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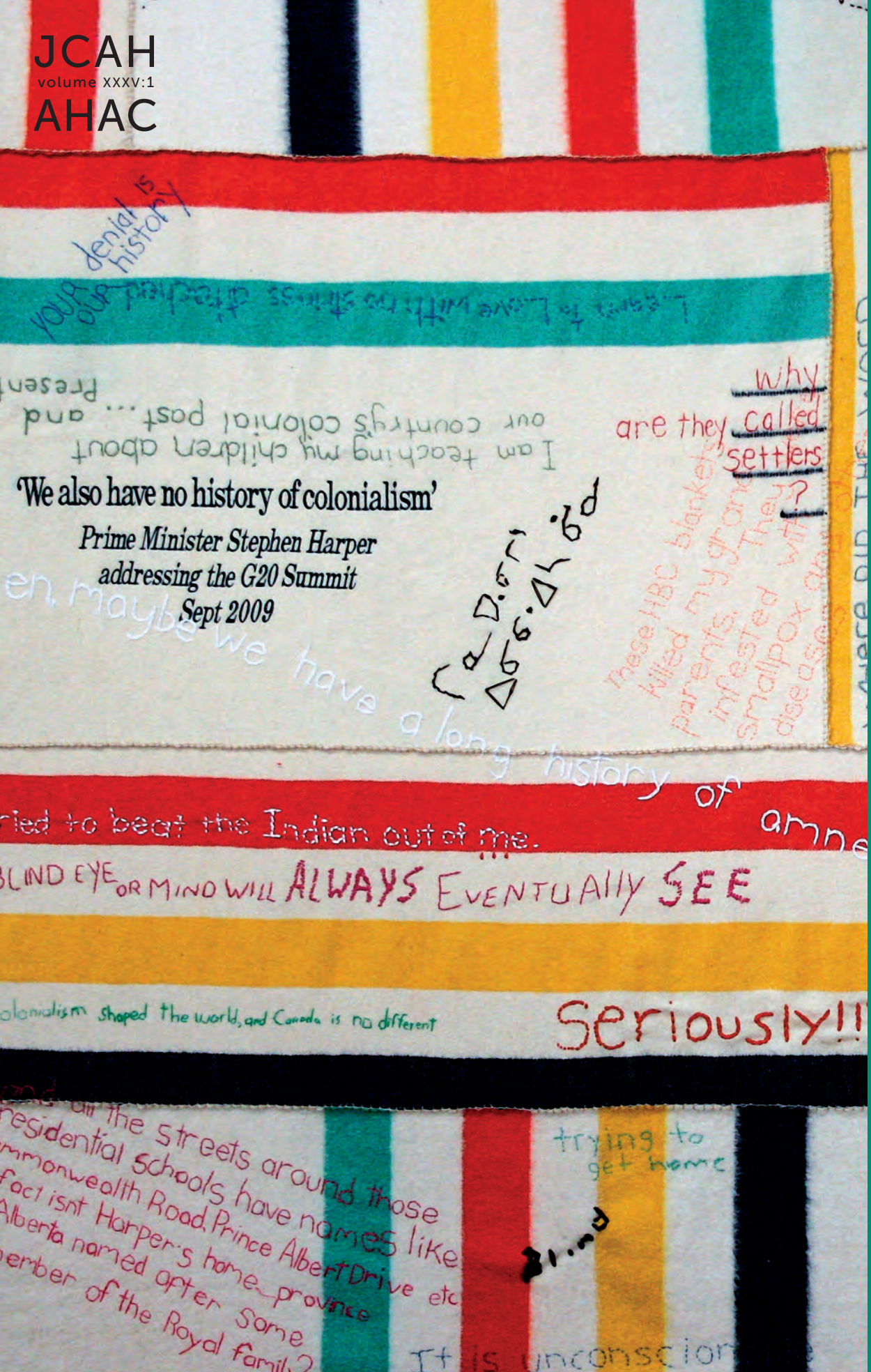

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Address | Adresse :
Concordia University | Université Concordia
1455, boul. de Maisonneuve West, EV-3.725
Montréal, Québec, Canada H3G 1M8
(514) 848-2424, ext. 4699
jcah@concordia.ca
http://jcah-ahac.concordia.ca

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At a recent conference at the University of London, organized by Birkbeck Research in Aesthetics of Kinship and Community, the theme of "Picturing the Family: Media, Narrative, Memory" was interpreted by a number of participants in terms of place. A compelling contribution came from artist-filmmaker Suze Adams, who reconstructed the process that led to her short film *Communion* (2012). The work was filmed on the Isle of Mull, Scotland, which Adams's maternal ancestors called 'home'. The film opens with a dedication inscribed in white – the reference to family albums is unmistakeable – which reads: "to those who have gone before and for those who have yet to come." The figure of a woman is seen from the back as she gazes upon a landscape. The work is sited by the shores of a mountain lochan (a small inland lake), which the artist identifies as "a location of significance to her family." She is accompanied by a small chair, a gift from the artist's mother to Adams's daughter on her second birthday, and the sounds of children's voices are recollected by the unseen narrator. Views of the rippling water are overlaid with private documents, such as a family tree and an ancestral portrait, but the most persuasive claim to connection to (dare I say 'possession' of) this place is the woman's body, her steadfast gaze upon this site of memory. As I watched and listened to her poetic meditation, I felt the strength of her attachment to those Scottish shores, which held my gaze and also transported me home.

Home to where? To Canada, where, as I tried to explain during the question period, such a film would arouse a certain level of discomfiture if made by a non-Indigenous artist. Pressing my point, I suggested that the Western romantic motif of the *Rückenfigur* had become problematic within visual cultures that struggle with the histories of territorial contest, colonial displacement, and genocide. As I looked across the room, an Australian colleague, Robert de Young, nodded in assent. Was he perhaps thinking about Aboriginal artist Ricky Maynard's photographic series *Portrait of a Distant Land*? The kinship and difference between Maynard's self-portrait *Broken Heart* (2005) and Adams's film are striking, on a formal level at least. Maynard too is pictured on a shoreline from the back; he stands knee-deep in the sea. As media theorist Scott McQuire explains, this project involved archival research and walking to determine the likeliest location from which survivors of the Aboriginal people, exiled from Tasmania to Flinders Island in 1833, would have looked across the waters at their ancestral lands. The artist's process has been described as one of "convivial photography," evoking an ethics of co-authorship between the artist and those who stood in that place before him. Maynard performs the gaze of his ancestors; he also deploys their words. The image carries an excerpt from an 1846 petition sent to Queen Victoria by eight Aboriginal leaders: "When we left our own place we were

Les participants à une récente conférence à l'université de Londres, organisée par Birkbeck Research in Aesthetics of Kinship and Community, ont interprété le thème, « Représenter la famille : les médias, les récits, la mémoire », en termes de lieux. L'artiste et cinéaste Suze Adams a apporté une contribution exceptionnelle en reconstruisant le processus qui a conduit à la réalisation de son court-métrage *Communion* (2012). L'œuvre a été filmée sur l'île de Mull, en Écosse, lieu d'origine des ancêtres maternels de Suze Adams. Le film s'ouvre sur une dédicace en blanc – référence évidente aux albums de famille – qui se lit: « À ceux qui sont déjà venus et à ceux qui viendront ». Une femme, vue de dos, regarde le paysage. L'œuvre est située sur les rives d'un *lochan* (petit lac) de montagne qui, pour l'artiste, « a une signification particulière pour sa famille ». La petite chaise, à côté d'elle, est un cadeau de la mère de Suze Adams pour le deuxième anniversaire de la fille de l'artiste. La narratrice invisible évoque des voix d'enfants. Des documents privés – un arbre généalogique et un portrait d'ancêtres – se superposent aux ondulations de l'eau. Cependant la relation la plus convaincante (oserai-je parler de 'possession') avec ce site est le corps de la femme, son regard soutenu devant ce lieu de mémoire. En regardant l'œuvre et en écoutant sa méditation poétique,

Suze Adams, still image from the film/capture d'image du film *Communion*, 2012. 12 min., colour/couleur, sound/son. (Photo: Suze Adams)

Ricky Maynard, *Broken Heart*, 2007, gelatin silver photograph/épreuve à la gélatine argentique, 45.2 × 45.4 cm, National Gallery of Australia, Canberra. Purchased/ achetée 2009. (Photo: © Ricky Maynard / SODRAC [2014])

plenty of People, we are now but a little one." McQuire responds viscerally to this image-text: "If the sea and sky are peaceful, there is something about the photographer's stance – the far-off yet purposeful gaze, the water line soaking his pants, the way his arms and hands seem held in suspension, neither actively grasping nor yet at rest – that conveys a deep sense of longing."[1] An artist's ethics and a spectator's empathy cultivate a sense of kinship, which can be extended across space and time, as part of the very hard work needed to grasp the complex feelings and painful histories that know no borders in modern experience, but have to be acknowledged to have struck some of the People with particular and cruel force.

This issue of *Journal of Canadian Art History* takes up these issues of home, land, and history by means of a quilt of philosophical analysis, archival

je sentais la force de son attachement à ces rivages écossais qui attiraient mon regard et me ramenaient chez moi.

Où ça chez moi ? Au Canada, où, comme j'ai tenté de l'expliquer durant la période de questions, un tel film susciterait un certain degré de perplexité s'il avait été fait par un autre qu'un artiste indigène. Pour soutenir mon argument, j'ai suggéré que le motif romantique occidental de la *Rückenfigur* était devenu problématique dans des cultures visuelles confrontées à des histoires de luttes territoriales, de déplacements de populations en régime colonial et de génocide. En regardant autour de moi, j'ai vu un collègue australien, Robert de Young, qui hochait de la tête en signe d'assentiment. Peut-être pensait-il à l'artiste aborigène Ricky Maynard et à sa série de photographies *Portrait of a Distant Land* ? La parenté et aussi la différence entre l'autoportrait de Maynard, *Broken Heart* (2005), et le film d'Adams sont frappantes, du moins au plan formel. Maynard aussi est représenté, vu de dos, sur un rivage ; il se tient debout jusqu'aux genoux dans la mer. Selon les explications données par le théoricien des médias Scott McQuire, le projet a demandé des recherches d'archives et des excursions à pied pour déterminer le lieu le plus probable d'où les survivants des peuples aborigènes, exilés de la Tasmanie vers l'île Flinders, en 1833, pouvaient regarder au-delà de la mer en direction de leurs terres ancestrales. Le processus de l'artiste a été décrit comme de la « photographie conviviale », évoquant une éthique de collaboration entre l'artiste et ceux qui étaient là avant lui. Maynard reproduit le regard de ses ancêtres et il déploie leurs mots. La photographie s'accompagne d'un extrait d'une pétition envoyée en 1846 à la reine Victoria par huit chefs aborigènes: « Lorsque nous avons quitté notre propre terre, nous étions un Peuple nombreux; maintenant nous sommes un petit peuple ». McQuire répond à ce texte-image : « Si la mer et le ciel sont paisibles, il y a quelque chose dans l'attitude du photographe – le regard lointain mais décidé, le pantalon trempé à la surface de l'eau, les bras et les mains qui semblent comme en attente, ne tenant rien et pourtant pas encore au repos – qui transmet un sentiment de profonde aspiration[1] ». L'éthique de l'artiste et l'empathie du spectateur cultivent un sentiment de parenté qui peut traverser l'espace et le temps et faire partie du très dur travail nécessaire pour comprendre les sentiments complexes et les histoires pénibles qui ne connaissent pas de frontière dans l'expérience contemporaine, mais qui ont frappé certains peuples avec une force particulière et cruelle.

Ce numéro des *Annales d'histoire de l'art canadien* se penche sur les questions de domicile, de terre et d'histoire dans une mosaïque d'analyses philosophiques, de documents d'archives et d'œuvres d'art (en reproduction, naturellement). Leur assemblage forme une modeste contribution au difficile travail collectif de redéfinition de l'histoire de l'art canadien à l'intérieur d'un mouvement international sous la direction de spécialistes nationaux. Certaines de ces idées ne sont pas nouvelles, mais le sentiment de devoir élargir notre conversation

documentation, and works of art (in reproduction, to be sure). Their piecing together forms a modest contribution to the collective working-through of difficult knowledge that is redefining Canadian art history within an international movement led by national specialists. Some of these ideas are not new, but perhaps our sense of the conversation that we need has expanded in the fourteen years since Jonathan Bordo first drew our attention to "the rather special and dual role" of the "specular witness." That figure, sometimes played by a tree, was contemplative, though far from passive: an actor that "exalts a picture that testifys [sic] to an unpicturable condition – the wilderness sublime – while simultaneously legitimating, as a landscape picture, terrain violently seized, dispossessed of its indigenous inhabitants, and reconstituted as territory."[2]

What were they thinking, those flesh-and-blood specular witnesses? The full text of Benjamin Baltzly's journal, kept during his service as a photographer during a survey expedition through British Columbia in 1871, and now fully correlated with the photographs that he took, offers one answer to that question. As brought forth by Elizabeth Cavaliere, the journal shows us Baltzly as the servant of two masters: documentary photography and photographic art, both constrained by technology and convention, both uplifted by illusions of unmediated discovery.

New Zealand/Aotearoa art historian Damian Skinner's introduction to settler-colonial art history was the platform for a workshop on this emergent methodology, a two-day program organized by Kristina Huneault, Anne Whitelaw, and Skinner, and hosted by the Gail and Stephen A. Jarislowsky Institute for Studies in Canadian Art at Concordia University in 2012. If the particularities of encounter and co-existence vary from empire to empire, and colony to colony, Skinner's systematic analysis of the structures and tropes used to make Western sense of Indigenous culture is both illuminating and shaming – into action, that is. I was privileged to participate in this conversation, which was far from predictable, converging at the end of the meeting in a collective desire to see where the system might take us. Dominic Hardy's response to Skinner's text, also published in this issue, brings out some of the differences in Canadian experiences that must be accounted for, notably the untranslatability of the word 'settler' and the layers of conquest, adaptation, and resistance – the *mille-feuilles* of Canada-Quebec relations – that complicate the long co-presence of Europeans in the Americas. That said, there is obviously much more to say and future iterations of the settler-colonial art history framework there must be. Histories of coerced migration, such as slavery and indentured labour, as well as asylum-seekers, when Canada has accepted them, create complications for the settler-colonial

s'est étendu au cours des quatorze années écoulées depuis que Jonathan Bordo a attiré notre attention sur « le rôle plutôt spécial et double » du « témoin spéculaire ». Ce rôle, parfois joué par un arbre, était contemplatif, mais loin d'être passif : un acteur qui « exalte une image témoignant d'une condition indescriptible – la sublime nature sauvage – tout en légitimant, en tant que paysage, une terre saisie par la violence, dépossédée de ses habitants indigènes et reconstituée en territoire[2] ».

À quoi pensaient-ils, ces témoins spéculaires de chair et de sang ? Le texte complet du journal de Benjamin Baltzly, qu'il a tenu en tant que photographe durant l'expédition à l'intérieur de la Colombie Britannique en 1871 et qui correspond entièrement à ses photographies, répond à cette question. Comme l'a avancé Elizabeth Cavaliere, le journal nous présente Baltzly comme serviteur de deux maîtres : la photographie documentaire et la photographie d'art, toutes deux limitées par la technologie et les conventions, toutes deux soulevées par l'illusion de découvertes sans intermédiaire.

L'introduction de l'historien de l'art néo-zélandais Damian Skinner à l'histoire de l'art colonial/allochtone a servi de base pour un atelier sur cette méthodologie émergente, programme d'une durée de deux jours organisé par Kristina Huneault, Anne Whitelaw et Skinner, et tenu à l'Institut de recherche en art canadien Gail et Stephen A. Jarislowsky, à l'Université Concordia, en 2012. Si les particularités de la rencontre et de la coexistence varient d'un empire à l'autre, d'une colonie à l'autre, l'analyse systématique par Skinner des structures et des tropes utilisés pour donner un sens occidental à la culture indigène nous éclaire et nous fait honte – et nous force à agir. J'ai eu le privilège de participer à cette conversation, qui était loin d'être prévisible et qui, à la fin de la rencontre, a convergé vers un désir collectif de voir jusqu'où le système nous conduirait. La réponse de Dominic Hardy au texte de Skinner, également publiée dans ce numéro, fait ressortir quelques-unes des différences dans l'expérience canadienne dont il faut tenir compte, en particulier l'impossibilité de traduire le mot *settler* et les couches de conquête, d'adaptation et de résistance – le « mille-feuilles » des relations Canada-Québec – qui compliquent la longue coprésence des Européens en Amérique. Cela dit, il reste, de toute évidence, beaucoup de choses à dire, et de futures itérations du cadre de l'histoire de l'art colonial/allochtone s'imposent. Des histoires de migrations forcées, telles l'esclavage et la servitude, de même que les demandes d'asile acceptées par le Canada, compliquent la méthodologie des questions coloniales et allochtones. Mais, pour comprendre les principes de l'histoire de l'art colonial/allochtone et suivre son développement, il faut absolument lire Skinner et Hardy.

L'hybridation et les 'trans' de toutes sortes dérangent la dualité présumée des relations colon-indigène. C'est une question qu'il faudra aussi étudier à l'avenir.

methodology. But to understand the principles of settler-colonial art history, and to follow its development, both Skinner and Hardy are required reading.

Hybridity and 'trans-' of every classification trouble the presumed duality of settler-colonial and indigenous relations, and will also need to be addressed going forward. The destabilizing political charge of work by Métis artist Bob Boyer (1948–2004) is examined by art historian Richard Hill in a review essay of the 2012 retrospective organized by the MacKenzie Art Gallery, in collaboration with the Canadian Museum of Civilization (now Canadian Museum of History). With appropriate irreverence and verve, Hill pays particular attention to the institutional framing of the work by the CMC, and how Boyer's work resists containment.

The final touch of this compilation is a work of art, one that fits perfectly with the tenor of a methodological exploration that is just beginning, and aspires never to end: *(official denial) trade value in progress* (2010–), an ongoing interactive project initiated by artist Leah Decter and curated by Jaimie Isaac. Inspired by political double-speak, the project "enacts exchange and elicits dialogue about contemporary conditions of settler colonialism and processes of decolonization and reconciliation in Canada." Both indigenous and non-indigenous people are involved, and this is considered an "imperative" of the project whose contact point for sewing 'actions' is a massive textile pieced together from repurposed Hudson's Bay Company point blankets.[3]

Many willing hands and enlightened institutions have also contributed to this thematic issue. First, I want to thank Kristina Huneault and Joan Schwartz of the *JCAH* editorial board for their special efforts, as well as the participants in the settler-colonial art history workshop who are acknowledged individually by Damian Skinner. Of this group, it was Carla Taunton who suggested *(official denial)* as a complementary work of art. The Notman Photographic Archives of the McCord Museum is a partner in the Baltzly journal project, thanks to the enthusiastic support of curator Hélène Samson and the technical staff of the museum. This publication within a publication has also been supported by the Canadian Photography History project, whose inception was funded by the Social Sciences and Humanities Research Council of Canada. Finally, as editor-in-chief of *JCAH*, I want formally to honour the writers, Elizabeth Cavaliere, Dominic Hardy, Richard Hill, and Damian Skinner, and the artists, Suze Adams, Benjamin Baltzly, Bob Boyer, Leah Decter, and Ricky Maynard, whose works we are privileged to know a bit better after today.

Martha Langford

Le poids politique déstabilisant de l'œuvre de l'artiste Bob Boyer (1948–2004) est étudié par l'historien de l'art Richard Hill, dans une recension de la rétrospective de 2012 organisée par la Galerie d'art MacKenzie, en collaboration avec le Musée canadien des civilisations (devenu le Musée canadien de l'histoire). Avec juste ce qu'il faut d'irrévérence et de verve, Hill porte une attention particulière au cadre institutionnel du Musée et à la manière dont l'œuvre de Boyer résiste au confinement.

La touche finale de cette compilation est une œuvre d'art, œuvre qui s'accorde parfaitement avec une exploration méthodologique qui n'en est qu'à ses débuts et qui aspire à ne jamais prendre fin : *(official denial) trade value in progress* (2010–), projet interactif continu mis en marche par l'artiste Leah Decter sous la direction de Jaimie Isaac. S'inspirant du double discours politique, le projet « met en place des échanges et suscite le dialogue sur les conditions contemporaines du colonialisme et du processus de décolonisation et de réconciliation au Canada ». L'implication de tous, indigènes et non-indigènes, est une nécessité absolue du projet, qui relie les « actions » dans un large assemblage de couvertures à points de la Compagnie de la Baie d'Hudson transformées[3].

Plusieurs bénévoles ainsi que des institutions éclairées ont aussi contribué à ce numéro à thème. Je voudrais en premier lieu remercier Kristina Huneault et Joan Schwartz du comité de rédaction des *Annales* pour leurs efforts particuliers, ainsi que les participants à l'atelier d'histoire de l'art colonial/allochtone qui sont mentionnés individuellement par Damian Skinner. Dans ce groupe, c'est Carla Taunton qui a proposé d'inclure *(official denial)* comme œuvre d'art complémentaire. Les Archives photographiques Notman du Musée McCord sont un partenaire dans le projet du journal de Benjamin Baltzly, grâce à l'appui enthousiaste de la conservatrice Hélène Samson et du personnel technique du musée. Cette publication à l'intérieur d'une publication a reçu l'appui d'un projet d'histoire de la photographie au Canada, dont la création a été financée par le Conseil de recherche en sciences humaines du Canada. Finalement, en tant que rédactrice-en-chef des *Annales*, je tiens à rendre un hommage particulier aux auteurs, Elizabeth Cavaliere, Dominic Hardy, Richard Hill et Damian Skinner, et aux artistes, Suze Adams, Benjamin Baltzly, Bob Boyer, Leah Decter et Ricky Maynard, dont nous avons le privilège de connaître un peu mieux les œuvres maintenant.

Martha Langford

NOTES

1 Scott McQuire, "Photography's Afterlife: Documentary Images and the Operational Archive," *Journal of Material Culture* 18:3 (2013): 223–41; citation, 231.

2 Jonathan Bordo, "Picture and Witness at the Site of the Wilderness," *Critical Inquiry* 26:2 (Winter 2000): 224–47; citation, 227.

3 Leah Decter and Jaimie Isaac, *(official denial) trade value in progress.* Accessed 17 July 2014, http://www.leahdecter.com/official_denial/home.html

NOTES

1 Scott McQuire, « Photography's Afterlife: Documentary Images and the Operational Archive », *Journal of Material Culture,* vol. 18, nº 3 (2013), p. 223–41 ; citation, 231.
2 Jonathan Bordo, « Picture and Witness at the Site of the Wilderness », *Critical Inquiry,* vol. 26, nº 2 (Hiver 2000), p. 224–47 ; citation, 227.
3 Leah Decter et Jaimie Isaac, *(official denial) trade value in progress.* Consulté le 17 juillet 2014, http://www.leahdecter.com/official_denial/home.html

Preface to Benjamin F. Baltzly's Journal

ELIZABETH CAVALIERE

In 1871 the Colony of British Columbia entered into Canadian Confederation on the condition that a transcontinental railroad be built to connect the extremes of a then nascent and developing Canada. The construction of the railroad was hailed from the beginning as a practical necessity, bringing resources from British Columbia to the east and moving settlers westward. The railroad was also considered to be a hallmark of Canadian expansion and progress; the enormous endeavour of constructing the railroad was the foremost feat and a source of national pride. The challenge to meet the ten-year time limit to complete construction was compounded by the need to pass the rail route through the mostly uncharted and treacherous Rocky Mountains. Planning and mapping began immediately with both geological and topographical surveys deployed for the task. The Geological Survey of Canada (GSC) was to work in tandem with the engineers of the Canadian Pacific Railway (CPR) and their Pacific Railway Survey teams already in British Columbia, in order to devise the most practicable route. Sir Sandford Fleming, Chief Engineer of the CPR, ordered his railway crews to provide assistance to Alfred R.C. Selwyn, Director of the Geological Survey of Canada, in conducting his geological work. This relationship between the two organizations offered mutual benefits through the sharing of provisions, trails, campsites, and, most importantly, information.

The first official use of photography in Canadian survey work had taken place just a little over a decade earlier during the 1858 Assiniboine and Saskatchewan Exploring Expedition. The photographs taken by Humphrey Lloyd Hime during this expedition set a precedent for Canadian interest in photography as a documentary tool.[1] For engineers, scientists and politicians, photographs had the capacity to show a detailed rendering of the Canadian land as it was in the second half of the nineteenth century. Natural passageways and obstacles could be captured truthfully and scientifically through the apparatus of the camera. This unrivalled ability made the camera an indispensable and indisputable tool in the record-making survey process. But, while the earliest photographs were produced as documentary aids serving only to supplement official government reports, they also became the

Avant-propos à la transcription du journal de Benjamin F. Baltzly

ELIZABETH CAVALIERE

En 1871, la colonie de la Colombie-Britannique se joint à la fédération canadienne à la condition qu'un nouveau chemin de fer transcontinental relie les extrémités du Canada, pays alors à l'aube de son développement. La construction de la voie ferrée est saluée dès le départ comme une nécessité d'ordre pratique. En effet, elle permettra le transport des ressources de la Colombie-Britannique vers l'est et le déplacement des pionniers vers l'ouest. Elle est également perçue comme un jalon décisif de l'expansion et du progrès que connaît le Canada. L'entreprise colossale que représente la construction de ce chemin de fer constitue un exploit de premier plan et une source de fierté nationale. Par ailleurs, au défi de respecter le délai de dix ans pour mener à bien le projet s'ajoute l'obligation de faire passer la voie ferrée à travers les Rocheuses, montagnes dangereuses et largement inexplorées. Les travaux de planification et de cartographie débutent sans plus tarder, et des levés géologiques et topographiques sont effectués. Les membres de la Commission géologique du Canada [CGC] collaborent avec les ingénieurs du Chemin de fer Canadien Pacifique [CFCP] ainsi qu'avec leurs équipes d'arpenteurs déjà établies en Colombie-Britannique. Ensemble, ils conçoivent le tracé qui semble le plus praticable. Sir Sandford Fleming, ingénieur en chef du CFCP, donne l'ordre à ses équipes ferroviaires de prêter main-forte à Alfred R.C. Selwyn, directeur de la Commission géologique du Canada, qui prépare un inventaire géologique. La relation qui s'établit procure des avantages mutuels aux deux organisations. Elle favorise notamment le partage des provisions, des sentiers, des campements et, surtout, de l'information.

Selon les sources officielles, la photographie aurait servi pour la première fois aux arpenteurs canadiens quelque dix ans plus tôt – à l'occasion de l'expédition d'exploration de l'Assiniboine et de la Saskatchewan en 1858. Les clichés que prend alors Humphrey Lloyd Hime créent un précédent, et les Canadiens commencent à s'intéresser à la photographie en tant qu'outil documentaire[1]. Pour les ingénieurs, scientifiques et politiciens, ces images offrent en effet un rendu détaillé du territoire canadien tel qu'il se présente dans cette seconde moitié du XIX^e^ siècle. L'appareil photo reproduit avec une rigueur toute scientifique les passages et obstacles naturels. Cette capacité

subject of a growing public interest, providing the first exciting glimpses into the unknown vistas of Canada's most inaccessible places.

Because photography could be both an accurate documentary tool and a means by which to showcase the landscape of a newly unified country to its inhabitants, it could also be understood in terms of mutual benefit. The dual desire for plain description and impressive vistas must have been an important factor in the decision to appoint photographer Benjamin Franklin Baltzly (1835–1883) to the 1871 Geological Survey expedition. By 1871, it had become usual to have a photographer accompany a survey party. In addition to Hime's work on the Assiniboine & Saskatchewan Exploring Expedition, photographs had been made by the Corps of Royal Engineers on the North American Boundary Commission of 1858–1862, and by James Richardson with the GSC along the coast of Newfoundland in 1860. As well, Charles Horetzky had just been assigned to the Canadian Pacific Railway Surveys that began in 1871 and continued until 1879.[2]

Baltzly was employed as a staff photographer at the studio of Montreal photographic tycoon William Notman (1826–1891) who came to an agreement with Selwyn to assign a photographer to the survey expedition, with each party paying a portion of the expenses.[3] While Selwyn was keen to have a photographer attached to the survey to obtain photographs to accompany his scientific and geographical findings, Notman wanted interesting photographs of never-before-seen landscapes to display and sell in his studio. It was most likely that Notman chose Baltzly for the expedition for two reasons: first, Baltzly's skill as a photographer; and the second, Baltzly's experience as a Second Lieutenant on the Union side during the American Civil War. However, it is now known that Baltzly's four-month tenure as a soldier came to an end without seeing any action when his company was mustered out due to illness, leaving him with less hardened outdoorsmanship than Notman may have expected.[4]

The expedition took Baltzly and the GSC party across the continent to San Francisco, California, and then north by boat to Victoria, British Columbia. Between June 28 and December 26, 1871, the party travelled northeast, from Victoria to Yale to Kamloops at the mouth of the North Thompson River, and ultimately along the river to Yellowhead Pass and Tête Jaune Cache. Unfortunately, the team fell short of its goal to reach Jasper House before the winter snowfall with the journey quickly taking a turn for the worse when it encountered impenetrable forests and underbrush, a lack of cut trails, insurmountable mountains, misguided guides, weakening horses, and the onset of winter ice and cold. A detailed account of the route and the deteriorating circumstances of the expedition party's journey, along with

sans égale en fait un outil indispensable et incontestable dans la création de documents d'arpentage. Cela dit, les premiers clichés sont simplement annexés aux rapports gouvernementaux officiels; leur utilité se résume à les compléter. Par contre, le public porte un intérêt croissant à de telles photos, car elles lui donnent un aperçu inédit, saisissant, de terres méconnues et souvent inaccessibles.

À la fois outil documentaire précis et moyen de présenter les paysages d'un pays nouvellement unifié à ses habitants, la photographie procure à tous des possibilités avantageuses : les uns y voient de simples descriptions visuelles; les autres, des images de paysages grandioses. En 1871, cette dualité représente sans doute un facteur important dans la décision de nommer le photographe Benjamin Franklin Baltzly (1835–1883) comme membre de l'expédition de levés géologiques. À cette époque, il est fréquent qu'un photographe accompagne les brigades désignées à cette tâche. Ainsi, outre le travail qu'accomplit Humphrey Lloyd Hime lors de l'expédition d'exploration de l'Assiniboine et de la Saskatchewan, des clichés sont réalisés, entre 1858 et 1862, par le Corps royal du génie dans le cadre de la Commission des frontières de l'Amérique du Nord. En 1860, James Richardson et la CGC font de même le long des côtes de Terre-Neuve. En outre, Charles Horetzky vient tout juste d'être affecté aux levés du Chemin de fer Canadien Pacifique; les travaux débutent en 1871 et se poursuivent jusqu'en 1879[2].

Benjamin Baltzly exerce la photographie comme salarié au studio montréalais d'un magnat du domaine : William Notman (1826–1891). Ce dernier convient avec Alfred Selwyn d'associer un photographe à l'expédition de levés géologiques; ils partageront les dépenses[3]. Si Selwyn tient à ce qu'un photographe participe à la mission, c'est qu'il souhaite que des clichés étayent ses découvertes scientifiques et géographiques. De son côté, Notman veut des photographies intéressantes de paysages inédits, qu'il exposera dans son studio en vue de les vendre. Deux raisons peuvent être invoquées pour expliquer la décision de Notman d'adjoindre Baltzly à l'expédition : d'abord, le talent du photographe; ensuite, son expérience de sous-lieutenant dans l'armée de l'Union durant la guerre de Sécession. Toutefois, nous savons maintenant que Baltzly n'a été soldat que quatre mois et qu'il n'a participé à aucun combat. Sa compagnie est effectivement retirée du front pour cause de maladie. Bref, Baltzly n'a pas été aussi exposé aux grands espaces que Notman aurait pu l'espérer[4].

Dans le cadre de l'expédition, Baltzly et les membres de la CGC traversent le continent jusqu'à San Francisco, en Californie. Ils naviguent ensuite vers le nord jusqu'à Victoria, en Colombie-Britannique. Du 28 juin au 26 décembre 1871, les explorateurs voyagent en direction nord-est : de Victoria à Yale, puis à Kamloops, à l'embouchure de la rivière Thompson Nord. Enfin, ils remontent le cours d'eau jusqu'au col Yellowhead et à Tête Jaune Cache. Malheureusement, ils

details of his own personal reflections of the journey and his photographic work, were recorded by Baltzly in his writings.

Batlzly's journal, housed in the Notman Photographic Archives at the McCord Museum in Montreal, is a 152-page, leather-bound, collection of letters addressed to his wife, Louisa G. Baltzly, and ten year old daughter, Wilma L. Baltzly.[5] The first few entries begin with "Dear wife and daughter"; however, by page 61 on August 17, Baltzly begins his entry with the word 'journal'. In addition to the original document, a significantly edited version of Baltzly's account of the expedition was published as a serial in Montreal's *The Gazette* during the summer of 1872. This much condensed version was also published in Andrew Birrell's 1978 monograph *Benjamin Baltzly Photographs and Journal of an Expedition through British Columbia: 1871*.[6] A comparison of the original and edited versions is revealing. *The Gazette* foregoes the personal nature of the journal in favour of a more official and objective account of events. For example, Baltzly writes in the journal on July 18, 1871, "I was really disappointed in Victoria." In *The Gazette* it has been changed to: "We were all more or less disappointed in our expectations of Victoria." Baltzly's opinion of the city is extended to the whole party, suggesting that the blame for being let down by the city is placed on the team members' expectations and not the city itself.

The significantly more diplomatic tone in *The Gazette* excludes the most interesting and telling aspects of Baltzly's writing. The letterbook-cum-journal is valuable not only as an account of historical events, but also as a way of understanding Baltzy as a photographer. With photographs intended to serve both Selwyn and Notman, Baltzly was left in the unenviable position of being a servant to two masters, an obligation of which he was keenly aware throughout the expedition. In addition to concerns about pleasing his superiors, Baltzly also writes about his own motivations and thoughts in producing his photographs. Take, for example, his journal entry for September 28, 1871, in which he describes the Garnet River Cascade with a deep understanding of composition: a sense of proportion and angle in his commentary on the course of the water; a sensitivity to light and dark in his description of the rocks; and an understanding of the overall relationship of the elements he is seeing – water, foliage, rock. In addition to revealing aspects of Baltzly's photographic choices and his understanding of the elements of the landscape, one gets a sense from his writing that Baltzly was a deeply religious person; someone who was sensitive to the presence of God in his life, and who very often used moments alone in the wilderness as a time to think about the relationship between religion and the landscape. Baltzly's experiences at Mount Hood on July 11, or in the Selkirk Mountains on September 10, are infused with religious thought that informs his

ne réussissent pas à atteindre Jasper House avant l'enneigement hivernal. Ils sont rapidement confrontés au pire : forêts et sous-bois impénétrables; absence de sentiers tracés; montagnes infranchissables; guides fourvoyés; chevaux affaiblis; et emprise du froid et des glaces. Dans son journal, Baltzly décrit en détail le parcours de l'équipe d'expédition et la dégradation des conditions de voyage. Il donne de plus un aperçu de ses propres réflexions sur le périple et son travail de photographe.

Recueil de 152 pages relié cuir, le journal de Baltzly est aujourd'hui conservé dans les Archives photographiques Notman au Musée McCord de Montréal. Le document se compose de lettres adressées à son épouse, Louisa G. Baltzly, et à sa fille de dix ans, Wilma L. Baltzly[5]. Les premières inscriptions commencent par « Chères femme et enfant »; toutefois, à partir de la page 61, datée du 17 août, Baltzly écrit d'abord le mot « journal ». Cela étant, il existe une version – considérablement révisée – du compte rendu de l'expédition par Baltzly : elle paraît sous forme de feuilleton dans le quotidien montréalais *The Gazette* au cours de l'été 1872. Très condensée, elle se trouve également dans la monographie d'Andrew Birrell, *Benjamin Baltzly Photographs and Journal of an Expedition through British Columbia: 1871*[6], publiée en 1978. La comparaison des deux versions est révélatrice. Ainsi, *The Gazette* écarte le caractère personnel du journal au profit d'un rendu plus officiel et plus objectif des événements. Par exemple, le 18 juillet 1871, Baltzly note dans son journal : « J'ai été très déçu par Victoria ». [Traduction] Dans *The Gazette*, cette inscription figure comme suit : « Les attentes que tous nourrissaient à l'égard de Victoria ont été quelque peu déçues ». [Traduction] Ici, l'opinion de Baltzly sur la ville se confond avec celle du groupe. Le texte suggère même que les membres de l'équipe, plutôt que la ville elle-même, sont à blâmer pour leur déception.

Empruntant un ton bien plus diplomatique, la version parue dans *The Gazette* exclut cependant les aspects les plus intéressants et révélateurs des écrits de Baltzly. La valeur du journal, ou registre de correspondance, se situe non seulement dans la présentation d'événements historiques, mais également dans le fait qu'il permet de comprendre le photographe. Comme ses clichés doivent servir à la fois les intérêts de Selwyn et ceux de Notman, Baltzly se voit tenu de servir deux maîtres. Au demeurant, tout au long de l'expédition, il est parfaitement conscient de cette obligation. Au delà de ses préoccupations sur la nécessité de plaire à ses supérieurs, il évoque ses propres motivations et réflexions au regard de son œuvre photographique. Par exemple, le 28 septembre 1871, il dépeint dans son journal la cascade de la rivière Garnet. Il le fait avec un discernement profond de la composition : sens des proportions et des angles de prise de vue dans son commentaire sur l'écoulement des eaux; sensibilité à la lumière et à l'obscurité dans sa description des rochers; et compréhension de la relation globale qui unit les éléments – eau, feuillage,

understanding of the landscape. He writes of beauty, of the sublime, and of the relationship between God and landscape.

The connections between Baltzly's appreciation for the landscape and his experiences working under the conditions of the survey are revealed when text and image are placed alongside each other. The writings in the journal, read together with the photographs produced during the expedition, provide insight into Baltzly's photographic practice as an intersection of science, nature, and religion. Throughout the journal, Baltzly's descriptions of his experience in the landscape are replete with feelings about the Canadian wilderness and Canadian-ness, about accomplishment and progress, and of the presence of God. Reading the journal with Baltzly's religiosity in mind increases its value in the study of nineteenth-century photography, helping to elucidate the tensions between art and document that have been attached to photography, particularly topographical photography, from the medium's outset. Such a reading also develops a more nuanced study of the complexities of early Canadian culture and identity in the photographic image, particularly in the era of Confederation.

In his last entry on Tuesday, December 26, 1871, Baltzly noted that he took "37 8×10 negatives and 88 stereo negatives." However, the Notman ledger has records for 37 8×10 views and 87 stereo views, all of which have been indentified alongside the corresponding journal entries as they are transcribed here. The precise dates that Baltzly made his photographs have been deduced based both on Baltzly's own account of having made a photograph and on the location of the survey party on a given day. This transcription of the journal retains the idiosyncrasies of Baltzly's writing, and of the period in which it was written. For example, throughout the journal, Baltzly changes the format of the dates that head his entries. He also misspells the names of people and places, though in some instances he eventually learns the correct spelling. The journal also makes reference to places that no longer exist, and places where the names have changed in part or entirely. While keeping these original idiosyncrasies, which are in their own right interesting and informative, this transcription from the journal also indicates the currently accepted and complete names of places and people. Page numbers of the original journal document are indicated throughout the text.

The arduous 1871 expedition lasted six months, and though the members were lucky to have survived, they came away with positive impressions of the experience and of the possibilities that lay within the landscape. In his "Journal and Report of Preliminary Explorations in British Columbia," in the *Geological Survey of Canada, Report of Progress for 1871–72*, Selwyn remarked that "there can be scarcely a doubt in the mind of anyone who has visited

roc – qu'il observe. Outre les révélations sur ses choix photographiques et son appréciation des composantes du panorama, Baltzly communique dans son écriture une impression de profonde piété. L'homme est sensible à la présence divine dans sa vie. Très souvent, il profite de moments de solitude dans la grande nature pour réfléchir au rapport entre la religion et le lieu où il se trouve. Les expériences que relate Baltzly au mont Hood le 11 juillet, ou dans la chaîne Selkirk le 10 septembre, sont empreintes de cet esprit religieux qui façonne sa compréhension du paysage. Le photographe traite de la beauté, du sublime et du lien entre Dieu et le décor qui l'entoure.

Mis en parallèle, textes et images révèlent des correspondances entre l'attrait qu'éprouve Baltzly pour les paysages et les activités professionnelles qu'il exerce dans le cadre des levés. Lu en contrepoint des clichés réalisés durant l'expédition, le journal offre un aperçu de la pratique du photographe – à la jonction de la science, de la nature et de la religion. Les descriptions qu'il fait de son expérience du paysage regorgent d'impressions évoquant la nature sauvage du Canada et la « canadienneté », les réalisations et le progrès, ainsi que la présence de Dieu. Sur le plan de l'étude de la photographie au XIX^{e} siècle, la religiosité de Baltzly accroît encore la valeur de son journal. Elle aide ainsi à élucider les tensions entre l'art et le document inhérentes à la photographie, notamment la photographie topographique, et ce, depuis les commencements de la technique. Par ailleurs, une telle lecture permet de faire, à partir de l'image photographique, une étude plus nuancée des complexités de la culture et de l'identité canadiennes, en particulier à l'époque de la Confédération.

Dans sa dernière inscription, le mardi 26 décembre 1871, Baltzly note qu'il a pris « 37 négatifs de 8x10 po et 88 négatifs stéréoscopiques ». Cependant, le registre Notman fait état de 37 vues de 8x10 po et de 87 vues stéréoscopiques; elles sont toutes identifiées vis-à-vis des descriptions correspondantes du journal. Les dates précises des photographies de Baltzly sont déduites sur la base des témoignages de ce dernier ainsi que de l'emplacement de l'équipe d'arpentage au cours d'une journée donnée. La présente transcription du journal conserve les particularités de l'écriture de Baltzly et de l'époque de sa rédaction. Par exemple, tout au long du document, Baltzly modifie le format des dates qui précèdent ses inscriptions. De plus, les noms de personnes et de lieux sont souvent mal orthographiés, bien que dans certains cas, le photographe finisse par les écrire correctement. Le journal fait également référence à des lieux qui n'existent plus ou dont la désignation a changé en partie ou en totalité. Tout en maintenant les particularités de la version originale, qui sont en soi intéressantes et instructives, la transcription du journal indique les noms complets et actuellement acceptés des lieux et des personnes. Aussi, les numéros de page du document original figurent dans le texte.

the country, that a bright and prosperous future is in store for the Alpine Province of the great Dominion; only to be realized, however, when the iron road shall have brought her in closer communication with her elder sisters in the east."[7] We are likewise fortunate that both Baltzly's journal and an almost entirely complete set of photographs have survived. In them we find an important link between topographical photography and visual understandings of the Canadian landscape.

NOTES

1 Richard J. Huyda, *Camera in the Interior: 1858, Humphrey Lloyd Hime, Photographer, The Assiniboine and Saskatchewan Exploring Expedition* (Toronto, ON: Coach House Press, 1975).

2 Andrew Birrell, *Into the Silent Land: Survey Photography in the Canadian West, 1858–1900* (Ottawa, ON: Public Archives of Canada, 1975). This exhibition catalogue for a Public Archives of Canada (now Library and Archives Canada) travelling exhibition, is a comprehensive guide to photographic involvement in early Canadian survey expeditions. Birrell has also written about Horetzky: Andrew Birrell, "Fortunes of a Misfit Charles Horetzky," *Alberta Historical Review* 19:1 (Winter 1971): 9–25.

3 Alfred R. C. Selwyn, "Journal and Report of Preliminary Explorations in British Columbia," *Geological Survey of Canada, Report of Progress for 1871–72* (Montreal: Dawson Bros., 1872), 17.

4 Consolidated Lists of Civil War Draft Registration Records (Provost Marshal General's Bureau; Consolidated Enrollment Lists, 1863–1865), RG 110, National Archives and Records Administration, Washington, DC. Collection Name: Consolidated Enrollment Lists, 1863–1865 (Civil War Union Draft Records); ARC Identifier: 4213514; Archive Volume Number: 1 of 3.

A detailed archival account of Baltzly's life has been put together by Robert G. Wilson, *Secure the Shadow: The Life of Benjamin Franklin Baltzly* (Toronto: Photographic Historical Society of Canada Press, 2013).

5 Benjamin Baltzly, Letterbook, 1871, N-1983.17, McCord Museum, Montreal, QC.

6 Andrew Birrell, *Benjamin Baltzly: Photographs & Journal of an Expedition through British Columbia, 1871* (Toronto: Coach House Press, 1978).

7 Selwyn, "Journal and Report," 17.

La pénible expédition de 1871 dure six mois, et ses membres peuvent se considérer chanceux d'y avoir survécu. Néanmoins, ils gardent une impression favorable de l'expérience et des possibilités que recèle le paysage. Témoin cette remarque de Selwyn dans son « journal et rapport des explorations préliminaires à la Colombie Anglaise », document intégré au *Rapport de progrès 1871-1872* de la Commission géologique du Canada : « Il ne peut y avoir pour ainsi dire aucun doute dans l'esprit de quiconque a visité le pays, que la province alpestre du grand dominion est promise à un avenir radieux et prospère, mais qui ne se précisera que lorsque le chemin de fer lui aura permis d'être en plus étroite communication avec ses sœurs aînées situées à l'est[7] ». [Traduction] Enfin, il est heureux que le journal de Benjamin Baltzly de même qu'un jeu presque complet de clichés aient été conservés. Ils constituent un lien important entre la photographie topographique et la compréhension visuelle du paysage canadien.

NOTES

1 Richard J. Huyda, *Camera in the Interior: 1858, Humphrey Lloyd Hime, Photographer – The Assiniboine and Saskatchewan Exploring Expedition*, Toronto, Coach House Press, 1975.

2 Andrew Birrell, *Into the Silent Land: Survey Photography in the Canadian West, 1858–1900*, Ottawa, Archives publiques du Canada, 1975. Ce catalogue conçu pour une exposition itinérante d'Archives publiques du Canada (aujourd'hui Bibliothèque et Archives Canada) est un guide complet des missions photographiques qui ont participé aux premières expéditions d'arpentage. Andrew Birrell s'est également penché sur Charles Horetzky, dans « Fortunes of a Misfit: Charles Horetzky », *Alberta Historical Review*, vol. 19, n° 1 (hiver 1971), p. 9–25.

3 Alfred R.C. Selwyn, « Journal and Report of Preliminary Explorations in British Columbia », *Geological Survey of Canada, Report of Progress for 1871–72*, Montréal, Dawson Bros., 1872, p. 17.

4 Listes consolidées des dossiers de service militaire lors de la guerre de Sécession (Provost Marshal General's Bureau ; Consolidated Enrollment Lists, 1863–1865), rg 110, National Archives and Records Administration, Washington, D.C. Nom de la collection : Consolidated Enrollment Lists, 1863–1865 (Civil War Union Draft Records) ; identificateur arc : 4213514 ; numéro de volume du document d'archives : 1 de 3.

Un récit d'archives détaillé sur la vie de Benjamin Baltzly a également été assemblé par Robert G. Wilson, dans *Secure the Shadow: The Life of Benjamin Franklin Baltzly*, Toronto, Photographic Historical Society of Canada Press, 2013.

5 Benjamin Baltzly, *Letterbook,* 1871, n-1983.17, Musée McCord, Montréal.

6 Andrew Birrell, *Benjamin Baltzly: Photographs & Journal of an Expedition through British Columbia, 1871*, Toronto, Coach House Press, 1978.

7 Selwyn, « Journal and Report of Preliminary Explorations in British Columbia », p. 17.

The Journal of Benjamin F. Baltzly

On the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy R.R. 140 miles west of Chicago.
June 28th 1871, 4.15 P.M.

Dear Wife and Daughter,

I will try and write you even while the cars are in motion. About an hour after I left you at the Montreal depot in Pullman's Palace sleeping car, – June 26th, 1871 – I laid down to sleep but it was considerable time before I could sleep. The excitement of leaving on such a long journey kept me awake a long time.

In the morning – Tuesday June 27th – at 8½ o'clock we were at Coburg. There we took breakfast. We passed a few very pretty places, among which I might mention. Port Hope on Lake Ontario, and Buffalo [2]† still further west. At 4 P.M. we dined at Stratford. At 7.30 P.M. we took tea at Sarnia. This village is on St. Clair River which connects Clarke Lakes at St. Clair and Huron, and separates Michigan from Canada. Sarnia is on the Canadian side of the river and Port Huron on the American. After taking tea we crossed the river to Port Huron, passed our baggage through the custom and departed by rail for Detroit Junction. There we took Pullman's Palace sleeping car for Chicago.

