

THE SEA OF MOUNTAINS.

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VOL. I.

Go ye and look upon that land,
That far vast land that few behold,
And none beholding understand ;
That old old land which men call new,
That land as old as time is old.

The solemn silence of that plain,
Where unmanned tempests ride and reign,
It awes and it possesses you
'Tis, oh, so eloquent !

A wide domain of mysteries
And signs that men misunderstand ;
A land of space and dreams : a land
Of sea, salt lakes, and dried up seas ;
A land of caves and caravans,
And lonely wells and pools.

JOAQUIN MILLER.



Deffrin
i.

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THE SEA OF MOUNTAINS

AN ACCOUNT OF
LORD DUFFERIN'S TOUR

THROUGH

BRITISH COLUMBIA

IN 1876.

BY

MOLYNEUX ST. JOHN.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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TO HER EXCELLENCY
THE COUNTESS OF DUFFERIN,
WHO ACCOMPANIED HER HUSBAND,
THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA,
ON HIS TOUR THROUGH
BRITISH COLUMBIA,
AND WHOSE NAME IS THERE SURROUNDED BY A HALO OF
PLEASANT RECOLLECTIONS,
THIS IMPERFECT RECORD OF THE JOURNEY IS,
WITH PERMISSION, INSCRIBED BY
THE AUTHOR.

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THE SEA OF MOUNTAINS.



INTRODUCTION.

DURING the earlier years of his residence in Canada, as its Governor-General, Lord Dufferin had visited the various sections of the Dominion from the seaboard of Nova Scotia to the great watershed beyond Lake Superior—the height of land that divides the waters flowing eastwardly into the St. Lawrence from those flowing through the great lakes and rivers of the north into Hudson's Bay. He had seen more of Canada than the vast majority of Canadians, and had visited the people of the several provinces in their homes and at their labours. There yet

remained, however, the prairies of the North West, and the great auriferous province of the Pacific coast unvisited by him.

This last-mentioned province had been for some time in a very disturbed, discontented, and unhappy frame of mind. The little English Colony of British Columbia, small in population, but large in territory, and with an unknown quantity of undeveloped resources, had entered the Confederation of the British North American Colonies—a confederation now spoken of as the Dominion of Canada—in the year 1871. Unfortunately this union with Canada was made without due consideration being given to the two questions:—what ought British Columbia to expect? and what can Canada afford to do? On the contrary, the matter was rushed through with a flourish of trumpets, and British Columbia joined the Dominion with an undertaking in her pocket binding Canada to do that which could not be done, that which the public men of Canada

knew was out of the question, and what British Columbia either knew or should have known was impossible. Canada had undertaken to build a railway across the Continent in ten years from the date of union. Five years have elapsed since then, during which time diligent surveys and explorations have been made, and it is hardly yet possible to determine how the railway is to be brought through the mountains of British Columbia. The folly therefore of expecting, and promising to build, before a single survey had been made, a road which within ten years was to cross three ranges of mountains besides traversing the greater part of the Continent will be apparent. It became so to every one concerned, and a modification of the terms of union was suggested.

As a portion of these substituted conditions, which came to be known as the "Carnarvon terms" (a misnomer, as Lord Carnarvon was not the author of the proposition), a railway was to be built

from Esquimalt—a harbour near Victoria, the capital of Vancouver Island—to Nanaimo, a seaport in the vicinity of the several coal-mines, about seventy miles up the coast. Vancouver Island, which is the largest island on the coast, was at one time a colony of itself; British Columbia—the mainland portion of the now province being a distinct colony. Before their union with Canada the two had become one colony, but their interests were in some respects diverse, and jealousy always existed between them. The proposition therefore to build this road on the island was not regarded by the mainland with any great favour, and it was otherwise objected to on the score that there was nothing to be carried between the two places except coals, and that no one would send coals by rail with a seaway alongside of it.

Victoria, however, the capital of the island, being also the capital of the province, possessed the usual influence of a

capital in a country of small and scattered settlements, and Victoria set its heart upon having the island railway. Mr. Mackenzie, who had become Premier of Canada on the defeat of Sir John Macdonald and the Conservative party, having made the offer of the "Carnarvon terms," as a substitution for the original impossible terms, was desirous of carrying them into effect, and brought a Bill before Parliament for that purpose. It passed the House of Commons by a large majority, but between the time of the vote in the Lower House and its discussion in the Senate (the Upper House), the speeches of two of the British Columbian Ministers in the Provincial Legislature arrived at the capital of the Dominion, and showed that the Provincial Government, in accepting the "Carnarvon terms," did not relinquish the old or impossible agreement. The Senate therefore threw out the Bill, and as it was generally admitted that an isolated island railway having no connexion

with the mainland was an absurdity, it was not again introduced. On this the politicians and many of the island people became greatly exercised, and indignantly refused a money compensation which Mr. Mackenzie's government offered. Many of them, who had calculated that their waste land and other property would greatly increase in value by the building of the road, were much disappointed, while some of the less scrupulous politicians, particularly those who had tasted power and had forfeited it, were quick to seize any opportunity of so disturbing existing arrangements that a chance might be offered for their own return to office.

Separation from Canada was spoken of, and even annexation to the United States was contemplated by a few. The people of the island generally had reason to complain, although they were themselves in a measure to blame for the first agreement; but as Mr. Mackenzie had no power to increase the number of the Senate, and so make the

passage of his bill certain, he was not to be censured for its first failure, and the general feeling of the country forbade its being presented a second time. The question therefore between Canada and her Pacific Coast Province was more or less at a dead-lock, the "Carnarvon terms" in their integrity being contrary to the sentiment of the Canadians—who would have to supply the money for them—and the money compensation, seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, had been refused; the "Carnarvon terms," the whole terms, and nothing but the "Carnarvon terms" being the cry of the people of Victoria, and consequently of the majority of the islanders. It must be remembered, however, that the people of the mainland, separated from Victoria by a narrow strait and once a separate colony, had no interest in the "Carnarvon terms" being strictly carried, but were equally with the islanders pressing for the construction of the Main Pacific Railway, although some-

what at variance with the islanders as to the route which should be taken. The Vancouver Island people entirely depended on the Canada Pacific Railway crossing the strait between the islands at its narrow part and coming down by Nanaimo through Victoria to the harbour at Esquimalt; the people of the mainland on the contrary held that the road should come down by the valley of the Thompson and Fraser rivers, and terminate at a place called Burrard's Inlet opposite to Esquimalt. Thus on the question of the main route, as well as on the necessity of building the Island Railway, the two sections of the province were at variance.

The Vancouver Island people, however, affirmed, and with some justice, that the legislature, if not a unit, was almost so in its intention to take what may be called hostile action towards Canada unless satisfaction was obtained, and a unanimous vote had already been carried in the House upholding the "Carnarvon

terms." It was at this juncture that the Governor-General started from Ottawa on the last day of July, 1876, for British Columbia, to see the province and learn for himself the true condition of feeling amongst both sections of the people.

This short and necessarily cursory explanation will serve to introduce the subject which those who read what is to follow will find constantly before them. The Governor-General's party, consisting of His Excellency and Lady Dufferin, Colonel Littleton of the Grenadier Guards (the Governor-General's military secretary), Captain Ward and Lieutenant Hamilton, 19th (his two aide-de-camps) arrived at Toronto Station a little before midnight on the 31st of July. Here they were joined by three special correspondents—Mr. E. Horton of the Toronto Mail, Mr. J. B. Stillson of the New York World, and Mr. Molyneux St. John of the Toronto Globe—who had been detailed by their respective journals to accompany the Governor-

General. The work which follows is from the letters of the *Globe* correspondent. The letters are not given precisely as printed in the daily *Globe*, because portions of them are interesting only to Canadians, or relevant only to the hour when they were published. It may be remembered that they are "newspaper letters," written on board of steamers, railway cars, and similar inconvenient places, and concerning places and topics which in some instances could not, from the nature of the travels, be thoroughly examined or investigated.

They give, however, it is hoped, a fairly accurate account of Lord Dufferin's Tour through British Columbia, at a time when but for his visit the most serious trouble to the Dominion of Canada, as well as to the Imperial Government, was imminent. This volume contains the excellent speech made by Lord Dufferin before leaving Victoria, a speech which in more than one way rendered good and powerful service to the country—and the letters are at least a

record of a journey which will have its indirect effect throughout the British Empire. One merit only is claimed for them. By first reading the letters some knowledge will have been acquired of the persons and places of which Lord Dufferin makes mention in his speech.

The volume has been called "The Sea of Mountains," for that most applicable name was once given to the Province of British Columbia by an eminent Canadian statesman during a debate in the House of Commons. It is true that a few of the least reasonable persons in British Columbia took exception to the epithet, but the sensible and thinking portion of the community admit the correctness of the description and base upon it their argument, that, in consequence of its peculiar physical character, special consideration will be necessary to discover the best means of utilizing its enormous undeveloped wealth for the benefit of the Dominion.

CHAPTER I.

Railway Journey to Chicago—The Governor-General of Canada—Plague of Dust—A Gentleman in the Ladies' Comb and Hair-pin Interest—Talk in the Cars—The Indians in Arms—Vague Ideas—Out West—The Sioux Indian—Respect for the British Flag—Captain Cameron—A Remedy for Mosquitoes—Lord Dufferin's Plans.

AFTER a reasonably propitious journey His Excellency the Governor-General arrived at Chicago this evening at eight o'clock, or thereby, and drove straightway to that palace of public places, the Palmer House. He had before visited Chicago *en grande tenue*, so that his visit to-day was strictly private, and with a view of obtaining rest after last night and to-day. For one reason and another the majority of Pullmanites complained that they had not

slept much last night, and most intended to snooze through the journey from Detroit to Chicago. But man proposes in the affairs of life just as he does at *écarté*, without any certainty that his plans will be permitted to ripen to execution.

As the train stopped at the various stations and junctions, individuals in long brown Holland wrappers were conspicuous, and a suspicion arose in the general mind that perhaps the journey to-day was to be through a dusty part of the country. Perhaps it was, indeed. The dust began as soon as it conveniently could, and, gradually thickening as the breeze increased, kept us all well covered until we were within a few miles of the Chicago terminus. I never saw such efforts made to dodge dust as were exhibited in the cars, and never saw efforts so futile. Ladies covered themselves up in long overcoats of Holland, and wrapped veils round their respective heads; then they concluded that the veils caught the dust, and

took them off and flapped them about. Then they opened the inner window and shut the outer one ; then reversed this arrangement ; and then tried both shut, and the ventilators open, and still there was a thick fog of dust all day long in the carriage.

There were some ample washing arrangements in the car in which your correspondent travelled, and we all sought relief in constant bathing. Before it was possible to use a towel a coating of mud would form on the skin, but as it was wet mud it was pleasant, refreshing, and preferable to the dry dust. It was a warm day, too, and every one was glad, at every available point, to get out and walk about. His Excellency and Lady Dufferin were frequently out on the platforms, and they were enabled to be so without annoyance to themselves, as very few people knew that the hindmost car was the temporary dwelling of the Governor-General of Canada.

It was not very easy to distinguish their

Excellencies, for they had wisely gone into brown Holland, or its equivalent, and I am inclined to believe that another passenger drew a little of the fire of public curiosity which otherwise would have fallen on them. He was a gentleman who evidently never looked at himself through the small end of a field-glass. He had a small hand-bag with him in the carriage, which he insisted upon the car-conductor carrying whenever the exigencies of the journey necessitated this small object being moved from car to car. He opened an umbrella when compelled to stand for a few minutes in the sun on the platform, and altogether showed himself to be such an amazing personage that while some strangers, knowing that the Earl of Dufferin was on board, and erroneously believing that what they, in pleasantry, call a “b——d Hinglish Hearl” would be likely to make himself conspicuous, were eyeing him in doubt, some others came to the conclusion that such a magnificent

person must be a first gentleman's gentleman attached to the suite of the Governor-General. He was not, however, but in the evening we found he had still further developed in magnificence, and it was darkly hinted that recently in Canada he was a lord. Subsequent inquiries, however, have closed the peerage to him, and I am induced to believe that he is a gentleman travelling in the ladies' comb and hair-pin interest. I mention him because he was the only relief in a tedious day, and because I think the world will hear further of him yet.

There was some talk on the cars, of course, about the Indians in arms against the United States troops. I have noticed that the vaguest ideas are entertained about the locality of the recent battles. Even the Americans speak of it in a general way as "Out West," very much in the same manner as The Mulligan, when asked where he lived, said "there," pointing generally in the direction of Uxbridge.

They are practically as far off the Union Pacific Railway as if they were a thousand miles farther, but the question was gravely asked whether there wasn't any danger of their interfering with the train.

There was a gentleman in the car wherein the conversation *re* Indians took place, who had evidently been impressed with those romantic stories about Indians never touching British subjects, and who suggested that, even if we came across Sitting Bull and Co., we could hoist the British ensign, and forthwith metamorphose the sedentary shorthorn from a scalping enemy into a casual and pleasant acquaintance. It is quite true that the Sioux usually confine their attacks to parties with whom they are at war, but the meeting on American territory with a party of young and irresponsible Sioux Indians on the war path would afford sufficient room for anxiety about little matters that had been forgotten before starting, even though each of the party

might be dressed in a suit of Union Jack. Indians are so stupid sometimes, they will make mistakes. In our own territory, or its immediate neighbourhood, there may be a difference. Some officials have unbounded belief in the efficacy of the flag for this purpose. When the boundary surveyors were running the line westward through Manitoba, and a resident of Pembina cautioned Captain Cameron—the head of the Canadian or British survey—about the Sioux who were then mustering in the Wood Mountain district, and recommended his taking a larger escort—“Oh, I am not afraid of them,” replied the gallant little hero of the “blawsted fence,” who, to do him justice, is not usually afraid of anything, “I shall just hoist the British Ensign, and that will be sufficient.” The Pembina gentleman made no reply, knowing that there was considerable reason in the remark.

They continued their conversation, Captain Cameron seeking information about

the country, and the inquiry was made by him as to the best means of saving his men and animals from the annoyance of mosquitoes, that year very troublesome.

“There is no remedy for them,” replied the American, “except when there is a slight breeze, before which they disappear.”

“Yes, but,” said the gallant officer, “we must do something. Men can’t work and take careful observations with these infernal mosquitoes buzzing around them; can’t you do anything to get rid of them, Mr. Lennon?”

“Wal, Sir, we can’t do anything here; we have to put up with them. Perhaps if you were to hoist the British Ensign you spoke of a while ago that might scare ’em; I don’t know nothing else they’d give a cent for.”

The talk about the Indians, short as it was, attracted the attention of several of our fellow-travellers. There was one lady who yawned steadily once in three minutes

all the way from Detroit to Chicago, and whose sleepiness had really been more irritating than words can describe, but who was temporarily roused by the question of Indians. She listened attentively while the possibility of their appearing on the plains was hinted, but when the safety of the journey was demonstrated she relapsed into the corner of her section and yawned as if she would have eaten us.

Their Excellencies leave here to-morrow morning at ten o'clock, by the Burlington and Quincy route, and will arrive at Omaha on the following morning (Thursday) at the same hour. There are three trains daily from Chicago to Omaha, by as many different routes, and all arrive at Council Bluffs about the same time—twenty-four hours after they start. From Omaha west there is only one train a day, but the Governor-General's party will not connect at Omaha, but will remain over for next day's train. It is not very probable, I think, that His Excellency

will diverge at Ogden to visit Salt Lake City, at least on the journey west, though he may perhaps do so on the homeward trip, because it is necessary now to push on to catch the mail-steamer at San Francisco. Possibly, however, when San Francisco is reached, the plans, as they effect the "doing" of British Columbia and California, may be changed. On the return journey Lord Dufferin will take a different route through the States, and will probably strike Philadelphia on his way.

CHAPTER II.

Stay in Chicago—Journey from Chicago to Omaha—
 Appearance of the Country—Immense Crops of In-
 dian Corn—Stock-raising—The Tide of Immigration
 —Omaha—Presidential Campaign—The Indian Ques-
 tion—The Sioux—Spotted Tail and Sitting Bull—
 A modest “Nobleman”—A False Position.

THE Governor-General’s stay in Chicago was a very short one. He arrived on Tuesday evening and left on Wednesday morning, and as hardly anyone knew of his coming he was enabled to keep as quiet as he desired. Some few personal friends came down to the station to see him off, and the motley gathering that is always to be found at a railway station at the departure of a trans-continental train “took stock” of the party and made

their critical but by no means uncomplimentary remarks upon their Excellencies and their general *entourage*.

On his last trip, Lord Dufferin travelled more or less in his official character, but his present journey, so far as it is through the States, is of a less formal nature, and he is enabled to observe at his ease the people amongst whom his course may lie. He takes advantage of this, and talks to anyone that the fancy of the moment may prompt. I saw him closely examining a little fruit-stand at Council Bluffs, where pennyworths of blue plums were piled in inviting pyramids, and I think that if he had not been called away to get into the train he would have bought a pyramid, which he would at once have shared with the first acquaintance he met.

The journey from Chicago to Omaha was as pleasant as that from Detroit to Chicago had been the reverse, and we were able to examine and appreciate the agricultural beauties of Illinois and Iowa.

The Burlington and Quincy Road—by which Lord Dufferin travelled — passes through that part of Illinois which is more especially devoted to stock, particularly hog-raising, and in consequence the greater part of the crop is Indian corn. The country thereabouts is in some parts very flat, and in others a rolling prairie—if cultivated land may still be spoken of as prairie — and the fields are very large. Looking out from the cars you can see large tracts without seeing a fence at all, and though, doubtless, some fencing is hidden by the waving corn, the size of the fields is beyond what we are accustomed to in Canada.

I was much reminded of portions of Lancashire by the country west of Chicago, and a gentleman from Lancashire who was travelling in the train said he noticed the same thing. The farmers here are not so bountifully supplied with wood as those in Canada, but it is open to question whether there is not a superabundance

of those hideous snake fences in six out of every ten farms in Ontario. The Illinois farmers do not indulge in the sport of fox-hunting. If they did they have a country which, of all I have ever seen, is second only to the shires in England. But passing out of Illinois into Iowa, which is done by crossing the Mississippi at Burlington—a prettily situated and growing city on the west bank of the river, which is spanned by a handsome iron suspension bridge—one finds that the crops are still more exclusively of Indian corn, and still more luxuriant than those of Illinois. In some parts of this State, and particularly in the valley of the Missouri south of the Bluffs, which, pierced by the river, sweep round Burlington and vanish off in the distance of Nebraska, one saw such fields of Indian corn as it would probably be difficult to match elsewhere.

Even from the platform of the car one could see only the upper parts of the

cottages, schoolhouses, and other buildings that here and there stood out white and glittering in this immense vista of green. An Iowa man told me, in answer to my question, that the farmers in this part did not ship much grain east, as they found it more profitable to turn it into stock. I was told of a farmer in the western part of Illinois—a Canadian, I believe—who grew one field of twenty thousand acres of Indian corn, and did not gather a single head or stock of it, but turned his cattle and pigs in as the most profitable way of using the crop. No one can fail to be pleased with this region of country, and the reason why I speak of it is because I believe we have, in its own way, as good a country of our own. The word “prairie” is stamped on Western Illinois and Iowa. In every little gulch, in every roll of the prairie, in every distant copse of poplar, you see our own North-west dressed in the varied garb of civilization and cultivation. It is as easy,

in imagination, to unrobe Iowa and restore its pristine covering as it is to clothe Manitoba and its surroundings with the crops and homesteads that follow one another in unbroken succession on these not long reclaimed southern prairies. But the circumstances are not, of course, the same. The tide of immigration flows here along three lines of railroad; it dribbles into Manitoba along one tortuous river. But the North-west will not long be without its railway—and he is a wondrously short-sighted patriot who throws difficulties in the way of its construction—and as we know that its crops are excelled by those of no other country, those who have waited hopefully and patiently for its proper development will be able to say to the thousands of Englishmen and Canadians who are spreading along the line of the Union Pacific Railway:—

“We, too, have a country which was once beautiful, even in its solitude and desolation, and which now blossoms like the

rose; we too have a home to offer the West-seeking wanderer, where plenty and comfort reward the man who will work to secure it; our ridges are speckled with herds, and our valleys yellow with grain; we have secured comfort and independence for our families, education for our children, the services of our religion, and we enjoy it all protected by the flag under which ourselves and our fathers before us have lived in safety, and in the exercise of self-government. Come ye also who westward would take your way, and who are still proud of your name and nationality, for that which you have envied in other lands is offered to you in your own."

Omaha, which once possessed the unenviable distinction of being the most rowdy town in the United States, and which was the chief of those places that acquired the startling sobriquet of "Hell upon Wheels," is now a pleasant little city of some twenty thousand inhabitants,

more or less, and with an evident determination to grow. The Americans, as they go westward, have a way of carrying their civilization with them, so that a traveller—lodged in a sumptuous hotel with street-cars running before the door, and handsome brick stores opposite his window—finds it difficult for the moment to realize the fact that he is out half-way across the continent. There are three newspapers in Omaha—which, of course, accounts for its general excellence; and—another necessarily potent cause—some of its principal business men are Canadians. But the Omaha of to-day is a very different place from that which made its name a synonym for an itinerant Inferno. It is a quiet place, where men do their business in a steady unobtrusive manner, and in which the general lounging public have long ceased to shoot one another to give tone and brightness to the various social gatherings in the city.

They are commencing here to inaugurate

their Presidential campaign, and the first meeting of the Democrats is now being held. We were told that any or all of the Canadian travelling party would be welcome, and some of us went, but were driven out by the heat and general atmosphere of the corner into which we had squeezed. We learnt, however, while there that the United States had been brought to the brink of ruin by the Republican party, and that unless the people immediately put the other side into power there was no telling what might happen. It appears that in Omaha each party confines the attendance at these meetings to their own friends, and when I asked the editor of one of the newspapers whether it would not be more lively and interesting if they invited some of their opponents to attend and reply, he said that "he guessed they would soon get so lively that they'd lose track of themselves altogether."

