out to the Nor-Westerns. Now Mr. Astor started in the fur business as early as 1796, working in with the Canadians at Montreal until 1807, when he started in a small way for himself, and in 1809 he obtained a charter from the State of New York and organized the American Fur Company, or as it is sometimes called, South-West and Missouri Fur Company. Then in the year 1810 he organized the Pacific Fur Company with the object of obtaining control of the fur trade on the Oregon or Columbia River, for the Americans, and of holding that country which was visited in 1792 by Captain Gray in his ship "Columbia" when he anchored at the mouth of that great river that now bears the name of his ship, and claimed all its water shed for the United States. Mr. Astor also wished to back up the Lewis and Clarke discoveries when they made their overland trip to the Pacific in 1804-1806. So, on September 8th he had the good ship "Tonquin" sail from New York harbor for the mouth of the Columbia with a band of traders and trappers who were mostly Canadians won over from the Nor-West Company by inducement of bigger pay for their services. A good description of the long voyage around Cape Horn and by the Sandwich Islands can be got by reading Washington Irving's "Astoria". Some of the islanders were brought along as they were excellent canoe-men and would be useful on the inland waters of Oregon. The Hawaiians were used for many years by the Fur Companies in this section.

On March 25th, 1811, this famous and afterwards ill-fated ship arrived at the mouth of the Columbia and landed the partners, Alexander McKay, Duncan McDougall, David and Robert Stuart, and four other clerks and apprentices, namely, Alexander Ross, Francis B. Pillette, Donald McLean and Ovid de Montigne. All of these clerks were subsequently on the Okanagan. The most prominent of these was Ross, who wrote three books, two of which treat of the early history of this section of the country. These men commenced to build a fort as soon as a suitable site was located, which was eight miles from the mouth of the river, on April 11th, 1811, and called it Astoria.

Now what of the Nor-Westerns? They had heard of Astor's ambitions in the west and likely missed some good men who had been decoyed from their service, so if they were to hold their own in the fur trade in this western country they would have to extend their line of posts and forts to the Pacific. For this purpose, Mr. David Thompson the Astronomer and explorer who was at this time on the Saskatchewan, surveying the bounds (suggested 1782) between what is now Manitoba and the United States, was dispatched overland in 1810 with orders to get to the Pacific before the Americans if possible. Coming through the Rockies by the Athabasca Pass he was the first to explore the Lootenay District where he had established a Fort in 1807. (Thompson missed the Rockies

in 1807 and established Kootenae House that year. Thompson was not trying to beat the Astorians.)

Unfortunately this gentleman stayed to winter in the Windermere Valley where he established the Kootenay House, instead of keeping down the river which runs north, he headed south, up the river which lost to us, as Canadians, the honour of being first at the mouth of the Columbia. The following spring of 1811, Mr. Thompson continued his journey, making friends with the Indians, giving them a Union Jack as a token of King George. He established Spokane House near where that city is today; then headed south-west for the sea, passing the mouth of the Okanagan River on July 5, 1811. He was undoubtedly the first white fur trader to see the Okanagan and to travel the upper waters of that great river, the Columbia, and we may imagine his vexation when on July 15th, 1811, he arrived at the fort being constructed by the Astor people who had beaten him by nearly four months in the race. (Some historians claim it was no race.)

Mr. Thompson's journals have recently been printed and are referred to and copied on all occasions. That part of his Columbia trip which interests us most, exists also in its original manuscript form occupying book 27, Vol. 11 of the David Thompson MSS, Crown Lands Department of Toronto, and is entitled "Voyage to the Mouth of the Columbia by the Grace of God, by D. Thompson and seven men, on the part of the N. W. Company." On July 23rd, 1811, he started on his return journey to Fort William, the capital of the Nor-Westers, and was accompanied by the Astorians who immediately determined to establish an inland post to counter-check the Nor-Westers. It was agreed that they were to travel together for mutual protection against the Indians and perils of the river.

Old David Stuart was in charge of the Astor party of nine. Those who interest us most are David Stuart, Alexander Ross and Montigne. Ross, because he left us the early history of our valley in his "Adventures and Fur Traders of the West; "Also adventures on the Oregon or Columbia River; David Stuart and Ovid de Montigne because they were undoubtedly the first white traders to travel the Okanagan Valley to its head waters, Okanagan Lake. Ross says; "The joint parties of Stuart and Thompson did not travel far together. The Thompson party travelled light as they did not have merchandise for trade. Stuart and his men had canoes such as were on the coast and were unsuited for up-river travel, so on the 31st, Mr. Thompson's party finding that they could travel much faster, proceeded by themselves after advising Stuart that the mouth of the Okanagan would be a good site for a fort." Mr. Ross says in his book that "on the 31st July we reached the mouth of a smooth stream called the Oakinackin, which we ascended leaving the Columbia for the first time and pitched tents for the night. In a few days we commenced to build Fort Oakinackin." He also tells us that the source of this river

is 280 miles due north and in its course south this stream runs through three lakes to its junction with the Columbia.

As soon as they had their buildings well started, Pillette and McLean with two voyagers were despatched back to Astoria in one of the canoes, as there was not sufficient food to last the whole party through the winter. The balance of the party then prepared to winter in the wilderness, 700 miles from friends. When the fort was completed, leaving Ross in charge, Stuart and Montigne with the remaining two voyagers came up the Okanagan River, evidently with pack horses, for they carried considerable merchandise for trade with the Indians, and we are told they continued on far to the north, passing by Okanagan Lake and arriving back at Fort Okanagan March 22nd, 1812, spending 188 days on the trip. What must have been Mr. Stuart's thought when passing up to the head of the Lake? Could he foresee, do you think, the wonderful development that was due to arrive in the turn of a century? I think not. Could he have imagined Penticton as a railroad divisional point? Hardly. George Stephenson had not built his steam engine at that time. Could he have imagined the farms and orchard lands we have today in this district? No, I don't suppose he had ever heard of irrigation. He could not possibly have thought that in a hundred years time this Valley of ours would send out hundreds of thousands of dollars in produce in one season. That would have meant a good many years in the fur trade and a great many journeys up and down the Okanagan.

The horses that they used had been obtained from the Indians whom they met in great numbers. The Chief Sopa made them a present of two and they purchased four more, giving for each, one yard of print and two yards of red gartering, which was so highly prized by the Indians that horses from all quarters were brought to them, but they would not buy more as they did not know what to do with them. We are told that the wealth of the Indians was in his horses to a great extent, some owning several hundred, and the family was considered poor whose numbers were not sufficient for every man, woman and child to be mounted when they travelled from place to place, and also to carry their effects. Their saddles were rude, and somewhat resembling the Spanish saddle, having a high knob in front, and riding high on the back part, generally sitting uneasy upon the horse. Their bridles were only a rope made of hair or buffalo shag, fastened to the under jaw of the horse and very long so as to form a lareta which they threw over the horse's head very dexterously.

On April 24th, 1812, Mr. David Stuart, with some of the Astor men who had come up with food, and merchandise, that spring, started for the coast with approximately 2500 beaver skins, which were worth in our money \$7.50 each, on the Canton market, China, where they would be sold, and cost

the traders about 12¢ a piece in merchandising. Ross, in writing of this says: "A specimen of our trade among the Indians." The system adopted by the Pacific Fur Company was to have a ship leave New York for Astoria loaded with supplies and merchandise suited to the Indian trade; at Astoria take on board the furs collected during the preceding year, carry them to China where they were to be traded on the Canton market for the rich stuffs of that country; then they would return to New York where they would dispose of that cargo and load again for Astoria.

On May 6th, 1812, Ross left McGillies, who had come up from Astoria, in charge of Ft. Okanagan and accompanied by Bulard and an Indian, with sixteen saddle and pack horses, starting on a trading excursion up the Okanagan Lake and on to the country of the Shuswaps, returning to Fort Okanagan July 12, 1812. Then, David Stuart who had arrived from the coast with a stock of goods came north to winter where Kamloops is today. He was accompanied by Ross as far as the Junction of the Similkameen. On December 20th, 1812, Ross who had returned from a visit to Spokane House, started north to visit Mr. Stuart at Kamloops. He arrived there on the last day of the year. To do this trip he would need to make at least 30 miles a day. That, with making a camp, and in the short days of mid-winter, go to show us what hardy men these old pathfinders must have been.

How many would think of making a one day ride of 30 miles now to visit a neighbour? But that was one hundred years ago. Still, when you are making your neighbourly calls and visits during the coming Christmas week, let your imagination take you back over the century and think of a lone white man with perhaps an Indian for company leading a pack horse, jogging along a trail while daylight lasts, and rolled in his blanket on a bed of fir boughs by his camp fire through the dark hours of the night. That would be Alexander Ross on a visit to his neighbour, the man who tells us his only friends during his first winter in this valley were his bible and his dog.

Mr. Ross evidently returned from Kamloops by the Nicola Valley and after hardships reached the Similkameen. Some place near Princeton he came down to that river and struck the Okanagan at the "Forks" as he says, and arrived back at Fort Okanagan, January 24th, 1813. On May 13th, 1813, Mr. Stuart came down the Okanagan Lake trail with a rich catch of fur and after spending ten days at Okanagan, pressing and packing, he and Ross started for the coast. Ross married an Indian girl of the Okanagan tribe, and when he returned to Fort Garry in 1825, he took her and his children with him, and his wife in later life became one of the grand old ladies of the Red River Settlement.

2nd Period.

The second period of our valley's history commences with the coming of the Nor-Westerns. Mr. W. C. Brown, whom

I have quoted before, says in his "Early History of Fort Okanagan" "there suddenly appeared at the Okanagan Fort on the last day of September 1813, a big North West Company's Brigade of ten canoes and seventy-five men under the leadership of John Gordon McTavish and John Stuart, with news of the war between Great Britain and the United States." They stopped but a few hours with Ross at Okanagan for they were hurrying down to Astoria to meet the "Isaac Todd", a British ship, upon its arrival at the mouth of the Columbia. They also had full authority to make a purchase of all the holdings and property of the Astorians if a good bargain could be made.

As the "Isaac Todd" was well armed and carried letters of mark, together with the fact that most of the Astorians were Canadians and were delighted to meet their old companions again, they were not long in making a deal, which delivered up the Fort to the Nor-Westers, on the 12th November 1813. Duncan McDougal, the factor in charge, sold out lock, stock and barrel for \$80,500 in Bills of Exchange on Canada. The American flag was hauled down; the Union Jack run up in its stead; and the name of the place changed to Fort George. This gave the territory of Columbia, the Okanagan, and Kamloops to the Nor-Westers; and although Astoria was given back to the Americans by the Treaty of Ghent on Christmas Eve 1814, the Canadians had control of the country that is now Washington and Oregon, until the boundary dispute was settled in 1846.

When the Astorians disbanded, most of them engaged with the Nor-Westers and we find Stuart and Ross back in this district during the winters of 1813 and 1814. It was at this time that the first communication between the Columbia and Fraser Rivers was established via the Okanagan Valley and Kamloops; and from that time until the boundary settlement all the merchandise for trade and all the furs obtained in barter were taken in and out of the country by way of the Okanagan Valley. Under the management of the Nor-Westers, the mode of obtaining furs was somewhat different from that previously adopted. Now, by order from Fort William, which was the western capital of the great company, these men were to hunt in companies of two or more as a protection against the hostile Indians. So their hunters and trappers roved up and down our creeks and ranges in search of beaver and other furs; and what a place it must have been for hunting at that time.

Take a walk some afternoon through the park at Kelowna and you will see one after another the old beaver dams, now grown up with willows and poplars. What a lot of work it must have been for those industrious little animals, as they threw dam after dam across the mouth of the Mill Creek, where they must have had a colony of considerable size only to be destroyed by the advent of the traders, of whom it was said.. "they hadn't a soul above a beaver skin".