This morning – June 28th – when I awoke we were within 50 miles of Chicago and at 8.30 we arrived at the Chicago depot. Took breakfast and after seeing the baggage properly checked I took a little stroll through the city. It is really a beautiful place and I would [3] like to have had a little more time.

At 10.45 A.M. we started for Omaha on the Missouri River via the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy R.R. We again took seats in Pullman's cars.

Now a few words with regard to the country. Around Toronto the land is far superior to that at Montreal. But Canada can in no respect compare in agriculture with Michigan. From Chicago as far as we have travelled on this road the country is most delightful. For 47 miles S.S. West of Chicago the land is undulating and thickly settled. Then we came to the most beautiful Illinois prairie under good

† Numbers in square brackets refer to page numbers in the original journal.

Detail, 70025 Lower Gate of Murchison's Rapids in the North Thompson River, B.C. (Wednesday, 8 November 1871, stereo view)

cultivation. I never saw anything to compare with it. Some part of it is level and others a little more undulating. Here and there small groups of trees are seen and almost every farm house is surrounded with trees and orchards. [4] For homesteads of miles nothing can be seen but cornfields in the best of condition interspersed with beautiful homesteads, orchards, wheat, rye, oat fields. We are now at Galesburg, 163 miles west of Chicago.

Thursday June 29th

I am preserved safely thus far on my journey by a kind Father. I am now near Omaha from which place I will send this letter. The country all through Iowa is very fine, rich, rolling prairie. As yet the western part is not very thickly inhabited. We are now in the Missouri River Valley. On our left is the river and on our right is a range of hills. I almost forgot to say where I dined yesterday. It was at Mendota 84 miles from Chicago. It was the best meal we had since we set out. Just now a dining salon car has been attached to the train in which we will take tea while we are having one. After we leave Omaha there will not be so many stations and when you receive this I think if nothing happens I will be in San Francisco. The distance I will have travelled is as following

Montreal to Chicago – 848 miles
Chicago to Omaha – 501 miles
Omaha to San Francisco – 1914 miles
Total – 3263 miles

Your Husband and Father
B. F. Baltzly

[5] **San Francisco California**
July 4th 1871

Dear Wife and Daughter

By a kind and ever watchful heavenly Father I have been permitted to arrive here safe and well. We got to this city last evening at six, San Francisco time, (Montreal time nine o'clock) thus you see the differences of time is three hours. I will simply send you my notes of 7 days in the cars from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

You already have a copy of my journal, taken as far as Omaha. So I will continue from there. I hope you received the letter which I had posted from Omaha.

Thursday June 29th – After a nights rest in the sleeping cars, I got up a little before 6 o'clock and at six we were at Corning 211 miles west of Burlington. The

country around Corning is a rich prairie land and but very little of it cultivated. I hear however from a resident that the land is worth $10 to $15 per acre. Arrived at Omaha at 10.30 A.M. Chicago time. Differences in time between Montreal and Omaha is 1 hour and twenty five minutes. Omaha is a pretty thriving village on the west bank of the Missouri River. This is a very muddy river. Crossed it in a ferryboat. A bridge is now in course of construction. Left Omaha at 11.35 A.M. Omaha time. Arrived at Freemont – a small village 47 miles west of Omaha – at 2 P.M. and dined. Had a very good dinner. Prairie chicken and many other good things. Thus far [6] from Chicago the country is one continuous prairie. Though the whole of Illinois and the eastern part of Iowa is well cultivated, but western Iowa is poorly settled and Nebraska is worse. While I am writing we are at a point where there is nothing to hinder the view for many miles beyond vision. Sky and land blends together like a vast ocean. Very seldom is a house to be met with, and if met they are but low huts. This point is on the north of the Platte River little west of Freemont. Took tea at Grand Island. 154 miles west of Omaha, elevation above sea at 1850 ft. Still prairie. About an hour before sunset I saw a rainbow without rain. It was cloudy and I suppose was formed by some light and cloud. The sunset was grand, appeared more like a golden orb sinking into an ocean and before parting reflected its golden light onto the clouds.

Friday June 30th – Did not sleep well last night got up about 5½. Were then at Julesburg 377 miles west of Omaha at an elevation of 3500 ft. above sea. The land still appears to be a continuous plain rising westward. Between Julesburg and the next station I saw the first antelope. Took breakfast at Sidney at 7½ A.M. Sidney is 414 miles from Omaha. Elevation 4073 ft. Here is a camp of soldiers stationed to keep the Indians in check. American prairie dogs and frequently antelopes can now be seen. Just now we are passing an emigrant train which is quite a [7] frequent occurrence. This consists of 5 covered wagons, some drawn by oxen, others by horses, accompanying these are cattle, sheep etc. They are evidently bound for Salt Lake or California. We are now near Pine Bluffs, Wyoming Territory at 10.25 A.M. This prairie has just badly been burnt. Indeed some fort is yet burning. Arrival at Cheyenne at 12.30 P.M. Stopped 30 minutes for dinner. Arrived at Sherman at 3 o'clock P.M. This is the highest point we will reach on our route, it is 549 miles from Omaha and 8242 feet above the level of the sea. It is quite a little town. The whole territory slope from Omaha to this place is a continuous plain.

At 5 P.M. we arrived at Laramie where we took tea. Now we are descending the western slope of the Black Ridge. At Miser we saw large herds of antelope. 9.28 P.M. At Simpson 662 miles from Omaha. Nothing of importance here and will retire to rest. This has been quite a warm day. The thermometer stood 87 degrees in the cars nearly all day and 100 in the sun. This far have I been brought safely through on my journey. To God be all the praises. May he protect us this night and now while my wife and child are asleep may his kind care be over them.

Saturday July 1st – I awoke this morning at half past five refreshed by a good sleep. Day after day gives fresh tokens of the goodness of God. [8] And I feel like praising

Him for all his care he bestows upon me. I hope and pray that my little family are well and happy this morning. May God bless them.

After dressing I found that we were at Salt Wells 817 miles west of Omaha at an altitude of 6360 ft. There is nothing of special interest here. Barren plains between rocky ridges or cliffs of mountains are the general features as far as I have seen this morning. We are now near Green River. Thermometer this morning is 60 degrees. Here I saw (that is at Green River) the first John Chinaman (as the Chinese are called).

8.15 A.M. we arrived at Banyan an unimportant mountain station. The only importance (which is all important) is we got a good breakfast. Arrived at Wahsatch [Wasatch] (966 miles west of Omaha – elevation 6879 ft.) at 2 P.M. Here we dined. Nine miles further is Cattle Rock. Between this place and Omaha there is not much interest. It is rather a monotonous journey. At Cattle Rock I saw the finest encampment of Indians. The scenes from this point to Uintah are grand beyond conception. To look upon them I cannot avoid to say – How wonderful are all thy works. O Lord how full is the earth of thy marvellous work. After leaving Cattle Rock we descended the canyon amid some of the grandest and wildest scenery imaginable. We did not creep on it as though we mistrusted our power, but with a snort and roar of the engines plunges down the defile [9] which momentarily increases to a gorge and only became in a short distance a grand and awful chasm. About 7 miles from Cattle Rock I beheld the natural bridge, a conglomerate formation spanning a cleft in the wall on the right hand side. Further on is the Hanging Rock, and looks as though the elements had been wearing the centre of it away for centuries until they had succeeded in cutting it in two, save the harder crust which now spans the channel made by father time. The left hand side of the canyon presents but few attractions compared with the bolder and loftier bluffs opposite. The left hand wall breaks away and recedes in sloping, grassy hillsides, while I know not what lies beyond these walls of sandstone, walls of granite, and walls mixed with clay rise far above me and shuns from my vision whatever lies beyond.

The beauties of Echo Canyon are so many, so majestic, so awe inspiring in their sublime that I am led to think of the greatness, majesty and glory of the creator of all these wonders. As we rush swiftly along, seemingly beneath these towering heights. I will attempt to note some of their most prominent features. The only difficulty is we hardly see them all as the cars thunder along, making the echoes amid these castellated monuments of Red Rock whose towering form and furrowing buttresses gave the name to this remarkable opening in the Wahsatch [Wasatch] Mountains. Four miles below the Hanging Rock the walls rise in massive majesty. The prominent features of the Canyon. Rain wind and time have combined to destroy them but in vain. Centuries have come and [10] gone since that mighty convulsion shook the earth to its centre, when Echo and Weber Canyon sprang into existence whose birth was heralded by throes such as the earth may never feel again and still the mighty walls of the Echo remains, bidding defiance alike to time and his collaborators – the elements; still hangs delicate frail and frost work from the wall. Still the pillar, column, dome, and spires stem boldly

forth in all their grand, wild and weird beauty to enhance the spectator and fill his mind with wonder and awe.

Six miles below Hanging Rock up on the top most heights of the towering cliffs a 1000 feet above the bed of the canyon can be seen the fortifications erected by the Mormons to defend this pass against the army, under Johnson, sent out in 1857 by Uncle Sam. These fortifications consist of massive rocks, placed on the verge of the precipice which were to be toppled over on the heads of soldiers below, but they had no occasion to try the experiment so the rocks remain. On goes the engine whirling us past cattle. Cathedral, towering columns, and rugged battlements, past ravines which cut walls from crest to base in awful columns, shooting over bridges and flying past and under the overhanging walls. When, after crossing the Echo Creek numerous times we reach past the Witches Cave and Pulpit Rock our engine giving a loud series of warns of the brakeman who throwing on the brakes for the train to stop and we are at Weber River and [11] Echo City Station. This place – elevation 5540 feet from Omaha 991 miles – is situated at the foot of the bluff which towers from above it. Leaving the city the cars speed along the banks of Weber River for about six miles when they enter the narrows of Weber Canyon through which the road is cut for two miles most of the way in the side of the steep mountain that drops its base in the river bed. The river for about 40 miles rushes foaming along between two massive mountain walls, which close the landscape on either side. Now the torrent plunges over some mighty rock which has fallen from the towering cliff; anon, it whirls around in frantic struggles to escape from the boiling eddy, thence springing forward over a short smooth rapid, only to repeat the plunge again and again until it breaks forth into the plains whence it glides away towards the lake, as though exhausted with its wild journey through the canyon. Shortly after leaving the narrows we came to the 1000 mile tree – a mighty branching pine – bearing on its trunk a sign board that tells the westward bound traveller that he has passed over 1000 miles of railway from Omaha. Near this tree are two ridges of granite rock on the left hand side of the road reaching from the river nearly to the summit of a sloping grass clad mountain. These are [12] called the serrated rocks or Devil's Slides. They are from 50 to 200 feet high narrow slides standing on edge as though forced out of the mountainside. The two ridges run parallel with each other about 100 ft. apart, the space between being covered with grass, wild flowers and climbing vines. Rushing swiftly along we lose sight of these rocks to behold others more grand of different shapes and massive proportion. The mountains seem to have been dovetailed together and then torn rudely asunder leaving the rough formations and rugged chasms as so many obstacles to bar our progress. Now we shoot across the river and dart through a tunnel 550 feet long cut in solid rock with heavy cuts and fills at either entrance. The frowning cliffs again bar our way, and again we cross the roaring torrents and burrow under the point of a rocky promontory. Here this road stretches across a pretty little valley known as Round Valley. Rushing along with but a moment to spare in which to note its beauties we enter the narrow gorge again where the massive walls with barely room for the track between them and the foaming torrents at our feet; on, around a jutting joint and again we emerge into a lengthened widening of the camp [13] and we pause for a moment at Weber Station. Two mile further on we again enter between towering mountains, the valley now lost in the narrow gloomy gorge, when suddenly we

come to the Devil's Gate Station 12 miles from Weber. Soon after leaving the station, the brink of the torrent is neared and the wild scenery of the Devil's Gate is before us. Onward toils the long train across the bridge 50 feet above the seething caldron of waters, when massive frowning rocks rear their crests far up toward the black and threatening clouds which hover over this witches' caldron. With bated breath, we gaze on this wild scene, and vainly try to analyze our feelings in which awe, wonders and admiration are blended. No time for thought, as to how or when this mighty work was accomplished, no time or inclination to compare the work of nature with the puny work beneath us, but onward with quickening speed, down the right bank of the stream; on between these massive piles, worn and seamed in their ceaseless struggles against the destroying hand of time on to where yon offering of light marks the open country, on past towering mountains and toppling rocks, until we catch a view of the broad sunlit plains and from the last and blackest of the buttresses which guard the entrance into Weber we emerge to light and [14] beauty to catch the finest view of the Great Salt Lake – to whole broad plains, which stretch their lines of waving green and gold shades beyond. We have now passed the Wahsatch [Wasatch] Mountains and are fairly in the Great Salt Lake valley and arrive at nine at an unimportant R.R. station, elevation 4650 feet, 2319 feet lower that Wahsatch [Wasatch] and 58 miles to the east.

In due time we arrive at Ogden where we change cars. Here we had about an hour and half to see the sights which was quite a treat to us. This station is the connecting link between the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific R.R. and also the junction to the Salt Lake City R.R. I formed a few pleasant acquaintances in the cars. Out of them was Rev. Mr. Moore a family Baptist Minister of Brooklyn N.J. They left us here to go to Salt Lake City. He has a four months vacation and intends to visit San Francisco and different parts on the Pacific coast before he returns. We did not take tea at Ogden some of us felt hungry so we bought a roasted prairie chicken etc. for a lunch to eat at our leisure. We left Ogden 5 P.M. San Francisco time. Nothing noteworthy the remainder of today's trip. At Promontory 52 miles west of Ogden we retired. Many things have transpired this day to make me feel especially [15] thankful to my maker. If my wife and child would have been with me today it would have added much to my pleasure and happiness in passing through Echo and Weber Canyons.

Sunday July 2nd – During the night we passed from Promontory to Joano [possibly Jacinto between Promontory and Elko] a distance of 131 miles. I got up early, it was only 4.15 A.M. Took breakfast at Elko at 8.45. The whole of the Humboldt Valley along the Humboldt River is a rich and fertile plain and well suited for farming and grazing, but no timber is to be seen anywhere either on mountains or plain. Frequently we see large herds of horses and mules. Now and then we pass small Indian encampments. It looks strange to see the squaws with Indians in miniature form on their backs.

Now at 11.30 A.M. we pass into Whirlwind plain. It is very warm here. The thermometer stands now at 94 degrees in the shade. Whirlwinds can be seen at

any time carrying up the sand, sometimes we pass through one and Oh! The dust. Nothing but sagebrush grows here. Arrived at Battle Mountain at 1.25 P.M. Dined at this place. Very warm and the thermometer at 99 degrees in shade and in the sun 120 degrees. But, strange to say, it is not offensive. At this place we dined.

[16] 5.30 P.M. the thermometer stood all afternoon at 99 degrees. It is now beginning to cloud over and threatens rain.

6.30 P.M. Air cooler but no rain. Thermometer at 90 degrees. Arrived at Humboldt at 6 and took tea. Nothing much of interest today. Retired at 9 o'clock. Thermometer at 88 degrees.

Monday July 3rd – Awake at 4.40 A.M. and found myself at summit on the top of Sierra Nevada. 1671 miles from Omaha and 243 miles from San Francisco. Temperature here was more mild. Thermometer at 55 degrees. What change from yesterday. Elevation 7015 feet. Large drifts of snow lie in the gorge of the mountains close by. From summit to Colfax a distance of 57 miles. In many parts the scenery is grand beyond conception. As far as I see we are not on the highest lands of the Sierra by any means for bleak and bare of woods rise the granite peaks around us. Piles of granite, their weather stained and snow-clad sides glistening in the morning sun rise between us and the western shore. Scattering groups of hardy fir and spruce rims the mountain gorges where also rests the everlasting snows. There [17] is perhaps no grander scenery in the Sierras – of towering mountains, deep gorges, lofty precipices, sparkling waterfalls and crystal lakes – than abound along the route to Colfax. From the time the road enters the crest of the "summit" it passes through a succession of tunnels and snow sheds so closely connected that we can hardly tell when the cars enter or leave a tunnel. The summit tunnel, the longest of the number is 1659 feet long, the others ranging from 100 to 870 feet in length. I see that fires sometimes cause great damage to these sheds. Just lately a portion of it was burnt and the smouldering cinders can yet be seen. Leaving the summit we pass on through snow sheds and tunnels around the base of the towering peaks, anon over the bare ridge with an unbroken view on either hand then amid grand old forest trees until we reach the cascades six miles west of the summit. Here we cross one of the branches of the Yuba which goes leaping down the rocks in a shower of spray. Passing on we turn up Blue Canyon. The road on the opposite bank [18] apparently running parallel with the one we are traversing. At Blue Canyon an observation car is attached to our train from this a good view is obtained of the beauties yet to come. We swing around the head of the Canyon past saw mills and lumber side tracks. Still speeding on we leave Blue Canyon its sporting waters and giant pines, pass China Ranch, Shady Run, and Alta, all stations of more or less importance. Still further on is Dutch Flat and Gold Run – gold mining towns. As we pass through this region we observe by the roadside mining ditches and flume coming along a rapid stream of cold water. Passing on we finally come to Cape Horn. This is the grandest scene on the whole line of the Trans-Continental Railroad. Now we turn sharp around to our right where the towering masses of rock have been cut down, affording a road be where a few years

ago the savage could not make a foot trail. Far above us they rear their black crests towering away, as it were to the clouds while the valley on our left is a thousand feet below us still. After passing some 4 miles, we arrive [19] at Colfax at 8.45 A.M. Here we took breakfast. Now we pass through fertile plains and at 11.25 A.M. arrive at Sacramento City. This is a beautiful little city of some 16000 inhabitants. Leaving this city we pass rapidly over the plains and hills, all well cultivated, and arrive at San Francisco at about 6 P.M. We stayed at the Intercontinental Hotel. The history of San Francisco is too well known to make any particular mention. This ends my seven days in the cars in which I have travelled 3263 miles the distance from Montreal to San Francisco. I have much reason to thank my heavenly Father that He has safely brought me through thus far and that He has granted me health.

Tuesday July 4th – We failed to get here in time for the boat to Victoria, Vancouver Island. Not that we did not make good time in the cars, but on account of a misunderstanding with regard to the boat starting. When we left Montreal we understood that it was to start on the 6th but it sailed on the 3rd. This is a sad mistake. We determined to go by way of Portland, Oregon, as we understand that a boat is to connect there for Victoria. This will lengthen our trip some 300 miles more by boat. Well this is the great and glorious 4th of July of this grand and beautiful country. It was celebrated here far beyond [20] anything I had expected to see in this far west or Pacific coast. It was indeed more than anything I ever beheld on a similar occasion. The procession took one hour and 40 minutes in passing the point at which I sat. Some of it was quite novel and well got up especially the "reunion of the miners of 1849," "crossing the plains" etc. etc. The whole of the 5th division was good. Good because it was new to us and represented as I think the actual. (For particulars of the whole I send an account as given by a morning paper.) In the afternoon I went on top of telegraph hill from which a beautiful view of the city and harbour is obtained. In the evening I went to see the "fire works" and I think I am safe in saying that there were at least 100,000 persons to witness the scene. (A description also given in the paper.)

Wednesday July 5th – Examined my photographic out fit and found all right, except what I found broken in Chicago. There I had supplied at Bradleys as best I could. After visiting some of the photographic establishments here, I put what times I had left in writing.

Thursday July 6th – Went on board the steamer John L. Stephens for Portland Oregon at 9.30 in the morning. We did not sail till 12 noon.

Monday July 10th – Had a very rough sail open at sea. Head wind the whole way. Friday the ship tossed and rolled so that chairs etc. which were loose went rolling back and forth on the floor like logs. Talk about "sea sickness." I had my share. I

was sick. Very sick from the time we got on the ocean until we got across the bar at the mouth of the Columbia River. This far [21] we crossed last night at about 11 o'clock and then lay at anchor until this morning when we began the sail up the great Columbia River to Portland, Oregon. This city is on the Willamette River some 12 miles from its confluence with Columbia. This is about 100 miles from the mouth of the Columbia River. The scene on each side of the river as far as St. Helen is very fine indeed. Much of the way is bestudded with islands. Now we enter a narrow channel and looking forward we scarcely knew how the ship is to get out for all we see is land. Soon the command is given "to port" when the ship gracefully moves around and we again enter the main river some 50 miles wide. Still further up we get the first glimpses of Mount St. Helen clad with the everlasting snows. It appears to be but 30 or 40 miles, yet I am told that it is 160 miles away. After passing the small village St. Helen – which is some 80 miles up the Columbia – we came to what is called the still water of the Columbia. Looking to the left we suddenly came in sight of the ever memorable, snow clad Mount Hood 14700 feet high and at the same time by looking we still see St. Helen.

It is strong sailing up the Columbia and Willamette Rivers to see nothing but fishing stations [22] and huts and now and then a very small village only noted for its fisheries (salmon abounding) to suddenly come in sight of a large and prosperous city like Portland. We arrived here at 6 P.M. and stayed at the Intercontinental Hotel. A few years since this place was built was a wild forest. Now Portland can boast up to 12000 inhabitants, wide streets and some paved with Nicholson pavement. It has many large and substantial buildings. The country is well cultivated and settled.

Tuesday July 11th – Do not feel well this morning. Not over the effects of sea sick yet. Feel very much like one who has had a severe bilious attack. But I was all right in a day or two. The boat for Victoria will not leave till noon Saturday July 15th. This delay makes me miserable, but it cannot be avoided. The mail boat starts at 11 o'clock this morning and it is now after eight so I must close my journal this far. I had intended to send it from San Francisco but did not get it finished. I hope dear wife that you will be able to read this. The most of it has been written in such haste that there are [23] many imperfections in it and not easily read. Mr. [William] Notman desired me to send him a copy of my journal. But I think if you will let him read this, it will be sufficient. So after you have finished reading this you might give it to Mr. Notman and request him to return it to you after he has finished reading – or got tired of reading – My love to all friends. May God bless and protect you both and keep you happy –

Portland – Oregon
July 11th 1871
B. F. Baltzly

[24] Write often – postage is only three cents for an ordinary letter. Address as I gave before.

B.F. Baltzly
Geological Survey – Canada
Victoria
Vancouver's Island

[25] **Victoria – Vancouver's Island**
July 18th 1871

Dear Wife and Daughter,

At Portland, Oregon I sent you a copy of my journal up to July 11th. Below is a copy up to date.

Journal

Tuesday July 11th 1871 – Copied my journal for my wife and sent it to her. In the afternoon I went on the top of the mountain in the rear of Portland. At the top is an old deserted hut surrounded with all kinds of fruit trees. I seated myself on the porch of this hut to rest. Around me are cherry trees bending with ripe delicious fruit. Apples and pears are also in abundance. Current, raspberries, blackberries, grapes etc. grow seemingly without any special culture.

From where I am sitting I have a beautiful view of the city and river which lay hundreds of feet below me. In the far distance a little east of north I see Mount St. Helen and a little north of east I see the famous Mount Hood. Both these mounts are covered with perpetual snow. The view is very enticing so much so that I am now here two hours and still I look to linger. Here in my view I have art and nature blended together. Here and [26] yonder I have the everlasting mountain, hills and plains below. In this valley like a broad silvery ribbon stretches the Willamette River. All these, works of God created by the power of his word, when he speaks and it was done. Here also I have art – the works of man. Stretched along the river there are the beautiful and well laid out struts, princely mansions, halls, churches with towering domes. Then in the river lay great ships which defy storms of the sea. All these may be great and grand, but after all it is only the works of frail man with the materials God gave him, to mould and transform them into art. After this transformation, however great almost sinks into oblivion when compared with the majestic works of God. After rambles over the mountains I returned to the city quite prepared for my supper. We cannot leave here till next Friday morning. The boat which we must connect ceased to run. So we made arrangements to start next Friday morning and go the overland route to Olympia on Puget Sound and then take a steamer to Victoria.

Wednesday July 12th – This morning Mr. [John] Hammond and I went upon the Mountains [27] I went quiet a distance into the pine forest and found very large timber. Measured one tree and found it to be 19 feet in circumference 3 feet above ground. I finally left Mr. Hammond on top of the mountain sketching St. Helen and Hood Mountain and returned to the city. Wrote three letters one to Mrs. B. [Louisa G. Baltzly] and one to Mr. Notman and one to Rev J.B. This evening Mr. Hammond and I had a long a pleasant talk upon religious subjects. Hammond I think is a good young man and tries to live a Christian's life. I am glad of this for it is comforting to associate with those who love the blessed redeemer.

Thursday July 13th – Wrote a letter to Sister Sarah.

Friday July 14th – At 6 A.M. we left in a small river steamer "Rescue" and sailed to Monticello, on the Cowlit [Cowlitz] River in Washington territory a distance of 53 miles. Arrived there at noon, took dinner and at 1 P.M. left on the stage for Olympia. This afternoon we only came some 15 miles. Here and there along the road are small settlements, and whenever an attempt [28] at culture is made everything seems to grow luxuriantly. The best wheat and grass fields I ever witnessed were along this road. Arrived here – Castle Rock, P.O. – at 5 o'clock. It is no town only a stage or post station kept by Mr. Wm. Jackson. Berries of all description grow here in an abundance and we all went up on the hills this evening and ate berries of our own picking to our fill. The tops of Mount St. Helen and Rainier can be seen here. In this vicinity grows the largest timber I ever saw. I measured one 2 feet from ground and found it 28 feet and 2 inches in circumference. I think it must be about 300 feet high. But Mr. Jackson told us of a stump of a tree about a ¼ mile distant which is 45 feet in circumference. Mr. Hammond and I were anxious to see it so Mr. Jackson led the way and showed the stump and it measured exactly 50 feet in circumference without bark, that is about 16 feet in diameter. In going to this stump we passed though a timothy meadow the grass of which was on average 4½ feet high. This certainly is a wonderful locality for growth [29] I neglected to note yesterday that I heard that my college school mate, the Rev. A. Myers lived in Portland. I called at his house but he had gone east on a visit. His wife however was there and I had a short conversation with her. Found that she and my wife were schoolmates.

Saturday July 15th – Left Jackson's this morning at about 6½ and went across the Pomroy [Pomeroy] Mountains and arrived at Pomroy [Pomeroy] Station (one house and blacksmith shop) at 10.15 distance about 15 miles and stayed at the half way house. Arrived here at 10.20 P.M. the whole distance this far is very rough and hilly roads, through forests of the largest pine and fir trees. The greatest part of these were formed some 20 years ago and still the dead trunks of trees stand, giving the hills a desolate appearance. The whole distance from Monticello to this place is some 60 miles. Aside from the stage stations there are but very few houses or settlements and most of these are new. Within a half mile from here we crossed

the Shookum Chack [Skookumchuck] River which empties [30] into the Chehalis River not more than ¾ miles distant.

Sunday July 16th – Left half way house this morning at 8.40 and arrived in Olympia at 2.40 P.M. Distance from Monticello to Olympia is 90 miles. In my meditations on the way today I was led to blend together all the beauties of the earth – all that is majestic and grand – what I saw since I left home and compare them with the beauties and joys of heaven. How quick all this earthly grandeur fades away, before the habitation where our God dwells. In imagination I thought I could almost see the glories of heaven. O! what joy must dwell there. How can it be otherwise but a joyful place. For joy is there. Our Elder Brother Christ is there. The holy angels and archangels are there. Many, many of those whom I knew and loved here I know are there. All those good and holy men who we read in the bible are there. All these are now perhaps joining their gladsome voices in praising God the Father and God [31] the Son in the celestial city in harmony with the voices of the saints on earth. I can but with the poet say – "Jerusalem my happy home when shall I come to thee When shall my sorrows have an end Thy joys when shall I see" These reflections and feeling a joy in Christ gave me a greater feeling of joy today than what I think I ever felt before. This evening I went to the Presbyterian Church – Rev. Mr. Thompson Pooter – the church building is really small, not more than about 36 all counted. Shortly after we arrived I met with several persons from Montreal. One of them was Mr. Macleary [McLeary], wholesale grocer here. He attends the Presbyterian Church and it was with him I went. Olympia has about 1500 inhabitants and has a very pretty situation. Soon after I met with Mr. McLeary, he Messrs. [Alfred R. C.] Selwyn, [James] Richardson and I walked across a bridge ¾ of a mile long across a neck of the sound and went up a high hill and had a beautiful view of the sound and town in the fore ground and [32] the snow caped Mount Ranier in the background some 60 miles off this mount, I hear is 11000 feet high and about 8 miles before we come to Olympia we passed through a strange plain. It may most properly be called "Mound prairie" The whole prairie or plain, around 2 miles long by 1 mile wide is covered with mounds. These mounds are about 5 or 6 feet high and 15 or 20 feet in diameter and very regular in formation. The majority of them are in tiers or rows as regularly laid as the streets of a city. They are I think about 10 feet apart. Before we retired tonight we placed our baggage on the steamer North Pacific which will sail tomorrow morning at 4.

Monday July 17th – Sailed this morning at 4 down the Puget Sound on our way to Victoria. Crossed San Juan Straight and arrived at Victoria at 9 in the evening. There are but very few settlements along Puget Sound. A couple places boast a thousand [33] inhabitants. Aside from these there are a few large lumbering places or stations. Upon the whole Puget Sound is a beautiful sheet of water. On the right we are almost in continual view of the Cascade Range of mountains. On the left are the sharp peaked bluffs of the Olympian Range. Both ranges are covered in snow.

Tuesday July 18th – The first thing after breakfast Mr. Hammond and I unpacked my photographic outfit and found nothing broken except the box containing

the camera boxes. This I fixed and repacked. After dinner I took a stroll around the city. I am really disappointed in Victoria. I expected to find a thriving and enterprising little city. But I find everything the reverse. Some streets are nearly entirely deserted and there is not a street but what [34] has many, very many houses and dwellings and business places deserted. Everything looks lifeless and desolate. When compared with the life and bustle of the new American cities and villages of this it looks gloomier still. The new location of Victoria cannot be excelled for a large beautiful city. Nature has done everything for it. The harbour though not large is very good. Here we have in full view the snow clad Cascade Range of mountains. I find that cold and heat are no time in the extreme. Mr. Selwyn told me at supper that we would not leave until Monday. So after supper Mr. Richardson, Hammond and I took a walk around the harbour to see the best locality for to take a view of Victoria.

Wednesday July 19th – This fore noon I prepared my chemicals etc. for viewing. After dinner [35] cleaned plates and at 4 o'clock went across the harbour and took a couple of views. This evening made preparations to go out tomorrow morning at 5 o'clock.

69901 Victoria harbour from St. Nicholas Hotel, B.C. (8×10); 69902 and 69903 Victoria harbour from St. Nicholas Hotel, B.C. AND Government Street, Victoria, B.C. (stereo views, NO PRINTS EXIST); 69904 Victoria N. N. East from Indian Mission Hill, B.C. (8×10); 69905 Victoria N. N. East from Indian Mission Hill, B.C. (stereo view)

Wednesday, 19 July 1871

69902

69903

69906 Victoria E. N. East from Indian Mission Hill, B.C. (8×10); 69907 Victoria W. S. West from Indian Mission Hill, B.C. (8×10); 69908 Victoria W. S. West from Indian Mission Hill, B.C. (stereo view)

Thursday July 20th – Got up at 5 o'clock to go viewing but it was so foggy or smoky that it was useless to go out. This is confederation day and the people here commenced to celebrate it at mid night by ringing of bells, burning fire crackers, roman candles, and shooting sky rockets and the bells woke me up out of a sound sleep, and being half asleep and not thinking of confederation day my first impression was that there was a great fire somewhere. But the noise of the fire works soon told me what it meant. Today the confederation of British Columbia, Vancouver Island and the Dominion of Canada goes into effect and everywhere we hear the people say "we are Canadian now." There seems to be a great deal of unanimity about it. This fore noon I took several views from the top of St. Nicholas [36] Hotel (we have rooms at this Hotel and also at the Colonial House). In the afternoon I finished the views of the city from atop Mission Hill. The day was not well observed as a Confederation day. Nothing transpired after the midnight waking by bells and a few fire works. Two picnics were held, one by the Methodist Sunday School, the other by the Mechanics' Institute the latter was kept up till quite a late hour after midnight. I did not feel like going in the evening after the days work.

Friday July 21st – Nothing special today. Took three views of some beautiful ice grooved rocks at Finleyson's Point about a mile and a half from here. Everything seems to be done in a strange way in Victoria. The post office is all out of gear. It is only open when the mail comes in and that is about two or three times a week.

Even the eating is peculiar. If a person has plenty of time and any amount of patience, he may get bread by the yard. To me this is strange. While eating supper, or dinner as they call it, Mr. [Walter] Moberly, chief engineer of the railroad survey, desired me to take their photograph [37] in a group. So after finishing supper Messrs. Moberly, Selwyn, [Alex] Maclennan and myself went to Mr. McDonald's residence to look for a specific place for to take the graph. Found a pretty good place and made an appointment for nine o'clock tomorrow.

Saturday July 22nd – At nine this morning took Mr. Moberly's group of surveyors including Messrs. Selwyn and Richardson of the Geological Survey. Did not get very good groups, could not get them to hold still and it was very windy. This afternoon packed everything for a start on Monday at 10 o'clock.

Thursday [Sunday] July 23rd – I went to the Presbyterian Church this morning. The attendance was small and preaching not very good. This afternoon I went to the Methodist Episcopal Sunday School and took part in an interesting bible class. The subject was the passion. There I became acquainted with a Mr. McMillan. He insisted that I should

69909 Victoria S. East from Indian Mission Hill, B.C. (panorama) 69910 Ice-grooved rocks at Finleyson's Point, Victoria, B.C. (stereo view); 69911 Ice-grooved rocks at Finleyson's Point, Victoria, B.C. (stereo view)

Friday, 21 July 1871

Saturday, 22 July 1871

69914

69912 Ice-grooved rocks at Finleyson's Point, Victoria, B.C. (stereo view); 69913 The First Pacific R.R. and Geological Survey parties from British Columbia, July 22nd, 1871 (8×10); 69914 The First Pacific R.R. and Geological Survey parties from British Columbia, July 22nd, 1871 (8×10, PRINT NOT REPRODUCED)

go to his house to tea. In the evening I was at the Methodist Church and heard quite an interesting sermon from the words "Come for all things are [38] now ready." After church they held a prayer meeting which I also attended. It gave me pleasure to unite with God's people today in the pleasant but solemn service. This was the first quiet Sabbath I spent since I left home, which is now four weeks, and I fully appreciated it, especially since I will not again enjoy the same for some three months. I often think of my little family in their far, far away home. It is now 9.30 P.M. here so it is 12.30 midnight in Montreal and I suppose, if God has spared my wife and child and blessed them with him they are asleep. I wish I could just now look upon them. It appears a long time before I can see them and this makes me feel more sad because I can very seldom hear from them. For in a day or two we leave for the woods of the interior and there we will have very little communication. But in God will I put my heart. I know he will care for us all and do for us what will be for our best.

Monday July 24th We were to start this morning at 10 o'clock, but we will [39] not get away till tomorrow at 10 A.M.

[40] **Monday July 24th 1871**

Dear Wife,
I commenced copying my journal on the 18th but being so busy at taking views and getting ready for the interior of British Columbia I did not get finished until this morning and so

I give you my journal up to today. It is also very hastily written, but I hope you can manage to read it. In hastily reading it over I find grammatical mistakes and awkward expressions but have no time to correct them. As in the former, if Mr. Notman desires to read this journal you will have the kindness to let him have it to read. But I desire you to retain all the copies of the Journals I send you. I may not be able to send any more letters for a long time as tomorrow we go in the interior and I think there will be no chance to send or receive letters. But whenever there is an opportunity I will send. Don't stop sending letters to me. I don't get them while I am in the interior and will when I return to Victoria. Have [39, upside down] Wilma [Baltzly] write to me. I said in my former that the postage would be only three cents for an ordinary letter. But as I stated the postal system here is all deranged. So you better ask your postmaster what your postage is. I also enclose a few notices from papers with regard to our survey. Give my love to my friends.

Your Husband etc.
B. F. Baltzly

[41] **Journal**

Monday July 24th 1871

Our starting for the interior of British Columbia this morning was postponed today until tomorrow at 10 o'clock. I finish copying my journal for my wife and sent it to her and wrote to her.

Tuesday July 25th

Left this morning at 10 and sailed in the steamer Enterprise for New Westminster in the Fraser River. It was very calm and we had a pleasant sail through the straits, Gulf of Georgia up the Fraser to N. Westminster. We arrived here at 6 this evening and are stopping at the Colonial Hotel. This is a very small place only a few hundred inhabitants, but a large number of Indians. Mosquitoes abound here abundantly and were very desirous to make our acquaintance but I am sure we do not relish the style of their introduction. We were serenaded by them tonight, and, as compensation for their service require some of our blood. But to guard against this Mr. Hammond and I bought mosquito bars to bar them out.

Wednesday July 26th

Embarked this morning at 7 in the river steamer Lillooet and sailed up the Fraser and arrived at Port Hope at 10 in the evening. Here the boat stopped for the night.

Thursday July 26th [27th]

This morning at early dawn the steamer began to move up the river for Yale. Arrived here at 7 A.M. The country at the lower part of the Fraser River is very low and level as far up to within 20 miles of Hope. Then we began to near the Cascade Range of mountains. The scene from there up to this point is in many places very fine, especially the cliffs or walls of rock. There is much grandeur in these. After I took breakfast this morning I went up to the lower canyon of the Fraser to see what views might be got there. It was raining all day so I could take no views. This canyon is within a half a mile from here up the river. The view from here is awe inspiring but when one goes up to it or walks along the old stage road, we see walls of rocks [42] rising almost perpendicular thousands of feet with mountain streams rushing down its sides. Below the Fraser rushes, roaring and thundering through the canyon. In the centre of this boiling flood arises a large rock some 50 feet long, 30 wide, about 40 high. To look at these wonders of God made me have a feeling of awe. Beyond desire. On each side of the canyon the Indians have fastened scaffolding to the rocks. These reach the boiling water. Upon them the Indians stand and fish for salmon. They have nets fastened to an oval hoop or bow and this to a pole. This net they run down into an eddy where the water returns by the rocks. The current even in the eddy is so swift that they have the end of their nets tied by a long rope fastened to the rocks so that they do not wash away. The salmon they take are very large, upon an average about 15 pound weight. These they cut open on the back, cut them across about an inch in width but only the skin and then hang them up to dry for winter use. In this way they prepare large quantities and the stench arising therefrom is as in many places, to us almost unendurable. It is needless to say that many good views can be taken here. These I must try and take when I return from our journey farther east. After I returned from the canyon we prepared to go on our upward course which is to go by foot to Cash Creek on the Thompson River, distance 116 miles. We have one guide man and 4 Indians. These Indians are said to carry each about 75 pounds with ease. We only take with us what we actually need on our trip to Cash Creek, the rest will be brought on the stage. I took material sufficient for 3 dozen pictures. Wrote letters this evening, one to Mrs. B. [Baltzly] and one to Rev. J. B.

[43] **Friday July 28**

Started on our journey this morning at 7 o'clock. Words cannot express the grandeur of the scenery along the Fraser River along the route we have travelled today. It is more like some grand panorama, at every step the scene changes and I can only feel Majesty, Sublimity and grandeur at all of these mighty mountains of rocks thousands of feet high while through a deep gorge between the two ranges of mountains the Fraser River with a thundering noise rushes in continuous rapids. It has a pleasing effect upon me when it occurs to me that the architect and builder of all these wonders is my Father. It is a comingling of joy and gladness to me to know that I have such a Father. I took 4 nice views today and travelled 3 miles and encamped at the suspension bridge.

Saturday July 29

This was a hard day upon me. We travelled 17½ miles and encamped at Butcher's Flat. We got up this morning at 4½. After faring on bacon and bread and tea for breakfast I took two pictures of the suspension bridge. This bridge is 350 feet long. The scene around it is very fine. At 7½ started and passed on 12 miles without stopping through the grandest scenery on the Fraser. The most majestic and grand is what is known as Hells Gate. At some point the wagon road is cut in the sides of almost perpendicular rocks, the rocks projecting over the roads some 10 feet. About 50 feet above this is the old mule trail also cut along the ledge of the mountain. I went around and got up to it and found it to be only 5 feet inside. Along the dangerous path the mule train used to pull carrying 300 or [44] 400 pounds each. If any of them should stumble, death awaited them as the perpendicular height from the Mule Trail to the rocks beneath is about 500 feet and above the rocks rises above and bleak to the enormous height of about 4000 feet. It is simply something fearful. Hells Gate seems to be the climax of boldness and grandeur. It is by far the most fearful rapids, on either side the rocks rise in regular blocks like a vast piece of masonry. Between this narrow chasm the water tumbles and tosses with a great roar. A little below this a perpendicular

69915 View on the Fraser River 7½ miles from York, B.C. (stereo view); 69916 Halt for Dinner on the Fraser, B.C. (stereo view); 69917 Spuzzem River from Cariboo Road, B.C. (8×10)

Friday, 28 July 1871

Saturday, 29 July 1871

wall of rock extends from the road into the river about 150 feet from there 10 feet in thickness and two hundred feet high leaving a channel between it and the main road 10 or 15 feet wide and 200 feet deep. From this place the rock rises gently along the side of the mountain and crosses a large ledge or promontory 800 or 900 feet above the river, the descent of the other side is very steep. Two miles further on after descending to the river I saw a sight, the grave of an Indian chief. I went up to it and found it to be a great novelty to me. Under the front of a large clapboard shed closed up. On the roof and back is a large black canoe with white figures painted on the sides. The Chief when he dies is doubled up, his knees to chin and the arms across the lower part of his legs. In this position he is placed in a box just large enough to receive him. This is placed in the canoe and covered with clapboards and left to decay. Formally, when a Chief of the Douglas tribe died, which is the tribe through which we are now travelling it was customary to kill two or three of his [45] slaves so that their sprits may accompany the Chief to his new haunting grounds. The government has forbidden this practice and now in place of this they carve out a few wooden images and place them in the grave. In this case there are four. Two as canoe men, each having an Indian oar the other two are standing on the outside with hands in pocket. These images are

69918 Spuzzem River from Cariboo Road, B.C. (stereo view); 69919 Suspension bridge across the Fraser River, B.C. (stereo view); 69920 East abutment of the Suspension Bridge, Fraser River, B.C. (stereo view)

dressed (in a fashion) with cotton cloth. All the Chief's effects are here. Four high poles are raised in front of the shed and small ones fastened across the top of these. His horse and two mules killed and their skins hang across these poles, also his royal robe or suit, banner shawls, blankets etc. are thrown and packed with him in the canoe. Here they are all left to moulder and decay with him. Behind this canoe (between it and the wall) are a few more objects of curiosity. In the centre is a large hole like a grave the sides of which are boarded up with clapboard and these lined with their fur cloth. It appears to be empty with the exception of a roll or two of the same cloth of which it is covered. What it exactly is I know not. On each side of this hole are two square ones covered with boards. These are graves containing relatives of the chief. Ordinarily Indians are buried by placing the corpse in a box as described above and placing it in a hole in the ground with all these effects and covering them with clapboards. Frequently the effects are put on top of the boards. About ½ mile [46] up the road from this grave is a small Indian village situated at the junction of the Fraser and Anderson rivers. I saw a number of squaws and their children bathing and swimming. They seem to have but little shame for frequently, or I might say in the majority of cases they are but half clad as well as the men. A few I saw standing beside a tent (which are made of a few upright and curved sticks and covered with mesh cloth or clapboard) in a perfect nude state looking at me as I past. About a mile further on we came to Boston Bar – 12 miles from suspension bridge. The sun was very hot. 85 degrees in shade and 110 in sun. I was very much fatigued but after eating a hearty dinner I felt quite repaired. At 4½ P.M. we left this place and came on 5 miles to Butcher's Flat (only a weighing station for mule trains.) We pitched our tents on the bank of the river which is some 300 feet below. Had to by moonlight. We passed all the beautiful scenery today without taking one view except those at the bridge. Mr. Selwyn is bound to push forward whether I get any pictures or not and I can't walk 17 or 18 miles a day and take pictures beside. I am very sorry, yes grieved and provoked that I had no chance to view today. I am quite tired and it is ten so I will retire.

[47] **Sunday July 30**

It gives me great pleasure that Mr. Selwyn determined to regard the Sabbath by not travelling today. Not only that it will give us rest but it is the Lords day and it should be regarded at all hazards. After I got up I had a good bath. Mr Hammond baked some bread or dampers when we breakfasted on fresh dampers and bacon, salmon and tea. I spent the day in reading the Bible. Meditations and writing or copying this journal up to date. It was very warm. Thermometer 99 degrees in shade.

Monday July 31

Got up this morning at 4 breakfasted on dry dampers, potatoes and tea. Left Butchers Flat at 5.45. Travelled 12 miles and arrived at the 42 mile house at 10.15. Crossing the ledge of the Lower Jackass Mountain was pretty hard work. About a mile from Butchers Flat, on the opposite side of the river is a boulder of rock

standing near the river. It is some 30 or 40 feet high, standing solitary and alone away from the pines. The Indians have a curious tradition with regard to this rock. They say that long ago there were two men, one very good and the other very bad. The good man tried to go to heaven but the bad man would not let him so the good man changed the bad man to stone and here it now stands as a rebuke against his wickedness while the good man went to heaven and is now dwelling there eternally. On the top of the lower ledge of the Jackass Mountain is a bakery to supply teamsters and travellers with bread, close to this is an Indian camp.

A few miles on is the forest house. Here we drank some milk. At 47 mile house we took dinner. I was so tired and exhausted [48] here, that after sitting a while, it took the greatest effort for to walk, but after hours rest and eating dinner I felt a little better. I might say a word with regard to the scene between 42 and 47 mile houses. About a mile from 42 mile house is a large mountain stream falling over the almost perpendicular rocks to a distance of 250 feet. It is upon the whole quite picturesque. From the falls the road begins to rise above the steep sides of the Jackass Mountains. At the highest part of the road is a bridge crossing a deep narrow gorge or chasm. From the bridge the best view can be obtained. It is something fearful to stand at the lower side of the bridge and look down this deep chasm, the river a thousand feet below. One feels like holding fast for fear of falling especially upon the first view. From this point the large Fraser River appears to be but a small creek and instead of it rushing rapidly on as it does it seems to be perfectly quiet.

I arrived at Lytton (which is the junction of the Fraser and Thompson Rivers) at 6 this evening. The distance walked today way 27 miles and I am fearsome, limbs sore and perfectly give out. It seems that Mr. Selwyn brought us along to make long marches instead of taking views. At times I feel really sick when I think of the grand and majestic scenery I had to pass without taking negatives therefrom. But we may do so by and by for I hope to take these when I return.

Tuesday Aug. 1st

We could not get away from Lytton today and it is a very unpleasant place to stop. The wind is blowing a continuous hurricane. The soil is light and sandy so one can imagine the effect in a heavy wind. There are only about twenty, unpainted wooden one [49] story houses. The inhabitants are composed of two thirds whites, a few Chinamen and many Indians. I took a view of a 16 ox team and also a grand view of the village. Did not feel well today. Feel a nausea caused no doubt by the miserable bread we get to eat here.

Wednesday Aug. 2nd

Mr Selwyn got enough walking and so did the rest: we therefore left Lytton this morning in a stage and went 23 miles to Cooks Ferry. Here we stopped for the

Tuesday, 1 August 1871

Wednesday, 2 August 1871

left column 69921 Lytton, B.C. (stereo view); 69922 Ox team at rest in Lytton, B.C. (stereo view)

right column 69923 View on the Thompson R. 2 miles from Lytton B.C. (stereo view); 69924 View on the Thompson R. 2 miles from Lytton B.C. (stereo view); 69925 View on the Thompson R. 3 miles from Lytton B.C. (stereo view)

69926 Hell's Gate on the Thompson River, B.C. (stereo view); 69928 Indian Camp and Mountain Scenery at Bonaparte, B.C. (stereo view)

night. On the way I took three views. Two of a bluff of a mountain, one side of which is almost perpendicular rock with small pinnacles along the top, the other side is sloping and this is covered with small pines. The views are very good. The other is a general mountain view and the distant mountains are too much confused with the smoke so it is not good.

