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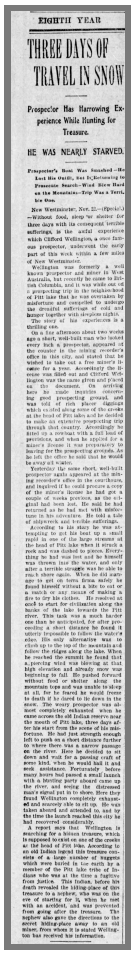

EIGHTH YEAR

THREE DAYS OF TRAVEL IN SNOW

Prospector Has Harrowing Experience While Hunting for Treasure.

HE WAS NEARLY STARVED.

Prospector's Boat Was Smashed—He Lost His Outfit, but Kept Pressing the Search—Wind Blew Hard on the Mountains—Trip Was a Terrible One.

New Westminster, Nov. 21.—(Special.)—Without food, sleep or shelter for three days with its consequent terrible sufferings is the awful experience which Clifford Wellington, a well-known prospector, underwent the early part of this week within a few miles of New Westminster.

Wellington was formerly a well known prospector and miner in West Australia, but recently he came to British Columbia and has been doing a prospecting trip in the mountain-bred of Pitt lake that he was overtaken by misfortune and compelled to undergo the dreadful sufferings of cold and hunger together with desperate exertion. The story of his experiences is a thrilling one.

He is for afternoon about two weeks ago a short, well-built man who looked every inch a prospector, appeared at the recorder in the mining recorder's office in this city, and stated that he wished to take out a free miner's license. The usual oath was taken, the fee was filled out and Clifford Wellington was the name given and placed on the documents. On arriving here he made inquiries concerning good prospecting grounds and was told about the district which is called after some of the creeks at the head of Pitt lake and he decided to make an extensive prospecting trip through that country. Accordingly he hired on a rowboat with a full load of provisions and after getting his free miner's license it was preparatory to leaving for the prospecting grounds. As he left the office he said that he would be away all winter.

Yesterday the same short, well-built prospector again appeared at the mining office in this city, but looked worn and haggard if he could procure a copy of the miner's license he had got a couple of weeks previous, as the original had been lost. He said he had returned from the head of Pitt lake and returned by the way of Port Moody. He had a tale of shipwreck and terrible sufferings.

According to his story he was attempting to get his boat up a small rapid in one of the large streams at the head of Pitt lake when it struck a rock and capsized, everything he had was lost and he himself was thrown into the water, and only after a terrible struggle was he able to reach shore again. When he did manage to get on terra firma safely he found himself without a bite to eat or dry clothes to change into, and was unable to dry his clothes. He resolved at once to start for civilization along the banks of the lake towards the Pitt river. This task was a much harder one than he anticipated, as in many places it was impossible for him to get along the rocky shore, and it was consequently impossible to follow the waters edge. His only alternative was to climb up to the top of the mountain and follow the ridges along the lake. When he reached the summit he found that the ridges along the lake were all of very high elevation and already snow was beginning to fall. He pushed forward without food or shelter along the mountain tops and was unable to sleep at all, for he feared he would freeze to death if he dared to lie down in the snow. He was consequently in a most completely exhausted when he came across the old Indian reserve near the mouth of Pitt lake, three days after his start from the scene of his misfortune. He had just strength enough left to push on a short distance further to the beach, where he found a canoe on the river. Here he decided to sit down and wait for a passing craft of some kind, when he would hail it and seek assistance. Fortunately before he had been there many hours a steamer with a towing party aboard came up the river, and seeing the distressed man's signal put in to shore. Here they found Wellington completely exhausted and scarcely able to sit up. He was taken aboard and attended to, and by the time the city was reached he was but recovered considerably.

A report says that Wellington is searching for a hidden treasure, which is supposed to exist on one of the creeks at the head of Pitt lake. Wellington is an old Indian legend this treasure consists of a large number of nuggets which were buried in the earth by a member of the Pitt lake tribe of Indians who was at the time a fugitive from justice. This Indian, before his death, told Wellington of the location of the treasure in a letter, but was prevented by an accident, and was prevented from going after the treasure. The Indian also gave the directions to the secret hiding-place away to an old miner, from whom it is stated Wellington has received his information.

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adamp3376

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