Elk were also plentiful here at that time. In late years the remains of that splendid animal have been dug on the Mission Ranch near where Mr. Swordy now lives. The cause of their disappearance may be attributed, I think, to the introduction of the

rifle, although we read of the great destruction wrought by the savage and powerful timber wolves, which ranged in this valley in those early times. Still, these ferocious animals were always the enemy of the deer tribe. Ross tells us of a band of these wolves killing five of his horses, and on another occasion of a band of seventeen forcing two of his men to take shelter in a tree for several hours. He says that although they shot two of the most forward of them, before they got the trees for protection, the others instead of dispersing kept at their heels. This was in 1815; and in 1816 Mr. Ross says: "I passed this winter between the Shuswaps and Okanagans; sometimes at one, sometimes at the other; constantly employed in the pursuit of furs."

Another species of game we read of at that time, that has since disappeared, is the wild turkey, or what Ross called the Columbia grouse. We are told of a fight witnessed by that gentleman between a turkey cock and bald-headed eagle which he ended by shooting both. Although the turkey was nearly blinded by the encounter, Ross thought he might have ultimately come off the conqueror. This turkey weighed eleven and one quarter pounds and the eagle eight and three quarters pounds.

One of the recreations of a fur-trader's life was to accompany the natives on their bear-hunting expeditions. On these occasions, Ross tells us, "they are all mounted on horse-back and exhibit a fine display of horsemanship." He tells us of one trip he took when in two days they killed seven bears, nine wolves and eleven small deer. One of the Indians named Short Legs was badly wounded by a female bear. The bear in question had been wounded and took shelter in a small bunch of scrub. The bush was immediately surrounded by horsemen, then the more daring entered on foot armed with gun, knife and tomahawk. Chief Short Legs, while scrambling over some fallen timber stumbled on to where the wounded and enraged bear was concealed, but too close to defend himself before the vicious animal got hold of him. They finally shot the bear and saved the man, whose scalp was torn from the crown of his head down over his eyes. He was insensible and for some time thought to be dead. They then hastened home carrying the dead bears along with them, arriving in camp the morning of the fourth day. The Chief remained for three days speechless.

Then we have a description of a surgical operation performed in the wilderness. Of this I will quote Ross verbatim... In cutting off the scalp and dressing the wound we found the skull, according to our imperfect knowledge of anatomy, fractured in two or three places, and at the end of eight days I extracted a bone measuring two inches long of an oblong form, all from the crown of the head. The wound, however, gradually closed up and healed except a small spot about the size of an English shilling. In fifteen days by the aid of Indian medicine he was able to walk around and at the end of six weeks from the time he was wounded he was on horse-back again, at the chase."

A great event in Western History took place in 1821, when the Nor-Westers and the Hudson's Bay Company consolidated by mutual consent, after coming to blows on several occasions,

especially at that dreadful affair of Seven Oaks. About this time Tom McKay, son, I think, of that McKay who was killed on the Tonquin when the massacre took place, was in charge of the Hudson's Bay Company Northern Fur Brigade. It is he who is credited with blazing the old H.B.C. trail in 1824, still to be seen across the lake from Kelowna. This Brigade Trail, leaving Ft. Okanagan, headed up the east side of the river, through McLaughlin's Canyon, and on to the forks of the Similkameen. Continuing on the eastern bank until it reached the head of Osoyoos Lake, it crossed over to the western side, and leaving the river climbed the open country above Oliver, passing through Myres Flat, White Lake, and Marron Valley, crossing Sheep Creek at its junction with Shingle Creek. Following up Single Creek some miles, it crossed, and passing over a height of land, dropped down into Trout Creek above Prairie Valley, and from there to Three Lakes, the head of Garnet Valley, and down the mountain side to the shores of Okanagan Lake at Deep Creek, a few miles south of Peachland. From that point it followed the present motor road to the Kelowna Ferry, then along the water front to the head of the Lake, when it took a westerly direction through to Grand Prairie, the head of Monte Creek and Kamloops much as the road does today. We are told that these Brigades contained as many as three hundred horses and a great many people.

In the early morning camp fires are lighted and breakfast of dry salmon prepared and eaten. Next, the horses are run in and roped. Then commences the tedious job of packing, and they must be very careful and throw the diamond hitch just right or the pack will be come loose and the horses have sore backs. But these men are experts. They go through the same performance perhaps a hundred times in a season. When everything is loaded, merchandise or furs, camp-pots, blankets and all, they file away on the trail preceded by a couple of expert hunters, who go ahead to the next camping ground where there is good feed and water, and to shoot, if possible, fresh meat for the next meal. First comes the Factor or Chief Trader, dressed in his suit of broadcloth with white shirt and collar to his ears, wearing on his head the tall Beaver hat of that day; for you see his position demands something a little different from the rest of the company. But he must have a hard time, poor fellow, riding under some of the trees with that stovepipe hat. He carries with him his Fire Bag, which contains his flint and steel, tinder box, torch wood and tobacco. This kit is carried even to the present day by the fur-traders and mail carriers in the North Country. Our Hias tye-yea Traders must have a separate fire when in camp, and his tent was the first to be erected. Salutes were fired on his departure from, and on his return to a fort. All this ceremony was considered necessary as it had a good effect upon the Indians, and added to his dignity in the eyes of those under his command. But that hat. Father Morris says in his History of Northern B.C. ... "Proud indeed was the Indian who was fortunate enough to be presented with his cast off hat. It would be worn on all occasions and during the warm weather he might be seen divested of everything but the hat." Riding beside the trader there may be a priest or missionary, and no doubt they have many arguments and debates to wile away the hours of travel. Next comes the piper, for no H.B.C. Fur Brigade is complete without the bagpipes, and many a strathspey

has echoed back from the rocks and hills by the old Hudson's Bay Trail.

We are told that on one occasion when they were coming up the Columbia River in canoes, the Indians were gathered at a certain place where they could waylay and rob the traders of their goods. Fortunately the white men saw their danger as the canoes drew near, but instead of turning in flight, the Piper struck up his pipes and the voyagers dug in their paddles, chanting one of the river songs common to them. They dashed through the astonished natives without any trouble at all. After the piper comes a long line of pack horses with here and there a packer, while the rear is brought up by the families and their "ikis" of bedding and cooking utensils. The day's journey usually started about 9 a.m. and lasted until 4 p.m. when all would make camp and the horses be turned out to graze. The camping grounds necessarily had to be on water, with plenty of open bunch grass country for their horses, and the horses of the Indians that they met at these stated places to trade.

So they chose the head of Osoyoos Lake, the crossing at Shingle Creek, West Bank, Head of the Lake, and Grand Prairie. Each camp about thirty-five miles apart, making a day's travel with the pack train. A courier riding with despatches from one Post to another was expected to make twice the distance, or about seventy miles as his day's ride. On the West Bank reserve there stood a great fir tree, until a year ago, and under its sheltering boughs the old traders opened up their packs of trade goods, and bartered with the natives that congregated at that place to meet them as they passed up or down the Valley.

Kamloops was the great half-way house of the Interior. Here, the horses that came up the Okanagan were turned out to rest and a fresh band run in for the trip up the Fraser to Fort St. James in New Caledonia. When the brigade arrived back at Kamloops loaded with the winter's catch of furs, they would turn those horses out and take the first band for the down the Okanagan Valley. The brigades were often annoyed by the Indians who had a habit of running off with the horses at night and offering to find them for their owners in the morning on payment of tobacco. These little raids have occurred in our neighbourhood. I am told by one of the McDougals here, whose father had told him, that the head trader, Old Pete, (evidently the great Peter Skene Ogden) having lost some horses, gave the Indians tobacco and presents. The horses were then soon found and returned; and the brigade went on its way. On another occasion the Indians killed a horse which was very fat. This horse was the property of McDougal, and he and his friends needed the meat, but how to get it away from the Indians, who were cutting it into strips for their own use, without a free fight, was a question of the moment. However, McDougal walked over to the Indian camp where he sat down and took out his big hunting knife which he commenced to sharpen very carefully. After he had it to a razor edge he started to dance around the camp waving the knife and slashing the air with it, threatening the whole outfit with annihilation. The Indians, after watching his crazy actions for a time, became frightened and handed over the jerked horse, which McDougal was not long in conveying to his own camp.

During the early operations of the fur traders in this Western country it had been found necessary to have some common means of communication with the natives. As there were more than a dozen different dialects spoken on the coast and in Oregon and New Caledonia, to be able to communicate with all, while bartering and trading, the Chinook jargon was introduced. This language or jargon, which is a mixture of English, French, Spanish, Chinese and Indian, was started as early as 1804, some say 1778-Captain Cook's time at Nootka Sound, and by 1840 it contained about 250 words. Eighteen of these were Nootka or Coast Indian, forty-one English, one hundred and eleven Chinook or Columbia Valley Indian, thirty-four French, some Spanish and Chinese. This language grew until the year 1860, when it contained about twice as many words. Although a formless sort of talk, it was a source of great benefit; trade was made possible by it; friendly intercourse between the tribes stimulated and it was certainly a great help towards civilization. This jargon is still used when trading with the Indians here, and on a recent trip to the Similkameen where I had dealings with them, the bargains were made by means of the Chinook jargon.

Before the coming of the traders the circulating medium among the tribes was a small white shell, called Higue, or Higua, a salt water mussel, that the natives of the interior valued very highly. They were taken in exchange for the wild hemp of the upper country that was used in making fish nets by the Coast Indians.

A considerable "cache" of this shell was found a few years ago on the bank of the creek that runs through the Park at Vernon, and can be seen at the Court House. These shells run from quarter inch to three inches, and were valued according to their size, or the number they took to make a fathom. For instance, one string of thirty to the fathom was equal to three strings of forty to the fathom, or four of fifty. Ross tells us he saw an Indian refuse a new gun for six fathoms of two and a half inch shells, which will give you some idea of the value placed on them. The Higue is of convex shape, thin, light, and durable, and was used as the medium of exchange until the beaverskin took its place.

I will now call your attention to some of the notable men who passed up and down this valley while it was the great highway of the Interior between the Columbia and New Caledonia. Perhaps the greatest man of this time was Dr. John McLaughlin who is known in history as "The King of Oregon" and by the Indians as "The Great White Eagle". This man was governor of a territory from San Francisco in the South where the Hudson's Bay Company had a farm, to Russian Alaska in the North, and many are the kind deeds credited to his memory. But for him the first settlers from the Eastern States would have starved to death. These people arrived overland by the Oregon trail in the beginning of winter without food or clothes sufficient for the coming season, and John McLaughlin, in defiance of the orders from his company, to have nothing to do with these people, who were settling the land and spoiling the fur country, fed and clothed them out of the company's stores at his own expense, as otherwise they would have starved and suffered miserably that first winter. In return for this kind and charitable act of a Canadian gentleman, the American people wished to claim all of what is now the Province of British Columbia, together with the Oregon country, and

the silly cry of "54-40, or fight", was heard in every state in the union.

Mr. McLaughlin was married to an Indian woman according to the laws or the customs of the Hudson's Bay Company. Years afterwards, when the missionary arrived in the district it was explained to him that the Hudson's Bay Company's marriage contract was not good enough, so to save trouble and keep peace in his family he was again married to his wife by a Protestant minister. But Mr. McLaughlin was a staunch Roman Catholic, and they did not recognize either the Company's bonds or the Protestant ceremony. So the poor couple were married a third time. (No! McLaughlin was married by James Douglas as Justice of the Peace. He had quarrelled with Reverend Herbert Beaver who was then Chaplain at Fort Vancouver. McLaughlin later became a Catholic and was married by a priest.)