Thursday Aug. 3rd

Left Cooks Ferry this morning at 9½ in a stage and went to Bonaparte River distance 30 miles. Took our pictures on the way of a place called Hells Gate on the Thompson River about 7 miles from Cooks Ferry. At Bonaparte I took a view of an Indian camp with a mountain view in the background.

Friday Aug 4th

Not being able to get away today before noon I took three views at Bonaparte River. One 8 x 10 view of some scenery as the same of yesterday evening and two stereos of teamsters encampment and breakfasting. I never saw such large teams before. They have two large wagons coupled together and on these a mule team they are drawn by 12 or 14 mules if an ox team by 16 or 20 oxen. In going up heavy hills they separate the wagons [50] and take up one at a time to the top and then couple them again. It happened last night that an unusual number met here. Six mules, two oxen teams and two stages. This afternoon we travelled to Savona's Ferry [Savona] at the outlet of the Kamloops Lake into the Thompson River. Distance 25 miles. It was a very warm

drive and dusty. What I have seen of the country this far is anything but desirable. When we enter the Fraser River at its mouth the country as far as had been seen from the steamer is low mountains and wet. Thickly covered with swamp going for 20 or 30 miles up the river. Then it rises and is thickly covered with pines which may be called good timber land as far as to within 15 or 20 miles of Hope. There we begin to enter the Cascade Range and we have nothing but mountains and rocks with considerable timber until we get to Yale. Here the rocks begin to predominate and the pines become smaller and smaller and fewer in number and as they decrease, wild sage brush increases. From Lytton to this place there is nothing but a barren, sandy, mountainous descent very thinly covered with sage and upon the whole the country is very uninviting. A few attempts at farming have been made and most of them especially along the Fraser as far as the Thompson and up the Thompson to Bonaparte River have been given up. A few farms are now in operation between Bonaparte River and this place with varied success. All the success depends on the facility they may have for irrigating them. [51] Without irrigation nothing will grow and there are but few places where it can practically be brought about. We all expected to find British Columbia a lovely country, well wooded, and many grassy plains. Frequently

Friday, 4 August 1871

69927 Indian Camp and Mountain Scenery at Bonaparte, B.C. (8×10); 69929 Teamsters Breakfasting at Bonaparte, B.C. (stereo view); 69930 Teamsters camping at Bonaparte, B.C. (stereo view)

Messrs. Selwyn and Richardson praised this country while we were on the way but we are all sadly disappointed this far. When we arrived here (Savona's Ferry [Savona]) we found that there was no accommodation whatever. Mr Moberly's men (Canadian Pacific Railroad Survey Party) are here to the number of some 35 men and they occupy all the available places so we put up our tents on a small bench of the mountain. Got some hay and put on the ground, placed the rubber blankets on the hay, then our woollen blankets and we have a very good bed and except for the heat of the sun would have a cosy place. We made it a comfortable as possible for we have to remain here about a week waiting for the goods and provisions to arrive.

Saturday Aug. 5

Being so smoky today I was not able to take any views. A few nice views can be got here if the smoke disappears. This afternoon Mr. Richardson and I took a small boat and rowed up the lake about three miles to see if anything new could be seen but nothing of importance appeared. The whole day was very hot but at 5½ in the evening we had a heavy hail storm. The first gust of wind brought clouds of dust and sand. As before stated this whole country is barren, loose sandy soil with a little sage brush. Any one can [52] imagine the effect of a wind storm upon the sandy hills and village if the power of imagination is strong, if not the imagination will fall far short of the reality. It is something fearful. The first blast of wind, aside from bringing clouds of dust, blew Mr. Selwyn's tent down. Before the hail and rain came there was a short calm and we improved it by fixing the tent up again. We had no sooner put it up when the storm was upon us. It was quite a novelty to sit under a tent in a hail storm, with the wind blasts like a furious hurricane, the tent curtains flapping. The rain pouring down intermixed with the thundering of the large hail stones, the lightning flashing and playing in the clouds and on earth the deep thunder roaring and the uproar and noise of the hail; and wind in the lake. All left an impression upon me not easily to be forgotten.

Last night I was quite sick with a diarrhoea but am pretty well now. I think the cause is sour bread. Since we left Victoria we got but very little good bread, nearly all heavy and sour.

Sunday Aug. 6th

Last night Messrs. Selwyn and Moody started to Kamloops in a trough canoe rowed by two Indians. I fear it was a foolish move. When I got up in the morning I found Messrs. Richardson, Hammond and [James] Dean (one of the men) sick with the diarrhoea. Mr. Richardson was quite sick. They are all doing well this evening. I fortunately feel quite well, for which greatly pleasing I feel [53] very thankful. Here far away from – I might say – civilisation, I long for the privileges of the Sabbaths I enjoyed at home. Each Sabbath I am in spirit at my Sabbath school and church. In the morning as I look at my watch and see it to be seven o'clock I say to

myself, 'Now it is 10 in Montreal. Now they are busily engaged in the Sunday school. It seems to me I can almost see each class, teacher, superintendent and librarian all at work. I can almost hear their harmonious voices as they chant the songs of Zion and among these I see my daughter Wilma. While in my little home at 194 St. George Street. I see my wife preparing herself for church. When our time is eight it corresponds to 11 at home. Then my eye follows my pastor Rev. Wells as he enters the side door and walks slowly upon the pulpit. I join with them in their praises to our heavenly Father. And I am glad that I have such a Father. One who will accept the humble worship of his children in any country, claims or place. In him our souls and thoughts centre though thousands of miles apart! When a feeling of loneliness comes over me I go to him and soon all these feelings of sadness disappear and in place of it joy and peace arrive in my heart.

Monday Aug 7th

Time passes very slowly. Messrs. Richardson, Hammond and Dean feel pretty well today. This afternoon that smoke had somewhat disappeared so I took an 8x10 and stereoview of Savona Ferry [Savona] and the mountain scenery on the west of the Thompson River.

[54] **Tuesday Aug 8th**

This morning we left for Kamloops which is at the junction of the North and South Rivers. The Indian word "Kumloop" means "the meeting of the

Monday, 7 August 1871

69931 Savona Ferry, B.C. (8×10); 69932 Savona Ferry, B.C. (stereo view)

waters" and this is a very appropriate name. We sailed in a small five ton boat up the lake. The wind was contrary so we made but little progress, by noon we went only seven miles and went to shore. Got lunch by baking some dampers, frying bacon and making tea on the beach. While these were preparing I walked along the shore and found a few nice agates. After eating we again tried to sail. We were not out long when a cold storm arrived and we tried to out ride it, but the sea held too rough for the small boat, the wind one minute came down one gorge and the next another and there was great danger of the boat getting swamped as the waves at times dashed on into the vessel. So we turned and went by the wind and ran into a small cave. It was well we did for the storm soon became very savage. Here we lay until the storm had subsided. This fore noon it was very warm but with the storm came cold and we all shivered with it. After the storms passed we again started but only went some five miles to Tranquille Mills at the mouth of the Tranquille River. This is the only and proper Mill in this region of the country and it is certainly quite a frontier mill and to us eastern folks it is a great novelty. It is owned by a Mr. [William] Fortune. He and family were very kind to us. They put in a large fire in their kitchen stove and had us take a good drying and warming. In the mean time they prepared for us a grand supper. It was the first good [55] meal we had for two weeks and I am certain we all done justice to it. What made it still better, Mrs. [Jane] Fortune was at the head of the table and served without stint. Her sociable and affable disposition made us feel at home. From what I learn she is a woman who in her early days was not brought up to hard work but spent them at school and received quite an extensive education including sketching and drawing. But now she is placed in a different position in life having married a farmer and miller. She takes hold of her work – the care of her house, and milking from 4 to 20 cows, making butter, assists in the garden – with a will and withal is cheerful and happy.

Wednesday Aug 9th

Mr. Fortune had no extra beds, so we placed our blankets on the soft side of the floor laid down and had a good sleep. This morning we had a favourable wind so we sailed to Kamloops. Distance from Savona Ferry [Savona] 25 miles. From Tranquille Mills to Kamloops is 7 miles. Many beautiful views of a geological and general interest can be taken along the shore of the Kamloops Lake. Mr. Selwyn borrowed a boat for me to sail down along the coast on a viewing expedition, as he will not be ready to leave for about a week. So Mr. Hammond, myself and Mr. Dean sailed down the lake to Tranquille Mills. Mr. Fortune has a small and unoccupied hut. We got permission to occupy this for a few days. This then is our headquarters for the short time we are viewing here.

[56] Mrs. Fortune kindly offered us the privilege of going to their cornfield and help ourselves to as much roasting corn as we liked. We accepted this privilege. When we had supper ready Mrs. Fortune still further showed us her kindness by sending to us a jug of not milk but cream. Thus we had a very good supper of dampers, bacon, corn and tea with cream.

Thursday Aug 10th

Had our bed on the floor. The night was warm and the mosquitoes, they kept up a continual hubbub, I could not sleep. We tried to smoke them out of our cabin but no use. The indefatigable fellows still came and they were so very large that many of them could weigh a pound. I thought their proboscis were unduly sharp. This morning it is raining and the air cool. Therefore on account of the rain I cannot view. Mrs. Fortune has again shown her liberality by sending to us – by her husband, another jug of cream and a large pan of pudding for dinner.

Friday Aug 11th

This morning it did not rain but the wind blew so hard that we did not take any views till noon when we had nice calm weather. In the afternoon we took fine stereo and two 8 x 10 views, among them is the Tranquille Mills.

Saturday Aug 12th

This fore noon we went on a small mountain of 1200 feet high two miles up the Tranquille River and from it took a few excellent views. In the afternoon we went down the lake some three miles to Battle Bluff. This cliff rises as it were out of the way. At the foot of this rock a naval battle was fought about a hundred years ago between two duelling tribes. The victorious tribes stained or painted a small crag some 15 feet above water with some kind of [57] material to commemorate the place. Many of the present Indians have superstitious

Friday, 11 August 1871

Saturday, 12 August 1871

69935

69933 Tranquille Mills, B.C. (8×10); 69934 Tranquille Mills near Kamloops Lake, B.C. (stereo view) 69935 William Fortune and friends (stereo view, NO PRINT EXISTS)

notions in relation to this place. The Bluff had no name although it is the most prominent point on the lake, so I named it Battle Bluff which Mr. Selwyn thought quite appropriate. Here I got a few nice views of the Bluff. Basaltic rocks etc. After we returned to our hut I took a picture of the front of Mr. Fortune's house including his and his brother in law's families. They gave a small order for pictures to the amount of $5. By the time we got ready to start back for Kamloops it was six o'clock and we had a good wind when we started, but did not get more than three fourth of a mile when we were becalmed and had to take our oars. We rowed about two miles and ran into a sand bar or shoal. After we got well out of the bar a heavy head wind arose and a strong current was against us. Dark night came on, threatening rain. Every now and then we saw the lighting in the eastern horizon. Thus we had a hard time of pulling it against the current and wind and heaving our way along the shore, frequently we ran into sand bars etc. Several times we were very near give out and had to stop and hold onto the shore to rest. Finally at 11 o'clock we arrived at the steamer at Kamloops. Here part of the Canadian Pacific Railroad Surveyors are quartered. We unloaded our photo instruments and put our blankets on the floor of the boat and laid down to sleep without supper. We were all so tired and fatigued that we cared very little for food, rest was the main thing. This steamer in which we are now

69936 View East from Tranquille Mills, B.C. (stereo view); 69937 View N. W. from Tranquille Mills, B.C. (stereo view); 69938 View W. from Tranquille Mills, giving a distant view of Battle Bluff, B.C. (stereo view)

left column 69939 Basaltic rocks at Battle Bluff, Kamloops Lake, B.C. (8×10); 69940 Basaltic rocks at Battle Bluff, Kamloops Lake, B.C. (stereo view); 69941 Battle Bluff, Kamloops Lake, B.C. (stereo view)

right column 69942 South shore of Kamloops Lake, opposite Battle Bluff, B.C. (stereo view); 69943 Mountain Scenery on the Tranquille River, 2 miles from its mouth, B.C. (stereo view)

69944 Gravel Banks and Columns and Mountain Scenery on the Tranquille River, 3 miles from its mouth, B.C. (8×10); 69945 Gravel Banks and Columns and Mountain Scenery on the Tranquille River, 3 miles from its mouth, B.C. (stereo view)

quartered was built by the Hudson Bay Co. during the gold excitement in 1865. [58] It was built too late as the gold excitement soon passed away and the steamer was but of little use. Its engines are all taken apart, furniture stored away and left for better times or to decay. No boat can be brought up the Thompson or Fraser River on account of the rapids and nine cases out of ten if they would attempt to run a boat down she would be wrecked. Mrs. Fortune gave us a large bottle of cream when we left them, but when we arrived our man Mr. Dean broke the bottle to my sorrow the cream was lost. Mr Hammond and I certainly owe many thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Fortune. But for their kindness we would have fared rather poorly the few days we were out.

Sunday Aug 13th

This morning I felt the effect of last night's heavy rowing. I rather relished my breakfast, not having anything to eat since yesterday noon. After breakfast took a bath in the river, had a short sleep and felt better. After a season of reading, prayer and meditation, it was dinner time. This afternoon I am at times somewhat lonesome. It is now four, I wonder what my wife and daughter are doing. I should so much like to hear from them, for I did not have a word from them since I left home. But all will be well, for God is our fortress in Him will we trust. Nine o'clock evening. It is raining and has been nearly all afternoon.

Monday Aug. 14th

Last night was a cold and rainy night. The kind of weather is quite

unexpected here. The oldest settlers say that they never saw so much rain at this season of the year. There is no doubt that if this part of the country had as frequent showers as we had the past [59] few weeks, these hills, mountains and flats would soon be covered with green verdure. Today I varnished the negatives I took between Yale and this place, 31 in number. Also fixed the developing box. It is entirely too weak for such a rough journey. Mr. Selwyn had intended to get a couple of horses for himself and Mr. Richardson to ride, and the rest of us to walk. This arrangement did not suit my fancy. Not that I am not able to average 12 or 15 miles a day on foot, but to walk that distance and take views as we pass along is a different thing. I felt that I could not do justice to either myself, Mr. Notman, or the Government by attempting to view when I am tired out by long marches on foot. Again while I stopped to take views I would retard the train. I felt the proper way is for Mr. Selwyn to furnish a horse each to Mr. Hammond and myself and a pack horse or mule to carry the necessary photo materials for the day, then when we stop to view the rest can pass on and we follow at our leisure and meet them in the evening. These facts I presented to Mr. Selwyn and he is quite agreeable to it and will furnish us with horses, etc.

Only four of the R.R. Party are here now and they will go in a day or two. We will not be able to start for a few days. Our pack horses are not ready. This evening I went on a high hill behind Kamloops. Here I sat down and wrote in my journal the days thoughts feelings and works. Before me is the North River and its valley running for many miles, nearly directly from North. On my right is the South River, up its valley one [60] can see in a south easterly direction for many miles. Below and a little to my right is the junction of the two rivers. At the foot of the hill is the Hudson's Bay Co. [Hudson's Bay Company] station – Kamloops composed of one dwelling, in which their agent Mr. Jas McKenzie resides. One store, two storage rooms and the steamer all of which belong to the H.B.Co. [Hudson's Bay Company] The united rivers flow steadily past and off to my left bestudded with islands until it empties into Kamloops Lake. Behind me are high hills and mountains. Altogether the scenery is very, very beautiful. Only one thing mars its beauty and that is the barrenness of these hills, mountains and valleys. Only along the banks of the rivers can anything green be seen. A few nice ranches or farms can also be seen along the river but all their verdure is produced by irrigation.

Tuesday Aug 15th

Today I took four stereo and one 8x10 view of some around Kamloops. Received an order from Mr. McKenzie for $6.00 worth of pictures. Mr. Selwyn got a horse and a very good saddle for me and also for Mr. Hammond.

Wednesday Aug 16th

We worked hard all day to get ready for to start tomorrow. Mr. Richardson is not going with us. He intends to go up the South River some 60 miles and then return to Bonaparte River from there by stage up to Cariboo then return on foot to make a carved Geological Survey as far as to Yale. Then go to Victoria and will wait for

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left column 69946 Kamloops, B.C. (stereo view); 69947 The junction of N. and S. Thompson River at Kamloops, B.C. (8×10); 69948 The junction of N. and S. Thompson River at Kamloops, B.C. (stereo view)

right column 69949 North Thompson River Valley, B.C. (stereo view); 69950 Mr. McKenzie and family (stereo view)

us. I boxed up 28 stereos and 7 8x10 views for Mr. R. [Richardson] to take back with him. I also wrote a letter to my wife and finished copying my journal up to date which I will leave with Mr. R. [Richardson] to mail for me at Bonaparte. This appears to be the last time I can send word home before I return to Bonaparte or Yale. I made a water proof cover for my cap out of rubber cloth.

[61] **Thursday Aug. 17th**

Mr. [George] Watt arrived this morning and will go on to Victoria in a day or two. So I sent my journal and letter with him to mail in Victoria in place of with Mr. Richardson to mail in Bonaparte, as I thought of doing yesterday. This afternoon we took our stores and baggage up the North River about a mile and camped in a sand bank. Here we intend to properly organize the train. Soon after we came Mr. Selwyn returned to Kamloops for the night. At 4 o'clock a very heavy storm passed over Kamloops Lake. We got but little of it at our camp. The view of the storm and lightning from here was grand, by far the finest I ever witnessed. The Indian of the Kamloops River Reserve is here. They own about 1000 acres. The chief of this tribe is very sociable and is the hardest worker among the whole of them. The Catholics have been among them and gained a few proselytes. Their priest is away now with another tribe of Indians. Their evening worship is kept up by themselves. They have a small log home for a church. No floor except mother earth for seats they have logs placed across the room. Curiosity led me to their evening services. Outside of the church is a small bell placed fastened to the piece of rope which holds the door closed. At church time the leader takes this bell and rings it before he opens the door and in a few minutes the few papal followers enter and they begin their prayers. Such mummery and ringing of these bells I never heard, truly it is blasphemy which the Catholic Church have taught these benighted people.

Friday Aug 18th

This day was very pleasant until evening when a heavy wind set in and the sand is blowing everywhere and in everything. One of our horses was found missing this morning and an Indian went in search of him. Mr. Selwyn came in about 8 o'clock, and after an altercation with the [62] packing with regard to the missing horse he took his horse and also started in search but soon gave up the search and returned and left again and did not return till 4 o'clock P.M. The Indian found the horse and brought him in about noon. Each pack train has what they call a bell mare. After a days travel they are all let loose to graze on the mountains or in the valleys and they all as a rule follow the bell mare, and they are easily found. Everything is now in readiness. Mr. Selwyn is very disagreeable to everyone around and is very unpopular not only to us but also with the R.R. Surveying people.

Saturday Aug 19th

This morning we got the train in readiness and started. Travelled 10 miles and camped on a flat between the river and the mountain. Close by are a nice few

ranches or farms. The only ones in the ten miles travelled today. Mr. Selwyn and I had quite an altercation before and after we started. He promised, promised to furnish horses for Mr. Hammond and I and did so. But by midday he found that he had one horse short for packing. So he took Mr. Hammond's horse and said that he must walk. This disarrayed my idea and plans of photography as it is necessary that Mr. Hammond and I remain together and when we remain behind to view it is not pleasant to have one walk and the other ride to catch up. If no horse could have been gotten I would not have said a word. But one of our Indians brought a good horse with him this morning to our camp with the hope of selling him to Mr. Selwyn for $50 dollars. Considering the animal he would have been the cheapest horse in the lot. But Selwyn refused to buy him and Hammond had to walk today. [63] I have a young horse, only 3 years old and rather wild and needs breaking in. He came very near breaking me in this fore noon. After we went about two miles he began to jump and kick. The saddle bags flapped against his side and frightened him. This made him more resistive and in one of his plunges the saddle slipped to one side and my only alternative was to jump off, which I did and without injury. Away went the horse with the saddle under his feet, but soon after was caught. I expected to find the saddle all torn to pieces but strange to say it was all right except an unimportant rip in the bags. After adjusting the saddle I got on again and with a little care got on very well. We camped at three o'clock and soon after our tents were pitched it began to rain and continued more or less till 10 in the evening.

Sunday Aug 20th

This morning it was very cool so that fire felt quite comfortable. Mr. Selwyn had intended to travel today and I got up early to try to persuade him not to violate the Sabbath by travelling. But he is a very early riser and was up and gone out to hunt mushrooms. One of his men told me that he had left orders not to move till afternoon thus giving the tents etc. a chance to dry, but to have everything ready. I went back to my tent with a sad heart, saddened with the thought that the Holy Sabbath was to be desecrated by our travel without cause or necessity. I read my bible and came to God in prayer and besought [64] Him to change Mr. Selwyn's thoughts and feelings with regard to the Sabbath. Strange and yet not strange, soon after Mr. Selwyn came to me and told me that he thought of going on this afternoon but asked me my wish and said that he would leave it with me to say whether we should stay or not. I was happy to tell him my conviction with regards to the Sabbath. So he gave orders to remain. After breakfast he took his gun with horse and dog and started on a hunting geological expedition. Mr. Hammond and I spent the day chiefly in reading and conversing.

Monday Aug. 21st

Today we travelled 12½ miles. Six miles below passed the last ranch or farm. Before this evening I thought I saw and felt mosquitoes, but at our camping place tonight they are so thick that we could scarcely eat our supper. We covered our

necks and ears and thus muffled ate with one hand, with the other we tried to keep the persistent little pests away with our handkerchiefs but with all this care they would get to our hands and faces. They can but be described to a large swarm of bugs trying to settle upon one. After supper I went up the mountain about 2000 feet to get out of their way till bed time but here at this elevation they are, but not so many, yet many more than what are wanted for comfort. Fortunately for us we have tents which we close mosquito tight and then kill all within. Oh! How we enjoy the peace. Outside the tent we hear them keeping up a continual buzz. Part of the trail over which we travelled today was very rough. At one place we passed along the side of a very steep, rocky mountain. On the one side many hundred feet down to the river and on the other a few thousand feet up. At this point the Rail Road Survey Party lost one of their horses and [65] his cargo. The horse slipped or perhaps his lead stuck against the rocks and he fell over the precipice into the river and was lost. A few days after he was picked up some 15 miles below by the Indians. The cargo was ham and beans, these they appropriated to themselves as well as the horse which they ate.

Tuesday Aug 22nd

Travelled 12 miles and camped at the junction of the Lewis Creek and North River. The trail we came over today was fearful rough except some four miles of this morning's travel. The whole rough distance was along the side of a rocky mountain. At places there is scarcely foothold for the horses but all went through safe. It is surprising to see how careful the horses and mules are in selecting footing in these dangerous paths. As they pass along them they hold their heads down and carefully look for the best places. They seem to know as well and sometimes better than we where the safe places are. Here at our camp the mosquitoes are very near as bad as they were at our camp 12 miles below. After our tent was pitched Mr. Selwyn and I tried to catch a few fish in Clear Creek but the mosquitoes were too numerous and we had to retreat. However on the way back I shot a pheasant. Mr. Hammond shot one on the trail so we will have pheasant for breakfast. Nothing thus far worth photographing. The country is slowly increasing in verdure with the exception of a couple thousand acres of flat land along the river all is mountainous as far as we can see beyond. These are covered more or less with pine trees.

Wednesday Aug 23rd

Today we travelled 12 miles and camped at the north end of Red Pine Indian Reserve. This is a large prairie flat of about 1000 acres. The Catholics have been at work here among the Indians for I see in the centre of the plain a large wooden cross, a little log church, and one or two other small huts. But they are [66] now all deserted. All the Indians and even cattle have to forsake this rich grassy plain. I think the mosquitoes have gained the ascendency and driven every human and animal out of this place. They are worse and worse. It is like living in a hive of them and the moment any animate object comes along they almost devour them

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Friday, 25 August 1871

69951 Red Pine Indian Reserve on the North Thompson River, B.C. (stereo view); 69952 View from the N. Thompson River at Assiniboine Bluff, 62 miles from Kamloops, B.C. (stereo view)

alive. I don't know when I felt such a real comfort as I did after we got in our tent and closed it and killed a couple thousand of them. Here we are cooped up but free. The outside of our tent is black with them trying to force their way in and oh! Such a buzz and hum it is frightful music. This is no exaggeration. I really pity the poor horses. On the way I brush them off my horse's neck and head and thus try and keep them away from him. This evening after he was turned loose he remembered my kind treatment and a he followed me around nearly every place desiring me to kill the mosquitoes. In spite of them we took two negatives of the reserve. The trail we pass along today is better than yesterday.

Thursday Aug 24th

Travelled 10½ miles today through swamps and small flats, thickets and a steep ledge of a mountain about 900 feet high. The mosquitoes again, they were frightful on the way. We camped tonight at the Little Fork [Little Fort]. The mosquitoes are not so bad here, there is a nice breeze and that seems to keep them down a little.

Friday Aug 25th

Distance travelled today is 8 miles. Five miles from our last night's camp we came to the 62 mile bluff. The trail here leads in a zigzag way up along the side of the Bluff. No train of horses or mules can be taken across with their packs in safety. The highest part of the trail is about 1000 feet. Below and above are vast boulders of rock with here and there small ledges on which

the hardy pine finds its foothold. The distance along the shore to this [67] passable part of the trail up river is only about 300 yards while the trail along the side of the Bluff is three fourths of a mile. We unpacked the train and took the horses across the bluff unloaded. Hired a couple of Indians to take our stores etc. around the bluff in their canoe. While this was doing I took three negatives, one a beautiful stereoview of the shore of the river along the Bluff and scenery in general in a north west direction. Then we crossed the river in a canoe and took and 8x10 and stereoview of the Bluff. Between this Bluff and our camp last night is intensely thick forest of cedar and poplar trees many of which are very large. This forest is a bottom some three miles long and I think about a mile wide. Part of it is covered with thick underbrush. Through this bottom or forest the trail passes over fallen timber, through brush, over small mountain streams and swampy ground. After we got around the Bluff we started on and after going about two miles we saw a storm arising and there was no possibility for us to halt as we were by the side or front of a mountain. So we hastened on a mile further and we came to a kind of an open flat. Just as we came here it began to rain a little. We hastened our packages off as soon as possible and pitched our tents but as it happened it did not rain much. The greater part of the storm passed north of us.

69953 View from the N. Thompson River at Assiniboine Bluff, 62 miles from Kamloops, B.C. (8×10); 69954 Assiniboine Bluff on the N. Thompson River, 62 miles from Kamloops, B.C. (stereo view)

Saturday Aug 26th

After travelling 11 miles over a trail across fallen timber, up and down steep banks and hills, through brush,

trees, and along rocky banks etc., we arrived one mile above Clear Water and had to cross the river over to the west side. Soon after we started this morning Mr. Selwyn shot a pheasant and a little further on [68] I shot one. Then I went ahead of the rest and shot two more pheasants and arrived at the crossing place two hours before the train came. Here I met Mr. McClennan [Roderick McLennan], Chief of Co. 2 of the R. R. Survey [Canadian Pacific Rail Road Survey] and his party. Soon after I came they left to go eight miles from here on where they will camp for the Sabbath. This is well, for their train of 28 horses, and ours of 15 horses, and a Mexican train of 30 mules (packing for Mr. McClellan [McLennan]) are now here, and the accommodation for grazing is not very good. The R.R. Survey goods were brought across the river in a small boat which they built at Kamloops and set up. We hired an Indian to bring our goods across in a canoe and the horses swam across. Soon after we got across, just as we were pitching our tents it began to rain. Although my little three year old black horse (Dick I call him) jumped and kicked at first till the saddle slipped round and I had to jump off. He is now gentle and kind as anyone would wish a horse to be. Today I shot two pheasants while I was sitting on his back. He jumped but very little to one side. The kind treatment he receives from me has produced a wonderful change in him. When I get off he follows me around almost anyplace. The Clear Water is a beautiful mountain stream, about 200 feet wide and very rapid near its mouth or junction with the North River. It is 75 miles from Kamloops. I am told that some five or six miles up this stream are beautiful cascades, but there is no trail to them so [69] I could not get views of them. Our camp this evening is 76 miles from Kamloops. This evening it is just two months since we left home. To me they have been two memorable months. Travelled by cars, boat, stage, on foot and horse 4704 miles. Saw scenes and sights the like I never expected to witness. Received impression which I know will never leave me. Thus far my labour in photography has not been as abundant as I desired. I only took 54 negatives. Here we are now isolated as it were from all civilization. No opportunity of sending or receiving a letter to or from any one. Around us are mountains and forests, at the foot of our camp is the North River. We are told that the Mountains are thickly inhabited with bears, but as of yet we have not seen one. Where we will be two months hence earthly wisdom cannot tell. May God protect and guide us and also our friends at home.

Sunday Aug 27th

Last night it rained all night. This was a beautiful day but in the evening it began to rain again. I remained about the camp all day with my usual Sunday private devotions.

Monday Aug 28th

We travelled to Salmon River distance 6 miles. Arrived at 12 o'clock. The Indians told us that there is no feed for some 15 miles up the river, so we stopped to camp for the night. On the way coming I saw to my left a rocky cut in the mountain but

a mile away so after we concluded to camp I rode to the place through brush, over logs etc. The Salmon River here cut its way through the mountain and rocks and through them runs in a succession of falls [70] and rapids. The scenery I considered very fine. I headed back. Mr. Hammond, myself and two Indians ate a little damper, drank a little tea and started with our photo pack horse. We had to ford the river and cut part of the trail. But the scene richly repaid us for our trouble. We got four good stereoviews of the cascade. I also took one 8x10 but it had clouded up so dark that I had to expose it longer than what is good for falling water. When the sun shines there is a beautiful rainbow below the upper fall.

Tuesday Aug. 29th

Travelled 13 miles today. On the way coming I stopped to take a view but when I unpacked my developing box I found a bottle of my bath broke, the silver all run out into the zinc box and through the developing box. A fearful mess it made of it so we repacked it and had a general cleaning house at camp, put in another bath and took a view about 1 mile further up the river at the north bend of this river. 21 miles from Clear Water. The Indians did

69956 Raft River Cascade, near the Junction of the R. with the N. Thompson, B.C. (stereo view); 69957 Raft River Cascade, near the Junction of the R. with the N. Thompson, B.C. (stereo view); 69958 Raft River Cascade, near the Junction of the R. with the N. Thompson, B.C. (stereo view)

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Thursday, 31 August 1871

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not tell us the truth with regard to the pastures, as we found today that there was plenty of pasture all along the train we travelled today. I am glad however that we did stop at Salmon River in order to get the views of the Salmon River Cascade or Canyon.

Wednesday Aug 30th

Came 9 miles today. We are now 104 miles from Kamloops. The last half of the trail over which we went in today's travel is very rough. Mr. Hammond and I went in advance of the train and paced the distance for Mr. Selwyn. We found nothing worthy of being photographed. On each side of the river there is nothing but thickly wooded mountains which run [71] in many places close to the river. Where there are flats, they are but very small, not more than a fourth or a half a mile wide and from a half to a mile in length. There was a very heavy fog this morning and it was nearly 11 o'clock when all the horses were found. In passing through a small

69959 Raft River Cascade, near the Junction of the R. with the N. Thompson, B.C. (stereo view, NO PRINT EXISTS); 69960 View at the Great Bend of the N. Thompson River, 21 miles above Clear Water, B.C. (stereo view); 69961 Mad River near its junction with North Thompson River, B.C. (8×10, NO PRINT EXISTS); 69962 Mad River near its junction with North Thompson River, B.C. (stereo view); 69963 Geological and 2 Party of the C.P.R.R. Survey Camps, on the North Thompson 112 miles from Kamloops, B.C. (stereo view, NO PRINT EXISTS)

swamp, our photo horse came very near being swamped, but after some help he got out all right. I am very much afraid at times that our photo materials will come to grief. The least slip or stumble of the horse would in many places finish my work for horse and all would go down a fearful precipice into the river or among rocks.

Thursday Aug 31st

Very cold last night and this morning it is a great comfort that a person can sit down without being annoyed by mosquitoes. Since we passed Clear Water we were but little troubled with them. The Indians say that we will not be troubled with them in going up. Blueberries are in abundance here. Last evening after we camped I ate as many as I desired and gathered in a few minutes enough for our supper. Today we caught up with Mr. McClennan [McLennan] and party by travelling only 7 miles. I took one stereo and one 8x10 view of the rapids at Mad River. This is a small mountain stream, running near its junction through a continuous chain if rapids. Also took a view of the camp which is 118 miles from Kamloops. Here Mr. Selwyn and the Engineers of the R.R. party held a consultation whether to continue up the North River or return to Mad River and cross the mountains and go up the Mad River valley and then cross over to the North River again. The latter was decided upon. Game today was plenty, altogether we shot about 18 birds.

[72] **Friday Sept. 1st**

Returned to Mad River. Distance 5¾ miles recrossed it and ascended the mountain about 1¼ miles. Altitude 1600 feet from the river. Here we found swamp water and camped. Before us the mountain continues to rise and we know not how far. Distance from Kamloops about 107 miles. The reason the Surveyors decided to take this trail is to avoid to cross the river three times. It seems that about 10 miles up the river from our last night's camp there is a long impassable bluff. There the river would have to be crossed and then about 15 miles from there up recrossed. It seems that these two crossings can be avoided by covering the trail we are on now.

Saturday Sept. 2nd

The trail is very hard to cut up the mountain. All of McClennan's [McLennan] and our woodmen cut only about 3½ miles, so none of the trains left camp today. But all of the R.R. party trains arrived. As that there are now altogether about 150 horses and mules here and sixty men and also 24 herd of oxen. It appears that this mountain over which we have to pass is 6000 feet high and this trail over it lies through a thick forest of small pines which is full of fallen timber.

Mr. Selwyn persuaded Mr. McClennan [McLennan] to have all his and our men at work cutting the trail tomorrow – Sunday – pleading it necessary on account of the lateness of the season and that they stood in danger of being snowed in. I

considered this possible or imaginary reason for Sabbath labour a very lame excuse for the violation of the Lord's Holy day. As a Christian I [73] felt that I would be far from performing my duty to my heavenly master if I did not speak a word against this open violation of the Sabbath and also of the Survey regulations with regards to the Sabbath. This says that the Sabbath is to be regarded the men camped to rest and services regarded.

This evening an opportunity presenting I spoke in the kindest terms to Mr. Selwyn on the subject by simply expressing my sorrow that the men were called upon to work on the Sabbath. Selwyn immediately flew into a passion and told me that he did not wish to hear anything on the subject and that it was none of my business whether the men worked or not on the Sabbath as long as he did not ask me to do so. In spirit I asked assistance from on high to guide me in my words. So when he did not wish to give me an opportunity to speak I told him that I said what I thought was my duty and there will be a day of reckoning when he would have to account for his actions and doings here so I would leave the matter with him and his God. This reply calmed him a little but still persisted that if he and Mr. McClennan [McLennan] decided to work on the Sabbath I had no business to interfere. I asked whether if I saw him about walking over a precipice or in any other imminent danger whether it would be to my duty then to say it is none of my business and let him perish. I told him that I saw the Sabbath day in great danger of being violated as a Christian and it was my duty to give a warning voice. By keeping myself perfectly calm his rage greatly subsided and for a time we argued the matter but through the whole he was so unreasonable and his arguments so inconsistent and [74] contrary to the plain teaching of the Bible that there was but little use of speaking. I finally said that if there should be a Christian among the men – which I did not know – but if there should be it would be not fair to compel such a one to work on the Sabbath against his convictions. Selwyn said that he was a Christian and he worked and would work. – Why I replied as I did I cannot say but after all I think it was for the best – I said that I was sorry that if he was a Christian to hear him swear so much. At this as quick as powder he flew into a fearful rage and I thought for a time that he was going to throw a stone or a stick at me. He cried out "What is that you say. What is that you say? I never swore and if you say I did you lie." I said that in my estimation cursing and swearing are so near allied together that I could not distinguish the difference if he did not swear in the strict sense of the word cursing was of a daily occurrence. This he also denied and again said you lie. You lie. I was really surprised to hear him deny this as he damns very very frequently and to this others can bear testimony. In his rage he said that he did not bring me out here to preach to him or to advise him what to do. That if I was going to do that or was not satisfied with what he did I could turn and go home. Further he was the head of the party and would do as he liked. My calm answer and full recognition of his headship etc. soon calmed him again. I said that I felt that I had done my duty and a Christian I am always thankful if others tell me of my faults [75] (which I have many) so that by a more perfect knowledge of them I may the more clearly correct them, by the spirits assistance and I did not see why he should become so excited if one of his faults is told him. Our conversation fell back to

Sabbath labour and I finally told him that I should say no more but would leave the matter with him and his God and left.

Two weeks ago, although he did not spend the day in travel, he spent the day in hunting. One week ago he kept a fussing the whole day having the men to do much necessary work. Among which he ordered Mr. Hammond to assist in weighing out rations for the half week. All unnecessary because there was plenty till the next day. Hammond paid no attention at first but upon the second request Mr. H. [Hammond] told him that he preferred to do it some other day upon which Mr. S. [Selwyn] went away grumbling something about the Sabbath. Upon the whole he is a nervous and unstable man. Much like a spoiled overgrown boy. If I were alone in these opinions I might think that I am at fault myself, but Mr. Richardson, Hammond, our men and about all the R.R. party hold the same opinion of him. He has many, very many, good traits, but somehow has the faculty of spoiling all his good by his other actions. Mr. Richardson said that when he got Selwyn's consent at Kamloops to go on a route by himself he was so glad of leaving him that he could almost shout. I hope and pray that things will turn out for the better before long.

[76] **Sunday Sept 3rd**

This morning after I got up Mr. Selwyn came to me and commenced about our conversation last night. I said that I did not see any use of saying any more. I had expressed my convictions and I did not see why any one should have any hard feelings because we differed upon which he acknowledged his rashness last night and took back the words he spoke in his rage, reached out his hand to shake and became friends again. This token of friendship I accepted but to compromise to labour on the Sabbath I cannot only in absolute necessity.

After breakfast I went away from camp with my Bible, away from all human association by the side of the mountain, the sun shining brightly above me and the distant roar of Mad River below me. I had a pleasant time, holding communion with my savoir. None of the trains moved today except a small provision train called kitchen for McClennan's [McLennan] party. It seems that Mr. Hammond and the men overheard the conversation between Mr. Selwyn and myself and they are glad it seems that there is one who is willing to stand up for the right. Two of them and one the leading one said that if I leave they will leave also.

Monday Sept 4th

One of McClennan's [McLennan] men is returning to Kamloops this morning through his kindness I send this part of my journal.

Rained all last night. This morning however it cleared up and we had a very pleasant day. I sent my journal and letters to wife and daughter by Mr. John

McClennan who will take it to Kamloops and have it mailed there. Mr. Selwyn went ahead yesterday with Mr. McClennan [McLennan], Engineer and his party and did not return. Our packer had much trouble in finding our horses this morning. He and one Indian did not get them all in till 11 o'clock. After all was ready to start it was one o'clock P.M. I did not remain with the train but went ahead. The trail led up the mountain and awful height until we get to the summit where we were greeted by a small lake covering about 8 acres of ground. Height above the level of the sea 5900 feet. The trail up the mountain is not so steep but in many places very boggy. The mountain side is full of springs and around these and wherever there is a flatish place it is boggy and wet. Travelled seven miles and camped at a small fen surrounded with low white pine and balsam trees.

Tuesday Sept. 5th

Travelled seven and ¾ miles. The trail in many places is almost impassable on account of the boggy nature of the soil on the top ridge of these mountains. About 4 miles from our camp last night we passed a small lake covering about 10 acres. We descended about 400 feet from the other lake I spoke of yesterday so this is about 5500 feet high. We descended today to our camp this evening about 900 feet. In passing along we frequently can see through openings in the forests the Selkirk Range of mountains and they are in many [78] places covered with snow and here and there glaciers can be traced. Upon the whole they appear quite rugged and grand. But a photo of them would be of no service from this place as they are too far away, no doubt 75 to 100 miles. Gathered a few plants and leaves as mementos of this mountain ridge.

Wednesday Sept 6th

The train was not ready to start till 1½ this after noon. This morning we had determined not to move at least until we heard whether there was any pasture ahead for our horses. I spent the fore noon in washing my clothes. Travelled 6 miles over a better trail than we had yesterday, gradually rising until we struck a small boggy prairie valley through which a nice stream of water passed. Supposed either to be the head of Raft River or one of its tributaries. West along this for a mile then crossed it westward and went up gradually until we crossed the watershed of the mountain and came to a few small lakes supposed to be the head waters of Mad River. There are a chain of these small lakes surrounded by boggy prairie of but small extent interspersed with small pine etc. We camped at the lower and smallest lake and took a view of our camp and the lake. The lateness of the evening and the smoke of our camp fire spoiled the effect yet it was thought too good to reject.

Thursday Sept 7th

Last night it was very cold here on top of the mountain and this morning we found the ground covered with a stiff frost. ⅛ to ¼ inch thick. Cold all day and snowed a little. We descended today 1000 feet and find a great change in the atmosphere.

Not near as cold this evening. [79] Travelled 10½ miles today over a very rough and boggy trail. This morning we passed the two head lakes of which I spoke yesterday. Took a view of the upper one. Crossed the watershed and came to another small lake supposed to be a tributary to the Blue River. Passed down the outlet of the lake through a forest where Mr. McClennan [McLennan] and party camped last night over a large prairie and drier than any we have come to yet. Into woods and up a boggy hill, on the top of which is a strange little lake. The one side appears to be a kind of embankment of soft boggy mud. We passed between the lake and a swamp and down a steep rocky hill. Crossed another small swampy valley up and along side of a very boggy mountain. Some of McClennan's [McLennan] mules bagged to our camping place at a small fen. Pasture here is poor.

Friday Sept. 8th

Travelled today only 3¼ miles the trail was better and the pasture around our camp and for one mile back is very good. We have a beautiful camping ground this evening. A few rods [1 rod is equal to 5½ yards] below is a small lake bordered all around with prairie interspersed with small clusters of pine and balsam trees. West of us is a small hill from which by looking eastward a beautiful view of the Selkirk Mountains can be enjoyed. Westward we see two other snow ranges of rather imposing command running along far west of Blue River. I am informed that from a position about ½ mile further northward a still better view can be obtained. I shall see tomorrow if all is well. We gradually ascended today so we [80] are now

Wednesday, 6 September 1871

69964 Camp of Geological Survey, near the head of Mad River B.C. – Altitude of Camp 6000 feet (stereo view); 69965 Lake at the head of Mad River, B.C. – 6000 feet (stereo view)

Saturday, 9 September 1871

69967

69968

69969

left column 69966 Selkirk Mountains as seen from the top of Mountain, near the confluence of Blue and North Thompson Rivers, B.C. (8×10); 69967 Selkirk Mountains as seen from the top of Mountain, near the confluence of Blue and North Thompson Rivers, B.C. (8×10, NO PRINT EXISTS); 69968 Selkirk Mountains as seen from the top of Mountain, near the confluence of Blue and North Thompson Rivers, B.C. (8×10, NO PRINT EXISTS); 69969 Selkirk Mountains as seen from the top of Mountain, near the confluence of Blue and North Thompson Rivers, B.C. (stereo view, NO PRINT EXISTS); 69970 Lake on the top of Mountain near the confluence of the Blue and N. Thompson Rivers, B.C. – Altitude of Lake, 6750 feet (stereo view)

right column 69971 Lake on the top of Mountain near the confluence of the Blue and N. Thompson Rivers, B.C. – Altitude of Lake, 6750 feet (stereo view)

about 5750 feet above sea. Very cold this morning and all day. Ice did not disappear and quite cold this evening.

Saturday Sept. 9th

Messrs. Selwyn, Hammond and I went to the rise I spoke of yesterday and the scenes to the eye in a clear day must be quite imposing and grand. Today it is very gloomy and a snowstorm seems to be raging among the snow mountains and the atmosphere has a blue hazy or smoky appearance and much of the beauty of the scenery is lost. Yet even now there is much here to admire. Nearly due west from this point of elevation a large lake can be seen. I supposed about 10 or 15 miles away and far beyond this some more snow mountains. Evidently Blue River flows from this lake and as it has been discovered by Mr. Selwyn I suggest that it is named Lake Selwyn or Selwyn Lake at the head of Blue River. All around us are snow peaks and glaciers, but they are many miles away. By noon the gloom of the weather somewhat disappeared and I was anxious to get a few negatives so we took our photo horse and came to the above point but the atmosphere was against us. However, I took a few pictures. Mr. Hammond and I worked all day but with little result. The chemicals worked good but the atmosphere and the distance of the mountains were against us. The train moved only about 1½ mile today. Pasture here is good. But for some distance there will be no pasture so we permit our horses to have a good feed and then make a long journey on Monday down the mountain to the mouth of Blue River and the North Thompson if God is willing.

Sunday Sept. 10th

Today we all rest. No trains moved and no men worked. I am told that the conversation I had with Mr. Selwyn yesterday a week had a salutary effect both upon him and also Mr. McClennan [McLennan]. If it had, to God be all the praise. I know this I have not heard Selwyn curse since. After breakfast I took my Bible (and also my revolver as a guard or help in case of a bear attack as there seems to be plenty of them here. They frequently have been seen but as yet none killed) and went out in a secluded spot away from camp. On the way I came across four partridges which I was fortunate enough to kill with stones even if it was Sunday. They appear very tame here and many are killed by the Indians with stones and clubs. The spot I selected in this wilderness for my reading and meditation is on the eastern side of a mountain some six miles below the junction of Blue and N. Thompson Rivers. From this rock looking eastward, N.E. and S.E. I have a grand view of the Selkirk Range with its bold bluffs, pinnacles, boulders, and chasms. Much part covered with snow and a few places glaciers lying in the deep gorges of the mountains. Here and there small mountain streams can be seen rushing over the mountain side looking more like silver ribbons. Upon the whole, the scenery has a tendency to raise my thoughts and feelings from the created to creator. How grand! How sublime! are all these wonders. But the greatness and majesty of the Creator words cannot express, nor mind comprehend. I only know that with all his

wonderful greatness [82] power and majesty, He is Love and I can come to Him without fear, through Christ his only son, as a child to an earthly parent. Oh! What a great privilege is this we enjoy and yet how oft indifferent.

Here I am now sitting upon the rocks 11 o'clock and have been since 8½ reading praying singing and writing these few thoughts in this journal. This is a beautiful calm sunshining fore noon. Last night was a hard frost but the gentle rays of the sun soon dried it up and now the atmosphere is quite pleasant and I enjoy my quiet retreat very much. Evening – it was 12 o'clock when I returned to camp. It seems much like Sunday here. Those of McClennan's [McLennan] trains are here and ours and yet all seems quiet. This is as it should be, the whole day has been a very, very pleasant one.

Monday Sept. 11th

The day was very pleasant and warm but the nights are cold and every morning we find a stiff frost and a little ice. The trees along this whole mountain ridge show evidence that the snow in the winter is very deep on them. The branches all hang downwards and this in a manner protects the trunk and twigs on branches. Did not travel today.

Tuesday Sept 12th

This Morning at 8½ o'clock we bid adieu to the camp on the top of the mountain where we have been camped since last Saturday evening and began to descend the mountain. In many places the descent is very steep. The mountain rises at an angle from 30 to 40 degrees. Along this the trail travels in a [83] zigzag course. Frequently it is broken by a few benches or flats on the mountain side where are small lakes of beautiful cold clear water. After descending the mountain we again come to the N. Thompson with its muddy water. But soon the trail rises again several 100 feet to cross a thickly wooded ridge which extends up to the river bank. After crossing the ridge we come to a small stream running from the west. Some think it is one of the mouths of the Blue River. This stream had to be bridged. This bridge consisted of three large trees fell across the stream and placed together with a few branches in the centre to support them. Our train came across safe but one of McClennan's [McLennan] mules got its small foot between the logs, fell and broke its hind leg. In coming down the mountain one of our horses fell and rolled three or four times over down the mountain side, but was stopped by coming in contact with a tree. It is a frequent occurrence to see some of McClennan's [McLennan] horse or mules down in a bog or rolling down the hill or mountain and sometimes lay with pack down and heels up. We camped this evening on the bank of the N. Thompson in (as I think) a large delta or island formed by the two mouths of Blue River. Here is splendid grazing for our horses but a miserable place to camp. It is not strange that our axe men do not make better progress in cutting trail through these cedar forests. Milton and Dr. Cheadle speaking of this place "the fallen trees lay piled around forming barriers often 6 or 8 feet high on every side; trunks of

huge cedars, moss grown [84] and decayed lay half buried in the ground on which others as mighty had recently fallen trees still green and living, recently blown down, blocking the view with the walls of earth held in their matted roots; living trunks, dead trunks, rotten trunks, dry barkless trunks and trunks moist and green with moss; bare trunks and trunks with branches – prostrate, reclining, horizontal, propped up at different angles, timber of every size, in every stage of growth and decay, in every possible position, entangled in every possible combination." Much of the swampy ground is densely covered with thickets of aralia, a tough stemmed trailer, with leaves as large as the rhubarb plant and growing in many places as high as our shoulder. Both stem and leaves are covered with sharp spines and makes it very unpleasant for axemen to cut trail. We travelled today 8½ miles and quite likely have to wait a day or two for the trail. There must have been a heavy fire raging somewhere in the woods. The mountains and sky is covered with smoke so much as to obscure the sunlight. Tonight we are 3750 feet lower than what we were last night.

