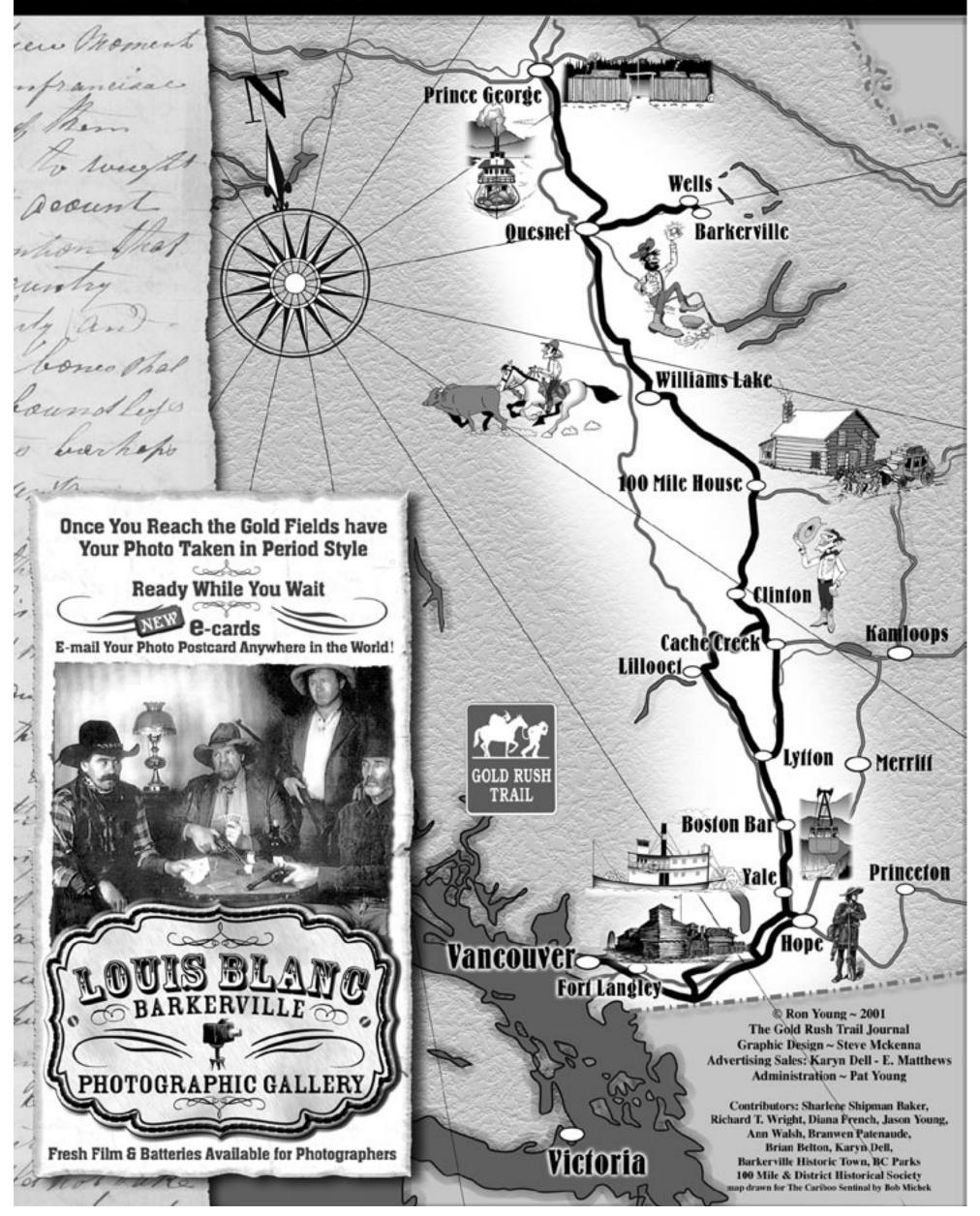


CARIBOO CHILCOTIN COAST

SUPER, NATURAL

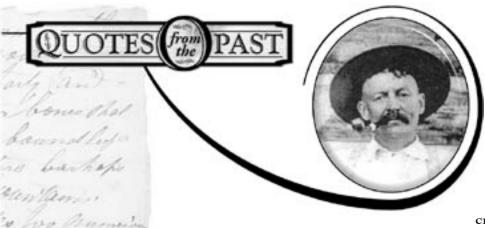
BRITISH COLUMBIA®



I them ina







The Cariboo Waggon Road, built under the direction of Governor Douglas, was an engineering marvel carved by hand and horse out of violent canyons and virgin forest, from Yale to the goldfields of Barkerville. It became the backbone of the newborn colony and her construction very nearly broke the back of the colonial treasury.

Today and old ones have grown larger or crumbled away altogether, yet the original route,

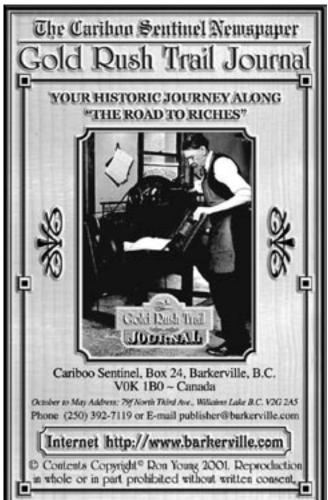
charted by Royal Engineers and constructed by civilian road crews, remains remarkably intact. It is a vital link to a time only recently faded from our memories; an era you can still travel to given a little imagination and time to explore.

An English traveler and would-be miner, W. Champness described an illustrative scene in 1862:

On our way hither from the ferry we witnessed a curious spectacle. Some men were engaged in blasting the rocks beneath a tremendous precipice, for a continuation of the new waggon route on level ground, instead of the present trail over the lofty mountain, two thousand feet above them. Whilst we were watching the work awhile, we heard a rushing noise and, looking up, saw a large body coming down headlong from the elevated trail. It proved to be a splendid mule, which had made a false step and so fallen headlong. Of course the poor beast was killed instantaneously. A small encampment of Indians nearby immediately came hastening in to secure the tempting prize as a feast. Men and women, with papooses, all clustered around the carcass, which they speedily cut up and carried off in pieces. Their delight found expression in loud cries of "Muck-muck," i. e., something good to eat. They cook the flesh by holding it on a stick over a fire, warm the outside a little, and then greedily devour and gnaw it, as dogs with a bone.

The blasting party engaged here consisted of twenty five or thirty miners, all of whom had been to Cariboo, but had re-turned down country, disappointed. Yet so thoroughly convinced were they of the existence of a large quantity of the precious metal at the diggings, that all were resolved to try their success once more next spring. They declared "the gold is there, sure enough; and we're bound to have some of it before we go home." Several of them had already secured claims at the mines, which they worked on till the rain and frost compelled their abandonment for the season; but they looked forward with confidence to the resumption of operations there. We heartily wished them success, for they were a fine lot of men, true Britons to the core, bold as lions, and almost as hardy and weather-proof as the rocks they were now quarrying.

We had seen a spot where about twelve wretched Indians had been buried by some of the settlers in the neighbourhood. All had been seized with smallpox, and, immediately on the appearance of the disease amongst them, their fellow-countrymen had abandoned them to their inevitable fate. The dread of disease by the Indians far surpasses their fear of violent or sudden death...



Disclaimer: Readers please note that many of the articles published in the Gold Rush Trail Journal are taken from much older periodicals and original documents and may reflect views concerning race, gender, financial status, height, weight, origin &c. that were widely held at that time but do not necessarily represent the opinions of the publisher nor staff of the Gold Rush Trail Journal. The editorial staff has made the decision to retain in all instances the original text and meaning of these articles in order that the Journal may be a window on our heritage rather than a filter. In this context, we hope that you enjoy the paper and learn something from reading it.



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Bringing the Trail to Life





JOHN JESSOP: Overlander ~ Adventurer

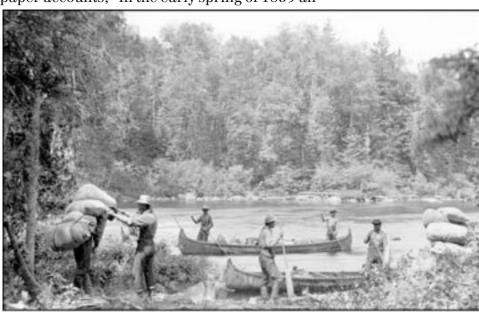
from "This Hard Land" by Richard Thomas Wright

28 days, over 49 por-

ohn Jessop was heading west, submitting to his spring restlessness and the scent of adventure in the wildly circulating reports of the "golden sands and almost fabulous wealth on the banks of the Fraser River." He was 29 years old and for the past four years had taught school in Whitby, Canada West. It was time for a change. If there was no gold out there, there would be something else. And so, as he later wrote in newspaper accounts, "In the early spring of 1859 an

adventurer passed over the partly ballasted Northern Railroad from Toronto to Collingwood, with knapsack, Bowie knife and revolver, and took passage on board a small iron steamer called the Rescue, on her first trip to the head of Lake Superior."

The late 1850s were turbulent times for the colonies destined to become Canada. Newspapers wrote of the west, the fur trade and the new west coast British Island and Columbia. When gold was found on the Fraser of the Fraser River." River in 1858, British'



areas of Rupert's land This cance party on the Canadian Shield is similar to the one Jessop travelled with in 1859

colonies of Vancouver's 66 golden sands and almost fabulous wealth on the banks

Columbia became more than a fur empire. Merchants, politicians and American and British expansionists alike saw the need and desirability of a route linking this rich area with the populated eastern townships. There was talk of a confederation of settlements and colonies. The Pacific outposts suddenly had importance, and to those willing to make the journey and the sacrifices they offered a new life. To a young school teacher the lure was irresistible. John Jessop headed west.

John Jessop was born in Norwich, England, June 29, 1829, and emigrated to Canada with his parents in 1846. They immigrated as ballast, crammed into the holds of timber ships that would otherwise return empty. For the first few years young Jessop worked at lumbering, printing and journalism. In 1853 he enrolled in Ryerson's new Normal School in Toronto, graduating in 1855 with a First Class Certificate. He then taught school in Whitby for four years.

Resigning his position in 1859, Jessop joined the several hundred men who, over the next few years, crossed Canada by land to British Columbia. These men shunned the long, expensive sea voyage and headed west directly, earning the name "Overlander". British Imperialist Jessop went them one better. He tackled the route of fur brigades and solitary plainsmen across the Canadian Shield and the southern plains, avoiding the easier route through St. Paul, Minnesota, to Fort Garry. Jessop chose "...a route on British soil, between the eastern and western colonies of the empire."

Jessop's land journey began prematurely when he and his six companions had to disembark the Rescue on the ice of Lake Superior some distance offshore at Fort William. They purchased provisions for a five-week journey and a North canoe, hired a half-breed guide and an Indian steersman—and then waited three weeks for the ice to break

From Fort William they took the Kam-Dog Route over the formidable Hauteur de Terre, the Height of Land, from where streams flowed west into the frontier. Their route, plagued by clouds of black flies and mosquitoes, took them through the heart of what is now Quetico Provincial Park. Midway, provisions ran out and Jessop realized their planning had been optimistic. Then on one of the many fatiguing portages, they found a sack of peas dropped by the fur brigade. "Pea soup," Jessop noted, "was a cuisine that can hardly be recommended as a permanency."

The fur posts of the Shield were also short of provisions, so short, in fact, they were unable to feed the transients. So with only a few fish from an Indian band they paddled on empty stomachs down Rainy River through the intricate Lake of the Woods course into the rapid-filled Winnipeg River. They reached Fort Garry on June 13, after two months of travel, paddling for

ing a different route. tages, accompanied by "Turn-back" Nobles a hunger approaching starvation. Their advenreturned to St. Paul. ture had just begun. This left 20 men spread over thou-At this same time sands of miles of prai-"The Fraser River Gold rie, each trying to find the easiest and fastest route west. North of the 49th

parallel the choice of land routes was limited to two. The newly-born Carlton Trail swung through the Northern Parkland, linking Forts Garry, Ellice, Carlton and Edmonton.was a long route, and the HBC forts offered few provi-

groups, each choos-



Jessop wrote, "On one occasion two buffaloes were killed about half a mile from camp in...the

66 At daylight not an ounce of flesh was to be found, while thoroughly picked bones were scattered over an acre or two of ground."

sions, but it was well traveled and relatively

The alternative was a southern route along the South Saskatchewan and Belly rivers through buffalo country frequented by nomadic Sioux and unpredictable Blackfeet. This was shorter, with buffalo for ready meat, but it was unmarked, untraveled and dangerous.