Another of the famous men who travelled up and down the Okanagan Valley was Peter Skene Ogden, and I think he was the greatest brigade leader of them all. Born in Quebec in 1794, the son of the Hon. Isaac Ogden, who was afterwards Judge of the Admiralty Court at that place, Peter's boyhood was spent in Montreal where he commenced to study law. But his was a spirit which demanded adventure, and the call of the wild led him to join the Nor-Westers in the capacity of clerk. We hear of him in this country first about 1818, and from that time until his death in Oregon City in 1854, he was once of the greatest pathfinders, traders and diplomats that the West knew. For about nine years Mr. Ogden lived as Chief Trader in Northern B. C. at Stuart Lake, where he introduced farming to some extent, and every spring we read of him making the journey to Fort Vancouver on the Columbia by way of Kamloops and the Okanagan, to sit as a member on the board of managers of the Hudson's Bay Company in the mountain district.

During his life, Mr. Ogden did a great many brave and noble deeds, which should not be forgotten by us who now enjoy the privilege of living in this Western Province, with all its advantages today. Mr. T. C. Elliott, in his "Peter Skene Ogden, our Trader" says; "his last great and good work was when he went with a small body of men to liberate the poor women and children who were captured by the Cayuse Indians after the Whitman Massacre which occurred 6th December, 1847. It was a dangerous task and one which the Indians plainly told him no other need have attempted."

The International boundary had been determined eighteen months previous to the massacre, and the Whitman Mission was an American Settlement.

When Ogden heard of the trouble he immediately set out to try and save further bloodshed if possible. Twelve days were consumed in the journey, and it was not till the 24th that he was able to assemble the chiefs in council which lasted all day. Mr. Ogden alone of all the whites attended, and in the end prevailed. "We have been among you for thirty years without the shedding of blood", he said in his address; "we are traders and of a different nation from the Americans who are of the same colour, speak the same language, and worship the same God as ourselves, and whose cruel fate causes our hearts to bleed."

In the end Chief Tilokaik of the Cayuses replied; "Chief, your words are weighty, your hairs are grey, we have known you a long time, you have had an unpleasant journey to this place. I cannot therefore keep the families back. I make them over to you, which I would not do to another younger than yourself."

Mr. Ogden at this time wrote..."For two nights I have not slept. But thank God they are all safe and have not been ill-treated". This and many other brave deeds were done by that great little gentleman from Montreal.

The Roman Catholic priests were the earliest missionaries in the Interior. They came overland from Canada and started a Mission on the Columbia in 1841, and about that time the Rev. Demers undertook to give a mission to the people of New Caledonia. So in July 1842 he joined himself with the Northern Brigade of the Hudson's Bay Company which was under the command of P. S. Ogden. When they arrived at the Okanagan Forks or the junction of the Similkameen, he was well received by the Indians who had been visited earlier in the year by Father de Smit. At this place he baptized 28 children, and went on with the pack trains to Kamloops, and was the first minister of the Gospel to pass along this lake.

We hear of Fr. Nobili, S.J. who, under instructions from Fr. de Smit in August 1845, started north to explore New Caledonia. He says, with a halfbreed companion I visited and instructed the Indians as far north as Ft. Alexander, and in May came to Colville to give an account to Fr. de Smit, who sent me back again. The story is told that at the head of the Lake the Indians stole all his belongings. Years afterwards Fr. La Jeune was informed that an Indian there was found wearing the Priest's cassock, while another had thought the Church vestments were suitable material for making into leggings."

But amends were made, says Mr. Denys Nelson in his "Links with the past" and in later years Fr. Le Jeune blessed the Church, built by one of the Indians concerned in the affair. Although Rev. Demers, Fr. Nobili, and other "Black Gowns", as the Indians called them, made annual trips up and down this valley, there was no permanent mission settlement made here at Anse au Sable until 1859, when Father Pendozi, and Father Richards established the Okanagan Mission where the church stands today.

In 1846 the 49th parallel was made our Southern boundary, and a territory as large as some European kingdoms was handed away because it was not considered worth bothering about. The salmon wouldn't rise to the fly in the Columbia River for a certain gentleman sent out from England to look into the matter of the boundary dispute; so he considered the country no good, not worth keeping, and acted accordingly.

To show how much was known of our country at that time, a writer in the Edinburgh Review of July 1845, reflected the best knowledge of his day when he said; "It seems probable that in a few years all that gave life to the country, both the hunter and the prey, will become extinct, and their places will be supplied with a

thin white and half-breed population scattered along a few fertile valleys supported by the pasture instead of the chase, and gradually declining into a barbarism far more offensive than the savage which degrades the backwoodsmen."

However, the boundary settlement had the effect of changing the course of travel, and in 1848, the brigades from the north instead of descending to the Columbia by the Okanagan trail as usual, took the more direct route of the Fraser Valley to Fort Langley, which was made the first capital of Crown Colony; and for several years until the stampede for gold in the north country and Fraser Valley, the old Okanagan Trail was in disuse.

THIRD PERIOD..

The third period of our history should be known as the Mission or settlement period, and starts, I should say, with the discovery of gold in the vicinity of Kamloops, as early as 1852, by an Indian who found a shiny pebble when drinking out of a creek. He took the nugget to McLean at the Fort, and this was the beginning of the end of the Fur Companies. The news of the gold discovery soon spread through the country by that mysterious means known as "Moccasin telegraph", and the peculiar methods of transmitting mail from post to post in vogue at that time. When a person wished to communicate with a friend at a distance, it was usual to hand the letter to an Indian who took it as far as it suited his convenience and safety. He then sells the letter to another, who carries it until he finds an opportunity of selling to advantage. It is thus increasing in value according to the distance, the last possessor receiving the reward for its safe delivery. In this manner letters were sent with security and rapidity through the mountain contry.

If the letter was to the Canadas it was necessary to use the postal system established by the Hudson's Bay Company on June 7th, 1845, at the Norway House Council, which had decreed that postage on all letters from strangers was in future to be charged, west of the Rockies. Letters to and from the Columbia not exceeding half an ounce were to be delivered to their destinations for the consideration of One Dollar, and Twenty-five Cents for every succeeding half ounce. These terms were as reasonable as those afterwards used by the New Government who charged that amount from New Westminster into the Interior. By these means of communication the discovery of gold was soon made known to the outside world, and by the year 1858, we had as many as thirty thousand miners in British Columbia scattered from the boundary north, how far we do not know. Again the Okanagan Valley is the great highway to the Interior, the land of gold.

On almost every creek and river in the country you could hear of the prospector and placer miners as they searched for that precious mineral which in return a toll of privation, hardship, misery and often death. In this district we have but to visit Mission Creek in the neighbourhood of Dan Gallagher's ranch to see their old workings. At that place a considerable amount of gold was taken out in the early days, as much as eighty thousand dollars, I am told, and for years afterwards the Chinamen worked the old dump until one of them was drowned while crossing the Creek on a log. This occurrence the chinks considered an ill-omen, and they immediately abandoned

the diggings as unlucky. Even up to a few years ago such men as the late John Moore and John Herman made a business of washing gold from certain bars on Mission Creek.

Across the lake on Bear Creek as you look down into the Canyon from the end of the flat you can see there a miner's abandoned cabin and the remains of the old sluice boxes through which the pay dirt was washed years ago.

Many of the first settlers in this district came into the country with that great wave of mining men that rolled up from the California diggings to the new Eldorado of the north. It was this army of gold seekers who introduced the measurement of water here, and the old water records taken out for both mining and irrigation purposes were of so many miners inches, the California measure being adopted. Another interesting remembrance of those stirring times that has remained with us to the present day, is the expression of two bits, four bits, or six bits, meaning twenty-five, fifty and seventy-five cents. This was also introduced into the country in the Fifties by these men.

Gold dust was at that time the common tender in most business transactions, and the Bit system consisted of measuring a small quantity of gold between the thumb and first finger, instead of weighing it as was the usual way of finding its value; the Bit like the old York shilling meaning twelve and one half Cents, a short Bit ten cents, a long Bit fifteen cents and two Bits a quarter of a dollar as it is today. Although the decimal system was brought into use during the gold rush, it was not until 1870 that the Hudson's Bay Company discarded the Pounds, Shilling and Pence. The miners often travelled in companies of forty or fifty strong as a protection from hostile and thieving Indians and were escorted by United States scouts as far north as the Canadian line. Once on British soil they considered themselves fairly safe, for the early rule of the Fur Companies had had a good effect upon the Indians, so we had very little trouble during the gold excitement, and it was wholly due to the influence of the Hudson's Bay Company's honourable dealings with the Indians, that the early settlers of this country were free from the dreadful outrages that were visited upon the white settlers of the Western States.

In 1858 we hear of the massacre of McLaghlin's Canyon, where a fight took place between the miners on their way north to the Cariboo, and the natives who ambushed them at that place. This was not happened on the Okanagan Trail, south of the boundary line, where Biscove-some of the wild Indians from the Head of the Lake, Westbank, and Penticton gathered to rob the miners of the goods and baggage they were bringing into the country with them. Wm. Pion, a professional packer, and son of the Pion who was clerk at Spokane was with the miners and escaped with his life by swimming the river and concealing himself among the rocks and bushes until night came. He was wounded in the head and carried the scar of a bullet through his scalp to his dying day. The Indians having routed the white men, divided the loot. Chief Francois of Penticton, taking four sacks of flour as his share of the booty, while his brother thinking to make a great haul, chose a tough old bull that was part of the miners' chattels, a choice

that made him the laughing stock of his companions for days afterwards.

Other packs and "iktahs" considered of value, were divided according to the activities of the individual rascal. The Indians of British Columbia had in Sir James Douglas a friend of many years standing, and although they demanded payment for the gold taken from the creeks and rivers, and had one or two encounters with the miners on the Fraser, except for the Chilcotin Massacre in 1864, there was no real trouble in the Colony.

In 1859 Vancouver Island and the Main Land were made Crown Colonies under one government with different boundaries, and Sir James Douglas was appointed Governor. Land was first thrown open for settlement at this time and it seems to have been the desire of the mone Government to establish a land policy here without favors to any and open to all, for in a letter from Sir Edward Bulwar Lytton, the Colonial Secretary, to Douglas, he says "You will pardon me if I enjoin on you as imperative the most diligent care that in the sale of lands there should be the slightest cause to impute a desire to show favor to the servants of the Hudson's Bay Company. Parliament will watch with jealousy every proceeding connected with such sales, and I shall rely upon you to take every precaution against various kinds of lands jobbing either to benefit favoured individuals, or to cheat the land revenues which are of so frequent occurrence at the outset of colonization". (No! Vancouver Island became a colony in 1849, British Columbia in 1858 and the two colonies were united in 1866. Douglas was knighted in 1863).

It is told that about this time, Sir James Douglas visited Rock Creek to bring law and order to that turbulent camp consisting chiefly of California miners who refused to pay their miners tax.

When he arrived, this camp of wild men refused to see him or listen to his demands until Robert Stevenson, a young Canadian who was the only one to meet him volunteered to round them up, and learning that the Governor wished a meeting called for two o'clock that afternoon, visited the flume on the creek and delivered the message. The miners failed to be interested, and refused to come. So Douglas, a careful, conventional, methodical man, with a very grave situation on his hands, decided to try another tactic and asked Stevenson to rent the largest saloon in the place for a night meeting. Stevenson applied to the proprietor, who refused to rent ^{to} the Governor, but told the messenger that if he, Stevenson, wanted the hall he could have it, and here was the key.

When the miners arrived in town that night and were drinking three deep at the saloon bar, Douglas with his staff, including Mr. Cox and Mr. Stevenson, opened a meeting. The miners refused to listen at first but finally with curiosity, then interest, heard what the Governor of British Columbia had to say, which was to the effect that he was a frontiersman himself, and as Governor of the Colony was responsible for law and order, therefore, the miners on British soil must take out a license according to the law.