But the topic of most interest here at present is the Indian question. They do

not appear to regard the defeat of Crook and Custer as mere accidents that cannot be repeated. In discussing the subject with one of the leading men here, he spoke of the Sioux as an intelligent and daring enemy whom it was folly to under-rate. He said that Spotted Tail, a chief who not long ago gave much trouble, but who is now a peaceful resident on a reservation, and a friend of the whites, is one of the most able men, red or white, in the United States, and he seemed to think that Sitting Bull ranked high in the same category. Spotted Tail's conversion was worked by his observation of the white men during his visit to the Eastern States. On his return from Washington he said that it was now clear to him that if he wished to live the Indian must work, and he at once set an example himself. Sitting Bull has not been to Washington, and the stories of the white man's power told by those Indians who have visited the East are always discredited on the plains, and

the narrators are accused of having been bought to mislead their brethren.

News of the next engagement is very anxiously expected here, because in the event of a defeat of the American troops, it is thought possible that the Sioux may strike down to the south of the Black Hills. The out-lying districts would then be in considerable danger. If the expressions used really indicate the sentiments of the several speakers, there is much less revengeful animosity felt towards the Sioux than one might have expected to find. There is unwavering hostility and a determination to bring them into subjection, but the offence which causes this is quite as much the breaking away from reservations as the fact of achieving victory in a battle. "Stay on your reservation, or we will kill you," sums up the message which would interpret the various denunciations and explanations I have as yet heard. Probably as one goes further west, and strikes the cities, Sidney,

Cheyenne, Laramie, and others, from which Black Hills expeditions have been fitted out, the feelings of the people may be of a more angry sort.

A Canadian of Omaha called to-day to say that the Canadian residents of the city, to the number of forty, desired to present an address to the Governor-General. Lord Dufferin was out at the time, but the address is to be presented to-morrow morning before the departure for Ogden. It will take place, however, after the closing of the mail, so that I must defer sending a copy of the document until my next letter is written. We heard that the gentleman of whom I spoke in my last as having been mistaken by your correspondent for the chief of Lord Dufferin's servants, had been calling himself Lord Lovat in Canada, and that when he found himself in the same train with the Governor-General he informed the conductor that he did not wish it to be known that he was on the cars, and at

Chicago his modesty induced him to register himself under some less distinguished name. Speaking of this Lord puts me in mind of the fact that an evening paper here says that the Governor-General of Canada and a party of English noblemen are here on their road to British Columbia. In this world we are not what we are, but what we seem to be. Driving from a railway station once in company with two gentlemen of the American press, at the time of Prince Arthur's visit to Buffalo, the carriage turned into the principal street, in which a number of persons were waiting to see the Prince alight. One of the American gentlemen suddenly perceived the position he was in, and called out, "Put up your note-books, or they'll take us for newspaper reporters," whereupon we all shut up our books, and tried to look as much like intimate friends of the Prince as we could. Had it been in Omaha we should have been all right, but I don't think we duly impressed the Buffalo people.

CHAPTER III.

Lord and Lady Dufferin at Omaha—Curious Statements—The Sioux War—Indian Agents—The Sioux Interpreter—Adventure of Prussian Students—Sale of Sioux Curiosities—Peculation of Indian Money—Sitting Bull—Union Pacific Railway—Scene at Omaha Depôt—The Platte River—Prairies and Plains—Buffaloes and Grasshoppers—Travelling through Nebraska—The Prairie Dog.

BEFORE leaving Omaha this morning, we were able to purchase the daily newspapers, in which we learnt the favourable opinion the Omaha journalists had formed of His Excellency and Lady Dufferin. The Governor-General is described as “a very dignified elegantly appearing gentleman, very intelligent and well cultured. The Countess is a handsome little thing, of a type of womanhood very different from the American idea of feminine

royalty. While riding through the streets yesterday she was the centre of all attraction, her costume being of plain brown silk, corded, and something in the manner of the pull-back style." This observation, so eminently correct, hardly prepared us for the information that the Governor-General's salary is two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year, with allowances for secretaries and servants, "several of whom make more than the President of the United States."

But the most startling statement is that which explains the object of his visit to British Columbia as being in a great measure to ascertain "the real state of the Sioux warfare, and whether his borders are in danger of hostile invasion," as well as to "hurry up the Pacific Railway." The Sioux war, as I mentioned in my last, is the most interesting topic on the line of the Union Pacific Railway. The subjugation of the Sioux is all in all to them. Presidents may come and Presidents may

go, but Sioux raiding, like Tennyson's "Brook," will go on for ever unless the matter is dealt with in a systematic, satisfactory, and business-like manner. I do not mean that by this that the Sioux are to be massacred, but it is clear that if the vast fields to the north of the road are ever to be settled upon, a very different relationship with the Indians from that now existing must be established. Almost everyone with whom I spoke asked me—because it is a mystery to all—how we get on so well with our Indians, and when I explained that Canada had inherited the goodwill which had been established among the Indians of the North-west by the just dealings and friendly communion of the Hudson Bay Company, and had taken pains to care for the interests of the Indians and to observe their treaty obligations, as well as to establish the fact that the arm of the law could be made to reach to the extent of the Queen's Dominions, and would deal with Indian and white man

alike, I asked, in my turn, why the United States have so signally failed in establishing a satisfactory understanding with the same class of people within their borders. From most sources I could get no more enlightening reply than, "Those rascally Indian agents."

I knew that mere agents could not continue to work an iniquity about which the press, and indeed the whole country, had been thundering for years, and I found out the Sioux interpreter at Omaha and discussed the matter with him. He was a good authority on the subject. Some nine years ago a party of Prussian students had come over to America to see the country. In the course of their rambles they joined a hunting party of Pawnees who were out on the Nebraska prairies, and while camped at a short distance north of what is now the Union Pacific road, they were attacked by a band of Sioux. During the fight which ensued, and in which all but one of the Pawnee party were killed, one of the

young students was knocked senseless off his horse by a Sioux tomahawk. When all the rest of the party had been scalped, a Sioux warrior approached the young German to perform the same operation upon him, but finding that the prostrate pale-face was still alive and was but a mere lad, he spared the life of the youth and took him home to hew wood and draw water. The lad was then sixteen years of age, and in the course of a year the Chief of the band arrived at the conclusion that the pale-faced stranger should now declare his intentions touching naturalization amongst the Sioux nation. He was given his option whether or not he would become a naturalized Sioux citizen, it having been privately arranged amongst his friends that if he declined he should be knocked on the head forthwith. Fortunately for himself he had obtained some inkling of this contingency, and cheerfully accepted the proffered honour, whereupon he was presented with the daughter of a Sioux

gentleman of distinction called "Tame Bear," and in the course of a short time was made a happy father and the chief of a small band.

When peace was made two years ago between Spotted Tail and Mr. President Grant, the young German returned to civilization, bringing with him the half-breed boy, which—to use an expression of the neighbourhood—he had realized out of the transaction, and from his knowledge of the Sioux and their language was made a Government interpreter. He showed me a photograph of the lady who had comforted him in captivity, but in answer to my question which I asked as delicately as possible, he said, in anything but an uxorious tone, that he had left her with her relations. He gave as his reason that the white girls wouldn't like it; but whether he meant that the presence of the Sioux chieftainess would interfere with his prospects of further matrimonial happiness, or that, however fitted to adorn a buffalo

hunter's lodge, the daughter of Tame Bear was not calculated to mingle amicably with Prussian or American ladies, I don't know. He said that she had several times expressed her desire and intention to join him at Omaha, but that he would not allow her. He very kindly volunteered to show me the tomahawk wound on his head—a scar which certainly suggested a very unpleasant rap—and as a young acquaintance had a short time previously offered to show me his sore finger if I would give him a candy, I took the proffered view on the part of the interpreter as an evidence of satisfaction with my visit. Since his return from savage life, he has very successfully carried on a business for the sale of articles of Indian workmanship, &c., and so great has been the demand on the part of travellers for “Sioux curiosities,” that he was obliged to import a number of Iroquois from Lachine to manufacture them.

His statements and information being

reduced to their essence amount to about this: That the Sioux have no confidence in the ability of the United States' employés to be honest, and that he himself disbelieved in their ever conquering this failing. The agents stole wholesale; the agents' superior officers were interested in the peculation, and the obliquity of moral vision ascended to the highest realms of official life. They were all in the ring from the highest down, the interpreter being the only person who "got no chance to steal." I thought of asking whether the interpreter's honesty was the result of this untoward inability to join the ring, but refrained, lest he should think the question a personal one. On one occasion a sum of six hundred thousand dollars, he said, was accruing to certain bands of Indians, one-half to be paid in cash, the other in goods; but the amount that finally filtered itself into the hands of the Indians was one hundred thousand dollars. Sitting Bull, who is now giving so much

trouble, and who is likely to cost, before his people are subjugated, much blood and more money, offered to come to terms with the United States Government provided he were allowed to go to Washington during the session of Congress to receive the money without the interposition of Government employés. He said that when so many of them were gathered together, there would be less chance of any one of them stealing the Indian money.

The Union Pacific Railway commences its westward course at Omaha. You feel there that you really are a passenger for California. You have felt before, on being told to "Change here for Yankton, Sioux City," that you were in a western atmosphere; but it is not until you see the Omaha depot and the California train that the sentiment of being an across-the-continenter is thoroughly experienced. I never saw such a busy station of its size, or one better managed. Along the plat-

form stretches like an enormous serpent the San Francisco train. It appears, at first sight, to be composed exclusively of Pullman cars, though there is found on closer inspection a few which are not. The platform, and the large rooms off it, are filled with people; some checking their baggage, which they will not again touch until they see the blue waters of the Pacific, others buying their tickets and unnecessarily exerting themselves about their sleeping berths, and a crowd in present thirst and with prospective hunger pressing round the counters of a refreshment-room to seize upon tumblers of curiously compounded beverages, and to fill baskets with provisions and pickles for their life on board the cars; and the quantity of pickles that is purchased here is astonishing. The transcontinental traveller is a whale at pickles.

At the Omaha depot the directions to travellers are conspicuously posted in five languages—English, French, Spanish, Ger-

man, and another which looked like Russian, and might be anything—and adjoining the ticket-room is the lands-office of the Union Pacific Railway. Here the immigrant is shown maps of the vast territory into which he is entering, and publications are handed to him for his perusal which show very conclusively that people choosing to reside elsewhere than in Nebraska are simply rejecting a paradise which it has pleased Providence should be made known to man through the medium of the Union Pacific. Mr. Kimball, the passenger manager of this road, came down to the station to see the Governor-General off, and very kindly extended the courtesy of the road to myself. Soon after his arrival there was a sudden rush of busy work; baggage was piled up in the cars, excited passengers who belonged to the hind part of the train rushed into the foremost car, while those of the front carriage vainly attempted to storm Lord Dufferin's car in the rear, and amidst a general scrimmage

a gong sounded, the train started, and we were off for San Francisco.

On board this train one feels an interest and curiosity about one's fellow-passengers in much the same way as on board a trans-Atlantic steamer. You feel that you are going on a long voyage with them, and that you ought to know something about their occupations and affairs. You feel a desire to know what is the matter with that invalid lady in the drawing-room section, how long she has been ill, and what her chances are. You want to know whether that lady and gentleman with the several growing-up children are moving to California, or whether they have been east to bring their children home from school ; and the beauty of the whole thing is that your interest in these points will be appreciated, and on courteously asking a few questions the fullest particulars will be given you.

From Omaha the Union Pacific runs for three hundred and seventy miles through

Nebraska along the valley of the Platte River, dipping into Colorado at Julesburgh, and then continuing its course through Nebraska and Wyoming. The Platte River, though receiving water from a great many tributary streams, is a slow, shallow river, filled with shifting sandbanks. It winds through a beautiful prairie valley, varying in breadth from five to perhaps fifteen miles, and shut in on either side by a range of rolling prairie. The Platte is almost as redolent of early western history as the Tiber is of the traditions of Rome. It was the route taken by the emigrants to California and the mountain districts, and at one time was a favourite resort of the buffalo and their enemies. The grass of this valley grows over the graves of unnumbered white men and Indians who have slain one another, the one in attempting to pass, the others in their efforts to prevent them. The stories of many of the massacres of emigrant trains, as well as of stage drivers

and other adventurers, have their scene laid in this now peaceful country. The buffalo are gone, the Indians have disappeared with them, and in the place of the wild cattle of the plains and the still wilder men who lived upon them, the motley coloured herds of Eastern immigrants are beginning to cover the land.

Some of the Western men appear to draw a distinction between "the prairies" and "the plains." They call the prairies that undulating country in which the long grasses are found growing in such luxuriance, and give the name of the plains to the upland plateaus where the short, curly, and most nutritious of grasses—the buffalo grass—is principally found. As the buffalo grass turns colour early in the Summer, though still retaining its sweetness and nutritious qualities, the plains would necessarily look yellowish and dry, while the rolling hills and valleys of the so distinguished "prairie" were a mass of bright green. We saw several patches of

burnt ground on the plains, whereas the long grasses would not yet burn. On leaving Omaha the road begins its gradual but steady ascent, and soon after quitting the valley of the Platte, the cars traverse a long region of plains which stretch away north till they strike the Black Hills, which lie partly in Wyoming and partly in Dakotah. By this time, although meeting with settlements near the stations of the railway, the cars have passed out into the wilds, and the vast solitudes of the Western world stretch out on every side.

I suppose no one ever steps out upon the prairies, for the first time in his life, without experiencing a sense of freedom from the trammels of his past life, whatever they may have been, and, to a certain extent, a feeling of rejuvenescence that is not to be obtained by other means. A new world seems to have opened itself before him, in which he has, at least, an equal chance with the rest of his kith

and kin. And just as he who has lived on the bosom, or by the shores of the ocean cannot be satisfied with green fields and babbling brooks, so a child of the prairie, or one who has learnt to love its vastness, and wandered over its unmeasured fields can never leave it without casting a lingering glance behind, and hoping in his heart that his lot will lead him there once more. It is no wonder that men sell out and go West; it is no wonder that those whom fortune is pushing to the wall in older communities escape to find solace for their woes in the solitude of the plains. They feel that man is in closer communion with nature there than elsewhere, and that his neighbour has no right, and will have no inclination to bring with him the restraints and woes of towns and capitals. This is sentiment, of course, but that is the nature of the sentiment begotten of the plains.

At every station at which the train

stops, the traveller can learn, if he wishes, the story of its early troubles with the Indians; its subsequent high tide of prosperity when the road, resting its end within the "city limits," brought its accompanying host of gamblers, roughs, outlaws, and dissolute women, its fall into dull times as these gentry passed on to another terminus, and its slow but wholesome recovery now in progress under the influence of the stock-raisers. For stock-raising is the business of these Western States, and the country would seem almost to have been provided by an all-wise Providence for that purpose. Nebraska can feed millions of cattle and billions of grasshoppers without the one very materially affecting the other. We journeyed the greater part of one day through grasshoppers, and we were told that a delay of an hour during the night was caused by the grasshoppers on the rails. This, we learn, is by no means uncommon. I caught one of the grass-

hoppers ("locusts") to compare it with those that visit Manitoba. It was of the same appearance in all particulars, except that it was slightly larger than those north.

Travelling through Nebraska and Wyoming, one realises what a railroad through a wilderness really signifies. The long stretches of land in use in the midst of great wastes still lying untouched by man, the bands of horses and herds of cattle feeding within gunshot of antelopes, and the sudden appearance of a town, with all the signs and sign-boards that one sees in the State of New York, or the Province of Ontario. You see millions of dollars worth of property where, a few years ago, civilization was represented by a New England blanket, or a Birmingham scalping-knife. The great problem upon which so much will depend in our Northwest has here been solved. Cattle live out during the winter. Can they do so in Manitoba and the Saskatchewan? I

believe they can. The ravines here on the treeless plains afford them shelter, and the spurs of the hills from which the snow is blown by the high winds afford them food. In our country there is a great deal more wood than any we have passed through on this line, and wood is the best of shelter, and I am told, moreover, that the cattle here scrape for their food. It has always been insisted by the residents of Manitoba that cattle won't scrape (although the buffaloes do), and that horses will, therefore horses can winter out and grow fat while cattle will starve and die. But if cattle will scrape for their food here, it is not all of a sudden to be believed that the same breed will not do so in Manitoba. Their patriotism may be great, but not proof against hunger; and if herds can be wintered out in the Northwest territories, we shall want, not one, but a couple of Pacific railways. The cattle here are not of a very superior kind. The custom is, I believe, to import Texan

cattle and grade them up. Some of them want grading up.

We saw a great number of antelopes as we came through Nebraska; some of them within easy shot of the carriage windows, and, what was much more to the purpose, we got some capital antelope steaks for dinner. Along the line we passed several villages of prairie dogs, who squatted motionless, each family at the entrance of their subterranean dwelling, to watch the train go by. These are amongst the most eccentric dwellers of the plains. They gather together and build their villages, which are subterranean borings, in some place where the grasses, upon the roots of which they live, are found. They are a little larger than a gopher—a species of ground squirrel—and utter a short bark, or cry, rather resembling that of a certain kind of plover. In the same holes with these little animals, are found rattle-snakes and the

burrowing owl. We saw some owls sitting on the mounds solemnly staring at the train as it passed. The little prairie dog, or Wish-ton-wish, does not, in any way, resent the intrusion of these visitors, but quietly goes about his business as if they were a portion of his family, and, in return for this hospitality, the owl, who shares his dwelling, varies the monotony of his existence by driving his beak into the head of any young prairie puppy that may be at home about dinner time. In the same way the rattlesnake appeases his hunger by a raid upon the nursery of his host, where he is always able to find what the keepers of refreshment bars at Chicago and Omaha call "a real elegant lunch." Everything on the Union Pacific Railway that is not "a square dinner," is, whether eaten at six in the morning or ten at night, "an elegant lunch." I mention this merely as a matter of explanation, that travellers may not be misled by an interchange of terms.

While passing across a plain out of sight of all signs of human beings, an antelope stood within a few yards of the train looking at it go by. A number of us saw it, and called to the next car in order that the Governor-General and Lady Dufferin might look out. There was a sudden rush to their window, but no antelope was then in sight. The train had gone swiftly on, and by the time they had reached the window, their car was passing a solitary woman dressed in modern fashion with a veil over her face and a sunshade in her hand. A disgusted member of Lord Dufferin's staff ejaculated, "Oh, nonsense! that's a woman, not an antelope," and I almost think that in another part of the train had certain revolvers been ready, the strange lady would have been in some danger—except that no one with a revolver ever hits anything but himself, or one of his friends. As we wound round a curve in the rolling ground, we came across one of those little

railway villages plumped upon the plain, and this, of course, explained the vision of the solitary lady, who, when descried in the midst, as it appeared, of solitude on the Laramie plains, was a far more startling object than an antelope.

The brummagem "lord" has turned up again. He has now reduced himself in the social rank to Doctor—the fellow will have some title—and I heard him take his ticket for Salt Lake City. Probably he will there blossom as a lord again, and with the advantage of his self-created nobility, he ought to get on well with the ladies. No doubt he will become a distinguished Mormon, but he will pay for it if his wives ever find out that he is a humbug.

CHAPTER IV.

Expressions of Opinion—Lady Dufferin and American Ladies—In the Land of the Mormons—The Laramie Plains—Fossil Remains—The Rocky Mountains—Highest Point of the Journey—Sherman—The Echo and Weber Cañons—Chinamen and Mormons—Commencement of Mormon Land—Engineering Enterprise.

THE Governor-General arrived at Ogden, Utah, yesterday evening, and stayed over the night to rest, intending to proceed on his journey to-day. The Pullman sleeping cars are a great invention, but continuous travelling in them is apt to be tiring, particularly to ladies. Lady Dufferin, however, appears to be an excellent traveller, and is active in her efforts to see all that can be seen on the journey. It very soon leaked out ahead

of the party that the Governor-General and "his Countess," as Lady Dufferin is always called, were coming, and at every point where they left the train either for dinner or to look round while the train stopped, they immediately became the objects of general attention. But it is astonishing how well-mannered are the people, to whom the Governor-General is a sight which they think they must see. They don't crowd or rudely stare or make remarks within hearing, or generally conduct themselves as I have seen crowds elsewhere do; but with a quiet respectful attention see those they wish to see, and reserve their remarks until they are out of hearing of those of whom they wish to speak. The general verdict of the people amongst whom we have passed has been a very favourable one. It is expressed in various ways, but all expressions mean the same thing.

One gentleman told me he liked "the Earl" because "he didn't put on no

frills;" another said he was an "uncommon affable gent;" and one native-born Republican, who travelled in the tobacco line, rather took to him because, his own name being "Duke," there was a kind of affinity between him and an English nobleman. Several generations ago this gentleman's forefather had been an Englishman in Virginia, and they were "kinder aristocratic there anyhow." Lady Dufferin wins golden opinions wherever she is seen. She dresses very plainly, though prettily, and strange to say this has fetched the Americans that have been met almost as much as anything. Not one or two, but half a dozen have commented upon this fact, and expressed their satisfaction thereat. I don't know how to express the peculiar attraction her ladyship has for women, but they all take to her. They think her "real cunning," "just as nice as she can be," "an elegant lady," and find other terms, which I now forget, in which to express their admiration. When the train stopped yesterday at a

little wayside station to take in water, Lord and Lady Dufferin were out some way over the prairie picking wild flowers. An alarm of "all aboard" was given, and her ladyship sped across the prairie like a school-girl, to the great delight of a number of passengers who were watching her. But the alarm having proved to be a false one, Lady Dufferin turned back and continued her occupation of picking flowers. "My!" said a lady, "do look! she don't scare a bit." "Well, no," said another, "she's just the cunningest little thing I've seen."

One has but a short time to work here this morning, as the train for Salt Lake City goes at 9.30, and there is a great deal to ask questions and talk about here in Ogden. One feels here as if one were in a strange land. I have an uncontrollable desire to ask every man I meet how many wives he has, and how things work with his mothers-in-law. I commenced inquiries last night at the railway

station, but the first person I accosted proved to be a Gentile. He was a voluble and vituperative young Gentile too, and turned his talents upon a rival present, who happened to be a Mormon. He chaffed my companion, an American gentleman, and myself for going to a Mormon hotel. We didn't mind him, because when you are in Turkey you should always try and see as much as possible of the Turkeys. It would, however be an advantage if one could cease singing "Up in the Mormon land," for it attracts considerable attention; but it is very difficult to break away from a tune when it has seized upon one. I was in hopes last night that I should be able to tell your readers something about the Mormon women in this letter. Last night two young women—one with a baby—entered the sitting-room into which the landlord had shown me, and the opportunity to discuss polygamy seemed to present itself, but before I could get beyond the first

introductory common-place remarks, the young woman with the baby took fright and bolted, while the other went off into a gurgling kind of suppressed laughter and followed her friend. It turned out afterwards they were not Mormons at all.