At Fort Ellice, 240 miles west of Fort Garry, Jessop and Duff met and joined a Nobles expedition splinter group, the Moulton or Bovine party, who in heading for Fort Union on the Missouri River had swung too far north around the Missouri Couteau. The eight men decided on the southern route.

Marching west at 15 to 30 miles a day, they wandered through vast herds of buffalo. "Not a clear day passed without seeing from ten or a dozen to as many thousands or more of these noble animals," Jessop wrote. They walked through a time and wilderness that was never again to be seen. It was an enviable era for adventurers. There was beauty, and there was grandeur, yet often these were lost in the struggle of the moment. Their Sharps rifles provided them with tender heifers, and there were

evening and left with the intention of taking what was needed of them next morning. The dead animals, however, brought hundreds of those prairie scavengers from all points...and the pandemonium thus created can scarcely be imagined. At daylight not an ounce of flesh was to be found, while thoroughly picked bones were scattered over an acre or two of ground."

The consistent meat diet brought on sore gums and lymph glands, the early symptoms of scurvy. Water scarce and often too alkaline to drink. Rainwater was important for drinking, yet soaked the buffalo chips that provided fuel on the treeless plains. The grass was parched, and huge sweeping fires, often started by natives to drive buffalo or hamper white parties, had scoured vast areas. The horses weakened and died.

Past the Qu'Appelle & Saskatchewan rivers the party lost track of where they were. Was the river they followed the Bow or the Belly? How far to the mountains? Would the remaining stock last? Jessop felt a growing urgency to be further along.

JESSOP CONT. ON PAGE 6

Hunting and Saskatchewan Exploring Expedition" was underway from St. Paul, Minnesota. The expedition's name suggests its diversity of interests. Under the leadership of Colonel William Nobles its purpose was to locate a route west benefiting the expansionist minded merchants of Minnesota. Their route was to be north through Fort Garry and west onto the plains.

Jessop heard rumors of the Nobles group and planned to join them for protection against Indian attacks, but at Fort Garry his party found that the "...Fraser River seemed infinitely further off than at the mouth of the Kaministikwia." The intimidating expanse of the plains frightened off all but Elijah Duff, a 36-yearold ex British Army officer of Belleville, and John Jessop. When six weeks passed with no sign of Nobles, Jessop and Duff grew impatient. Disregarding trouble with the Sioux and ignoring "...the foolhardiness of this undertaking..." they purchased a well-used Indian pony and a Red River cart and headed west, without a guide, on July 23.

Nobles was indeed late. Plagued with breakdowns, poor planning and weak leadership the expedition fractured into four





SThe Halpenny Letters &

The Gold Rush Trail Journal has come across an incredible set of twelve letters written by Overlander Joseph T. Halpenny between 1862 and 1870. The letters were recently discovered by Sharlene Shipman Baker among the papers of a recently deceased relative. Mrs. Shipman Baker contacted us just prior to publication of the Journal and we are very pleased to have the opportunity to present these exerpts. The length of the letters prohibit full publication in the Journal however, the complete transcripts are available on our website at www.barkerville.com/letters.

Mrs. Shipman Baker has done an admirable job of transcribing the J. T. Halpenny letters which are in some cases nearly completely illegible. We thank her and her family for preserving these rare documents which give an empathetic and sometimes startling look into the life of a young man, who left his home and family far behind in search of the glory and riches of a goldrush.

We present here the first letter written in July of 1862.

In the "Quotes From The P<mark>ast" series on</mark> the following pages you can read exerpts from other letters in the collection.

Edmington House July 26, 1862 Dear Friends

Another oportunity has arived by which I can send you a fiew lines and it is my cincere hope that thay may find you enjoying the blessings of health which is one of the gratest blessings. I have never been in better health in my life thanks be to the Father of the wandrer for all his mercies to me. I can say to day his ways is pleasantness and all his paths are peace. Though I am now more than 3000 miles from my native land in the wilds of the Hudson Bay territory a land ... with dangers ... every tribe on earth in time of war amongst 2 tribes the black feet and the Crees yet I am lead home again to the class room amongst Parents and Friends by a sermon From the Rev. Thos. Woosley a Weslean Misionary who has spent 7 years teaching the wild and all most untamable Indians. He after service he brought 4 brethren or so to his bead room we being the onley 5 out of 150 belonging to his church. Though fiew in number we ware nevertheless hartly and kindley receved by him and gave us the privilage of ocuping his rudly con-



structed and humble room in which I now ocupie a seat while I endeavor to wright to those in my one native land.

66 (there are) not less than one hundred and fifty dogs at each fort. It is a general thing to asemble to gether and have a feast on dogs flesh."

He has taken our

names to report in the Christian Gardian. He tells us of his travels through the Indians during his 7 years abode amongst them. Dangers seen and un seen, perils by day and knight. Dangers which I have not space to pen to you but when I return to my one native land I shal relate to your astonishment. He preachs this evening on the campground .

I will now tel you the form which we adopted to travel ... (we number) about 150, every 2 provided their selves with one oxe

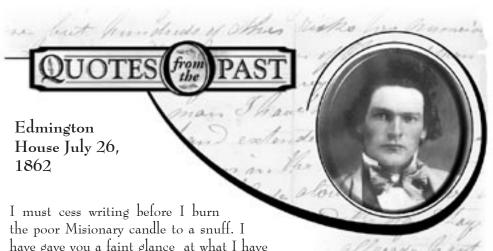
"HALPENNY LETTERS" CONTINUED ON PAGE 18











have gave you a faint glance at what I have saw for the past three months nor space will not admit me to go further though I ... would wright un till morning for while I write I fance I am in my own native land telling to a tender mother or a kind Father or a loving sister or some of my youth full companions to which to be remembered and tell them if I shall never meet them on earth I shal meet them in the land of the pure and holey whare the gold shal never rust and the wearey are at rest

we pased over battle ground recently fought trampled over the graves allso ... across the disputed ground camped among the indians I presented a chief my knife which he received and gave me his in return they are astonished when they see my sword

Joseph T. Halpenny

Jessop ... CONT. FROM PG. 4

On September 15, six weeks out of Fort Ellice with the cold winds of autumn sweeping in, they finally sighted the Rockies. It was a view to last a lifetime. Though they appeared close enough to touch, it took 10 days of wading through numbing streams and crossing hindering ravines to reach the foothills. Now the impenetrable wall of rock loomed above them.

Somehow they had expected the pass to be more accessible. But there were no trails or signposts, just the grass behind and the mountains in front. The gold seekers were looking for a way to survive.

They spread out to search for a trail, and one man swam the river they were camped beside and headed for the mountains. Suddenly he was surprised by mounted Blackfeet. Quickly summarizing his party's position—three horses left and winter setting in-he decided not to fight or elude them. Fortunately so, for these Blackfeet were in a friendly mood and offered help.

"This cavalcade of tattered and dilapidated whites, and well-dressed and splendidly mounted and stalwart Blackfeet," JESSOP CONT. ON PAGE 13

> The CD & companion book (Castles in the Air) are available in Barkerville &

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THE FOUNTAIN OF FOUNTAIN HOUSE AN EARLY WINERY IN LILLOOET

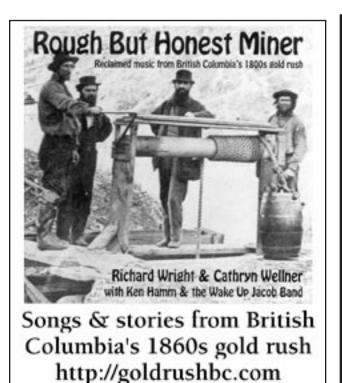
An area known as the Fountain, eight miles northeast of Lillooet, became an important supply centre for miners in 1858. Situated on a high, grassy terrace above the Fraser River, it was named by French Canadians for the natural springs that came bubbling up out of the ground, turning the semi-arid terraces into an oasis of highly productive land.

In view of these natural advantages an Italian, Lorenzo Latora, was the first to pre-empt land in the area, where he started a farm and opened a roadhouse. Latora imported grape cuttings from Italy and sponsored three of his countrymen to establish his vineyard, The grapes made a delicious wine, which was served at the roadhouse. Dried grapes (raisins) were purchased by the miners to take with them on the trail. Latora remained at the Fountain until his death in 1888. His obituary in Victoria's Colonist read: "Owner of one of the finest farms in the region, his hospitality was unbounded." The site of Latora's farm is now Native reserve land.

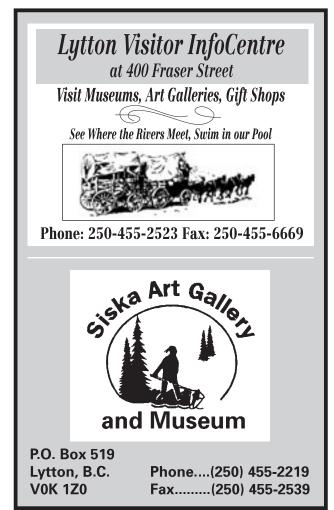
from ~ Golden Nuggets by Branwen Patenaude

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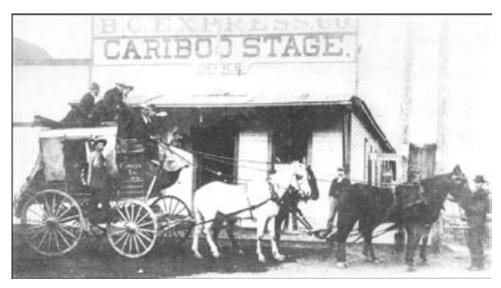
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ASHCROFT

"From above, to begin with God's point of view, Ashcroft looks like a portion of His model railroad. It's a toy town, a cluster of little rectangular buildings and peaked roofed houses set in a little river valley under a perfect sun. All around worn down hills rise up and roll away, looking like they're made of paper maché. The river meanders through the middle of this picture – with railroad tracks on either side running away to the north and the south." (From Bittersweet Oasis, A History of Ashcroft, by Brian Belton.)

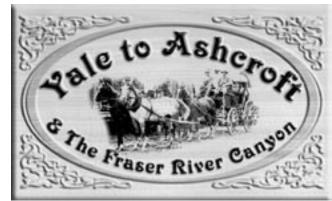


ince the 1860's, Ashcroft has been a key player in the growth of British Columbia. The name comes from the ranch named after the English home of the district's most distinguished citizen, Lieutenant-Governor Clement Cornwall. His home, Ashcroft Manor, still stands on the Trans-Canada Highway above the town.

Although it was the promise of gold that first brought people to what is now Ashcroft, many soon discovered an alternative to actually having to dig to find it – providing services to those who did. Ashcroft became a transportation centre; the home of Barnard's Express, the famous stage line second in size only to Wells Fargo. The "BX" headquarters building still stands on Railway Avenue. The railroad brought goods from the east and the west, and the BX served the Cariboo gold rush.

The railroads, once completed, left behind a thousand Chinese workers who discovered that if you add water to the hot, rich soil around Ashcroft, you can grow almost anything. The area became famous for potato and tomato growing and processing.

From ranching to transportation to farming and then to mining, Ashcroft has a rich history that can be relived in the excellent museum and the "Walk Through Time" heritage park located in the middle of town. Many of the buildings of the gold rush are still being used and can be seen in this delightful little oasis by the Thompson River.



TUK TUK CHIM A TOWN OF MANY NAMES

A mere 10 kilometres south of Cache Creek, nestled in a picturesque valley, is the historic valley of Ashcroft. Originally know as "Tuk Tuk Chim" by local native Indians, the early pioneers in the area called the place "Harpers Mill." After that the town was named "Barnes Station" and "St. Cloud" until 1862 when the Cornwall brothers established the "Ashcroft Ranch" on the site where the historic Ashcroft Manor is located.

The town across the river was first settled by a pair of prospectors, E.W. Brink and J.C. Barnes, who homesteaded 300 acres between then in 1860. The two men cultivated the hay and potatoes that went to supply the farmers and ranchers along the Thompson and Bonaparte Rivers.