He wanted to be their friend if possible, otherwise he would be forced to bring in the Blue Jackets, from Victoria and make them obey the regulations as required of them. He further stated he wanted to meet them individually and shake hands with them. Then one

by one the miners went up and shook hands with him. So the Rock Creek rebellion was averted and Douglas leaving Mr. Cox in charge as Government Agent, took Mr. Stevenson back as far as Osoyoos where he was installed as the first Customs Officer at that point, where he collected 10% duty on all incoming goods while he held the position.

Sir James Douglas who was head of the Hudson's Bay Company as well as the Crown Colony, moved the Company's trade goods up from Ft. Okanagan on the Columbia and established two trading posts in these parts, soon after the International boundary was settled. One at Keremeos, in the Similkameen, afterwards occupied by the late Frank Richter, who was one of the cattle barons of that valley; and one at Osoyoos that became the property of Thomas Kruger. Both these posts were situated on the Hope Kootenay Trail which was used for many years by the settlers here, most of the old timers having come into the country by that route. And after they had become established in cattle ranching, thousands of cattle were driven over the old trail to markets on the coast. This trail was put through by Mr. E. Dewdney (afterwards Minister of the Interior for Canada.) and was made on Canadian territory to avoid the continual troubles caused by the Indians and outlaws to the south of the border, as they waylaid and often murdered the miners who travelled through that country. Then again it would do away with so much trouble with the Customs. It would seem that even larger plans than these had crossed the minds of the men of that day, and the trail from Hope to Kootenay, in their ambitious dreams, might some day cross the Rockies, meeting at Edmonton a similar road built westward from the Canadas, as Douglas looked to Canada rather than England for the replenishing of the Pacific Provinces with settlers. This plan of a national highway, or automobile road, reaching from the Coast to the Great Lakes, is still one of the great questions of development with us today. And when one or two short links are completed, the dreams of those ambitious old Colonists of sixty years ago will have been realized.

In the year 1858 an even of importance took place in this valley that is well remembered by the old Indians, that is the coming of the first wagon train, or the Palmer and Miller expedition as it has been called. These adventures outfitted their wagons with merchandise at Walla Walla, Washington Territory, and coming up the Columbia to Okanagan, travelled the Old Brigade Trail through to Trapanage Creek near Peachland. At that place they felled trees near the Lake shore, and built a raft to ferry their merchandise and wagons up the Lake to L'Anse au Sable, where they landed.

Meanwhile the cattle and riding stock were driven back around the foot of the lake, and up the east side, following an old Indian trail through the Big Canyon and north to the place of meeting. Once more the wagons were assembled, the goods loaded and with swampers on ahead, the teamsters cracked their whips and were on their way again. From Anse au Sable, they continued north through the open country until they joined the Brigade Trail again at the head of the Lake. These wagons seven in number were drawn by ox teams, and were loaded with tools, goods, and food to sell to the miners in the Cariboo. It is told that when country too difficult to travel was encountered, the wagons and loads were taken apart and packed over the rough places on the backs of the horses and oxen, until wheeing would be permitted again.

Then they would assemble and with the oxen yoked, go creaking over the open country, up hill and down.

If the hill was too steep to climb, the teams were doubled-up, and to descend a bad piece of country, ropes were attached to the wagon with a turn around a nearby tree to ease them down. Or perhaps a Mormon brake in the shape of a small tree would be attached to the rear axle, and allowed to drag, in that way reducing the speed of the load. After this manner they arrived at Kamloops. There they were told that it would be impossible for them to continue their way any farther north, on account of the roughness of the country. So they were induced to sell all their goods at that place. Potatoes sold as high as eighty dollars per ton, while sugar, beans, tobacco, etc., were disposed of at a correspondingly high price. The oxen sold at nine hundred dollars a team and were no sooner bought than the miners had one slaughtered and roasting. It was the first tame meat some of these men had tasted in two years.

Now we come to a period of great importance to the valley; the establishing of the Okanagan Mission and the settlement of this part of Okanagan Valley. It will be necessary to refer back to 1858 to a time when the American soldiers were having trouble with the Indian tribes in Washington Territory. At Yakima we hear of Father Pandosy, an Oblate Priest who has established a Mission in that place, getting into the bad graces of the authorities. They accused him of favouring the Indians, and found powder and ball buried in his garden. Pandosy is told to leave the country, and seeking an asylum with the Jesuits at Colville, waits there until word comes to him that he is to go to British Columbia to establish a Mission in the Okanagan. The good father is heart-broken at having to leave his beloved Yakimas, but prepares to follow the instructions of the Bishop Demers of Vancouver Island, and take his exile with grace. As the Bishop of Vancouver had not at his command a large enough staff to allow the opening of the proposed new Mission in the interior of B. C., negotiating had to be opened with Manager Nesqually (Archbishop Blanchet) whereby reinforcements could be obtained. This for a time seemed doubtful, but on the arrival of two more Priests, or students about to be ordained the situation cleared.

Father Pandosy wintered in Colville 1858-9 enjoying the hospitality of the Jesuits there as best he might, for they were very poor. Their poverty was so great that he failed to obtain from them the necessary supplies or horses to lead a Missionary band into the wilderness, and in April is still at Colville awaiting further orders. Father Pierre Richard is then commanded to go with Bro. Surel to Ft. Hope on the Fraser and there procure horses and equipment. From Hope all three Missionaries will proceed, as Pandosy is expected to meet them there. Letters from Fr. Richard however, show that horses are not to be obtained at Hope, so leaving Bro. Surel to take care of the baggage, he proceeds to Kamloops where he is successful in procuring the necessary pack animals, through the kind assistance of Lolo, a Chief of the Shuswap Indians. This is August 1859 and Fr. Richard has written two letters to Colville asking Fr. Pandosy to meet him at Ft. Thompson or Kamloops. Then we find Fr. Richard has sent the pack-horses by way of the Nicola Brigade Trail and the Hope Mountains to Br. Surel, 'who is still at Ft. Hope with the baggage that awaits transportation to the interior', while he journeys to the Okanagan Lake and his later appointment with Fr. Pandosy at Anse au Sable, in

the country, watered by what is now known as Mission Creek. Originally the Kelowna district was known by the tribes as Nor-kwa-stin meaning a hard black rock for sharpening flints for their spear and arrow-heads. Then when the fur brigades with their hunters and trappers, came up and down the valley, they changed the name to L'Anse au Sable or the Cove of Sand, and that name applied to all the district that slopes for miles, down to the waters of the lake, between Knox mountains and Cedar Creek. So it was at this place that Fr. Pandosy and Fr. Richard met in October 1859. Influenced no doubt by the report they received from the Fur Traders who had visited here for forty odd years. That they were not disappointed in their expectations is evident by a letter they wrote to the Rev. Fr. D'Herbomez, and was forwarded to the Rev. Founder in France with the remark that "I have received some letters from Fathers Pandosy and Richard (Pierre). The Rev. Jesuit Fathers at Colville gave them all the assistance their poverty permitted them to offer, they have their promise of fresh aid.

I will content myself with sending you a resume of Fr. Pandosy's letter.

Anse au Sable, 9 October, 1859.

Rev. Father.

We arrived tonight at the place which we have chosen for our Mission. It is a great valley situated on the left bank of the great Lake Okanagan, and rather near the middle of the Lake. I shall not attempt to make you understand the reason why we have adopted this place in preference to any other. L'Anse au Sable is the largest valley of all the surrounding country, all who know it praise it. The cultivable land is immense, and I myself believe that if Br. Blanchet is able to send us next year, some vine cuttings we shall be able to start a plantation, for when Br. Surel arrives, if he accepts my plan, we shall elevate our little demense to the middle of the plane, against a little hill very well exposed and we shall be able to sing:--

"C'est surtout a l'abri du vent

Qu'il se chauffe au soleil levant

C'est une vigne, etc."

Already we have a white family near us - it is probable that others will present themselves before winter, or at least at the beginning of the season. Upon the Fraser and the River Thompson, there are not ten thousand acres of agricultural land. All we could do on the Fraser would be a depot-house for the necessary provisions for the Missions. This depot will be placed on the right hand of the fork where the Lilouette River empties itself, and our Mission, like that which is proposed to establish at Fort Alexander, will there find all the necessary resources with out exposing any of the horses to perish in the Hope Mountains.

Fr. Pandosy wrote regarding the valley "All who know it praise it". A remark that was substantiated by Governor Dallas of Ft. Garry in 1862 when approached by the leaders of that adventurous party, who crossed the plains, and entered this province by way of the Yellowhead Pass. He told them after a long and encouraging inter-

view, "to be sure to visit the Okanagan and have a look at this most wonderful valley."

Br. Surel eventually arrived with the pack-horses and the Missionaries made their first camp at the south end of Duck Lake or Schoocum, where the squatter white family had a cabin on what is now the Eldorado Ranch. There they experienced a winter of intense cold and deep snows. Making the game scarce, and the hunting so difficult that it became necessary to slaughter their horses to sustain life, and vary the Indian food that consisted of baked moss, dried berries and roots washed down by a brew made from the Hudson's Bay tea shrub. (*Ledum Greenlandicum*.) Living off the country as they found it, bareheaded and barefooted in the summer; clothed in skins and moccasins in winter; working in poverty as they planted their vines, fruit trees, and garden seeds under the most trying conditions, with very little assistance from the outside to encourage them in their desire to teach the natives husbandry as well as Christianity.

What a heroic occupation for a man like Charles Pandosy. Educated, accomplished in music, reared in a home of luxury, the son of a barrister and accustomed to urban life, yet he laboured at his Mission here, until he was called to his great reward. But that will be another story.

In the spring of 1860 we hear of the Fathers moving to the "little hill well exposed" that rises between Dry Creek and Rutland siding where they spent the summer. In December 1860 they drive their pre-emption stakes on the bank of a stream some miles farther south, now known as Mission Creek. Here they established a permanent Mission, building themselves a little church, school, and Mission House, of logs cut from the bush near by, and hauled to place with a horse whose harness the ingenuous Fathers had constructed by twisting rye grass together. Some of these old buildings are still in good repair, and can be seen from the road. So can the old orchard planted sixty years ago by these Missionaries who soon had a cattle ranch to manage as well as the church and school. These were the men who performed the first marriage ceremony, baptism and funeral rites in this district, and to these good priests many of the men and women who are among us today, not only in Kelowna, but north to White Valley and south to Similkameen owe their knowledge to the Three R's.

At this early date 1859 Cyprian Laurence and his brother Theodore, French-Canadians from Three Rivers, Quebec, who had been in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company, accompanies the Missionaries when William Pion packed Fr. Pandosy and his baggage in from Ft. Colville. On the way up the valley an incident occurred that is worth relating, as it might have changed the course of events that is history today. It is told, that Capeau Blanc, Chief of the Indians on Beaver Creek and De Chien Lake, where Penticton is today, objected to the settlement of the white men in the country, and had warned several to keep moving. He had no objections to the visits of traders and trappers, but drew the line at settlers. So hearing of the proposed Mission, he threatened to kill all white men who attempted to take up land, and ordered them to go away. Now it happened that Cyprian Laurence was married to Capeau Blanc's niece, a native girl named Teressa, and Mrs. Laurence pleading for her husband, and the Priests, argued with her uncle that these men intended to do good and improve conditions for the Indians. At last she

prevailed upon the chief to listen to the reasons of the Priests and traders and allow them to settle here. If they were killed she said, he would be obliged to support her for the rest of his life. These arguments must have had the desired effects and created a better feeling in this critical situation, for we hear that Capeau Blanc and one Francois, who was afterwards Chief, accompanying the party to "Anse au Sable" showing them the trail. The Laurences decided to settle, so staked out their farm and posted the following notice,--

Anse au Sable, 15th December
1860.

This is to notify that I, Cyprian Laurence, have taken a land claim of one hundred and sixty acres (160) according to the laws of the Crown Colony of Birtish Columbia, said claim is situated at a place called L'Anse de Sable near great Okanagan Lake and is bound as follows: Beginning at a stake near the river just at the end of Fr. Richard's - - etc.