In my last letter I spoke of the Platte Valley and the plains that succeed it. Yesterday was a day of scene-viewing of quite a different kind. We had passed through the Laramie plains, and had heard and read much of the early history of the road, and the manner in which possession of the line was regularly disputed by and conquered from the Indians. The plains were becoming quite familiar and home-like to us, when signs became visible that the more rugged ground of the bad lands would soon be in sight. During the night we passed through many miles of them, and in the morning the land of desolation was upon every side of us. Sand hills and mud hills, fissures, ravines, and curiously-shaped mounds were to be seen, but

nothing more. In this district there are many fossil remains of interest, amongst others the fossil of the palm-leaf, showing that the climate during the prehistoric times must have been something very different from that of the present time, but from a railway carriage you see none of these things, and merely see the most dreary and uninviting country on the face of the globe, at such close quarters that the picturesque aspect which it presents at a distance is lost. But by this time the train is nearing the mountains, and the highest peaks, with their struggling bands and patches of still unmelted snow, are beginning to appear in sight.

On leaving Omaha the road at once commences its steady and gradual ascent. It is so gradual as to be imperceptible unless you happen to be on the look-out for it, so that when the train arrives at Sherman, a village in Wyoming, four hundred and fifty miles from Omaha, and you find that you are at the highest point

of the whole journey, eight thousand, two hundred and forty-two feet above the level of the sea, the first feeling experienced is one of great disappointment. You are on an apparently level plateau; you have passed only a certain number of mud and sand hills, and yet you are told that here is the summit of your ascent across the Rocky Mountains. It does not appear to the traveller that he has made a greater ascent than he can find in half a dozen lines in the neighbourhood of Canada. But there is a perceptible difference in the atmosphere. Any attempt at physical exertion makes this apparent at once. Even without it, the sky above and the rarefied atmosphere acts in a double way. One feels lighter, brighter, and otherwise different, and—so it appeared to me—one sees forms and outlines more sharply defined than at a low level. The passengers moving about on the platform stood out more clearly in relief than before, and they seemed, though perhaps uncon-

scious of it themselves, to have been affected by the regions into which they had ascended. Still, on looking at the road itself and the immediately surrounding country, one might equally have been anywhere between Montreal and Toronto, except that stretching out before you, and apparently barring the way to Pacific-bound travellers, are the peaks of the distant mountains. Away to the South, and of course to the North, in Canadian territory, the mountains are higher, but the railway naturally finds the lowest levels that are available.

From this point "Sherman," the line descends all the way through the Rocky Mountains toward Salt Lake—except at one point, where there is a slight ascent, but not recovering its highest level—and on to Salt Lake City through the Echo and Weber cañons it steadily declines. You cannot be otherwise than disappointed to find that you never have been sensible of approaching your mountain pass, and that while you are going across the moun-

tains you are running down hill. But all disappointment vanishes when the journey is made through the Echo and Weber cañons. You enter the Echo cañon soon after passing over Dale's Bridge, itself a magnificent work, bridging a stupendous height, and one that nervous people will not care to watch very closely ; and when once fairly going down the cañon your attention is so engrossed by each successive point that there is no time to do anything but look and admire. I am told that several travellers—Dunraven, Burton, and others have graphically described this picturesque region, so that I commend their works to those who are about to travel this journey, and, without attempting to emulate them, will myself merely say how this valley strikes one on first seeing it.

By the time the traveller has reached the Echo Cañon he has travelled nearly one thousand miles from Omaha. Before reaching that city he had travelled five hun-

dred and two miles from Chicago through a country of cultivated prairie, and that has been succeeded by days and nights of rolling prairies and level plains, the greater part of which has been wild as when the waters first receded and gave birth to the land. Fifteen hundred miles of prairie in its different forms and stages have accustomed the eye and mind to a land of pasturage and corn fields. Then, with only a little preparation, one darts into a valley from which the mountains rise in diverse precipitancy on either side. On the south side their face, though serrated by numerous little gulleys cut by the melting snow, and rocky throughout, is comparatively smooth when placed within a field of sight that takes in the opposite side of the pass, and beyond receiving an occasional glance they are forgotten and unnoticed by the many. It is the north side of the cañon towards which all eyes are directed as the cars move slowly through. It is not the height of the

precipitous cliffs that gives them grandeur, for though they are high they are below the snow level, and not higher than, if so high as, the more sloping mountains opposite. But they have thrust themselves forward in bold bright-red bluffs and promontories without vestige of plant or soil, their face varied by caves and weather-worked indentations and sinuosities ; pitted into extraordinary irregularities by the storms of ten million seasons, and capped by rocks of fantastic shape that in one instance look like a sentinel on duty, in another like the bastion at the angle of a fortress, in another like the prow of a ship, and so throughout the length of the valley, ever presenting on the summit of the mountain or on some ledge or peak of its bold red face an exaggerated image of some familiar form.

The word "awful" is so commonly misused that it almost fails to convey what it should imply, but no other word than "awful" so aptly and correctly

describes the feeling begotten of the view in the Echo Cañon. Whether looking out beyond the train to catch the first sight of the next appearing spur of the mountain of red rock that looms up like the hereditary home of a race of giants, or looking at the point which is being passed, where a hundred thousand tons of rock are almost hanging over the train, the awful insignificance of man with his little momentary flame of life is presented for your contemplation by the speechless evidence of Time's destroying power. But Echo Cañon is not to be described (at least by me) it must be seen. There are higher mountains to be found without difficulty; there are grander vistas of scenery, even, I am told, on this road; but I do not know, nor have I ever heard, of any possessing the peculiar attractions of this mountain pass. And although there is variety enough to occupy a week in wandering through the valley, the train runs through it in a few hours, and enters a pass as beautiful,

if less wondrous strange, than that which lies in such close companionship.

The Weber Cañon, which follows the Echo, presents the somewhat curious feature of being scarped and rugged on its south side, whereas, as I have said, the Echo is so characterised exclusively on its north face. In the Weber Cañon the train runs down by the side of a beautiful swiftly flowing pebbly stream, that is fed by the mountains which rise to a considerable height on the other side of it. It is a green valley, the stream being shaded by a growth of deciduous trees, and the flat land in the valley having been converted into corn fields and hay grounds by a small hamlet of Mormons. We had already met Chinamen at work upon the road and as waiters at the station dining-houses, but in the Weber Cañon we saw our first Mormons. The mountain in this region appears to be bare of all vegetation except a little bunch grass and low scrubs. There are no pines, tamarack, or other

resinous trees, such as are found in great abundance in parts of the same range to the north, but there must be wood in some of the valleys, for when passing the Bear River, which runs out of the mountains, I noticed several thousand sticks of made-timber floating down under the guardianship of Celestial lumbermen.

The Weber Cañon is almost the practical commencement of Mormon land. It leads like a long funnel into a very beautiful valley, which being circular in form, and entirely surrounded by the high snow-mottled peaks of the Rockies, looks like a huge natural amphitheatre. It is surrounded by Mormon hamlets, and is cut up into fields and pastures that were refreshingly green and fertile in the midst of so much waste and desolation. As the train enters this secluded and peaceful-looking little oasis, one wonders how exit is to be found, for spur overlaps spur, peak rises above peak, and although we were compelled to dive into the bowels of the

mountain to enter the vale, there is no apparent place where such an operation can easily be repeated. But to sappers nothing is sacred ; to engineers nothing is impossible ; and we wend our way in and out of the steeps until we have left the Weber Valley behind, and are speeding on our way to Ogden.

CHAPTER V.

Settlement of the Mormons—Acquisition of Utah—
Territorial Organisation—Cities of the West—Agricultural Districts—Enfranchisement of Women—Gentile and Mormon Households—Salt Lake City—Elections—Power of Brigham Young—Blood Atonements—Mountain Meadow Massacre—Ogden—Salt Lake.

THE Governor-General having decided to remain at Ogden over Sunday night, to continue his journey by the Monday evening train, some few of an inquisitive disposition were enabled to see a little of Ogden City, as well as to pay a visit to Salt Lake City and its founder, Mr. Brigham Young. Lord and Lady Dufferin did not visit Salt Lake City; indeed the whole of their immediate party remained behind at Ogden, and amused and refreshed themselves with a swim. The history of

the Mormons, or "Latter Day Saints," and their settlement in what is now the Territory of Utah, will probably be familiar to most readers, but for the benefit of those to whom it is not I may mention the outlines of their story. When, after finding it impossible to remain at Nauvoo, Illinois, on account of the incessant hostility of the people, they set out to seek a home in the Rocky Mountains, Joseph Smith, their first Prophet, had been killed, and Brigham Young, the President or Prophet regnant, was their leader. This was in 1847, during the spring of which year "Brigham" started with one hundred and forty-two pioneers to find a place of settlement. In course of time they reached Salt Lake, where they commenced to establish themselves by building a fort covering ten acres of ground, and hoisting the flag of the United States—Utah then being a portion of Mexico.

This new settlement they organised into what they call "a stake of Zion," and ap-

pointed by means of their twelve Apostles, a President, Councillors, Bishop, and Council. In the course of a short time the United States acquired Utah from Mexico, and in 1850 Congress passed an Act for the territorial organization of Utah as a territory of the United States, President Fillmore appointing Brigham Young the first Governor of the new territory. Utah is now governed by a Governor appointed by the President of the United States, and two Houses of Legislature, which are annually elected by the people. These Houses make laws, subject to their being in harmony with those of the United States, and the Governor signs or vetoes them—usually as he “darn pleases.” The Judiciary consists of a Supreme Court, District and Probate Courts, and the old familiar “J.P.’s.” There is an organized militia, consisting of everybody between the ages of eighteen and forty-five (women excepted), and there are in Utah, or “Deseret,” as the Mormons call it, no less

than thirty incorporated cities. It must be remembered, however, that the qualifications for a city out in the West are not great. You may find a city consisting of one log hut, saloon, and the skeleton of a buffalo; but in Utah they usually mean more than this. The cities are all situated in valleys of the mountains, and the agricultural districts are in such places as are convenient to mountain streams. Everything that is grown—and very fine crops are raised—is grown by means of irrigation. The want of rain renders this imperative, and the number of small irrigating canals which lead through and round about the farms, to be turned on to each field as required, is one of the peculiarities of the country that first attracts the attention of a stranger. Only in the raising of colonels, majors, captains and other military individuals can Utah dispense with the use of these little mountain-born streams. “Mountain-dew” imported from Scotland, or “Bourbon” from the United States, is

found to be the best military irrigator, and judging by the last militia returns the crop is all that could be desired. Although Utah is a territory of the United States, and enjoys the presence of an un-Mormonized American for its Governor, the real Governor is Brigham Young. During his Administration the Legislature passed an Act enfranchising all the women, and of course the Act is in force to-day. By this means the Gentiles—which includes all who are not Mormons—have always been kept in a hopeless minority. A Gentile homestead consists of the husband and wife and a limited number of children; a Mormon household has the husband, an unlimited number of wives, and voting force in the shape of children up to the *nth* power. The Gentiles, therefore, hardly take the trouble to go to the polls. The State elections took place the day we were at Salt Lake City, and I learnt that out of the whole State the Gentiles expected to carry only one constituency, that in which

the miners form the body of the people. I noticed however a great display of flags, and printing and injunctions to vote for Spriggins, "the Liberal candidate," and on inquiry it turned out that a "Liberal candidate" meant a person inimical to Brigham Young and the irresponsible and tyrannical power of the Mormon priesthood. The force of public opinion is beginning to have weight in Salt Lake City and other centres, and bases of apostasy from the Mormon creed are gradually becoming more numerous. Still, in spite of United States' Governors, and judges, and laws, Brigham Young is, practically, as powerful as he pleases to be. He is the head of the priesthood—the next being to the Deity—"One from God," they called him. He is in direct communication, so the Mormons say, with the Almighty; he is directed by revelation from Heaven, and is, therefore, infallible. The rest of the priesthood accept his will as paramount

law, and by so doing are themselves so accepted by the faithful Mormons.

The Mormons are in the proportion of seven to one throughout the territory, and no Mormon jury will fail to cast their moral obligations to the winds where the question is between a Mormon and a Gentile. Rather, I should say that a Mormon's moral obligation is to stand by the Saints at all hazards, and should he in any case be disposed to consider his duty as an American rather than as a Mormon, a hint from one of the authorities in his Church turns the scale in an instant. The Gentiles assert that in the past the power of Brigham Young was not only absolute and unquestionable, but that he is personally and directly responsible for the many murders that have been perpetrated in sustaining the power and effecting the aggrandisement of the priesthood. They assert that he not only knew of, but ordered the Mountain Meadows Massacre, and when, having read the

recent trial of Lee through to test the accuracy of this statement, I replied that I found no evidence of his participation in that atrocious crime, I was told that neither would I find evidence of his participation in the murder of Dr. Robinson, or in the assassination of numbers of people who had become obnoxious to the priesthood, or whose property was desired in the interests of Zion. A publication was shown me in which the confessions of apostate Mormons and others go to prove that what the Mormons call the "blood atonements," and what we should call "diabolical murders," were usually made by direct order of Brigham Young. For instance, a Mormon implicated in the murder of a man named Yates, says:—"We met Joseph A. Young, a son of Brigham; he hailed me and said his father wanted Yates killed." Then he describes the perpetration of the cold-blooded assassination. In another case a Mormon girl had married a Gentile, and her friends

being grieved at the occurrence consulted Brigham Young about it. Brigham told them to "put the man Hatten out of the way," and shortly afterwards he was found dead—killed by Indians. Indeed, it appears that in olden times whenever a Gentile became obnoxious, or a Mormon was indiscreetly independent, he was always found within a few days—killed by Indians.

Statements of this kind made by irreconcilable enemies are always to be received with caution, but one cannot forget that the Mormon priesthood for fifteen or sixteen years systematically deceived the world about the Mountain Meadows Massacre, until the confession of one of the principal leaders in the massacre proved it to have been perpetrated by Mormons at the bidding of the Mormon head-men. The general outline of that atrocity is this. In 1857 a train of emigrants from Arkansas wended their way through the Territory of Utah, bound for California. There were about one hundred and fifty

persons in the company. Their coming and arrival was known to the Mormon leaders, by whom it was, after some little hesitation, decided that the emigrants should be destroyed. The train was rich in waggons, animals, and general property, while the men it was believed carried some considerable sum of money. The train was watched from valley to valley until the Mormon courage, like that of Macbeth, had been screwed to the sticking point. Then the murderous edict was given, and with the assistance of some Indians, who were detailed to butcher the women and children while the Mormons massacred the men, the Saints beguiled the alarmed strangers out of the place of safety in which they had taken refuge, and at a preconcerted signal the bloody work was done. Men, women, and children were shot down or had their brains knocked out, a few infants only being spared. The bodies were left out on the hillside for the wolves and crows

to pick, and word went over the United States that another train of emigrants had been murdered by the Indians. After eighteen years' immunity, J. D. Lee was tried last year before a United States' Judge, but though confession and damning evidence exposed the whole story, a Mormon jury sat in the box, and justice, defeated, went weeping from the Court.* The evidence showed that Brigham Young was made aware of the facts at once, and that he instructed the faithful not to mention the subject even amongst themselves. It is maintained by his followers—or some of them — that he did not order the massacre, only profited by it to the extent of his share of the emigrants' goods; but the unbelieving Gentiles are like the Sacristan,

“ Who said no word to indicate a doubt,
But he put his thumb unto his nose,
And he spread his fingers out.”

Had Brigham Young begun life as a

* He has since been tried, sentenced to death, and executed.

lamb, the circumstances of his career were exactly calculated to make him the monster his enemies picture him. The head of a fanatical community, recruited amongst the poorest and most uneducated of England and the Continent, who believe him to be inspired by the Almighty to direct the doctrines and doings of his people; the chief priest of a religion that teaches the doctrine of "a blood atonement," and applies it to such cases as this irresponsible infallible prophet may at his pleasure direct; the lord of a harem in which jealousy, anger, heart-burnings, and revenge are ever seeking to use his power to their own ends; in short, a human being possessed of all the passions, weaknesses, and desires of other men in a position where, by the exercise of his office, he is enabled to rid himself of his enemies, acquire their property, blast their reputation, and all in the name of religion and to the glory of God. Brigham Young is — truthfully or otherwise — accused of

using his more than despotic power to revenge himself upon those who cross him, and to enrich himself by acquiring the property of his victims. An angel only could occupy his position without abusing it. From Brigham Young's description of himself he is not an angel. After the midnight assassination of Dr. Robinson, who had tried to acquire the location of the warm springs above the town on which to build a hospital, Brigham Young said, in a sermon in the Tabernacle :—

“If they jump my claims here, I shall be very apt to give them a pre-emption right that will last them to the last resurrection.”

In a variety of addresses recorded as having been delivered by him in the Tabernacle is some very plain speaking from a man whose instructions to murder are accepted as commands from the Almighty. For instance :— “Now, you Gladdenites, keep your tongues still, lest sudden destruction come upon you.”

"Now, you nasty apostates, clear out, or judgment will be laid to the line and righteousness to the plummet." To the lawyers he was very uncivil. He said:—"Lawyers are getting pretty thick here. It was so at Nauvoo. They worried the life out of Prophet Joseph, and finally secured his murder. They tried it on me, and I told them if they did not quit I'd send them to hell cross lots, and they quit. If any of these so-called officers of the law try to arrest me and bring me before the damned cussed hounds of the law the Government has sent out here to lord it over us, I'll send 'em to hell cross lots, so help me God."

It is unnecessary to quote much of this sort of thing; enough has been taken to show that a man of that temper, having unchecked control over a hundred thousand people who believe his words to be those of the Creator, and with such an extraordinarily convenient weapon as the law of "blood atonement," may be capable

of anything and everything attributed to him. This doctrine of a blood atonement is based on the belief that a man can atone for certain grave offences only by shedding his blood; that the salvation of a man's soul is the greatest kindness you can do him, and therefore the taking of a man's life under directions of the priesthood is quite a friendly and neighbourly action. This, as you see, is our old friend the Inquisition re-appearing in a new dress. Brigham Young is undoubtedly a very rich man. He owns the greater part of the best lots in the city, and some of the principal buildings, amongst other places the theatre and a huge building in which he has a general store. It is one of the largest stores on this continent, and over the door is a board on which is painted an eye, and underneath it the inscription:—

“Holiness to the Lord.”

“Zion Co-operative Mercantile Institution.”

This irreverent Gentiles call “Brig's

Co-op.” They accuse him of having obtained funds to build this palatial shop by swindling the faithful, and say that those Mormons who were bitten are very sore about it. But a far safer and more harmless way of making money was attributed to him by a gentleman who has long resided there, and who seems to be “up to the ropes.” It puts polygamy in a less unpleasant light too; indeed, if the practice can always be regulated by the theory, there is a good deal to be said in favour of polygamy. You must first, however, become a member of the priesthood of such rank that a matrimonial alliance with you in heaven is a thing to be desired. You then look up the city registers, wills, deaths, &c., and ascertain what old women have corner lots or other desirable property. Then you seal two or three of them, which means that you enter their names on your card for engagement hereafter, and in the course of time, when these old women die, they leave you

the corner lots and other trifles they may have. I was told Brigham Young had made a great deal of money this way. Of course if any old woman begins to get affectionate, or hasn't decency enough to die when she ought, then the blood atonement comes into play. This feature of Mormonism is not without its attractions.

Some little difficulty has from time to time arisen between Brigham Young and the United States' Government. We were shown an eminence in the Echo Cañon where Brigham had prepared to dispute the way, and there along the brow of the mountain were the stones which the Mormons were said to have piled to hurl on their foes beneath. This is history repeating itself with a vengeance. The Mormon leader, however, has found a far better way of defying Congress. He buys up the Governors and such members of Congress as he requires. I was told by a Gentile that he had not succeeded in buy-

ing the present Governor Emery. The information as to the purchase of eminent Washingtonians was, I believe, given to the people by Brigham Young himself, during one of the familiar discourses in the tabernacle. An eye-witness told me that Brigham acted the scene capitally, in which he explained how Washington people were to be bought. He shares the opinion of the man in the moon about that capital. That person holds his nose as he sails over the Federal capital. The enmity between the Mormons and Gentiles is deep, and it is rather difficult to understand why so many of the latter have turned their steps to Utah. The population of the territory is about one hundred and sixty thousand, of which probably twenty thousand are Gentiles. The Mormons are as one man in "crowding" a Gentile when opportunity presents itself. To paraphrase Shakespeare, that which in a Mormon is but a choleric word, in a Gentile is flat blasphemy, or words to that

effect. A Mormon may break the municipal laws and his offence is winked at; a Gentile is watched with wakeful eyes. To the credit of the Mormons it must be said that they like quiet and orderly places, and come severely down on dissolute characters. Some Gentiles take an opposite view of the requirements of Utah. A person whom gratitude for civility binds me to respect said:—"I tell you what it is, morality don't pay out West here. Yes, I know. I come from down East myself. Maybe you know P——? That's where I come from, and I kinder squirmed at gamblers and dance houses and faro banks and such like; I didn't cotton to 'em mor'n you do, but I come to understand it don't do. What you want to see in a western town is a row of faro banks and herdy houses—that's where they dance—and saloons, and then the miners 'll come along and make business lively. That's what you want to make a town lively. When you hear them in the saloons a-

poppin' off their revolvers at one another pretty brisk about midnight, then you says 'business is lively.'" The Gentile storekeepers look forward to the mining operations extending themselves, and miners like other men will be amused. It is a pity that miners find diversion in "shooting round lively."

At present they avoid Mormon cities, but the waters of commerce are gradually eating into the heart of Mormon supremacy, and in a few years Ogden and even Salt Lake City will grow as "lively as the miners can desire, until, as in other Western cities, the more sedate members of the community set their faces against liveliness and insist upon law and order. Ogden, which is the last town on the Weber River before that beautiful stream empties itself into the great Salt Lake, is the junction of the Union and Central Pacific Railways, as well as of the Utah Central, which runs down to Salt Lake City and then virtually becomes the Utah

Southern in its further course. It is pleasantly situated in a valley at the foot of a range of the "Rockies," and its public squares, as well as the fields and gardens of its citizens, are watered by the small irrigating canals fed by a stream that pours down the mountain. It is less Mormon in its general atmosphere than the run of Mormon cities, owing to the railroad and the interest which that has created, and will probably be one of the first cities to shake off the Mormon yoke. The same gentleman who gave me the information about the "crowding" of the Gentiles, said that Ogden would be "a terrible pleasant place if it was a Gentile city. My! there ain't nothing which this town couldn't do if we could get rid of them dodrotted skunks. I tell you, it's a terrible nice place."