In 1884 the Canadian Pacific Railway established a supply depot in the town for freight heading north to the miners. Ashcroft was also called the "gateway to the Cariboo" and was the headquarters of on of the largest stage and freight lines in the province, the B.X. Express.

As the town of Ashcroft grew so did the Chinese community. The settlers in and near Ashcroft relied on the on the merchandise found in the store built and operated by these courageous people. A devastating fire raced through the town of Ashcroft on July 15, 1916, destroying over five blocks. The entire Chinatown area was destroyed by the fire, which is said to have started in the Ashcroft Hotel.

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KENTUCKY CANNIBAL IN CARIBOO

A STORY OF THE KILLER, BOONE HELM

Jason Young

Never before in the history of colony of British Columbia had such a viscious and depraved badman, in the character of one Boone Helm, travelled amongst us. Having killed, robbed, cheated and even eaten so many of his honest brethren that it is doubtful whether even he, could have given an accurate account of his crimes; still, he escaped the laws of two countries over a period of some that lives on to this day. twenty years and left a legacy of infamy

central Caribo Cache Creek to Fort

orn in Kentucky in 1828, Boone moved with his parents to one of the newest settlements in Missouri

66 urging his horse up the stairs into the court-room, (Helm) astonished the judge by demanding with profane emphasis what he wanted ...

when he was very young. The rough pursuits of border life were congenial to his tastes and, as a young man, he became known for his great physical strength and his rowdy-

ism. He delighted in nothing more than any quarrel which would bring his prowess into full display. He was also an inordinate consumer of liquor, and when thus excited would give way to all the evil passions of nature. On one occasion, while the circuit court was in session, the sheriff attempted to arrest him. Helm resisted the officer, but urging his horse up the stairs into the courtroom, astonished the judge by demanding with profane emphasis what he wanted with him.

Boone determined to emigrate either to Texas or California. Littlebury Shoot, a neighbour and friend had promised to accompany him. By some accounts, Shoot had made the promise to a drunken Helm with intent of pacification. When Helm heard that his friend was intending to stay in Missouri he called upon his friend's house and an exchange of this sort took place:—

"So Littlebury, you've backed down on the Texas question, have you?" Shoot, attempting an explanation was stopped by the preemptory demand:— "Well, are you going or not? Say yes or no." "No!"

At the utterance of this reply, Helm dissolved the brief partnership with a bowie knife between the ribs. Shoot died instantly and Boone fled West.

The brother of the victim and a few resolute friends followed in pursuit. They tracked him for a distance before capturing him by surprise at an Indian reservation and returning him to Monroe county for trial. He was convicted of murder; but his conduct was such while in confinement as to raise some serious doubts of his sanity. In the words of the court, "His manner was not only unbecoming but unbalanced."

After his conviction, under the advice of physicians, he was consigned to the lunatic asylum

from which he eventually escaped and fled immediately to

California.

Helm killed several persons then in 1858 escaped arrest by flight to the Dalles, Oregon Territory.

Late in October Boone and several companions left Grande Ronde river for Camp Floyd. A first hand narrative of this

66 I had crossed the Snake river just above Fort Hall, pitched my lodge and was entering to indulge in a brief sleep, when I heard some one outside ask in a loud tone of voice, "Who owns this shebang?" Stepping to the door and looking out, I saw a tall, cadaverous, sunken-eyed man standing over me, dressed in a dirty, dilapidated coat and shirt and drawers, and moccasins so worn that they could scarcely be tied to his feet."

adventure was detailed by John W. Powell who unwittingly saved the scoundrel's life near the end of his journey:-

"...on the 10th of April, 1859... I had crossed the Snake river just above Fort Hall, pitched my lodge and was entering to indulge in a brief CANNIBAL ... CONTINUED ON PAGE 12 sleep, when I heard some one outside ask in a loud tone









Antoine Minnabarriet brought cattle

Spences

from his Oregon holdings to his Basque Ranch operation near

Bridge

Cornwall established

the Ashcroft Ranch

Clement and Henry

further along.

THE GREEN GOLD OF THE CARIBOO

the FIRST CATTLE RANCH IN WESTERN CANADA?

Trom Cache Creek north to Quesnel, Highway 97 passes through the grasslands that are the Cariboo Road. It is now an historic site. Innkeeper green gold of the Cariboo, grasslands that have been raising beef cattle since the first days of the Gold Rush.

Along with leaving thousands of miners with no prospects, the end of the California gold rush left ranchers in the northwestern United States with no market for their beef. The Cariboo Gold Rush came along just in time for all of them. The first boatload of California prospectors arrived in Victoria in April, 1858. The first herd of Oregon cattle crossed the border at Osoyoos two months later.

General Joel Palmer, a veteran of California beef drives, trailed that first herd to the BC goldfields. Travelling with cattle, cowboys, and oxen-drawn wagons carrying supplies, his crew spent two rough months on the treacherous trail. Palmer sold the oxen and supplies at Fort Kamloops, and the cattle to meat- hungry miners prospecting along the Fraser River.

For the next few years there was a steady stream of cattle coming into the country. Drovers bought the cattle for \$10 a head and paid \$2 duty for each at the border. Riders wages were \$30 a month plus grub (sow belly, beans, and bannock). The cattle ate free, and were sold for \$100 to \$150 dollars each at the gold fields. Most stockman made more money on one cattle drive than many miners made during the entire gold rush.

Drovers bought cattle in the US in the fall when prices were low, crossed the border, and wintered the herds on the lush grass-clad slopes around Cache Creek, Kamloops, and the Nicola Valley. A man or two stayed with the herd. The owners returned in spring and the drive continued on its way.

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Heading home with gold in their pockets, drovers were fair game for thieves. On his first trip to Barkerville, Ben Snipes, age 22, was paid \$50,000 in gold dust for his herd. Warned of robbers, he left town at night. Riding a mule, not the speediest of beasts, and travelling only in darkness, he made the 1120km trip home to Washington in seven days with the gold intact.

Jerome and Thaddeus Harper were among the first drovers to realize the grassy slopes were ideal for raising beef. They acquired property early on and their holdings grew into the legendary Gang Ranch, once one of the largest cattle operations in Canada. In 1863 they joined forces with the three von Volkenburgh brothers who owned slaughter houses, and the partners controlled the BC cattle market for the next twenty years. A typical Harper drive would be 500 steers, 50 cows and as many horses, all to be sold. They pastured the cattle and drove them to the slaughter houses as needed. Barkerville residents alone consumed around 1400 head of cattle a year.

The colonial government encouraged settlers with a generous lease system and laws which ensured the least possible interference in ranch affairs. By the mid-1860s ranches were strung like beads along the travelled routes to the gold fields. Some of the first holdings were no more than a good garden plot but that was big enough. One fellow at Soda Creek sold a crop of turnips for

Pennsylvania prospector Peter C. Dunlevy, the first to make a stake in the Cariboo gold fields, used his money to build roadhouses and later a huge farm near the boom town of Soda Creek. Other ranches developed in combination with roadhouses. Herman Bowe's Alkali Lake Ranch, believed to be the first beef operation in western Canada, began as a roadside inn on the Fraser River trail. Hudson's Bay Company factor Donald McLean (later killed in the Chilcotin War) set up the Hat Creek Ranch and stopping place by the

By 1870 Cariboo gold rush was all but over, and the ranchers had little local market for their product. Most of them hadeverything owned they invested in the land, and they had put down roots, so they stayed. Villages had grown up around most of the spreads -- some of the big ranches, like the Gang and Douglas Lake, were villages all on their own. The cattlemen adapted with the times built the country. Their descendants continue to do so.

Raising cattle is a sustainable industry, ranches established during the gold rush are still in operation. A few, like the Dougherty ranch near Clinton, and the Moffat ranch near Quesnel, are operated today by the fourth generation of the original families.

contributed by Diana French



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WILLIAMS LAKE

ORIGINALLY A SECWEPEMC VILLAGE - NAMED AFTER CHIEF WILLIAM

The city of Williams Lake began as a Secwepemc village, located at the northeastern end of a lake where a number of trading trails met. During the fur trading years, these trails were used by the fur brigades travelling between Fort Alexandria and the Hudson's Bay's southern trading posts. The name came about after Roman Catholic Bishop Modeste Demers visited the village in 1852 and his reports refer to "Chief William." Thereafter the lake was called Williams Lake.

When gold was discovered in the Cariboo, prospectors poured like ants along the brigade trails heading for the goldfields. Thomas Davidson established the first farm, roadhouse and store in Williams Lake in 1859 and the next year Gold Commissioner Phillip Nind chose the settlement as his headquarters. A year later, Tom Menefee, one of the first to strike gold in the Cariboo, bought the Davidson holdings. By 1862, when construction of the Cariboo Road began, Williams Lake was well on its way to becoming the distribution centre for the Cariboo.

Gustavus Wright and John C. Calbreath won the contact to build the road between Lillooet and Soda Creek. Williams Lake was to be on the route but when the contractors needed money and Menefee refused to lend them any, they rerouted the road, bypassing the village. Nind and everyone else left for Barkerville, except Nind's assistant, Constable William Pinchbeck. Pinchbeck and partner William Lyne acquired most of the land in the valley, established an Upper and a Lower farm where they raised meat, produce and prize winning wheat for sale to the miners. They had a sawmill, a gristmill and a distillery where they made White Wheat Whiskey.

In 1888, Pinchbeck borrowed money from Gang Ranch to buy out Lyne, but times were hard and he died in 1893 before he could replay the loan. He was buried in what is now Pinchbeck Park by the Stampede Grounds.

Robert Borland bought the property and operated a roadhouse at the Lower House and leased the Upper House land to Chilcotin pioneer Mike Minton. The two farms slumbered along until the Pacific Great Eastern Railway arrived in 1919 and Williams Lake was reborn as a major cattle shipping point. The Borland wheat field became an instant town as entrepreneurs arrived by the score and scurried about throwing up tents and shacks to house banks, stores, hotels and restaurants. Almost sixty years after the first try,

Williams Lake became Cariboo's main trading and service centre. It is still a major cattle shipping point.

The Museum of the Cariboo Chilcotin in downtown Williams Lake focuses on the area's rich ranching and rodeo heritage, and showcases the BC Cowboy Hall of Fame which honours the province's working and rodeo cowboys, along with cowboy writers, poets and artists.

contributed by Diana French

September 22, 1862

No man can work the mines hear exept he has some capital. Surfis (surface) diging is ... out. You must then sink 40 to 50 feet to the bead rock then you may (reach) the bar it lies in. Hair thair is no use in a man coming hear that cannot work at any thing. Not clerks not townsmen nor traidsmen but sutch men as can swing a wooley cradle or chop Not that thair is any ploughing or cradling in B.Columbia for I have not seen grain Enough to keep a threshing mill for 2 days working for a distance of 700 miles along the fraser nor a farm I would take as a gift. It is all hills mountains rocks exept some ... of poor land

Victoria November 16, 1862

Tel no clerks no city gentlemen com in fact too many has come if evry third son of the ... gentlemen in Canada are sawing wood scraping streets and many other nasty jobs ... A man who come hear must turn his hand to evry thing..

Do not beleav evry thing yo read about this country ... it is the most wicked country in the world cursing gambling drinking and some times shooting. I have saw some killed some dead an walked over gravs as unconserned as I have through a potatoes field at home. Many Indians maid drunk by whits and kill each other nor can I say half what I want to say. I cannot dwell any longer

Sunday is no more respected than Monday. Hear all work gambling and drinking is seen to a grate extent. Whiskey 25 cents per glass it is paid as read as one cent they have not seen my 25 cents nor never will.

November 16, 1862

I have saw many strang seens many strang faces of evry nation sence I saw yours.

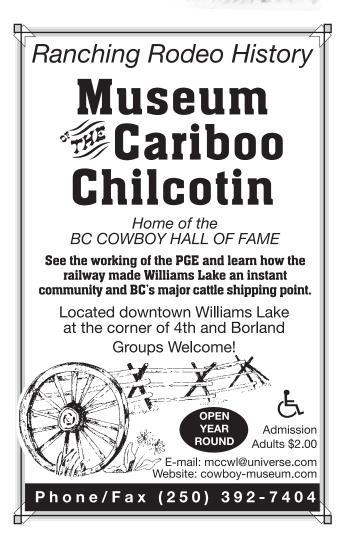
Thair is plenty of gold in Cariboo no doubt but it is only one out of 100 can find it thair is onely 3 months of sumer thair and it is rainey wether mostly. You want about 5 or six hundred dolers at least to find any gold.