X Cyprian Laurence (the cross is my sign)

Witness:

Richard P.O.M.I.
M. Chas. Pandosy.

Recorded by Mr. Cox the 26th, 1860.

This no doubt marks the time of the first land settlement in the Okanagan Valley, and was followed by many others. So we hear of Pion McDougal, Christian, Bushrie, Ortholand, Gillard, Bloundeau, Bushman, Lequime, Brent, Simpson, and others staking out their land claims in the Mission Valley.

The Land Registry Office, at that time, was in charge of Judge Cox at Rock Creek in the boundary country. This was also the Mining Record Office, and, no doubt, if the old records were carefully examined they would thow a great deal of light on the early settlement of this district.

In 1860, anticipating the arrival of other settlers, it was found advisable to open a new and better trail to the south.

The Old Indian trail on the wast side was considered too long and rough. So we find the Priests, Wm. Pion, McDougal, and the Laurences, cutting a shorter and easire way to the foot of the Lake, up Cedar Creek, by Shute Lake, and down Shute Creek to the open benches above nine mile Point, where they met the old trail that lead south till it connected with that trail Mr. Dewdney was surveying from Hope, to Wild Horse, in the Kootenays. This trail was known as the Mission, or upper trail, was kept cleared and open by the Government, and was used until quite recently, by travellers on horse-back and on foot. The story of the cattle men, and the farmers, the mills, the store, post office, and shcools, must be told at another time, for I agreed to write a paper, not a book. Also I am none too sure if our President will have room in his report for the half of what I have set down here, as I have tried to tell you of some of the stirring times covering a period of fifty years from 1811 to 1860.

Dear Mr. Norris:

If I am permitted an Irish bull, I can assure you that the next fifty years will be longer.

Sincerely yours,

F. M. B.

THE SETTLEMENT OF ANSE AU SABLE
- - - - -

RIGHTS RESERVED
- - - - -

The hard winter of 1859-60 had a further bearing on the history of the Okanagan Valley, for we find Wm. Pion the pack-master taking his pack horses loaded with food and supplies to the Upper Nicola Valley for the Hudson's Bay Company. Fighting his way through deep snow and intense cold, in the dead of winter, Pion helped to stave off the starvation that threatened a band of Indians there.

This branch of the Nicola tribe had not been fortunate enough to participate in the bounteous distributions of their Chief Chilahichan, who had gathered up a band of one hundred and fifty of his own horses, that he drove from camp to camp through his country, leaving a few at each village to be slaughtered for food. In this way he attempted to save his people from their hunger.

For the part Wm. Pion played in this undertaking, the Colonial Government gave him scrip for a square mile of land. Scrip that he located at Anse au Sable, just east of the present limits of the City of Kelowna. There he built for himself the first house of any pretensions erected in the Valley, raising it on the low ridge that ran south through the six hundred and forty acres that Queen Victoria had given him for his enterprise. The house was built of logs and whip-sawed lumber, and was an outstanding feature in the district commanding a fine position, close to timber and the creek, overlooking the Lake and the flats where Kelowna is today. An ideal place like this where he could winter his pack-horses and where there was abundance of feed and water, assured him of fat stock in the spring, when he took to the trails again. The opening of the Mission Trail to the south brought many travellers up the east side of the Valley, and saved them the necessity of crossing the Lake from Siwash Point, where there was an Indian Village of considerable size on the old Brigade Trail. This village was called Tsin-stik-ep-tin, and the excavations for the old fire pits, that formed the centre of the lodges, can still be seen. If you are lucky you may find a flint arrow point or a smoothing stone as you walk up the path that leads to the higher range past the pits that is all that remains of the Rancherie that acknowledges Pantherhead as its Chief.

In the sixties, travellers on foot crossed by paddling a dugout canoe or on a raft made by lashing the two or three logs together. If mounted the horse swam the mile of water, towed by a lead rope the canoe or raft. Sometimes a horse while in mid-lake would

disappear and the drowning would be attributed to the presence of that ferocious Lake Demon N'ha-a-it-a-ka, lately named Ogoopogo. This monster all Indians fervently believed in and supposed that it lived in a cave at Squally Point near the Island.

A part of the Lake the superstitious natives avoided as much as possible, but offered animal sacrifice to appease the demon and guarantee a safe voyage, if it was found necessary to pass that way. So the east side trail was used more and more as the settlers arrived and the miners moved up and down. Johnny McDougal who had visited these parts since the early forties had retired from the Hudson's Bay Company service. Born at Ft. Garry in 1827 and married in Ft. Kamloops, this man decided to settle here after spending twenty years in coming and going with the pack trains. So he staked his land claim taken over from Ford where Woodlawn and the Guisacheh Ranch is and started trading for furs with the Indians, living there at the head of his clan for many years, his family gaining a high reputation as guides and trappers that has lasted to the present time. To illustrate the family pride a story is told of one of the younger generation who replied when asked if he was a halfbreed, "No sir, I'm a McDougal".

August Calmell and his partner Copee, two French Canadians from Oregon, had settled on the north side of Dry Creek, and gathered a small herd of cattle, to lose most of them for want of feed in the winter of 1863 and 1864, though they used scrapers drawn by horses to clear the snow away so that the starving cattle might get to the grass, so they went into sheep that they drove in from Oregon where Calmell brought in a white wife. A mile further north on the N'co-quill-tack, or creek of warm water, Busherie another miner, staked a land claim near the Rancherie of an Indian called N'Skeuse, close to the Rutland siding. There he started farming and it was this man and his help who, when clearing land for a garden, came upon the ruins of what had once been a large shelter, built of cedar logs, that had been trimmed and cut with iron axes. Although the cedar was buried in four to six inches of loam and earth and was in a badly decayed condition with large trees growing where the structure once stood, the logs still showed the marks of European tools. This ruin was some forty by eighty feet in size and it was thought at the time that it was built to shelter mounted men and their horses, a place where some long forgotten band of explorers had wintered, and may never have returned to their base in the south to report on their adventures in hunting the elusive Eldorado. This ruin was situated under the "Little hill well exposed to the rising sun" that the Priests had written of in their first letter from Anse au Sable. North of this we hear of Lindley who had come down from the mines with a poke full of gold dust that was worth a thousand dollars or more, but it would not buy him food. Provisions were so hard to get that he was starving when he rode into an Indian camp where he was fed and resting when other miners on their way north met him and traded flour and bacon for his horses. Afoot he decided to stay in the Valley, so taking a native girl for his wife, he was married at the Mission, and squatted in the Eklison district where he attempted to grow grain crops and vegetables. His first crop was frozen in July and completely spoiled. The next year the grasshoppers were so bad they cleaned him out, so giving up farming as a bad job he moved away.

Other miners were not so fortunate as Lindley for we bear of two that were waylaid on the Lake shore just north of Kelowna and robbed of the gold they had won by hardship and privation in the Cariboo.

They were on their way to the outside, when they were attacked by an Indian near Knox Point. One man was killed and the other, though badly wounded in the leg, managed to escape by swimming the Lake to Bear Creek, where he was cared for by other Indians camped there. The gold dust and nuggets that was carried in moose hide pokes, was hidden by the murderer at the foot of a white rock that he marked with certain signs, but he never returned to dig the treasure up. This was the death bed confession of an old Indian, that was overheard by another old Indian Enoch, who kept the secret for years. Eventually the story of the murder, robbery, and hiding of the gold was told, but none to my knowledge ever found the cache. When Fr. Pandosy returned from Ft. Hope where he had gone and for mail and supplies in 1862, he was accompanied by August Gillard, and his partner Jules Blondeaux, Francois Ortholand, and others who wished to take up land and settle the country.

Ortholand staked a farm at Benvoulin, and married a Flathead woman, widow of the Yakima Indian that came into the country with Fr. Pandosy. Gillard and Blondeaux staked out the six hundred and forty acres of land, that is now the City of Kelowna, and because August Gillard and his partner played that important part in our history I shall attempt to give a short sketch of the adventures that led up to this event. Gillard and Blondeaux were both from the department de Doubs, France, where Gillard was born in 1825 and where he lived until he was twenty-five years of age, growing into a powerful, tall man of reddish complexion. There he learned the trade of blacksmith. In 1850 he with his partner and hundreds of other Frenchmen sailed for California, enticed by the news of the gold discoveries of that period. Sailing from Marseilles they landed at the Golden Gate after a voyage of six months, on October 20th of the same year. At first Gillard worked at his trade as blacksmith, sharpening picks and shovels for the miners. After a time he took to prospecting on his own account with varying success, and meeting with many adventures.

One occasion when out shooting ducks, he came across an enormous California Grizzly bear "a species now extinct" that weighed 1700 pounds. Loading his shot gun with slugs he went after it and blazing away with the old muzzle loader, wounded the bear badly. The grizzly turned on Gillard who took refuge up a near by tree, but it had received its death wound and after shuffling off a short distance died. This adventure gave Gillard the reputation of a bear killer that clung to him through life.

After spending ten years in California, Gillard and Blondeaux came north when the Fraser River excitement broke out in 1860. They sailed in a Spanish ship that landed them at the mouth of the Fraser, where Gillard and two Spaniards had a set to with the Indians although they had been warned by a priest not to cross the river. One of his companions was killed in the row. Leaving that part of the country he went up the river with his partner and located at Boston Bar where they worked a claim with success.

One day an Indian attempted to shoot Blondeaux who was working at the bottom of their shaft. Gillard who was a very strong man came back to the windlass as the Indian was pointing his gun to get a shot at the trapped Frenchman, and striking him with his fist killed him instantly. They immediately buried the remains in the dump to avoid detection, and decided to leave Boston Bar before the affair became known to the Indians who were hunting for their companion throughout the camp. On reaching Hope they met Fr. Pandosy, and hearing of his new mission and settlement in the Interior started for the Okanagan with the pack train.

Arriving at the Mission, Gillard first worked for August Clamell clearing land and other ranch work, while Blondeaux panned the creeks for gold. Then came a Sunday when Gillard was on a tramp over the benches and down to the Lake. He had his shotgun on his arm, and the ducks on the sloughs were his objective. Crossing the drumlings on Pions place he came to the great open flat that was well covered with long grass and walking over this piece of country decided to stake a farm for himself and partner of 320 acres each. Blondeaux joined the Pion property on the east with his western boundary on Richter Street. Gillard claimed from Richter Street to the Lake, both properties reaching from Bay Avenue in the North to Mill Creek in the South. Gillard then built himself a keek-will house, partly under ground and partly above, at the south end of Ellis Street on the East side. The cabin was a very poor affair, small and smoky, with a mud roof and no floor, door or window. It had a chimney built on a cross pole about four feet from the ground. The pole stood directly across the bunk where one would bump his head if not careful, as was the case of Fred Gillard on the one and only night he stayed in his uncle's cabin.

It is told that some Indians passing this cabin one winter day when the ground was covered with snow, saw smoke coming from the rudely built chimney, and stopped to inquire what sort of person lived there. Gillard hearing the chatter outside his dwelling came crawling up from his dug-out in much the same manner that bear might do, coming out of his den. This thought must have struck the Indians on seeing his reddish whiskers and rough manner, for they called to the others, Kim-ach- Touche, Kim-ach Touche, meaning in their language Brown Bear, Brown Bear, and laughing at their joke, the Indians continued to call Gillard or his place of abode Kim-ach Touche. The settlers in the Valley on hearing the Indians had given Gillard the name of Brown Bear changed it to Grizzley Bear, or Ke-low-na, a name that was easier for a white man to pronounce, and so the name stuck.