Wednesday September 13th

Did not move today. The axemen cut only about 3 miles. This morning there was a mixture of fog and smoke. The fog soon cleared away but the smoke was so dense that we scarcely could see the forest across the river. About noon a little wind arose and blew [85] some of the smoke away, but still the mountains opposite were quite blue with it. Here at our camp we have to be very careful in order not to fire the woods. The ground is loose vegetable matter of mosses, rotten large leaves etc. to the depth of about a foot. When this is dry it burns very rapidly as it is our campfires are very treacherous. At times when we think the fire is all safe we find it several hours after starting up from under the moss and burn with a fearful heat. In this way Mr. McClennan [McLennan] lost a pair of boots last night when he retired in his tent for the night he thought the fire was all safe. A large log lay close by to the fire, against this he placed his boots. During the night the fire burned along the loose rotten vegetable matter and caught the log and burned it and the boots both. About three o'clock McL [McLennan] awoke and found himself minus one pair of boots and the tent in great danger, so he had to get up and take his tent down to save it from fire. This fore noon I spent in reading a book by Lord Milton and Dr. Cheadle – The Northwest Passage Overland. Across the river to the east of us is a high peak a little back of the river range of mountains rising high above them. In the direction from this peak through a deep gorge in the mountain flows a large stream over continuous falls and rapids, with a roaring noise (called Muddy River). I was very desirous of a view of this peak etc. The river here makes a bend and forms above us a peninsula. I went to the extreme end of this where the above [86] mountain stream enters the Thompson on the opposite side to see what the prospects of a photo is from that point. The distance was about a half a mile through the worst wood I ever saw. Logs upon logs, brush in every possible position, aralia, wild gooseberry bunches etc. obstructed my passage so much so that at one time I was tempted to return to camp. However I persevered. But I did not find the view as good from this point as from the camp. Yet my trip was not in vain. At the extreme end of the peninsula, immediately opposite the mouth of the

above stream, by the side of a large cedar tree I found a white man's grave. Here is buried one of the party of the 60 Canadian emigrants who crossed the Leather Pass in the Rocky Mountains for British Columbia in 1862. Sad reflections arose in my mind while standing beside the grave. Here alone, far away from home or friends, alone in the wilderness he lies to moulder and decay. Alone and perhaps already forgotten. In a few years the spot will be so covered with grass, moss and fallen timber that the grave will be among the things of the past. Already the headboard is gone. But such is our life. Today we live, tomorrow we die, and are soon forgotten, even by our dearest friends here. But thanks be to God we have a higher hope. Although these bodies decay and moulder to the dust yet there is a reunion of our souls, a joyful reunion around the throne of God. To a Christian this dark picture of the grave [87] brightens to me of glory as we look upon Christ our elder brother, who also was in the grave, but arose and now is sitting on the right hand of the Father. In him we have hope, a blessed hope of immortality; a hope of reunion with those bodies long forgotten, a reunion with our dear friends who have long gone before us and are in a manner forgotten and those who shall follow us. Oh! What a precious hope this is.

A little above this grave I found the remains of a carpet sack no doubt once the property of him who lies in yonder grave. Still further up the river on the waters edge I found an Indian fishing net in fairly good condition. It evidently got washed away from its owner far above in the lets high water and came down and got caught in the bushes. This I shall retain as a memento of this place. Here also I see marks of the trail of Milton and Cheadle. There is no hope for us to move tomorrow for the axemen only cut about 2 miles today. To me this is very discouraging. This place we call Wild Goose Camp for here we saw the first wild geese since we left home. Here Lord Milton killed one of their horses for provisions having failed them they had to resort to horse meat and they called this place Black Horse Camp.

Thursday Sept. 14th

Rained nearly all day and the cutting of the trail is progressing very slowly. Did not travel and I suppose will not move tomorrow. The main mouth of Blue River is almost 2½ miles from our camp and the trail is not completed across the river. The grading and cutting at the river is very heavy. I slept the day mostly under tent copying my journal and finished reading Milton and Dr. Cheadle's Over Land.

[88] **Friday Sept. 15th**

Did not move today – I went out to hunt bear, grouse, partridge or any other game I could find, but I got nothing except a complete wetting from the wet brush and trees. After drying I tried to fish, but it ended in trying for I did not even get a bite. The afternoon I spent in repairing some of my clothing etc. cleaning my revolver and writing. At two o'clock it commenced to rain, a heavy storm pass in the N.W.

Saturday Sept 16th

At this rate of travelling it is almost certain that we will be snowed in. The trail is still not far enough cut for to make it an object to put the packs on our horses especially since they have good feed here and to move on three or four miles is an uncertainty. We had considerable rain last night. That, and the storms which passed N.W. of us raised the river about 8 inches. This afternoon I measured a large cedar tree about a mile back of our camp. It is 22 feet in circumference. At four o'clock it began to rain very heavy and continued for about one and a half hours when it slackened off a little but is still continuing to rain slowly now nine o'clock. These rains no doubt will put out the fire in the woods and clear up the atmosphere. Another reason, aside from what I gave the other day why fires rage so fearfully in the forests is the bark, sapwood and leaves of the pines, fir and balsam trees etc. are saturated with balsam, turpentine or pitch making the green wood and leaves burn more rapidly than any dry brush heap in an oak, maple or hickory country. When the forests are once well caught they burn with fearful rapidity. A few days ago Mr. Selwyn wished to take the bearing of a very circuitous trail along a mountain ridge and ordered a fire [89] to be built about a mile from our camp on the mountain. They built a longer fire than what was necessary and it caught among some 7 or 8 trees. The roar, crackling and noise of the fire could be distinctly heard 1½ miles away. As luck would have it there was no wind blowing at the time and by felling a few trees around it and this making an opening between the fire and the other trees the fire was stayed. A little after 6 o'clock this evening I was cutting wood for our camp fire about the time we were going to turn into our blankets I reached for my watch but to my utter dismay it was gone. Lost I suppose when I was cutting wood, I got a candle and made a vigorous search but as yet have not found.

Sunday Sept.17th

This morning I arose early in search of my watch. After about 15 minutes I found it all right except a good drenching it got during the night but it is none the worse for that. It rained slowly nearly the whole night. The bushes and shrubs being so wet I remained in camp till 3 o'clock this afternoon. Last evening after Mr. Hammond and I got into our blankets we had a lively little discussion with regard to the Bible proofs of total abstinence. Mr. Hammond thought that that the Bible permitted or allowed the use of wine if not used to excess and indeed recommends its use as in the case of Paul to Timothy. He took this ground not that he is in favour of temperate drinking (he is in favour of total abstinence) but he thinks there is a want of proof. I on the other hand claim that the Bible is emphatically a total abstinence book. Today until three o'clock I searched the scriptures on the subject. I am really surprised to find so many passages I never noticed before, directly or indirectly condemning the social glass. Everywhere drinking wine or strong drink is [90] connected with wickedness and sin. I examined the bible in this subject before but never carefully and I am now more than ever convinced that the Bible is a total

abstinence book. Our train did not move today nor did our men work. But again there is trouble in our camp. Mr. Selwyn's ways, manner of speaking and actions are such that it is hard at times to bear with them. I fear very much that our packer and his Indian assistant will leave him. If he should leave we will be a miserable bunch for none of us know anything about packing horses. Mr. S. [Selwyn] is continually fussing and grumbling about the kitchen as we call it and grumbling and complaining nearly all the time and this fore noon found fault about the sugar. Soon after the packer told me that if he hears any more grumbling about him he will leave at once and forfeit his wages. I shall try my best to persuade him not to leave. Our party is as following – Mr. A.R.C. Selwyn Geologist; B.F. Baltzly Photographer; John Hammond Ast. Photographer; John Peterson Packer; Phillip Logeo [Jago] (Indian) Ast. Packer; James Dean Cook; Donald McPheal Axeman and general ast.; Abraham La Rue (Indian) Guide.

Monday Sept. 18th

Travelled today 6¼ miles. Took one 8x10 view of two mountain peaks and a small glacier at the junction of the Muddy and North Thompson Rivers. The waters of the Muddy River are principally Glacier water and consequentially very, very muddy. The water rushing through the streets of Montreal during a heavy [91] storm will give an idea of the water of this river. The water of the Thompson above Muddy River is muddy but when compared with the latter river it appears clean and pure. And this comparison is easily made for after the Muddy River enters the Thompson, they flow together side by side for about two miles without mixing. Our packer is still very much dissatisfied. Mr. Selwyn only brought two months provisions for the woods not thinking that we would meet with so many difficulties. Already we have been out five weeks and have made only about one third of our journey among the mountains. Some part of our provisions are already getting short. We have not more that half enough sugar and beans. The former is all used up except 14 pounds and other things gone in a haphazard kind of way. The cook and others had access to the provisions at will and thus things went and dissatisfaction is the end of such proceedings. Hard words and grumbling by Mr. Selwyn and the packer's threats to desertion account of the hard words and grumbling. I felt it my duty to tell Mr. Selwyn what the packer threatened to do. So last night I told Mr. S [Selwyn] that the packer – Mr. Peterson – felt very hard at what had been said and that there was some danger of him forfeiting his pay and deserting. I was surprised to see how completely this news upset Mr. Selwyn. Without saying a word he burst into tears. No doubt he means well, but unfortunately he is not very clear in giving orders or commanding me on an expedition. Today Mr. S [Selwyn] seemed undecided, but withal very kind. This evening he and I had a long talk about our provisions and our future prospects. They look pretty gloomy, for from present indications we will [92] in a few days have almost continual rain for about two weeks and then snow and no doubt will have to work ourselves through snow drifts. Our provisions as before stated were only bought for two months and we will not be in a position to get a new supply

for at least two months from now. Making the time that the provisions brought have to last at least three months. About five weeks of the three months have been used without stint, and what is left will have to do seven weeks longer. I proposed to Mr. Selwyn to take an inventory of the provisions which are left and place them in charge of either myself or Mr. Hammond and whoever takes it let him be accountable for them. This I thought would take that part of the burden from his slumber and give him more time for his own labours. (Mr. Hammond undertook to deal with the provisions before, but Mr. Selwyn interfered so much that Hammond gave it up.) My proposition pleased Mr. Selwyn very much and said that he would be very grateful to me if I would take it entirely off his hands and do with them as I saw proper, only try and make them extend over seven weeks, according to my suggestion of giving short allowance. Thus I have consented to be, and am commissary to this expedition for the future, as well as being the photographer. Before I ventured the above suggestions I had thought of and proposed to go out on the trail tomorrow with an axe. But Mr. Selwyn thought I would better stay in camp, take an inventory of our provisions, make out a ration list and serve out one week's provisions to the cook.

Monday, 18 September 1871

69972 Glaciers and Mountain Scenery at the confluence of Muddy and North Thompson Rivers, B.C. (8×10)

Tuesday Sept. 19th

Not travelling today and according to yesterday's arrangement I overhauled the provisions. Mr. Selwyn, Hammond, Donald and La Rue went on the trail, the packer and Phillip looked after the horses and assisted me [93] to overhaul the goods and fixing the pack saddles. Dean, of course, attended to baking and cooking. I took an inventory of our stock and provisions. Made out a list of our weekly allowance and served out one week's rations. The following is the allowance for our party of eight persons: 70 lbs bacon, 70 lbs flour, 9 lbs beans, 3 lbs rice, 2 boxes yeast powder, 1 oz pepper, 4 lbs apples, 7 lbs sugar, 1¾ tbs tea, 5 tbs oat meal, 1 tbs coffee, 1 tbs salt, 1 bottle pickles, 9 candles, 2 lbs soap. We have but 12 pounds of sugar, so at the small allowance of one pound a day for eight persons it will only last us 12 days, after that we will have to do without. Vinegar only about a pint left and mustard only about four ounces. The above allowance gives three pounds, all told, to each man per day. The full allowance of four pounds per day. If we only had more beans, sugar and vinegar we could get along quite comfortable for seven weeks. But as it is we must get along comfortably without them as above.

As long as flour and bacon lasts we will not starve. After I got through with the provisions, I done some washing and grooming. At one I went out hunting and was lucky enough to shoot six grouse. Phillip and I cleaned them and I done the cooking. I received much praise for the manner I prepared them. Everyone seemed to enjoy the dish of grouse stew immediately and I think I did as much as anyone for I knew that they were clean. This much cannot be said at all times with regard to the dishes set before us by our cook. Often it is best for us to eat without asking questions. The cook got many hints and reproofs with regards to his untidy habits and ways of cooking. But they are but little regarded. The past two days were very warm, but the nights I might say are very cold. Ice is formed in buckets of water which are left standing and also in pools of standing water.

[94] **Wednesday Sept 20th**

Travelled today 8 miles. The greater part of the way the trail is pretty good. A little boggy in places and two of our horses mired but once again got out all right. The cedar trees and also the hemlock are very large along today's trail and the ground in many places is completely covered with the ever detested aralia. A short time before we camped this evening we crossed a rapid, rocky and nameless river of clear water about 100 yards wide.

The Thompson River along this day's trail and I am informed for some distance up the river is thickly bestudded with small islands and in a few places small rapids. At our last camp a few of McClennan's [McLennan] men made a canoe. One of them and our La Rue started up the river with it this morning. But it was not made according to "Gunther" and therefore was not a "seagoing" vessel and had to be abandoned after four miles rowing. There was a drizzly rain the whole day and just as we began to camp the rain began to pour down and in this we had the pleasure of pitching our tents, the packers to unpack their horses and the cook prepare for supper. Here evidently is the place where Milton says he found the first grass for ten days for the locality corresponds exactly to his description of his travels on the 3rd of August 1863. Here or within 60 rods of our camp is the marsh of about 300 yds. in length, below is the river which they crossed in the evening of the same day.

Thursday Sept 21st

Again blocked by cedar forests, brush and thickets of the aralia and consequentially waiting for the trail. Rain the whole day. I done some tailoring by way of putting two large white canvass patches on the knees of my pants and one in the seat. Mr. Hammond had occasion to become a cobbler. Riding or walking through the thick forests of large trees, thickly filled up with underbrush, fallen timber, aralia, etc is very hard on clothing and we have mending to do nearly everyday. A few of Mr. McClennan's [McLennan] men and two of ours are building another canoe here made under the guidance of one of our Indians La Rue. Hence we call this Canoe Camp. 166 miles from Kamloops.

[95] **Friday Sept 22nd**

Last night it rained very hard. At times it almost poured down. This morning we see the tops of the mountains covered with snow and in some places coming down pretty low on the mountainside. This admonishes us that fore long we will have snow here in abundance. Just now – 11 o'clock – an Indian and his squaw came paddling down the river in a canoe. We hailed them and they came to shore and gave us some valuable information (La Rue being our translator or medium of conversation) with regards to our route. This Indian and squaw are out among these mountains hunting and according to their account were quite successful. They say that they killed six grizzly bears, 10 black or brown bears, 28 beavers etc. etc. during the past three months. How these Indians endured the rain and cold is a marvel to me. This Indian has nothing on him but a torn buckskin shirt and a dirty blanket over his shoulders. The squaw evidently has nothing on or over her but a single green blanket. They have nothing on their heads or their feet or limbs. Night and day this appears to be all they have. I visited some of their lodges some 90 miles before, and found them just as above described. A few fare better, but they are rather the exception. Here among these mountains there are no Indian lodges or camps. The Indians hunting here all have their lodge or homes many miles from here. At 2½ o'clock this afternoon one of McClennan's [McLennan] trains came in and close to our camp, near the bank of the river one of their horses bogged and fell on the very edge of the river! After his packs were loosened he made an effort to get up, but fell over the bank into the river. I hear he would have drowned or died on the bank at the waters edge for he made but few very feeble attempts to get out. A number of us cut a way down and pulled him up onto the bank and then raised him up. The poor fellow was almost stiff with cold. The feed which the horses and mules had for the past few weeks is very poor in quality although plenty in quantity and they are rapidly loosing strength. The grass is principally found in small swampy prairies and is little nourishment. Here is a swamp prairie of some 10 or 15 acres and according to Milton's book and Indian report this is the last grazing we will have for 8 or 10 days. According to this our poor horses will have nothing but twigs and leaves. However we will see as we pass on and in the meantime hope for the better. The canoe was finished [96] this afternoon. La Rue and one of McClennan's [McLennan] men started up the river with it to McClennan's [McLennan] camp. Most of the day we had rain, but this evening the barometer is rising and we hope for better weather.

Saturday Sept. 23rd

Last night we had a great deal of rain, at times pouring down, but today we enjoyed a pleasant day. Most of the time sunshine. I loaded some cartridges for Mr. Selwyn's breech loading S + W [Smith and Wesson]. Also took one 8x10 view of a few snow capped mountains near here, one 8x10 negative showing the large cedar trees which grow around this locality, one stereoview of the canoe camp after last nights storm and rain. This gives one a good idea of how we live here in the woods. We certainly had reason to feel discouraged at times. Last week we were only able

to travel 8½ miles and this week only 14¼ miles. It is evident that we started on this expedition too late. We should have been here at least one month ago and now at Cariboo on our way back. But no one suspected the difficulties we had and have to encounter along the North Thompson River. However here we are and we have to do the best we can.

Sunday Sept. 24th

This was a very pleasant day, but this evening the sky looks lowering and the barometer is falling. Mr. Hammond and I spent the Sabbath in our usual way and nothing of special interest occurred.

Monday Sept. 25th

Left "canoe camp" this morning after camping there for five days and travelled 7 miles across very rough trail. We left at 10½ o'clock and made the 7 miles in 6½ hours of hard travel. This way one would say is very slow travelling. But the trail was very bad. Rain the whole day and the horses are daily getting weaker for want of proper feed. Although their packs are getting lighter, yet their strength decreases

69973 Snow Clad Mountains on the North Thompson 165 miles above Kamloops, B.C. (8×10); 69974 Forest Scene on the North Thompson 165 miles above Kamloops, B.C. (8×10); 69975 Geological Survey Camp on the North Thompson after a stormy night 165 miles above Kamloops, B.C. (stereo view)

more rapidly than the weight of their packs. About one o'clock we crossed a large rapid rocky stream flowing into the Thompson from the west which we christened Limestone River. A little below this river on the east side of the Thompson are a couple of snow clad peaks between which is a small glacier. The green blocks of ice could plainly be seen from the trail; I was very sorry that I was [97] prevented by the rain to take a view of it and if it should be pleasant tomorrow the trail is too bad and the horses too weak to return to view.

Tuesday Sept. 26th

Waiting for the trail again. This morning I served out another week's rations. Without being egotistic I must say that since I have charge of the provisions and "kitchen" things have moved on more pleasantly. The packer and men have become reconciled and no grumbling was heard. All parties seem quite satisfied, although the flour, beans and sugar, vinegar, mustard and pepper is short. Thus affairs have gone last week, and I hope they will continue. I was not aware until today how near our party was being broke last Sunday a week when the trouble arose between Mr. Selwyn and the men about the sugar and other things. A week before that trouble arose the packer had hard work to keep Phillip from deserting and in the last trouble if the packer would have left Phillip, Dean and La Rue would have gone also. They say that if it was not for the encouragement that I gave them they would have gone. All the men on the western coast are in a manner independent and feel themselves as good as any one and will not be domineered over and treated as menials. To get along with them we must treat them as men and acknowledge their services as valuable.

Today in these months since we left Victoria and one month since we left camp near Clear Water. We are now only 173 miles from Kamloops. During the past month we travelled only 97 miles. This is an average of only 3¾ miles per day. As is seen by my journal the trail has been very difficult to cut and travel and most of the time we had pretty rough times and I think look pretty rough with our brown faces and hands and canvas-patched clothing. The forest is so damp and the undergrowth so thickly filled up with aralia, alder tree, cranberry trees etc. that it is impossible to make more than one to four miles of trail per day. This and the near approach of snow and the small amount of provisions on hand makes affairs look very gloomy, so much so that Mr. Selwyn thinks very gravely this evening of returning to Kamloops. Today was very pleasant but nothing near by to photograph, however we had a good opportunity to dry our clothing etc.

[98] **Wednesday Sept. 27th**

11 o'clock A.M. Preparing to move on and the weather looks very much like rain. Just now a heavy storm is raging on the top of the mountain before us but here we have no rain as of yet. It is a grand sight to see the clouds and rain chased and driven about on the mountain tops by wind while we are in almost a perfect calm.

It puts mind of the Israelites in the land of Goshen in a perfect calm and sunshine, while yonder the Egyptians were engulfed in the most fearful storm of thunder, lighting, rain and hail that has ever been recorded in history.

At 12 it commenced to rain and continued for an hour and a half one of our horse could not be found till one o'clock so it was two before we commenced to march and at five we camped. Our camping place this evening is the most pleasant we have had for a long time. Our tent is under a very large hemlock tree close to the river. The limbs of this and the other trees amongst these mountains ranges all hang downwards so from three to ten feet around the trunk the ground is kept perfectly dry by the limbs and foliage shielding the water. We travelled today 4½ miles and the trail was pretty good. We passed Mount Cheadle which is about 1½ miles below on the east of the Thompson. Through a large gorge on the mountain of this side of Mount Cheadle a large stream flows through into the Thompson from the east. As it rushes through this chasm it forms a grand cascade. It is very beautiful as seen from the trail on this side of the river, but if anything it is a little too far away to make an effective view. But I think it would look very well. When we passed the best view of it was four o'clock and very gloomy so that it was useless to take a view of either the cascade or Mount Cheadle. This is a great disappointment to me to pass such a beautiful and interesting scenes without getting a view.

Thursday Sept. 28th

Last night it rained considerably but this morning there were signs of clearing up and as we were not moving our camp both Mr. Hammond and I were highly elated with the possibility of getting some views of Mount Cheadle and the cascade of which I spoke yesterday. We all thought that the land on the opposite side of the river from our camp was the mainland. So after breakfast I got our Indian La Rue to take us across and I started through the willow, alder, tall cranberry [99] trees and ferns wet with last night's rains to go to the falls to see whether there are any good sights to be taken near the falls. After going about three fourths of a mile through the above bushes, across bear tracks (one evidently very large judging from the marks of the claws) shooting a grouse with a revolver and passing an old deserted Indian hunter camp and cache, I found by coming to another arm of the river that I was only on a large island in the river. So I returned deeply chagrined. When I got opposite the camp Hammond and La Rue came over with the canoe. I told them that I had made up my mind to visit the falls so away we went down the stream. The river flows very swift so without much paddling it took us 25 minutes to go down stream. The cascade as seen from the foot of the falls is grand beyond conception. It is by far the boldest and wildest scenery of the kind I ever witnessed. It made my heart throb with wonder and amazement as I stood for a few moments and looked upon this beautiful sheet of water as it descends and tumbles down over rocks with a thundering and roaring noise. The height of the falls is all together about 400 feet. Far above it runs down a narrow canyon in an angry foaming sheet and then makes a bold leap over a perpendicular rock for many feet down and dashes against a rock which turns its course a little to the right, again it makes

another fearful leap, but is again slightly arrested by dashing onto another rock about 200 feet wide in front. Here the water is separated the most part running over a rocky precipice on the right side and on the left the water flows down over the brow in thin sheets 150 feet and before it reaches the rocks beneath it breaks into a white foam or mist and looks much like a white veil against the dark rocks over which it flows. In the centre the rocks boldly project and only two or three small stream of water flow over looking much like silver ribbons. The velocity of the falling waters keep up a continual hurricane at the brow and foot of the falls and for many yards around the foliage and trees are kept in continual motion with the wind and wet with the spray. We did not stay long to admire its beauty but hastened back to our canoe to return to camp for our instruments. Although the weather was very gloomy yet I had hopes to get a few negatives. As I said the river was very rapid and it took us one and a half hours to return to camp and then to our sorrow it began to rain and continued nearly all afternoon. From paddling, pushing and towing the canoe against the current I got a complete drenching. [100] But this I would have been glad to endure if the weather would have only been such that I might have returned for viewing. This evening in making a memoranda in my diary I remarked to Mr. Hammond that tomorrow was pay day. He laughed and said "that it seems funny to us for pay day to come and we way out here. The days pay we get is short allowance in "grub.""

Friday Sept. 29th

This morning Mr. Selwyn gave orders to move, but soon after Mr. McClennan [McLennan] requested Selwyn to send our packs and horses back to assist them to forward their provisions. McClennan's [McLennan] mules and horses are just about to give out. They have already lost five or six and as many more can scarcely walk along without packs. Some of our horses are also getting very weak. I got the canoe from McClennan [McLennan] and the morning being somewhat propitious I took my instruments and Hammond, La Rue and I accompanied by Selwyn started for the cascade of which I spoke yesterday. We were only able to get the canoe within forty rods of the falls so we cut a trail and carried our instruments near the foot of the falls. After Mr. Selwyn took a look at the cascade and examined the rocks etc. Hammond and La Rue took him over the Thompson to our trail. The day was very cloudy and I might say gloomy yet I was successful in getting five views of the falls. The upper rapids we could not get in our view on account of the dense forest of dark green pines. However I am well pleased with what I made. This river I named Hammond River [Garnet River and later Pyramid Creek] and the cascade Hammond Cascade [Pyramid Creek Falls]. After finishing work at the falls we packed our instruments back to the canoe and went up the Thompson about ½ mile when we stopped and carried the instruments up a steep bank fully 100 feet high on the west (trail side) of the river and up the trail about a quarter of a mile to a point where a good view of Mount Cheadle could be obtained. After taking a view of the Mount with the top of Hammond cascade – in which we were successful although the top of Mount Cheadle was partially covered with clouds – we packed up the instruments and left them in the forest for the night thinking that

69977

left column 69976 Mt. Cheadle, showing the upper part of Garnet River, B.C. (8×10); 69977 Garnet River Cascade, near Mount Cheadle, B.C. (8×10, NO PRINT EXISTS); 69978 Garnet River Cascade, near Mount Cheadle, B.C. (8×10)

right column 69979 Lower Falls of Garnet River Cascade, near Mount Cheadle, B.C. (8×10); 69980 Garnet River Cascade, near Mount Cheadle, B.C. (stereo view); 69981 Garnet River Cascade, near Mount Cheadle, B.C. (stereo view)

it would not be safe to take them up the river in the canoe. The negative boxes we take back with us in the canoe and paddled, poled, and towed her up the river to our camp. When we arrived it was five and a half o'clock in the evening. We were pretty [101] tired and wet. My boots were full of water from towing and poling the canoe, but felt quite happy from the fact that we were successful in viewing. This evening it is raining again.

Saturday Sept. 30th

Did not move our camp today. I put a new pocket in my pants and otherwise mended them and other articles. Done up a washing and then spent the rest of the day in repairing the developing box, drying the negative boxes and instruments (Hammond and Phillip took a pack horse and brought in the instruments we left in the forest yesterday). My developing box is made of softwood and too weak for a journey of this kind. The horse packing it and other boxes has rolled over once or twice. Sometimes he runs the packs against trees and at other times he gets between two adjacent trees and tugs to force his way through that it is a real wonder my instruments and chemicals are in as good condition as I find them. The damp and wet weather also injures them swelling the wood so much that the locks can scarcely be used etc. The weather today is quite gloomy. A great deal of snow is falling on the mountains, especially Mount Cheadle. At times we had a little rain here.

Sunday Oct. 1st

9½ o'clock A.M. My heart was saddened this morning by Selwyn giving the orders to move the camp today. I rue there is no feed here except twigs leaves and ferns. Yet we have no assurance there is anything more ahead. On the contrary Lord Milton says there is none for 25 miles up the river and Indians say about the same thing. If the horses don't fare any better by travelling four or five miles than here I don't see the necessity of travelling on Sunday for we can catch up with McClennan's [McLennan] party tomorrow without any difficulty and faster than McClennan [McLennan] we cannot travel. I spoke to Selwyn with regard to the matter but he was determined to move and said that "he didn't believe as I do to make an idol of the Sabbath" I replied that "I did not make an idol of the Sabbath, but held that the Sabbath was a day of rest from worldly labour and a day set apart for the worship of God." To this he replied that "he believed the Sabbath was made for men, and men should use it as they saw fit to their own advantage, God they can [102] worship any day, everyday is a worship and not the Sabbath only." I agreed with him that God should be worshiped every day, but at the same time held that the Sabbath was the Lord's day, given or made for man for him to enjoy and use in the service of God's worship and not in the advancements of our temporal interests. But there was nothing gained by further conversation on the subject. Hammond and I decided to stay and follow up tomorrow, and bring our blankets, tent etc. on my horse. Selwyn would not consent to leave my horse. The matter ended and

Hammond and I had made up our minds that unless we saw it necessary, or to the advantage of our horses by way of grazing we would no more than violate the Sabbath unnecessarily. We determined to keep our blankets and carry them with us tomorrow. However, about half an hour after one of McClennan's [McLennan] men came back and reported that there was plenty of grass about five miles up river. Feeling by this report that it was our duty to get our horses to a place where there was some grass we then willingly consented to move. At 8.30 (the time corresponding to about 11.15 at Montreal when my little family and friends are at service in Church) I went away into the forest and had an hour to myself. There is something sweet in the thought that though so far away from dear friends yet in spirit we can worship together. Our minds and hearts can unite and be with the Father who is always near to hear us. Although I am surrounded with the wicked every day yet I can serve my God. In Him will I trust for he is my shield and backer.

At 1.30 P.M. our train was ready to move. Travelled 5 miles and camped on a rocky and sandy bank of the river (close to the river, rocky and a little further back sandy). By the time we got our tents pitched it was quite dark and we had our supper at 7.30. About 3 o'clock this afternoon we passed the 60 Canadian Emigrants Slaughter Camp. Ten years ago these men left their Canadian homes and turned their faces westward to find homes in British Columbia or more particularly at the Cariboo Gold digging. They passed Edmonton and Leather Pass to Tete Juan Cache [Tête Jaune Cache] on the western side. Thus far they over came every difficulty. Here they turned southward passed Cranberry Lake [near Kinbasket Lake], crossed Canoe River and finally came to the Thompson. After vainly [103] endeavouring to cut their way to Cariboo up the northwest branch of the North Thompson, turned south in order to try and reach Kamloops. In a few days their provisions gave out and they found the steep mountain side and bluffs extend to the waters edge of the river and the forest so thick that their progress was so slow and difficult that they gave up in despair the design of making their way by land so here they killed all their cattle and deserted 40 or 50 horses (thus the name slaughter camp) threw away their packs, saddles, build canoes and rafts and entrusted themselves to the dangers of an unknown river – the Thompson. "All went well with the voyage until they reached Murchison's or Grand Rapids. The men on the leading rafts did not perceive the danger until too late to avoid it and the rafts were sucked into the rapids in spite of all their efforts and many of the unfortunate people were drowned. Those who followed were warned in time by the fate of their companions and succeeded in reaching the lower end of the Murchison Rapids. They again made rafts and shooting the lower rapids safely arrived in wretched plight at Kamloops." Here – "Slaughter Camp" – remains of their saddles are still laying about and for some distance we can see where they cut large cedars for their rafts. Here and there we find places where they built canoes and at one place we found an inscription on a tree viz. "Slaughter Camp Aug. 5th 1862 Kemps. Whitley. Miller." Today trail was pretty good and the weather pleasant. The pasture we find here at this evening's camp (which was reported this morning to be sufficient for a month pasture) is nothing more than a large swamp in many places knee deep with water, mud, swamp or sour grass therefore is the feed. No better than the twigs leaves and fern at least so the packer says.

Monday Oct. 2nd

Showering all night and the whole day. About 12 o'clock we left camp and travelled 4 miles. The trail was pretty good except when we came to a steep mountainside reaching into the river. Here rather than to undertake the difficulty going up the rocky side of the mountain McClennan [McLennan] made the trail through the water along the rocky shore of the river for [104] about a half a mile at places the water came up to the girths of the horses. We reached the northwest branch of the Thompson near its junction with the north branch. Here the river forms two or three islands. The Emigrants trail led us through but half a mile back it also led North Westwards as we turned and went back and followed the trail about a mile. This led us to a bluff extending into the river and here the trail ended and being late we camped for the night. We can see what these two trails mean. The Emigrants after going the different arms of the river and the islands at the place from where we turned back, cut their trail up the North branch with hopes of reaching Cariboo if possible but coming to this bluff, became discouraged and turned their course for Kamloops. This evening the Railroad and Geological parties consulted whether to cross the N.W. branch here and cut a trail down to the Emigrants trail on the other side or return and go across the island stated above. They decided to do the latter. The river is rising very rapidly since last evening.

Tuesday Oct. 3rd

Last night it rained very hard and today there was heavy showers of thunder, lightning and rain the whole day. We returned from the Emigrant's Cariboo Trail to the island crossing as it was decided last evening. Here however we determined to cross below the junction of the two branches and cut a trail up the east side of the river about a quarter of a mile to the north branch and ford it over to the Emigrants trial which leads up the branch towards Tete Juan Cache [Tête Jaune Cache]. In the mean time we have to camp here a day or two until another canoe is made for to ferry our cargoes across. A beautiful view can be taken here of rugged mountain peaks. When we first came here these mountain peaks were entirely free from snow. But after a storm which raged only for half an hour, we saw when the clouds cleared away, that they were well covered with snow. This was indeed a sudden transformation of black peaks into white. Here in the valley we had as yet no snow. The river is still rising. Since Sunday evening it rose three feet. This afternoon after camping I gave out provisions to the cook for another week. I am happy to say that as for [105] serving out provision and superintending the department cooking is concerned everything goes on pleasantly and satisfactorily.

Wednesday Oct. 4th

Last night one of our horses died from cold and want of proper grazing. The night was very cold and trying on our horses. Did not move camp today, nor cross the river. The men are building another canoe and then we intend to lash or tie this

Wednesday, 4 October 1871

69983

69982 Mountain Scenery from the Forks of the North Thompson, B.C. (stereo view); 69983 Mountain Scenery from the Forks of the North Thompson, B.C. (stereo view, NO PRINT EXISTS)

canoe with the one made below at Canoe Camp and thus make a kind of raft to ferry McLennan's and our cargos across. At the junction of the N. and N.W. branches of the river we found a pine bark canoe left there, no doubt by an Indian who is up on the mountains hunting. Mr. Selwyn and Mr. McLennan took the liberty of using it. The day was quite pleasant and we had a good opportunity to dry our blankets and clothing. I also took two stereoviews of the peaks of which I spoke yesterday.

Thursday Oct 5th

This morning the new canoe was finished and launched. It is a fine one 23 feet long. The one made at "Canoe Camp" is only 18 feet long. These two were fastened together and we soon had our cargos across and the horses swam the river. By 12 o'clock we had the train packed and started. Soon we came to the North branch of the river which we forded without any difficulty and arrived at the Emigrant's camp and trail at the junction of the two branches. Here an inscription on a tree tells us that their Indian guide – Andrew Cardinal – left them and returned back to Edmonton on the eastern side of the Rocky Mountains. We continued our course up the North Branch which leads up towards Tete Juan Cache [Tête Jaune Cache]. The trail however was only completed a short distance and we camped for the night after travelling our 1¾ miles. However, with the crossing and fording etc. we had a pretty hard days work of it. My boots are giving out, they are full of holes and my feet are wet the whole day. Fortunately I have two pair and I keep one dry to put on in the evening after camping.

Friday Oct. 6th

This morning it rained a little but by 10 o'clock the clouds had totally cleared away and we had a very pleasant day. Our horses went far astray last night and the packers did not find them till two and a half o'clock this afternoon and therefore we

did not [106] move camp. The clouds did not clear away from the top of the mountains till after 12 o'clock when they revealed to us about as pretty mountain peaks with a glow as I ever saw to be close to sufficient to take an effective view. Hammond and I carried our instruments about a quarter of a mile to get to a point from which the right view could be obtained and we were successful in making two beautiful views: one 8x10 and one stereo. We were just in time for very soon after the peaks were again covered with clouds. It is wonderful to see how the clouds hover and linger around the snow clad mountain peaks. I find it very difficult to get views of them perpetually free from clouds. Last night Mr. McLennan's party killed an oxen and we got 75 pounds of beef this morning from them. I requested the cook to make some rice soup of the jaw and marrow bones but soon saw that he knew very little about it so I took that part of the cooking in my own hands. Our party say I had very good success. Our Indian – La Rue – said that it is very good "mucamuc" (Indian term for any kind of food.) It was the finest soup we had for over two months and all relished it very much. A short distance from here, close to the river is an Indian grave. From all appearance he must have been buried but a short time ago. He evidently must have been a convert to Catholicism for at the head of the grave is a small wooden cross upon which is tied a leaf from a prayer book the picture of Christ and the Virgin Mary. A few steps from this are the remains of his camp and a canoe. Still little further off on a tree are three beaver skins and some dried meat etc. These no doubt were the whole effects of the deceased.

Friday, 6 October 1871

69984 Snow Clad Mountains on the North Branch of the N. Thompson River, B.C. (8×10); 69985 Snow Clad Mountains on North Branch of the North Thompson River – 2 miles from the Forks, B.C. (stereo view)

69986 Beaver Creek from the trail along N. Branch of North Thompson River, B.C. (stereo view)

Saturday Oct. 7th

We moved our camp today and travelled 5¾ miles. Except a few boggy places and two steep grades the trail was pretty good. We travelled along the north towards the North Thompson, crossed the streams flowing from the west and northwest. The last of these was turned from its channel by either floodwood or a beaver dam (I am inclined to believe the latter) and it was making a new channel through the woods, rolling and tumbling through brush, around trees, over and under logs and [107] here and there where soil is loose it has already succeeded in cutting a channel. The scene from over the trail was rather fine. I took a stereo negative although it was sleeting and raining a little at the time. This stream I named Beaver Creek [not to be confused with Beaver Creek on Vancouver Island]. A short distance from this creek we ascended a very steep grade onto a high bench of the mountain. Along this bench we travelled for about half a mile when we again descended a steeper grade to the river bank. Soon after we crossed the north branch to the east bank and went up ahead three fourths of a mile and camped. A great deal of snow fell on the mountains today. From the valley in which we were travelling we could see the snow flakes steadily falling without being driven by the wind. The effect was exactly like that produced by the stereopticon in a winter scene, only upon a larger and grander scale. Strange that while we saw the effect we had neither snow or rain here.

This is the birthday of my only child Wilma Louisa. She is now eleven years old, and entering upon another year of her existence. It is now about three and a half months since I left home and during that time I had not heard from them – my wife and child. Are they alive, well or sick? This is hidden from me for the present. But I trust that God has seen fit to spare their lives and keep them from sickness and accident. I hope and pray that He may bless Wilma in the beginning of her new year and make her life a good and useful one. May she today make good resolves and I pray that she look to God to assist her to keep them. Birthdays are I think always an important event in any one's life. They are as periods in reading or writing, they are points where we can stop and meditate and note down what we have had of good or bad in the past; and where we can make new resolves at the throne of grace. True this can be done anytime but it appears to me ones birthday is

especially suited to bring to mind ones first resolves, past failures and past successes and the future prospects.

Monday, 9 October 1871

69987 Fallen Timber across the North Branch of the North Thompson River, B.C. (8×10)

Sunday Oct. 8th

Today all is quiet. Last Sunday there was a regular tumult in McLennan's camp. He had his men at work about [108] every Sunday since Selwyn persuaded him on Sunday September 2nd to have his men at work on Sunday. Last Sunday McLennan's men were at work but in the evening his men decided that they wouldn't work another Sabbath. They told McL [McLennan] that he was not following out his instructions, namely that the Sabbath was to be observed and prayers to be read etc. Further it is not necessary because the trail is already cut further than what the trains are able to follow up with their cargoes of provisions. Today therefore all are at rest. Selwyn can't see why they should be permitted to stop work on Sunday but he must yield to circumstances. He took his gun, hammer, a lunch and went to McL's [McLennan] camp and they two started on the trail and blazed it for a few miles. Hammond and I spent the day very pleasantly. Although we both have a great desire to be at home today and enjoy the benefits of the sanctuary as we do at home. Often we speak of our dear friends at home and wonder what they are doing. We imagine many things. This morning the ground was slightly covered with snow and sleet and the day was cold.

Monday Oct. 9th

At the suggestion of Mr. McLennan, Mr. Selwyn and La Rue took four days provisions and started this morning out to try if possible to get to Cranberry Lake [near Kinbasket Lake] to see whether [James Adam] Mahood the Chief of Co. of the Canadian Pacific R.R. Survey Party who went up the Cariboo road and were to cut a trail through to Cranberry Lake [near Kinbasket Lake], was successful in cutting his trail; and if so what kind of a road he has across to Cariboo the distance etc. Our and McLennan's movements depend much upon what success Mahood had. For the time Selwyn is gone he placed the train etc. in my charge. About 10 o'clock this morning Hammond and I took our photo horses and packs and returned back on the trail about ½ mile and took an 8x10 view of a water washed bank where the trees were for some distance lying horizontal across the river. The view I got is I think a very fine one. When we got back to camp it was a little after 12 o'clock and our train just ready to start. We travelled only 4¼ miles. The scenery

along the trail over which we travelled today was rather uninteresting. The trees in this [109] valley are much smaller than in the North Thompson valley. This evening I went to McLennan's camp (about 100 yards from our own) accompanied by Hammond to see whether our packer could render them any assistance tomorrow by way of bringing a cargo from our last camp. McLennan read a letter to us which he just received from Mr. Green [possibly Ashdown Green] – chief of Co. of the R.R. Survey who is 12 miles back with the packers at the crossing.

One of their best packers – Mr. Coonie [possibly Charles T. Cooney] who went back from Blue River to the crossing at Clear Water after another cargo, returned and caught up at the crossing of the two branches. The statement Mr. Green gave in his letter of matters among their packers makes everything look dark. Very dark for them and us. One train – Mr. Jamison, packer – started with 32 horses (28 packs and 4 riding) out of this number only 14 are able to carry packs and these must be light. 4 of the horses are dead and the rest are left behind either to die or to pick up again if they can find feed. A mule trail under charge of some Spanish packers started with 35 packs and 5 riding. Mules out of this number only 17 are able to carry light loads of the others some are dead, some left to do the best they can, and a few walk along with the packs. Mr. Coonie's [Cooney's] train has done the best. None of his mules died and only two were left behind which were unable to go further. All of his other mules are able to carry packs and one in pretty good condition. Yet his mules done more work than any of the others. McLennan's kitchen train of 16 horses are also about used up. It is fearful to look at many of these horses and mules. Their backs are covered with wounds and sores caused by the packs. The stench from some of them is almost unendurable. Some of the wounds are from 6 to 8 inches in diameter. This is the state of the pack trains and it is really bad enough. But ours and McLennan's position is still darker. The packers of the above trains all want to leave and return. Mr. Cooney is crossing the mountains between Mad and Blue River, had to pass through eight inches of snow, and he fears that he will not be able to return and the Indians assisting him decline to go any further. Still darker – Cooney's train was to bring some boots. He brought some, but by some mistake in buying or otherwise many of them sent were too small only a number of the men have no shoes and the winter [110] is about setting in. Further Mr. Cooney brings dark news from Kamloops. He says there is a gold rush at Peace River. Mr. Mahood's party is about broke up, so we fear that Mahood did not get through from Cariboo to Cranberry Lake [near Kinbasket Lake] as he was ordered. The carriage of freight on the Cariboo road went up from four cents to twenty cents per journey and every available horse and mule is put in use. Mr. Jillette [C. E. Gillette] – chief of Co. 2 – who was to cut his way to Howes Pass [Howse Pass] lost all his men so his party is equally broke up. Thus upon the whole we are in a very bad situation. But I will trust in the Lord. I am confident He will bring us safely out of the mountainous course. My left ankle pains me very much today. What is the trouble I know not. My horse – Dick – is so weak that I have not rode him for the past three weeks. A few times he carried a pack but mostly walks along with only the saddle, saddle bags and holder. The day was very pleasant.

Tuesday Oct. 10th

My ankle pained me very much last night but feels a little better this evening. This morning part of our train went back to our last camp to bring up some things for McLennan. Thus we did not move camp today. I served out the weeks provisions and condensed the cargo as much as possible. Also overhauled the whole of my Photo instruments and materials and repacked them. After this I done a washing and dried my clothing by the fire. The day was gloomy and this evening is both raining and snowing.

Wednesday Oct 11th

Rained a great deal last night. This morning and the whole day it was quite cold, but otherwise pleasant, excepting the afternoon when a strong cold wind blew from a glacier lying in a gorge of a mountain and also from the snow clad mountains. We left camp this morning at 10½ and travelled 9 miles. The trail was very good. Soon after we left camp we came to burnt timber. The whole tract of land as far as we travelled today was burnt apparently at different periods. After travelling about 4 miles we [111] came to a very strong mountain side along which the trail led. Looking southeast from this point of the trail we saw a few rugged Bluffs or rather peaks with a large glacier in the gorge or valley between them. The centre and immediately back of the glacier was covered with clouds. However I took an 8x10 negative of it and also a stereo of mountain scenery southward from the same point. Here the blueberries are in abundance.

Wednesday, 11 October 1871

69989

Thursday, 12 October 1871

69988 Mount Milton Range from Albreda Lake, B.C. (8×10); 69989 Mount Milton Range from Albreda Lake, B.C. (stereo view, NO PRINT EXISTS); 69990 Mountain Scenery, near Albreda Lake, B.C. (stereo view)

69991 Albreda Lake Valley, B.C. (stereo view); 69992 The Photographer of the Geological Survey in camp near Albreda Lake, October 12th 1871 B.C. (stereo view)

I thought that there were very many near Mad River, but compared with the number here there are but few at the river. I never saw anything like it. They are dead ripe and very sweet. The branches are so large that one will fill a handful. After we took the above negatives, Hammond and I had a feast on them for our lunch. Soon after we left the rocky point we passed Albreda Lake. It is so small that it scarcely deserves the name of Lake and especially such a romantic name as Albreda. Before we were aware we had passed the watershed of the Thompson and found a large stream flowing from the west running the other way, or in an opposite direction from the Thompson. The scenery along this trail is very good. As yet nothing is heard of Selwyn and La Rue.

Thursday Oct. 12th

It was very cold last night freezing up everything. This morning the sky is clear and now in the far east we see Mount Milton. We passed it yesterday, but its peak was covered with clouds. It is immediately back or above the glacier I spoke of yesterday and of which I took a picture. We could not see the mount then on account of the clouds. McLennan came early from his camp which is about a mile further down. He says that they met with an Indian who is well acquainted with this country. Although he lives near Kamloops. He and two others are up here hunting. The other two are gone to the Jasper House while he is remaining at Canoe River till they return. Selwyn had met him before and hired him for a few days as a guide in this part of the country and then to

give McL [McLennan] a few day's assistance. Our horses had but very poor feed for a long time and the Indian says that there is none until we [112] get to Cranberry Lake [near Kinbasket Lake]. Here however is a little feed so I ordered our train to stop here today and let the horses feed of what they can pick up and by day after tomorrow the trail will be finished to Canoe River or Lake and then we will try to push through. The packers thought that it would be well for them to walk on for three or four miles and see whether he could find any feed and if so move on this afternoon a few miles and thus shorten tomorrows travel. I consented to this. Hammond had a desire to go also to pace the distance for Selwyn. I let him go. After this I took three stereo negatives. Two of mountain scenery and one of myself as photographer to the expedition. McL [McLennan] returned about 1.30 and says that his packers are slowly coming up. About 2 our packers came back and reports no feed. Hammond did not return till 6 in the evening. He was as far as Cranberry Lake [near Kinbasket Lake] with Alex McLennan [Alex Maclennan] (cousin to the engineer McL [McLennan]). He did not see or hear anything of Selwyn and La Rue except their tracks. The distance to Canoe River from camp is 9½ miles and to the lake is 10½ miles. He says that there is pretty good feed at Canoe River. He saw no signs of Mahood or his trail. As before stated, we expected him to come down Canoe River, but he evidently did not get through. So our only course is to go down the Fraser or return to Kamloops. The former I do not wish to try for report says that it is very dangerous to navigate. The weather was quite changeable today. This morning cold as I said, from 9 to 2 warm and pleasant, then a strong wind began to blow coming from the glacier which was quite cold.