A two hours' ride on the Utah Central takes you down to Salt Lake City. No one, I think, should go through to San Francisco without giving up one day to

see the capital of "Turkey in America." The road soon after leaving Ogden enters the Salt Lake Valley, and the great Salt Lake stretches out before you to the right and left and presents a beautiful sight. There lies the sheet of deep blue, its length rather than its breadth attracting notice. On the further side three ranges of hills lap one another, and by their variation in distance and attitude present an effect of colour and shade which everyone can appreciate, though an artist only can describe it. On this side of the lake is the broad valley backed by the range, in which every acre is under irrigation and use by the dwellers in the homesteads that dot the landscape with little patches of white and green. You pass along at a little distance from, but gradually closing upon, the lake, which is about eighty miles long by forty wide, and approach the end of the valley and the snow-touched twin peaks that, sixteen miles beyond the city, tower above their neighbours.

A strange thing about Salt Lake is that, although fed by many mountain streams, it has no apparent outlet. It is very salt, and persons bathing in it cannot sink. Since 1850 it has risen about ten feet above its normal height, and old residents say that the climate of the Salt Lake Valley is slowly undergoing a change. It is the largest valley we have seen in the heart of the mountains, and gives rise to the reflection, what numbers of places are nestled and hidden in the bosom of the Rocky Mountains that are now desolate wildernesses, but which are destined to be the homes of tens of thousands of busy people.

CHAPTER VI.

Salt Lake City—The Lion House—The Bee-hive—
 Brigham Young—Interview with the Prophet—A
 Mormon Uncle—Charge against the President of Utah
 —The Tabernacle—Brigham Young's Wives—House
 of a Favourite Wife—Flight of Ann Eliza—Salt
 Lake City "Tribune"—Aspect of the Inhabitants—
 The Theatre—Feeling inspired by the Place.

SALT LAKE CITY, the resting place of
 the Latter-day Saints, where, after
 their long pilgrimage from Illinois, they
 discovered a habitation which they believed
 to be beyond the reach and beyond the
 desire of aggressive Gentiles, is situated in
 the vicinity of the Great Salt Lake though
 not immediately on its shores. It is
 prettily situated, commencing at the foot

of one range of hills, and spreading off through a gently descending plain towards the encircling range on the other side. The streets are laid at right angles, and are, I should think, the dustiest in the world, notwithstanding the fact that along their edges rushes a series of little, rapid flowing streams, which, rising somewhere in the mountains, are led about the streets and gardens just as the residents may require them.

The principal streets much resemble those in other Western cities, there being handsome buildings of brick and stone, several banks, and at least two good hotels. The finest mercantile building is the general store, which has for its sign the representation of an eye and the inscription already mentioned. For a city of twenty-five thousand inhabitants the lack of handsome private residences was very noticeable. Probably it arises from the fact that the wealthier Mormons keep their several wives in

separate residences, and cannot afford, like Brigham Young, to build a palace for their last acquired favourite.

The three persons of those accompanying the Governor-General's party who visited Salt Lake City were Mr. Stillson, of the New York "World," Mr. Horton, of the Toronto "Mail," and the present writer. Having found a guide, philosopher, and friend in the person of a gentleman who designated the great Mormon as an "old fraud," we were directed along a street thickly planted with shade trees to a long, castle-like building—the Lion House—which seemed to have been attached to an extended turreted wall, and which is the home of the prophet, and of nearly all his many wives. Inside this wall are their dwellings, which are collectively called the "Bee-hive." Doors opened from this building to the street, and at one of these we entered, and found ourselves in an office that might have been that of a mer-

chant, broker, or solicitor, and in the presence of two young men busily writing. We explained our business, handed our cards, and were informed that the President was out, but would return in the course of a few minutes. We said we would wait, and were shown into Brigham Young's room, where we found a gentleman and two ladies waiting, like ourselves, to interview the Prophet. The gentleman was a talkative American, the elderly lady seemed somewhat overcome with melancholy—as indeed every woman in the place appears to be—and the young girl was evidently inclined to snigger, but determined if she could to behave herself. We seated ourselves, and were scrutinizing a number of unframed oil daubs which hung around the rooms, and which I believe represented eminent Mormons, when the clerk who had taken our cards re-appeared at a little side door, followed by an elderly man with the gout, who slipped himself across the room, leaning

heavily on his stick. He shook hands with the lady, then with the young girl, who at this point seemed greatly inclined to abandon her self-restraint, and eventually with each of us. Then the talkative American gentleman began and a meandering conversation ensued, in which the Prophet told us things that weren't new when they were true, and probably wouldn't have been true had they been new. It was evident from the first that he was prepared for strangers. Probably he conjectured that, as he has been a fearful *bête noire* to the American people, any exclusiveness on his part would cause the cup to overflow. While their travellers and their newspapermen can interview him and tell their friends what he is like and what he says, he can be borne, but a contrariety of conduct would so incense the average American that the little private arrangement at Utah would soon be overturned.

At the earliest part of the interview I took occasion to examine the personal appearance of the Mormon Prophet. If it be

not irreligious so to describe him, I should say that in repose he is an "ornery looking cuss, without any points about him more'n any other man." He is seventy-five years of age, and except for his gout is a hale-looking man. His complexion is florid, he dresses in black broadcloth and he is as natty about his grey hair as a veteran hair-dresser. He is not tall nor large in any way, and would not attract attention amongst a number of unknown men. But there are peculiarities about his appearance which one notices on closer examination. The lower part of his face is heavy, he is under-hung, and his head, thick at the back, slopes upward. I don't know anything about bumps on a person's head, and I should not have had courage enough to ask permission to phrenologically examine him, but it seemed to me that when the subject spoken of interested him—the cultivation of flax for instance—his face lighted up in a wonderful way, and there was a look of

power and ability which was not apparent in his calmer moments. I felt satisfied in five minutes that the man we were speaking to was Brigham Young got up to see strangers fundamentally hostile to him and his rule; not Brigham Young the Mormon prophet, as known to his own people. It was curious to see him pose himself as the leader of a persecuted people. I had read in a Mormon account of Utah that the Illinois Saints were led directly by the Lord into the Salt Lake Valley, for not one of them had any knowledge of the place; so I asked him whether it was by pure accident he and his fellow-pioneers had selected such an advantageous locality. He replied, "No." They had some knowledge of it from General Fremont's report of his exploration, and trappers directed them to the place.

"Then," said some one, "I suppose it was the Lake tempted you to remain, was it not?"

"Well," he said, with a smile, "I suppose you ladies and gentlemen would be

surprised if I were to tell you what determined us to remain here. We thought that we had at last found a place so poor that our persecutors would not envy it or desire to take it from us."

And he sat back with a sigh, as much as to say, "We are the Lord's chosen people, and it is our lot to suffer at the hands of unrighteous men. You see the Gentiles have followed us here." When he spoke about the poorness of the place, the lady paid him a compliment about the fertility they had brought about, but he didn't quite hear her, and the young girl found herself obliged to snigger at her friend or mother's failure. He said with an air of diffident sincerity, as if a doubt of the assertion would be impossible, that the proportion of their people was considerably increased in the last few years, and that the population was thirty thousand, one-eighth of which was Gentile. Other authorities place the population at twenty-two thousand, twenty-three thousand, and

at most twenty-five thousand, and the Gentile population at one in six. When pressed on this latter point, the Prophet admitted that, considering the fact of Salt Lake City being the centre of mining business, perhaps the correction was just. He spoke generally about the climate, and compared it with other places, giving us some general guide-book kind of information about it and its first discovery, but studiously avoiding any approach to the delicate subject of inner Mormon life. Another visitor asked him whether he would not introduce the party to his wives, but Brigham replied that his wives were "not on exhibition." When we rose to go and again shook hands with him, a feat which the young lady thought a capital joke—he was particular to ask our names, and requested us to register ourselves in his book. At this point our companion Mr. Stillson, of the New York "World," asked Brigham whether he didn't come from Cayuga county, in the State of New York.

“Yes,” said Brigham, staring at his questioner.

“I thought you did. I’ve heard my father speak of you,” he added, in a tone which left no doubt that the parental observations had been otherwise than complimentary.

“Oh, yes,” said the Prophet, “I lived there; why, I helped to build the first market-place in Albany. What’s your father’s first name?”

“James.”

“James! Oh, yes, I knew him. His brother William married my sister.”

The “World” correspondent gave a start, and muttered something about Helen Blazes! and said that he didn’t believe that he had an uncle named William. He scowled dreadfully at the Prophet, and being next to him I could hear murmured substantives, of which the mildest was, “fraud.” But Brigham fairly hankered after this new found relative, and would not have Uncle William so disposed of.

“I knew him well,” he said, and made some reference to one of his own wives, but got confused, and escaped further explanation by saying that it was a long time ago. He really meant that he could not remember which wife.

“Couldn’t have been my uncle,” said the correspondent, “my uncle’s name is Samuel.”

“Oh, yes,” said this Mormon uncle, “that must be him. I don’t know where he is now. They are a wandering lot, the Stillsons.”

This little episode delighted the young girl, who took it all in and seemed inclined to ask the Prophet to go on. We registered our names, however, and went out, the disgusted correspondent of the “World” expressing his determination to “go for” that old humbug, in spite of his relationship. I afterwards saw that he had spoken of him as “a loathsome old fraud.” I think the same opinion was formed of the Mormon chief by each of

the party, with only some slight variation. His appearance was a piece of acting throughout; he is the well preserved remains of an ill-spent life. He has had power and determination to a marked degree, and is probably still capable of some great act of fury or revenge if driven to it. He does not give one the idea of a man who deceives himself. In the moments of his solitude, as his life is drawing onwards to its close, he must think and think again of the blood that lies at his door. I don't know that he is worse, or has more crime to answer for, than would fall to most men in his position. I put polygamy out of the question altogether. We believe it a fatal mistake, socially, politically, economically, domestically, and morally, but the Mormons have some strong arguments in defence of its morality, and are not the first nor the only people who practise it. It is not merely the number of his wives that has roused the anger of the Gentiles of Utah,

and of those Mormons who have left and are leaving the Church, against Brigham. None of them ever call Abraham a hoary-headed old scoundrel, or allude to Solomon as a murdering old villain. It is his actions as an irresponsible ruler that excite their hatred. They say that he has caused a number of men, whom they name, to be assassinated; that he has used his power to aggrandize himself at the expense of the poor dupes by whom he is believed to be a messenger of the Almighty; that his whole existence is a living lie, and that the fury of his resentment against those by whom he is angered is only restrained by the presence of United States troops at Camp Douglas, in the neighbourhood. He gave me the impression of a man who had been this, that, and the other, but who had had his fling in his own way, in his own time, and was now—so far as he could consistently do so—quite prepared to come into the regular order of things, and pass the rest

of his days at peace and in harmony with the power which he sees is overshadowing him, and which is drawing in upon him on every side. Americans feel strongly about the iniquity that has so long reigned triumphantly by the Salt Lake, and would, if they could, "wipe out" the whole concern to-morrow. But violence is unnecessary; the thing will fall to pieces as the mining interest develops itself, and the beginning of the end will be Brigham Young's death. Over his coffin the death chant of Zion will be sung.

After leaving Brigham Young's house, which we did to the parting salutation of "I wish you well," we went to the Tabernacle. Brigham himself was the architect of this building, and it does him credit. It is one hundred and fifty feet wide by two hundred and fifty feet long, eighty feet high, oval in form, without a column, built on stone pillars twenty feet high, the roof being of lattice work, having about nine feet between the top and the plastered

ceiling. It is filled with seats, and at one end is an enormous organ—the second largest in the United States, constructed entirely by local architects. The Tabernacle seats twelve thousand people, and can hold twenty thousand, the ordinary congregations being over six thousand. One is much struck by the appearance of such a vast room, without any support beyond its outside walls. Beneath the organ are three ledges, each having a kind of pulpit in the centre. The upper one is that from which the Prophet “talks to the people,” so the janitor explained; the next is for the councillors, and the lower one for the twelve apostles. The janitor told us that our conversation, even though conducted in low tones, could every word of it be heard at the other end of the Tabernacle; but everyone was too hot and lazy to go and test the assertion, and what reliance can be placed on the word of a fellow who might have had six wives,

and looked miserable enough to have had a dozen?

The Tabernacle is situated in a large garden, in which a new temple is in course of construction. One sees the inverted soap-dish cover of the Tabernacle from all sides, but by-and-by it will be eclipsed by the Temple. As an instance how Brigham makes his money may be cited the case of the Temple, which is of granite from the neighbouring mountain, and though not yet twenty feet above ground, and not a large building, has already cost over two million dollars.

We then went to see the house of his last wife, the favourite Amelia, whose photograph we were shown. Brigham Young has had nineteen wives—that he remembers—besides the old women that have been from time to time sealed to him for the next world, but he lost one not long ago in the person of Ann Eliza, who bolted out of Utah and then went lecturing through

the United States exposing the secrets of the Prison House, and describing what the skeleton in the closet was like. He has built a magnificent house for Amelia, and his first wife is to have the cellar flat. This it appears is an act of kindness on the part of Amelia, who desires to protect and care for the first wife, who is now an old and unattractive person. There is a story going that Amelia has found an affinity in a young officer at Camp Douglas, and that she has taken a leaf out of the Colleen Bawn and communicates with the gallant Gentile by signal-lights. An account of this was published in the Salt Lake City "Tribune," a journal that exhibits considerable ingenuity and fearlessness in attacking Brigham Young and the Mormon Church. One of the staff on this paper is a nephew of the Prophet. I asked him whether it would not have been dangerous a few years ago to publish such a paper. I was told that it would have

been impossible, and that it was "pretty scaly work doing it now."

A few days ago an attempt was made to take the life of this fearless young editor, but he was too quick with his revolver, and the disappointed Saints will have to defer the operation. The paper continues as fearless as ever, which is in itself a sign of the approaching times. That Mormonism is the galvanized corpse of a belief is evident in everything. The word "Sham" seems to be imprinted in the air. The men look as if they knew they were impostors, and the women move about the most saddened-looking creatures one can imagine. There is nothing bright and fresh even about their children. Everything wears a gloomy aspect. They seem to be ashamed of themselves, though doubtless it is quiet, unspoken misery which gives them their depressed looks. It is hard to believe, perhaps, that Mormonism can affect others than Mormons, but there is about everything in Salt Lake

City an air such as one can imagine Antwerp to have worn when its gates were opened to Farnese and the Inquisition.

There are two good Gentile hotels in Salt Lake City, and a very pretty theatre. In the matter of theatricals, we may learn something from the Mormons. They will not allow indecently-dressed performers. No Black Crooks in Salt Lake City. They go a good deal to the theatre when it is open, because they say :

“To witness dramatic performances is a natural desire; it is the duty, therefore, of respectable people to go in order that the performance may not be permitted to be such as the dissolute would choose.”

They are very much down on “the dissolute,” gamblers, and similar people, but great upholders of the stage. It will be seen that the Mormons have a great deal of common sense in some things. Their days, however, are numbered. As

a "Liberal" Mormon storekeeper remarked to me, in reply to some observation,

"I guess the Gentiles will 'get away with this place' before long."

We were very glad to get away from the place. You can imagine the feeling which one would experience in visiting a place where the people all walked about wrong end up, or with some other abnormal and horrible peculiarity. This is the kind of feeling you have about Utah, and when you leave it behind, you seem to experience a sensation of escaping from a community of ghosts, or at least of people who only partially belonged to the same atmosphere and hemisphere as yourself.

CHAPTER VII.

The Sierra Nevada—Central Pacific Railway—The Alkaline Plains—Construction of the Line—Difficulties overcome—Magnificent View on the Line—Cape Horn—Comparisons—The “Amythyst”—Pacific Mail Company’s Steamers—Projected Route of the Governor-General—Hotels in America—Arrival at San Francisco.

FOR the future, whenever anyone jeers at the project of the Canada Pacific Railway through the rocky portion of British North America, let him be answered by reference to the Central Pacific Railway through the Sierra Nevada. When we came through the Rocky Mountains on the Union Pacific, we ran through pass after pass at the foot of successive spurs and ranges, and one felt that the Rocky

Mountains were a geographical bugbear that had been used as a means of scaring enterprising people, substantiating the rule that in every great undertaking it is always possible to find a deterrent motive which is feared, overcome, and finally laughed at.

But crossing the Sierra Nevada, the line is on the summit, or crest, of the mountains for a considerable period. It must have got there during the night, for late yesterday evening we were still rolling on through the Alkaline Plains (the American desert), and this morning we were rushing through pine-clad hill-tops with the valleys almost out of sight beneath us. Those weary Alkaline Plains, where, if there be any wind, the dust penetrates into every car, every valise, every book, and every individual sheet of paper! It makes the eyes sore, and parches the throat; it makes the mere touching of anything a thing to be dreaded, and ruffles the most patient temper. The

porter says you are lucky when you cannot write your name on your face with your finger. These plains begin a very few hours after leaving Ogden. But about this region, a shrub which is commonly called grease wood grows in profusion, in company with the wild sage, and a gentleman informed me that cattle eat this greedily, and that the region we were passing through supported a hundred thousand head of cattle, that got very little of anything except the grease and shrub to eat. But any cow that chooses to remain in such a desolate waste, with a beautiful country within a few days' distance, is an animal of very little taste.

In the Sierras, the atmosphere changes, and travel becomes once more a pleasant occupation. When the Central Pacific Railway was first commenced, the business men of San Francisco thought the projectors were mad. People said that it could only be built up into a snow bank and there left; the newspapers chaffed it;

the friends of the capitalists begged them not to ruin themselves for an idea; the public called it "the Dutch Flat Swindle;" and it was generally treated as a stock joke, upon which every one willing might exercise "the gruel he called his brains." In a speech delivered in Congress one of the projectors said :

"There were difficulties from end to end; difficulties from high steep mountains, from snows, from deserts where there was scarcity of water, and from gorges and flats where there was an excess; difficulties from cold and from heat; from a scarcity of timber, and from obstructions of rock; difficulties in supplying a large force on a long line, from Indians and from want of labourers. The dangers were very great: for, first, the surveyors, then the labourers, then the track-layers, and finally the passengers themselves were liable to attack by the Indians."

All these difficulties and dangers were

overcome, apparently for the chief purpose of benefiting San Francisco. The cost, of course, was enormous, for everything had to be brought round by sea, and then carried into the interior. There are some wonderfully fine engineering feats on this road. The Summit Tunnel, for instance, is one thousand six hundred and fifty feet long, and is cut through solid granite. Some of the cuttings are wonderful to behold, particularly in cases where the road has had to be cut alongside of a precipice. The Palisades on the Humboldt afford a beautiful view on this line, but there, as in the Echo and Weber Cañons, the road passes at the foot instead of on the top or on the face of the mountain. Probably the finest view on this section of the road is that which shows Cape Horn. A cutting has been made on the brow of the mountain, from which there is a precipitous fall of two thousand four hundred feet.

The train goes slowly by here, for there is nothing but the narrow line between it and kingdom come, and any misunderstanding between the driver and his engine would entail a swoop through the air of a very unbirdlike nature. Straight out at right angles to the road runs, till it is out of sight, a valley below, on either side of which the mountains rise to a considerable height, and lie along it ridge by ridge. The effect is very grand, and the sensation experienced in viewing it quite different from that which is felt when the mountains are altogether above the train, and apparently rapt in consideration of events that happened long before Adam's time. Here the traveller looks down on the mountains. The valley appears like a little winding creek, the pine trees like shrubs. A good big stone rolled down would take the head off any of them, and play the mischief generally on its road. The fact that one has got this power and pull over the

mountain below enables one to seek a commanding position, and feel a little self-satisfaction about man's dominion over nature, and so forth, which is not so easy when he feels himself a mite under an eminence of two or three million tons weight in the Echo Cañon.

Cape Horn, however, is a beautiful sight in whatever way it may affect the individual onlookers. A scene in which everything one is accustomed to consider grand and magnificent is dwarfed by the distance immediately beneath the point of view, and extending its distance indefinitely as it recedes, is what is here presented. The train stops on the cutting for passengers to get out—an exceedingly dangerous thing to do, as one of our party was nearly finding out to his cost; and as the scene changes so much, according to the time of year and state of the atmosphere, and as no one in the world ever found a view to be what he expected from what he had read, I will leave Cape

Horn for the examination of your readers, as each in his own good time may visit it.

Just as a last word about the scenery, both under the Rockies and over the Sierras, I may remark that every traveller will be able to say that he has seen higher mountains, grander declivities, more snowy peaks, and so forth. I saw nothing which in these respects would compare with the Andes in South America, and for rugged wildness the mountains of Patagonia, and those which are clad in everlasting glaciers near the real Cape Horn, which so many people now-a-days are familiar with, are not approached. In the same way comparison may be made with the Alps; but the thing to do is to forget all about what one has seen elsewhere and enjoy some of the most interesting scenery on the continent without making invidious comparisons. Nothing is more provoking to a number of people enjoying a view than to hear it be-littled

by some one who prefers some other place; and yet nothing is more difficult than to obtain a quiet ten minutes in silent observation of some grand peak or stretch of river without being told that it doesn't come up to such and such a place.

As the train passes through Nevada, the quantity, excellence, and comparative cheapness of the fruit that is offered for sale tell the tale of our whereabouts, and as we go west through the Golden State, the Chinamen become more and more numerous along the line. After clearing the mountains, the country then becomes beautiful from an agricultural point of view. It is strange to see, early in August, large tracts of stubble on which the wheat has been cut, thrashed, and either shipped a month ago, or lying in sacks along the road waiting for the freight trains to carry it off. It was strange also to see an immense field of what at first looked like potatoes, but which proved to be cucumbers, harvested

by lines of Chinamen advancing steadily over the ground and moving about in their respective lines like so many black-birds engaged with a field of grasshoppers.