When the LeQuimes got possession of the property eventually and surveyed a townsite, they called the place Kelowna, and named the streets and avenues after the old timers who had settled up the country. In 1863 times were very hard with disappointed miners coming out of the mountains and prospectors and trappers roaming the creeks and hills for a grubstake. Blondeaux continued to work the creek bed, while his partner held down the ranch, gathering together a few horses and cattle that brought little or nothing in the way of money, but supplied a neat diet to go with the roots and herbs gathered from the meager gardens, the woods, and the hills. Small plots of grain were planted, and the wheat was boiled, or ground in a small machine of the coffee mill type to make flour. In this manner those early settlers lived off

the country, thanks in many cases to the loyalty and knowledge of their Indian wives who substituted the food for their own people when there was little or no supplies from the outside. At the Mission Fr. Pandosy and Richard were joined by other Priests, including one Fr. Hetue, who died that year and was the first Priest to be buried in the old Catholic cemetery to be followed by Fr. Gendreand and Fr. Pandosy as time went on.

Joseph Christian, who had worked on the Cariboo Wagon road with pick and shovel, was tending bar in Victoria when he met Fr. Pandosy in 63. Hearing of the new settlement in the Okanagan he decided to throw in his lot with the farmers, and came in with the Priests pack-train. He pre-empted land east of McDougal's and north of LeQuimes, who arrived the same year. Here he farmed for a great many years planting an orchard that still bears good fruit and has produced apples that took the first prize in the World Fair competition. To Christian and his wife was the born the first white child in the Valley, April 5th, 1869, who is now Mrs. Duncan Cameron of Lumby.

Eli LeQuime and his wife Louise, like many of our early settlers came from France, by way of California, where he kept store, at or near San Francisco for a number of years. When the Fraser River rush took place they loaded their stock of goods on board ship and sailed for British Columbia. Locating at Ft. Hope, (Strawberry Hill), they made that their home and continued in business there for three years, until the restless spirit of the frontier and the miners lured them into the interior. Next we hear of them journeying over the Hope Mountains following the Dewdney Trail eastward to Rock Creek, then the boom camp of the boundary country. But the Rock Creek excitement was soon over. The pay dirt petered out and the LeQuimes who had sold their merchandise to the miners on credit could not get pay for the goods sold, so lost almost everything they had in the way of this world's possessions. Hearing of the Okanagan Mission from Fr. Pandosy who they had met on several occasions, and who advised them to go into business at his new Mission here, they decided to come to the Lake country and try and retrieve their lost fortunes. Another influence in doubt was the number of California friends and acquaintances already settled here so with these inducements Eli loaded his two white oxen with packs, his wife and family of two boys on top of these and started north for the Mission arriving here in 1863. Mrs. LeQuime being the first white woman in the country. They staked a land claim against that of the Larence, and opened a store and stopping place, keeping the first post office. By 1865 LeQuime had their first pack train of about thirty horses and mules, that made three or four trips each summer over the Hope trail to the outside, hard tedious work for man and beast. Freight handled in this way naturally consisted of the greatest necessities only, and cost \$ per pound to deliver here. For nearly forty years LeQuimes store at the Mission was the commercial hub of this section of the valley. It was here the lonely trapper came to trade his furs, and the miner to change his gold dust for the necessities of life, and often for that which was not so necessary, if all tales are true. Although provisions were hard to get at times, and settlers often did without tea and coffee, whiskey was always plentiful. White men, halfbreeds, and Indians, caroused to their hearts content, gambling and selling their dearest possessions for liquor, with Sunday the big day of the week. The Priests had little or no control over conditions as they were and those who attended Mass in the morning might be roaring

drunk by night. Settlers and miners were coming into the country in greater numbers, and conditions started to improve. Indians came to LeQuime with their furs, to trade for the whiteman's "itkahs" and many interesting incidents could be written of the happenings around the old store.

We hear of the naked native with murder in his heart and a hunting knife in his hand who wiggled and squirmed his way so stealthily that he managed to come within a short distance of Mr. LeQuime, while he was working in the garden, almost at the cost of the storekeeper's life. LeQuime, however, saw the danger in time and with the savage at his heels, he ran for his life to the house where he arrived just in time to slam the heavy door shut on the extended arm of his pursuer, who had struck at him that instant.

I don't know that this was the origin of the expression, "get there Eli" but it seems to me it might have been. However, the highly indignant Eli LeQuime had the door jammed tight on the now helpless Indian's arm, and was calling to his wife to bring him the axe and chop it off. This might teach the rascal a lesson, but the good counsel of Mrs. LeQuime prevailed. This would only start trouble with the tribe, she said, so they let him go.

You see it required a great deal of diplomacy on the part of the white people here at times, to get along peaceably with the Indians, and no doubt the Indians often had good reasons to become angry at the new-comers to their country. But the LeQuimes were looking for trade not trouble, so when the dogs of the Indians who came to trade, chased, worried, and killed Mrs. LeQuime's chickens she did not have them shot or poisoned. No they were fed mashed potatoes with powdered glass.

This had the desired effect, and the Indians after losing some of their best dogs that died in a mysterious manner, decided that some evil spirit dwelt around the Mission store so left their dogs behind them when they went there to trade in future.

Mrs. LeQuime was a large, capable woman, who lived in a rough country in rough times, and is credited with a large heart and many kind deeds. She was physician and surgeon to our frontiers, nursing them through mountain-fever, or setting a broken arm or leg. She attended to one unfortunate, who had been badly mauled in a free for all fight, and had his ear partly chewed off, by cutting away the remainder and dressing the wound.

Eli often told that he arrived in the Valley with only one dollar in his pocket, but it was not long before they had land, horses, and cattle, with money to loan, and he was often referred to as the king of the district by the settlers who traded at his store until 1906 when the stock was moved to their branch in Kelowna. Thier land they sold to the K.L.O. Company, the cattle to Graves of Nicola, and the horses to John Buckland from Manitoba who took east with the horses the little pack mule that was last of the train that had freighted over the Hope Mountains for so many years.

Fred Brent arrived in the Valley to settle in 1865. He came by way of Ft. Colville where he had received his discharge from the

U. S. Cavalry. He had been a scout since 55, and had acted as escort for the miners on their way north through Washington Territory taking part in the stirring times of 1858, and the Indians troubles of that period, and riding with his troupe as far north into B.C. as White Lake on the old Brigade Trail. He worked for a short time with Okanagan Smith at Osoyoos, then coming to the Mission bought out the Parson Bro. who lived at the south end of Duck Lake. He lived at Duck Lake for five years, erecting new buildings, and packed on horse back, whip-sawed lumber from the Railroad, as Oyama was known then. Brent sold this property to George W. Simpson and moved farther south where he bought a farm from August Calmell and his partner Chapee north of Dry Creek, taking possession May 1st, 1870. He farmed this property for thirty years or more erecting the first stone grist mill between the Columbia and Thompson Rivers.

George W. Simpson was born in Philadelphia, U.S.A. and was the son of a Presbyterian Minister who had emigrated to that country from Scotland. California had called young Simpson west, and the Fraser bars north, so he arrived at Victoria 1859 and was one of the fifty men who answered the call of Sir James Douglas when he wanted the Cariboo Trail opened in 1862-3.

Simpson was also associated with the Harper brothers, and followed their herds into the country from Oregon to the Chilcotin and was the first man to introduce breeding cattle into our valley. He made his first home beside Nicoet Girouard in Priest Valley and bought Brent's place at Duck Lake in 1870 where he operated a cattle ranch and an iron flour mill that was run by a water wheel on the nearby creek that was installed by Brent. This mill was later moved to the Simpson Ranch and a sawmill built by the Postill brothers on its original site and run by the same water power, changing the name of this stream to Mill Creek. After selling his Duck Lake property to the Postill brothers and moving further south of the Simpson Ranch, he continued to farm there for a number of years using oxen in preference to horses as work animals in the fields, until his boys grew up and introduced different methods. Simpson was noted as a studious man and a well worn thumb-marked copy of the Bible that he had carried with him over rough trails through rougher camps, marked him as a reader.

Herds of cattle, bands of horses and droves of hogs increased. Fields for hay, grain, and vegetables were fenced, and better houses, stables, and corrals erected. The wives and mothers continued to cook in the open fire-place using a big iron pot with a heavy lid that was buried in the hot ashes when they baked their bread; this was called a Dutch oven. Tin plates, tin cups, broad bladed knives, and three-pronged forks, were the usual table appointments, while the rude farm equipment was made with an axe a draw-knife and an auger. They had wagons whose wheels were sawed from the trunk of a big tree and attached to rough-hewn axles with wooden pins, having hubs and boxings that were made with iron shares attached. A harrow was made from the wide crotch of a tree with wooden or iron teeth driven through it. Sleighs, ox-yokes, and pack-saddles, chairs, tables, bunks, and benches were all worked out of the wood by the handy axemen of that day, who whip-sawed their lumber and dove-tailed their corners and built the chimneys of the houses that made up the settlement.

To the south of us Thomas Ellice is developing Penticton, and N'til-moos-chin in the north, where the Missionaires have built themselves a house, has changed its name to Priests Valley.

By 1870 settlers are still coming into the country, miners following the creeks, and trappers running trap-lines. Thousands of cattle range on our hillsides. The neighbors buy and exchange breeding stock, even to fowl for we hear of young Jos. Brent and his brother taking two hampers of turkeys alive from their ranch to a farmer in the north at the head of the Lake.

These hampers were packed on the back of a cayuse, and delivered by the youngsters without accident, although they were frightened at times when they met with strangers on the trail.

The Harper Bro. of Chilcotin, looking for a market in 1876 drove a thousand six and seven year old steers down the valley on their way to Omaha, Neb., a venture that took a year's trek and cost the owners their fortune. They lost so heavily that they never recovered their expenses. Other drives left for Chicago and were two years on the road. Such was the marketing conditions at that period, for the ever increasing herds of the Interior. The stock men of those days, made a practice of burning off the range from time to time as the Indians had done before them. In this way they developed better pasture for the game and the ever increasing herds that was the stay of the country. Keeping down the scrub pine and fir that Governments of this later day seem so anxious to preserve when they spend large sums of money fighting bush fires, and allow our hill sides and mountain tops to grow up in a jungle of jack pine and scrub where once the bunch grass flourished and was said to wave in the wind like a wheat field.

It is true that the settlers were often subjected to an unpleasant smoke nuisance that at times was so dense that it would hide every living thing from sight. We are told of riders who were unfortunate enough to become separated from their horse for a moment or so and not be able to find them until weeks afterwards when the smoke had cleared away.

As cattle raising was the sole industry of the country at that time, it was the ambition of every youngster who could sit a horse, to be a cow-boy. It was no easy job to take a herd of beef cattle to market, over mountains and through rivers, standing night herd in turn and spending from twelve to fourteen hours a day in the saddle. On the boss of the drive rested the responsibility of getting the herd through to the market without loss to their numbers in such a manner that the cattle would gain weight as they travelled along. The cattle would be headed in the right direction but spread out so that they might graze at the same time, and any puncher who was guilty of hustling the beef, or disturbing their rest while they were bedded down in the heat of the day, would be likely to receive a calling down that would make a brindle steer take notice.

During the Cariboo excitement an enterprising sheep man from Oregon sold four thousand sheep to a dealer in the north country who was to take delivery of the flock at Okanagan Mission. Dry Creek was quite high at the time, so a narrow bridge was constructed for the sheep to cross upon, and be counted at the same time, for the flock had

been sold at so much per head. When all was ready and the sheep started across the bridge, the vendor and the purchaser commenced to count, each having forty pebbles in a hat and for each hundred sheep they counted they would tally by taking out a pebble. When the count was over there was a difference of two hundred sheep. The man from Oregon claimed he had counted four thousand, while the man from Cariboo said he had counted only three thousand, eight hundred. Each claimed that his count was correct and neither would admit to making a mistake. High words soon started to fly and out came the ever ready six-shooter. Fortunately, Mr. Brent arrived on the scene in time to divert a tragedy, and he managed to get matters straightened out, somehow, before there was blood shed.