Friday Oct.13th

Last night a fearful gale of wind blew from the North East and this morning it almost blew a hurricane. On the mountain heavy snow storms raged during the night. At times the roar of the wind among that mountain tops and gorges sounded much like some mighty cataract. This wind and storm lasted till about 11 o'clock A.M. In the afternoon we had some rain but this evening it is more [113] pleasant. We moved camp this morning at 9½ o'clock and arrived at Canoe River at 2.30 this afternoon and camped. Distance 9½ miles. The trail was very good leading along low sand benches of the mountains until we came near the junction of the stream of which I spoke day before yesterday and Canoe River. Here about four miles from Canoe River the mountains on the right running towards the angle of the junction gradually slopes off and forms a bench about 500 feet high. We ascended on this bench and crossed it. The top is quite level and sandy, about 4 miles long and 1½ or 2 miles wide covered with small white pines. After descending we came to Canoe River Valley which is about 3 miles wide at this point and is also covered with quite small white pines. The whole valley for a distance of 21 miles over which we past the last few days was burnt at different times and some of it lately. Here at Canoe River we met Selwyn and La Rue. They were as far Tete Juan Cache [Tête Jaune Cache] but did not meet Mahood, nor see any traces of any white person or Indian. All our hopes of home by way of Cariboo is now gone and the only alternative is for us to return back to Kamloops. Oh! Dear must we again enter the valley of the

Saturday, 14 October 1871

69993 Geological Survey Party to British Columbia at Canoe River, October 14th 1871, B.C. (8×10)

North Thompson (Black Thompson I should call it). The distance from Kamloops to our camp here on Canoe River is 217 miles. The distance we will have to walk and it will be a dreary and lonesome journey back.

Saturday Oct 14th

The day was very gloomy and I marked and varnished the negatives I took the past few weeks. Selwyn and McLennan decided to take some of our best horses next Monday and eight days provisions for themselves, Hammond and I. Phillip, La Rue, and Whooit Pask as our guides and make a flying trip to Cow Dung Lake [Yellowhead Lake] at the Leather Pass. The guide – Whooit Pask – says that the trail is perfectly good and he can go to the lake in three days. I can only take instruments and chemicals for stereo negatives. In some way I feel that it is not the best to make the "flying" expedition as they call it. Our horses are weak and the season late. But we must do the best we can. I had plenty to do to get out the provisions for the 8 day journey and for three men staying in camp and also get my photo things ready. I also took an 8x10 photo of our party. The scenery here is very fine. This morning for a short [114] time around sun rise the sky was partially clouded and gave us a glimpse of the beauties around us. From where ever we will we have snow clad peaks and ranges of mountains before us. These Selwyn called Mount Thompson. Immediately on the left of this is Canoe River with its mountain ranges on either side. On the left is the valley through which we came. Looking south west is Canoe River with some beautiful mountain peaks. A little north of west immediately across Canoe River rises a high bank or hill about 200 feet high looking toward Tete Juan Cache [Tête Jaune Cache] and the Fraser River and on either side we see bold rugged mountains and peaks.

Sunday Oct 15th

Last night I had a fearful attack of the diarrhoea perhaps Cholera Morbus, I suffered all night and more or less today.

Monday Oct. 16th

Last night I suffered severely from Cholera Morbus and this morning I was so sick I scarcely could walk. I left all the arranging of the packs and provisions and

photo outfit therefore to Phillip and others and the latter to Hammond. I was about giving up the journey to Leather Pass but half an hour before everything was ready to start I threw up a large quantity of bile soon after I felt a little better. So I ventured on the horse and rode at first very carefully. I however gradually improved so that this evening I feel much better. We left Canoe River Camp at about 8½ o'clock this morning. The trail led us across Canoe River which we forded with ease and soon after came to the hill 200 feet high of which I spoke last Saturday as being the divide between the west of Canoe Valley and Cranberry Lake [near Kinbasket Lake]. On the top of this hill the land is level and sandy and covered with young pine and in part devastated by fire. About a mile from our camp we got the first glimpse of Cranberry Lake [near Kinbasket Lake]. We however did not get a good view of it until we went across the southern end of it and got above the centre on the western bend. The lake is about three miles long and one wide [115] very shallow, so much so that the rushes can be seen all over the lake above the water. It has also several very pretty little islands and it is crowded with wild duck. I might say thousands of them. Upon the whole the lake is quite picturesque. We passed on along the Western shore and crossed over the north end. The outlet of the lake is very small only a brook three feet wide and two deep running through a flat marshy soil. Soon after we crossed the western end of the lake and passing through a beautiful pine grove we came to a large mountain stream of clear water. McLennan called this Selwyn River [near Kinbasket Lake]. After fording the stream we passed on through a very pretty piece of country and about 10 miles out from camp I saw a few nice mountain peaks. Made a halt and Hammond set up the necessary outfit, when to our consternation we found that the plate holder was left behind. What was to be done? I was not well enough to ride back so I sent Hammond and Philip back after reflecting and I went on. Not much was lost in not having the plate holders (except the ride back) for as soon as we were ready to view heavy clouds covered the tops of the peaks. The rest of the journey this day was rather uninteresting, crossing sandy beaches of the mountains, covered with large juniper berry shrubs. As we neared Tete Juan Cache [Tête Jaune Cache] the mountain scenery became bolder and very grand. Before us we have the valley of the Fraser as far as the eye can see with her ranges of mountains on each side. On our right is a large gap through which the Fraser comes rushing and tumbling over a rocky bed but now not near as large as when we left it at Lytton. Tete Juan Cache [Tête Jaune Cache] is simply a name given to a locality in this wilderness. Nothing here except a place where Tete Juan – a Frenchman – cached his furs etc. while hunting and an old log hut 8x10 feet and only 3 feet high. Everything is now deserted. Here we forded the river and camped. The valley between Canoe River and Tete Juan Cache [Tête Jaune Cache] is about 20 miles long (the distance we travelled today) and 6 miles wide. Much of it is very good land and quite desirable if the climate is not too severe. When La Rue – who is our cook on this portion of the expedition – went to bake this [116] evening he ordered for the yeast powders. This I also forgot, although I had it laid out with the flour last Saturday. Thus our bread will come of flour and water baked without salt or yeast. Our party on this "flying expedition" consists of Messrs. Selwyn, McLennan, Hammond, Philip, La Rue and our guide from Canoe River to Cow Dung Lake [Yellowhead Lake] – Whooit Pask.

Tuesday Oct. 17th

Left Tete Juan Cache [Tête Jaune Cache] this morning at 7.45 and travelled up the Fraser. Soon we came to a very rocky side of a mountain flattening a little as it neared the river. The boulders of rock are scattered around thickly in every direction and in places piled up. It seems that in the age of the world a great earthquake rendered the mountain of rocks into fragments and scattered them as above described. The distance across is about one fourth of a mile. We got safely across after a few mishaps, one of which the photo horse fell amongst the rocks and had to be unpacked and raised out of his position and then repacked. After travelling about 4 miles we ascended onto a high bench of the mountain side. Here the first fine scenery appeared since we left the cache. The river was about 800 feet below and beyond it a large mountain with deep gorges and chasms. Soon we descended and came to an open flat by the river. Here the very grandeur was not reached until we got to the grand forks of the Fraser. Before us rises as it were mountains above mountains. Thousands of feet of ice laying in the gorge. On our left rises anther high mountain rocky and bare. In a few places stand out of the side of the mountain bold jagged and arched. It looks as if some volcanic action raised the centre of a place and left it in a conical position and the elements wore away one side of it and thus left stretches of rock exposed to view. At the above flat our guide took to the river and travelled along the shore of a very small island in the Fraser. We crossed and re-crossed the river six or eight times for a distance of about two [117] miles when we came to the grand forks. We followed the north branch for a short distance and then turned to the right and crossed over a wooded ridge towards the east branch. Altogether we travelled along 9 miles. A part of the trail was pretty rough. Hammond and Philip caught up just at dark. We had the misfortune of leaving our tea today. As now we are reduced to flour and bacon and what few grouses we may shoot on the way. The day was very pleasant and clear.

Wednesday Oct. 18th

One of our horses we could not find this morning till 11.30. At 12 o'clock we got started and soon came to a steep mountain bluff extending into the river. Here the Fraser for a considerable distance is a continuous rapid. To get around this bluff we had to ascend the mountain side about 1000 feet. It was very step and an angle of about 37 or 40 degrees. After we crossed the Fraser led through a thickly fallen burnt timer. Turning and twisting among, under and over them in every possible way. The horses had to leap over large fell three feet high and sometimes two and three at a time. After travelling about five miles we crossed a large brook running through a small gorge. Ascending the east bank we came to the edge of a large burnt district of land or rather mountain side. Being five o'clock we camped on the side of the mountain and with difficulty got sufficient level ground to sleep on in a hollow formed by the uprooting of a tree. Here there was scarcely any feed for our horses. The day was very pleasant.

Thursday Oct.19th

This morning we were more successful in finding our horses. By 7.45 we were ready to start. After travelling over the burnt woods which is about 4 miles wide and of anything more encumbered with logs than the trail over brush we travelled yesterday, we again entered the dark forest. We travelled on until one o'clock when we reached a small prairie. Here we lunched and gave our horses an opportunity to [118] graze. After stopping for half and hour we started on and immediately across the prairie we came to a very boggy swamp. After a few mishaps we got across all right and by two o'clock we were at the lower end of Moose Lake where we took the shore and went up the lake about a mile and camped. Moose Lake is about 10 miles long and it is a very pretty sheet of water and the view at this evening's camp is very fine indeed. Looking at the Lake we have on both sides high ranges of mountains and at the far end the rugged and bold peaks of the Rocky Mountains near the Leather Pass. The distance makes them look small yet to a certain extent the "distance lends enchantment." Looking down we again see peaks and bare mountain on our right and left and the front blocked up in the far distance with a beautiful snow clad mountain. I took a few views but the weather was very gloomy and a blue haze filled the atmosphere so some of them are not very good and then it was late in the evening. The day however was pleasant until evening when it clouded over. Distance travelled 6 miles.

Thursday, 19 October 1871

69994 North West View from the Lower end of Moose Lake, B.C. (stereo view); 69995 West View from the Lower end of Moose Lake, B.C. (stereo view)

69996 South View from the Lower end of Moose Lake, B.C. (stereo view); 69997 Moose Lake, B.C. (stereo view)

Friday Oct. 20th

This morning we got on the way by 7 o'clock. Before we started we cached 4 days allowance of the little provision we had left in order to lighten our packs. This we expect to supply us on our way back from here. We travelled up the lake along its shore. The greater part of it is very stony and rough indeed some places rocky. We passed round the upper end of the lake across a marsh. The grass in many places being four and five feet high, but being swamp grass and frosted the horses do not care for it nor would it do them any good. Some of the swamp was full of ducks but they were so wild that we could not shoot any. After crossing the above marsh we again came to the Fraser. This we followed up and crossed numerous small bogs and marshes but soon came to Moose River flowing in from the north. After crossing this stream we again entered a low pine forest. The trail here was better to [119] the end of today's journey. About 3 miles above Moose River we crossed another considerable stream flowing from the north. Today we travelled 16 miles. The day was very cloudy and gloomy. So much of the mountain scenery was hid from view. At noon it commenced to rain a little but at three it rained pretty hard and continued all evening.

Saturday Oct. 21st

Rained some last night and much all day. Being deceived by our Indian guide – Whooit Pask – with regard to the goodness of the trail and distance of it and being late in the season and therefore much danger of being snowed in and our provisions being short we all decided that it would be

advisable to return. The Indian says that if we went on we would get to Cow Dung Lake [Yellowhead Lake] this evening. But being cloudy or rainy besides the above reasons we started back, passed Moose Lake, our Thursday Camp, took up our cached provisions, passed on and camped at the small prairie at which we lunched on Thursday. Here the horses will have the first good feed they had since Canoe River.

Sunday Oct. 22nd

I am very sad tonight. My poor horse – Dick – has entirely given out and we had to abandon him on the highest point of the trail on the side of the mountain bluff of which I spoke on Wednesday 18th. We left camp this morning at 8 o'clock and arrived at the grand forks of the Fraser at 4 and camped. Here as I said before is the finest scenery I have yet seen since I left the Fraser below. With regard to travel today I feel that it was not a necessity. The horses had pretty good feed in the small prairie we left this morning. I think if we would have rested today and had a chance to pick up a little, Dick would not have given out. We all had enough flour for a day longer than what will be necessary for to take us back to Canoe River Camp.

[120] **Monday Oct 23rd**

This morning we sent our guide back to see what had become of my horse Dick. To our delight he brought him back with him. Yet poor Dick is too weak to even carry a saddle. It seems that after he got rested yesterday, he came down from the mountain in search of some feed. I took three views today near the Grand Forks of

Monday, 23 October 1871

70000

69998 Mountain scenery near the Grand Forks of the Fraser River, B.C. (stereo view); 69999 Mountain scenery near the Grand Forks of the Fraser River, B.C. (stereo view); 70000 Mountain scenery near the Grand Forks of the Fraser River, B.C. (stereo view, NO PRINT EXISTS)

Wednesday, 25 October 1871

the Fraser. The day was very cloudy and rained a little at times. Tonight we are again camped at Tete Juan Cache [Tête Jaune Cache]. On the way returning we found the sugar and the tea which we lost Tuesday. This is lucky for us, for we have nothing left except flour.

Tuesday Oct. 24th

Left Tete Juan Cache [Tête Jaune Cache] about 8 this morning. The morning was very gloomy so I did not get any views at the Cache, but by noon it cleared up and we got four stereo negatives at Selwyn River [near Kinbasket Lake]. We arrived at Canoe River Camp at 4 o'clock and found the rest of our party all right. I immediately served out provisions for the week. By this time supper was ready and I enjoyed a hearty meal. What a happy change there is in me from my leaving and my return. When I left I was sick but now I am as well as usual. (See top of 45th page for continuation of today)

Wednesday Oct 25th

Today was very gloomy and commenced to rain at 3 o'clock. I took six stereo negatives of scenery around Canoe River and Cranberry Lake [near Kinbasket Lake]. This evening I repacked my photo instruments,

70001 Mountain scenery at Selwyn River near Cranberry Lake, B.C. (stereo view); 70002 Mountain scenery at Selwyn River near Cranberry Lake, B.C. (stereo view); 70003 Mountain scenery at Selwyn River near Cranberry Lake, B.C. (stereo view)

varnished my negatives and packed them and got everything in readiness for the starting back to Kamloops tomorrow.

[121] **(Continuation of Oct. 24th)**

With regard to our "flying" expedition to the Leather Pass I must say that it was a frantic leap after the shadow and losing the substance. We lost the opportunity of taking views here which, with a few exceptions, are as good as those we say above. By it we lost the strength of our horses and also opened ourselves to greater liability of being snowed and froze up in the mountains. Thus, by it the difficulty of returning to Kamloops across the mountains etc. is greatly increased.

Thursday Oct 26th

This morning at 10 o'clock we bid farewell to our camp on Canoe River and started back for Kamloops. It is a strange circumstance that we should start back with the full train exactly four months after we left home. We travelled 8½ miles and came to Mr. Green's – (Engineer in charge of Co. 3 of the R.R. Party) – winter camp. Here Messrs. Green and Ireland with a party of ten men will be quartered for the winter. They have a large cabin built of logs about completed and

70004 View from Selwyn River near Cranberry Lake, looking toward Tête Jaune Cache, B.C. (stereo view); 70005 Mount Thompson on Canoe River near Cranberry Lake, B.C. (stereo view); 70006 Confluence of the McLellan and Canoe River Valleys, B.C. (stereo view)

pretty well stocked with provisions. They have also a large hut about completed. In a short time they will be quite comfortably situated except being isolated from the civilized world. The winter will be very dreary and long for them here far away from civilization. We left some of our provisions etc. and got others which we needed and then travelled on and camped near Albreda Lake.

Friday Oct. 27th

Last night about midnight it commenced to snow and continued till morning when it changed into rain and continued for two hours and then snow set in again and continued all day. We left camp at 10.15 and came to where we were camped Oct. 7th. Travelling was very hard on account of the snow which is soft and from six to eight inches deep. We camped at dark and pitched our tents in the dark under the shelter of a large tree, shovelled the snow away, got fire wood and built a large camp fire and dried our clothes and boots. We abandoned one of our horses entirely given out. I suggested to Messrs. Selwyn and McLennan this evening that I thought it would be for the better for us after we get to the Forks of the North Thompson to send the horses [122] back to Cranberry Lake [near Kinbasket Lake] to winter as it will be impossible for them to go across the mountains between Mud and Blue River or to Kamloops. Every one of them would be lost. While there may be a possibility, a bare possibility, to save some at the lake. There is plenty of feed there although not of the best. Yet if the winter is not too severe and the horse not too weak they may see the winter through.

Saturday Oct. 28th

Moved camp and came to the Forks of the N. Thompson. Here McLennan's party have a small cache in which is stored some of their provisions. From them we will have to get a supply to take us through to Clear Water. McLennan sent all his men and packers back to Fort Kamloops except those left at their winter camp. He started them back from Canoe River the same day that we started for Leather Pass. He also sent all the animals which were able to travel with them. The others were left at Cranberry Lake [near Kinbasket Lake] more than likely to miserably perish for they are too weak.

Sunday Oct. 29

Selwyn and McLennan determined to abandon our horses and send them back to Cranberry Lake [near Kinbasket Lake] and winter if they can and all of us go down the Thompson in canoes as I suggested last Friday. It is necessary that we get down the river as soon as possible or else we will be froze in. Already there is considerable floating ice in the river and the weather is rapidly getting colder day after day. Today most of the men are overhauling McLennan's flour in the cache as it is quite wet. Four of the men commenced making a canoe and I weighed out

the necessary provisions for our canoe expedition as we expect that it will take that time to get to Clear Water. All together we must have four canoes. Two are already made and if we can buy our Indian – Whooit Pask – guide's canoe we will only have one to make. Since we left Canoe River our party is increased to twelve persons, containing our party of eight. McLennan, the lake guide and Mr. L's [McLennan] two Indians.

[123] **Monday Oct. 30th**

Heavy and more or less snow today and still snowing this evening. About half our party were building the canoe and the others doing blankets, ropes and saddles etc. I took a couple of negatives of the Cache and men in the act of caching.

Tuesday Oct. 31st

Last night a snow storm raged. About twelve inches of snow fell. This morning it rained a little and then changed into snow again. At ten it cleared up and as far as the sky was concerned we had a pleasant day. But under us we have where the ground is open, eighteen inches of snow. In the woods the trees are laden with snow and the sun melting the snow the water comes down in showers and the snow losing a place from the branches down comes a shower of snowballs.

Monday, 30 October 1871

70007 Canoe River Valley, B.C. (stereo view); 70008 Canoe River Gap, B.C. (stereo view); 70009 Cranberry Lake, B.C. (stereo view)

70010

70013

70010 Cranberry Lake and Tête Jaune Cache Valley, B.C. (stereo view, NO PRINT EXISTS); 70011 Geological and C.P.R.R. Survey caching provisions etc. at the Forks of the North Thompson River, Oct. 30th 1871, B.C. (8×10); 70012 Geological and C.P.R.R. Survey caching provisions etc. at the Forks of the North Thompson River, Oct. 30th 1871, B.C. (stereo view); 70013 Geological and C.P.R.R. Survey caching provisions etc. at the Forks of the North Thompson River, Oct. 30th 1871, B.C. (stereo view, NO PRINT EXISTS)

Something like snow sliding from the roof of a house. This fore noon I walked about six miles through the woods to see after the canoe. Having my rubber mantle on my body kept dry, but my limbs were soaking wet. Snow shower after shower came down over me and the water poured down from the trees. The boggy places being covered I could not see them and frequently before I was aware I was knee deep in the mud. Nothing to say of the snow above it. So upon the whole it is rather jolly plodding along in the woods here after a heavy snow storm before the grand sun shining. I slept this afternoon in drying up some of our mantles etc. We are all doing our best to set off as soon as possible.

Wednesday Nov. 1st

Snowing the whole day. This fore noon Messrs. McLennan, Hammond, Donald, myself and three Indians went two miles up the river to bring down the new canoe. On the way near the grave of an Indian was a canoe. Whooit Pask said we could take it in place of building a new one. So we brought both canoes along. We spent the afternoon in making paddles and now everything is in readiness to start tomorrow morning. This evening while we were eating our supper we reorganized our canoes. The one we built we named Snow Flake. It is made the largest of the four being 27 feet long, 32 inches across and 20 inch deep. The one made [124] below at "Canoe Camp" Sept. 21st we named Cedar. The one built at the Forks Oct. 4th and 5th is named the "Thompson." The canoe from the Indian grave "Siwash."

Thursday Nov. 2nd

We bid farewell to our camp at the forks at 9 o'clock and sailed down the river in our fleet of four canoes. The Thompson was manned by Whooit Pask as Capt. and McL's [McLennan] Indian George assistant in which McLennan and Selwyn embarked with a light cargo. The Snow Flake was manned by Philip as Capt. and Peterson assistant. In this Hammond and I embarked with our photo instruments, materials and a few sundries as our cargo. The Cedar was manned by McL's [McLennan] Indian Dick as Capt. and Donald as assistant with part of our provisions for cargo. The Siwash was manned by La Rue as Capt. and Dean as assistant with some provisions, blankets, etc. for cargo.

The distance we travelled today is by the trail 18 miles but by river 25 miles. We camped at five o'clock wet and cold. Before we had our tents pitched and fire made darkness was upon us. There were many very bad riffles over which we passed. In a few places our canoes stuck fast amongst the stones and we had to jump out into the water and lift them over the riffles. In one of the rapids the Thompson came very near being upset. It is quite exciting to run the different rapids and riffles. It rained nearly all day, that and the jumping into the river and splashing made us wet through. Our feet were like lumps of ice. Upon the whole canoeing in [125] wet weather on rough water is pretty rough work. Our cargo in the different boats weighs about 1500 pounds. About two o'clock we came to a drift wood dam. Here we had to make a portage of about 100 yards of both cargo and boats. Unfortunately both Philip and Peterson neglected to put my floursack on board and it is left behind hanging on a log. McLennan and all the men are very mush dissatisfied about camping so late especially when it is raining and everything wet. As usual Selwyn without forethought rushed ahead and the consequence a miserable camping. The snow here is not so deep as it is at the peak.

Friday Nov. 3rd

Last night we had some rain and also a little snow. Today a little rain. All day the clouds were quite low and a mist or fog in the valley. We left camp at 7.15 this morning and sailed about 6 miles below "Wild Goose Camp" where we camped from the 12th to the 18th of Sept. on our way up.

A short distance above Wild Goose Camp we saw McLennan's retreating party's camp. There they cached their pack saddles, appanages etc. From there down we saw many sad, sad sights. At Wild Goose Camp we saw two mules dead. The poor creatures were abandoned. One died from hunger and cold on the camping ground. The other no doubt went after feed in a swamp close by and got bogged and there died with his legs in the mire up to the body. From there down we saw no less than three dead mules. One in the river, one mired in the sand by the river and the other dead on the bank of the river. Further down we saw one poor mule standing on the bank of the river where there was a small bit of feed. When he

saw us he looked at us and piteously brayed. There he will seek food but in vain until he is too weak to seek any further. Still further down we saw another laying among the rocks by the bank of the river. We had to get out of the canoe to lighten it to run a rapid. As we pass him we saw that he was still alive but to weak to raise his head and to get him out of his misery [126] Selwyn shot him. Soon after we camped on a sand bank. It was pleasant canoeing today than yesterday. The river gradually grew larger from its numerous tributaries and therefore the riffles were not so shallow. We passed over a few rapids which were very angry looking. In two of them the canoes took on a great deal of water and had to be bailed out. At our camp this evening there is scarcely any snow. No doubt there is not as much as at the Forks and the rain of yesterday, last night and today melted what there was away. McLennan's retreating party left notice on the bank of the river for us as they are short of provisions. They also say that they sent up the mountain from Blue River and found that it is impossible to cross by the mountain trail on account of the snow. So the only alternative was for them to take a new trail from Blue to Mad River along the banks of the Thompson.

Saturday Nov. 4th

Rained last night but today it was rather pleasant, but very cloudy. At 8 o'clock we left camp but only went one fourth of a mile when we came to a very large rapid. Here we had to make two portages of our goods for a distance of a quarter of a mile each. The canoes were let down by ropes. Murchison's rapids commence here. They are on a continuous series of rapids and in some places are very large and fearful dangerous. Fortunately our chief capt. and pilot – Whooit Pask – is very careful and in most dangerous places has us get out of the canoe and then he and La Rue run the rapids and one at a time. I often offer up a silent prayer when I see those two men in the frail bark railing and tossed by the whirling, roaring and foaming waters as they tumble with a thundering noise over and past huge boulders of rock. In many places the water dashed over into the canoe sometimes four or five gallons at a time. So this evening our cargo and ourselves is well drenched. Mr. Selwyn is again making a busy body of himself and meddling so that he has lost respect of everyone. Night before last being lots when we camped. McLennan, Selwyn and Hammond and I pitched our tents so that we had in front of the large triangle in which we built [127] our fire and thus heating the three tents with one campfire. McLennan got enough of that work in one night on account of Selwyn's meddling his position. Last night he, Hammond and I pitched our tents so that we could all do with one fire. All went well till this morning when I got up and commenced to build the fire, he came and interfered. I said nothing when I went to split a log to put on the fire he began to order how to split and then I should use the axe this or that way and not as I did. I became perturbed and threw the axe down and told him he could split his own wood and made the fire. As I know how to use an axe or how to build a fire without his instruction. After which we had a short altercation and ended by each thinking the other a blockhead, fool or something else. Today he made himself busy about ordering our guide – W.P. – and the other Indians in the management of their canoes in the rapids. Finally Whooit

Pask told McLennan that if he did not tell Selwyn to leave him alone in taking the canoe across the rapids he would leave. McL [McLennan] told him that he was Capt. and should not mind Selwyn. McL [McLennan] told Hammond and I that he never saw such a nervous headstrong and meddlesome person as Selwyn and that he acted very boyish. Yesterday at lunch Selwyn wanted to do things with a rush by ordering about the cooking and in his nervous frenzy snatched a pot of boiled beans from Dean to put them on the fire to heat them a little more, but in the act spilt them all. Today McL [McLennan] bothered S. [Selwyn] by calling to the cook in Selwyn's presence – "Dean don't spill the beans." This evening Selwyn wanted me to pitch our tents again so we can do with one fire, but I replied that it is best for each to have their own camp fire and then we can do with it what we like and without further waiting selected ground for my tent and went about pitching it. I am really sorry that Selwyn has so many unpleasant ways about him and by it offending everyone around him. We only came about 3 miles today.

Sunday Nov. 5th

Last night McL [McLennan] was sitting in my tent talking with me when I remarked (with the hopes that he might take my hint and not travel tomorrow) that one of the most unpleasant times on the expedition was the disregard [128] to the Sabbath day. He replied that it was "really very unpleasant, very unpleasant." After a few more pleasant interchanges of thought the subject was dropped. This morning at the usual time Selwyn called up the men and by 8 o'clock everything was in readiness to start. But God does not permit man to violate his commands with impunity without being punished sooner or later. Immediately below last night's camp is a very dangerous rapid. The guide took the lead alone in the Siwash and Philip and La Rue followed in the Snow Flake. They got through but the Siwash shipped about one third full of water and the Snow Flake about half full and came very near swamping. La Rue and Whooit Pask went back and brought Thompson through, she also shipped a great deal of water. Again they went back to bring the other canoe down. They took one pair of blankets each for Hammond and I and also my large overcoat. One box with a lot of 8x10 negatives, alcohol and sulphates of iron. Saddle and bridle. Some axes and a bag of beans. All went well until they got to the lower end of the rapids where was the worst capsize. Away went our roll of blankets and my overcoat skipping over the foaming water like a feather, down went the saddle, axes and beans. W.P. swam to the shore and La Rue swam to the canoe and swam pushing it as well as he could till we threw him a rope and pulled him out. After both Indians were safe I began to fret about my negatives thinking they were lost. But when the canoe was turned up to my surprise and joy there was the box containing my negatives, alcohol etc. entangled under the cross pieces of the canoe so they did not fall out. [129] It is a very strange occurrence that everything in the canoe should be lost except the one box which on account of my negatives I value even above my own baggage. The two Indians were almost froze, fore long we got the fire made to dry their clothing. S. [Selwyn] and McL [McLennan] now say it is best to camp and not go further today although we had only come about one fourth of a mile. But there was no camping place there and

Monday, 6 November 1871

70014

70015

70014 View above the Upper Gate of Murchison's Rapids in the N. Thompson River, B.C. (8×10, NO PRINT EXISTS); 70015 View above the Upper Gate of Murchison's Rapids in the N. Thompson River, B.C. (stereo view, NO PRINT EXISTS); 70016 View above the Upper Gate of Murchison's Rapids in the N. Thompson River, B.C. (stereo view); 70017 View at the Lower end of the Upper Gate of Murchison's Rapids in the N. Thompson River, B.C. (8×10)

W.P. said that about a quarter of a mile down is a good camp. So after drying they started down but had to make a portage of the cargo about half the way. We are now camped at what I call the Upper Gate of Murchison's Rapids (I call it this upper gate because I understand that there is an other rocky bluff some miles below.) The rocks here close in on each side so the river has but a very narrow channel through which it flows. Immediately below this channel, or rather in the lower end of it is a large boulder of rock dividing the water. On each side of it is a fall of about six feet. The scene both above and below is very fine. The walls of rock on each side are jagged and appear as if they had been severed asunder in some age and thus leaving a small chasm through which the water of the North Thompson flows. To get below this gate we have to make a portage of cargo and canoes across the bluff for a distance of about one third of a mile. The height of the bluff is around 400 feet. Hammond and I had quite a job drying our negatives and repacking them. I thought much of home today, thought of its Sabbath privileges and prayed that fore long I might be there to enjoy them again.

Monday Nov. 6th

We spent the whole day in making the portage over the bluff at the Upper Gate of Murchison's Rapids. The canoes and everything was taken over except our camping fixtures and provisions for we did not move camp as it is unnecessary for a short distance. I took several negatives of the gate but unfortunately the lighting was against me. Whooit Pask and La Rue went down the river to look at the rapids and see what work is before us

tomorrow. They report that about a mile down we have to make another portage of about [130] a mile in length. They also say that immediately below the lower end of the portage they found our blankets and my coat floating in an eddy. They managed to get them out of the water and spread them on some logs to dry.

Tuesday Nov. 7th

At 8 o'clock this morning we left our camp on the Upper Gate and packed our provisions, blankets, tents etc. to the lower end. Immediately below the gate is a small rapid about one fourth of a mile long. The Indians run the canoes across them safely. Then we came to very bad water, which continued rapids for about a mile, over this they passed the canoes with lines until we came to the upper end of the Lower Gate of Murchison's Rapids. We took the canoes out of the water and carried the cargo across to the lower end. As I said yesterday the distance we have to make this portage is about a mile. There is a steep hill on either side of about 500 feet which we must ascend and descend but across the top of it is quite level. The Lower Gate is by far the grandest of the gates, especially viewing it from below. The rocks for some distance are perpendicular, jagged and rugged and in many places 200 feet high. At the narrowest part of the gate the rocks from shore to shore are no more than 10 feet apart. Through this small opening the large waters of the Thompson forces its way. To obtain a view of this chasm we had to do a great deal of dangerous climbing among the rocks. We pitched our tent immediately at the lower end of the gate on a rocky bank, having no

70018 View at the Lower end of the Upper Gate of Murchison's Rapids in the N. Thompson River, B.C. (stereo view); 70019 View at the Lower end of the Upper Gate of Murchison's Rapids in the N. Thompson River, B.C. (stereo view);

Wednesday, 8 November 1871

70020 Making Portage of Canoes over the Bluff at the Upper Gate of Murchison's Rapids, in the North Thompson River, B.C. (8×10); 70021 General View at the mouth of the Lower Gate of Murchison's Rapids in the N. Thompson River, B.C. (8×10)

other place on account of the steep banks. Hammond and I rolled the large stones away and put down some brush. This with our two blankets formed a bed. Our tent is about six feet from the water and about thirty feet from the gate.

Wednesday Nov. 8th

Today we made the portage of canoes. It was a difficult piece of work. I assisted until ten o'clock when I left them and took six views of the Lower Gate. In some of them is a view of our camp among the stones by the river.

[131] **Thursday Nov. 9th**

Today we passed over five large rapids. Two of them were half mile long each. The whole distance travelled is about two and a half miles. In four of the rapids the boats had to be let down with ropes and in some places part of the cargo had to be portaged. Again we are camped among the rocks. At McLennan's suggestion we only put up the fly of our tent and all of us gathered under it. But it is a miserable substitute for a tent. This evening it is very cold. Since the 4th Nov. we had very pleasant weather. No snow or rain, only some days very cold and all the nights a hard frost.

Friday Nov. 10th

We got up this morning at 4 o'clock. In fact we are up every morning at 4 and 4.30 since Oct. 16th when we left Canoe River Camp on our "flying" expedition to Leather Pass. Well as I said we got up at 4 o'clock, packed our tents, blankets etc. ate our breakfast

and started at daybreak. Immediately we came to a rapid three fourths of a mile long. We let the canoe down with ropes with the cargo in them till we got near the lower end. Here we had to make a portage of all of our cargo over a low bluff of about 150 yards. Below this is a large eddy and there Murchison's Rapids ends. We reshipped the cargo and had a pleasant sail the rest of the day over smooth still water. Soon after we left the rapid this morning we came to Salmon River which flows into the Thompson from the east. It is but a very small stream and scarcely deserves the name of river. The Thompson River from the rapids as far as we have gone today is very wide and shallow with rough banks and numerous sand shoals. We travelled about 12 miles and camped on the ground where Mr. [James] Orr's party – who was sent out in the summer of 1865 on a prospecting expedition for gold etc. – built their canoes and boats. Last night it was very, very cold and today it is freezing very hard. This ice is fast forming in the river. In many places along the banks it is an inch thick.

[132] **Saturday Nov. 11th**

Last night it was very, very cold and the river is quite full of floating ice and we're in great danger of blockaded in a few places. We started at day break but soon came to rapids, the running of which was the order of the day. In one place we had to make a portage of all the cargo for a distance of about 400 yards and in several of part. Selwyn, McLennan and Hammond walked past most of the rapids but by the request of Philip I stayed in the canoe and helped to paddle across all the bad water except at two places.

70023

70024

70022 General View at the mouth of the Lower Gate of Murchison's Rapids in the N. Thompson River, B.C. (stereo view); 70023 General View at the mouth of the Lower Gate of Murchison's Rapids in the N. Thompson River, B.C. (8×10, NO PRINT EXISTS); 70024 View at the mouth of the Lower Gate of Murchison's Rapids in the N. Thompson River, showing photographer's tent etc., B.C. (8×10, NO PRINT EXISTS); 70025 Lower Gate of Murchison's Rapids in the North Thompson River, B.C. (stereo view)

It is very exciting indeed to go down some of the rapids. Now we turn to the right towards a large rock and scarcely are we past this when another is in front of us and the canoe going at a terrific pace, but the energetic use of the paddle and staying to the left we escape this. So steering right and left we rush past the rocks which show themselves above the water. Now the canoe goes bumping over some unseen boulders. Now we dash into large white capped waves – caused by the water rushing over large boulders of rocks. Now the water splashes into our faces, over us and into the canoe. Then we reach a small bit of calm still water below and the excitement of the [133] moment is over. It is however but for a moment for soon we enter rapids equally hazardous.

These rapids break up the floating ice so much that in the afternoon we had no hard cakes, it was much like snow saturated with water. We travelled only about 8 miles. About two miles above this evening's camp we past the camping ground from which we travelled back to Mad River to cross the mountain Sept. 1st. So we are within about four miles of Mad River In the afternoon the sky clouded over and now 8 o'clock P.M. it is snowing.

Sunday Nov. 12th

Last night it snowed only about one inch. We were up at the usual time and started at 8 o'clock and sailed finely, ran a few rapids so that by 10 we had gone about 4½ miles but were brought to a sudden halt by coming to a short cascade which is about 400 yards above the mouth of the Mad River. Here in a very short distance the water falls about 10 feet and on each side the rocks rise from the water almost perpendicular to a height of about 100 feet. Below the cascade is a large eddy. This and for considerable distance below is blocked with ice. Here our hardships increased every hour. Gradually the thermometer went down to zero, at noon a heavy snow storm set in and it is still snowing 9½ evening. To get around and over this cascade and blockade of ice below we had to make a portage of cargo and canoes across a bluff 200 feet high. By the time we got the cargo on top of the bluff it was noon. There we ate our lunch of frozen bread, boiled beef and fried bacon. Afterward we commenced to haul the canoes up the bluff at an angle of about 45 degrees. But alas! What a sequel. The Siwash we got up all right. Next we undertook the Cedar. After we got her about one fourth the way up the rope broke and away she went down the steep precipice and over the rocky bank like lightning and launched into the centre of the river [134] and was quickly carried through the cascade by the swift current and came out below bottoms up. The last we saw of her was going under the ice blockade below. Thus one canoe is gone. Next we took the Thompson and attached two ropes to her in order to make her secure. On account of the snow and ice it took the united effort of us 12 to get her up. The Snow Flake we had to abandon on account of her being too large and heavy for us to draw up. Now we are reduced to only two canoes, 105½ miles from Kamloops, and feeling fully cold. What is to be done? We determined to load the two canoes as light as possible and abandon everything else, put two Indians in each canoe to paddle them through and the rest of us walk. It took us till 4 o'clock P.M. to get the canoes and cargo (except what we intend to carry from Mad River) down to the

bank of the river. For the time McLennan acted very unkindly by ordering canoes off down to Mad River. When but a few moments would have saved us the trouble of carrying the photo boxes. He wished to get to camp and it was getting dark and no doubt he was half frozen and became impatient. The rest of us took each a pack and went down. The place selected by McLennan for camp was indeed bad enough, but it was on a small spit or rocky flat 15x25 feet at the angle formed by the mouth of the Mad River. McL [McLennan] had his tent up by the time we got there and the ground he occupied was the only place fit for a tent. Hammond and I found a place about two feet wide on the rocks where we laid down without camp fire. The men found equally hard sleeping accommodations. These on other Sabbath days of world labour is done with its usual amount of mishaps. The Indians even taught us a lesson when they were saying among themselves "wake kloche ma mook Sunday" (no good to work on Sunday) and no doubt we would have done well even at the crisis to have regarded the words "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

[135] **Monday Nov. 13th**

This morning we brought our photo outfit down from the cascade to our camp at Mad River. I took an inventory of it as I felt certain they would be left. On the Thompson at the mouth of the Mad River is a bad rapid. The first thing this morning they let the canoes over with ropes. They fell a few trees across Mad River and carried our cargo across. This was done while I took an inventory of my photo stock etc. As soon as I saw every thing away from camp and taken across Mad River I went across to where the canoes were. But as I was nearing I heard McLennan order the canoes to be off. I saw that my bag containing my clothing etc was not in. With difficulty I got Philip and La Rue to wait a moment and take it in. As soon as they got it on board away they went. The photo instruments and materials and some other things were left scattered on the bank of the river. As soon as the canoes started Selwyn and McLennan started also on foot without looking after or saying any thing about the disposal of the things left. I thought this was strange. Before leaving I carried them up on higher ground and with the assistance of Hammond and the packers cached them as well as we could under the circumstances. The day was very cold and a heavy snow storm raged until one o'clock. We travelled about 10 miles and camped on the bank of the river immediately below our camping ground on Aug 29th. The snow is about one foot deep and it was very tiresome plodding through it. However, we have a good camp tonight. After shovelling the snow away we pitched our tents and made a large camp fire and dried our clothes etc. Yesterday I froze four of my toes and they hurt very much today in walking. Some of the men suffered also from sore feet. The wind is blowing fearfully tonight roaring and howling dismally as it passes through the woods.

[136] **Tuesday Nov. 14th**

This morning I put on moccasins instead of boots and they served me very well. At day light we again began to wade through the snow. It drifted a great deal during

the night and in many places it was knee deep. After travelling thirteen miles we came to Raft River. This is about 50 yards wide and at the deepest 3 feet in depth. The water on each side is froze for some ten feet and the rest of the stream is full of floating ice. The only way for us to get across was to wade across but before doing so we all sat down on the bank in the snow and ate our cold lunch of dried dampers and a little cold or frozen boiled beef. We however had plenty of ice water to wash it down. After eating our lunch we broke the ice and went through the water to the other side of the river. On we went with our wet feet and pants and now travelled faster than ever to keep warm. About sunset we arrived at Clear Water. Here McLennan has one of his men – Mr. Glassy – stationed to take charge of provisions as they are sent by boat from Kamloops. We were all well tired out. The distance we travelled is 20 miles. Glassy prepared for us a good meal which we enjoyed hugely for we were rather on short allowance for the past few days. Here the snow is only a few inches deep. Glassy says that the first snow fell on the 12th Nov. and that during the summer they only had three days rain. The canoes arrived here only a few minutes before us who walked. Twice they were icebound and had to make portage. After supper I received from Glassy three days provisions which is to take us to Kamloops.

[137] **Wednesday Nov 15th**

Here at Clear Water McLennan had a flat bottom boat used by Glassy as a ferry across the river. This boat we took and with the two canoes sailed down the river amid thick floating ice. Clear Water is clear from ice and the water much warmer so a short distance below its entrance into the North Thompson the ice disappeared. We had no sooner left camp and passed the mouth of Clear Water when a terrific snow storm set in and continued two hours. At times we found the canoes would be swamped by the waves. The trees were falling on each side of the river and sounded much like the distant thunder of a cannonade. In two hours the storm ceased, yet the snow continued until 2 P.M. After travelling about 8 miles we came to the old crossing. Here we over took the Spaniard packers with the remains of their mules eleven in number. Those poor creatures look miserable and some will, I think, not reach Kamloops. Here also were a few Indian hunters with their families temporarily encamped. Whooit Pask knew them and started to return to the "mountain house" of Mr. Green's party at or near Canoe River. We engaged a few of these Indians to get to Mad River and bring our cached cargo to Kamloops. After all arrangements were made we bid farewell to Mr. P – our Indian guide – sailed on and by 2.30 P.M. were 30 miles below Clear Water at Red Pine Indian Reserve where we camped Aug. 23rd on our way up. The house in which we camped there was now occupied by an Indian Chief. It not being his he kindly gave us half of it. The whole day it was very cold and I again suffered much with my feet.

Thursday Nov. 16th

Last night was about as cold a night as we experienced since we left home and possibly the coldest. The snow squeaked under our feet as we walked along. The

Indian Chief had some furs to sell, to protect my feet I bought a Lynx skin, cut it in two and wrapped half of it around each foot and drew my moccasins over [138] it. I also put on two shirts, 2 drawers, 2 pairs of pants and 2 coats and after I got into the canoe I put one of my blankets over me and thus felt quite comfortable. Some of the others who did not take the same precaution this morning suffered very much with the cold. At 8.30 this morning we bid Klahowya (good-bye) to the Tyee (Chief) and sailed without anything of interest 31 miles and at dusk arrived at Knouff's Ranch or farm which is the last ranch up the North Thompson. Aug. 21st we rode back from our camp to this place and got some butter. Here at Knouff's we overtook Mr. Cooney another of McLennan's packers and also a number of his men who are on their way back. [James] Knouff kindly granted us the privilege of sleeping on the soft side of the floor of his house and also to fry our bacon on his fire.

Friday Nov. 17th

In Kamloops again! For which I feel grateful to God. This morning we got up early and by day break commenced paddling down stream. After sailing about a mile we suddenly came to an ice blockade around which we had to make a portage. This detained us about two hours. Here Philip in crossing the ice broke through but fortunately caught himself by the edge of the ice and held on till a rope was thrown to him and thus saved. The whole remaining distance to Kamloops we had a regular chase with the ice. At one place about three miles above here we came very near being jarred between two large fields of ice, but with hard work we got through. Finally at four P.M. we arrived at Kamloops and thus bid farewell to the North Thompson River.

Saturday Nov. 18th

Today the weather is much milder than what it has been the past two or three weeks. I overhauled my negatives and found the 8x10 wet again. Some of them were considerably injured. Now that we are back in Kamloops I might speak a few words with regard to our trip up [139] the North Thompson. McLennan's and our party together started with about one hundred and fifty horses and mules. These, as seen before, were worn out by labour and weakened out of proper feed so that out of the above number only twenty six got back to Kamloops. What of the rest? Many died on the way. Some were abandoned because too weak to go any further. The fate of these no doubt is death by starvation. About twenty five were left at Cranberry Lake [near Kinbasket Lake] with the hopes that they might winter through. But why were they left? Because they were too weak to make the journey to Kamloops and therefore I fear too weak to brave the winter through. Along the North Thompson valley there is but little agricultural land. As far as ascertained there are no minerals of any description worth speaking of. From Kamloops to Clear Water the mountains on each side become higher and higher and gradually become thickly timbered. From Clear Water upwards it can only be described by saying the North Thompson is a large stream of water running between two high ranges of mountains thickly timbered with cedar, hemlock, pine, balsam trees etc.

Sunday Nov 19th

Last night it rained a little but this was a very pleasant day. It gives me great pleasure that we here rest this holy Sabbath day. It is the first Sunday we had rest since Oct. 15th and it really is a great relief to me. This whole fore noon I spent in reading and meditation, a short distance up the South Thompson River.

Monday Nov 20th

This fore noon I took a few more orders and prepared to leave for Savona Ferry [Savona]. At one P.M. we got under way and having a good wind we sailed down through the lake to the Savona Ferry [Savona] by 7.30. Here we met Alex Fortune – who has a large farm of 600 acres on Spallumcheen River. This river empties [140] into Shooshwop Lake [Shuswap Lake]. He says that he is fortunate enough to farm without irrigation.

Tuesday Nov. 21st

We tried to get a train this morning to go to Bonaparte, but Mr. Urin – who has charge of the ferry – had all his horses on the mountains grazing for the winter. However he sent an Indian to try and find them. At 4 P.M. the Indian returned and brought several horses, but only one was fit to be put in a wagon so Selwyn concluded to get riding horses and one pack horse and leave tonight, as he heard that the stage would pass Bonaparte tomorrow morning. Rained more or less the whole day.

Wednesday Nov. 22nd

Last night at 8.30 we left Savona Ferry [Savona] on horseback in a drenching rain. Travelled all night and arrived at Bonaparte at 5 in the morning. It rained all night until 3 this morning and we had a miserable night of it and unfortunately to no advantage as the stage we expected did not arrive and we had to remain here all day. In the evening the stage arrived but was already over crowded so there was no chance for us.

[141] **Thursday Nov 23rd**

After much difficulty we got a wagon and left Bonaparte at 11A.M. and arrived at Cooks Ferry [Cook's Ferry] at eight o'clock. The roads are very bad and at every hill we had to walk up. The wagon has no springs so it is pretty rough riding. Part of the day it rained but in the evening it was very pleasant.

Friday Nov. 24th

Left Cooks Ferry [Cook's Ferry] at 8 A.M. and arrived at Lytton at 4 P.M. Rain again during the night and part of the fore noon. We encountered no wind until

we arrived at Lytton where we had a strong wind as usual. This evening the wind blows a perfect gale, snowing a little and freezing hard.

Saturday Nov 25th

It was very cold last night and the wind blew a terrific gale. However very little snow fell during the night. But this fore noon a terrific snow storm raged. The ground is frozen quite hard so travelling in the wagon – minus springs - was very rough. We left Lytton at 8 A.M. and went bump bump rumpede bump over the frozen ground and through the snow until we got to Boston Bar at 6 P.M. The thermometer was at zero this morning and only but is now – evening – again at zero.