For many miles I observed that the farms were without fences. There was one fence along the railway line, and I could see no others, with the exception of small enclosures round the several homesteads. I asked how the cattle were managed, and was told that when the crops were in the cattle were sent off and herded in the neighbouring hills or by the river, which in another direction was the boundary of the plain we were passing. This is according to Horace Greeley's theory, and it is a matter which is of considerable importance to the settlers in the North-west, and should have their earnest attention. Here were many thousands of acres belonging to a number of different people, and only the black roads through the yellow stubble telling of any

division. As we reached the ferry which receives the passengers from the train to take them across the harbour of San Francisco, we saw the *Amethyst* lying at anchor waiting for Lord Dufferin, and in a few minutes found that Captain Chatfield, her commander, had come aboard.

The *Amethyst* is one of those new corvettes which are specially adapted to hold no one but their own officers, so that the Governor-General has to break up his party and send some by mail. I suppose, however, it is the best the Admiralty can do, though they are not famous for being obliging, and are always huffy about being asked for their ships; and it is certainly much better that the Governor-General of Canada should visit our Pacific Province in a Queen's ship than arrive there in one of the steamers of the Pacific Mail Company, which I hear are dirty, crowded boats, altogether unfit for the work they perform. As they afford the only means—by sea—which Canadians have of going

to, and returning from, Vancouver Island and the Fraser, and as I believe we pay them a certain subsidy for carrying the mails, they are a subject of interest to us all, and I shall, after having made a passage in one, be able to tell you something about them.

The Governor-General and Lady Dufferin leave here on Saturday for Vancouver, and will not do very much of the lions until their return from British Columbia. They were met at the station by a number of gentlemen, who escorted them across, and they are now staying at the Palace Hotel, an establishment which is a sight in itself. I am trying to discover what it is about the American that makes him the only hotel-keeper in the world. I think it is a love of system. It seems strange that London -- the business centre of Europe, which receives I forget how many thousand visitors regularly every day-- should have no hotels which can compare with those of Chicago. The people of

London would assemble in crowds to see the Palace Hotel of San Francisco, if it could be suddenly placed in Hyde Park. They are talking of building a thousand-roomed hotel near the site of the old Northumberland House at Charing Cross, but if they do, they will have to engage an American to manage it.

Last night their Excellencies went to the theatre, and to-day will devote themselves to obtaining glimpses of the city.

CHAPTER VIII.

Arrival in British Columbia—Esquimalt—Reception of the Governor-General—Manning the Yards—Sir James Douglas, First Governor of Vancouver's Island—Victoria—Indian Songs—Municipal Address—Lord Dufferin's Reply—Objectionable Mottoes—Chinese Arches—Carnarvon Terms, or Separation—The Pacific Railway—Letter to the Secretary of the Reception Committee.

ON the morning after our arrival at San Francisco I was compelled to start at once in the Pacific mail steamer, then going to Victoria and the Northern ports. The *Amethyst*, with Lord Dufferin, was not to leave till Saturday morning following the Thursday on which the mail steamer started. The passage up was slow and troublesome for both ships, and

although heavy head-winds compelled the mail-steamer to run for an intermediate port, it was still believed that she would be in Esquimalt harbour some time before the *Amethyst*. We were somewhat surprised, therefore, on rounding the Race Rocks, and presently opening Esquimalt Harbour, to see the topmasts of the *Amethyst* coming into sight, and on entering the harbour to find all the preparations made for His Excellency's landing.

Esquimalt is at all times a beautiful as well as a fine harbour, and this morning it presented an unusually gay appearance. It is hidden from the straits by its comparatively narrow entrance, and a vessel might easily sail by it. Its rugged and picturesque surroundings are dwarfed in grandeur by the supreme magnificence of the Olympic range, which rises apparently from the water's edge on the Washington Territory side, (although really many miles back), and which lies on your right hand, alternately hiding and revealing its snow-

capped peaks amongst the banks of clouds that always seem to hover about them. But as a ship turns and enters between Fisgard Lighthouse and the Dock Yard Point, Esquimalt Harbour, nestling in the bosom of an encircling range of rocky ground, and wandering away to a vanishing point in a small hillside stream that there empties itself, presents a view as charming as it is unexpected.

In olden days, ere Vancouver Island had become a portion of the Dominion, and before the requirements of commerce and civilization had denuded the rocks of the tall and gloomy pine-trees that thickly covered them to the water's edge, or had raised buildings and created gardens where wigwams and fish poles had been wont to rest, Esquimalt, on entering it, appeared to be a watery nook in the heart of an interminable forest. To-day, if it has lost some of its wilder pristine beauties, it is recompensed by the unique appearance afforded by the still wild-looking rocks,

and background interspersed by the dwellings of trade, the dwellings of traders, symbols of war, and the general preparations that have been made for the landing of the Governor-General. At the point at which in the early gold days the rushes of miners from San Francisco and elsewhere were in the habit of scrambling ashore, a permanent wharf, to the edge of which the village extends, has been built. This wharf had been gaily decorated with evergreens, flags, and so forth, surmounted by a huge inscription, of which the word "Welcome" was discernible half way across the harbour. Around this were clustered groups of ladies and gentlemen, and right in the midst of them all was the scarlet line of Marines that were drawn up as a guard of honour. In the foreground were the three ships, the *Amethyst*, the *Rocket*, and the *Fantome*, dressed in the gayest of bunting, and wearing that air of cleanliness, neatness, and order which is peculiar to a man-of-

war, and from shore to ship and from vessel to vessel the white-painted boats of the *Amethyst* and the *Fantome* were gliding to and fro, carrying aides-de-camp in scarlet or naval officers in blue, and by their quick and busy little flights giving an air of activity and purpose to what might otherwise be interesting for its quaintness and beauty alone.

The mail steamer had not been long at anchor when an *Amethyst's* boat came alongside, and Captain Ward, with the forethought and kindness which have been invariable with all Lord Dufferin's staff since our departure, came on board to tell the correspondents the programme of the day. After paying a visit to the *Amethyst* at the invitation of Captain Chatfield, we hurried back to catch the Dominion Government steamer — the *Sir James Douglas*—which was to bear us round to Victoria, some three miles further up the coast from Esquimalt, that being our quickest way of striking the point we

wished to arrive at. As this active and handy little vessel steamed off, we saw the cutters of the *Amethyst* hauling alongside, observed the curious clustering about the rigging of blue and white forms which always precedes a movement aloft, and in a few minutes heard the shrill call of the boatswain's mate's pipe, followed by his deep, heavy-toned command, and in another moment the riggings of all three ships were filled with blue and white forms that ran up the shaking shrouds to the footholds above, and spread themselves out along the yards, where they stood with that sense of comfort and security that a sailor seems only to feel when he is in some position specially adapted for the convenient breaking of his neck.

Then the first white boat, her oars glittering in the sunshine and her stern-sheets filled from the bower of bright-coloured flags with scarlet and gold, moved slowly away towards the decorated pier, and immediately afterwards Lord and Lady

Dufferin appeared at the *Amethyst's* gangway, and descended into the barge waiting for them. As she moved away, a round, spreading column of smoke burst from the side of the ship, and the quickly following report, succeeded by eighteen more in regular succession, woke the echoes of the hills and reverberated around the harbour of Esquimalt, dying off amongst the pine woods at the upper end. Amidst this the Governor-General and Lady Dufferin landed, and were met by Sir James Douglas and the reception committee. Sir James Douglas, the first governor of Vancouver Island when, emerging from Hudson Bay Company rule, it became a Crown colony, and one of the principal fathers of the colony, one whose name was a power along the northern coasts, welcomed the Governor-General in a few appropriate words, to which Lord Dufferin replied, expressing the pleasure he felt at being received by a gentleman of such repute and

so connected with the country as Sir James.

After a short time spent in introductions, &c., Lord and Lady Dufferin were shown into a carriage, and the reception committee and others who were to form part of the procession having taken their places, the whole party moved off along the Esquimalt Road for the city of Victoria. It was during this drive that they saw the Indians to whom Lord Dufferin refers in his letter to the reception committee, which is given in full hereafter. There were some Hydah Indians here, as well as some Songees, and others of the neighbourhood, and these all uniting paddled along the narrow arm of the sea that runs up past Victoria, and at the bridge that crosses it saluted His Excellency with a song. The merits of a song depended upon the taste of the audience. Lord Dufferin has not yet offered any criticism upon this performance and probably never will. An Indian song must of necessity be pleasing to some one,

or else it would never be taught by one Indian to another, but it can never be sung without suggesting the propriety of removing the performers and those who enjoy the performance to some distance so remote that they cannot be interrupted by the presence of unappreciative strangers.

Like caviare, Indian music is an acquired taste, and it may be remembered that some things may be acquired at a cost disproportionate to their value. Sam Weller's youthful friend, who, when he got to the end of the alphabet, said that he questioned whether it was worth while going through so much to gain so little, would never have become an Indian musician. But you may be sure that if the Indians had asked Lord Dufferin what he thought of their song, he would have had something kind and encouraging to say to them. By the time they had passed these musical children of the wilds the procession was in full progress. It would convey no meaning to your readers were I

to specify the exact route of the cortége as it passed along between the entrance of the city and its final halting place at Government House, at the other side of Victoria. I will speak, therefore, of the matter generally.

I had known Victoria some years ago, when those who are now the staid and wisdom-teaching men amongst the people were untamed spirits, hardly settling to their work of life ; when those calm, gentlemanly matrons who to-day, surrounded by their children, occupied the balconies beneath which the vice-regal party were to pass, were yet within that magic ring of time from which old age seems far beyond all reach ; and I knew that whenever a direct representative of Her Majesty should come this way, the opportunity would be seized to show that an Englishman carries the image of his Sovereign in his heart, whether it be to the borders of the frozen North land, or to the confines of the Antartic circle, and that he is always

ready to honour her representative ; but I did not expect to see such a general turnout of all classes as there was to-day. Nor did I think that Victoria could have shown such a varied assemblage of people, or the representatives of institutions so well developed. The concourse of people that to-day lined the streets of Victoria, above and below, was quite remarkable, and not a little curious from the diversity of its component parts. One watched for a short time the doings of a number of elderly gentlemen, who might have been the City Council or a railway board in any city of the East ; a few paces on a well-balanced, but closely packed, and in a measure struggling crowd of Chinamen were striving to see all that was to be seen ; beyond them, a group of local mounted officials, some in scarlet coats and feathers, half hid from sight a concourse of coloured folk and their wives and daughters, who were out in their Sunday best to do honour to the Governor-General and “ his

Countess." Then a whole regiment of little boys from the several schools, each school having its respective distinguishing mark, formed a long line which was faced by a line of equal length composed of a Provincial Rifle regiment. Between these rode green-coated Foresters and marched red-coated firemen, while in the general surging crowd were English, Americans, Dutch, Chinamen, Indians, coloured people, French, Germans, and to my own knowledge a few Spaniards. The arches were numerous, and the principal streets were lined with evergreens, banners, &c., and but for a slight and totally unnecessary *contretemps*, to which I will presently refer, the reception would have been one of the most complete that a city of the size ever offered. At the grand triumphal arch on Government-street—the principal street—the procession halted, and the Mayor and City Council presented the following address to the Governor-General :—

“ To His Excellency the Right Honourable Sir Frederick Temple (nearly every city in Canada ignores the fact that his name is Blackwood) Earl of Dufferin, Viscount and Baron Claneboye, of Claneboye, in the County of Down, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, and Knight Commander of the most Honourable Order of the Bath, Governor-General of Canada, &c., &c., &c.

“ May it please Your Excellency :—

“ We, the Mayor and Council of the city of Victoria, British Columbia, desire to accord to you a hearty welcome, and beg respectfully to offer our felicitations to your Excellency on the occasion of the arrival of yourself and Lady Dufferin at Victoria.

“ We experience unfeigned pleasure in receiving at the metropolis Her Most Gracious Majesty’s representative, and we crave leave to express to your Excellency

our sentiments of loyal devotion to our Queen and her throne.

“Apart from the respectful homage which we offer to your Excellency as the representative of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, whose virtues as an Englishwoman and as a constitutional ruler are fully appreciated in this distant part of her empire, we rejoice in welcoming to this remote part of Her Majesty’s dominions the distinguished scholar and statesman who amidst the labours and cares of public life has contributed so largely to the promotion of literature and the arts. We feel assured that your Excellency fully recognizes the disadvantages under which this Province labours by reason of its isolation from the rest of the Dominion, and that you heartily sympathise with our earnest wish that this bar to our provincial prosperity may be speedily removed, and that on leaving British Columbia yourself and Lady Dufferin may carry away with you a

favourable opinion of this Province and its people and that you will return in health and safety to your abode in the Eastern portion of Canada, which we lament your Excellency is at present unable to reach conveniently, without the necessity of passing for thousands of miles through foreign territory.”

At the same time two handsome bouquets were presented to Lady Dufferin, who immediately handed one to the lady who sat opposite to her in the carriage. Lord Dufferin then rose and replied to the address as follows :—

“ Mr. Mayor and Gentlemen,—

“ I can assure you that I feel very grateful for the kind welcome with which you and those whom you represent have been pleased to greet Lady Dufferin and myself on our arrival in this important and beautiful Province.

“ I never doubted but that British

Columbia, as in every other portion of the great Dominion of which you form a part, the representative of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen would be sure to find himself in the midst of a population inspired by the most enthusiastic devotion to the person, throne, and Government of their Sovereign, nor that such sentiments would be more likely anywhere to find appropriate expression than in the flourishing city which has the honour of bearing her name.

“Almost from the first moment that I landed in Canada, I felt that my functions as Viceroy would not be adequately fulfilled unless I could accomplish a visit to British Columbia, and the personal intercourse I have had with your Parliamentary representatives at the capital of the Dominion still further confirmed my desire to visit a population who in the person of their members contributed so materially to enhance the dignity, the eloquence, and the intellectual reputation of the

Federal Parliament. I have now arrived after a tedious and circuitous journey of many thousand miles through a foreign country, and a sea voyage of several days' duration, in this splendid port, which for its commodiousness and security is not to be rivalled by any harbour in the world. It will be my pleasing duty to become personally acquainted with all the leading inhabitants of your community, and to acquire by personal observation an accurate knowledge of the views, wishes, needs, and aspirations of every class and section that compose it, and to carry back with me to the seat of Government at Ottawa, and to transmit to the Imperial authorities at home the valuable information which I thus hope to acquire. On the other hand, I trust that the presence amongst you of the head of the Executive Government of the Dominion, and of the officer entrusted by Her Majesty with the duty of representing her in British North America will be accepted by you as a

pledge of the interest and sympathy with which you are regarded both by the Queen of England and her advisers, as well as by the Government at Ottawa and the entire body of your Canadian fellow-subjects, who, I can safely assure you, desire nothing more sincerely than to be united with you in the strictest bonds of fellowship, patriotism, interest and affection. I need not add that I have no greater ambition than to contribute within the sphere of my constitutional functions as energetically as possible towards this end, and I sincerely trust that ere my term of office is concluded, I may see the material as well as the political connection already subsisting between British Columbia and the Eastern portion of the Dominion in a fair way of being rendered still more close and intimate."

At the close of this reply both Lord and Lady Dufferin were loudly cheered, and they passed on to the principal arch,

where the young school children had some special compliment to pay to Lady Dufferin. From this the route lay through a number of streets in the more residential part of the town to Government House, at present occupied only by the Governor-General and his party. Here there was an excellent luncheon ready, and from this point, the bands, fire brigade, schools, &c., turned back and made their way home. No business was done, all the shops being shut. Even the drug stores put up their shutters, locked their doors, and left their pills and their draughts to fight it out amongst themselves.

The decorations of the town were very pretty and ornamental, and the imagination of the decorators had been much exercised (not always very happily) in devising mottoes for their arches and banners. Amongst others were these mottoes :—“ Hearty Welcome to the Governor-General ;” “ Fiat Justitia ;” “ Carnarvon Terms ;” “ Develop our Re-

sources;" "Fuimus;" "All Nationalities welcome the Governor-General;" "The Iron Horse the Civilizer of the World;" "Cead Mille Failthe;" "British Columbia welcomes Lady Dufferin;" "Coal, Gold, Lumber, and Fish;" "A Thousand Welcomes;" "British Columbia for British Columbians;" "Honesty is the best Policy;" "Our Railway Iron Rusts;" "Hail to the Chief;" "Free Port;" "In Union there is Strength;—Psalm xv., verses 5 7 (Prayer Book); "Hyas Tyhee, Hyas Kloosh, Mika Chakoo;" "God Save Victoria, Empress of India;" "British Columbia the Key of the Pacific;" "Repeat your Visit;" "The Pacific greets the Atlantic;" "Loyal to the Crown;" "Nolumus Leges Mutari;" "Carnarvon Terms or Separation;" "United without Union;" "Confederated without Confederation;" "Railroad the Bond of Union;" "Welcome;" "God Save the Queen;" "The Prince of Wales and all the Royal Family." The Chinese arches, which were three,

had the following mottoes—the first: “Glad to see you here;” the second—“English Law is liberal;” third—“Come again.” These arches were in pagoda style.

Before entering the city, it had been intimated to Lord Dufferin that in the intended course of the procession one of the principal arches was surmounted by the motto, “Carnarvon Terms or Separation,” and he asked that this street might be avoided. The route was therefore taken in another way, and I am told that some anger is felt—not with him, but with those who informed him, or rather advised him, as it is assumed, on the subject. One or two silly persons tried to turn his horses’ heads towards the objectionable route. The arch is a most conspicuous one, and was one of the first that caught my eye. It is hardly necessary to comment upon the taste of the individual who endeavoured to thrust a threat into the face of the Governor-General on his visit to

Victoria, particularly as the question is one within the range of Parliament's powers; but I fancy it was but an ebullition of feeling on the part of some one whose perception of a discourtesy was not as clear as it might have been.

Readers will observe that many of the mottoes have reference direct or indirect to the Pacific Railway, and it may be said of the Victorians that they have the Pacific Railway not only on the brain but throughout their entire frames. My opportunities of learning the general sentiments of the people have as yet been limited, but judging by what I have seen and heard, I should say that all alike feel anxious on the subject, and that a certain line of politicians endeavour to cultivate the feeling of anger and the expression of angry sayings as much as possible. In the following Chapter will be given the copy of an address, which, at a Public Meeting held a few nights ago, it was agreed to present to the Governor-General during

his stay in Victoria. It was at first adopted by the Meeting in much stronger terms, but, on reflexion, they moderated the warmth of their language.

The resolution, appointing the following gentlemen to present the address to Lord Dufferin, was then read and carried :—

A. J. Langley,	A. C. Elliott,
M. W. T. Drake,	Jas. Trimble,
Jas. Fell,	R. Beaven,
J. P. Davies,	J. Douglas,
A. Bunster,	T. B. Humphreys,
W. F. Tolmie.	

Chairman, MAYOR DRUMMOND.

Nominees of the Meeting.

J. Spratt,	Chas. Gowan,
S. Duck,	Wm. Wilson,
A. McLean,	T. L. Stahlschmidt,
Alex. Wilson,	W. K. Bull,
Eli Harrison,	J. McB. Smith,
J. Williams.	

The Meeting then separated.

Soon after luncheon, Lord Dufferin, who was very much pleased with the reception that had been given him, and who admired the taste with which the route had been decorated, caused the following letter to be written to the Secretary of the Reception Committee:—

“ Government House, Victoria, B. C.
August 16, 1876.

“ Sir,

“ I am instructed by His Excellency the Governor-General of Canada to request you to convey to the President, the Vice-President, and the other Members of the Reception Committee, and through them to the inhabitants of Victoria and Esquimalt at large, His Excellency’s very deep sense of the magnificent welcome with which he was greeted on his arrival on your shores to-day.

“ The care, forethought, and consideration shown on the occasion were beyond all praise, while the beauty of the various decorations, the large concourse of citizens,

the unanimity of kind feeling which prevailed, and the admirable manner in which the procession was marshalled, were in every respect most gratifying. The picturesque display of the Indian population in their gaily dressed canoes, and the characteristic ornamentations exhibited by the Chinese residents, contributed a novel feature to what His Excellency cannot help regarding as one of the most successful and flattering demonstrations of loyalty and welcome with which he has ever been honoured, and has made him at once feel completely at home amongst his British Columbian fellow-subjects.

“I have the honour to be, Sir,

“Your most obedient servant,

“E. G. P. LITTLETON, Lieut.-Col.

“Governor-General’s Secretary.”

CHAPTER IX.

The "Rebel Arch"—The Victorians and the Pacific Railway—Vicissitudes of British Columbia—Sinister Intentions attributed to Canada—Evening Reception—Position and Aspect of Victoria—Climate of Vancouver—The Coal Interests of Vancouver—Proposed Meeting with the Indians—Chinese Population of Victoria—Peculiar Distinction of John Chinaman—Chinese Servants.

THAT which at one moment appeared likely to prove an unpleasant interruption to the general warmth of the welcome given to the Governor-General, promises now to be only a fit subject for "chaff." The arch upholding the objectionable motto, "The Carnarvon Terms or Separation," was raised by certain gentlemen who, while feeling very strongly

upon the subject of the Pacific Railway, repudiate the supposition that they intended to threaten the Queen's representative. They intended the motto as an epigrammatic expression of their political sentiments, and not as a threat, although to ordinary observers it bore a very pistol-at-your-throat aspect. It was really a case in support of the proverb that out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, and even those who regret and those who condemn what is now called "The Rebel Arch," are not slow to say that the political condition of British Columbia requires serious consideration.

It always happens that the local contentions and animosities are in an inverse ratio to the size of the community, and in Victoria the isolation of the country has an intensifying rather than a mitigating effect; but the hearts of all, black or white, red or yellow, are alike filled to overflowing with hopes and fears begotten of their union with Canada, and the sub-

sequent unavoidable delays which have occurred in the realization of that which to them seemed the great boon of Confederation. The Pacific Railway is their thought by day; perhaps their dream by night. To them it is the all in all. In it they see progress, prosperity, and happiness; without it the prospect looks gloomy, ruinous, and hopeless. They believe that to be confederated they were cajoled; that in Confederation they have been cheated. They hardly see that in truth they were unduly elated, and are now unduly depressed.