When the ranchers began to plant grain and potatoes, raising hogs became quite profitable. At first these were made into bacon that was sold as high as seventy-five cents per pound to the miners and incoming settlers. Once a man from Cariboo who must have had more patience than Job ever could have had, bought a band of hogs here in the Mission Valley and drove them on foot all the way to Cariboo. This little jaunt took him all summer.

It was in 1871 that Fred Brent built the first flour mill to grind with stones, that was operated, between the Columbia and the Thompson. The mill stones, iron frame, and hopper, complete was bought in San Francisco, and came by ship to Victoria, where it was re-shipped to Yale, then by freight wagon up the Cariboo road to Savana Ferry where it continued by steam-boat up the Thompson, through the Shuswap Lakes and into the Spallumcheen River as far as Fortune's ranch at Enderby or Belvedere as it was called. At that point Mr. Brent took delivery and brought the mill down the valley on a hand made wooden truck he had borrowed from Nodit Geraware, who was afterwards Priest Valley's first postmaster. Following the road through Round Prairie, Salmon River, Round Lake, and O'Keefe to Okanagan Landing it was loaded into a row-boat also owned by Gerawara and delivered to LeQuime's Landing by an Indian named Nitasket.

When the mill was erected about a mile north of Dry Creek, on the N'co-quil-tack, or creek of warm water, it was driven with an under-shot water wheel that was fabricated on the place.

To Brent's Mill as it was called, the settlers and Indians from up and down the Okanagan Valley came to have their wheat ground into flour. From the West side of the Lake Pentiction, Osoyoos, and the Similkameen, where grain had been grown in small quantities for some years. The wheat was a spring variety, that was sown by hand, cut with a cradle, raked with a home-made wooden rake and bound with own straw by a dexterous twist of the wrist.

The sheaves were then placed on the thrashing floor and tramped out with horses, to be cleaned by tossing in the wind.

Mr. Brent owned the first fanning mill in the settlement and was borrowed by all the neighbors around. Some seasons the wheat was affected by smut, so badly at times that it was necessary to wash and dry the grist before it could be made into good flour.

Then a pack train loaded with the grain and often accompanied by the whole family would wend its way over the mountain up hill and

down to Brent's Mill, at N'Lakwaston, the Valley of mills, as the Indians now called it. Along the banks of the creek near the mill several camps could be seen at one time, while their occupants waited their turn to have their wheat ground. The mill could grind about one ton of wheat in a run of twenty-four hours, making three grades of flour. The miller took as his toll one-third, but the Indians often paid in horses, buckskin or furs.

The mill picks for dressing the stone were sent out to San Francisco to be sharpened and tempered once a year until Henry Scholts came in as blacksmith. At that early date Mr. Brent sent a sample of Okanagan wheat to a great World Fair that was held at Antwerp, Belgium, where he received a diploma for his exhibit. This occasion marks the first of many victories gained by our produce in the outside world. It was about this time that the first water records were applied for and we find that Smithson has taken one out on Mill Creek in 1871. He called it Simpson Creek.

LeQuime took out the first record on Mission Creek in 1873, followed by three Priests in 1874, and Brown on Mill Creek.

In 1872 we had our first Post Office called Okanagan Mission P. O. with Eli LeQuime as Postmaster. The mails were brought up the Carboo wagon road, then to Kamloops, Grand Prairie, and O'Keefe at the Head of the Lake where Okanagan P. O. was opened.

From O'Keefe to LeQuimes at Okanagan Mission the mail was carried on horse back, by one Lawson, who would make the trip down in an afternoon and come galloping abng shouting at the top of his voice as he approached a ranch house, to prepare them for the great event of a monthly mail. The Brents had the contacts from the Mission to Penticton, and the Shuttleworths from Penticton to the boundary. Joe Brent when asked why he always dressed in his best, replied that he had a horror of being found dead in the hills with his old clothes on when on the trip over the mountains with the mail.

It was in 1874 that George Whelan came tramping down the Valley with his blankets on his back looking for an opportunity to work himself into a home.

Hearing someone voicing a monotonous who-haw, long before he could see anyone, he found Simpson ploughing. Asking for work he was informed that the only one around these parts that could supply it was the King, go and see him.

"What do you mean by the King" said the man whose favorite song was Rule Britannia. He was told that Eli LeQuime was King of these parts, so Whelan applied to the Mission store for work, and by and by formed a partnership with John Moore in a trap line that ran from Okanagan Mission to Ft. Shepherd in the Kootenays. This was a profitable venture and after a year or two he pre-empted the land in Ellison where Lindley once tried to grow wheat. He was told he would starve to death on that ranch but proved to the world at large what brains and muscles could do, when directed in the proper channels in this country, and made himself one of the most successful farmers our valley ever knew.

1874 saw further development and and we have a public school

built on the site where Benvoulin School is at the present time with Angus McKenzie as master, and Brent, Christian, and Smithson school trustees. It was known as the Okanagan Mission School, and it was the first in the interior of B. C. south of the Thompson River. The name changed when the Smithson estate, with others, was cut into smaller holdings, and Benvoulin was started but has continued under different teachers and trustees ever since.

Angus McKenzie the first school master was a tall Scotch-Canadian from Pictou County, Nova Scotia. He came walking down the valley in the summer of 1874 with his blankets and school books on his back. At the suggestion no doubt of John Jessop, who was at that time head of British Columbia's Educational Department and who had arranged for this Valley's needs. McKenzie, besides receiving fifty dollars a month as a salary, had his meat, milk, butter, and eggs, as well as firewood, supplied by the settlers free of charge and was visited from time to time by the Priests and others who inspected his methods of teaching. Boys and girls from the Similkameen, Okanagan Falls and the upper end of the valley attended this school, living in the neighbourhood with the different ranchers during the school terms, returning to their homes in the holidays. Shy and backward children we are told were often treated to a big slice of bread and syrup to gain their confidence.

In 1875 we had our first wagon road leading to the outside. That year a contract was let for the construction of the old stage road from the Okanagan Mission to Priest's Valley for the sum of twenty-three thousand dollars, allowing the settlers to deliver their ever increasing tonnage of grain and hogs to the outside markets on wagons. Four horse teams could now haul the farm produce to the steam-boat landing on the Spallumcheen. A stage line was started, running from Spence's Bridge to the Okanagan Mission, that carried mails and passengers, made the round trip once a month. Merchandise was hauled into the valley by freight teams. This was a great boon to the settlers. Machinery, furniture, and other necessities were easier to obtain, and living was made much lighter. In 1876 the first white woman was married at the Mission, when Frank Young was joined in the Holy Bonds of Matrimony to Miss.....

Although some Indian reserves were set aside in 1861-2 it was not until 1877 that the Reserve commission came through this Valley in charge of Mr. O'Riley who made his camp on the west side of the Lake opposite the Mission. The event is well remembered by some of our old timers. Mrs. Socier tells of visiting the camp with her uncle Theodore Laurence, who was sent for to give his opinions and council regarding the Indians, and their lands.

The visit lasted a week, and the Laurence children carried a vivid memory of these important people, as well as presents that the commissioners gave them. At that time the Reserves were laid out much as they are today, with the exception of the country between Trout Creek and Deep Creek, a tract of country that was intended for Indian Commonage, but it was never registered, and eventually thrown open for Settlement.

Dr. G. M. Dawson, the noted geologist came through the same year, following the Allison trail from the Similkameen, and visiting the country to the north. The Allisons had cut this cattle trail up Deep Creek past Chain, and Osprey Lakes to the Similkameen where they

moved from their Sunnyside property opposite the Mission. By this time the mining excitement on Mission Creek was at its height. Settlers and farmers with oxen yoked to the plows were enlarging their fields and meadows. Cattle covered the ranges, and the great events of the year, was the coming of the cattle buyers, in May and September. Then there was great disturbance, men, women, and children, any one who could ride a horse helped to comb the range for beef, when the word came stating the day that the drovers might be expected. Steers sold as low as eighteen and twenty dollars a head but it was the only real money available in most cases. Joe Christian opened a store in opposition to LeQuime but the venture was not successful. Protestant minister visited the valley travelling from ranch to ranch, and a story is told of a time when parson and Priest were journeying through the country together, looking to the welfare of their respective flocks. With only one saddle horse between them, it was their custom each night when in camp to play a game of cards to decide which one would have the privilege of riding it the following day.

Chinese have by this time penetrated the mountain country and May Long Gue with some of his countrymen are washing gravel on Mission Creek. Lum Lock is a young boy doing chores around the ranch houses. His greatest anxiety is to keep his que attached to his head, for the cowboys of that day had peculiar ideas about amusements. It behooved all chinamen to carry a staff, when they moved from place to place that they might ward off the lariat loop that was sure to descend over their heads when they became the butt of cowboy humour. Cowboy heep quick, him thlo lope, catchum chinaman. Chinam cally long stick, swish, Chinaman catches lope, cowboy no catches me, is the way old Lum Lock explained the operation. The Postills are at Duck Lake, Whelan a few miles further down, Simpson south of that, and Campbell on the Rutland side; with Busherie, Brent, Smithson, Pion, Blondeaux, and Gillard as you follow the creek to the Lake. Pandosy is the outstanding figure at the Mission where he taught the natives and young children by means of colored prints, that depicted the Bible stories he would preach about. Some of these picutres are yet to be seen pasted on the long walls of the old buildings, now owned by Dr. DePhyffre.

A story is told of a visit the good man made to an Indian lodge where a chief lay very ill. The relatives in deperation had reverted back to pagonism, and called in a Shaman of their own. The native medicine man used all the tricks of his calling to no avail. Again they turned to the new teachings and called in Fr. Pandosy who scolded the family and did what he could for the sick man, and tried to prepare him for the future life he was about to enter. Taking one of these colored pictures that represented Hell, with all the demons and devils looking their damndest, the Priest pinned it to the wall of the tent where the Indian could view the future home he would occupy if he didn't hold to this Christian teachings. The sick Chief gazed at the picture, and realizing the awful future that was in store for him if he should die at that time, jumped from his couch and with a wild yell disappeared into the bush, where he was found some time later by his people and brought back to stage a speedy recovery, and live for many years a good Christian.

Baptising, marrying, burying, and teaching, healing the sick in body and mind, trying to raise the moral standard of the Indian and hold the white man from debasement and evil. So the work went on at the Mission where a considerable farm and cattle ranch were developed.

In 1882, Cyril Gillard with his family left France to join his brother August in Canada, expecting to reach the Okanagan soon after the ship landed them in America. They found that they had only made half the journey and to make matters worse, Gillard was robbed of his money. This left the family in straitened circumstances so leaving his wife and older children in New York Gillard started for British Columbia with his youngest son Leon. Travelling by way of San Fransisco, Victoria and Ft. Hope, where they arrived in the summer of 1883, to find the LeQuime pack-trains that had waited several days for them, had started for the interior, taking with them the saddle horses that had been brought along for the Gillard family.

With blankets and a little food on his back, and the small boy by the hand, Gillard climbed out into a wilderness inhabited by wild animals and wild men, following the Okanagan pack-trail over mountain streams, up sidehills through dense timber and open meadows. No wonder the boy's feet played out and the father threw away his blankets that he might carry him. At last after three days of tramping and hardships they were hailed by a horseman soon after daylight July 5th. The rider spoke to them in English but they did not understand what he said. The cowboy who was working for LeQuime returned to the camp which was but a short distance from the trail, with the horses and mules he was rounding up, and told Gaston LeQuime who was in charge, that he had seen a man and a boy on the trail going in. He had shouted at them but had received no reply. Gaston immediately decided that these were some of the people he was expecting and sent a horseman after them who spoke French, bringing them back to the camp where they were fed and supplied with horses for the remainder of the journey. Later in the year the Gillard family arrived at Hope where they took the Cariboo stage to Spences' Bridge to find that they must wait several days for the Okanagan stage that made the round trip once a month with passengers and mail. Eventually they arrived here on sleighs with Alex McDonald popping the silk over a four horse team.