I have a claim on the far famed Williams Creek. Thair is gold in it if I can onely get gold anough to get it out. I am determin to try though like thousands I may not sucseed it is 600 miles from hear to Wm. Creek.

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"CANNIBAL" ... CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

of voice, "Who owns this shebang?" Stepping to the door and looking out, I saw a tall, cadaverous, sunkeneved man standing over me, dressed in a dirty, dilapidated coat and shirt and drawers, and moccasins so worn that they could scarcely be tied to his feet. Having invited him in and inquired his business, he told me substantially the following:—

His name was Boone Helm. In company with five others he had left Dalles City, Oregon, in October, 1858, intending to go to Camp Floyed, Utah Territory. Having reached the Raft river they were attacked by a party of Digger Indians, with whom they maintained a running fight for several miles, but none of the party was killed or severly wounded. Late in the evening they reached the Bannack where river, they camped, picketed their horses near by, and stationed two sentinels. During the night one of the sentinels was killed. the savage who committed the deed escaping on a horse belonging to the party.

(Eventually) ... they reached Soda Springs on Bear river... and travelled up that river until they reached Thomas's fork... where they found a comfortable cabin and went into winter quarters. Their provisions soon being all gone they commenced subsisting on their horses, killing one after another... making snow-shoes out of the hides of the horses... and started towards Fort Hall.

The party kept together until they had got beyond Soda Springs, some where had become so exhausted they could scarcely travel. With their meat supply getting low, Helm and a man named Burton concluded not to endanger their own lives by waiting for the wearied ones, so they left them behind.

When they had reached the site of Cantonment Loring, Burton: starving, weary, and snowblind; was unable to proceed. Helm left him, and continued on for the Fort.

Reaching the fort, he found it without an occupant. He then returned to Burton, reaching him about dark. When out in the willows procuring firewood, he heard the report of a pistol. Running back into the house, he found Burton had committed suicide by shooting himself. Helm decided to try and find his way into Salt Lake valley. Cutting off, well up in the thigh, Burton's remaining leg (having already eaten the other) he rolled the limb up in an old red flannel shirt, tied it across his shoulder, and started.

Boone Helm eventually made Salt Lake City where he was again driven out of town for his atrocious deeds. There is good reason to believe that before Helm fled from that town, he murdered two citizens in cold blood.

From a letter published in the Colonist newspaper on April 4, 1864 we learn that Helm has made his way to Cariboo.

In July of 1862 the villain is reported to be at Antler Creek, some sixteen kilometres from Barkerville over the heights of Prosperpine Mountain. Here our story picks up in the words of W. T. Collinson, a miner of the era who had the misfortune of meeting Boone that fateful spring, and the good luck of surviving to tell the tale some 31 years later.

"Tommy Harvey, alias 'Irish Tommy' myself left Antler Creek with Sokolosky and two Frenchmen for Forks Quesnelle. This was on or about the 18th of July, 1862. We journeyed together until we arrived at Keithley Creek, where the three aforementioned gentlemen, carrying on a mule and two horses about \$32,000 in coarse gold, stopped for dinner. Harvey and I, continued

on three miles... where we cooked our repast a la mode Cariboo."

Some have reported that Boone befriended Sokolosky & co. in Antler Creek, although this seems unlikely given Collinson's account. More probable is that after passing Collinson on the road, Helm and his associate met the three men either at Keithlev Creek somewhere between there and Heck's ferry. After an exchange of lead slugs, in which the three gold-laden miners were slayed, Helm & friend, buried the greater portion of gold and left the bodies near the road. Boone Helm and his partner turned back to Quesnelle Forks in haste, intending to retrieve their cache at a later date.

Collinson continues:

"We stayed at the Forks next day and saw the murdered men brought in. They had made a brave fight, every man's pistol (good six shooters) was empty, and each man had a bullet through his head. Boone Helm and his chum killed these three men, took and hid the dust, and if no stranger has found it, it is there yet. For Boone left the country, I have proof of that...

"After leaving the Forks, I ... journeyed on down, stopping at Beaver Lake, Deep Creek, and Williams Lake. I met Boone Helm and his chum at Little Bloody Run ...a few miles above Cook & Kimble's Ferry (now Spence's Bridge)."

"The first thing I heard

"Throw up your hands!"

and looking up, I saw the muzzle of a double-barreled shot-gun about four feet from my head. It took his partner about five minutes to cut my packstraps, after taking my six shooter and purse. The latter contained three Mexican dollars and three British shillings. One of my old shirts contained a good wad..." but a "small bag containing bullets attracted their attention and saved my dust, which being tied in the old shirt pocket... was not seen. They emptied my pistol, gave it back to me and told me to 'git' and not look back. As my road was down-

A. Browning had just arrived in Quesnelle Forks the day after the murders had been committed and saw the bodies brought in. He gives the following illumination:

"The trail leading down the mountain to the Forks of Quesnelle was a mile long and as I came near... I saw on the trail... a procession of men carrying three stretchers. I found on meeting them that they were carrying three dead men. They were found on the trail coming from Cariboo, robbed and murdered for... each of them [had been] carrying bags of gold... Who was the murderer, or who were the murderers? Everybody said in whispers it was Boone Helm, a gambler and cutthroat who had escaped the San Francisco Vigilance Committee..."

"Pursuit down the trail was determined on, and \$700 raised to pay the cost of pursuers. Boone, I imagine, got wind of all this, and escaped across the line..."

From Browning, we see that the case was viewed with grave sincerity by the community of Quesnelle Forks and that every effort was made to capture "CANNIBAL" CONTINUED ON **PAGE** 14

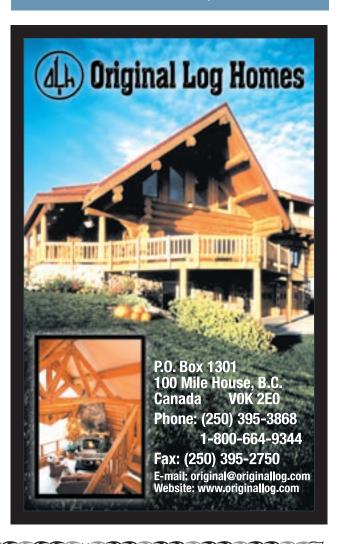
hill, I lost no time."



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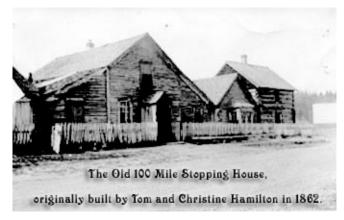




THE ORIGIN OF THE NAME

100 MILE HOUSE

■ he origin of 100 Mile House goes back even further than the well-known gold rush of the 1860s. Even before the discovery of gold at Barkerville, 100 Mile House was known as Bridge Creek. It was



a popular camping and resting place for fur brigades travelling between Fort St. James and Kamloops via Bridge Lake and the North Thompson River.

When fur trading gave way to gold fever many of the fur company factors took up acreages along the Cariboo Road and built log cabins and barns. Tom Hamilton and his wife, Christine, were the first to settle legally at Bridge Creek. Their house became a series of log cabins joined together in an ingenious way to make it more convenient and comfortable for travelers.

As the Hamilton home changed hands over the years more additions and alternations were made. The late Marquis of Exeter purchased the property in 1912 and by the time the house was razed by fire in 1937 it had become a great labyrinth of pantries, parlours and alcoves.

The name 100 Mile House and all the other "mile designated" placed along the Cariboo Road were all derived from the Gold Rush days when the only route from the Lower

Mainland and coast to the B.C. Interior was from Harrison to Lillooet. Lillooet came to be known as the starting point for the 300-mile trek to the Barkerville gold fields.

number The of miles away from Lillooet designated stopovers along the route. So 100 Mile House was 100 Miles from Lillooet, one-third of the way along the road to riches and considered a most suitable place to stop for the night.

compliments of the 100 Mile & District Historical Society

Jessop

rode to a larger camp of 14 to 15 lodges. In this camp was a Kutenai Indian returning to the Tobacco Plains west of the mountains. For a gift of blankets, clothing, a rifle, ammunition and tobacco he agreed to act as guide. During the night Jessop's horses disappeared. After several hours of searching a reward was offered. and in short order several young braves rode the "lost" horses into camp. Pack saddles were made from the abandoned carts, and the westward procession continued, the easterners fully aware that this chance meeting had likely saved them from starvation.

They followed the Waterton River into what is now Waterton National Park, where the mountain freshness, green grass and sparkling water gave their dejected spirits a lift. Their new-found exuberance was spiced with the relief of having a guide and knowing their location for the first time in months.

On October 2 they zigzagged up Blakiston Creek beneath cloudcovered peaks and crossed the South Kootenay Pass in falling snow to reach a westward flowing river. In six days they left the Rockies and arrived at

several crude cabins with the presumptuous title of Fort Kootenay. iust south of the U.S.-Canada border on the Kootenav River. HBC trader John Linklater greeted them warmly, explaining that they were only the second party to pass through in his six winters at the fort. The season was too late for a direct route to the Fraser, he told them, so they would have to head south into the Washington Territories. He had few provisions but could trade them some grizzly meat and berries. By October 15, after a few days' rest, they were on their

Progress was steady now. At the Pend Oreille River half the party headed north to Fort British Shepard in Columbia while Jessop. Duff and two others continued south and west toward the Colville Valley. Food ran out again, but a handful of dried salmon skins at an Indian camp saw them through to the end of their journey. Jessop arrived at a settler's house, "...more dead than alive; but a the town in such a state hearty meal of newly baked bread and rashers of bacon soon resuscitated me."

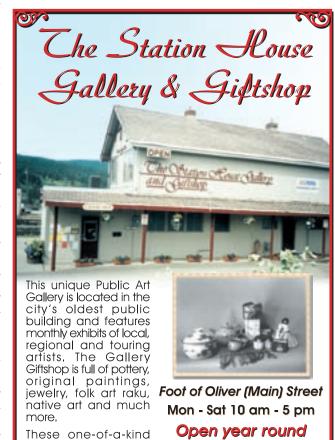
There was a pack train leaving Fort Colville for B.C. the next day so John hustled the 20 miles north, reaching

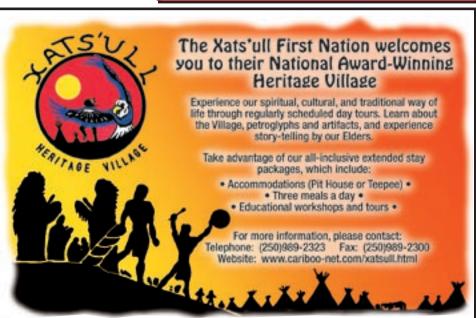
that he was comic relief for the troops. His hat was just a rim, his boots tattered moccasins; his pants had no legs below the knees and not much above; and his shirt had

Jessop cont. on page 16

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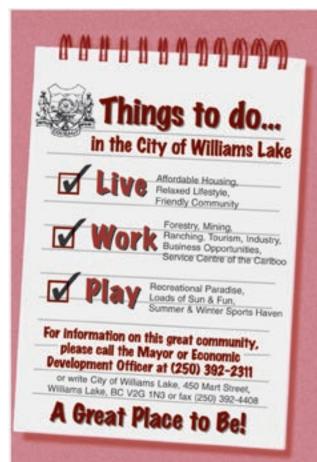
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"CANNIBAL" CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

FROM PAGE 12
Helm and bring him to justice for his evil deeds. Strangely, Boone Helm did *not* go 'across the line', or at least, not for any length of time. The *Victoria Colonist* next reports him showing up in that city on October 13, 1862.

"Boone Helm, said to be a dangerous character, was arrested by Sergeant Blake last evening."

And on October 14th:

"Suspicious Character.-**Boone** Helm, represented as a bad character, was taken into custody on Sunday night last, upon a charge of drinking at saloons and leaving without settling his score ... Sgt. Blake, who made the arrest, said that he understood the accused had killed a man at Salmon River (Florence), and fled to British Columbia. Helm was remanded for three days in order to see what account he can then give of himself."