Sunday Nov. 26

Left Boston Bar at 8 A.M. and arrived at Yale at 5 P.M. Three miles from Boston Bar we came to Chinaman's bluff. Part of the bridge at the top spanning a gorge was carried away by a slide of rocks from the Bluff above. We managed however to get across by running the wagon across a few poles tied together and leading the horses across one at a time. The day was quite cold and more or less snow fell. This evening I went to the Methodist Church – Rev. G.C. Clarkson preached. It is just four months [142] since I was in church and five months yesterday since I was in my own church in Montreal. As yet I have no news from home. We are still not out of all difficulties, we expected to find a steamer here but the river is so full of floating ice that she could not get up. We hope however that she will be up yet. The telegraph lines are down in every direction, so no news can be received of the boat.

Monday Nov. 27th

We waited for the steamer till noon. The Express has to be in New Westminster by Wednesday to meet the steamer for Victoria. So they hired a canoe with a couple of Indians to go down if possible and we too passage with them and travelled as far as Hope. There is a good deal of ice floating and it takes some good manoeuvring to steer clear of it.

Tuesday Nov. 28th

This morning we left Hope half an hour before day and travelled to New Westminster by 10.30 P.M. distance 85 mile. We had much floating ice to contend with until we passed Schomez [Somas] some distance below the mouth of the Harrison River. At Harrison River we saw the steamer Hope ice jammed. She made an attempt to get to Yale but could get no further. This causes much suffering and inconvenience at Yale. Many persons are there desiring to get down and some have a number of Bullocks which they wish to bring down as there is no feed at Yale. Two had already died from starvation and exposure the night we were there. We hear that hundreds of animals perished further north at Peace River. Well here we

are and I am heartily glad that the steamer Enterprise is here and will sail in the morning for Victoria. No ice in the river here. Today it was very pleasant compared with the past few days. Thermometer steady at 25 degrees.

[143] **Wednesday No. 29th**

Considerable snow fell last night in New Westminster but the day was pleasant although cloudy and much wind blowing. We left N.W. at nine A.M. and arrived in Victoria at 4.30 P.M. No snow here and I hear that they had but little as yet. Stopped at the St. Nicholas Hotel and board at the Colonial.

Thursday Nov. 30th

Rain more or less all night and day.

Friday Dec. 1st

Had an interview with Lieut. Governor Trutch at 11 A.M. and showed him my negatives. Storm and rain, rain, rain.

Saturday Dec. 2nd

Rain, rain, rain is the order of the day. This evening I took tea and spent the evening with the editor of the Standard.

Sunday Dec 3rd

Snowing this morning and all day. I went to the Methodist Church both morning and evening and to the afternoon Sunday School. They had communion this evening in which I anticipated. I did not feel well today nor in the evening.

Monday Dec 4th

Last night appeared very long to me. I suffered very much from pain in my stomach and felt quite weak this morning. Rain the whole day.

Tuesday Dec 5

Felt a little better but still suffer and feel quite feeble. Called on the Governor to get an order for pictures, but got none. Heavy rain.

[144] **Wednesday Dec. 6th**

This day for a wonder very pleasant and sunshine. This evening I went to the Methodist reunions and had a pleasant time, although I do not feel well yet.

Thursday Dec 7th

Day pleasant but cloudy. Preparing to sail for San Francisco tomorrow. Hammond and I spent the evening at Mr. G. Mott's. Did not feel so well today and worse this evening.

Friday Dec 8th

Spent a very uneasy night and am quite unwell this morning. Sailed in the steamer Prince Albert for San Francisco this morning at nine. Had a pleasant sail thus far through the strait San Juan del Luca. Now 5 P.M. we are passing out into the Pacific Ocean.

Friday Dec 15th

Arrived safely at 2.30 A.M. after a long and tedious voyage at San Francisco. We however remained in the steamer until 6 in the morning when we went to the Grand Hotel. Instead of being from 3 to 4 days in sailing from Victoria to this place we were out just one week. Last Sunday morning the engine of the steamer gives out and the ship moved [145] sailed very slowly. Luckily there were no storms, yet most of the time a steady head wind blew. Wednesday after, however the wind turned and we made good progress until three Thursday evening. I was very sick the first few days but gradually got better and could stand the rolling and pitching of the ship pretty well. Yet to me there is no pleasure to be rocked in the cradle of the dark blue sea. I visited a few galleries etc.

Saturday Dec. 16th

At 8 this morning we left the Grand Hotel and at 8.30 sailed up the San Francisco Bay in the beautiful steamer Capital to Vallejo – distance 28 miles, arriving at 10 o'clock. Immediately after we took a sleeping car and stayed on the California Pacific R.R. for Sacramento. The country along this R.R. to S. City is undulating and almost entirely destitute of trees. What few do grow are low scrub oak. The soil however appears to be very good and many, very many, beautiful farms are to be seen. Climate delightful at this season. Thermometer ranging from 50 to 65 degrees. At Sacramento the gardens look green and we saw hortis selling out cabbage plants. All the way from Vallejo to Auburn the farmers were busily engaged in ploughing and sowing. At Auburn we gradually began to ascend the

west side of the Sierra Nevada and as we ascend the thermometer fell. At 9.30 P.M. we arrived at the summit. Here the thermometer stands at 30 degrees and considerable snow is seen.

[146] **Sunday Dec. 17th**

Got up this morning at 6.30 and found ourselves at Rye Patch. Thermometer 14 degrees. Breakfasted at Humboldt at 7. No snow here. Dined at Battle Mount and took supper at Elko. Arrived at Joano 9 P.M. The last part of the route was covered with up to 5 inches of snow and thermometer ranging from 14 to 30 degrees.

Monday Dec. 18th

Felt quite unwell this morning. Arrived at Ogden at 6.20 A.M. Were to leave at 8.30 A.M. but the trains on the Union Pacific R.R. due last night have as yet not arrived. 3 P.M. train eastward finally arrived and we got on our way. The temperature was as following at Ogden 9 A.M. 42 degrees strong wind. Wasatch 7 P.M. 36 degrees and 6 inches of snow and drifting wind blowing a strong gale.

Tuesday Dec. 19

Travelled keeping the regular train time after leaving yesterday until we came to Red Desert this morning at 6.30. Here we were delayed for 3 hours on account of an engine of a freight train being on the track some 30 miles further eastward. Here we also took breakfast. When we arrived at Crescent we had to wait again a short time till a freight train passed us. Afterwards we passed on with more or less detentions. At Rawlins they put two engines onto our train. Near Percy we ran through a snow bank. No damage was done except to the cowcatch of the front engine which however was repaired after a few hours delay. Half way between Carbon and Medicine Bow we again ran into a large snow drift or bank. This time the first engine ran off the track and became a complete wreck especially the tender which was piled up partly onto the back engine breaking its cowcatcher and the first engine. The snow is from 3 to four feet high, wet and heavy. This accident happened at 6 P.M. and we [147] no doubt have to remain for a day or two. This evening at 10 o'clock a wreck train came to our relief with a large number of Chinamen. The thermometer averaged the whole day at 37 degrees.

Wednesday Dec. 20

During the night the labourers were successful in getting the wreck of the tender onto the tracks and front baggage up onto the track. Now at 9 A.M. the front engine remains to be put on the track. Here we are and many of the passengers have nothing to eat. Fortunately for ourselves we have a lunch basket with us. After a tedious waiting we finally got started at 4 P.M. Near Lookout there were fire engines blocked with the snow and off the track one of these we saw lying by the side of the track a complete wreck. At Medicine Bow yesterday Express caught

up with us and is running with us. The thermometer averaged 35 degrees during the day.

Thursday Dec 21st

We made good progress last night arriving at Sidney at 8 A.M. and breakfasted. The waiters were very slowing giving us something to eat. Our train started off without giving us warning and Mr. Selwyn, myself and many others were left behind. Fortunately the other express was behind it and in it we were able to catch up with our train at North Platte at 3 P.M. Near Lodge Pole we passed a very large herd of antelopes all together from one to two thousand. This morning we found it much colder and a great deal more snow. At Sidney at 8 A.M. the thermometer read 28 degrees. At Plum Creek, 6 P.M. 10 degrees and still growing colder. At Kearney at 8 P.M. it was 7 degrees and the wind blew a fearful gale and snowing.

Friday Dec. 22nd

More mild this morning at Elk Horn than what it was at Kearney last evening. About 6 inches of snow fell here during the night. Arrived at Omaha at 9.30 A.M. Had breakfast at a [148] restaurant in the city. Left on the Burlington and Missouri R.R. at about 5 o'clock P.M. Ate supper in a dining saloon car which was attached to the train for four hours. About 4.30 a heavy snow storm set in which is continuing 9 P.M. Temperature at Elk Horn at 7.30 A.M. was 18 degrees and at Omaha 12 P.M. 20 degrees.

Saturday Dec. 23rd

A fearful snow storm prevailed all night detaining the train five hours and are now 7 A.M. stuck in the snow. Although there are two engines to the train, yet they fail to draw it along or plough their way through the snow with the long haul train attached. The snow is a foot deep on the track and is now snowing, sleeting and blowing. Our train loads across the M.P.R.R. on board. At 12.30 P.M. we arrived at Mt. Pleasant. This is a beautiful place in every respect. The storm has passed over and the sun is shining pleasantly. At Burlington they had scarcely any storm, only a little rain and sleet during the night. As we neared Chicago the snow gradually became less [149] until it disappeared entirely at the above place. We arrived at Chicago at 12 A.M. on Sunday morning Dec. 24th and here have to remain till five in the afternoon. We stopped at the moment hence. I do not feel well. Thermometer read at Fenway 7 A.M. 20 degrees and terrific snow storm. Mendota 9 P.M. 18 degrees no snow.

Sunday Dec 24th

At daylight I awoke feeling much better than yesterday. After breakfast I wandered over the burnt district of Chicago and saw many sad sights of the ruins of this once great, grand and prosperous city of the West. Here are the remains of Chicago's

ancient glory. Desolation rules supreme, but the world knows of its desolation long ere this, so what I might say would only be a repetition of the old story. I therefore will keep silent. At 9.30 A.M. I went to the 1st Baptist Church Sunday School. I entered the bible class and heard a good lesson on the election and the perseverance of the Saints. After Sabbath School I went to their church and heard a splendid sermon. This was also well tinged with perseverance of the saints goodness. At 5.15 P.M. we left Chicago by the Michigan Central R.R. on our homeward journey.

Monday Dec. 25th

Arrived at Detroit at 3.30 A.M. Here we were detained till 7.10 and then we were very near being left. The man checking the baggage did not come to the depot. The train started off, leaving us and many others behind. Fortunately the Michigan Central had a train about ready to start running to the G.T. Junction. We made things so bad for the agent that he considered it wise to hurry and check our baggage and telegraph to this Junction and detain the Grand Trunk train till we caught up on the M.C. train. From Detroit I telegraphed to my wife wishing her a merry Christmas and advising her of our coming. After we left Detroit Junction we travelled [150] without much interest. Ate dinner at Coburg and supper at Toronto.

Tuesday Dec. 26

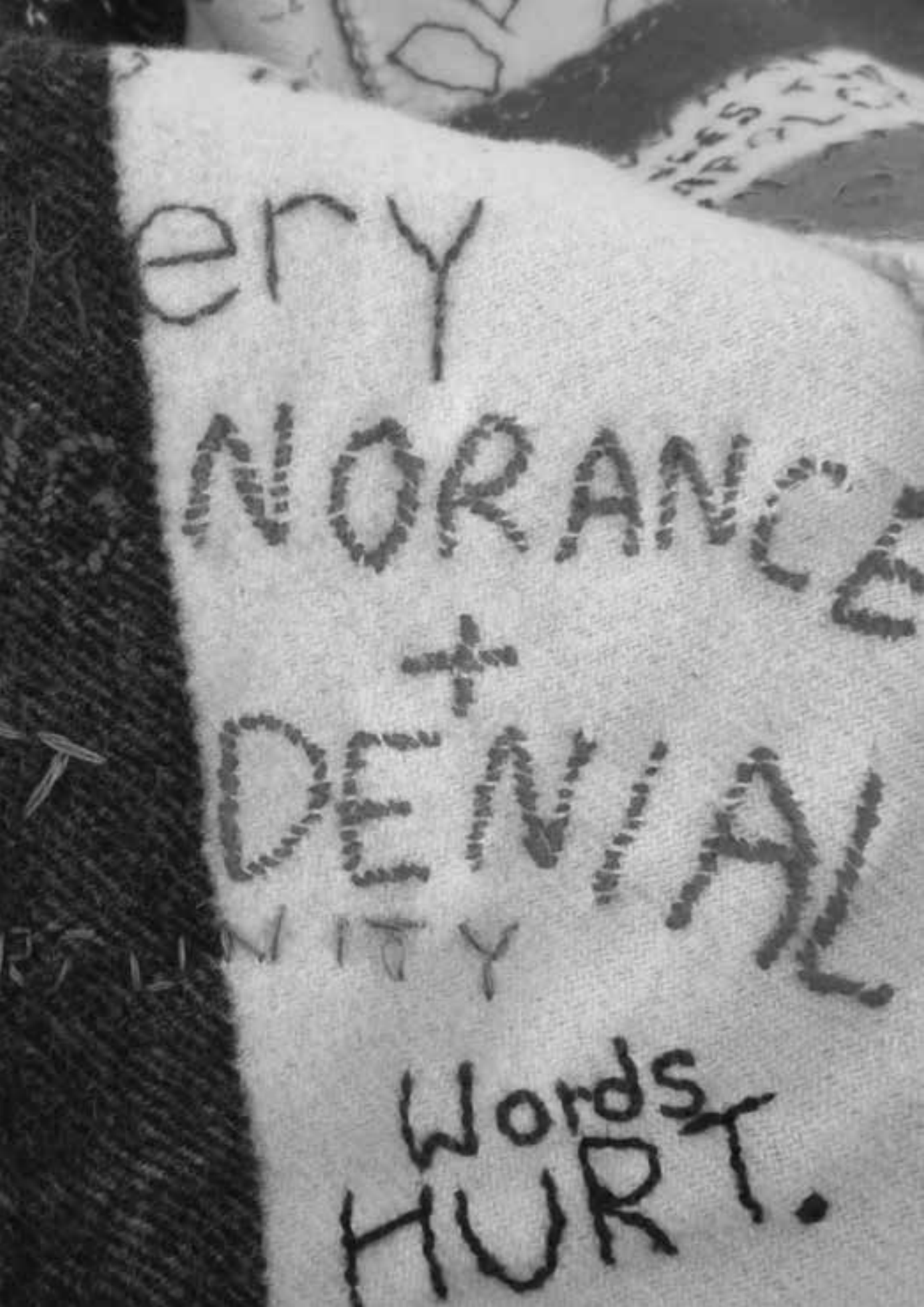
Got up at Brockville found the train 2½ hours behind time. At Prescott I telegraphed to my wife namely train 3 hours late. Don't come to the depot. I arrived home at 1 P.M. It is strange that we were almost exactly six months leaving on the 26th of the month and arriving home on the 26th.

I have brought home with me 37 8x10 negatives and 88 stereo negatives. I took orders in British Columbia to the amount of $400.00 cash.

Thus ends my British Columbia Tour.

B.F. Baltzly.

Detail, 69931 Savona Ferry, B.C. (Monday, 7 August 1871, 8×10)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Settler-colonial Art History: A Proposition in Two Parts

DAMIAN SKINNER

ARTICLE

This is an edited version of a discussion paper that formed the basis of a workshop exploring settler-colonial art history in the Canadian context, held on 4–5 October 2013, at the Gail and Stephen A. Jarislowsky Institute for Studies in Canadian Art, Concordia University, Montreal, Quebec.[1] *Special thanks to Kristina Huneault who helped to prepare this text for publication.*

By way of introduction

Two years ago I became interested in the sizable migration of artists from Aotearoa New Zealand to London in the post-war period. I found myself asking why the experiences of these artists were not written into the narratives about New Zealand art. Why do they disappear from these narratives when they leave the borders of Aotearoa New Zealand, and then become visible again when they return?[2] Why, in short, isn't London, in the 1950s, considered to be a major site of New Zealand art production, like Auckland or Christchurch?

As I did more reading, I discovered that these artists from Aotearoa New Zealand were part of a much larger migration. After WWII, London became a destination for ex-colonial artists from around the world who wanted to practice as modernists. Indian, African, and Caribbean artists challenged the hierarchies of colonialism and the colour-barred subjectivities of modernism by travelling to the metropolis and claiming a place for themselves within it.[3] This moment has been named New Commonwealth Internationalism.[4] It is part of a growing body of art history dealing with "alternative modernisms" and their relationship to the dominant narrative of modern art in Europe and North America.[5] It has been presented as a process of decolonization, not least because the British art scene welcomed these artists as a way to secure London as a metropolitan art centre, and as a way to manage the end of empire.

I also realized that, like their colleagues from Australia and Canada, the New Zealand artists taking part in New Commonwealth Internationalism differed from the artists from other former colonies in one crucial way: they were settlers, whose ancestors had come from the Old World to colonize

the New.[6] The dynamics of settler exclusion from a modern subjectivity are entirely different to those experienced by native or indigenous artists from Africa, India and Guyana who went to London to be modernists. Colonized in relation to the metropole, settler artists are colonizers back home. Although settlers from the 'white dominions' formed one of the major populations involved, the settler is virtually invisible in current art historical accounts. They are, therefore, not easily located in the narratives of decolonization that structure the dominant readings of New Commonwealth Internationalism

These discoveries led me to consider an analysis of settler colonialism. It occurred to me that settler colonialism was an unexplored factor in the art history and art production of Aotearoa New Zealand: both as an explanation and primary dynamic shaping art, but also as a possible method for breaking down the unholy alliance of art history and the nation state. Settler colonialism is a transnational phenomenon, and it encourages flows and networks between colonies as well as between colonies and the metropole. Ultimately, I have become increasingly aware of the strange dynamics of settler colonialism as a particular mode of colonial activity, and its awkward relationship to postcolonial theory and to narratives of decolonization. To consider settler artists from Aotearoa New Zealand, Australia and Canada in London in the 1950s as somehow sharing in a moment with native artists from Asia and the Caribbean creates a number of conceptual and political problems. It is quite obvious that settler colonialism will have significant implications for indigenous and settler art practices. It seems like it might also have implications for art history.

In this text I explore the framework of settler colonialism, and the insights of settler-colonial studies, in order to consider how art history can be done differently – not only in Aotearoa New Zealand but in other settler societies as well. One of my key intentions is to propose a model for writing a new kind of art history that will actively grapple with the impact of settler colonialism on both artistic practice and art historical narratives. This text, then, is my initial attempt at understanding what decolonization might mean from my position as a settler art historian.[7]

What I refer to as 'settler-colonial art history' sets out to understand how cultural practices in settler-colonial societies are shaped by the strange dynamics of settler colonialism, such as this one articulated by Terry Goldie: "The white Canadian looks at the Indian. The Indian is other and therefore alien. But the Indian is indigenous and therefore cannot be alien. So the Canadian must be alien. But how can the Canadian be alien within Canada?"[8] Wrestling with this central problem has shaped both settler and indigenous cultural practices. As a kind of settler-colonial studies, settler-colonial art history will engage with the implications of settler colonialism in settler and

indigenous cultural practices, from the beginning of the colonial encounter to the present. As a proposition in two parts, the essay begins by summarizing key insights from the developing field of settler-colonial studies, and proceeds to articulate ten ways in which they might alter art historical practice.

Settler-colonial Studies and the Specificities of Settler Colonies

Settler-colonial studies is allied to postcolonial studies in the sense that both are practices that seek to reveal – and thus disrupt – the ongoing legacies of European colonialism.[9] What distinguishes the settler-colonial approach is the observation that the particular realities of settler societies – where colonialism continues unabated – require specific articulation and analysis. It might thus be described as the subset of postcolonial studies that addresses those cultures and contexts in which decolonization is impossible – or at least cannot take place in the same ways as it has unfolded elsewhere. Settler-colonial studies works to identify the legacies of settlers, and the implications of the dynamics that structure settler colonialism.

These dynamics are set out in Jürgen Osterhammel's book *Colonialism: A Theoretical Overview*, which proposes a three-part typology of colonies. Exploitation colonies are usually the result of military conquest, and they are characterized by a relatively small colonial presence of civil bureaucrats, soldiers and businessmen (but not settlers) who eventually return home after doing their service in the colony. The purpose of exploitation colonies is to establish trade monopolies, exploit natural resources, levy tributes, and thus create economic wealth, strategic value and national prestige. Maritime enclaves permit indirect commercial penetration of a hinterland, as well as supporting the use of maritime forces to gain indirect control over formally autonomous states; they are the result of fleet actions known as 'gunboat diplomacy'. The third kind of colony is the settlement colony; it results from military-supported colonization processes and is characterized by a permanent resident colonial population of farmers and planters, who eventually achieve self-government. Osterhammel divides settler colonies into three variants: the "New England" type, which displaces and even annihilates the economically dispensable indigenous peoples, the "African" type, which relies on an indigenous labour force, and the "Caribbean" type, in which a suitable labour force is imported as slaves.[10]

Settler colonialism is not equivalent to migration or colonialism but these categories are related. Migrants and settlers both move across space and often reside somewhere new, but as Mahmood Mamdani suggests, settlers "are made by conquest, not just by immigration."[11] Settlers establish political orders and carry sovereignty with them, whereas migrants appeal to an already

constituted political order. As James Belich puts it, an "emigrant joined someone else's society, a settler or colonist remade his own."[12] Migrants move to another country and lead diasporic lives; settlers move to 'their' country. Settler colonialism has a sovereign charge and regenerative capacity, whereas other modes of colonialism are driven by an external metropole that remains distinct and promotes settlement as a means of securing control of a locale. Settlers stay, whereas the European colonial sojourners like missionaries, administrators, entrepreneurs, etc., typically return home.[13] While settlers establish new political orders, they also see their collective efforts as defined by "an inherent sovereign claim that travels with them and is ultimately, if not immediately, autonomous from the colonising metropole."[14]

Settler colonialism was a rather late development, as the first waves of colonialism tended to focus on highly organized and densely populated regions. As Donald Denoon writes, "From the beginnings of European voyaging, merchant adventurers set their sights on regions which were already densely settled, and whose populations were already organized in centralized and coercive politics. Only much later did Europeans begin to occupy regions which were more sparsely settled, and more loosely governed."[15] Initially, Europeans desired to extract trade goods from established producers; it would take time before they began to establish new kinds of production with little or no assistance from indigenous peoples.

Colonies that follow the "New England model" proposed by Osterhammel would include the United States, Canada, Australia, and Aotearoa New Zealand; in these countries, settlers "sought to construct communities bounded by ties of ethnicity and faith in what they persistently defined as virgin or empty land."[16] This logic involves extermination, not exploitation, as the point was not to govern or enlist indigenous peoples in economic ventures, but to take their land, pushing them beyond an ever-expanding frontier. If colonialism is understood to be a relation of domination in which an invading minority seeks to control indigenous people according to the dictates of a distant metropole, then settler colonialism doesn't neatly fit into this framework. Settlers often tried to weaken or rid themselves of metropolitan control, as well as get rid of indigenous peoples.[17]

The logic of extermination is thus a critical component of settler colonialism. While Amil Cabral has suggested that colonial genocide of native populations was counterproductive since it created "a void which empties foreign domination of its content and its object: the dominated people," Patrick Wolfe observes that this is only true in situations in which colonialism is dependent on native labour, rather than being premised on the displacement of indigenous peoples so that the land is available for settlers to inhabit.[18] In the context of settler colonialism, it is the non-disappearing

native who causes a problem. As Wolfe puts it, paraphrasing Deborah Bird Rose, "to get in the way all the native has to do is stay at home."[19] Wolfe develops this distinction by referring to the relationship between Native Americans and African Americans in North America. Native Americans were cleared from the land, rather than exploited for their labour, with displaced Africans supplying labour to make the expropriated land productive. Attitudes towards miscegenation show how settlers treated these two populations differently. "Briefly, whilst the one-drop rule has meant that the category 'black' can withstand unlimited admixture, the category 'red' has been highly vulnerable to dilution."[20] Since black labour was commodified, and thus valuable, a white plantation owner would father black children, whereas a white father would only produce "half-breeds" with a Native American mother, compromising the troubling and troublesome indigenous status of the offspring.[21] As Wolfe writes:

> The primary object of settler-colonization is the land itself rather than the surplus value to be derived from mixing native labour with it. Though, in practice, Indigenous labour was indispensible to Europeans, settler-colonization is at base a winner-take-all project whose dominant feature is not exploitation but replacement. The logic of this project, a sustained institutional tendency to eliminate the Indigenous population, informs a range of historical practices that might otherwise appear distinct – invasion is a structure not an event.[22]

This is a crucial interpretative distinction, the central dynamic that distinguishes settler colonialism from other forms of colonialism. Settler colonialism is not a master-servant relationship marked by ethnic difference, and it is not a relationship built on the indispensability of colonized peoples. Rather, what makes settler colonialism unique is the dispensability of indigenous peoples.

In an essay about Antarctica, Adrian Hawkins suggests that it is not people but space that sits at the heart of the settler-colonial project and proposes that, since the southern continent has no permanent populations of any kind, it is the "ideal settler colony." "Not only does this idea challenge the notion of a settler-colonial mentality forged in the struggle against an Indigenous population, it also unsettles the assumed centrality of settlers themselves."[23] In contrast to this point of view, Annie E. Coombes writes that "the distinctiveness which could be said to mark out the various white constituencies as 'Australian,' 'South African,' 'Canadian' or 'New Zealander' is fundamentally contingent on their relationship to and with the various

indigenous communities they necessarily encountered. In other words, the colonizers' dealings with indigenous peoples – through resistance, containment, appropriation, assimilation, miscegenation or attempted destruction – is the historical factor which has ultimately shaped the cultural and political character of the new nations, mediating in highly significant ways their shared colonial roots/routes."[24]

If land is the central focus of settler colonialism, and relations with the territorially dispossessed are a determining factor in the histories of settler colonies, race is the discourse that binds them together. Interestingly, Tracey Banivanua-Mar and Penelope Edmonds suggest that race is a key ideological tool in the shaping of landscapes, since race naturalized the narratives of extinction that justified the removal of indigenous peoples. "Race has thus taken up residence, not just in the well-explored statutes, policies, language and other social infrastructures of settler-colonial societies. It has also found permanent residence in settler-colonial landscapes and cityscapes, where racially coded legacies continue to generate contests over the ownership and belonging of space."[25] It was not enough to assert legal processes that transferred ownership from indigenous peoples to settler populations, or to create and manage social processes of dispossession. The land itself also had to be re-imagined and remade, and in this process the ideologies of race and the organization of space became intertwined, based on the remarkable commonality that both are conceived of as natural, given, and elemental.

According to Lorenzo Veracini, when settler societies are established, two negative alterities are created: migrants, who have not moved to establish a political order; and indigenous populations, who have not moved. These are the exogenous and indigenous others of settler colonialism. The most essential dichotomy of colonialism, which is colonizer and colonized, becomes a more complex relationship between three agencies in the settler polity: settler colonizer, indigenous colonized, and differently categorized exogenous alterities (migrants).[26] This relationship is still predicated on the elimination of everything other than the settler: indigenous others will disappear through extermination, expulsion, incarceration, containment, and assimilation; while exogenous others can be dealt with through restriction and selective assimilation.[27] The other major dynamic of colonialism, that of metropolitan control, can be challenged through an affirmation of settler sovereignty, either through revolution (the United States) or a co-ordinated devolution of responsibility (the 'white dominions' of Australia, Canada, and Aotearoa New Zealand).

Of course, despite the best efforts of settlers to physically and discursively eliminate indigenous peoples, they do not conveniently disappear. Indeed, settler colonialism ensures that they remain in sight, since it is common

for settler nationalism to incorporate references to indigenous peoples and cultures in order to assert indigeneity. This emphasises that settlers are indeed at home in the new land and differentiates them from the imperial centre that they have left behind. While the intention is to supplant the original inhabitants, constructing a native identity through appropriation of native cultures has unexpected consequences. Most significantly, it "marks a return whereby the native repressed continues to structure settler-colonial society."[28] And in turn, this means that the native counter-claim to settler claims that the indigenous people have disappeared is registered at the core of settler cultural and political processes. Nicholas Thomas has explored the implications for settler societies:

> While indigenous peoples' claims to the land are being denied or forgotten, elements of their culture are being prominently displayed and affirmed. The "native" status of the new settler nation is proclaimed in a fashion that perforce draws attention to real natives who are excluded. The effort of certain settler artists and designers to localize settler culture thus animates a powerful but unstable set of terms, which I want to characterize as a "native and/or national" identity. Over time, or indirectly, local signs could be (and have been) reappropriated by natives, to draw attention to their precedence, and to reassert indigenous sovereignty – perforce at the expense of the legitimacy of the settler nation.[29]

This "native and/or national" identity is another way of describing the ambivalence that structures settler colonialism. What is expected to be a temporary relationship involving settlers, indigenous, and exogenous others and the metropole, becomes instead a permanent state of affairs. This perennial struggle between native and settler indigeneity is what Chadwick Allen calls the "Fourth World condition," and at stake is not just rights to tangible resources such as land, minerals or fisheries, but symbolic resources like authenticity and legitimacy. It is a clash that, in Allen's words, "continues to be regulated by tensions among the contradictory desires of dominant settlers to identify with indigenous peoples, to supersede them, and to eradicate them completely, either through absorption or genocide."[30]

Settler societies are confounded by the fact that indigenous peoples have not disappeared, even as the settlers remain politically and culturally dominant. As indigenous peoples assert themselves culturally and politically, settler states have wrestled with indigenous rights to land and sought to redress discrimination. But, as Thomas writes, "the intimate connection between the foundations of settler societies and the dispossession of prior

occupants makes any larger resolution elusive and intractable."[31] Because settler polities carry their own sovereignty, settler legal processes cannot question initial assertions of sovereignty and settler societies block the reality of colonialism from their historical memory. If decolonization is understood to be a process whereby a colonial state is transformed into a self-governing territorial successor polity, then the settler state is already this polity; the process has already happened. If decolonization is understood to involve sovereignty negotiated between polities, then this is quite different to the settler-colonial situation, where it has to be negotiated within a single polity.[32] In these circumstances, the indigenous peoples' call for decolonization is thus a kind of secession, which threatens the nation state and is not supported by international law. As a result, decolonization cannot unfold as it does in Third World contexts.

Instead, decolonization in settler-colonial contexts is about indigenous peoples "living under political arrangements to which they have consented."[33] It requires mutual agreement between settlers and indigenous people as to how they can be part of the same state. Frequently, the discursive strategies appropriate to this renegotiation are not those that have been used in Third World contexts and favoured by postcolonial scholars. As Chadwick Allen observes, indigenous peoples in Aotearoa New Zealand and the United States or Canada do not seek to deconstruct the authority of particular colonial discourses – such as treaties, for example – so much as they seek to re-recognize them.[34] The point of indigenous discursive strategies around treaties is to force dominant powers to recognize and remember agreements and honour them; this would reinstate and reinvigorate the colonial discourse's original powers. The dominant colonial narrative is not to be disrupted or displaced, as postcolonial analysis would insist, so much as it is to be realigned with contemporary needs.

In this context, strategic essentialism becomes a productive and powerful tool for indigenous people to use to counter the rhetorics of settler colonialism. Chadwick Allen proposes the "blood/land/memory complex" to explore the discursive strategies of indigenous writers in Aotearoa New Zealand and the United States. This trope "makes explicit the central role that land plays both in the specific project of defining indigenous minority personal, familial, and communal identities (blood) and in the larger project of reclaiming and reimagining indigenous minority histories (memory)."[35] Such language disrupts the classic model of postcolonial liberation, however, where the assertion of essentialist marks of ethnopolitical identity is only a first step, to be followed by the construction of an identity that is anti-essentialist. In settler-colonial societies, this supposed first stage of identity politics remains central to indigenous struggle. As Allen puts it, "Without

clear lines drawn, literally, in the sand, indigenous minorities risk their total engulfment by powerful settler nations."[36] The logic of elimination, which is at the heart of settler colonialism, makes it easier to understand why indigenous peoples in settler contexts identify essentialism as a major ongoing strategy in their processes of decolonization. It precisely attacks the attempt to eradicate indigenous populations, whether literally or discursively.

If the tools and strategies most necessary to indigenous peoples in settler-colonial societies differ from those that have been effective in classic exploitation colonies, the settlers have also adopted distinctive techniques and positions. In settler colonies, for example, it is the settler – just as much as the indigenous person – who mimics and negotiates unstable, hybrid identities. At issue here is the double role of settlers as colonized by the imperial centre, as well as being colonizers of the indigenous peoples they seek to displace. Though what colonization means for settlers and indigenous people is crucially different – in one case land was given, in the other it was taken away – settlers nevertheless find themselves occupying both ends of the colonial stick.

Settlers arrived in the colonies under diverse circumstances: some, such as convicts in Australia, were sent forcibly, while others were "refugees" from social and religious persecution, while still others were opportunists seeking economic advancement, or agents of government or religious institutions who decided to stay on.[37] They tended to retain less allegiance to the home country than those who went to exploitation colonies, and in many cases they had less freedom and ability to participate in governance than those in the home country. They were, as Anna Johnston and Alan Lawson write, "frequently characterized in domestic cultural and political discourses as ungovernable, uncultured: as 'colonials' they were second-class – belated or feral – Englishmen, and often came to be seen as political or economic rivals to the domestic citizens of the 'home' country."[38] The result was sometimes a feeling of being colonized – of being European subjects but not European citizens – which results in the settler's double identity as both colonizer and colonized.

In this dual position, the settler subject has to engage with both the authentic imperial culture and indigenous authenticity. The settler is caught between Europe and First Nations, two First Worlds that are both origins of authority and authenticity. "The settler subject enunciates the authority that is in colonial discourse on behalf of the imperial enterprise, which he (and sometimes she) represents," write Johnston and Lawson, but this is both a representation and a mimicry, as the settler is separated from the authentic imperial culture and speaks on behalf of, but not quite as, the metropole.[39] Mimicry is also at work in the settler's desire for native authenticity as a way

of properly belonging in the new land. As Johnston and Lawson put it, "In becoming more like the indigene whom he mimics, the settler becomes less like the atavistic inhabitant of the cultural homeland whom he is also reduced to mimicking. The text is thus marked by counterfeitings of both emergence and origination."[40]

This double identity also means that the initial decolonization of settler populations, which takes the form of nationalist cultural movements, obscures the other processes of decolonization that need to take place between settler and indigenous peoples. Historically, the double identity of the settler as colonizer and colonized becomes a way for settler narratives to disavow any responsibility for the dispossession of indigenous people. Such dispossession was achieved, so the argument goes, by the British imperial centre, or by the first European arrivals who are responsible for ethnic cleansing, such as the 'vicious convicts' who settled Australia – that is, by anyone other than the settler state and the descendents of the original settlers, who merely occupy a land made vacant by the real agents of colonialism.

Such disavowals have made settler colonialism difficult to detect; in metropolitan histories no effort is made to distinguish between emigrant and settler, while in national histories the settlers are inhabitants of a polity yet to arrive: they are proto-Australians, proto-New Zealanders, or proto-Canadians. The settler gets to hide behind the emigrant and the future citizen, and as a result, a specific type of political sovereignty becomes invisible.[41] Making settler colonialism visible necessitates an awareness of the conflicting tendencies that fracture the settler collective: the desire for indigenization and national autonomy sits uneasily with the desire to replicate a European, civilized lifestyle.

Anna Johnston and Alan Lawson have argued that the term "settler" obscures the political processes of this mode of colonialism, focussing attention on the majority white populations "without taking account of the physical violence and representational erasure done to indigenous communities in order to achieve that 'whiteness.'"[42] They suggest that the first step in a postcolonial analysis of settler colonies is to use the more accurate term "settler invader." According to Johnston and Lawson, "Postcolonial analyses – as opposed to nativist celebration – of settler subjectivity has been impelled by the inevitable recognition that the term 'settler' itself was, and always had been, tendentious and polemical. That is, the word 'settler' was itself part of the process of invasion, it was literally a textual imposition on history."[43]

The discursive implications of that imposition for the triad of settler colonialism – settler, indigenous, and exogenous other – need to be actively interrogated. How, for example, should we think of the African-Caribbean

slaves brought to Canada in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries? What does it mean to describe them as settlers? Or what of the Russian Dukhobors who homesteaded in the Canadian west? Their role in the settlement of Saskatchewan is undeniable and yet to call them settlers risks obscuring their situation as exogenous and repressed others within Canada.[44] For this reason, the term 'settler' must always remain in question within settler-colonial studies, even as it joins with other terms, such as 'art history'.

Ten Propositions for Settler-colonial Art History

Settler-colonial art history will work to destabilize existing art historical narratives.

In delineating this destabilization, it is helpful to distinguish between settler art histories and settler-colonial art histories. Settler art history is the art history of places like Australia, Canada, South Africa, and Aotearoa New Zealand. Written by the descendants of the European settlers, who over generations have displaced the descendants of the indigenous peoples, settler art history will be concerned with the cultural production of the dominant group. While settler art history had, by the end of the twentieth century, acknowledged indigenous art practice in its customary and contemporary forms, the majority of its attention and resources have remained focused on settler art production. It is, in other words, the narrative that underpins the displays in national galleries, and which is presented in survey texts and university courses; it is New Zealand art history, or Canadian art history.

A specific variant of Western art history, settler art history will be characterized by, on the one hand, a desire to eliminate or assimilate the indigenous presence, especially through the mythology of an empty land which the settlers have transformed into home; and on the other hand, an ambivalent relationship with the metropole and the cultural production of Europe, expressed through a deep investment in ideas of nationalism. We can see this tension clearly, for example, in Dennis Reid's account of Canadian painting. For Reid, "The remarkable dialectic perpetuated by successive generations – each championing a position opposite to that of its predecessor on the question of whether Canadian painters should seek their measure against an international (i.e. mid-Atlantic) standard or in purely indigenous values – gives the history of our painting its unique shape."[45] After noting that settler culture flicks between the double poles of authority and authenticity, Reid works to resolve the tension: "As a historian I have attempted to present the two views objectively in the firm belief that all our best painters have managed to find common ground in their genuine desire to confront the

Canadian sensibility through the medium of their art."[46] The challenge of settler-colonial art history, as opposed to Canadian art history, is to articulate how claims to these kinds of authority and authenticity are being wielded, by and for whom, and to disrupt their naturalization by demonstrating the ways in which they fail.

Settler-colonial art history will be engaged with, but not the same as, western art history and indigenous art history.

Settler-colonial art history is different from Western art history and its settler art history variant, because settler-colonial societies are characterized by a profound engagement with indigenous cultural practices. This has meant a transformation in the way art history goes about its business. As Ruth B. Phillips suggests, "many of new art history's key issues had already been problematized by scholars of non-western art because cross-cultural study had sensitized them to the ways that western paradigms of art deform emic, or culture-based, understandings of objects."[47]

The idea of what constitutes art is less certain in settler societies because there is more than one kind of object and history in play; and art history's limitations might be recognized earlier, and for different reasons, than in metropolitan centres. Settler-colonial art history will, for example, have a much stronger relationship with anthropology than in other parts of the world, since anthropology can offer useful tools for addressing artworks that fall outside the kinds of objects and practices that art history has evolved to deal with. Settler-colonial art history will find itself accounting for objects and situations that are sometimes profoundly different from the subjects of canonical art history. As an example, a history of modern art in Canada or Aotearoa New Zealand would have to consider kinds of artworks and art practices not dealt with in the survey text, *Art Since 1900: Modernism, Anti-modernism and Postmodernism.* In addition, concepts like modernism and postmodernism don't cohere in settler societies, and therefore different intellectual strategies are required to avoid a narrative of provincial dependence on the metropolitan centre.

Settler-colonial art history must be attentive to ideas put forward by the indigenous people who are now such active participants in the artistic and art historical discourses of settler societies. Like settler-colonial art history, indigenous art history challenges the precepts of western art discourse. For example, the linear and progressive and evolutionary model of history that underpins much Western art history writing, is at odds with the form of indigenous art history I know most about Māori art history. Māori art history subscribes to a notion of "whakapapa toi hou," which describes the genealogy

of new forms of Māori art in light of their continuity with customary art practices, and which is concerned with recuperating and integrating the past into the present and future. Māori art history appeals to, and wields, a conceptual model drawn from Māori knowledge systems that prioritize Māori ways of thinking. Thus, the Māori art historian requires both genealogical and cultural knowledge to operate. Māori art history is also politically charged, concerned with challenging hegemonic practices of settler culture that discriminate against both Māori art, and perhaps most importantly, Māori ways of thinking about Māori art. Its goal is not just to recuperate Māori artists and add them to the canon, but also to rethink the values and hierarchies that will construct and sustain the canon of Māori – and then New Zealand – art.

Māori art history suggests that customary Māori knowledge templates can be legitimate frameworks for shaping Māori artistic practice and its evaluation, and this stance challenges the idea of Western frameworks that are usually considered to be the sole criterion for artistic evaluation. Cultural representation is a site of inevitable conflict as opposing cultural systems and ideologies collide. Without alternative indigenous art historical frameworks, the Māori cannot assert themselves in this site of cultural representation in a way that challenges the desires of settler cultural systems. In the past, Māori art was erased from art history, banished to museums as a form of craft or ethnographic artefact. Settler art histories are now trying another tack: Māori art as an independent notion is undermined, so that Māori art can be captured and renamed New Zealand art and thus placed in service of the nation. Māori art history and settler-colonial art history are concerned with resisting these processes.

Yet, although settler-colonial art history must be attentive to indigenous art history, it will nevertheless be distinct from it. Indeed, as a settler, I find it difficult to know how I would practice Māori art history. Partly this is ethical. For example, there is an urgency in a lot of Māori art history, a cultural politics that creates a kind of anger bubbling under the surface, which I can't share since, as a member of the dominant majority, I've done quite well out of art history's relationship with settler colonialism. Māori art historians are able to authoritatively advocate for conceptual frameworks and definitions that would make me, as a settler, feel deeply uncomfortable; for lots of reasons, settlers don't get to tell indigenous people what they are, or how they should behave. But another part of my difficulty with 'doing' indigenous art history as a settler is conceptual. There are certain knowledge systems that apply to Māori art that, as a settler art historian, I cannot actually use.

Taonga is a good example of this. This term refers to objects that have been shaped by the conventions of customary practice, and to which words

and stories have been attached over time. As Hirini Moko Mead writes, a *taonga tuku iho* (taonga handed down) "is a highly prized object that has been handed down from the ancestors. Implied is the notion of *he kupu kei runga* (there are words attached to it)."[48] Mead suggests that the task of the art historian, when it comes to taonga, is to identify the discourse that surrounds the object and, by connecting this discourse to the artwork, make it operative. While this perspective might make it seem as if the art historian can naturally find a place within the framework of taonga, I think this situation is, from the point of view of Māori and settler-colonial art history, far more complex.

If taonga are all about words and stories (*kōrero*), and the art historian's task is to reveal these through research, then it is also important to note that these words and stories can most easily be discovered when taonga return home to the owning group, where the stories and words will be known. The art historian's task is to find the kōrero, something that they can't just create themselves, but something that belongs to a specific group of people, and is controlled by that group. A settler art historian would have to be an expert in Māori language, genealogy and tribal sayings to have much hope of identifying kōrero, and then it is unlikely that they would be able to gain access to the knowledge, precisely because it wouldn't have anything to do with them as a settler.

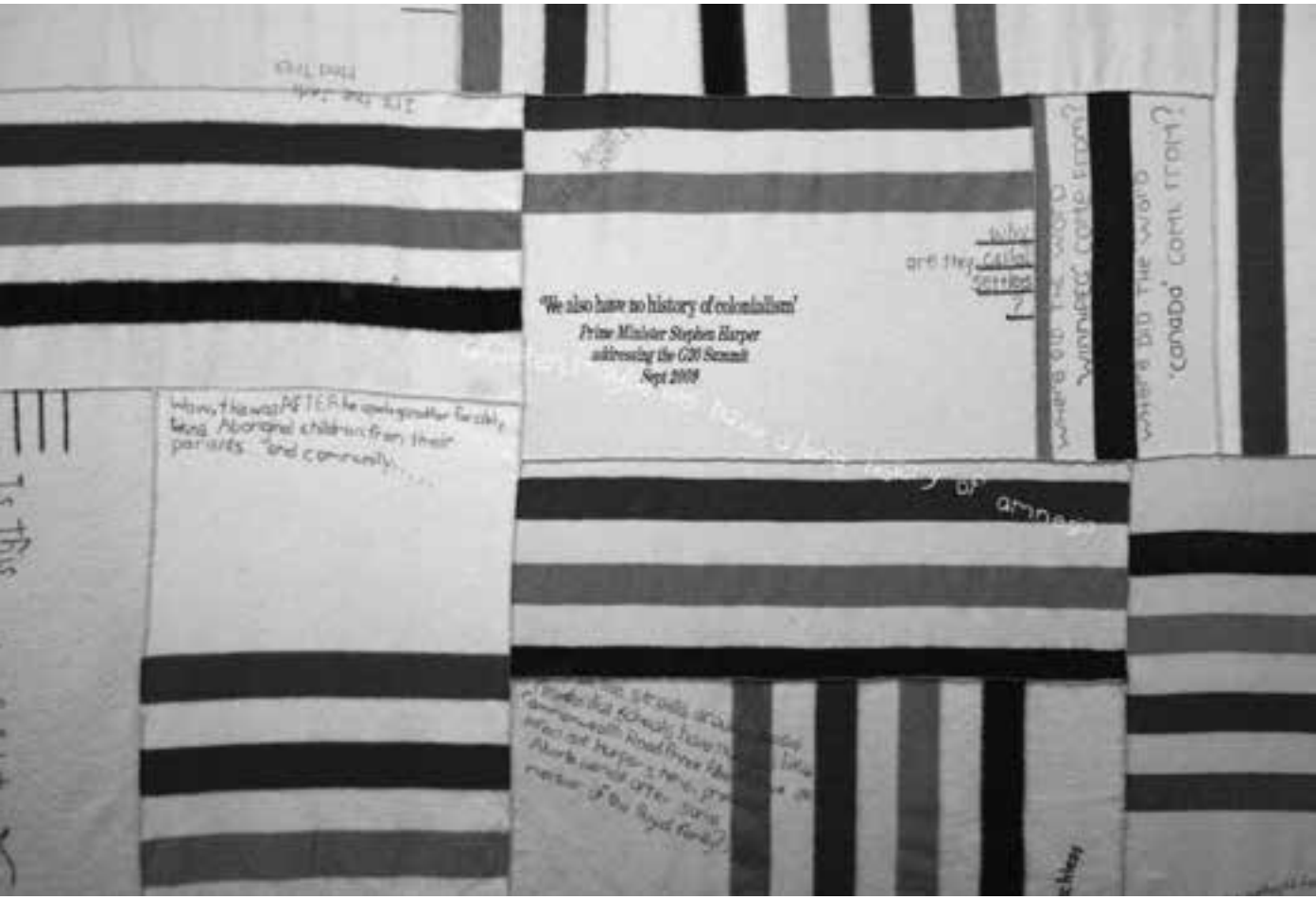
Ultimately, taonga are inaccessible to art historians, but they can be a tool to wrest control of Māori art from settler art history, art historians and art institutions. Taonga support a form of decolonization precisely because they disrupt typical art historical manoeuvres and claims, both on the level of cultural politics and on the level of practice. Arguably, the question of who is embodied in an artwork, and their relation to other ancestors and their descendants, isn't a valid art historical question at all, although it will feed into an analysis of reception and how people use and relate to artworks.

I would also address the differences between settler-colonial and indigenous art history from the point of view that it is valid to recognize that settlers have their own agendas. How, for example, does the settler-colonial art historian maintain a critical distance in the face of native claims? Is the settler-colonial art historian obligated to take their cues from indigenous peoples and practices, and therefore to represent indigenous perspectives? What if settler-colonial art history needs to emphasize rupture and discontinuity in order to guarantee its integrity as an intellectual investigation, and cannot, for whatever reason, approach Māori art in a way that supports the political aspirations of Māori art history? Or what if its art historical criteria and interests are simply not appropriate to the indigenous context?

Again, taonga can serve as an example. Some of the questions that a settler-colonial art history may want to address – art historical questions around quality, style, or the techniques of making, for example – sit awkwardly with the Māori idea of taonga. If taonga are so treasured, and if they are your or someone else's ancestors, then it is just bad manners or simply beside the point to concern yourself with which one is best, or processes of technical fabrication and stylistic influence. What matters is who these taonga are, the words that come with them, and what they can contribute to the creation of group identity in times of crisis. This can mean that art history's tools and purposes are not always desirable or interesting to Māori art history; and conversely that Māori art history's tools might not be easily bent to art historical practice.