1884 saw the erection of a new church at the Mission, built of sawn lumber, with four windows on each side, a belfry, and a chori loft. The glass, hardware and fittings, that could not be made here, were packed in over the trail from the Coast, as was the little bell, that rang faithfully for thirty years, and could be heard for miles on a quiet Sunday morning calling the people to worship, until the building was sold and moved away.

In 1885 LeQuime, who by this time acquired a great deal of land and stock, built a flour mill across the road from the store. This was a stone mill and was driven by a waterwheel with water brought by flume and ditch from Mission Creek. Their store was doing a thriving business. The two bit piece was the smallest coin allowed to stay in circulation, anything smaller was put away as it was tennred, and sent to the outside. Gold dust was weighed in at seventeen dollars an ounce, and furs were taken in exchange for goods. Loggers outfits were there now for they had a sawmill south of the Creek. The store and saloon boasted of a pool-table, and there was a small piano in the settlement. Manufactured implements from the outside took the place of the home-made articles. Mowers, hay-rakes, self-binders, and buggies, were in evidence, and Campbell brought in the first horse power threshing machine. The Canadian Pacific Railway was building their transcontinental line to the north of them, making a good market for all farm and ranch products.

Pandosy had organized a brass band, the first in the Interior, and he rode in company with his Kanaka friend, who was also a musician to practise with the Brent boys and others at the schoolhouse. Social events in the form of dances broke the monotony of the winter work of stock feeding and wood chopping. On these occasions the boys and girls would dance till dawn following the intricate figures of the square dances, then so popular, to the tune of Money Musk, Soldiers Joy, or Turkey in the Straw, played by Joe Brent who did the fiddling. The young people indulged in their love affairs here, as they did the world over. Gossip told of one courtship that was embellished by a duel with fists. It appears that an emigrant from the Snake River Country, Idaho, arrived in the Valley with a grown up daughter. White girls were not very plentiful at that time, and on account of this condition, the father had no difficulty in landing the best jobs with the ranchers. The young fellows dancing attendance at every opportunity the girl offered. When the son of one of the farmers took this damsel buggy riding one afternoon, they met on the road another admirer who was on horseback. The mounted youth pulled up in front of the rig and demanded to know why any other fellow would dare to pay attention to the girl he had been going with. Hot words flew back and forward for some minutes, then the amorous lads tied up their horses and shed their coats. It was a fight to the finish that proved the first young man the victor, so untying his horse he drove off with the prize.

As a rule the people must have been very good natured, for we hear of the road-foreman who travelled to Centreville to collect the tardy wage cheque, due the men who had worked for him that summer, from the Government Agent. He collected, but a poker game at the Victoria Hotel took his fancy, and after dropping his own wages, staked the recently collected money of his friends, hoping to retrieve his own losses. A week passed and the road gang at the Mission became anxious, so sent one of their members to the northern town to find out what had become of the boss. The foreman was found dead broke and trying to muster up enough courage to return home and tell the sad tale. This, of course, had to be done sooner or later, and when the circumstances and provocations were fully explained, the gang agreed that there was nothing else their foreman could have done, and it must have been a mighty good game anyway. Gambling, horse racing, and drinking, were past times that some of the settlers indulged in to their undoing, as was the case of August Gillard with his Four Hundred cattle, fifty horses, and three hundred and twenty acres of land, losing all and dying in poverty in 1898, without fulfilling the wishes of his old sweetheart in France, who wrote to him saying "they would finish their day together if it is as you said in your pleadings".

Blondeaux sold out and returned to France. Pion returned to the Mission after a prolonged visit to Spokane, to find his property in the possession of others, and for some time kept a dairy herd, and grew potatoes, at the springs on the benches above Rutland. In 1883 A. B. Knox bought the Blondeaux property from Arthur Best, and farmed it successfully until he sold to the Company who cut it into town lots and added it to the Kelowna City limits. As a result of the Granite Creek excitement that reached its height in 1885, Peure navigation was introduced on the Lake. The C. P. R. was completed, the last apike driven at Craigilachie. Freight was now brought in from Ducks by wagon to the Mission and O'Keefe's. The miners were flocking to the Similkameen and merchandise must follow. At Store House Point, now Crescent Beach, Summerland, Wood and Rabbit, a shelter for goods had been built. and

Capt. Shorts was operating a rowboat between O'Keefe's and the Point, bringing down freight that was then packed on horses up Trout Creek into the new diggings. It took the best part of three weeks to make the voyage from the Head of the Lake and return in the row-boat, for the Captain was a careful mariner, heading for land at the first sign of a black cloud or puff of wind, remarking to his passengers that Shorts wasn't born to be drowned. The following year he built a larger boat and called it the Mary Victoria Greenhow, installing a coal-oil engine to drive it. This boat was not a success as the fuel which composed most of the cargo, was all used on the down trip of the Maiden Voyage. The power plant was then changed to steam, but finding the Lady Greenhow too small for the business offering, Shorts next built a small steam driven scow that served the Lake traffic until 1891. That year the Captain sold his ranch at Shorts Point and in partnership with Thomas Ellice built the S.S. Penticton that operated until 1894, when it was dismantled and beached at Kelowna where it lay until 1905, and was burned to clear the Lake front near the present aquatic buildings in the park. Meanwhile in the north Priests Valley has changed to Centreville, and eventually in 1890, when the Okanagan Development Company was formed it was named Vernon after the Hon. George Forbes Vernon, Commissioner of Land and Works for B. C., a member of the syndicate. At Centreville in 1885 a Land and Mining record office was opened with Mr. Dewdney in charge.

On the west side of the Lake Clement Vassa was on Bear Creek, Phillips and Armstrong on the Allison place, Sims and Powers had staked Westbank, and Gellatly and Jenkins were on Trepanier.

From Deep Creek to Trout Creek, the land is unoccupied save a lone Indian rancherie on the benches. The best bottom lands are owned and fenced by the old timers throughout the Valley.

Settlers were coming in from the eastern Provinces, and from across the line. Hundreds of men who had helped to build the C.P.R. were looking for locations in the west where they could build themselves a home as their fathers and grandfathers had done before them in the older Provinces. Now we hear of the first settler on Trout Creek and find that a young Canadian from Nova Scotia named Alex. McLennon had been working on the railroad until its completion in 1885. Looking for work he met a Mr. Anderson who advised him to come to Priests Valley. Taking this advice McLennon bought a horse at Kamloops and rode with Anderson who was a store-keeper, into the country where this new friend carried on business.

The following year McLennon with a partner started for the mines at Granite Creek, outfitting at Okanagan Mission, and riding around the foot of the Lake, leading a packhorse, Crossing Trout Creek where they camped for the night, they climbed the benches where West Summerland now is, to find an Indian house well supplied with potatoes and dried fish, and a hay stack beside a stable. Putting their horses up, they cooked themselves a good meal and decided to have a look around. The next day McLennon followed the little creek to Prairie Valley and coming back told his partner that he had discovered a pretty little valley hidden in the hills and thought seriously of staking out a farm.

This information was met with arguments that were meant to

discourage him of any land locating, but taking his horse the next day he rode over the country again and returning to camp decided to stay. After planting his stakes and posting the necessary notice, he rode to Priests Valley accompanied by his partner as far as the Phillips and Armstrong Ranch where they parted company, McLennon riding through and completing his location papers with Mr. Dewdney. Back to Trout Creek went this pioneer and started to erect a cabin on the south side of the little creek. Across the creek from him there was a camp of Indians who were chasing wild horses. They appeared very sullen and unfriendly, but after a few days one, George Shuttleworth, came over and enquired what he was doing. McLennon replied that he had taken up this land and was building a cabin according to regulations. Shuttleworth told him that he was trespassing on Indian Reserve, that all the land between Trout Creek and Deep Creek was set aside as reservation. McLennon said that he didn't want the land if that was the case, but would finish the cabin, which he did. He went back to Priest Valley and interviewed Mr. Dewdney who told him that Indians, like white men, were prone to bluff, that the land was for settlement, and that the Government would stand behind him. So back to Trout Creek he went, and settled without any further interference, and was followed into the district by Tom Woods, Gattrell, and others. But it so happened that when the Reserves were set aside, the country between the two had been laid out as commonage, though never registered. Brought to the attention of the Government, it was found necessary to re-locate and the land was thrown open for settlement again on April 30th, 1900.

This was an opportunity for claim jumping, and part of the Trout Creek flats was staked by Tom Ellice the day before the opening date. Riding all night that he might be at the Government Office on the morning of the opening day, Ellice filed his claim papers on the property.

This act of Ellice's caused a lot of hard feelings. Some of the settlers agreed to defend the rights of the original pre-emptors with their guns if necessary. However, the Hon. G. F. Vernon in his capacity as Minister of Lands, refused Mr. Ellice's claim and the properties reverted to their first owners. A petition was then circulated throughout the whole Valley, begging the Government to hold all the land between the Trout Creek and Deep Creek for settlement only, and not leave it open for purchase. And that I believe was arranged.

Mr. McLennon sold his farm to the Summerland Development Company and moved to a new property close to the Ferry wharf opposite Kelowna. 1892 sees the Shuswap and Okanagan Railroad completed from Sicamous to Okanagan Landing. Vernon has come into existence, and there are freight and passenger steam-boats on the Lake. McKay had bought several of the old ranchers out and started a village at Benvoulin, where he cut the property into forty acre lots. Lord Aberdeen was operating the Guisachen and LeQuime Bro. who had acquired the August Gillard property, and had surveyed out a townsite that they call Kelowna after the old Bear killer who first staked it. They built a saw mill, and a cook and bunk house, that was known as the Grand Pacific Hotel, a building that is still in use. Passengers, freight, and mails, now arrived three times a week by boat and stage. Produce was finding an easier channel to the markets outside. Dan Nichols was the blacksmith at LeQuimes; Crosier the miller; Fred Brent a J. P., with a Sookum house at the Rutland corner.

At the Mission events were travelling along smoothly, Fr. Pandosy was aging. With greying beard, he continued to go bare-footed and bare-headed in summer, and travelled the mountain trails as his spiritual or medical duties called him at all seasons without complaint. For thirty years he had attended to the ills of the body, cultivated the minds, and pleaded for the spiritual development of his flock, whites and Indians alike.

Early in 1891 Pandosy received a call from the Similkameen. The snow lay deep and soft in the mountains when he started on his journey, accompanied by Donald McLean, from Okanagan Falls. They reached Keremeos, where the Priest married a couple from Princeton, who met him there. But Pandosy had caught a severe cold from exposure and fatigue on the way over the mountains. The wet snow had chilled the traveller to the bone. It was much too hard a ride for one so old, and McLean begged him not to continue the home journey, but the good Priest was bound to keep on, considering duty before bodily comforts.

On the return trip Pandosy was taken seriously ill at Penticton. The Chief Francois took him to his cabin where everything was done to relieve his suffering, but in a few hours the venerable Priest breathed his last in the arms of his old Indian friend. Mr. Ellice was notified and he had the body sent in state on the S.S. Penticton to the Mission, where it was laid away in the little graveyard beside the Church where Pandosy had laboured so long and so faithfully. It was with sincere mourning that the settlers turned out that February day to pay their last respects to one who was loved and honoured by all, regardless of faith or creed.

Although his grave is not marked by slab or monument, and no one knows its exact location, the name Pandosy will remain prominent with us in Kelowna as long as we have our streets. But that seems hardly enough for one who played such a distinguished and outstanding part in.

THE SETTLEMENT OF ANSE AU SABLE.