And on the 17th.

"Boone Helm.- ... was

brought before the Police Magistrate yesterday on a remand from Monday last. The prisoner was defended by Mr. Bishop, by whom it was urged that a prejudice had been created against him in the minds of the residents. The Police officers present denied that any such arrangement existed so far as they were aware, and the Chief of Police swore that he was known as a bad character. The proprietor of the Adelphi Saloon testified that he had procured drinks there, and then when pay requested, was replied,

"Don't you know that I'm a desparate character?"

Sergeant Blake said that people who knew the accused best, were afraid of him. The Magistrate ordered Helm to find security to be of good behavior for the term of six months, himself in 50, and two securities in 20 each; in default, to suffer one month's imprisonment."

Boone defaulted and spent the next month building and repairing the streets of Victoria in a chain gang.

As another historian echoes before me, "It seems odd that in the newspaper articles at the time of Helm's court hearing in October 1862, that no reference is made to the suspicion that he was responsible for the three deaths in the Cariboo that summer." Victoria was a popular wintering place for miners who had 'made their pile', surely there would have been those in Victoria who had heard of Helm's involvement in the slavings Quesnelle Forks?

The Colonist reports that authorities held Boone Helm in "safe-keeping for some three or four weeks, in the expectation that a charge would by preferred against him by our cousins on the other side, and a request

made for his surrender, but as nothing transpired, he was released and three days afterwards the demand came."

By that time, Helm was gone and it wasn't until the spring of 1863 that he was again arrested, this time at Fort Yale in the Fraser Canyon.

W. T. Collinson says

"The next I saw of Helm was at Sumas in the spring of 1864 (Collinson has his year confused, it was 1863). He was along with a packtrain owned by Dan Harris (alias Dirty Harris)... Helm was on his way to get the dust hid at Quesnelle and next day I got on my way to intercept Helm at Yale,

From the *Colonist*:

"...a notorious character named Boon [sic.] Helm, who it is said to have committed a murder somewhere on the Salmon River, has been arrested by the British Authorities at

Fort Yale on the Fraser River, and handed over in due form to the custody of a Mr. Brandian, a special offecer sent across for the purpose by the U.S. Authorities..." while another BC paper reports "He was brought into the city last night strongly ironed. The first clue of the detectives was the report that two men had been seen trudging up the Frazer river on foot... Helm's conduct on the road is conclusive evidence that he was aware he was being pursued. He passed around the more populous settlements, or through them in the night time. When overtaken, he was so exhausted by fatigue and hunger that it would have been impossible for him to have continued many hours longer... Upon being asked what had become of his companion, he replied with the utmost sang froid:—"

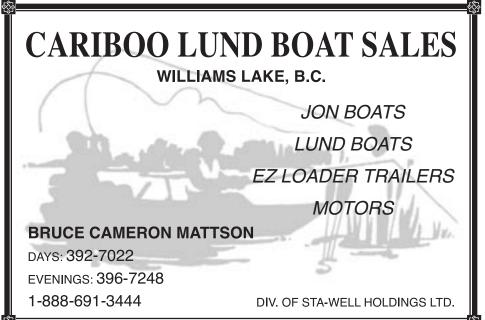
"Why, do you suppose that I'm a — fool enough to starve to death when I can help it? I ate him up, of course."

"The man who accompanied him has not been seen or heard of since, and from what we have been told of this case-hardened villain's antecedents, we are inclined to believe he told the truth. It is said this is not the first time he has been guilty of cannibalism."

Boone Helm was transported from Victoria to Port Townsend where Collinson reports he "dug out of Townsend jail and once more made his way to the hills, finally fetching up in..." either Boise, Idaho or Bannock, Montana.

Here begins the final chapter of Helm's depravity. Having teamed up with the notorious Henry Plummer, who was sheriff of Bannock and a thief and murderer on the side, Boone and his friends raised the ire

CANNIBAL ... CONTINUED ON PAGE 16

















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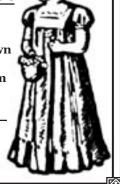
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Horsefly

HISTORY SINCE 1858

April 1859 Mining Records show the Cariboo's first gold discovery ten miles above the mouth of the Horsefly River, pre-dating the Barkerville gold rush. Many miners flocked here, including the Chinese, and a small village rose rapidly to meet their needs. Early buildings included motels, store, post office and several cabins.

Thaddeus Harper obtained leases in the area starting a second gold rush in 1887. He employed many men and operated the first hydraulic mine. This town became known as "Harper's Camp." Other hydraulic mines also operated; the Horsefly Gold Mining Co. (R.T. Ward), Miocene Gravel Mining Co. (R.H. Campbell), the Discovery Co. (Dan McCallum). The latter was leased by John B. Hobson for the C.P.R. in 1892 and operated as the Horsefly Hydraulic Mine. It was situated approximately 4.5 miles from Harper's Camp, down the Mitchell Bay Road. The large cluster of buildings there included bunk and cook houses, assay office, blacksmith and carpenter shops, and became known as "Horsefly." This mine ceased operation in 1902 because of difficulty breaking up the compacted gravel.

Times were hard but many miners stayed on ranching or trapping. The first actual family in the area was the W.P. Hall family from Iowa. The first documented birth was Minnie Hazel Walters, daughter of Harry Walters who wed Miss Alva Youngker in 1895. The first automobile arrived in 1910 and was owned by Alec Meiss, the local hotel operator, most famous for his peg leg and his pet bear!

With the closure of the mine at Horsefly and the eventual dwindling of the site, the residents of Harper's Camp voted to change their town site name to Horsefly.

The oldest existing building today is the Tommy Peterson cabin built in 1902, which has been moved to its present site at the local museum. Extensive photographic and archival records are stored there, along with an interesting variety of local artifacts.

Present day Horsefly is a diversified community with a forestry, tourism and ranching based economy. Fisheries and Oceans operates a spawning channel in the village area where sockeye salmon return each August & September to reproduce. The Horsefly River watershed is highly rated fish habitat and is very well suited for canoes, kayaks, etc. There are many recreational possibilities and accommodation available ranging from modern rooms at resorts, B & B's or the motel, to full service camping, to back country adventure tours. The village is served well with general stores, service station with licensed mechanic, hardware and antique stores, cafe and bakeries, churches, library, and a neighborhood pub. by Chris Gruhs

Peter C. Dunlevy

FIRST TO STRIKE GOLD IN CARIBOO

Peter C. Dunlevy, a miner from Pittsburgh, Pa. is credited with making the first major gold strike in the Cariboo, in June 1859.

Earlier that year Dunlevy and four companions were digging in the Fraser River, near the mouth of the Chilcotin, River, when a young Native named Tomaah came upon them. When he learned they were looking for gold, he told them where they could find some "as big as beans." Guided by a friend of Tomaah's to the Little Horsefly River, Dunlevy's party did indeed find nuggets as big as beans.

In 1960 Dunlevy and his friends turned their attention to operating another kind of gold mine, roadhouses, on the brigade trail in the Beaver Lake and Mud Lake area. When the Cariboo Road was completed, Dunlevy moved to Soda Creek, the bustling southern terminus for river boat traffic on the Fraser River. He acquired a store and hotel in town, and a 1000 acre farm on the bench above where he raised cattle and produce until his death in 1904. He is buried at St. Joseph's Mission cemetery.

Little remains of the city of Soda Creek, but the Dunlevy Ranch is still in operation. Owned and operated by the Kaufman family, the modern operation is about three times its original size. The water rights to Dunlevy Spring, taken up by Peter Dunlevy, is still a water source for the homesite.

contributed by Diana French



Jessop

no sleeves. His jacket was traded long ago for food so the whole outfit was covered with a Scotch plaid. It was November 5, Guy Fawkes Day. John Jessop had arrived in the frontier west.

The weather turned too severe for the pack train and the Columbia River froze, so while Elijah Duff got a job splitting shakes for \$60 a month plus room and board-not exactly the El Dorado-indefatigable Jessop struck south 250 miles to Walla Walla, then on to Fort Vancouver and finally, on New Year's Day, 1860, reached Victoria on Vancouver Island. In eight months he had traveled over 3000 miles, though not all on British soil as he had hoped. He was a tempered man now, one of singular mettle, unique; an Overlander. The grandest adventure of his life was over, but there were many challenges to come.

Duff joined the American-British Boundary Commission that winter and the following sumer worked as a transit man. In the spring of 1861 he was joined by is two brothers R.H. and Thomas Duff and began running pack trains while

JESSOP CONT. ON PAGE 20

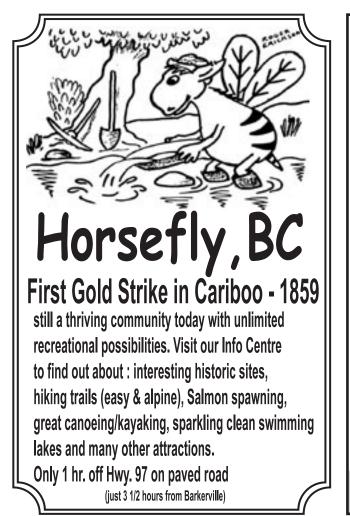
Cannibal

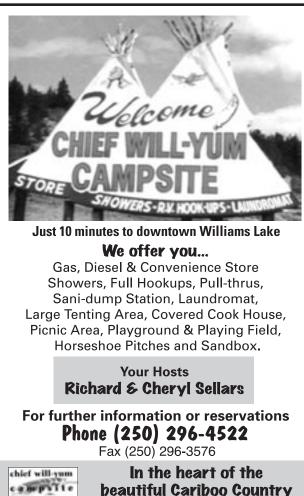
of the local communities in Bannock and Virginia City to the point where a vigilante committee was formed to deal with the public menace. After capturing five of the gangleaders, Helm amongst them, the Committee tried these men in secret.

0nFebruary 1864, the Victoria Colonist writes "Hung at Last.- The Notorious Boon [sic.] Helm, who so long suceeded in escaping the ends of justice, has been lynched, with twelve others, at Bannock Mines."

Epilogue ...

His grave, marked by awell-keptmetalheadstone and flanked on either side by two of 'oreniest' cutt-throats that ever graced a gallows, sits on a little knoll overlooking the town. These five planted there, plenty deep, on January 14, 1864, by the vigilantes who tried them in secret and hanged them in public from a cross beam in an uncompleted building in the centre of town.





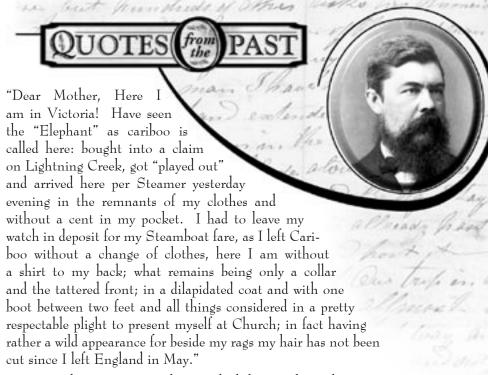












"It is now between nine and ten o'clock here and I reckon you are at dinner: I often picture to myself what you are all doing at home; and many a time when I have been cold, hungry, wet and tired, my thoughts have centered on a quite cup of tea at Paddington: to walk in and see you all just then would have been the highest pinnacle of happiness; of course to make it complete it must be in the short days with closed curtains and a comfortable fire and then to my ideas there is something superlatively cosy about it."

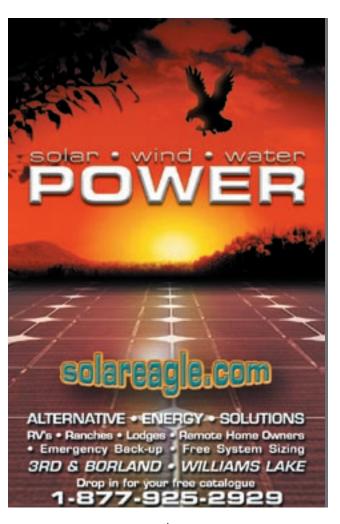
Harry Guillod, Introductory letter to his Mother

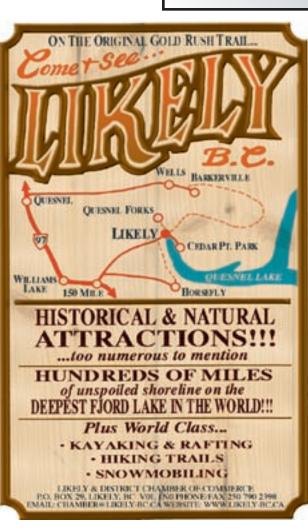
"We amused ourselves with the gun on the way; I shot a squirrel – my first shot with that gun; and George got several small birds and missed more. We camped and cooked the squirrel, which we did not find anything extraordinary."