Nevertheless, there are obvious reasons why settler-colonial art history will be interested in indigenous frameworks like taonga. Since indigenous art is a kind of time traveller, with the potential to establish continuities across time, it has the ability to challenge the chronological dynamics of art history. The sense of history in indigenous art is not the same as the articulation of history in art history; indigenous art can therefore answer certain key problems that art history is also grappling with. One of the things that taonga do is suture the past and present together. As Paul Tapsell puts it, taonga are "performed" by knowledgeable elders in times of crisis or significance, to construct and reinforce group identity, "which effectively collapses time and reanimates the kin group's ancestral landscape, allowing descendants to re-live the events of past generations."[49] Taonga effectively close the gap between the past and the present, because they are animated; in some cases they actually are ancestors. Taonga can perform an alchemy that has huge implications for art history, especially if we agree with Michael Ann Holly that art history's disciplinary companion is melancholy, since "the works of art with which art historians traffic come from worlds long gone, and our duty is to bring these material orphans into our care and breathe new life into them."[50] Art history's task is to enliven 'dead' objects. Taonga are not orphans or relics in this sense, and their performance in appropriate times and places by experts collapses any distance between the object and the audience. In other words, taonga remove the need that art history exists to address, the distance that it seeks to bridge.

All of this raises some further questions. Who is settler-colonial art history for? Is it just for settlers, and not for indigenous peoples? And precisely which settlers is it for? What about the non-exogenous others who are also caught up in the dynamics of settler colonialism? Do new migrants from Africa or Asia participate in settler-colonial art history? Clearly, it would



Leah Decter, artist, and Jaimie Isaac, curator, *(official denial) trade value in progress* (2010–), ongoing interactive project. A textile piece composed of Hudson's Bay Company blankets acts as the platform for response by, and dialogue between, Aboriginal and non-Aboriginal people. A statement made by Prime Minister Stephen Harper at the G20 Summit of September 2009 is sewn at the centre: "We also have no history of Colonialism."

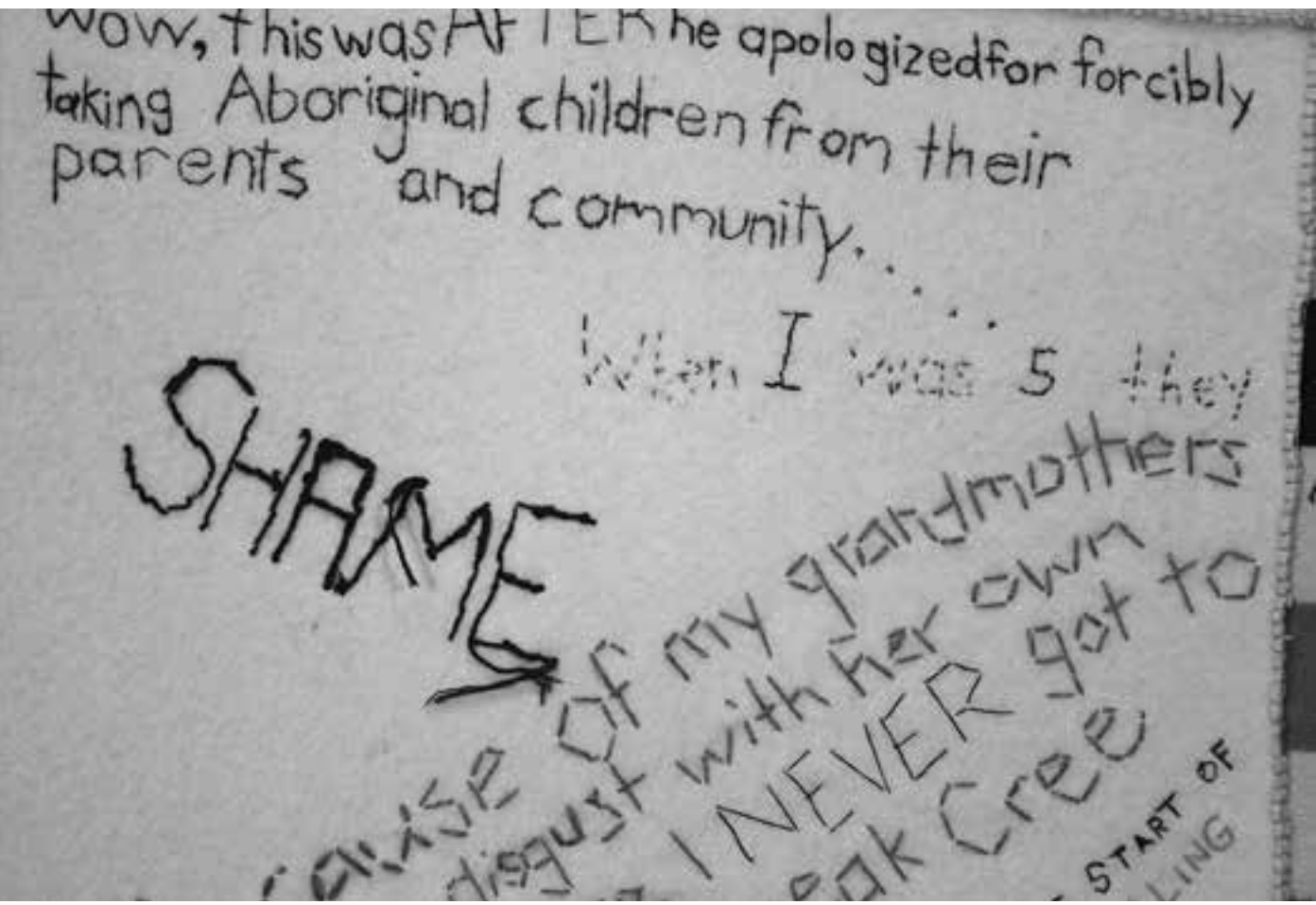
Leah Decter, artiste, et Jaimie Isaac, commissaire, *(official denial) trade value in progress* (2010–), projet interactif continu. Une œuvre textile composée de couvertures aux couleurs de la compagnie de la baie d'Hudson propose un espace de discussion entre Autochtones et non-Autochtones. On retrouve, cousue en son centre, une déclaration faite par le Premier ministre Stephen Harper lors du sommet G20 en septembre 2009: « Nous n'avons pas non plus d'histoire de colonialisme ».


Very Sad Very Scary
SHAME
SHAME
If we have no history of
tried to beat the Indian out of me
ALWAYS
SEE
seriously!!!?

Spread the
Unceded territ
IT'S NO
REMEMBER

why are they called settlers?

"WINNIPEG" COME


wow, this was AFTER he apologized for forcibly
taking Aboriginal children from their
parents and community.
When I was 5 they
SHAME
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I NEVER got to
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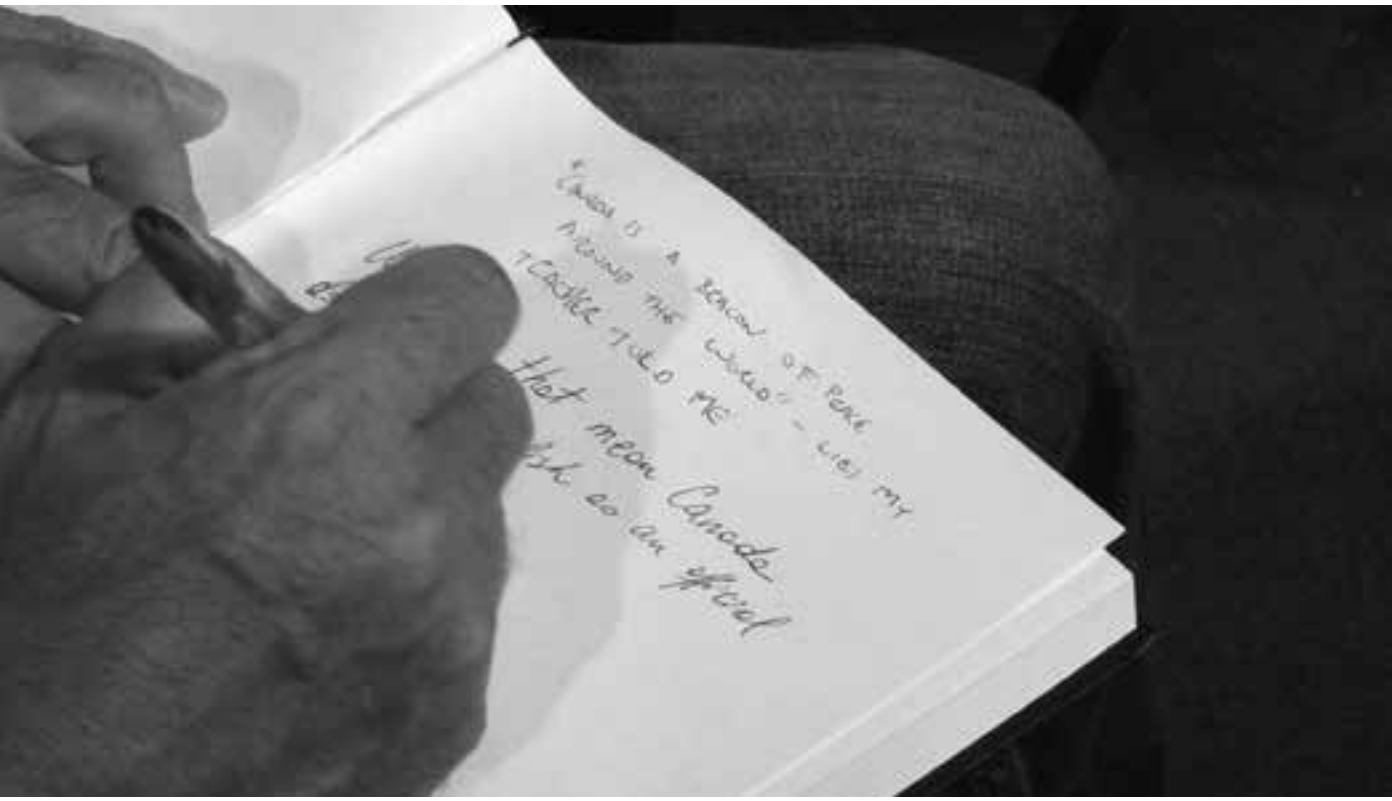
LW 1914
DO NOT REMOVE


Canada is a season of peace
Around the world - like my
Teacher told me
Hot mean Canada


al children from their
nd community.
SJR

be a mistake to reinscribe the dominance and centrality of Anglo-settler subjectivity. How will settler-colonial art history deal with the variety of ethnic, political, gender, and class distinctions that inform, but are also often invisible, in the term 'settler'?

Settler-colonial art history will pay attention to both settler and indigenous art practices, believing that these cannot, and should not, be separated.

It is not enough to simply deconstruct the discourses of settler privilege in settler-colonial cultural production. Rather, settler-colonial art history achieves its most powerful effects when settler and indigenous art production are brought into the same analytical frame. This is productive because it acknowledges the ways in which indigenous art has been refashioned by settler colonialism and enables us to identify the fissures, contradictions, and complexities in settler-colonial discourse in terms of the failure to eliminate the native and in terms of those moments when settlers forego violence in favour of more positive interactions.

Nicholas Thomas suggests that postcolonial analysis has exaggerated and reinscribed the western hegemonies that it sets out to challenge, as well as reinforced "a notion of the inscrutability of the other, as an unknowable alterity beyond discourse."[51] If indigenous art is gestured to, but not engaged with, the danger is that generalized and stereotypical images of indigenous cultural practices will be sustained. We could summarize his conclusions as: trashing your own history as a form of violent racism does not empower those who have been trashed by history; and refusing to explore the subtleties and contradictions of unequal exchange leads to seeing the other as beyond analysis, and thus sustains stereotypes.

Bringing settler and indigenous art together provides a way to escape these outcomes, in part because a cross-cultural art history traces not only moments of dialogue and exchange but also misconstrued dialogue and forced silence. "Indigenous people may inhabit a cultural domain that is largely unrecognized by colonizers; indigenous representations and self-representations are shaped by particular understandings of history, cosmology and land that often lie beyond settler vision," while "Colonial imaginings of place, past and future also have their own mythic proportions, and their own cosmological coherence; settler and indigenous visions alike affirm attachments to land, but in terms that are all but incommensurable."[52] Settler society brings these incommensurate cultural practices into close proximity, in museums, collections, exhibitions, in the space of public culture, and so on. To refuse to address both settler and indigenous art is to render important aspects of the nature of settler society interaction invisible. There

is no singular, coherent indigenous perspective that can be juxtaposed with a settler perspective and, in addition, settler and indigenous artworks sometimes operate in entirely different ways; however, the difficulties inherent in the task are not an excuse for not developing art historical frameworks that can grapple with this complexity.

If you sever indigenous art from art history, you lose the ability to analyse the ways in which colonialism has affected indigenous art. This, after all, is part of the story of indigenous art. You also ignore the fact that settler and indigenous art practices have, for a very long time, been entangled with each other; and that art is a sophisticated vehicle for articulating an interrelated history in which the multiple effects of colonialism can be engaged.[53] And finally, this disconnect overlooks the point made by Terry Smith that "Aboriginal people have, since the 1870s, but in the past few decades in particular, been making art which, although based on traditional imagery and purposes, is aimed specifically at non-Aborigines."[54]

By recognizing that indigenization is the great desire of settler societies, settler-colonial art history will be alert to the cultural practices that pursue this goal and to its aspiration to create a discourse to complete the process. Consequently, since they are in competition for the right to call themselves indigenous and thus to claim the resources that emerge from this identity, settler-colonial art history pays attention to both indigenous and settler cultural practices. Placing settler and indigenous art within the same analytical frame means that not only do we see how they affect each other, but also how settler indigenization processes are disrupted by their appropriation of the indigenous cultural practices.

There are of course dangers in the process of incorporating indigenous art into settler-colonial art history, which run the risk of serving neo-liberal agendas to assimilate indigenous peoples into the state. Ultimately, addressing both settler and indigenous art is a form of colonization because it absorbs previously excluded indigenous art in the service of the nation-state and the various institutions that support it; but it is also decolonization because the installation of nationalist settler art movements as the dominant/sole history of settler societies ruptures settler desires to disappear the native so they can become native.

Settler-colonial art history will resist art history's investment in the visual.

Art history has a habit of looking at art as images, rather than as objects with complex histories. In national surveys, and in much art history, paintings of historical subjects are included for what they show, their subject matter, but no attention is paid to the role of the object – how it operates in a variety

of ways, the lives it has had and thus the roles is has played in social and cultural processes. This blind spot of art history limits our analysis of both settler and indigenous art. Indigenous art makes us think differently, because many of these works cannot be treated as images. In seeking to accommodate this, art history will also be able to say something interesting and important about settler art, opening up the possibility that these artworks do not do all their work through their subject matter. This will also provide a much more effective way of tracking the multiple relationships between art practice and settler colonialism, since where, how, and for whom, an object is displayed might be much more important in terms of its effects than what it is made of.

The visual bias of art history has the potential to destroy the integrity of indigenous objects and consequently, settler-colonial art history will be attentive to the role of senses other than vision in the encounter with indigenous art. Where the visual remains the defining category, thus diminishing the importance of other expressive forms of ritual, storytelling, music, and dance, the result can rightly be seen as a continuation of a colonial legacy.[55] Art history favours a situation of encounter that is very specific: for example, when I visit a Māori meetinghouse to write about it, I am on my own, or sometimes with a photographer, without distractions so I can take notes and spend time looking at details, certainly while the meetinghouse is not being used by anyone else. And I am conscious of how other viewers encounter the same meetinghouses: during a meeting, say, which will include speeches and performing arts that will mention the ancestors embodied in the art; or during an extended stay when participants sleep in the meetinghouse and thus experience the art from different angles, at different times of day, or in different emotional states. For an anthropologist, or Māori art historian, a meetinghouse might be least expressive or interesting when empty of people.

Indigenous activism and academic critique have worked in tandem to question the way in which art history, informed by the values of colonialism and modernism, has elevated looking (visual inspection and experience) as the primary way of understanding and gaining pleasure from indigenous art. Many different senses are involved in perceiving and responding to the material world, but looking remains the privileged sense. In *Sensible Objects: Colonialism, Museums and Material Culture*, Elizabeth Edwards, Chris Gosden and Ruth B. Phillips begin with an anecdote about Gloria Cranmer and Wilson Duff, indigenous and settler anthropologists meeting in the storeroom of a museum in Canada. According to Cranmer, Duff "picked up a raven rattle, brought it over to me and asked, 'Isn't it beautiful?' 'Yes,' I replied, and went back to my typewriter. He then asked, 'But how do you read it?' Impatiently I said, 'Shit, Wilson, I don't read those things, I shake them.'"[56]

Despite all the excellent ways in which critical developments in art history have challenged race, gender and class assumptions, "there is nonetheless a tendency to subsume the multisensory facets of complex art works, compressing aspects of performance and ritual that are auditory, kinetic, or olfactory."[57] How might a Renaissance altarpiece be understood differently if we bring into play gesture, movement, and prayer? How might a meetinghouse be transformed if it is a venue for meetings, or a place to sleep? How might a rattle be transformed if it is shaken and used to make noise, or music?

This critique of the visual as the dominant mode in considering indigenous art illustrates one of the reasons why settler-colonial art history will have a special relationship with anthropology. Not only do art historians rely on anthropological literature to study the history of indigenous arts, but as Ruth B. Phillips notes, art history and anthropology both emerged in the nineteenth century "on a foundation of shared assumptions about the progressive movement of human history, the hierarchies of world cultures, and the criteria of aesthetic value."[58] While art history's concern with historical change resulted in an insistence on the historicity of indigenous art that counteracted the frozen time of salvage anthropology, "much contemporary anthropological work on indigenous arts is indistinguishable from that of art historians."[59]

Art is not an instrument, but an arena, in which a variety of factors and agents are in play, often with contradictory intent. Art history brings the tools that have developed in this discipline to engage deeply with artworks, including the ability to escape simplistic ideas of art as illustrations or expressions of social structures. Anthropology brings the tools that have developed in this discipline to study non-western cultural practices, a long history of thinking about indigenous art, and an analytical framework that considers the relationship between objects, practices, and social relations and meanings.

Art history has undergone significant transformations since the 1970s, proposing three interrelated ideas: art historians should pay close attention to artworks as objects connected to, and constructed from, specific genres and practices and ideas of art; artworks operate historically, within specific societies and their economic, political and cultural systems; and the viewer, either as an individual, or as a social group, is critical in the production of meaning. As Jonathan Harris suggests, many contemporary art historians "share a broad 'historical materialism' of outlook: a belief that artworks, artists, and art history should be understood as artefacts, agents, structures, and practices rooted materially in social life and meaningful only within those circumstances of production and interpretation."[60] Settler-colonial art

history recognises that the agendas and transformation of the so-called 'new art history' find parallels in the way art historians in settler societies have had to adapt their practices to account for indigenous art as well as the key role that anthropology has played in this process.

Settler-colonial art history will pay attention to craft (and other forms of visual culture), thus upending the hierarchy of genres that continues to hold for art history in general.

Settler-colonial art history cannot ignore craft because of the ways in which art history in settler societies is challenged by indigenous art and the genres of objects that require attention. As Ruth B. Phillips suggests, "The hierarchy of fine and applied arts is being levelled to accommodate media such as textiles and basketry and genres such as souvenir art which constitute important art forms for indigenous people but which do not fit the conventions of Western art."[61] Art historians need to competently discuss beaded textiles, weaving, woodcarving, ceramics, and so on, as well as paintings, photography, sculpture and the other categories of fine art. The discourse around studio craft, as it has developed since the late nineteenth century, is therefore important for settler-colonial art history, as sophisticated thinking about craft and associated issues can be employed to engage with some of the important dimensions of indigenous art that are excluded by fine art discourse. By taking craft seriously, settler-colonial art history can further the understandable but also limited desire to elevate indigenous art from craft to art.

This is not just a question of appropriate methodologies, but it also concerns the visibility of indigenous art. Phillips makes the point that "For more than a century and a half (the length varies in different parts of North America) a considerable amount of the visual creativity of Native Americans has been expended in the realm of popular and commoditized art and touristic performance." Because indigenous artists were unable to enter the realm of fine art, their work took place in the field of commercial art, or was classified as folk or naïve art. "It is, therefore, impossible to recover a sense of the continuous Native presence in art history if we limit ourselves to the fine arts."[62]

The importance of visual production beyond fine art is also confirmed by the particular dynamics of settler colonialism. Much of the work of settler self-fashioning takes place in design, fashion, architecture, popular culture, tourism, commercial art, currency, and stamps, as well as the space of art, and this means that primitivism in settler societies is not the same phenomenon as that embodied by the European avant-garde in the early

years of the twentieth century. Keen to expose the insufficiencies of their own social structures, modernist primitivists adopted indigenous art as a subversive or critical gesture; in settler colonialism it is likely to be in service of a reactionary affirmation of a relationship to place at the expense of the indigenous inhabitants of the land.[63] The relationship that these instances of settler identity construction might have to topics such as the reactionary and anti-modernist characteristics of craft needs to be explored.

There is also a troubling relationship between craft and colonialism that settler-colonial art history is keen to unpack. As Olu Oguibe argues in relation to colonial Africa, art education played a role in maintaining the essential difference between colonizer and colonized. Natives, it was argued, lacked the ability to achieve certain creative outcomes that were the province of European peoples. "For Europe, the possession of an aesthetic sensibility was a crucial signifier of the civilized station, and the absence of this sensibility or of creative abilities on a par with that of Europeans constituted an unbridgeable gulf between savagery and culture."[64] It was proposed that, while introducing fine art into the colonial curriculum was a waste of time since natives couldn't handle art, aspects of European crafts might be useful to them. "This substitution of crafts for art on the curriculum was projected as an act of philanthropy when in truth it was part of a complex colonial strategy of iterative exercise of power over the colonized."[65] This suggests that craft has a problematic status in colonial situations – as part of a system of oppression that uses craft's inferior status vis-à-vis fine art to ensure that colonized and colonizer are distinguishable. This is reinforced by the long history of indigenous art being defined as craft, not art, which has shaped the conditions of display, reception, and meaning.

Settler-colonial art history will be committed to escaping the limits of the nation-state.

Art history's own historical origin is a key discipline in the construction of discourses of nationalism but could the national focus of settler art history be equally related to settler colonialism? There are specific reasons why settlers focus obsessively on the nation. Crucially, the national/metropole dynamic transforms the settler from colonizer to colonized, and this enables a transfer of responsibility for the elimination of indigenous people in discourses of nationalism.

In order to rhetorically address – and erase – the prior claims of indigenous peoples, national art history performs a kind of re-enactment. As Stephen Turner writes, "The role of reenactment is to convert the idea of a new country that exists in the collective minds of . . . settlers into a country

that has always existed as such. While Pakeha [European New Zealanders/ settlers] in the first instance stepped ashore in someone else's country, the reenactment of this moment has them stepping ashore in their own country – the new country of New Zealand."[66] As a case study in nation building, national art history participates in this process through its narrative of the settler's aesthetic 'discovery' of the essence of a New Zealand or Canadian identity that is indigenous – the settler made native. National art history, like national literature, reads "symptomatically for signs of the national character, often figuring it as an evolving – maturing – organic entity reflected in the themes and metaphors of canonical nation-building texts" and images.[67]

Linking nationalism in Aotearoa New Zealand or Canada to settler colonialism is a way to reconceive this phase in settler culture, not as primarily a distinct moment in national history, but as part of a larger international political force with cultural consequences that is a key factor in the modern era. This kind of contextualization enables us to compare and contrast different nationalisms, but also to understand the relationships between nationalisms in different countries. For example, Canadian nationalism via the example of the Group of Seven was held up as an example for other colonies of how to achieve a nationalist art when, in 1936, this development in Canadian art went on a triumphant tour to South Africa, Australia and Aotearoa New Zealand. What effect did this event have on the development of national art and art history in these countries? Such questions provide the tools to critique nationalism, in part because they challenge nationalist rhetorics of uniqueness and regional distinctiveness. The same tropes appear in Australian, Canadian and New Zealand nationalism. Settler-colonial art history identifies this kind of repetition as a sign that nationalism serves a larger discursive purpose within settler colonialism.

Settler-colonial art history, like settler colonialism, will be transnational in its focus.

Art histories of settler-colonial societies suffer a paradox: the endeavour is always to articulate the distinctiveness of each place (Aotearoa New Zealand or Canada), and yet much of the distinctiveness is invisible precisely because of this tight focus on the nation and the lack of a comparative framework that would articulate other distinctive aspects of social and cultural dynamics in these societies. By remaining oblivious to analogous trajectories of other settler societies, we lack the rationale for a genuinely comparative settler-colonial art history and miss something important about each place. A risk is that the process ends up replicating the same dynamics in each case, a discovery of parallel structures that is a kind of dead-end.

What kinds of societies were involved in the meetings, invasive processes and processes of dispossession and resistance that characterize settler societies? As distinct social formations, each indigenous society has a different capacity for engagement. For example, pastoral settlement in Australia was devastating to indigenous peoples, whereas it did not have the same effect on indigenous people in Aotearoa New Zealand. Their single language, along with distinctive social structures and kinds of art production, has resulted in a discourse of biculturalism in Aotearoa New Zealand, something that simply couldn't have happened in Australia or Canada. In these places there is, for example, no single indigenous language that the settler state might identify as a counterpart in a bilingual discourse of parity (or pseudo-parity, as the case may be).

The key question is: how do you avoid reifying the idea of settler colonialism, and thus miss the subtleties and messy actualities of history? In Aotearoa New Zealand, for example, there are many historical moments when indigenous people were not eliminated but incorporated into capitalism in a way that looks much more like exploitation colonialism. It is important to ensure that the theoretical framework doesn't overpower attention to the complexity of these histories and transactions – both at the time, but also subsequently.

Because settler colonialism opens up links between settler societies as well as between colonies and the metropole, settler-colonial art history will track the way art moves between colonies, as well as through the mediating centre of the metropole. The point that the empire was shaped by the horizontal links and connections that fashioned interdependence between colonies as well as the vertical networks and exchanges between colony and metropole.. Colonial developments were "shaped by a complex mesh of flows, exchanges and engagements that linked New Zealand to other colonies as well as Britain, the heart of the empire."[68] The empire is conceptualized as a web, rather than a spoked wheel. This leads to a connective history, rather than a comparative one, as it traces the networks and relationships established by people in the past, often in ways that do not make sense from contemporary perspectives, or through dominant frameworks such as the nation-state.

Settler-colonial art history, like settler colonialism, will be transhistorical in its focus.

One of the fundamental characteristics of settler-colonial art history is that its scholar-practitioners recognize themselves as settlers and claim this as a position from which to speak. But the notion of 'settler', like that of 'indigenous', is a discursive category shaped by history. For this reason, it is important to consider the phases of settler colonialism, and to understand

that this is not a monolithic or stable phenomenon that remains consistent or equivalent at every moment in time. While settler-colonial art history will work transhistorically, following settler colonialism as a mode that is remarkably persistent, it will also recognize that the specific nature of settler colonialism shifts and goes through different historical phases. The analytical effectiveness of settler-colonial art history will, to a large extent, depend on how these phases are articulated and understood in relation to the project of settler colonialism.

Because settler subjectivity is not the same at each historical moment, working transhistorically cannot simply involve a reductive and anachronistic projection of settler consciousness back in time. As well, we should remember that settler colonialism is a modality of colonialism almost more than it is a type of colony. The experience of different regions and different indigenous peoples needs to be accounted for: for example, the history and experience of colonialism in Canada is vastly different depending on the specific region you are talking about.

Because settler colonialism is predicated on the disavowal of foundational violence and invests heavily in the psychic mechanisms that sustain this process, settler-colonial art history will make use of psychoanalysis as a methodology.

The act of settlement that is at the core of settler colonialism is imagined before it actually happens. It is prone to conflicts between fantasy (imagined) and reality, resulting in defensive formations and thus an investment in disavowal, and repression. According to Lorenzo Veracini, "As the repressive character of sources makes a focus on what is concealed more interesting than analysis of what is explicitly articulated (and as archival and documentary sources remain inherently unsatisfactory), an historical analysis of settler-colonial forms and identity requires a specific attention to practice as a clue to consciousness."[69]

In his analysis of settler colonialism, Veracini identifies a wide range of psychoanalytical tropes that are at work in settler societies. One of these is fetishism. The settler's encounter with the other threatens to undermine the sovereignty of the self, and so it is often disavowed through a split consciousness that allows the other to be denied. At the same time recognized and negated, the other becomes a fetish. The indigenous person's prior and meaningful relationship with the land upsets the settler libidinal economy, which requires the land to be unspoiled or untouched. Veracini portrays the moment of settler recognition of indigenous presence as a kind of primal scene, wherein the realization of a hitherto unsuspected or unprocessed reality – in this case indigenous occupancy and land use – is experienced as traumatic.[70] The primal scene also explains the particular inversion

whereby indigenous peoples are represented as entering the settler space, and disturbing peaceful settlement, *after* the beginning of settler colonialism. As Veracini puts it, "Since the trauma induced by the settler discovery of their presence follows the moment of inception of the settler memory, indigenous others are inexorably destined to be confirmed as the 'peoples without history' of Western intellectual traditions."[71]

Colonialism has been articulated as an environment in which both colonizer and colonized are deformed by the experience, with statements by colonizers being a form of both ideology and social pathology. But settler colonialism is especially traumatized because the violent displacement of indigenous peoples occurs in conjunction with other kinds of trauma, including the dislocations of migration, or, in the case of Australia, the settler polity's origins in the penal colony system. Ironically, the new society, which is formed on an act of violence towards the indigenous people, is also about escaping from violence, since people move to escape the uncertainties and violence of their previous home. As a result, settler societies embrace and reject violence at the same time. The original violence against indigenous peoples, the foundational trauma, has to be disavowed because settler societies must be represented as an ideal political body. When it is acknowledged or celebrated rather than disavowed, anti-indigenous violence is always represented as a means of ensuring the survival of the settler collective, rather than as founding violence.[72]

Settler colonialism is all about territory, and yet this territorialization of the settler is achieved by a parallel deterritorialization of indigenous peoples. Settlers fear revenge: representations of quiet, peaceful settlement are joined by representations in which settlers are threatened by the indigenous peoples, degeneration in the settler collective, effects of climate, distance, racial contamination, demographic balance, or by the land itself, which rejects the settler's desire to consummate the relationship. Settler subjects are, as Renée Bergland puts it, obsessed with an original sin against indigenous people that makes the self possible but also stains it. "Native American ghosts haunt American literature because the American nation is compelled to return again and again to an encounter that makes it both sorry and happy, a defiled grave upon which it must continually rebuild the American subject."[73]

Settler-colonial art history recognises that all art practices, even those that seem to have nothing to do with settler-colonial dynamics, are part of the system that maintains the interests of the settler subject.

Settler-colonial art history will be particularly interested in art and artistic practices that articulate the conditions of settler societies. The subject

matter of an artwork need not grapple explicitly with issues related to settler colonialism in order for it to be implicated in the operations of settler colonialism. All art objects and practices of that society are embedded in networks of finance, government, labour, and indigenous politics that situate them within settler culture, which is why settler-colonial art history will not only deal with art that thematises the dynamics of settler colonialism, but also art that seems entirely divorced from settler experience. The study of European art in settler societies is viewed as benign, because it is pre-colonial, or outside of the relations of colonialism. But this is not true. Doing this kind of art historical work has implications and it serves settler-colonial agendas.

By way of conclusion

Since a settler-colonial framework suggests that accounts of local art production should include art made beyond the nation's borders, thinking about the relationship between settler colonialism and art provides a way to escape the idea of 'New Zealand art' and 'New Zealand art history' and even the idea of art in Aotearoa New Zealand. (A colleague in Aotearoa New Zealand, Leonard Bell, suggested that the correct phrase should be "art and Aotearoa," which I like very much.) Objects and discourses that shape 'New Zealand art' will originate in London, Sydney, Johannesburg, Vancouver, and Ottawa. As Canadian art historian Leslie Dawn has pointed out to me, we (art historians in Aotearoa New Zealand and Canada) don't spend enough time thinking about where people come from, or where they go. And so, to take just two examples from the twentieth century, we miss realizing that Harry Hawthorne, a key figure in Northwest Coast art, came from Aotearoa New Zealand; and that Erik Schwimmer, a key figure in Māori art, went to Canada. What takes place beyond the borders of our nations matters to our understanding of what happens within those same borders. It is my hope that settler-colonial art history will encourage a transnational, comparative and connective practice of art history.

I am also interested in what happens when settlers are encouraged to take responsibility for their position and privilege within settler societies, and to locate themselves in a way that disrupts the amnesia and invisibility that are central to settler colonialism. If invasion is a structure and not an event, then settler-colonial art history is a way to start decolonising art historical methodologies so that new ways of engaging with indigenous and settler art production become possible; in addition, art historical narratives can be aligned with the anti-colonial struggles of indigenous peoples and settler struggles to address their roles in colonialism. In many ways, settler-colonial art history becomes possible – and, I think, necessary – because a number of

indigenous and settler art historians are starting to articulate the notion of indigenous art history; this raises many conceptual and ethical questions for art history and for non-indigenous art historians working in settler societies. By articulating something called settler-colonial art history, I seek to enable art historians in all settler societies to recognize best practice wherever it is happening, and to sharpen and focus our ongoing investigation of the shared concerns that remain urgent in contemporary responses to settler colonialism.

NOTES

1 The participants in attendance were myself (Auckland Museum, NZ), Kristina Huneault, Heather Igloliorte, Martha Langford, and Anne Whitelaw (Concordia University, Montreal, QC), Leslie Dawn (University of Lethbridge, AB), Dominic Hardy (Université du Québec à Montréal, QC), Anna Hudson (York University, ON), Carol Payne and Ruth Phillips (Carleton University, ON), Sherry Farrell Racette (University of Manitoba) and Carla Taunton (Nova Scotia College of Art and Design).

2 Exceptions are the few artists who went to Europe or the United States in the early twentieth century between the heights of colonial art and the nationalist movement of the 1930s; they are included as "The expatriates." The inclusion, as this title makes clear, reinforces rather than disrupts the dynamic of exclusion.

3 See Olu OGUIBE, "'Footprints of a mountaineer': Uzo Egonu and Black Redefinition of Modernism," in *The Culture Game* (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2004), 60–72; and Leon WAINWRIGHT, "Francis Newton Souza and Aubrey Williams: Entwined Art histories at the End of Empire," *Visual Culture and Decolonisation in Britain,* ed. Simon Faulkner and Anandi Ramamurthy (Burlington, VT: Ashgate, 2006), 101–26.

4 Kobena MERCER, "Introduction," in *Discrepant Abstraction* (London & Cambridge: Institute of International Visual Arts & MIT Press, 2006), 15.

5 See the introduction in Rebecca M. BROWN, *Art for a Modern India, 1947–1980* (Durham and London: Duke University Press, 2009).

6 As far as I have been able to ascertain, no indigenous artists from Australia or Canada, and only three indigenous artists from Aotearoa New Zealand went to London during this period.

7 I am conscious that 'decolonization' is not necessarily an accurate term in the case of settler colonialism, since settler colonialism is based on a superseding drive, rather than a reproductive drive. Decolonization is a means of breaking dominant relations, the absence of control; settler colonialism will, by contrast, mean an ongoing relationship. In settler societies, decolonization will involve staying around and not disappearing, on both the part of the native and the settler. If settler colonialism is a compound term, it will require an equivalent compound term for decolonization. What is this? Also, in some ways it is safe to talk about decolonization in settler societies, because it cannot be achieved: discussing it appears radical but there is ultimately nothing at stake.

8 Terry Goldie, *Fear and Temptation: The Image of the Indigene in Canadian, Australian, and New Zealand Literatures* (Montreal and Kingston: McGill-Queen's University Press, 1989), 12.
9 Henry Schwarz, "Mission Impossible: Introducing Postcolonial Studies in the US Academy," in *A Companion to Postcolonial Studies,* ed. Henry Schwarz and Sangeeta Ray (Oxford, ma: Blackwell Publishers, 2000), 4.
10 Jürgen Osterhammel, *Colonialism: A Theoretical Overview* (Princeton and Kingston: Markus Wiener Publishers & Ian Randle Publishers, 1997), 11–12.
11 Quoted in Lorenzo Veracini, *Settler Colonialism: A Theoretical Overview* (London: Palgrave Macmillan, 2010), 3.
12 Ibid.
13 Ibid., 6.
14 Ibid., 53.
15 Donald Denoon, *Settler Capitalism: The Dynamics of Dependent Development in the Southern Hemisphere* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1983), 18.
16 Caroline Elkins and Susan Pedersen, "Introduction – Settler colonialism: A Concept and Its Uses," in *Settler Colonialism in the Twentieth Century* (New York and London: Routledge, 2005), 2.
17 While the settler-colonial societies that I will be exploring in this project, namely Australia, Aotearoa New Zealand and Canada, were established in the late 18th and early 19th centuries, it is important to remember that settler colonialism is not just a phenomenon of this period in history. As Elkins and Pedersen note in their book *Settler Colonialism in the Twentieth Century*, settler-colonial projects have been launched in the 20th century as well as earlier. However, with the exception of Israel, none of the 20th-century settler communities grew to be larger than the indigenous population and, whereas 19th-century settler societies escaped the political if not the economic control of the metropole, it remained politically important and maintained military control in these later settler colonies. (Elkins and Pedersen, *Settler Colonialism in the Twentieth Century,* 3.)
18 Carbral is quoted in Patrick Wolfe, *Settler Colonialism and the Transformation of Anthropology* (London: Cassell, 1999), 1. I am referring here to to Wolfe's observations, as well as his quotation from Cabral.
19 Ibid.
20 Ibid., 2.
21 Ibid.
22 Ibid., 163.
23 Adrian Hawkins, "Appropriating space: Antarctic Imperialism and the mentality of settler colonialism," in *Making Settler Colonial Space: Perspectives on Race, Place and Identity*, ed. Tracey Banivanua-Mar and Penelope Edmonds (Basingstoke, uk: Palgrave Macmillan, 2010), 32.
24 Annie E. Coombes, "Memory and history in settler colonialism," in *Rethinking Settler Colonialism: History and Memory in Australia, Canada, Aotearoa New Zealand and South Africa* (Manchester and New York: Manchester University Press, 2006), 1–2.
25 Banivanua-Mar and Edmonds, *Making Settler Colonial Space*, 3.
26 Veracini, *Settler Colonialism,* 16.
27 Denoon, *Settler Capitalism,* 210.

28 Patrick Wolfe, "Settler colonialism and the elimination of the native," *Journal of Genocide Research* 8:4 (December 2006): 390.
29 Nicholas Thomas, *Possessions: Indigenous Art/Colonial Culture* (London: Thames and Hudson, 1999), 12.
30 Chadwick Allen, *Blood Narrative: Indigenous Identity in American Indian and Maori Literary and Activist Texts* (Durham & London: Duke University Press, 2002), 9.
31 Thomas, *Possessions,* 11.
32 Veracini, *Settler Colonialism,* 105.
33 Peter H. Russell, *Recognizing Aboriginal Title: The Mabo Case and Indigenous Resistance to English-Settler Colonialism* (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 2005), 142.
34 Allen, *Blood Narrative,* 19.
35 Ibid.,, 16.
36 Ibid., 199.
37 Anna Johnston and Alan Lawson, "Settler Colonies," in *A Companion to Postcolonial Studies*, 362–63.
38 Ibid., 363.
39 Ibid., 369.
40 Ibid.
41 Veracini, *Settler Colonialism,* 14.
42 Johnston and Lawson, "Settler colonies," 362.
43 Ibid., 365–66.
44 Doukhobors are a sect of Russian peasant dissenters known for their radical pacifism. In 1899, assisted by various Quaker and anarchist sects, and by the writer Leo Tolstoy, 7500 Doukhbobors sailed to Canada. They lived as a community in what was to become Saskatchewan, but they were not permitted to live communally, and eventually they were denied homesteads altogether. From their initial migration to the present day, Doukhobors in Canada have experienced various restraints and prohibitions on their traditional way of life.
45 Dennis Reid, *Concise History of Canadian Painting* (London and Toronto: Oxford University Press, 1973), 7–8.
46 Ibid., 8.
47 Ruth B. Phillips, "Art History and the Native-Made Object: New Discourses, Old Differences?" in *Native American Art in the Twentieth Century: Makers, Meanings, Histories*, ed. W. Jackson Rushing III (London and New York: Routledge, 1999), 99.
48 Sidney Moko Mead, "Nga Timunga Me Nga Paringa o te Mana Maori: The Ebb and Elow of Mana Maori and the Changing Context of Maori Art," *Te Maori: Maori Art from New Zealand Collections* (New York: Abrams/afa, 1984), 21.
49 Paul Tapsell, "The Flight of Pareraututu: An Investigation of *Taonga* from a Tribal Perspective," *The Journal of the Polynesian Society* 106:4 (December 1997): 330.
50 Michael Ann Holly, "The melancholy art," *The Art Bulletin* 89:1 (March 2007): 7.
51 Thomas, *Possessions*, 2–3.
52 Ibid., 14.
53 See Gerald McMaster, "Our (inter) related history," in *On Aboriginal Representation in the Gallery,* ed. Lynda Jessup and Shannon Bagg (Ottawa: Canadian Museum of Civilization, 2003), 3–8.

54 Terry Smith, "How to write about aboriginal art – 1993," in *How Aborigines Invented the Idea of Contemporary Art*, ed. Ian McLean (Brisbane and Sydney: Institute of Modern Art & Power Publications, 2011), 209.
55 Phillips, "Art History and the Native-Made Object," 100.
56 Cramer is quoted in *Sensible Objects: Colonialism, Museums and Material Culture,* ed. Elizabeth Edwards, Chris Gosden and Ruth B. Phillips (Oxford and New York: Berg, 2006), 1.
57 Ibid., 10.
58 Ruth B. Phillips, "L'Ancien et le Nouveau Monde : aboriginalité et historicité de l'art au Canada," *Perspective* 3 (2008): 535–50.
59 Ibid.
60 Jonathan Harris, *The New Art History: A Critical Introduction* (London & New York: Routledge, 2001), 265.
61 Phillips, "L'Ancien et le Nouveau Monde."
62 Phillips, "Art History and the Native-Made Object," 103.
63 Thomas, *Possessions*, 13.
64 Oguibe, *The Culture Game*, 48.
65 Ibid.
66 Stephen Turner, "Reenacting Aotearoa, New Zealand," in *Settler and Creole Reenactment*, ed. Vanessa Agnew and Jonathan Lamb (London: Palgrave Macmillan, 2009), 245.
67 Johnston and Lawson, "Settler colonies," 365.
68 Tony Ballantyne, *Webs of Empire: Locating New Zealand's Colonial Past* (Wellington: Bridget Williams Books, 2012), 14.
69 Veracini, *Settler Colonialism,* 76.
70 Ibid., 88.
71 Ibid., 89.
72 Ibid., 78.
73 Bergland is quoted in *Phantom Past, Indigenous Presence: Native Ghosts in North American Culture & History,* ed. Colleen E. Boyd and Coll Thrush (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 2011), ix–x.

Histoire de l'art colonialo-allochtone : proposition en deux volets

DAMIAN SKINNER

Les 4 et 5 octobre 2013, l'Institut de recherche en art canadien Gail et Stephen A. Jarislowsky de l'Université Concordia, à Montréal, au Québec, accueillait un atelier sur l'histoire de l'art colonialo-allochtone[1]*. Abordant la question dans un contexte canadien, le séminaire s'appuyait sur un document de discussion dont le présent article constitue la version révisée. L'auteur tient à remercier M^me^ Kristina Huneault pour son aide dans la préparation du texte à publier.*

Il y a deux ans, j'ai commencé à m'intéresser aux artistes – somme toute nombreux – d'Aotearoa–Nouvelle-Zélande partis s'établir à Londres après la Seconde Guerre mondiale. J'en suis arrivé à me demander pourquoi leurs expériences n'étaient pas racontées dans les récits sur l'art de la Nouvelle-Zélande. Pourquoi ces créateurs avaient-ils disparu de telles relations écrites dès qu'ils avaient passé la frontière de l'Aotearoa–Nouvelle-Zélande, puis s'y étaient derechef retrouvés à leur retour au pays[2] ? Bref, pourquoi le Londres des années 1950 n'était-il pas considéré comme un site majeur de production artistique néo-zélandaise au même titre qu'Auckland ou Christchurch ?

En poursuivant mes lectures, j'ai découvert que les artistes d'Aotearoa–Nouvelle-Zélande s'étaient joints à une migration bien plus importante. En effet, le Londres d'après-guerre a servi de point de chute à quantité de créateurs des anciennes colonies britanniques. Venus des quatre coins du monde, ils entendaient y exercer leur art en tant que modernistes. En réclamant leur place sur le sol de la mère patrie[3], ces artistes indiens, africains et caribéens remettaient en cause les hiérarchies du colonialisme et les subjectivités du modernisme en matière de barrière raciale. Nommée *New Commonwealth Internationalism* (nouvel internationalisme du Commonwealth)[4], cette période s'inscrit du reste dans une perspective évolutive de l'histoire de l'art, qui traite des « modernismes parallèles » et de leur rapport au récit prévalant dans le domaine de l'art moderne en Europe et en Amérique du Nord[5]. D'aucuns y ont vu un phénomène lié à la décolonisation – notamment parce que le milieu artistique britannique a accueilli ces créateurs sous un double motif : assurer le rôle de Londres comme centre d'art métropolitain, d'une part, et composer avec la fin de l'Empire britannique, d'autre part.

Par ailleurs, j'ai constaté qu'à l'instar de leurs homologues australiens ou canadiens, les créateurs néo-zélandais associés au *New Commonwealth Internationalism* se distinguaient des artistes originaires d'autres ex-colonies sur un aspect crucial. De fait, c'étaient des allochtones dont les ancêtres avaient migré des vieux pays pour colonizer le Nouveau Monde[6]. Les dynamiques sous-tendant l'exclusion de ces allochtones d'une subjectivité moderne diffèrent radicalement de celles expérimentées par les créateurs indigènes ou autochtones d'Afrique, d'Inde et de Guyane, émigrés à Londres pour prendre part au mouvement moderniste. Colonisés dans leur rapport avec la métropole, les artistes allochtones devenaient colonisateurs lorsqu'ils rentraient au pays. Issus des « dominions blancs », ils formaient l'un des plus importants groupes impliqués ; pourtant, ils sont pour ainsi dire absents des comptes rendus actuels en histoire de l'art. Dès lors, ils sont difficilement repérables dans les récits de décolonisation qui structurent les lectures prédominantes en matière de *New Commonwealth Internationalism*.

Ces constats m'ont amené à considérer une analyse du colonialisme de peuplement. En effet, il m'est apparu que ce système reflétait des aspects inexplorés de l'histoire de l'art et de la production artistique en Aotearoa–Nouvelle-Zélande. J'y ai vu non seulement un concept, une dynamique primaire, façonnant l'art, mais aussi la potentialité de rompre l'alliance impie de l'histoire de l'art et de l'État-nation. Phénomène transnational, le colonialisme de peuplement favorisait les allées et venues, le réseautage, entre colonies de même qu'entre celles-ci et la métropole. En définitive, j'ai pris de plus en plus conscience des étonnantes dynamiques du colonialisme de peuplement en tant que mode particulier de l'activité coloniale et de sa relation épineuse avec la théorie postcoloniale et les récits de décolonisation. Imaginer les artistes allochtones d'Aotearoa–Nouvelle-Zélande, d'Australie et du Canada partageant pour ainsi dire un « moment » dans le Londres des années 1950 avec les créateurs autochtones d'Asie et des Caraïbes soulève un certain nombre de questions d'ordre conceptuel et politique. De toute évidence, le colonialisme de peuplement aura eu des répercussions considérables sur les pratiques artistiques des autochtones et des allochtones. Il se serait en outre répercuté sur l'histoire de l'art.

Dans le présent article, j'explore le cadre du colonialisme de peuplement ainsi que les perspectives des études colonialo-allochtones. J'entends ainsi examiner différentes pratiques de l'histoire de l'art – que ce soit en Aotearoa–Nouvelle-Zélande ou dans une autre société de peuplement. Je me suis fixé pour principal objectif de proposer un modèle de rédaction pour une nouvelle forme d'histoire de l'art. La discipline se colletterait alors activement avec l'impact du colonialisme de peuplement tant sur la pratique artistique que les récits d'histoire de l'art. Somme toute, ce texte reflète une tentative initiale

de l'historien de l'art colonialo-allochtone qui cherche à comprendre, de son point de vue, la signification du concept de décolonisation[7].