I am now speaking of Victoria only; perhaps it may be found that northward and on the mainland the feeling is not quite the same, or, if the same, not so intense. In Victoria, however, it is general, though variously expressed. There are those who speak of the matter calmly, sensibly, and patriotically; there are others who regard it from a purely selfish view; others who are not thoroughly

informed upon public affairs bearing upon the subject, and a small per-centage whose time would be more profitably occupied in almost any other manner than in discussing a question of such magnitude and importance. I have no intention of reproducing all or any of the recriminations which are levelled at Canada for what is termed her want of faith.

A knowledge that the Pacific Railway is the one great idea of life here, together with a study of the mottoes exhibited on the bridges and arches in the recent decoration of the city, will serve to show the temper of the public mind. "*Nolumus leges mutari*" will be easily translated. There is no question about the *lex* to which they refer. "Our railway iron rusts" is an intimation that is not to be misunderstood. "Confederated without Confederation," has a much plainer meaning than many a Delphic utterance upon which the fate of nations was made to turn. "England will see justice done,"

or words to that effect, and numerous other indirect allusions, testify to the groove in which the Victorian mind is running. An effort has undoubtedly been made with more or less success to capture this general feeling for less than general purposes, but there is a very strong disposition on the part of the public to regard themselves as one and Canada as the other, without entering into the question of whether the Conservatives or Reformers are most to blame.

A great number of those who are induced to animadvert upon the present Government do not appear to be aware of the difficulties with which Mr. Mackenzie has had to contend. They cherish the scarcely accurate belief that, because his opponents were themselves pledged to the building of the Pacific Railway, no opposition emanates from that quarter to the speedy completion of the through line. An explanation as to some of the real difficulties with which the Minister of

Public Works has had to contend appears to open a view which had not before presented itself ; but the political contentions of this Province have been such that persons considering the matter find little difficulty in realizing the probable obstacles which a Minister of Canada may find it necessary to overcome. The railway question, however, overshadowing everything else, has necessarily become mixed up with other matters, and has been more or less adroitly made to link itself with issues to which it does not properly belong. But right or wrong, with reason or without reason, the people of this place—English, Canadians, and British Columbians—have wound themselves to that pitch of excitement and determination upon the subject of the Canada Pacific Railway, that to discuss or consider other interests is a waste of time until this has been settled.

Curiously enough, those who are most impatient of delay—so I am told, and I have partially tested the information—are

Canadians. It might have been expected that they would have proved to be a fountain of oil for the troubled waters, but the reverse seems to be the case, and remembering some experiences elsewhere, the conclusion asserts itself that once on the Westward roam patriotism is apt to be diluted with the more potent spirit of self-advancement. It is more pleasing to listen to those who look with aversion at any threatened political disruption. Let me give you as well as I can the substance of some conversations:—

“We”—says the typical British Columbian whom I am now quoting—“have seen many political vicissitudes. We were first transferred as it were from the Hudson’s Bay Company to the Crown. We were then converted into two separate colonies, British Columbia and Vancouver Island; we were then amalgamated and made one, and as a Crown Colony were happy, reasonably prosperous, and slowly progressing. We were then asked to

relinquish our autonomy and become a Province of the Dominion. It was a proposition not altogether fascinating at first sight, but it was the wish of the Crown; much could be said in favour of establishing a great united British Empire in North America, and it was pointed out to us that this could only be done by the admission of British Columbia into the Dominion, and the connection being made practical and enduring by a railway from the Atlantic to the Pacific. So we joined the Confederation, knowing perfectly that without such a railway the coupling link was of thread, and would break under the first pressure that might be applied to it.

“The railway was secured, as we thought, by the most solemn guarantees that could be devised, but the fulfilment of our consideration was found to be impracticable by the other contracting party. We practically admitted that this was so, and accepted a modified arrangement. This

arrangement was in its turn cast aside—possibly, as you urge, through no fault of Mr. Mackenzie, but still to our detriment—and while we have long been satisfied that on the opinions of surveyors the Government must ere this have determined upon the route, we have come, through hope deferred, to be so sick at heart on the subject of the Pacific Railway, and so doubtful of relief, that while we turn with distaste from any proposition having for its object another political change, we are compelled to admit that the circumstances of the case do not permit our trusting to the usual efficacy of time to heal the wounds from which we suffer. You ask how, taking an extreme alternative, the country is to be benefited, and we say that in the first place, without the trans-continental railway British Columbia is of no use to Canada, nor Canada to British Columbia, that a large and very valuable tract of country is removed from our possession for railway

purposes, and that the capitalists of California and other parts of the United States, who are keenly alive to the scope for profitable enterprise which the coal-fields of this country afford, are waiting the result of our negotiations with Canada, preferring to seek even less inviting investments for their capital in United States territory rather than use it in a foreign country. There are heavy duties upon our lumber, coal, and fish-oil, which otherwise would beat all competition. We have, moreover, a summer resort hardly to be equalled on the continent, and we are satisfied that, should we ever unhappily be deprived of our association with the flag to which we naturally cling, our material prosperity in a new life would be beyond anything that we could achieve by other means than that of complete and reasonably speedy connection with Canada."

I do not give this as British Columbia's argument, but rather as the mildest way

in which I have heard the subject treated.

The visit of the Governor-General, taken in connection with Mr. Lowther's reply in the House of Commons to Mr. McArthur's question on the subject of British Columbia and the Pacific Railway, is now considered as being expressly in connection with the railway question. It is doubtful whether Lord Dufferin will think it worth while to enter upon any explanations with a view to disabuse the minds of the people here of erroneous impressions which they may have conceived touching Canada's want of faith, and so forth. I presume that it is better to go on steadily towards the consummation of Canada's railway intentions, trusting to the reaction that will follow when deeds demonstrate the *bona fides* of the Canadian people, and convince the British Columbians—since nothing else will—that Canada does not now, nor ever did, entertain the sinister intentions which are attributed to her.

The Governor-General has been very

busy since his arrival in making the acquaintance of prominent personages in Victoria. Having the present use of Government House, he at once commenced housekeeping with that spirit of hospitality that distinguished his residence at Ottawa. Lady Dufferin has been suffering from a bad cold, and perhaps from the lingering results of the very stormy weather between San Francisco and Esquimalt. This evening Her Excellency holds a reception, and there is a general buzz about the dry-goods stores, where ladies are overhauling articles which I can neither name nor describe, further than by saying that they are of the tulle or bombazine, or affiliated order of stuff; and the gentlemen are, for the moment, as interested in procuring the proper white ties as they are to secure the more important railway tie about which they have been so much exercised. The reception is to be held in the evening, and the ladies all attend in full evening dress (low neck and short sleeves is, I

believe, the correct expression). Judging by some of the young ladies I have seen here, it will be a very pretty and bright assemblage.

On Monday there will be an At Home at Government House ; on Tuesday, I believe, a garden party, and indistinct foreshadowings of a ball or balls meet one every now and again. The Governor-General and Lady Dufferin are residing at the official residence of the Lieutenant-Governor, into which Governor Richards had not yet moved. It is a large and roomy mansion of its kind, and beautifully situated, in so far as it commands views of interesting and fascinating scenery. Indeed, the residential portions of Victoria are all desirable localities, for Victoria is one of the prettiest spots in the northern world. It is situated on a series or range of small rocky hills, which were once covered with pine trees, and which still retain a part of the growth, and into the heart of the city run two branching arms of the sea. Look-

ing out from almost any window of the bungalow-like houses facing the north or east, a view of the long line of the snow-tipped Olympic range meets the eye, separated from Victoria apparently only by the strip of blue sea that washes the confines of the city limits and fills the town and country with its pure fresh breezes.

When there is a slight breeze blowing, you may open the window of your room and imagine that the ocean is rolling beneath you. You may walk to Beacon Hill, which is in the park of the city, or drive to any of the neighbouring outlets, and all the blessings and pleasures of the sea-side are at your command. If the Province of Manitoba and its continuation could be put at the back of Victoria, the city would become one of the choice spots of the Western hemisphere. It is agricultural room that is here lacking. At one time it was believed that Vancouver Island would be good for nothing but as a port for British Columbia, but that was

a fallacy which time has exposed. There is a great deal of rock in the country, but in the midst of the rockiest parts, within ten minutes drive of the Post-office, are fertile fields and abundant crops. Further back in the country are large stretches which I can remember uncultivated wastes, but which are now, I am told, raising grain and garden fruits in rich abundance. Vancouver is particularly blessed in its climate, and the luxuriance with which flowers, creepers, and fruit grow in what appears to be a not very rich soil is quite remarkable.

Of course, it is not pretended that Vancouver is an agricultural country. The rich open prairies of Manitoba have made Canadians fastidious about their choice of farming localities, and the wealth of this country is in its coal and minerals and lumber. The prairie has such attractions for some people that they are not to be frightened by long and severe winters, and they find beauty rather than the

reverse in the wide treeless expanses of the North-west; but I have met some who have returned from the prairie complaining bitterly of the peculiarities of that country. They did not like its immensity, nor its cold, nor its heat, nor anything that appertained thereto. If they still must roam let them come here, for they will have a climate at which they will not be able to complain, they will have a superfluity of wood, and they will be able to raise without difficulty all that they may require. Just now the coal trade, which is a very important interest in Vancouver, is dull. A great quantity of wheat is shipped from California to England, and the vessels outward bound carry coal to San Francisco as ballast. They are therefore able to undersell the Nanaimo collieries. There is still, however, a demand, because the amount brought out does not supply more than a fourth of the quantity used. The Governor-General will visit Nanaimo somewhere about this day week, when I shall be able to acquire

some information upon the subject of the coal interest from trustworthy sources.

Lord Dufferin leaves here on Thursday the 24th, in the *Amethyst*, and will first go to New Westminster to meet the Indians. By some misunderstanding they were summoned to meet him, and I hear that there will be a very large gathering of them. It will afford a good opportunity for comparing them with the Chippewas, Crees, and others of the plains. Those that we see about Victoria are not favourable specimens, but Indians resident in the midst of a white population have but one certain fate before them. Their demoralization is always speedy and complete. The Dominion and Provincial Governments, however, have appointed an arbitration commission here to settle the question as to the amounts of land to be ceded by the Province for each Indian reserve; a commission on which the Dominion Government is ably represented by Mr. A. C. Anderson, a gentleman of long

experience in this country; and it is probable that the unsightly and in every way objectionable Indian hamlet touching the city of Victoria may, with equitable arrangements for the Indians, be removed for ever.

In speaking of the arrival of the Governor-General here, I referred to the cosmopolitan nature of the city and appearance of the people, and further inspection confirms the impression. It is in that respect like a miniature San Francisco, and as in the city of the golden gate, John Chinaman is a large element in the population. One thousand was the number of Chinamen given to me by a trustworthy informant; about the same number or perhaps a few more than the Indians who make this neighbourhood their home. John is a very active and useful member of society here. He works hard and works steadily. He is in all grades, from that of a merchant to the less dignified, but equally useful one of washerman. Some murmur-

ing is occasionally heard about cheap labour, but the advantage of cheap labour is so palpable that for some time at any rate the Californian cry against John must here echo in his favour. It may not be natural to employ an adult pig-tailed son of Confucius to wash one's clothes, but when the alternative is not having them washed at all or paying more than they could be bought for, one does not hesitate for a second about employing John's services. John is employed in all capacities, save that of ladies' maid, by the inhabitants of Victoria. He is a good cook, he makes a capital housemaid, he is docile and obliging. At times he is a little trying, but until angels take to ministering in domestic service "the missuses" must remain subject to trials. Besides the graceful solution of household difficulties is one of the highest triumphs of a gentlewoman, and who would deprive the sweeter sex of a legitimate field of womanly occupation at the

risk of driving them into some new branch of manly art. I heard three ladies discussing "John" one day, and learnt to appreciate their trouble. In the one case my fair friend complained that "Sing" had contracted a friendship with another Chinaman, who came to the house to gamble with "Sing" when the latter ought to be cooking the dinner. The consequences in some cases had been frightful, and repeated warnings had been in vain. At last she turned the friend out of doors, and taking "Sing" by the shoulders she shook him as hard as she could, threatening at the same time that on the next occasion she would beat him. At her hands the shaking and the beating were in themselves mere pleasantries, but "Sing's" dignity was wounded, and he mournfully remarked "Suppose you catchee new cook. My no can stay."

"Ah!" sighed another lady, "I could'nt do that with 'Yop.' He's so big. And besides the only fault he has is that he

won't let me go into the kitchen at all, and won't let me have any dinner until my husband comes home, which on mail nights is very uncertain. Sometimes we get dreadfully hungry, but Yop is inexorable."

"My little wretch is always doing something he ought not to do," said a third, a young unmarried lady; "I dare not have any poultry in the house, because he will insist upon plucking the fowls alive. My little sister told us about it at dinner the last time we had fowls, and it entirely prevented anyone eating any more dinner. I felt as if I had been eating someone I had helped to murder. Yesterday when I went into the kitchen I found him making a skewer red hot, to run through a mouse which he had caught in the trap, and so as he is only a boy I boxed his ears."

"What did he say to that?" I asked.

"He swore at me in bad French."

"And you."

“Oh !” replied my young friend, as the tinge of the rose mounted in her cheek, “I swore back at him, and then he got white with horror at finding I had understood him.”

John however does not limit his walk in Vancouver Island life to domestic service. He carries on business here both in a large and small way. When the railway is set going, his services will be available at a more moderate rate than those of workmen from the States. Neither does he create a great pandemonium in every place in which he stops, whereas it has become almost a point of honour with railroad builders in the United States to make every place through which they are carrying the line a “hell on wheels.”

The great fault that is charged against John is that he hoards his money. I have heard this said of a people who occupy a country not a thousand miles from the Lower St. Lawrence. John lives frugally, and when he has saved some money goes

over to China with it for a spree. If any human being can see any pleasure in going to China why should he not go, as well as to Paris? We have had out of John the full value of the money he takes with him. This habit of John's—that is going to and returning from China—has served in a measure to mislead Eastern people as to the numbers of Chinamen coming to this continent. A gentleman who had been long in the San Francisco China trade told me that only a small percentage of the arriving cargo of Chinamen are new people. He said that in the last trip he made, bringing four hundred Chinamen, the number of new people was under fifty. All the others were California Johns returning from their visit to China. The objection I make to John is that unless very clean he is not a pleasant neighbour. As a rule Chinamen, and particularly the house-servants are very clean, but if you have ever lived in China you will

afterwards always be able to detect the presence of John even without seeing him.

As I stepped on board the mail-steamer at San Francisco I saw no one, but I remarked to my companion that there were Chinamen on board. It was seventeen years since I had dwelt among them, but I could not be mistaken. A door opened, and we saw a Chinese cook and half a dozen servants preparing the passengers' luncheon. I explained the manner in which I detected John, and my companion, though an old Californian, seemed inclined to doubt. A few days afterwards he said that he wished he had never asked me the peculiar distinction of John, because he had tasted him ever since in his tea, in his soup, and in everything that he had eaten on board the ship. John is a worthy fellow, but as a substitute for Crosse and Blackwell's flavouring compounds he is not always satisfactory.

I must not forget to mention that in spite of John's alleged parsimony he made elaborate preparations to receive the Governor-General. The Chinese arches and decorations were very handsome and expensive, and curious ornaments were hung about his triumphal arches, having some profound allegorical meaning, if one could only understand from John what that was. The principal arches, as well as the sides of the streets—all of which were lined with pine saplings—were hung with Chinese lanterns. John had sent down to San Francisco for a large shipment of these, with fireworks, &c., on purpose to do honour to the occasion. They unfortunately arrived in the mail-steamer too late for use, but his display was sufficiently grand, and the good-will was as valuable as the actual show. I have made the acquaintance of a wealthy John at the head of one of the houses here, and on the strength of

knowing his birthplace we are likely to become friends. Should we arrive at any degree of intimacy, I will endeavour to ascertain what he really thinks about things in general.

CHAPTER X.

Their Excellencies Reception—Deputations from the Churches—Railway Deputation—Division of Sentiment in the Province—Conservative Demands—British Columbia—Unfulfilled Obligations—Threat of Separation—Rumours of a Railway Difficulty—Address to the Governor.

THE first public appearance of the Governor-General and Lady Dufferin since their arrival was at the reception held by them on Saturday evening in the Legislative Assembly Chamber. This was very largely attended, and was altogether a bright and satisfactory gathering. Lord and Lady Dufferin stood on the dais usually occupied by the Speaker's chair, the members of his own staff and the local staff officers on either side of the dais, and the naval officers of the squadron,

making an opposite block, and thus creating the passage by which those presented passed before their Excellencies. The Governor-General was dressed in the uniform of his high office, and Lady Dufferin wore a handsome pink silk dress, very handsomely got up after a fashion I am not rash enough to describe. As I have said, there was a large assemblage of people, amongst whom one recognized some whose names have long been familiar to people in the Eastern provinces, and a very fair number of ladies who sustained the reputation Canada possesses of producing pretty women. There has been a dinner-party at Government House I think every night, and to-day a garden party is to come off in the grounds of Carey Castle.

Deputations from the Reformed Episcopal, Presbyterian, and Methodist Churches waited on the Governor-General on Saturday to present addresses of congratulation on his visit, and embodying sentiments of

loyalty and goodwill. To these Lord Dufferin replied with his usual felicity of expression. The Church apparently does not share any disintegrating opinions that may be floating about, or at least does not believe that reason has yet been given to utter threats of "separation."

This afternoon the deputation of which I spoke in my first letter from here, are to present their address to the Governor-General, which, as everyone can see, is sufficiently pronounced although much milder than when first adopted. During his conversation with the clerical deputation on Saturday, Lord Dufferin promulgated the fact that the Island Railway—that is the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway—is virtually a dead letter. It seems to be understood in the city that certain compensation is to be offered in lieu of such a road. The Islanders have always urged, rather as a complaint against Canada, that a twenty mile strip of valuable land has been held by the Dominion

Government that would otherwise have been eagerly desired by investors and settlers, particularly as portions of it are rich in mineral wealth. If this belt of valuable land is released, and a fair compensation given to the Island, one may suppose that if essential to the well-being of this portion of the province, the Island railway may be built by the Islanders. Of course, the people here fall back on the Carnarvon award, and are not likely to surrender such a vantage ground of argument. But the extreme people are—as is always the case—the noisiest, and the more violently they talk, the more, it seems to me, they alienate from themselves the support of the property-holders and other people of influence. There are some people here who seem to be supremely satisfied with themselves when they can fling some insult at Canada and Mr. Mackenzie. Sometimes these are Canadians who belong to the political party opposed to Mr. Mackenzie.

One of the deputation of the ultimatum address of to-day, whose avocation is the dispensing of dry goods, described the Canadian flag as "the British ensign with the ring-worm." This gentleman told me he saw no impossibility at all in carrying out the original terms as agreed to by Sir John Macdonald. I think, however, that persons of this calibre are not the rule in Victoria or the Island generally. There is a general feeling of great disappointment; but I believe that if reasonable arrangements are proposed in lieu of that which Canada cannot undertake, and when work is really commenced, some portion of the disappointment will be allayed. At the same time there are some who dislike any compromise. The "Standard" of this morning (the Conservative journal) is outspoken against the Governor-General, and says in effect that they require Carnarvon Terms or separation. Here is an extract from it:—

"The first, the ceremonial act in the

Dufferin drama, is over. The political one is just beginning. On one side is the Governor-General, representing the Mackenzie Ministry and the Imperial Government; on the other are the people who have founded a Province, earned their own bread, paid their own taxes, are indebted to neither England nor Canada for anything, except a flagstaff with a bit of coloured serge stuck on the top of it, but who now ask Canada to keep faith with them, and fulfil her treaty obligations to the Province, the chief of which is the immediate commencement of the construction of the Pacific Railway. How this act will terminate no one can tell. It may be big with the fate of empire. It may be the destruction of the Confederation, or the thorough consolidation of Canada.

“ We are told, however, by the Under-Secretary of State in England, that Lord Dufferin would pay an official visit to British Columbia to adjust her relations with Canada. (Which, by the way, is not

what Mr. Lowther said.) Now what is there to adjust? Is it the terms on which the Province will surrender her right to the construction of a railway from Esquimalt to Bute Inlet, and thence to Montreal? or the terms on which separation from Canada shall take place?"

It appears from this that the Conservative party here require the fulfilment of the "treaty obligations," or an arrangement as to the terms of separation. I have no infallible means of judging, but I do not believe this represents the actual sentiment even of Vancouver Island, perhaps not of all the Conservatives. On the contrary, I think that they—although feeling sore and disappointed at the failure of their hopes—will be willing to enter into some other arrangement which will ensure its own fulfilment without any delay. Anything of a nature requiring the lapse of time to fructify will not, I think, carry conviction or satisfaction with it. It must be borne

in mind in judging affairs in this country, that while Victoria is the heart of the British Columbian body politic it is by no means all of British Columbia, nor does its opinion always jump with that of the mainland. Here, for instance, is what the "Mainland Guardian" says of the address which is to-day to be presented to Lord Dufferin :—

“ This ill-advised document, which has been published in full by the Victoria papers, is very much what we anticipated it would be—a cool assumption on the part of a few Victorians to speak for the whole Province entirely in the interest of Victoria. This, to say the least of it, is a gross insult to the entire mainland, and will be productive of a result quite the reverse of that intended—a disposition on the part of Lord Dufferin and those with whom he is associated to receive these statements *cum grano salis*. Under present circumstances, however, we must repudiate any connection with this Victoria *ultimatum*,

and declare that the mainland in no way admits the correctness of the statement therein contained. The Victorians may sincerely regret that the Carnarvon Terms were not fulfilled, but the Victorians were the chief cause of this misfortune. It is now generally admitted that the construction of an Island railway, at the present juncture, would be unwise, because it is unnecessary, whereas a compromise securing the immediate payment of a round sum of money in cash—which would be of incalculable value to the entire Province—with the immediate commencement of the railway on the mainland, would satisfy the great bulk of our people. The people of the mainland distinctly deny any right on the part of Victoria to embody in their address to Lord Dufferin the following statement :

“ ‘We trust that your Excellency has it in charge to convey to this Province the gratifying intelligence that the Do-

minion Government will fulfil their obligations under the Carnarvon settlement, and that this is the last occasion when the people of British Columbia will have the painful duty of making complaint to Her Majesty, through her representative, of any breach of the terms of Union by the Dominion. If, however, that Government fail to take practical steps to carry into effect the terms solemnly accepted by them, we most respectfully inform your Excellency that, in the opinion of a large number of the people of this Province, the withdrawal of the Province from the Confederation will be the inevitable result, and in such a case compensation from the Dominion would be demanded for the unfulfilled obligations which she undertook.'