Harry Guillod

"Four or five miles further on our way we came upon another grave, with a board over it, on which was written, 'William S_, aged 23.' This saddened us, for we recognised the name as that of one of our fellow-voyageurs from Panama...We found that it had only just occurred...and was owing to his incautious use of firearms. On arising from his night's rest on some blankets (under which he had placed a cocked revolver before sleeping), he had in drawing it from its position, caught the trigger in the folds. By the discharge of the weapon he was shot dead instantly...Accidents with fire-arms are of frequent occurrence in this country, through the inexperience of their possessors."

W. Champness, 1862







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THE HALPENNY LETTERS

CONTINUED FR

and cart or more if thair means allowed them but one is sufisant for too men. Each man provides 200 lbs of flour, 50 lbs of pemican -- that is Bufflow meat choped up dried and the tallow mixed and milled in to bags maid of the skin of 2 bushel bags one of which will weigh 224 lbs. This is very disgustfull loocking food mixed with the hare of the animal and grass. It has been maid by Indians on the planes and choped up on the ground acounts for its bad appearance, never the less you must take it ... To cross the planes you may bring some dried ham, but it wont keep long 3 or 4 lb of tea each, some dried apples, some suger, some ginger or peperment - it is good for giving bad water a flavour which we met in abundance stagnate and salt lakes and some time none good or bad. Each cart brought a water keg we kept it filled with water. This is only required in the commencement of the journey. We find to mutch in the later part.

The things we provide ... at the highest figer from 8 lbs to 10 lbs starting for an oxen cart with out a nale nor a bolt of iron of any sort on it the harness without a buckel or a stitch in it. It been made solely of green buflow skin. Our cart covred over with cotton on a piece of raw hide tied to the oxes horns as a ranes to guide him and a stick in our hand for a whip.

We mounted the carts and went a days drive a distance of 30 miles to a place called White Horse planes. Thair we camped for half a day formed our selves into companeys. The each companey went by the name of the place the party was from. Ours was the Ottawa company. Each man was of librty to join what companey he liked and each companey formed a captain and the captain of evry company met in the eavening after camping and maid rules for the next days travel. We camped in

66 at about one quarter of the distance to Edmington ... our guide ... stole a duble barl gun to kill game, we nevr saw him since. We ware alone than with out a guide on a baren trackless land."

a sircle, carts close to gether and tents out side. Pitched our tents at 6P.M. If we found water let our cattle out untill sundown tuck them in to midle of the ring til morning but a centry of 6 men ... for the knight. Our companey was composed of 11 men which I repsent in the ring. It increased to 21 men 11 carts, in all were 100 carts we hired a half breed to guide us ...

We came to Carlton house at about one quarter of the distance to Edmington. Our guide left us stole a duble barl gun to kill game, we nevr saw him since. We ware alone than with out a guide on a baren trackless land. We must go on. To go back is ucless. Our party tuck the lead the rest in the rare struck a norwesterly course ... After 7 days hard travling through a very rough prarie we saw the banks of the Saskatchewan. In 4 hours we gained the fort hired a nother guide who brought us faithfully to Edmington house. Hear we have to hire another guide to take us to Jaspr house whare we shal have to get another to take us to caraboo. Hear we have to abandon our carts and pack our animals to cross the mountains. We traded guns old close carts for more horses. Money is no use hear. We can take our oxen across the mountains and down the Frasur on to caraboo ...

It will take us 30 days yet to Caraboo. We ... 6 weeks ... this fall. Som will go no further than hear. The Ottawa men staie hear the ... remain hear too.

I am going, William and John Halpenny together, 4 more men liked joined our party so out of 21 of the Ottawa party thair onley 8 going over the mountain. Thair is all of some companeys going over. I think about 50 shall remain in the Saskatchewan -those staying are chiefly city men. The trip is too hard for any one but a stout robust person. We some times had to waid through 3 or 4 feet of water for a distance of 50 or 60 rods -ford rivers and creeks.

The mornings is very cold hear some days we ware ... coats mostly all day. Thair is no large (tree) trunks, here the principal wood is poplar and willow in some places so thick that you could not go through it and some places miles without a twig. The ground is strewed with Buflow carkus and bones. Your ears sometime ... with wolves following our tail to pick up crums whare we camp. Thay are large white ... looking . I shot some of them.

The black snake and the adr are the onely reptiles we saw the aders are plenty in Minesota but not in the HB Teratory. I killed one with a club some shot them we saw som Antilope the Buflow ... in large drove of 1000 or more. You must shoot the leader then thay devide until the train pass. I wish I could hear from you I cannot tell you to (write) to me for I dont know yet whair I shal bee. You need not Espect a letter from me untill I reach caraboo and I dont know when that shal bee. If we get gold in the head waters of the Fraiser we will stop for a time on it and go down ... our oxen will be food for us.

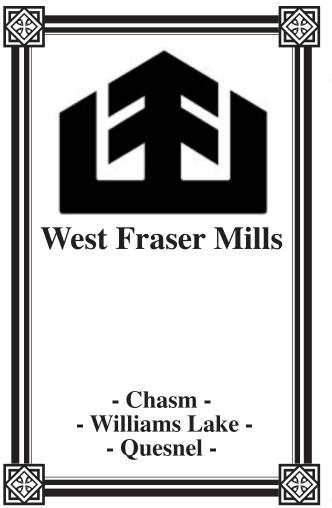
I am yours dutifully and affectionately untill death

Joseph T. Halpenny

To his Parents sisters and Friends

Read the complete set of Halpenny letters at www.barkerville.com/letters The Halpenny letters are a true connection to the brave struggles of early Canadian pioneers who endured terrible hardships, starvation and desparate loneliness. Their adventurous spirits were the essential fibre

of the fledgling nation that became Canada.



Barkerville Fiction

For the most part, law and order were well maintained in Barkerville during the gold rush, but on occasion Judge Begbie lived up to his reputation as "The Hanging Judge". In Moses, Me and Murder! and The Doctor's Apprentice (from which the following selection is taken) author Ann Walsh retells the exciting story of a



murdered miner, an oddly shaped gold nugget and the trial and eventual punishment of the convicted man.

August 8, 1867

I heard the heavy trap door of the gallows crash against its supports, heard the crowd gasp, heard a woman cry out.

"It is done," said a man's voice. "He is dead, hanged by the neck as sentenced by Judge Begbie."

The August heat covered me, thick as wool blankets, and I could feel the sweat standing out on my face. The others who had come to watch the hanging had not noticed me sitting under a tree, hidden by its branches. Ma and Pa had forbidden me to come here today, but something, I knew not what, had drawn me to the Richfield courthouse.

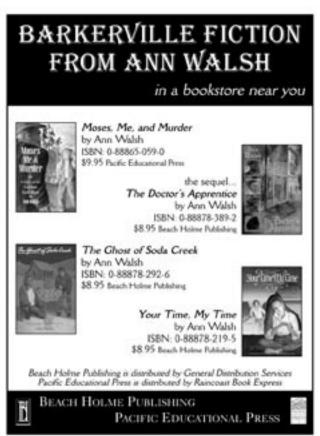
Now I hid --and listened. Although I could not see was was happening, I could hear everything. I desperately wished that I had obeyed my parents, that I had stayed safely at home. I wanted to leave, to flee down the road towards Barkerville, but I could not stand. I could not move.

From behind me, someone spoke.

I jumped, and my heart began to beat rapidly. Who was calling my name? I leaned my face against the pine tree, feeling the roughness of its bark against my cheek, and put both my arms around its trunk. I clung tightly to the tree, refusing to look at the unseen person who spoke to me from the shadows of the forest.

"Who is it?" I asked, my voice so low that I could scarcely hear the words I spoke. "Who is there?"

"A friend," he said, and laughed....







SThe Halpenny Letters so

This letter from Joseph Halpenny was written by him in the winter of 1867, near the end of his time searching for gold in British Columbia. Expressing tangible disappointment at his continuing bad luck he is longing for home but feels unable to return empty handed. Nonetheless he is a man still strong in heart, with profound spiritual conviction always taking the honourable, if not more difficult path. In this brief letter, after no correspondence for five months, he relates an incredible experience of a narrow escape from a freezing death when he and his companions encounter a life saving fire burning "fresh and lively" in the wilderness.

Dear friends at home:

Time has swept fastly by cence I sent you a letter -allmost five months. Forgive me it was not carlessness, nor has fleeting time born with it the fond recollections of parents and sisters with that dear old home which I long for to see and will if the lord spares me. ... you ask why am I silent so long. I shall tell you the truth and the truth onley that I might wright to you I was wating for some better news to send you than I have been sending.

I was on french Creek all sumer in big bend I prospected faithfully sunk three shafts to the bead rock and found no gold. Then I went a building houses and putting in machinery in claims. The grater portion of this work I had to take what is here called bead rock. That

is to take your pay when it comes out of the claim. At home it would be called giving time for payment. I worked in this way untill November the weather was getting cold and people commenced going down. But I ... when I went down to go home I tryed to collect some money. I could not doo it every one complained of hard times and verey little gold comming out so I must keep on doooing something.

A man who owed me for putting in his pumps asked me if I would buy an intrest in his claim. I told him I would if I got a good bargin. I bought the claim for five hundred dollers after all espen-

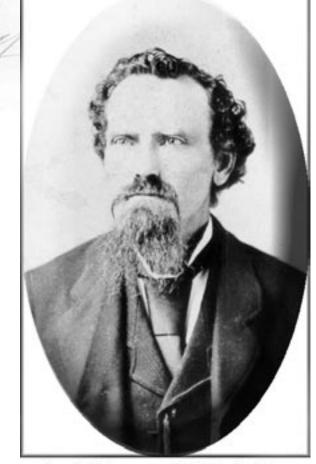
ces was paid and allowing me 10\$ per day for taking charge of the claim as thay wair not very expert miners themselves. On those conditions I took charge and commenced runing a tunnel at the end of four weeks we struck gold. Worked on for 3 days longer and tuck out \$300. Then the frost forsed up our pumps and we could work no longer. So we must quit untill spring.

This is the first claim I have ever had that I found gold in. It is time after nearly five years faithfull serching. I have spaired no pains, incountered every thing, endured all the hardships of a miners life. Spent nothing foolishly, disapointed in all most everything, up to the time we found the gold, and then I was disappointed. I was in hopes the weather would have kept fine untill we would have taken out some more or at least for another week so that I would have been able to have sent some home.

This is what has kept me from writing. So long I wanted to send something or go home. This is all I have being trying to acomplish and could not suckseede but the way seems britr. I hope that another sumer will finish my wandering and with the helpe of the lord see you all ere another winter pases. I am afraid to

make promises. It is hard if thay cannot be ful filled but I have a resolution formed and ... firmly to meet you all next fall if god is willing.

HALPENNY 1867 ... CONTINUED ON PG. 20



Joseph Halpenny c. 1880 (Pete Dady)

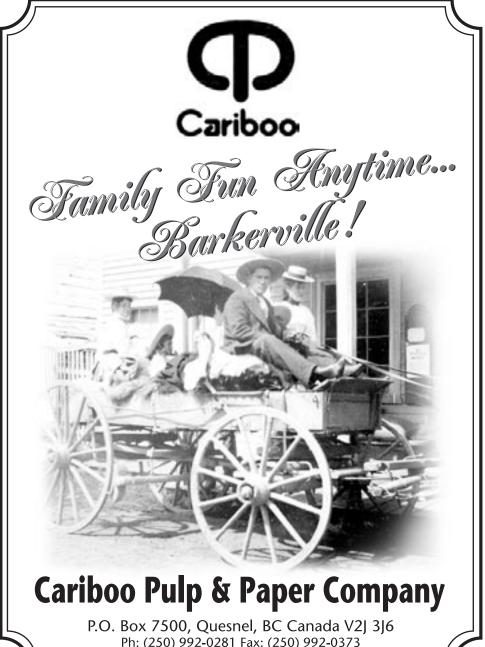


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JESSOP ... CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

1868 he married Marga-

ret Fausette who arrived

in Victoria on the brideship

Tynemouth., and together

mining at Pierce City. Duff settled in Washington State.