Pour moi, le champ d'études qu'entoure l'expression *histoire de l'art colonialo-allochtone* a pour objet d'appréhender la manière dont les curieuses dynamiques du colonialisme de peuplement ont façonné les pratiques culturelles dans les sociétés colonialo-allochtones. Témoin ces propos de Terry Goldie : « Un Canadien de race blanche observe un Amérindien. L'Amérindien est l'Autre; par conséquent, c'est un étranger. Cependant, l'Amérindien est un autochtone : il ne peut donc pas être un étranger. Dès lors, c'est le Canadien, l'étranger. Mais comment un Canadien peut-il être étranger au Canada[8] ? » La recherche d'une réponse à cette question cruciale a teinté aussi bien les pratiques culturelles des allochtones que celles des autochtones. En tant que branche des études colonialo-allochtones, l'histoire de l'art colonialo-allochtone s'intéressera aux implications du colonialisme de peuplement dans les pratiques culturelles des allochtones et des autochtones, et ce, des débuts de l'implantation coloniale jusqu'à aujourd'hui. Prenant la forme d'une proposition en deux volets, mon essai débute par un résumé des idées-forces que véhiculent les études colonialo-allochtones, domaine en plein essor s'il en est. Il se poursuit par l'analyse de dix réformes que cette discipline serait susceptible d'apporter à la pratique de l'histoire de l'art.

NOTES

1 Ont participé à l'atelier : l'auteur (Musée du mémorial de guerre d'Auckland, en Nouvelle-Zélande) ; Kristina Huneault, Heather Igloliorte, Martha Langford et Anne Whitelaw (Université Concordia, à Montréal, au Québec) ; Leslie Dawn (Université de Lethbridge, en Alberta) ; Dominic Hardy (Université du Québec à Montréal) ; Anna Hudson (Université York, en Ontario) ; Carol Payne et Ruth Phillips (Université Carleton, en Ontario) ; Sherry Farrell Racette (Université du Manitoba) ; ainsi que Carla Taunton (Collège d'art et de design de la Nouvelle-Écosse).

2 De rares artistes font ici exception, soit ceux qui ont séjourné en Europe ou aux États-Unis au début du XX[e] siècle – entre l'apogée de l'art colonial et l'apothéose du mouvement nationaliste des années 1930. Dans les récits, ils figurent sous l'appellation d'*expatriés* (« the expatriates »). Cette présence renforce la dynamique d'exclusion plutôt qu'elle ne la casse, comme l'indique manifestement la désignation employée.

3 Voir Olu Oguibe, « Footprints of a mountaineer: Uzo Egonu and Black Redefinition of Modernism », dans *The Culture Game,* Minneapolis, University of Minnesota Press, 2004, p. 60–72 ; et Leon Wainwright, « Francis Newton Souza and Aubrey Williams: Entwined Art histories at the End of Empire », dans *Visual Culture and Decolonisation in Britain,* éd. Simon Faulkner et Anandi Ramamurthy, Burlington, Vermont, Ashgate, 2006, p. 101–26.

4 Kobena Mercer, « Introduction », dans *Discrepant Abstraction,* Londres et Cambridge, Institute of International Visual Arts & mit Press, 2006, p. 15.

5 Voir l'introduction dans Rebecca M. Brown, *Art for a Modern India, 1947–1980,* Durham et Londres, Duke University Press, 2009.

6 Dans la mesure où j'ai pu l'établir, aucun créateur autochtone d'Australie ou du Canada ne s'est rendu à Londres au cours de cette période; seulement trois artistes autochtones d'Aotearoa–Nouvelle-Zélande l'ont fait.

7 Je conçois bien que le terme *décolonisation* n'est pas nécessairement exact dans le contexte du colonialisme de peuplement. De fait, ce système repose sur une dynamique de supplantation plutôt que de reproduction. La décolonisation constitue un moyen de rompre une relation de domination ; elle s'apparente à une absence de contrôle. Par opposition, le colonialisme de peuplement sous-tend une relation continue. Dans les sociétés de peuplement, la décolonisation implique la notion de rester sur les lieux. Elle n'est pas associée à l'idée de disparition, et ce, tant au point de vue de l'autochtone que de l'allochtone. Puisque le terme *colonialisme de peuplement* est composé, cela exige de trouver une expression multimot pour rendre *décolonisation*. Quelle est-elle ? À bien des égards, nous pouvons sans crainte débattre de décolonisation dans les sociétés de peuplement, car le phénomène ne peut aboutir. Si la discussion semble radicale à première vue, elle ne présente en fin de compte aucun enjeu.

8 Terry Goldie, *Fear and Temptation: The Image of the Indigene in Canadian, Australian, and New-Zeland Literatures,* Montréal et Kingston, McGill-Queen's University Press, 1989, p. 12 [traduction libre].

What does the term "settler-colonial art history" mean to you? What are the opportunities and problems of the method for writing art history in the Canadian context?

DOMINIC HARDY

I start – and stop, for now – at the word "settler." I want to find the French term. I work in French, I sometimes write and publish in French, giving francophone editors an even harder time than anglophone ones, and above all, I teach in French (although English words frequently stray into the space I make with my students). My teaching position is labelled "Histoire et historiographie de l'art au Québec/Canada avant 1900." In my research I specialize in satiric visual representations from the historical period up to 1960; in the teaching attached to my position, I lead a broadly-based undergraduate class that is now called "Les arts au Québec et au Canada, 16e–19e siècles." This title used to include the words "Nouvelle France, Bas-Canada et les Canadas avant Confédération," but this left little space for anything beyond an admittedly fascinating Quebec-centric canon. When I describe the class to students or colleagues or people who are not art historians, I say "from Quebec slash (barre oblique) Canada from contact to about 1860" and they seem to understand what that means. Notions such as Middle Ground and Eastern Woodlands have made their way into the class ("le monde partagé," "les Forêts de l'Est") but not into the geopolitical constructs that name the class. There is something compelling about the idea of being able to rename the class. "Settler art history in Canada" has a ring to it. But what about the time period? What is meaningful? 16th–19th century? Contact to. . . Confederation? The Indian Act? As soon as I try to think about or voice the French translation of the term "settler," I am stumped. Collins English-French online gives a pithy "colon." "Histoire de l'art colon?" "Histoire de l'art colonisatrice?" "Histoire de l'art des colons?" The Grand dictionnaire terminologique (http://gdt.oqlf.gouv.qc.ca/Resultat.aspx), an official translation tool of the Quebec government, gives me some options, none of them "colon." "Immigrant" is a possibility: "Histoire de l'art immigrante" – accorded to the gender of the word "histoire," of course, because it would be an *histoire* made by the *immigrants*. But back

Edward Chatfield, *Nicholas Vincent Tsawenhohi*, 1825, 19th century, lithograph, 33.3 × 29 cm, McCord Museum, M20855, Gift of Mrs. Walter M. Stewart. (Photo: © McCord Museum, Montreal, QC)

in the 19th century, when ultramontane ideology and government support combined to 'open up' northern Quebec, *colons* went off to *défricher* the *terre* all over again. The *immigrants* were often the suspect peoples coming in from elsewhere – Eastern Europe, for example – and they were coded into specific forms of alterity. The Grand dictionnaire terminologique also provides the possibility of *décanteur*: "Fosse permettant la séparation de liquides ou de matières en suspension, par ralentissement de la vitesse d'écoulement permettant l'action de la gravité." Ditch, flow, separation, arrested movement, settling, forming into groups – some key concepts are still present in this term which, of course, is only used in the mining, natural gas, and forestry industries. By a neat and unplanned irony, these natural resources are at stake in the displacements signalled by the term "settler" which is at the forefront of our discussion.

I still have not made it out of the circle that I have drawn around the word "settler." It worries me. I am lead scholar for a team that has taken the name "Équipe de recherche en histoire de l'art au Québec." Not *du Québec*, which would be of Quebec, so not necessarily about Quebec – but *au Québec*: in, at, over at, that has taken place in Quebec. Interestingly, in French, we cannot make neat inversions that turn nouns into adjectives. No *art histoire* for us, even less *colon-*, or *immigrant art histoire*. In English, we can do this: we can take *Settler art history,* or *settler-colonial art history* for granted – noun and adjective hyphenating nicely – just as we have long taken *art history* as read. English seems to enjoy a syntactical elasticity that makes naming so very easy. Sometimes, *Settler art history* conjures up what it is supposed to, on a primary and very direct level. It must be the art history – or the history of art – written by Settlers. This is quite clear: the naming acknowledges instantly what was effectively implicit in the term, in the practice. If I am an art historian in Canada, it is quite likely that I am speaking from a Settler position, or at least, it is quite likely that it will be inferred that I do. Thanks to Damian Skinner's text, I understand the term on a second level. We are dealing with a field that is engaged with the construct of Settler-art-history across many jurisdictions, on several continents. In francophone historical writing, Gérard Bouchard's *Genèse des nations et cultures du Nouveau Monde* (1998) has had a comparable impact on Louise Vigneault's research and theorization as formulated since 2000. I can also bear witness to the fact that Vigneault's work on Wendat-Huron artist Zachary Vincent has had a transformative impact, especially for the students in my undergraduate class. With Vigneault, we trace the path from Antoine Plamondon's (1804–1895) portrait of Vincent as *Le dernier des hurons* through to Vincent's painted and photographic self-portraits. Her research has also helped us to consider the practices of contemporary First Nations artists (Domingo Cisneros, Kent

Monkman) to facilitate reading contact period and colonial periods of art history in Quebec/Canada. But we have not yet taken to asking if we can speak of what would have to be an *histoire de l'art formulée et écrite à partir de la colonisation.* This may be because there is sometimes a blind spot in our notions of *colonisation*. I worked at the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts at a time when there was virtually no collecting or exhibiting of art by First Nations artists. The sense of the outrage of colonisation among my then-colleagues might erupt – with respect to France! *Non mais quoi, on est colonisés maintenant*? If you have to ask . . .

I could continue with all kinds of anecdotes, but I want to return to our shared starting point. What does the term settler-colonial art history mean to me? Que signifie pour moi le. . . (Term =) *Terme*? *Concept*? Or perhaps better, *la pratique*? (since the question we have been asked goes on to evoke the method outlined in Damian Skinner's text). *Que signifierait pour moi la pratique d'une histoire de l'art qui tiendrait compte de ma position de colonisateur et dans laquelle on tiendrait compte des relations entre colonisateurs et Premières nations, et qui s'imbriquerait dans une pratique* . . . globale, internationale, transnationale, plurinationale, répandue sur les "nouvelles collectivités". . .? Enfin, j'arrive près d'une question, telle que je pourrais commencer à y répondre. Et je le fais à partir d'une position qui est instable sur le plan linguistique. Mais je ne peux, je ne saurai y répondre seul. Ce n'est plus pensable; le modèle du chercheur unique, triomphal, fait partie d'un problème qui définit des balises épistémologiques, et c'est ce modèle même, j'en suis convaincu, qu'il faut déplacer au profit des projets qu'il y a maintenant à faire. Commencer par dire, pour le moment, que l'Équipe de recherche en histoire de l'art au Québec regroupe (au départ) sept professeurs (Laurier Lacroix, Gilles Lapointe, Pierre-Edouard Latouche, Didier Prioul, Esther Trépanier, Louise Vigneault et moi-même) tous titulaires de postes portant sur l'art au Québec et/ou au Canada; qu'elle est donc limitée par une perspective universitaire; qu'elle commence des travaux qui visent à faire le bilan sur 40 ans de recherches, pour préparer une synthèse mais aussi pour identifier les zones qui ont été laissées à découvert, autant sur le plan des sujets que des méthodes et théorisations; dire aussi que la question du "Settler art history" y trouve sa place mais est encore sans réponses, et que le travail de construction du problème est à faire en partage.

Finally, for now, I can also say that the question has great resonance for me but I really have no way of answering it simply. I have addressed it with students in my undergraduate class and said: we need to work at this – but I do not yet know the way. I teach from a corpus of European artistic practices that engage with place, people, beliefs, visual traditions in a space that Ruth Phillips, Louise Vigneault, Richard White, and many

others, show us is shared. The course I teach made little place for First Nations cultural practices, but the years go by, and the unanswerability of some of the questions I raise intensifies. I bring in Phillips, Vigneault, White, alongside canonical studies by François-Marc Gagnon and other canonical texts that rehearse the colonial displacements from one metropolis to another, from the dominance of catholic iconography to landscape iconography. Other displacements to settled ways of teaching come from opening up to print culture, to textiles and to the possibilities offered by an anachronistic approach. The most intense episodes in the class often come with reading Jesuit narratives aloud and having to hear and think about the full meaning of Jesuit descriptions of First Nations visual, social, political and spiritual practices; with the presentation of Ursuline embroideries as part of a fully-fledged artistic sphere with complex relationships to European sources and First Nations practices; and with the invitation to study directly from objects that are available in public spaces (admittedly, visibility and display emerge as key problematic areas in Damian Skinner's text). Students are finding porcupine quillwork from the contact period, souvenir art from later on. They are asking critical questions about exhibition practices. They are contrasting what they see in museums of fine arts and what they see in spaces like the Musée de la civilisation in Quebec. They are changing the paradigm with each passing year. Now I have three MA students working on these questions, asking them better, more precisely and in interdisciplinary frameworks: Michelle Paquette, through feminist studies; Laurence Desmarais, through the Dialog network that hosted a Nomadic university at Concordia this summer; and Véronique Gagnon, through engagement with First Nations contemporary art museology. Each of them is addressing the problematics of decolonisation.

I do not know how all this will play out in *writing* art history, yet; I think it depends on who is writing. What is crucial for me is that our students are writing now, and that they will be writing over the next 5, 10, 20 years, as they take over from us. We in the ERHAQ team can work to build complex and rich research tools for them to use, and to invite them onsite to help do the building. They will invite others. By the time they are done, or are farther enough along, the terms should have changed. Will we be even be talking about Quebec? We started from the position that, after 40 years of research, it was finally time to write a survey of the historical work on visual arts in Quebec. But how? And from what conceptual standpoints? This too will depend on who is forming the concepts. What will the linguistic framework be? Comment seront posées ces questions en abénaki, en algonquin, en attikamek, en cri, en inuktitut, en micmac, en mohawk, en montagnais et naskapi ? The framework we have imagined so far may not be the one that

gets us to the point at which we can even hear those questions asked. If it is not clear whether or not the space around the word *settler* is inclusive, this problem might be negotiated in a heterolingual framework.

As for me, first generation Quebecois and Canadian, my engagement with this question is in the context of what has become a lifelong imaginative leap, or borrowing, or appropriation. On s'approprie son territoire, après tout; this does not imply full ownership, but it is an easy way of affirming, of letting language complete and yet cover with an aesthetic tinge the dense, historicized, seductive meaning of *to own*, when land, and the relationships to land, are after all what has been at stake. Je vais donc assumer (but again, a way of saying, to take ownership of . . .) la posture d'être, après tout, *un settler parmi tant d'autres.*

Bob Boyer: His Life's Work

CANADIAN MUSEUM OF CIVILIZATION

June 7 to November 4, 2012

Richard William Hill

Winding your way through this tightly-packed exhibition is a gradual process of total immersion into the distinctive symbolic and spatial order of Bob Boyer's art. At its core, that order is defined by the traditions of indigenous Plains abstraction that Boyer embraced, explored and re-energized. His paintings are sometimes – especially early on – a battleground where conflicting symbols maul and maim one another. Later they tend to buzz with affirmative energy or rest in harmonious balance.

The retrospective's curator, Lee-Ann Martin, was a close friend and sometime collaborator with Boyer[1] and her tremendous affection for the artist is evident throughout the exhibition and the impressive catalogue that accompanies it. The show originated with the MacKenzie Art Gallery, where Martin was once curator. This is a fitting starting point given that Boyer was an artist and educator and his influence in Regina runs both wide and deep. Martin has organized the exhibition as a chronological journey through the artist's oeuvre, arranging temporary walls into a snaking journey beginning with juvenilia and ending with works created not long before his death in 2004 at the age of 56. While I find the early political paintings from the 1980s and early 1990s to be the most engaging and directly wired into the zeitgeist of their moment, there are also gems amongst his later more reflective works. As the summary of a life's project, the exhibition provides the sense of an artist who early on established a personal vision that fit him so comfortably that he inhabited it effortlessly for the rest of his career. The occasional weak spots – paintings that refuse to gel into convincing aesthetic statements and are therefore a little bland – are more than balanced by moments of fierce insight or deep contemplation.

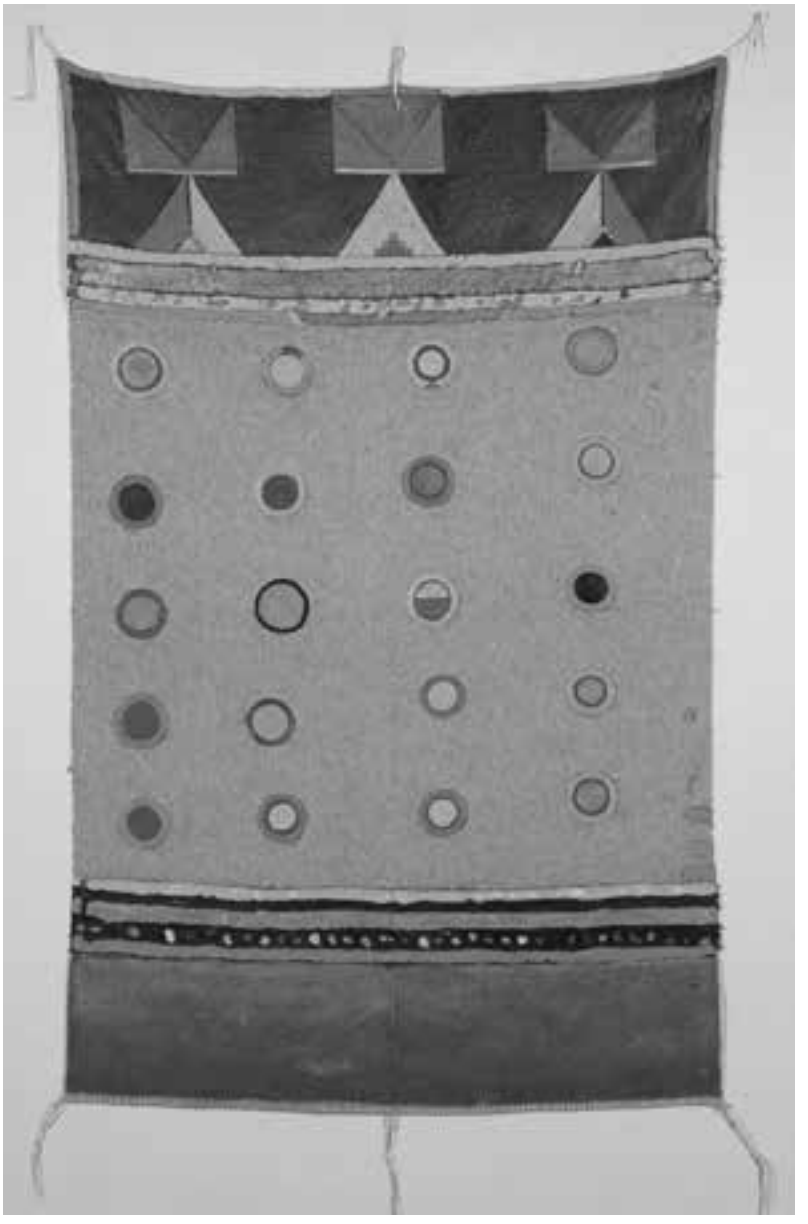
Boyer did not set out to be an abstract painter. He arrived in the fine arts program at what is now the University of Regina in 1968, committed to landscape painting. Although the art program had a recent history as a centre of colour field painting, Boyer recalled the faculty as welcoming and open to him following his own path.[2] The exhibition includes a number of Boyer's early works. Modestly scaled and tightly painted, they are intriguing, but give no warning of the expansive abstractions to come. I was particularly charmed by *Red Kite, Red River (Park)* (1974), a small oil-on-panel with a square bottom and oval top that depicts his wife and child flying a kite in an open grassy area. His wife is squatting down and helping with the string, while the boy gazes out at the viewer. The field is golden and a line of evergreens bisect the composition horizontally in the middle distance. An old junked car sits at the

tree line. The kite is a tiny red speck against a profusion of blue-gray clouds. The composition is a little unusual with its centred horizon line and the figures positioned just to the right of the painting's horizontal centre. Convention would either have them centred in the image or positioned definitively off to one side. The different areas of the canvas are highly distinct from one another and the artist fills in each area with dense, repetitive details that create compelling effects of patterning. There seems to be a brushstroke for each blade of grass in the golden field, the pines have their own regularity of colour and composition and the sky is a marvellous pattern of swirling and overlapping shapes. These are all stylistic elements that I tend to associate with semi or self-trained artists, such as the 19th century topographical watercolourist Thomas Davies (1737–1812), or the eccentric William Kurelek (1927–1977). Perhaps, in a department committed to abstraction, a landscape painter was by necessity, an autodidact. Whatever the case, the effect is a little awkward, but focused and idiosyncratic enough to be compelling.

Only a few years after graduation, Boyer's interest in his Métis heritage led him to a different tradition of abstraction. There are stumbles in the early abstract works, places where outlines could be clearer, over-painting more opaque and definitive, and colour relationships more effectively managed. Despite this, the paintings reveal Boyer coming to grips with the compositional and symbolic logic of Plains abstraction and we are able to witness his life-long commitments to form and content taking shape.

Aside from an early interest in decorated Plains war shields, the primary precedents for Boyer's art are the painted rawhide containers often known as parfleches and the beaded powwow regalia he regularly produced. Parfleches were traditionally made and decorated by women and at their best they are marvels of geometric abstraction. Many of Boyer's motifs are drawn from parfleches and beadwork, including the morning star, abstracted tipi designs, and stepped triangles. Boyer also adopted the parfleche's tendency for bilateral symmetry of composition. Because a parfleche is a folding object, artists would often play with the changes of shape, for example by painting outward facing triangles on opposite edges that would join together to create a diamond when the parfleche was closed. Boyer often uses these triangles in his paintings but the transformative joining must occur in the imagination, based on knowledge of the artist's visual sources.

In 1983 Boyer's work took an explicitly anti-colonial political turn. The support for his paintings changed from canvas to light-gray cotton-flannel blankets and there is new declarative insistence in his technique, with shapes and lines more forcefully rendered. The first blanket painting – actually in this instance a light-gray flannel sheet – was *A Smallpox Issue* (Fig. 1), a work that vibrates with the tension between its stunningly beautiful execution and its disturbing subject. There is controversy about the extent to which blankets were



1 | Bob Boyer, *A Smallpox Issue*, 1983, oil with rawhide on blanket, 190 × 122 cm, Saskatchewan Arts Board Permanent Collection. (Photo: MacKenzie Art Gallery)

deliberately used to spread smallpox in North America, but the limited archival evidence that we do have is bad enough. In 1763 during Pontiac's Rebellion, Henry Bouquet, a colonel in the British Army, wrote to General Amherst:

> I will try to inocculate the Indians by means of Blankets that may fall in their hands, taking care however not to get the disease myself. As it is pity to oppose good men against them, I wish we could make use of the Spaniard's method, and hunt them with English dogs, supported by Rangers, and some Light Horse, who would I think

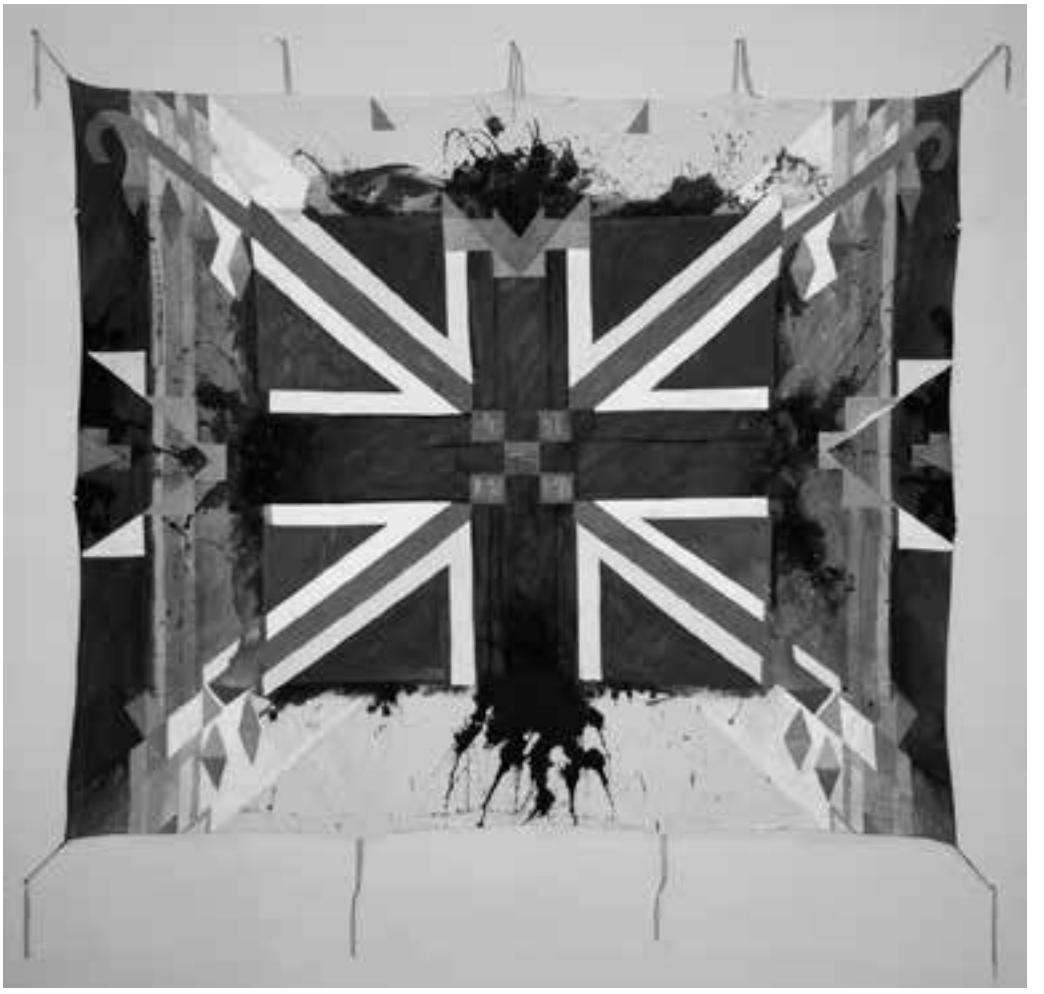
effectively extirpate or remove that Vermine.[3]

Boyer has oriented the flannel sheet vertically and divided off wide horizontal bands at the top and bottom. The upper band is a dark Prussian blue and decorated with three tipi motifs in light blue and red. The bottom band is a mottled red-orange. The separation of these areas from the centre is further emphasized by rows of horizontal stripes, although in the case of the upper band this barrier appears to be in the process of being traversed by heavily painted dashes of turquoise, green and red.

The large centre area of the composition has a loose grid of "pox" circles set four across and five high on the otherwise unpainted gray flannel. This grid is set slightly off centre to the left. The circles themselves have variations. Most have one or two coloured outer rings for borders and sometimes also a faint border of exposed under-painting. One has the centre circle divided horizontally. The variation in design and the push and pull of the colours creates a vibrant visual play across the flannel surface. The intensely pigmented paint sits up in a confident impasto on the fuzzy surface. Perhaps the most elegant touch is the series of discrete gray marks painted on the gray felt background near the bottom right of the central section: three short dashes right to the edge of the blanket and two dots above these.

Disturbing beauty is not a device Boyer returned to often. The jarring colours and expressionistic splatter used in *A Minor Sport in Canada* (1985) (Fig. 2), for example, deliberately resist aesthetic pleasure. One presumes that the minor sport is violence toward indigenous peoples and the artist places the conflict out where it can be seen rather than leaving it to gnaw away at us from aesthetic cover. As in a number of works from this period, Boyer treats his painting as an arena of conflict between culturally coded signs in the form of abstracted shapes. These include Plains motifs such as stylized tipis and horses, which are often set against the national flags of colonial powers or settler states. Boyer's use of flag motifs has a substantial precedent in Plains art, where warrior-artists often adopted them as potentially mobile emblems of power ripe for appropriation rather than as symbols of a particular enemy nation state. However, the flags flying over the Plains during Boyer's life staked unequivocal claims for the authority of the settler nation states. With them fixed across the landscape in this way, the artist is driven to acts of vandalism and subversion rather than appropriation.

At the centre of *A Minor Sport* is a Union Jack that appears less to have been painted onto a blanket than to have violently impacted with it and stuck there. Dark bloody red paint splatters out from under the flag, especially near the edges of the central red Cross of Saint George. This is the component of the union flag representing England and in Boyer's design it appears to be the source of much of the sanguinary gore.[4] Its usual uniform bright red has been darkened into mottled dried and clotted eggplant purple. Plains motifs



2 | Bob Boyer, *A Minor Sport in Canada*, 1985, acrylic and oil on cotton blanket, 188 × 221 cm, Collection of the National Gallery of Canada, no. 29757. (Photo: © National Gallery of Canada)

not only surround the Union Flag, but extend its lines and encroach upon it. There are five squares overlaying the flag's central intersection each worked over energetically with a brush. The red and white X is extended out to terminate in stylized curved eagle staffs on the top and sacred tobacco pipes on the bottom. A Plains stepped triangle design encroaches and overlays the flag from the top and similar designs cover the bloody spatters on either side. Like his contemporary Carl Beam (1943–2005), Boyer uses the technique of layering his motifs to suggest a sphere of cultural interaction violently disturbed by the exercise of power and the struggles of resistance. The flatness of the imagery creates a sense that each symbol is competing in a claustrophobic two-

dimensional space. We are obliged to ask whose symbols will literally end up on top and whose will be buried from sight.

The sanguinary imagery merits further reflection. Splatters and other expressionistic gestural signs need to be handled with caution. As Hal Foster noted in, "The Expressive Fallacy," his attack on 1980s neo-expressionism, the gesture has become a codified sign of bodily immediacy and is therefore paradoxical.[5] It can also, especially when the splatters are blood-red, seem a bit adolescent. The few times he uses it, Boyer is able to make it work precisely because of how odd it is to see abstract geometric shapes and symbols bleeding. It becomes a sign not simply of the body, but of an absent or repressed body, a body lost to trauma, substituted by symbols and then recovered through symbolic exploration.

The red and white stripes of the American flag in *A Government Blanket Policy* (1983), sit up on the surface in confident impasto. The flag is a mirror-reversal travestied into an Anglo-American hybrid. The field of stars representing individual states sits in the upper right, rather than left corner and it has been overlaid with the red crosses of the Union Jack, which themselves seem to be dissolving around the edges. A black X sits at the left edge of a central white stripe, suggesting it might also be the signature line for a treaty. The bottom edge of the flag functions as an inverted ground line for a series of three upside-down tipis, perhaps representing, as curator Lee-Ann Martin suggests, "a world forever turned upside-down"[6] by colonization. Vertical bands of blue running up the outer edges of the composition are marked in three corners with highly stylized Plains horse motifs, and "U.S." in the bottom left.

The winding path of this exhibition leads to a central space that features works from the early 1990s. For indigenous artists this was a period of intense lows such as the Oka Crisis and impressive highs: breakthrough exhibitions like *Land, Spirit, Power* at the National Gallery and Indigena at the Museum of Civilization. Martin, who co-curated *Indigena* with Gerald McMaster, told me that Boyer's retrospective is not only in the same gallery, but that his massive triptych, *Trains-N-Boats-N-Plains: The Nina, the Santa Maria and a Pinto* (1991), now hangs in almost exactly the same spot it did during *Indigena*. The work still crackles with the political energy that was mobilized at this time to undermine official celebrations of the 500th anniversary of Columbus's arrival in the Americas. In each panel a red cross dominates the centre of a large blanket painted with Plains motifs. Each drips splatters of blood-like red paint, and a red stain saturates the canvas behind the vertical axis of the cross on the centre panel. Right at the bottom of both the left and right panels are pairs of skulls and crossbones. The skulls are upside down, perhaps staring upward at the German word *Verdrängung* that is written across the top of each panel. According to Martin, Boyer encountered the term on a CBC radio program, where he learned that Germans used it to

describe the repression of knowledge of the Holocaust.[7] It's easy to see the resonance this concept would have had for Boyer, whose canvases had been erupting with repressed colonial trauma for years.

Along the floor in front of the painted panels are little mysterious bundles of various objects wrapped in maps of North America and tied up with string. This gives the work as a whole the quality of a shrine, in which the offerings have been symbolically overwritten through a process of conquest and renaming. In other words, this is more symbolic warfare that Boyer intends to win.

On the facing wall is *F.U.S.Q.-Tanks for the Memories* (1992), Boyer's response to the Oka crisis. This is a work on paper rendered primarily in pastel, a medium that Boyer uses with confidence. It allows him to compose his familiar shapes through a dynamic hatching that threatens to overwhelm their borders, leaving them vibrating with tremendous energy. The work has been drawn on four sheets of equally sized paper. The middle two are framed together to create a wide central panel and the work reads visually as a triptych with the bilaterally symmetrical outer drawings as wing panels. It can also just as easily be read as the edges of a parfleche pouch waiting to be folded together. In the centre is an aerial view of an abstracted tank, guns bristling in all directions and bounded by vertical rows of X shapes on either side. There are also a *fleur-de-lis* motif in each of the outer drawings. The entire background is mottled with clusters of faint red and white lines that appear to be scribbled and then erased, creating a bruised looking surface. Each page is subtly decorated with the one of the stencilled letters of the title, F on first panel, U on the second and so on. With the knowledge that the Sûreté du Québec, the provincial police force that initially attempted to remove Mohawks from the traditional territory they were defending, are known as the SQ for short, one need only read the title aloud to appreciate the rhyme and Boyer's intention.

Martin reads Boyer's last blanket painting, *Portrait of the Artist as a Storm* (1994) (Fig. 3), as a pivotal point in the artist's practice, a shift from the storm of the explicitly political works to a more reflective and spiritually oriented practice.[8] The side and bottom edges of this work are cut into long fringes, intensifying its visual relationship to similarly decorated parfleche containers. The bilaterally symmetrical composition is dominated by mirrored horse heads with prominent power-line arrows pointing down toward their bodies. Painted in pastel pinks and white, the horses appear charged with supernatural energy with white and blue circles around one eye and spiky flaming yellow manes. A stylized yellow horse print sits in a blue square over each head. One senses that the power of the storm in the artist's psyche is in the process of being been channelled and refined.

Indeed, even a year before, Boyer had already created the confident and serene *Scene/Seen at St. Victor's*. The title refers to the St. Victor Petroglyphs,

3 | Bob Boyer, *Portrait of the Artist as a Storm*, 1994, mixed media on blanket, 119 × 142 cm, private collection. (Photo: MacKenzie Art Gallery)

a sacred site in southern Saskatchewan. The surface is marked with geometric designs bounded on either side by buffalo tracks and on top and bottom with horse tracks. Martin decodes the symbolism:

> Four buffalo tracks on each side represent a complete or "whole" number, with the fifth red buffalo track representing the spiritual role of the buffalo to the Plains people. The "whole" nature of the number four is again suggested by the four blue-green "hills" which are in the "sky" of this diptych, symbolic of Plains cultural beliefs in a spiritual paradise or afterlife. Depicted in darker gray tones,

> the fifth "hill" at the upper centre of the diptych depicts the ecological and spiritual imbalance of the Europeans, which brought destruction to Native communities and to the environment.[9]

Like many of Boyer's paintings, this one does not reproduce well because the subtlety of the worked surface tends to be lost. Standing before the painting, however, the shapes are clearly defined against a pastel pink background with blue undertones, outlined in comparatively thin but strong lines of dark red and blue that seem almost incised rather than brushed on. The work is thickly painted and apparently re-worked while half-dry in places, creating a richly textured surface.

Without the force of the political anger that energized his practice in the eighties and nineties, some of Boyer's later works drift beyond spiritual serenity towards being a little dull. Others, such as *Walk By the Water Woman* (1995), have a whimsical quality reminiscent of Paul Klee's more pictographic paintings: simple motifs drawn into paint or plaster with childlike appreciation for simplified design. A few – for example, *Remember That Evening We Discovered Each Other* (1996) – go too far, straying toward cuteness, as though they were painted to illustrate a children's book. There's nothing wrong with this in itself, but it sits oddly in what is otherwise a very "grown-up" exhibition.

Bob Boyer: His Life's Work is one of a number of recent major career-surveys of established artists of indigenous heritage that began with Norval Morrisseau (1931–2007) at the National Gallery of Canada (NGC). This was followed-up by Daphne Odjig (1919–) and Carl Beam at the NGC, Alex Janvier (1935–) at the Art Gallery of Edmonton and Ruth Cuthand (1954–) at the Mendel Art Gallery. All but the Alex Janvier retrospective have been accompanied by substantial catalogues.

In many ways these monographic exhibitions are traditional canon-forming career surveys. This is particularly evident in their publications, which tend to rely heavily on well-established biographical approaches, either in the form of the career-survey essay or less formal personal reflections by close friends or colleagues. That said, as someone who writes and teaches in this area regularly, I find the laying of these foundations to be helpful on an almost daily basis. We will no doubt revise and further complicate these narratives as we go along but there will now be a substantive record of exhibition and publication to work from.

It should be noted that the trend for monographic exhibitions has been interrupted recently by the National Gallery's massive pan-Indigenous exhibition *Sakahàn,* which has been promoted as a global indigenous Quinquennial. It will be interesting to see how the National Gallery manages to integrate single artist exhibitions into their ambitious five-year schedule for group shows of international indigenous art.

The *Bob Boyer* catalogue is an impressive 256 page bilingual document

with good quality colour reproductions of all the works in the exhibition. The most substantial essay by far is curator Lee-Ann Martin's thorough, thoughtful and affectionate survey of Boyer's career. It provides a record of the artist's activity along with analysis and contextualization of artworks that simply did not exist prior to this publication. "Bob Boyer and the Society of Canadian Artist of Native Ancestry (SCANA)," by Alfred Young Man is more of a reflection on the history and aims of SCANA in which Boyer is occasionally featured rather than a detailed account of the artist's role in the organization as such. The history of SCANA is an important one and Young Man is a primary source so I am interested to hear his account of it, even when it is largely anecdotal; but, given the venue, I would have liked the link to Boyer and his career to have taken centre-stage.

The two other essays in the catalogue are personal reflections that bookend Boyer's career. Ted Godwin's account, "Pauses on the Pollen Path," begins with his meeting the artist when Boyer was a first year undergraduate (and only indigenous student) in his Art 100 course at the University of Regina in 1969. In "On the Road with Bob," Carmen Robertson discusses her experience of joining the department of Indian Fine Arts at Saskatchewan Indian Federated College in Regina 2001, where Boyer was an established and respected figure who had been instrumental in building and running the studio program. I enjoyed both essays and it would be churlish to object to such warm, thoughtful and deeply felt portraits, but considering the catalogue as a whole, they tip the document a bit too far in the direction of the anecdotal. It would have been good to balance these perspectives with an essay that was analytical in approach and focused more directly on Boyer's art. This is a minor quibble however; I plan to keep the book on a handy shelf, because I know I will be going back to it regularly for years to come.

Given that, I was disappointed to see how little effort has apparently been made to market and distribute the catalogue. When I visited the CMC to see the exhibition it was not for sale in the gift shop. I asked the sales clerk about this and was told there were no copies available. It is also not listed on the Amazon or Chapters/Indigo websites. I was finally able to get my own copy through the direct intervention of the curator, although I suppose I could have ordered it by telephone directly from the MacKenzie's gift shop. It seems perverse though, to produce such a lavish catalogue without a viable mechanism for actually distributing it to the public. This is mitigated somewhat by the fact that all of the catalogue essays and images, along with additional videos, are available on the exhibition's very thorough website at virtualmuseum.ca.[10]

Earlier, I described this exhibition as tightly packed. It is evident that Martin worked hard to effectively squeeze the work into the space after a substantial section of the gallery was unexpectedly lost to make room for *The Queen and Her Country* exhibit. I mention this not only as a cautionary foretaste of the CMC's potentially disturbing new future

as the Museum of Canadian History, but because the territorial appropriation is especially perverse in the context of this particular exhibition. Even worse: because the walls between the exhibits do not reach the ceiling, ambient audio for *The Queen,* intrudes constantly on the Boyer exhibit. The strains of *Rule Britannia* regularly flood the gallery, claiming it aurally on behalf of the crown. To this I say, in the spirit of Bob Boyer, who let no symbolic violence pass without response: "F.U.E.R."

Travelling through this exhibition and arriving full-circle back at its beginning I was struck by the changes that occurred during Boyer's all to short lifetime. It is an extraordinary journey from the courageous act of being the first indigenous student in an art program to becoming an artist and educator of such distinction and influence. Boyer and other indigenous artists of his generation left a lot of doors open behind them for the rest of us to walk through. Most of all, however, I am struck by the fact that an angry young man traumatized by the experience of colonization managed not only to transform those experiences into important art but, if that art is any indication, to bring himself a measure of peace and satisfaction in the process. That is encouraging to all of us.

NOTES

The author gratefully acknowledges the Canada Council for the Arts for assistance with travel expenses.

1 Bob Boyer and Lee-Ann Martin, *The Powwow: An Art History* (Regina, SK: MacKenzie Art Gallery, 2000).
2 Lee-Ann Martin, "Bob Boyer: His Life's Work," *Bob Boyer: His Life's Work* (Regina: MacKenzie Art Gallery, 2008), 21.
3 The correspondence was first discovered by a research assistant of historian Francis Parkman and this portion of it was included in the 6th edition of Francis Parkman, *The Conspiracy of Pontiac and the Indian War after the Conquest of Canada,* Volume II (Boston, MA: Little, Brown and Company, 1870), 40.
4 The Union flag is a composite design meant to symbolize the union of England and its conquests, Scotland and Ireland. The red cross at the centre of the design is the Cross of Saint George, representing England. The red X is drawn from Saint Patrick's Flag, representing Ireland. Both of these sit overtop of the flag of Scotland, a white X on a blue field. There is no indication that Boyer meant to deploy these symbols at this level of detail, but distinguishing the components is very helpful in describing this work.
5 Hal Foster, "The Expressive Fallacy," in *Recodings: Art, Spectacle, Cultural Politics* (Port Townsend, WA: Bay Press, 1985), 58–77.
6 Martin, "Bob Boyer," 39.
7 Ibid., 65.
8 Ibid., 66.
9 Ibid , 73.
10 *Bob Boyer: His Life's Work*. Accessed 2 June 2014, http://www.museevirtuel-virtualmuseum.ca/sgc-cms/expositions-exhibitions/bob_boyer/en/.

ELIZABETH CAVALIERE is a PhD candidate in the Interuniversity Doctoral Program in Art History at Concordia University. She received a BA in Art History from Mount Allison University (2007), followed by an MA in Art History from York University (2009). Cavaliere has taught courses on the history and historiography of photography in Canada at Concordia University and has published articles on the Canadian photographic landscape and topographical survey photographs of the nineteenth century. In 2012 she was awarded a Lisette Model/Joseph G. Blum Fellowship in the History of Photography to pursue her research at the National Gallery of Canada. Cavaliere has been greatly involved with Toronto artist run centres and is also an active photographer with several solo exhibitions including *Reclamation* (2009), presented as part of Toronto's CONTACT festival of photography.

LEAH DECTER is an inter-media artist and scholar based in Winnipeg, Manitoba. She holds an MFA in New Media from Transart Institute and is currently undertaking a PhD in Cultural Studies at Queen's University. She has exhibited, presented, and screened her work widely in Canada, including at the Winnipeg Art Gallery, Grunt Gallery, Dunlop Art Gallery and Trinity Square Video, and internationally in Australia, Germany, India, Malta, the Netherlands, the UK, and the US. Recent publications include *(official denial) trade value in progress: Unsettling Narratives,* (co-authored with Jaimie Isaac) in the West Coast Line *Reconcile This!* issue (2012), and *Addressing the Settler Problem': Strategies of settler responsibility and decolonization in contemporary aesthetics* (co-authored with Carla Taunton) in a thematic issue of *FUSE*, "Decolonizing Aesthetics" (2013). Decter's work considers histories and contemporary conditions of settler colonialism in Canada through a critical settler lens, offering counter-narratives to dominant nationalist mythologies by deploying personal and historical accounts, embodied insertions into land and land/scape, and manipulations of iconic elements in nationalist visual culture.

DOMINIC HARDY, spécialiste en histoire et en historiographie de l'art au Québec et au Canada avant 1900, est professeur au Département d'histoire de l'art de l'Université du Québec à Montréal. Il y dirige le groupe de recherche « Histoire de l'art au Québec 1600–1960 : État des lieux » (2013–2018) dont l'objectif ultime est la préparation de la première synthèse d'histoire de l'art au Québec et, avec Esther Trépanier, le « Laboratoire d'études numériques en histoire de l'art au Québec » (LENHAQ) qui vise à soutenir ce vaste chantier de recherche.

RICHARD WILLIAM HILL is a curator, critic, and associate professor of art history at York University. His research focuses primarily, but not exclusively, on historical and contemporary art created by Indigenous North American artists. As a curator at the Art Gallery of Ontario, he oversaw the museum's first substantial effort to include Indigenous North American art and ideas in permanent collection galleries. He also curated *Kazuo Nakamura: A Human Measure* at the Art Gallery of Ontario in 2004, co-curated, with Jimmie Durham, *The American West* at Compton Verney, UK in 2005 and, beginning in 2006, *The World Upside Down,* which originated at the Walter Philips Gallery at the Banff Centre in 2006 and toured across Canada. Hill's essays on art have appeared in numerous books, exhibition catalogues and periodicals. He has a long association with the art magazine FUSE, where he was a member of the board and editorial committee for many years and, until the magazine's recent closure, wrote *Close Readings,* a regular column reviewing recent art exhibitions.

JAIMIE ISAAC is a writer, curator, artist, and art administrator. She is from Winnipeg, Manitoba, and is a member of Sagkeeng First Nation. Isaac holds a Bachelor of Arts in Art History and an Arts and Cultural Management Certificate from the University of Winnipeg. She continued her studies in criticism and curatorial studies at OCADU and UBC Okanagan. She has been involved locally and nationally with boards, collectives, juries and artist-run centers, and has published her writing in newspapers, exhibition catalogues, and online publications. She volunteers for the Aboriginal Curatorial Collective and the Aboriginal Manitoba Music board of directors, having previously worked as the Aboriginal Programs and Outreach Manager at ACI Manitoba. She is a founding member of The Ephemerals, a female artist/curatorial collective in Winnipeg. In 2010, Isaac worked as the visual arts coordinator for the inaugural Truth and Reconciliation Commission's national event in Winnipeg, where she planned and programmed projects that contributed to the Indian Residential School Legacy.

DAMIAN SKINNER is a New Zealand art historian and curator of Applied Art and Design at the Auckland Museum Tāmaki Paenga Hira. He was a Newton International Fellow at the Museum of Archaeology and Anthropology, University of Cambridge in 2012–13. His books include *The Carver and the Artist: Māori Art in the Twentieth Century* (Auckland University Press, 2008), *The Passing World, The Passage of Life: John Hovell and the Art of Kōwhaiwhai* (Rim Books, 2010), and he was a contributor to *Art in Oceania: A New History* (Thames and Hudson, 2012). His article "Provincial Primitivists: The Problem

of Māori Modernism" was published in *World Art* 4:1 (2014). He is currently working on a project about settler and indigenous artists in London in the postwar period, and is collaborating with a group of international scholars to develop a methodology for art history in settler-colonial societies, with particular focuses on Aotearoa New Zealand, Australia, Canada, South Africa and the United States.

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Martha Langford, Editor-in-chief
Journal of Canadian Art History
1455 de Maisonneuve West, EV 3.725
Concordia University
Montreal, Quebec, H3G 1M8
jcah@concordia.ca
http://jcah-ahac.concordia.ca

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Martha Langford, rédactrice en chef
Annales d'histoire de l'art canadien
Université Concordia
1455, boul. de Maisonneuve ouest, EV 3.725
Montréal (Québec) H3G 1M8
jcah@concordia.ca
http://jcah-ahac.concordia.ca/fr