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ACC. NO.	909014
REF.	35

Senge  
Kamloops, B.C.  
July 22. 1877

My dear Mother,

Here I am back in  
Kamloops after having completed my  
first round, I arrived here this  
morning, from Deek's 18 miles up  
the South Thompson. The horses had right  
finding themselves so near their old well  
known Kamloops 'range' took the liberty  
of strutting for home, & after waiting for  
them a long time, I finally decided to  
get on the loose stage from Okanagan  
which happened to pass, & leave the camp  
to come in at leisure. We met the packer  
with the captured horses on the way here, but  
the camp has not yet arrived.  
We have been having very warm weather the

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Last ten days or so, the thermometer  
ranging above 90 every day in the  
afternoon, & probably even higher during the  
middle of the day when we are generally  
travelling & have no time to observe. The sun  
hot here at Kauloops it has been above 100° on  
several occasions. The nights are generally  
cool however, & this evening it is pleasant  
with a fine breeze blowing. I do not find the  
heat at all trying or oppressive, & am  
besides assured that we are not likely to  
have any warm weather to warm this summer.

My plans are not yet quite settled for the  
next week, but it will probably be towards  
Shushwap Lake, which I hope to circumnavigate.  
I think it will be pleasant to do this while  
the weather is warm & fine & keep the  
autumn for additional land travel,  
however, when plans are fixed I will let

you know. The mail came this evening & I went over, without looking over a budget of letters lately received, some of which may require answers, & all acknowledgement, merely to catch it; Conspiring at the same time, that instead of devoting myself to correspondence on first arrival, I took the opportunity of perusing the late papers — Sunday always has a more or less demoralizing effect, anyway, & I have always noticed that if we "lay over" a Sunday we get thus demoralized & make a later start on Monday than any warning of the week.

Speaking of Sunday, I have on the table at what I now write a number of copies of a form of Service for Travellers & especially intended for the use of C.P.R. parties. It is issued

at Bellevue under Mrs Sanford Fleming's auspices, & printed "for private use" by Dawson Brothers. Neatly got up & approved by Anglican, Presbyterian & Catholic Clergy men.

At Cherry Creek I delayed a little longer than I had intended, several causes cooperating to that end. First the trail in was uncommonly bad, one of the worst I have ever seen to be called a trail at all. Then Mr Vernon promised to come in to show me a silver lead in which he is interested, & was a day behind.

Then on yet another wretched Sunday's came round, & finally it was proposed that we should go out by a new trail, which was in progress & supposed to be nearly finished. My father & a Indian, with another Indian Mr V. had with him went off on the aforesaid Sunday to blaze a way through to the new trail,

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but got only about seven miles. On Monday we started, & the canoe being light, jumped logs & scrambled through bogs without much difficulty to a Creek about 8 miles off. From there Mr. V. set off in the evening to find the Trail workers, who were working under his directions, but returned about dark unsuccessful. Tuesday we struck off into the woods again, & at about 11 o'clock came on the trail party, & from there had a good road. From an camp that evening Mr. V. who is a great hunter strolled out & found a grizzly bear, but did not succeed in getting a shot at him, while I got a photograph of a mountain near at hand, & then <sup>set</sup> searching round some distance found a party the little streamers were camped at large camp & not too boggy to get a sponge bath, after Porcupine made a good sized "Smudge" which is

Now absolutely necessary when thus  
 enjoyed. Accordingly we travelled on  
 to Mr Y's place Coldstream, from which  
 I wrote a line before. This was a  
 "Bremenjis" hot day, perfectly calm,  
 & with the Sun blazing steadily down  
 in a way that would almost convince  
 anyone that it was a period of Maximum  
 not Minimum Sun Spot. The thermometer  
 was  $99\frac{1}{2}$  in the shade when we got it,  
 & we were glad to get a drink at  
 the Spring giving a name to the place,  
 which runs at once out of the ground, cool  
 & clear, & large enough to turn a mill.  
 Mr Y. has a fine large farm here, very  
 prettily situated, with a little flour mill  
 & other improvements. He & his brother have  
 been here about 12 years, & his brother  
 now being Assistant of Public works in  
 Victoria, he lives here quite alone.

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in a cottage something after the style of a Calcutta home,  
helps the time cooking & doing all other nursing duties  
for himself, acting as J.P. & Gold Commissioner for the  
district, receiving his weekly budget of papers & periodicals,  
from all parts of the world. He is an Englishman & an  
ex-officer in some Regiment, & his father owns a fine  
manor in Scotland I think, & sends him out  
a miscellaneous assortment of things supposed to be suitable  
for life in the Colonies, from time to time. He says he is as  
a cook good at "fancy fixings" but "somehow" does not  
take an interest in ordinary cooking "such as boiling

potatoes &c. As to the "fancy fixings" I can speak  
as he had made a very excellent cake at the  
time of my visit.

The mail is closing!

Yours affectionately for  
George.