“ It would be interesting to know who authorized this sapient clique to talk about separation from the Dominion on the part of the mainland? We are sure the people in this part of the Province

did not, because they feel that any assistance to the development of the country by a railway must come from the Federal capital, and that the necessity for the recently imposed local taxes would disappear with a payment of money by the Dominion, as a set-off to the sacrifices we have endured, in consequence of the non-fulfilment of the original terms, upon which all our calculations were built."

We have some rumours about a difficulty in the line of the railway east of Fort George, the point of departure west of the Rocky Mountain pass, but everything about the route of the railway on the mainland requires to be taken with extreme caution, unless you hear from the one person from whom the news arises. The news gets shaken up and mixed a good deal coming down that rough country. No doubt, however, more will be known about the matter as the Governor-General's party moves up the coast and into the interior.

On going to Government House this afternoon, I found the deputation with the address. It was toned down a little, but it appears the Governor-General had intimated his intention not to receive the address, expressing his willingness to receive the deputation and explain to them his reasons for declining it.

The address in question ran as follows :

“ May it please Your Excellency,

“ We, Her Majesty’s loyal subjects, inhabitants of Victoria and its vicinity, in public meeting assembled, welcome with pleasure the visit of Your Excellency to this Province, and beg respectfully to address Your Excellency, as Her Majesty’s representative in British North America, upon the present unsatisfactory relations of British Columbia with the Dominion of Canada.

“ Your Excellency is thoroughly aware of the many and urgent representations made from time to time by the Provincial

Government to the Government of the Dominion and Her Majesty on the subject of the unfulfilled terms of Confederation.

“Your Excellency is also aware that these representations resulted in certain recommendations by the Earl of Carnarvon favourable to the Dominion, and which relieved the Dominion of those conditions of the Terms of Union which they considered incapable of fulfilment. These recommendations were accepted by the Dominion as a solution of the difficulties that existed.

“The action of the Dominion Government in ignoring the Carnarvon settlement has produced a widespread feeling of disaffection towards Confederation, which has been intensified by the utterances of prominent public men of the Dominion, who apparently look on this Province as a source of expense and trouble to the Dominion, and as a Province whose withdrawal would not be regretted.

“ We trust that Your Excellency has it in charge to convey to this Province the gratifying intelligence that the Dominion Government will fulfil its obligations under the Carnarvon settlement, and that this is the last occasion when the people of British Columbia will have the painful duty of making complaint to Her Majesty, through her representative, of any breach of the terms of Union by the Dominion Government. If, however, that Government fails to take practical steps to carry into effect the terms solemnly accepted by it, we most respectfully inform Your Excellency that, in the opinion of a large number of the people of this Province, the withdrawal of this Province from Confederation will be the inevitable result, and in such a case compensation from the Dominion would be demanded for the unfulfilled obligations which it undertook.

“ This growing desire for separation is simply the expression of a feeling which is gaining strength every day.

“The knowledge that Canada relies on the paucity of our numbers and her power to fulfil or repudiate the terms of union as she pleases, creates a feeling of irritation which is being continually augmented.

“In thus openly addressing Your Excellency we feel assured that, whatever may be the final result of these unhappy differences, Your Excellency will seek to promote the most enduring interests of this Province, the Dominion, and the Empire.

“Bounded as this Province is on the north and south by United States territory, and without railway connection with the Dominion of Canada, (British Columbia will ever be an isolated Province,) the railway and other facilities of the American people are sapping our trade and diverting commerce and population from our shores.

“Your Excellency, in recently travelling through the Western States of America,

must have had ample opportunity of observing the wonderful progress there, in a great measure resulting from a bold railway policy.

“ In conclusion, we beg you to convey to Her Majesty that whatever may be our future, whether as a Province of the Dominion or as a separate Colony, we shall always entertain for Her Majesty feelings of the deepest loyalty and affection.

“ J. S. DRUMMOND,

“ Chairman.

“ SIMON DUCK,

“ Secretary.”

When the deputation was introduced, on Monday, Lord Dufferin explained that he could not receive the address, and at the request of one of the deputation the reasons were put in writing, and were as follows :—

“ Government House, Victoria, Aug. 21st, 1876.

“ Sir,

“ The Governor-General regrets that it

is not in accordance with the usual practice for him to deal with the addresses other than those of a personal or complimentary nature, except under advice from his responsible Ministers, and ventures to point out that the more correct course in the present instance would be for the signatories of the present address to proceed by memorial or petition to the Crown, in the usual manner.

“ I have the honour to be Sir,

“ Your most obedient servant,

“ E. G. P. LITTLETON,

“ Governor-General's Secretary.

“ S. Duck, Esq., Victoria.”

CHAPTER XI.

A Disappointed Deputation and a Furious Editor—Excitement in Victoria—The “Standard”—The Topic of the Day—The “Colonist”—Feeling excited by the Abandonment of the Island Railway—Demands of the Extreme and Moderate Parties—Degraded Indeed—Report Wanted—A Convention at Victoria—Mr. De Cosmos—Departure of the Governor-General.

NEXT morning Victoria was in a great state of excitement, on the subject of the deputation’s interview with Lord Dufferin, and concerning the fate of the Address. All that the street corners could learn, with any degree of certainty, was, that Lord Dufferin, while declining to receive the Address had taken advantage of the deputation being present to hold an informal conversation with

them on the topic in which the country is so much interested. He brought forward British Columbia's views and position apparently to the satisfaction of her champions, and then followed with Canada's reply. It seems to have been understood, that, while removing any hopes of the Island Railway being undertaken as a Government work, he gave the deputation to understand that certain compensation had, or would be, offered for the inability on Canada's part to meet British Columbia's reasonable expectations. The "Standard" (the organ of a gentleman opposed to the present Canadian Government) published next morning an article which, though *sui generis*, and a fair example of everything a newspaper article ought not to be, has had in one way a more or less beneficial result. It has disgusted a number of men who were blindly following the Editor, and who now repudiate him, and it has caused those, who, a few days ago, were violent and

unreasonable in their language to speak more calmly, and to approach the question in such a way, that it has become possible to learn their views and generally to listen to them. As the article has become a subject of conversation, and has had such a damaging effect on the leader of the noisy party, I give it in full :

“ THE TOPIC OF THE DAY.

“ All Victoria were on the *qui vive* yesterday to learn what were the results of the efforts of the distinguished, but temporary, occupant of Cary Castle as interviewer of the Committee appointed at the recent Public Meeting. Everybody asked everybody, ‘ Have the Committee returned ?’ And what is the result ? After a waste of four mortal hours, the Committee-men were relieved from their painful but patriotic duty of listening to Vice-Regal subterfuges and queries—all of which had to be suffered under the ban of secrecy. The Vice-Regal interviewer,

however, was forced to write something for the public—something in reply about the address voted by the Philharmonic Meeting. It appears elsewhere. Its purport was not unexpected. It fell, not like a wet blanket on the people, but produced a feeling of profound indignation everywhere in the city. It was summed up as an attempt to hoodwink and bilk the people in the name of royalty; an effort to shirk royal responsibility whilst acting as Vice-Regal spy; an effort to sow dissension everywhere, and, if possible, win laurels as the price for degrading the high office of Governor-General. It is useless for us, as an organ of public opinion, to say anything else. Were we to speak out still plainer, we might give utterance to expressions that are popular, but which we deem unwise and impolitic to utter. It is better to be moderate, but firm, and uncompromising in making a demand for our rights, than give expression to popular indignation in a way

that will not facilitate the object to be attained. Lord Dufferin and the Mackenzie Ministry are mere birds of passage. Neither the one nor the other can cajole anyone in this country into a final decision against the interests of the Province, the Dominion, and the Empire. Battles have been fought out successfully in this Province before, with greater odds against their success than what now present themselves; and if the people be true to themselves, whether some be true or not, the country will win. The attempt yesterday of Lord Dufferin to temporize, instead of giving a frank and manly answer to the Philharmonic address, stamps his mission with discredit; and unless he can find means to explain his conduct, his departure will be ranked with Edgar's, and his efforts either to ignore our rights, or meet Mackenzie's wishes, will be equally useless. But we cannot waste time even on so eminent a person as Lord Dufferin. There is a more important power than

even he. That is the people. If they do their duty, all the Edgars, Mackenzies, and Lord Dufferins may hide their diminished heads in chagrin at their failure. Let the people act."

The "Colonist"—a journal that supports the present Dominion Government—speaks of the chagrin experienced by the people on hearing of the abandonment of the Island Railway, but suggests that the question should be calmly considered. "What now is best to be done in the matter?"

The people here are one and all sore and disappointed at Canada's determination, and I think I observe that this is slightly intensified by the knowledge that the Mainlanders are not with them on the question, and that possibly an impartial investigation of the subject might lead to the conclusion that the construction of the island railway must be due to the fact that it was embodied in the Carnarvon Terms, rather than from any commercial necessity for its being. I have not heard

any argument advanced in support of the railway other than that it formed part of the Carnarvon Terms. The extreme men call for "the terms, the whole terms, and nothing but the terms;" while the more moderate say, "We desire the terms, and we ought to have had them before now; but if they are out of the question let us know what immediate equivalent you propose, and whether it will be accompanied by an Imperial guarantee. We do not desire separation if our remaining with Canada can be made mutually advantageous, still less have we any thought of seeking to change our allegiance to the British Crown—an idea distasteful to all—but we regard the present position of affairs as useless to both parties, and its continuation an absurdity." These people feel equally sore with the others, and a little distrustful about anything Canada may promise. The article in the "Colonist" this morning, thinks that Lord Carnarvon having proposed an additional expenditure

for the building of the Esquimalt Railway, the Imperial Government should have done something in the way of assistance, and altogether I am inclined to think that while the moderate party will carry the day here—in spite of any momentary row which a few unquiet spirits would like to create—they will desire to be well assured that there can be no further mistake or delay in doing that which is to be done.

But if the "Standard" is to be believed, moderate men will, as is commonly said, "have no show." Here is what it says :—

"IMPORTANT.

"So far as we can gather, Lord Dufferin is endeavouring to persuade people that the Island railroad will not be built, and quotes Lord Carnarvon as his authority for saying that compensation is the only equivalent for the Island railway. Now we prophesy that the railway will be built; and that the Carnarvon Terms will

be carried out in spite of either of these noble lords. If not, there will be a separation.”

“ DEGRADED INDEED.

“To what degradation have the Imperial and Canadian Governments not descended, when the Governor-General resorts to secrecy to hide the reply of Lord Carnarvon to our appeal last winter.”

“ REPORT WANTED.

“When will the Meeting be called to receive the report of the secret (?) interview with Lord Dufferin? Let us have a Meeting anyhow, and that at once, and declare ‘war to the knife.’”

“ CONVENTION.

“A Convention will be convened at Victoria to take into consideration our relations with Canada. Due notice will be given.”

Mr. De Cosmos means what he says, for

the following issue of his paper contains an article in which he says:—

“Yet we are asked by Lord Dufferin, backed by Lord Carnarvon, to accept compensation—accept money. What for? To surrender a route to which Britain, Canada, and Columbia are pledged—a railway route that has been endorsed by the most eminent statesmen and engineers of the Dominion, and accepted by the greatest capitalists and commercial men of the continent. This, then, is the pith and substance of Lord Dufferin’s mission. But it is what we will never consent to, no matter what compensation may be offered or what influence may be brought to bear. That is the ultimatum of this country. Hence, if we cannot get the railroad from Esquimalt to Bute Inlet, and thence to Montreal, we prefer separation to union with a Government that offers money for principle, and asks us to sacrifice a solemn agreement between England, Canada, and Columbia. If Lord Dufferin

wishes to break up the Confederation, and separate this province from the Dominion, let him continue his seductive work. Let him endeavour to persuade our people to surrender the Carnarvon Terms. When he fails, let him recommend separation. It had better be done constitutionally, for as sure as Lord Dufferin is here to-day, so surely will separation follow, at any and at all hazards, if the Carnarvon Terms be set aside.”

I think Mr. De Cosmos will fail in his purpose. He has created the impression that he is too unsteady of temper, and is too ostentatiously unattached to any political family or flag to be taken as a guide by a people who, though irritated, disappointed, and perplexed, are not desirous of acting in a rash and foolish manner, and still less of flying off at a tangent from the associations of a lifetime and the traditions of their forefathers. The name of the editor of the “Standard” proclaims his extended and cosmopolitan

ideas. His love for his fellow-man is large and impartial, and I don't know that anyone has a right to throw a stone at him on this account. But on the other hand, the more narrow feeling and the more practicable one which men call "patriotism" is that to which the majority of mankind will cleave with pride and pertinacity. It may be a noble thing to love a Turk, and a Chinese mandarin may be fully equal to a Lieutenant-Governor under the British Constitution, but while Mr. De Cosmos is spreading out his affection in a necessarily thin layer so as to embrace the world—for is his name not that compound of Latin, French, and Greek, *Amor De Cosmos*?—other men will consider that it is better to concentrate one's powers of affection and retain the not altogether insignificant title of a British subject. And Mr. De Cosmos' allegiance being known to fit lightly upon him, men are not disposed to step in the direction of a terminus which

they intend to shun. However, the result remains to be seen. One difficulty in the way of an easy settlement will arise from the fact that a monetary compensation for the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway must necessarily be paid in to the Treasury, and be at the disposal of the Legislature. Thirteen out of the twenty-five members are Mainlanders ; and the Mainlanders—judging from what I hear—will see Vancouver Island at the depths of Gehanum before they consent to all the money being used on that branch of railway. Yet the Vancouver Islanders will probably regard the compensation as peculiarly their own, as being in lieu of a railway which was for their special benefit. Unless therefore a distinct understanding is arrived at before the money is paid, there will be an awful scrimmage over its distribution.

The Governor-General goes on board the *Amethyst* to-night, I believe—he sails to-morrow—and this afternoon a grand regatta takes place up the arm of the sea

which runs into the city. There is a small steam yacht to accompany the *Amethyst* throughout the tour, and Lord Dufferin, with his usual kindness, arranged that she should be at the service of three correspondents who are accompanying him.

CHAPTER XII.

Amusements and Social Contact with the Vice-regal Party—Lady Dufferin's Garden Party—Cary Castle—Women at a Garden Party—Ball-room at Government House—Representatives of the Chinese Community—The Regatta—Scene at the Races—Display of Indian Canoes—A Pretty Pageant—The Heidah Indians.

SIDE by side with the "topic of the day"—the material effect of the Governor-General's visit—runs the less exciting and more pleasant interest concerning amusements and social contact with the Vice-regal party. During the week which the Governor-General has spent in Victoria, Lady Dufferin has amply availed herself of the opportunities afforded her by the temporary possession of the

Lieutenant-Governor's official residence. The hospitality for which Rideau Hall has of late years become so renowned has been evinced in like degree in the capital of the Western Province. Following the evening reception held in the Legislative Assembly Chamber on Monday was a garden party given at Government House on Tuesday.

Cary Castle—now Government House—was built by a gentleman who some sixteen years ago suddenly found himself in the position of Attorney-General of the newly-born Crown Colony of Vancouver Island. He was a young English barrister possessed of unmistakable ability, and in a short time built up for himself a considerable reputation and a house to match. After enjoying both for some time, he parted with the house, and in due course of time removed to a lunatic asylum in England, where he died. The Local Government having purchased Cary Castle, proceeded by means of prison and other labour to transform it into a suitable residence for

their head and front, and in doing so displayed considerable taste and judgment. It is situated on rising ground, overlooking the straits and mountains on one side, and beneath it the fruitful-looking fields of a farm that seems to have been dropped from Heaven amongst the rocks. The house is surrounded by a terraced garden, and here, in the midst of luxuriantly growing roses and shrubs and flowers, attaining an almost tropical growth, Lady Dufferin received her guests.

There are few places in which pretty women look to better advantage than at a garden party. They are themselves the roses of creation, and seem to fall naturally into their places amidst that which is lovely and fragrant in inanimate nature; and no woman is ever cross or disagreeable when she finds herself in a garden. She forgives her enemies, is at peace with the world, finds solace for the superior beauty of another woman's bonnet in the gift of a flower, and is in all respects loving and

loveable. When one sees a young matron slowly sailing across a lawn, dressed in the rich material permissible to married women, conscious of the dignity that pertains to her state in life, and yet radiant with the look that pleasure lends to a gentle-natured woman's face, one feels that a woman is not a woman till thirty summers have passed over her head, and the first brunt of life's battle has taught her the necessity for patience and forbearance. Juno and Minerva must have been beauties amongst the fair ones of Olympus. What is there to excel a comely face graced by a gentle, courteous smile, and woman's dignity stamped on every movement? Nothing! is there? And so one feels until a Hebe of eighteen comes springing over the green sward, half talking, half laughing, and all impatient as she moves—a beauty clothed in masses of diaphanous material, garlanded with flowers, and tingeing everything with her own youth and freshness, whose wish is a

law which fifty envious males contend to obey, whose gratified expression for fealty owned is itself the reward of obedience, and whose mission in life is to knock into a cocked hat the heart of every youth who ventures within range of her spells. Perplexed mankind must fall in love with all, for choice is out of the question.

Yielding to the seductive influences of the scene, my Damon and I wandered through the groups, admiring as we went. There was a brunette who came tripping across the lawn, whose dress of "deep deep blue" was surmounted by a carnation nestling in the folds of what looked like white sea foam around her neck, and Damon looked and he was lost. He turned again, and standing by the window entrance a nymph in white and pink appeared. Her hair was fair, and through her locks a rosebud duplicated by her lips was peeping out, and Damon's fickle heart was lost again. Could he have told what in his thoughts was seeking for ex-

pression, he would with brave Macheath have said,

“ How happy could I be with either,
Were t’other fair charmer away.”

So each in her own attractive individuality, stood or moved the guests who had come at the invitation of Lady Dufferin, while their hostess, herself the winsome Queen among the fair assemblage passed to and fro, winning by kind words and gentle looks the homage which was ready to be given or withheld. And round and about stood men whose names familiar are as household words in that which appertains to the history of the Colony. Conspicuous amongst them all was the stately form of Sir James Douglas, the honoured father of gubernatorial rule in Vancouver Island. Near him—the first of the Island Governors, and one now resting from his labours—stood the acute and active-minded gentleman who most recently has assumed the reins of govern-

ment, and here and there walked men whose best years have been spent in guarding the interests of the Colony and developing her resources.

In the middle of the buzz of conversation that falls away amongst the walks and slopes there is a whisper of dancing, the Hebes are pounced upon and carried off through the widely opened windows of the tea-room, which opens on the terrace to the ball-room. Pallas and Juno follow after with more stately step, until all have passed through the other rooms, and the band of the *Amethyst* is left discoursing the sweet miseries of Leonora and the effusive agony of Manrico to the wondering songsters that are chirping in vexed rivalry amongst the shrubs and trees. There is a ball-room at Government House that in the matter of floors, as well as in other particulars, is a ball-room indeed. To step upon it, is to dance; e'en Ben Battle, who, in spite of sneering speeches, at duty's call had left

his legs in Badajos's breeches—as Tom Hood tells us—would here have, perhaps, regained the affections of the young woman who so heartlessly turned up her nose at his double amputation could he have touched that floor, and as it was known that time was speeding swiftly by, and that the hour of departure had been fixed, the sternest resolutions not to dance were found to melt away like soft September snow, and a kaleidoscope of dresses whirled round and round the room in ceaseless circles until the moment arrived when the Vice-Regal hosts themselves stopped dancing, and stood to bid adieu to the flushed and breathless couples that filed past them. Then there followed the more formal entertainment of a dinner-party, when guests arrived of other than a dancing sort.

I must not forget to mention that, regular in their attendance at publicly notified receptions, or on occasions when cards of invitation have been sent to them,

the leading representatives of the pig-tail population are to be seen. I can't at this moment remember their names; which is which; which my washerwomanman, and which the head of the Chinese community, and I'm not sure that it matters much. One is Youn-Ling, and the other Sing-Chung. A choice is presented to your readers. But the fact to be mentioned is that two or three of the more eminent Chinamen—the merchants who so liberally and artistically decorated their streets to welcome Lord Dufferin—are constant in their proper attendance at Government House. At the public reception they passed before their Excellencies, as every one else did, bobbing their respective heads first to Lord Dufferin and then to Lady Dufferin, exactly as the little Chinese mandarin figures do on a mantel-piece. These eminent representatives of John—one of whom insisted on my smoking one of his villainous cigars--were early in their arrival at the garden-party, and

were amongst the most loquacious of the gathering. They did not dance—the occupation being strictly professional, and not practised exactly at the Embassies in their country—but they commented freely upon those who found amusement in saltatory exercise, and seemed to enjoy themselves and to be as much at home as if such assemblages were common in their Celestial land. John is always very polite, and frequently a great humbug. Politeness and humbug are often inclined to an alliance elsewhere than in the flowery land, and whether it be with John Chinaman, John Bull, or Johnny Crapaud, we always prefer a little deftly offered humbug that soothes our weaker nature, to truths which seem to us to lack politeness.

One of the most interesting social events that have yet taken place has been the regatta of Wednesday. The Governor-General had given a sum of money to be divided into prizes for boat and canoe

racing, more particularly for competition among the Indians in and around Victoria and Esquimalt. Colonel Powell, the Indian Commissioner, had taken care that his department should be well represented, and an interesting sight was the result. There is an arm of the sea which runs past or through the city of Victoria, narrowing out of the harbour into a strait, and rushing through a narrow gorge into a small inland sea beyond. Immediately before the gorge the strait becomes a bay, and so narrow is the gorge which immediately succeeds it, that the waters of the rising tide have not room to flow on their even level, but rush between the two approaching rocks and tumble over in a fall as if the level were of normal inequality. On either side this strait is lined by rocky pine-covered banks, and over the gorge a slight rustic bridge has been constructed. It was here that the regatta was to be held, and to attend it every boat and wherry in Victoria had

been engaged, and numbers were compelled either to walk or drive to the place of gathering.