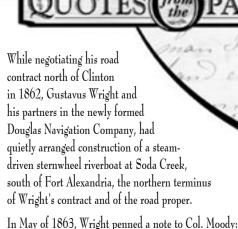
Jessop reached the goldfields of the Cariboo the next spring, but like many others he retreated in debt. Journalism kept him in bed and board for a time while he helped found the Times in New Westminster and the Press in Victoria, but both had financial difficulty and had to be sold. By 1861 he was ready to become a teacher again. Like everything he tackled he was determined.

system was introduced on Vancouver Island in 1864, Jessop was appointed principal of Victoria schools. As such he was instrumental in framing the first Education Act of B.C. In March of

they took an active part in the Methodist Church. In 1872 he became the first Superintendent of Schools for the province, where his early adventures served him well in the requirement to visit each school yearly. He was effective and popular in this appointment. Perhaps he was too trusting, for in 1878 he was forced to resign, a victim of a change in government. For a When the free school couple of years Jessop returned to newspaper with the Colonist, until 1883 when the winds of political fortune blew his way again and he was appointed Provincial Immigration Agent.

In March 1901 John Jessop, adventurer and teacher, was walking up Government Street from his office when he suffered a massive heart attack. He died on the street, and it's likely he would have preferred that, dying on the trail as it were, with his boots on. It was fitting for a trailblazer, an Overlander.

... from "This Hard Land" by Richard Thomas Wright. Further information on the journeys of Overlanders will be found in Overlanders, Richard Thomas Wright, Winter Quarters Press, Williams Lake,



My Dear Colonel,

We have accomplished what we undertook, the building of a steamer on the upper Fraser and made successfully, a trip from Fort Alexandria to the Mouth of Quesnelle, and down the river to Soda

Creek... the little boat performs to our perfect satisfaction, the river much better than anticipated... We shall make two trips a week... We have reduced the price of freight from 5cts. to 2 1/2 cts.

From Quesnelle Mouth to Barkerville the trail worsened considerably and the accounts and manifest condition of returning miners spoke of the deplorable conditions. Traveler, W. Champness, recounts the following story.

Whilst waiting here we saw two packers return from the mines. One of them carried with him a bell, such as is fastened to the foremost mule of a pack. Suspecting some disaster, we inquired after their animals, and received for reply a statement that they had started hence to Antler Creek with a train of thirty mules, not one of which had reached the destination, all having fallen down, at different places, into the precipitous ravines, along the perpendicular sides of which the narrow trails led them. Sometimes a single such stumble involves a fall of a thousand feet. This, to an animal burdened with three hundred pounds weight of goods, is, of course, certain death. Yet many of the poor creatures do not die immediately after falling, but linger awhile in horrible torture, far beyond the possibility of aid or access by their owners, who are compelled to leave them to die, and to suffer the utter loss of the property fallen with them.



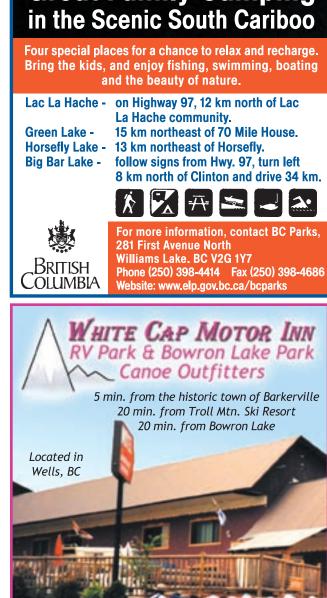
Halpenny 1867 ...CONTINUED FROM PG. 19

William Halpenny is still in big bend prospecting. He did nothing untill late in the fall. He had no money and I had to keep him untill he got work which was not easley to be had. He was living with me I think for three months before he got anything to do. It costs considerable to keepe a man for that lenght of time hear. I had to pay from \$2.00 to \$1.50 per lb. for bacon \$2.50 for tea, from \$1.00 to 50 cents per lb. for flour and every thing elce in preportion. I have had considerable work to do since I caim to this country but thair is no use in complaining -it is hard to see a friend want in a straing land.

Big bend is a rough mountainous country half incircled by the Columbia River. On going in the spring we

CONTINUED ON PAGE 21





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HALPENNY 1867

each took 100 lbs of provisions a distance of 60 miles over the highest peeks of some of those mountains. We judged the snow was from 30 to 100 feet deepe. Thair was a grate number was forced to leave thair load behind. I left Seamore with 20 stout

stop thair was onely to perish. It soon git dark and seemed posable and not yet across tossing through that dept of snow thay commenced stay behind -we commenced to get further and further apart. Soon we could only hear a faint respond to our call

66 I cannot tell you the sensation that crept over me at those words. To remain thair was sertain death ...

loocking men. Onley 5 of us brought our loads through so you may judge that I am not yet mutch the worse of the mountain life.

Coming out over those mountains thair was seven of us in companey. In one day we tryed to cross over one of those bald mountains a distance of 7 miles in order to get into the thick woods on the other cide of the summit to stop overknight. Comming up towards the top the snow had fallen about 10 feet deep and still kept poring down thicker and larger than I have evr saw. We had no track. Som began to get tired and stay behind. The stronger ones kept in frunt braking the snow and incuriging them on -for to SAFE DRINKING WATER ANYWHERE

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and latter not a sound. It get allmost jet black the man in frunt threw him selfe down declaring he could not see nor could go no further. Thair was 3 of us and 4 behind.

I cannot tell you the sensation that crept over me at those words. To remain thair was sertain death and was a sroud of snow. I must never see parents sisters nor friends any more. Those wair my thoughts at that moment when I started to the frunt and asked them if thay could follow me. Thay was both Englishmen thay said thay would follow me untill thay would fall to rise no more and kept limping through the snow. I fancy I get stronger and could keep on untill daylight now and then

thay would ask me not to go so fast. Finally one of them said he could go no further. I toild him I thought I saw the woods a head. He called again a litttle further and we tumbelled through some srubery. Never was brush more welcome a fiew ... furthre on we wair in the woods but on going to make a fire we found that the men be hind had the axe and matches. This was still fearfull -we loocked for a big tree to shelter us from the falling snow when one said I am chilled allmost to death I cannot stand it mutch longer we may as well stop under any tree we meet. I went a little distance from him and saw a light -told them -they said it was imposable no one had been over since the snow fall. I went to

out how the fire came thair I have not spaice here to describe it minutley but after we wair warmer I went back. The others would not come with me to find the 4 behind. The night became lighter so I could see our tracks. I found the 4 standing in a lump 3 trying to hold up one thay wair glad to see me and said thay would try to walk to camp if I would carry him. Thay wair holding up -he could hardly speak when I get him on my back -still he kept trying to curse and swair let me down -I might as well go to hell now as any other time.

We got all to camp the next day got to ...built a boat crossed the lake a distance of 100 miles. I saw John Halpenny in Westminster on my way

beleave. Tell me what this may find you all in thay fenians is dooing. I would lik to have been with the brave fellows that met them when thay came to Canada. Let me know in purticular how you are all getting along. Now I must bid you good bye for the preasant hoping that

good helth which god in his tender mercys had kindly bestowed on me.

Joseph Halpenny to his parents and sisters

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www.barkerville.com/ letters to read the complete set of 12 letters written by J.T. Halpenny

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66I am chilled allmost to death I cannot stand it mutch longer

the place and found a nise fire down 10 feet in the snow a large tree for a roof and snow for a walls not a brees could come thair. The fire was fresh and lively nevr was fire more welcome to human beings.

We never could find

down -he is well -he is a little lame and I feel he will always be so.

Thair is grait rumers hear about gold being found in Canada let me know if it is true for I have lerned to know that thay half of a gold storey is a nough to

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allow her attention to wander from the person with whom she is conversing.

No truly polite lady ever breaks in upon a conversation or interrupts another speaker.

- Never use the phrases, "What-d-ye call it," "Thingummy," "What's his name," or any such substitutes for a proper name or place. If you cannot recall the names you wish to use, it is better not to tell the story or incident connected with them.
- In conversation, avoid affection; it is the sure test of a deceitful, vulgar mind.
- Avoid restless movements either with the hands or feet; to sit perfectly quiet, without stiffness, easily, yet at the same time almost motionless, is one of the surest proofs of high-breeding.
- Observation, reading, and study, will form the groundwork for good powers of conversation, and the more you read, study, and see, the more varied and interesting will be your topics.
- Never gesticulate when conversing; it looks theatrical, and is ill-bred; so are all contortions of the features, shrug-

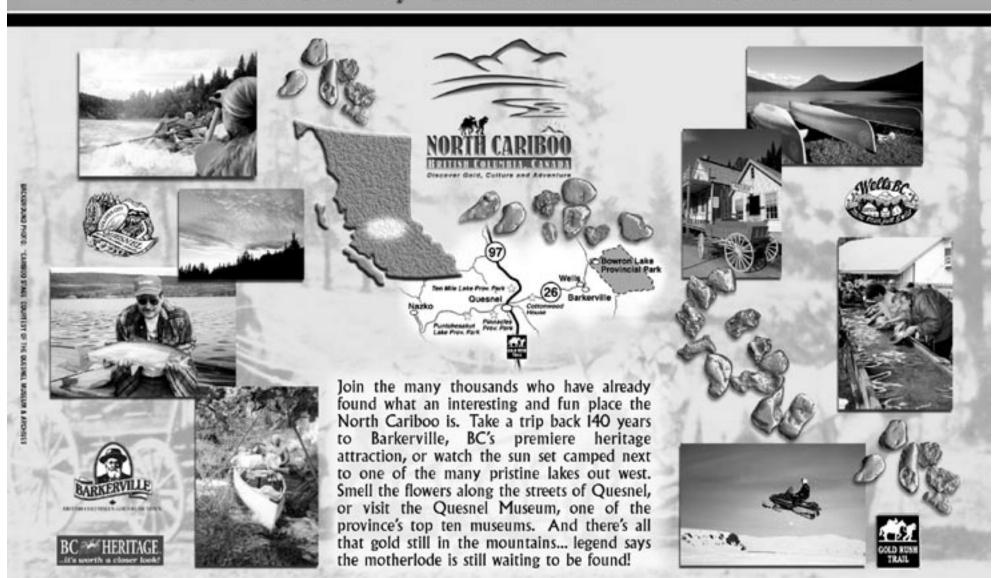
- Wear no jewellery in the street excepting your watch and brooch. Jewellery is only suited for full evening dress, when all the other details unite to set it off. If it is real, it is too valuable to risk losing in the street, and if it is not real, no lady should wear it. Mock jewellery is utterly detest-
- There is no accomplishment more graceful, pleasing, healthy, and lady-like, than that of riding well. To ride well is undoubtedly an admirable qualification for a lady, as she may be as feminine in the saddle as in the ball room or home circle.
- The best way to overcome selfishness and rudeness you sometimes meet with on public occasions, is, by great politeness and disinterestedness on your part; overcome evil with good, and you will satisfy your own conscience, and, perhaps, touch theirs.
- "Light and sunshine are needful for your health. Get all you can; keep your windows clean. Do not block them up with curtains, plants, or bunches of flowers; these last poison the air, in small rooms."
- "Pure water is needful for your health. Wash your bodies

as well as your faces, rubbing them all over with a coarse cloth. If you cannot wash thus every morning, pray do so once a week."

