



S. M. Dawson  
Hope, B. Columbia  
June 12. 1877

My dear Mother,

As this is a place of some importance, & to be found on the maps I suppose I need not begin by explaining where I am. We arrived here two days ago, & tomorrow we again this time going eastward to the Similkameen River & Okanagan. There is a good well travelled trail all the way, I believe, which is a comfort.

I have worked my way down to here from Kamloops, via Nicola, & the Coldwater & Coquitella Rivers, most of the way through a fine open bunch grass country, but for the last forty or fifty miles through Cañons & gorges of the Coast Range. The trail is good all the way, however, being constantly used for driving Cattle down here for the Victoria Market.

I don't know whether I have yet given you a

detail of my party - it is as follows.

Self, Jacinto Mexican packer, the same man I had last year, Douglas a second white man recommended to me at Kawloops, & a Lytton Indian of the usual name viz Johnny.

Johnny does the cooking & assists the packer, while Douglas carries rocks & hammers,

Attends to my horse, puts up tent & generally makes himself useful. He is a very quiet

man of a mild disposition, but does very well, & does me much trouble.

On arriving at Kawloops I found that animals were scarce, & all that were any good had already been sent out or appropriated to the various C.P.R.

Parties. It was found necessary in consequence to purchase some horses to complete the outfit,

& I bore you with me four riding animals & five packs, forming a very good working

Complement & not necessitating heavy packing.

While in the Nicola Valley, I had one mail sent in to me by an Indian from Kawloops, giving me dates a week later than those received before

leaving Victoria. Since then I have had no home news, & do not expect to get any till my return to Kamloops, where letters &c are now accumulating.

I may get back there in about a month, via Okanagan, & it is more than probable that I will have no chance of writing home again for about that time, so you must not feel anxious if it should prove so.

By my memory serves, I wrote a long letter last time to Anna, & so, as there is nothing much to say, I will not write you to her by this mail. I send by post however a book which I have been reading at spare moments, which I think is a pretty good story, on the whole, & worth reading.

Hope is a very picturesque place, on the bank of the Fraser River, a triangular flat, through which the Logikella issues, bounded on every side by high & very abrupt mountains, some of them snow-clad. There may be altogether some twenty-five white people here, with a larger, but variable number of Indians. A place of some importance in early mining days, it has now

decayed down, & become one of the quietest places on the face of the earth. The steamer calls twice a week each way, & constitutes the only relief to the monotony of life. There are two stores, one belonging to the Universal H.B. Company, a small saw mill, & two "hotels". How they live I can't make out. I have been making some purchases of supplies of the H.B. Co., & in so doing have made the acquaintance of an old man called Gates, who is in charge here, & has lived here without once returning to Victoria for some thirty years. Naturally he is posted in the history of the place, & gives you all the dates of events with as much importance as though he spoke of the history of an empire. Hope, I think, occupies about 270 degrees of his horizon. He has been in the H.B. Company's service all his life, & before taking root here has travelled & lived at nearly all the posts in B. Columbia. He is an orderly man & a type of a class of Amiable Hudson Bay forgers, specimens of which are scattered all over the north-west.

Pray remember that no news is good news for some weeks to come, though if I get a chance of dropping you a line sooner I will do so.

Your loving son  
George