- "Wholesome food is needful for your health. Buy the most strengthening. Pieces of fresh beef and mutton go the farthest. Eat plenty of fresh salt with food; it prevents disease."
- In the present age, when education is within the reach of all, both rich and poor, every lady will endeavour to become, not only well educated, but accomplished. It is not, as some will assert, a waste of time or money. Not only the fingers, voice, and figure are improved, but the heart and intellect are refined, and the happiness greatly increased.
- Do not accept an invitation to visit any place of public amusement, with a gentleman with whom you are but slightly acquainted, unless there is another lady also invited. You may, as a young lady, go with a relative or your fiancee, without a chaperon, but not otherwise.
- In the theatre ... to flirt a fan, converse in whispers, indulge in extravagant gestures of merriment or admiration, laugh loudly or clap your hands together, are all excessively vulgar and unlady-like. Never turn your head to look at those seated behind you, or near you.
- If you return at an early hour from an y place of amusement, invite your escort into the house upon your arrival there, and lay aside your bonnet and shawl. If you leave them on, he will conclude that you expect him to shorten his visit. If it is late when you reach home, he will probably decline your invitation to enter. If, however, he accepts it, do not lay aside your shawl, and he will soon leave you.
- A lady in the street, boulevard or park may not be saluted by a gentleman, unless he has received a slight bow from the lady; he may then raise his hat with the hand farthest from the lady, bow respectfully and pass on, not under any consideration pausing to speak, unless the lady pauses in her promenade.
- Ladies walking on the street are not expected to recognize gentlemen or friends on the other side of the road; to do so would necessitate habits of observation inconsistent with ladylike repose.

The Ladies book of Etiquette, Fashion and Manual of Politeness

Discover Gold, Culture and Adventure



For information on your next trip to the North Cariboo, call Toll Free: 1-800-992-4922. E-mail: northcariboo@city.quesnel.bc.ca











June 17th - September 3rd

Theatre Royal Daily Shows, Theatre Royal, Barkerville Historical Site. (250)994-3232

June

24th

16th-17th

Prince George Rodeo, Exhibition Park, 15th-17th Prince George. (250)964-2420

> Lions Club Father's Day Fishing Derby, Canim Lake, 100 Mile House. (250)395-4132

Aboriginal Day, Lytton. 21st

Celebrate Canada Week, various events, 21st-July 1st

22nd-23rd Little Britches Rodeo, Langley Riders Arena, Langley. (604)574-7174

Antique Day in the Village, Fort Langley.

(604)888-8835 29th-July 2nd 75th Annual Williams Lake Stampede,

Stampede Grounds, Williams Lake.

(250)392-5025 30th-July 1st Prince George Horse Reining Associations

8th Annual Ride n' Slide, Prince George Agriplex, Prince George. (250)560-5232

30th-July 2nd "Gold Bridge Days", Main Street, Gold Bridge (250)256-4308

TBA Bowron Lake Fish Derby, Bowron Lake.

(250)994-3476

July

1st

1st

1st

Thunderbird Show Park "Western Classic" 1st

Hunter Jumper Show, Langley.

(604)888-4585

Canada Day Celebrations, Langley Municipal

Airport, Langley. (604)534-7330

Canada Day Old Fashioned Social, Langley Centennial Museum/Fort Langley Historical

Site, Langley. (604)513-4777

Dominion Day Celebration, Celebrating Canada's birthday the way they did in 1870.

Barkerville.

Canada Day Celebration, 108 Heritage Site, 1st 108 Mile House. (250)395-2354 Festival of the Woods and Canada Day 1st Celebration, Hope. 1st Canada Day Celebration, Lytton. 8th Garden Tour, location varies, Langley. (604)530-1115 11th-20th Wells Artist Project, 2323 Pooley St., Wells. (250)994-3466, 1-800-442-2787 13th-15th Quesnel Rodeo. Rodeo Grounds, Alex Faser Park, Quesnel. (250)377-7566 Free Wheelers Car Club, A&W Parking Lot, 15th 100 Mile House. (250)395-2609 18th Annual West Coast Summer Music 15th-22nd Festival & Family Music Camp, Trinity Western University, Langley. (604) 299-5430 17th-20th Healing Gathering, Lytton. 19th-22nd Cariboo Fall Fair, location TBA, Williams Lake. (250)398-872 19th-22nd Barbershop Event, Museum, Quesnel. (250)992-9580 19th-22nd Billy Barker Days, various locations, Quesnel. (250)992-1234 19th-22nd Crash to Pass/Cascar, Gold Pan City Speedway, Quesnel. (250)747-3792 24th-Aug 3rd Visual Arts & Craft School, 2323 Pooley St., Wells. (250)994-3466, 1-800-442-2787 Cariboo Artist Guild Show, Community Hall, 27th-29th 100 Mile House. (250)456-7425 27th-29th Only in Lillooet Days. Main St. Lilooet. (250)256-4308 28th Begbie Casino and Dance, Recreation Centre, Main St, Lillooet. (250)256-4308 28th-30th Fort Festival of the Arts, Fort Langley (604)888-1759 29th-Aug 5th Great Cariboo Ride, South Cariboo, 100 Mile House. (250)791-5383. Approximately a 10 day horseback ride Williams Lake Logger Sports, Botanio Park, ТВА

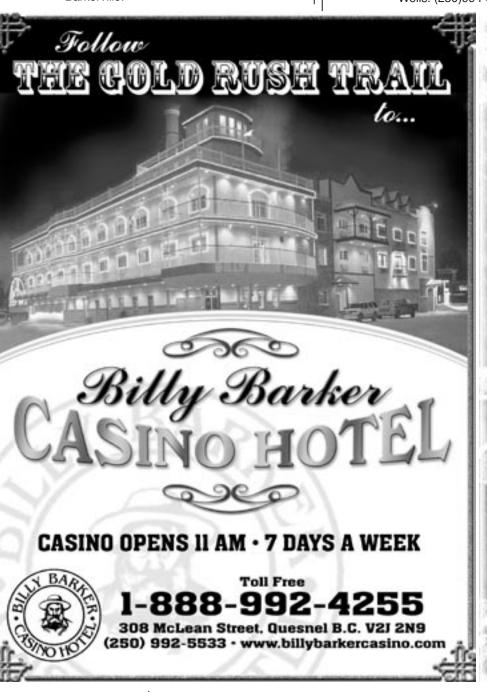
Willaims Lake. (250)392-412

July & Aug Memorial Park Twilight Festival Series, Yale Museum Grounds, Yale. (604)869-2021

August

4th-5th Derby on the Jack, Jack of Clubs Lake,

Wells. (250)994-3476





4h-6th Brigade Days, Fort Langley Historical Site, Langley. (604)513-4777 4th-6th Deka Lake and District VFD Fishing Durby, Deka Lake, 100 Mile House. (250)593-4515 5th Sulphurous Fishing Durby, Sulphurous Lake, Lone Butte (250)593-4519 7th-10th Acoustic Music and Literary School. 2323 Pooley St., Wells. (250)994-3466, 1-800-442-2787 Thunderbird Show Park "Fort Langley 15th-19th Summer Horse Show" Langley. (604)539-0133 15th-19th International Celtic Folk Harp School, 2323 Pooley St., Wells. (250)994-3466, 1-800-442-2787 Prince George Fringe Festival 2001, College 16t-19th of New Caledonia, Prince George. (250)564-5556 18th-19th 2nd Annual Garlic Festival, Kariboo Farms, Forest Grove, 100 Mile House. (250)397-2108, 1-877-397-2518 Annual Sandblast, Prince George cut banks 19th-30th above Pulp Mill Rd., Prince George. (250)564-9791 21st 4H Show & Sale, BC Livestock Stockyards, Wiliams Lake. (250)392-6692 25th 5th Annual Eldorado Goldpanning Champion ships. Barkerville **TBA** Horsefly Fall Fair, Community Hall, Horsefly (250)392-5025

September

8th-9th

14th-16th

21st

TBA

Harry Potter Children's Festival, Hubble Homestead Historic Site, Prince George. (250)564-7033

Mid-Autumn Festival. A traditional Chinese 2nd celebration honouring Barkerville's Chinese

history. Barkerville.

4th-5th Fred Wells Anniversary Day, various location,

Wells. (250)994-3331

5th Annual Langley Good Times Cruise-In, 8th Downtown Langley (604)532-8882

Cariboo Harvest Fair, location TBA, Williams

Lake. (250)398-8391 8th-9th Fall Fair, Recreation Centre, Lillooet.

(250)256-4308

8th-11th Artists Canoe Retreat on the Bowron Chain

(West Side) 2323 Pooley St., Wells. (250)994-3466, 1-800-442-2787

9th The World Comes to Fort Langley, Mary Street, Langley. (604)888-8835

> Fibre Arts Retreat, 2323 Pooley St., Wells. (250)994-3466, 1-800-442-2787

Painting Retreat, 2323 Pooley St., Wells. 18th-21st (250)994-3466, 1-800-442-2787

Ducks Unlimited Dinner, Curling Rink,, Wells.

(250)994-3369 22nd-23rd

Today's Woman Trade Show, Prince George Civic Centre, Prince George. (250)561-7131

Stitch in Time Cross Stitch Weekend. Barkerville.

TBA Annual Terry Fox Run, Cariboo Memorial

> Complex, Williams Lake. (250)398-7665 Tour de Cariboo, various locations, Williams

Lake. (250)398-8391

October

19th-21st

31st

28th-30th

12th-14th BC Rodeo Assn Finals Rodeo, Cariboo

Memorial Complex, Williams Lake.

(250)398-7665

BC Championships Finals Rodeo, location

TBA, Williams Lake. (250)377-7665 "Ghostly Town Tour", Barkerville.



Tourist Information Centres

100 Mile House 250-395-5353 250-238-2274 Gold Bridge 604-869-2021 Hope 250-620-3440 Horsefly Langley 604-530-6656 Lillooet 250-256-4308 Lytton 250-455-2523 Prince George

250-562-3700 Toll Free 1-800-668-7646 250-992-8716 Toll Free 1-800-992-4922 Quesnel

250-392-5025 Williams Lake 250-994-2323 Wells 604-863-2324 Yale

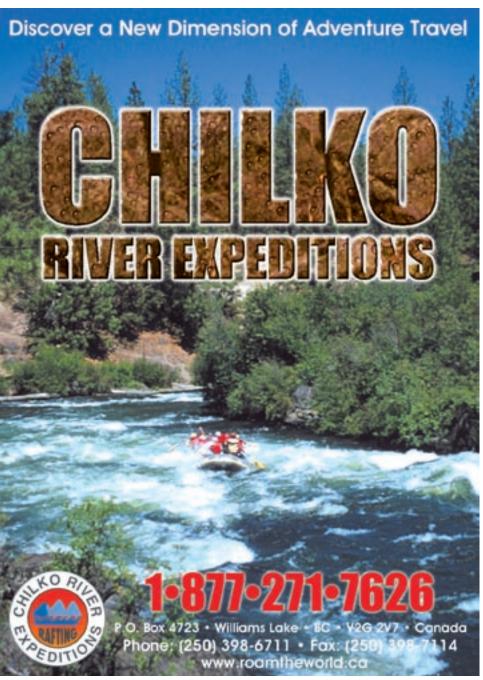
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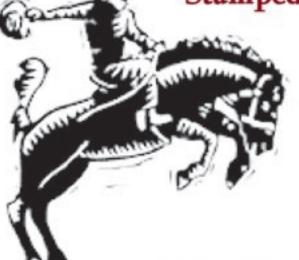
THE FAMOUS

WILLIAMS LAKE STAMPEDE

July 1st Long Weekend

Stampede Grounds, Williams Lake, BC





Rodeo Ticket includes: Professional (CPRA) Rodeo Action,
Thrilling Mountain Horse Race, Pony Chuckwagon & Chariot Racing, Pony Express Race,
Rancher's Challenge Team Penning & Top Dog Competition

Don't forget to check out these exciting events:

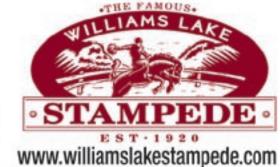
Midway / Bronc Buster Trade Fair / Animal Athlete Tour Sunday Night Grandstand Show Featuring Rick Tippe Saturday Night Barn Dance / Pancake Breakfasts, Lunches, Steak Outs, BBQs Traditional Pow-Wow- daily at the W.L. Curling Rink

Ticket Info: (250) 398-8388

W.L. Stampede Business Office: (250) 392-6585, Box 4076, Williams Lake, BC V2G 2V4

The Williams Lake Stampede is an exciting 4 day western heritage event!

The world famous stampede is family oriented and for all age groups.



FOR MORE INFORMATION & TICKETS CALL 1-800-71RODEO (717-6336) BC ONLY