As the hour for meeting drew nigh, the strait became dotted with the boats and pleasure canoes that were making their way up from the town. Here were men-of-war boats, wherries, ships' boats and Indian dugouts, boat-loads of ladies and gentlemen, canoe-loads of men and canoe-loads of Indian women, and everyone dressed out in his or her Sunday best. Tents were pitched on the projecting promontories, and comfortable-looking hampers reposed by the doors of their proper tents. In the bay, and up to the edge of the gorge, the waters were alive with the gaily dressed canoes, arranging for the preliminary demonstration before the Governor-General; and in and out among the huge hollowed trees which, by art and patience, are made to serve as Indian ships of war and commerce, the wherry and the outrigger, with their

closely flannelled occupants, contrasting so forcibly with the gaudily painted and attired natives, glided in and out, impatient for their turn in the day's performance. The canoes which were to take part in the grand demonstration, as well as to compete in the races, were huge dugouts, varying from twenty to forty feet in length, and four to five in breadth of beam. They were divided into two fleets—the Northern and the Southern Indians—for the latter, having lighter canoes than their neighbours who had come down the Gulf of Georgia, would otherwise have been at a disadvantage in racing.

But before the races commenced the demonstration was to come off, and to this end each canoe had hoisted a temporary mast, with lines to the bow and stern, and had covered itself with miniature flags. The crews were painted and head-dressed in curious and fantastic ways, and numbered thirteen paddles in each canoe.

They gathered together waiting the arrival of the Governor-General, and when he arrived commenced their congratulatory song, accompanying themselves by rapping their paddles against the sides of their canoes, and making the most infernal, untuneful, hideous noise that ever yet was offered as an example of melody or composition. But they made a very picturesque and pretty sight as, gathered in three squadrons, the canoes of each abreast, they prepared to receive the Great Taihee.

Immediately on arriving, Lord and Lady Dufferin embarked from the main headland of the little bay in Commodore Chatfield's galley, and pulled through the fleet of canoes, by all in which he was loudly cheered, and amongst the gaily dressed crowds that floated upon the water, receiving and returning the salutations of the Indians and of the citizens. Then the proceedings commenced with what was really one of the prettiest pageants that could

have been devised in such space. The three squadrons of the large canoes, numbering over twenty, broke from their formation into single line, and starting off from the neck of the gorge paddled off at racing pace, shouting their song the while, up the strait sufficiently far to make a circuit round the Governor-General's boat, returning to the point from which they started. As they were all large, high-prowed canoes, all gaily decorated with flags, all fully manned, and each one closely followed by the next, their appearance was singular and effective, and all the picturesqueness, grotesqueness and general outlandishness that could be desired was supplied by the drumming, shouting noise and general frantic energy of their occupants, whether male or female. When their performance was over the first batch of them started in the race, and then when they were off the band commenced to play, the baskets were opened, corks began to pop, and the world there present

sat down beneath the shade of the towering pine trees or straggling shady arbutus and dined.

Some of the Indians who took part in this race were Heidahs, from Queen Charlotte's Island, and their canoes are, as may be supposed, of gigantic size, as they must be to permit them to navigate the Straits of Georgia. It was these Indians who, some years ago, came down from Queen Charlotte's Island and, encamping on this arm of the sea on which they now race, threatened to take the Colony. There was some difficulty in restraining them from acts of violence, and it became necessary to send down to Esquimalt for a detachment of Marines. The sight of red coats moving upon the encampment, and the sound of the bugles through the forest, had a very wholesome effect, and they remained quiet until a little later, when the steam frigate *Tribune*, under Captain Hornby, was ordered to take them up to their own country.

Their women and baggage were got on board the frigate, and the canoes were made fast in lines astern and at the sides, but the *Tribune* had hardly gone as far as the mouth of the harbour when every canoe cut itself adrift, and the Indians stood up and yelled for their wives and baggage. I am afraid that the "wives" and "baggage" were sometimes synonymous terms, but good or bad they were kept on board the *Tribune* as she steamed off for the North.

At night these ladies were sent on shore to camp, and in the morning were taken on board again, the *Tribune* proceeding on her way, and trusting that the gentlemen would follow. Some of the ladies decamped, and set off overland to find their husbands, but the majority of them had so long been made to follow their lords that they came to the conclusion that a little reciprocity would be advantageous, and frankly declared that if they were worth caring about they were worth coming

after. This was very true, but the question that would obtrude itself was were they worth caring about? They evidently were—although there is no accounting for tastes—because their lords followed after in their canoes, dreadfully sulky at being obliged to paddle while their wives were carried on board, but still desirous of regaining their mates, and when they were all united at a spot to the north of the island, they were so overjoyed that they proposed to celebrate the reunion by immediately wiping out another tribe that resided in the neighbourhood. Had it not been for the threatened anger of the *Tribune's* guns they would have proceeded to the contemplated festivity at once. On her road up, the *Tribune* met a large number of war canoes of the same people on their road to Victoria, so that some danger was narrowly escaped. These Heidahs have the reputation of being the most warlike tribe on the coast—a kind of sea coast Blackfeet—and they have from

time to time obliterated stray parties of white men who have fallen upon their shores. It is to their Island—Queen Charlotte's Island—that Lord Dufferin starts to morrow. He will call first at Nanaimo, the coal-producing place, and will then go up the coast to Queen Charlotte's Island and Fort Simpson, returning to the Fraser by the 7th of September. From there he will go up into the interior as far as Kamloops, and return to Burrard's Inlet by the 13th, probably reaching Victoria on the 14th September. I do not know his date of departure from Vancouver Island. It will probably depend on circumstances, but Lady Dufferin's ball is announced for the 18th, and it is understood that there is one, if there are not two others to come off during the Vice-regal stay.

CHAPTER XIII.

Arrival at Nanaimo—The Great Coal-Field of the Pacific—Lord Dufferin's Reception—The Person most Interested in the Island Branch—Freight of Coal by Railway—Location of the Terminus—Importance of good Anchorages—Election of an Indian Chief—Bute Inlet—Agreeable "Mess" on Board the Dominion Steam-Yacht—Scenery of the Haro Straits—San Juan's Island—Origin of the San Juan Difficulty.

ON Wednesday evening the Governor-General and Lady Dufferin went on board the *Amethyst*, at Esquimalt, to start in the morning for their northward trip. There was a grand illumination in their honour. At 8 a.m. on Thursday morning they got under way, and steamed up to Nanaimo, where they arrived about four in the afternoon. It had been arranged that they should land on the following day,

and the citizens of Nanaimo were all busily employed till late in the evening preparing for the reception.

Nanaimo is the coaling depôt of the North Pacific, and is an incorporated city of some one thousand inhabitants. There are three mines at present working, but the trade is not now as brisk as it has been, and as it will be again. The first mine that brought Nanaimo into notice was on the water's edge, but that appears to have been worked out, and those from which the supply is now obtained are all situated at distances of from three to seven miles from the city. The coal is brought to the seaboard on tramways, or by buckets, each carrying two hundred pounds, which travel along a hawser road high up in air. This is done on the endless wheel principle, the buckets being attached to the rope, which carries them unceasingly to and from the mine. Lord Dufferin wished to travel the four miles to the coal-pit in one of these

air-buckets, but it appeared that every now and again they jump off, and the risk of thus exposing a Governor-General could not be incurred.

Nanaimo has a very beautiful and well sheltered harbour, but it is not practically very large, on account of shoals and mud flats. Some way down from the city there is a second bay, on which a coal discharging depôt is established, and where we saw vessels taking in coal. The whole place is completely landlocked by a high range of hills on the one side, and a group of islands out towards the straits on the other. You will observe by the address presented to the Governor-General that the people are much less exercised on the subject of the Island Railway than are the inhabitants of Victoria. I think the reason is that they do not care very much whether it be built or not. They have the sea as their high road, and are not likely ever to use the railway for the transport of coal. Probably coal could not be car-

ried on it except at rates which would entail a useless and very serious loss on every shipload. At any rate such is the impression I have gained, and it is also felt that they have the solid foundation for progress and prosperity, irrespective of the fillip that might be derived from the construction of the road. Of course they would be glad to have the railway, and are in fellowship bound to say that the Carnarvon Terms should be carried out. The sentiments of the inhabitants, however, may be supposed to be expressed in the following address :—

“To His Excellency, the Right Honourable Sir Frederick Temple, Earl of Dufferin, Viscount and Baron Clanboye of Clanboye in the County Down, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom.

“May it please Your Excellency :—

“The inhabitants of the city of Nanaimo respectfully tender to Your Excellency and

her ladyship the Countess of Dufferin their heartiest welcome, and thank you for the very distinguished honour conferred upon them by your Vice-regal visit.

“Embracing the opportunity afforded by Your Excellency’s presence amongst them, Her Majesty’s liege subjects desire to express their unanimous and deep-rooted feeling of loyalty and attachment to the throne and person of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, whom Your Excellency so worthily represents. If we are not quite so demonstrative in our mode of reception as the residents of older cities we are none the less hearty and sincere.

“We beg leave to remind Your Excellency, with, we trust, pardonable pride, that our spacious harbour, which is navigable for the largest vessels, and safe at all seasons, forms the chief port of shipment of the coal-fields of the North-West, and receives more tonnage than any other port in this Province. As a site for a dry

dock our harbour is unrivalled. The rising city of Nanaimo is the seat of the most important industry in British Columbia, and is at present in a most prosperous and progressive state ; the coal mines are being worked with a vigorous energy and extensive outlay of capital that fully maintain the British reputation for enterprise in the prosecution of legitimate commercial undertakings.

“ But we regret to say that our coal trade is carried on under the serious disadvantage entailed by the heavy duty imposed in the United States upon our large exports to that country—our principal foreign market.

“ We have a long felt and pressing need of direct communication with the telegraphic systems of the world, and there is an entire absence of suitable buildings for the Customs, Post-office and other federal departments at Nanaimo. We would fain hope that in taking the liberty of bringing these requirements before Your Excellency

we may secure that immediate attention and action on the part of the Dominion Government which the exigencies of our case fairly demand.

“Although, as a community, we do not take a prominent part in the discussion of political questions affecting the most vital interests of the Province, we would nevertheless ask to be pardoned for mentioning here that for the peace, progress, and satisfaction of the people of British Columbia, we believe what are known as the Carnarvon Terms should be fulfilled intact by the great Dominion of Canada.

“We have much pleasure in testifying to the high regard in which Your Excellency’s able administration of the important duties of your elevated office, and your liberal patronage and encouragement of education and the arts, are held by the people of this Province.

“In conclusion, we trust that Your Excellency and Lady Dufferin may accomplish your tour with safety and enjoyment, and

that you may be blessed with long life and the highest happiness.

“ Mark Bats,

“ Mayor of the City of Nanaimo.

“ John Hirst,

“ Richard Brinn,

“ Samuel Gough,

“ Joseph Bevilockway,

“ George Baker,

“ William E. Webb,

“ John Sapiston,

“ Councillors of the City of Nanaimo.”

This document was read and presented by the Mayor on Lord Dufferin's coming on shore on Friday morning. I will not ask your readers to follow me through any description of the decorations of the one street which comprises the business part of the town, or to picture the general effect of what had been done, because, beyond saying that it was a most creditable display for so small a community, and that the harbour and the grand

beauty of the scenery which impresses me at every step in this country, are of themselves sufficient to occupy an hour's close attention, I should not be able to bring any distinct likeness before them. When the address had been read, Lord Dufferin replied as follows :—

“ Mr. Mayor and Gentlemen,

“ I beg leave to thank you for your loyal address.

“ I am very glad to have an opportunity of paying a visit to the harbour and city of Nanaimo, and of appreciating by personal observation the satisfactory indications of the mineral resources by which you are surrounded.

“ As every sound economist must do, I regret with you the existence of those heavy duties along the United States frontier which impede so disastrously to every one concerned, commercial intercourse between the communities of this continent.

“ I shall not fail to bring to the notice of the proper authorities the absence of those conveniences as regards both your telegraphic communication and your public buildings generally of which you complain.

“ I can assure you I fully sympathise with the anxieties to which you give utterance in respect of the accomplishment by the Dominion of those engagements to which you refer as the ‘ Carnarvon Terms,’ more especially as the performance of one of them, in which I understand you consider yourselves so deeply interested, viz., the construction of the Nanaimo and Esquimalt Railway, has, through the action of one branch of the Canadian Legislature, become extremely problematical.

“ I can only hope that a friendly consideration by the parties concerned of the difficulties which have arisen out of this disturbing incident may lead to the substitution of some equivalent which may be found acceptable to the Province.

“With regard, however, to the principal feature, namely, the construction of a railway to the Pacific Ocean, although it is no part of my business to give you any assurance on that point, I sincerely hope that your just expectations may be realized.”

The presentation of this address and reply took place in a large *al fresco*, evergreened, buntinged construction of which the children of the city occupied one side, where they sang God Save the Queen and other things, and in which all the principal residents had mustered for the occasion. When the formal address had been presented to the Mayor, Lord Dufferin spoke to those assembled in what may be called a private capacity speech, appropriate to the occasion, and one which was well received by those present.

After the principal personages of the community had been presented to their Excellencies, and cheers had been called

for and given, Lord and Lady Dufferin drove off to visit the Douglas Mine. There they are now, while their absence affords correspondents the opportunity of recording what has already been done.

Nanaimo, which already calls itself the Newcastle of the Pacific, is destined to be a prosperous place, no matter in what locality the railway terminus may be ultimately fixed—always supposing, however, that the Keely motor does not work some revolution abolishing the utility of steam coal. And the knowledge that they are independent of railway locations is apparent in the conversation of the inhabitants. They have coal and heaps of it. They have the raw material, and whoever wants to cook it must come to Nanaimo to buy it. One large proprietor said he didn't care whether the railway came there or not.

The person who expressed most anxiety on the subject was a young lady, who said that she wished Mr. Mackenzie

would hurry up with the railway, because then she would be able to run down to Victoria without a fuss, and have a good time. And it is impossible to doubt that if Mr. Mackenzie knew the young lady in question he would be more moved by her entreaties than by the reproaches of those who are equally impatient with her, but from more sordid motives. Besides this, the knowledge that the construction of a railway from Nanaimo to Esquimalt is to result in the frequent visits to Victoria of the young lady who normally adorns the society of Nanaimo, must inevitably prove an incentive to the unmarried men in Victoria to urge the construction of the Island branch.

But the mass of the Nanaimo people are in the position of those who are open to approve of any number of railways that anyone may choose to build, but who are not going to distress themselves on the subject. They have the sea at their feet, and the small passenger steamers

run the seventy or seventy-five miles between the two places in a few hours. Carrying coal by the railway is out of the question. I am told that the cheapest railways in England—bar one short line—charge seven-eighths of a penny a ton per mile for carrying coal. The freight here would be at least two cents a ton. A thousand tons, therefore, would cost for freight between Nanaimo and Esquimalt fifteen hundred dollars. But a thousand tons shipped on board at Nanaimo could be towed round to Esquimalt, if that was necessary, for a few hundred dollars, and if the freight was destined for any place beyond the island even this small expense would not be incurred. And if the railway is not required to carry coal, what will it carry—except the young lady to whom I have referred and her friends—that cannot equally well be carried by sea? Only can it be necessary by Esquimalt becoming the terminus. Whether or not that harbour

should so become is a matter of diverse opinion, and the likelihood of such an eventuality a matter of much speculation. Every man in the Province has his opinion and wish on the subject.

While everyone should rejoice that the question of locating the terminus devolves on what Dundreary would call "some other fellow," one thing has made itself clear to me, viz., that if I were the Pacha of the Pacific Railway, I should begin by not paying any attention at all to what outsiders said about the proper locality at which to meet the ocean vessels. I hear people blame Mr. Mackenzie because he is guided by people who don't know British Columbia, and only go through it measuring and surveying. I believe he is perfectly right, and that the question should be determined only on the knowledge and advice of competent professional men of land and sea service, who are not possessed of property at Victoria or any of the rival inlets. Talk to three men on the subject

of the line west of the mountains, and though they may not disagree while together, each one of them will afterwards explain the advantages of his route, and enlighten you as to the quantity of land that the others own in their respective sections. But it does strike one that, in the discussions which one is in the habit of hearing in Canada, as well as in some of the reports which are presented for the instruction of the Canadian people, an undue prominence is given to the matter of the land line, and not sufficient importance to the question of harbours and approaches from the sea.

It would be an evident folly to locate the terminus at a point which, by reason of fogs and reefs, was shunned by sea-going vessels. It is at least as reasonable to say, "First find the best practical harbour in British Columbia, and then take your line from that," as to ask "what is the easiest route down to the sea?" One knows, of course, that the Minister of

Public Works never loses sight of this point, but he is necessarily much guided by the reports of surveyors, who are apt, like all professional men, to view that which is out of the limits of their own knowledge as of secondary importance. A map shows distances correctly, and a chart shows soundings, but an engineer whose acquaintance with and opinion of a harbour and its approaches is derived from these documents only or even chiefly, is not a person whose authority on the subject is conclusive. The men at sea who are to make that harbour—I mean who are steering for it—are considering the question of fogs and tides, and dangers that must be passed in order to reach their destination, but which may be situated a long way from it. The reputation of a harbour is as delicate as a woman's, and ought, when possible, to be spoken of with confidence and admiration. "Ifs" and "buts" in either of these cases are fatal.

And in these waters good anchorages

are not common. The mountains fall close to the water's edge, and in many cases inlets and harbours that look inviting are useless on account of the depth of water up to the very edges of the rocks. Even intelligent surveyors are not always sufficiently awake to this point, and people on shore, who want the railway in their direction, never think of it. When the officials of the Northern Pacific were travelling along Puget Sound and its neighbourhood seeking a fitting terminus for their line now building, they reached a place which in many ways looked inviting. They went on shore, and found on investigation and casual survey that the place was well fitted for a terminus. They had been shown about by a retired General, who owning property in the place, was greatly excited on the subject of securing the terminus. Everything looked satisfactory, and the party went off to the ship again, the General greatly elated at the prospect of the coming line. In the mean-

time the people on board had been sounding the bay, but had not succeeded in finding bottom, and in reply to the congratulatory tone of the General's remarks, one of the directors said :

“But, General, I'm afraid this place won't do ; there's no harbour.”

“No harbour !” said the warrior settler, in astonishment, looking round the bay in which the vessel was tied up.

“There's no anchorage to be got,” said the other.

“No anchorage !”

“No ; they can't find any soundings to speak of.”

“Soundings be doggoned !” replied the General. “Why, what in thunder are you talking about. There's a hundred fathom of them alongside of you.”

There are several such harbours in places spoken of as a possible terminus for the Canada Pacific Railway.

Nanaimo is at the foot of Mount Benson, one of a number of mountains that

run in a range along the coast of Vancouver Island. There is not, therefore, any great amount of agricultural land, and the little town has anything but the appearance of an agricultural centre. But it has plenty of coal, and in the neighbourhood there are untold quantities of iron ore. The population is principally composed of miners from the mining districts of England, and there is a liberal complement of Indians. It was intended by the Indians themselves to come out in canoes and meet the Governor-General, but the movement entailed the election of a new chief, and somehow or other the wrong man was elected, and the defeated party upset the arrangement. An Indian who has claims upon the chieftainship regards the principle of election as an excellent one when it results in the choice of himself, but he is apt to regard it as foolish trifling when the wrong man is returned.

An Indian—grandson of a chief—in

Manitoba, who at the election of chiefs for the first treaty had failed to inspire sufficient confidence in the band, subsequently gave a great deal of trouble to the officers of the Government, and declined to believe that an intimation to Ottawa that he had been put aside would have no effect in altering his position. He was told over and over again that the selection of a chief had been left to the Indians themselves, and that they had chosen another person, and as often he replied that that was the very thing which he desired the Government to know, for what could be the use of "election" when it was plain to everyone that they had passed him by? Possibly the Nanaimo candidate felt in the same way. It is annoying to lose an election, let the world be ever so indifferent on the subject. There does not appear to a casual observer to be as much intermixture of the races here as on the other side, though the Indian women—who, large and small, good and bad,

Heidah or Songees, are all alike called "Klootchman"—are frequently found as helpmates to white men. On the afternoon of their arrival at Nanaimo, Lord and Lady Dufferin were pulled off in the Commodore's galley towards the island to fish. During their stay on the water they came across a man and an Indian woman, who were also fishing from a boat, and Lord Dufferin entered into conversation with the man. Lord Dufferin knew the part of the country from which the man came, and with that affability which everyone delights to comment upon, talked for some time with the man, concluding the conversation with the question,

"And that is your wife?"

"Well," said the man in reply, "well, ye-es—no, not exactly."

This describes the kind of friendly, neighbourly relationship of which there is a good deal existing. After all, parsons don't grow like blackberries in every

wood, and we are told that it is not good for man to be alone.

It was finally arranged before leaving Victoria that after the visit to Nanaimo had been paid, Lord and Lady Dufferin should go on to Bute Inlet. Bute Inlet has been a familiar word to us all since arriving in Vancouver Island. It is the hope of the Victorians, because the railway being built down Bute Inlet they regard its crossing and continuation to Esquimalt as certain ; and it had become known, so far as a conclusion was possible, that Mr. Mackenzie had determined to take that outlet from the mountains. Bute Inlet therefore rose at once to the surface in men's minds and in public discussion, and considerable interest was felt in the Governor-General's proposed visit. We had heard, too, that the scenery of Bute Inlet was very fine, and wondrous stories were told about the echoes in the cañons. The steam whistle could be heard for thirty miles up the Homalco River, and a ship's gun had

been heard by a party of surveyors one hundred miles inland. I tell the tale as it was told to me. But echoes and scenery apart, Bule Inlet has now an importance and interest attaching to it that made numbers of persons in Victoria anxious to accompany us.

The Dominion steam-yacht, the *Sir James Douglas*—a little vessel that has done good service of late years—had been ordered to attend the Governor-General, and Lord Dufferin had arranged that accommodation on board of this craft should be given to your correspondent and certain other gentlemen. There were two other correspondents on board; Captain Cooper also, the British Columbia agent of the marine and fisheries, and Mr. Blenkinsop, an ex-Hudson's Bay Company's officer, who was accompanying Lord Dufferin as Indian interpreter. These, with the captain of the vessel, filled the little cabin accommodation below, and formed a quiet but sufficiently merry and

agreeable mess. On all subjects appertaining to the British Columbian coast, Captain Cooper and Mr. Blenkinsop served as walking cyclopædias; on questions bearing upon the Indians, Mr. Blenkinsop was infallible; Captain Devereux, the commander of the little craft, had in times past, like Ralph the Rover, sailed away and scoured the sea for many a day, and was therefore a landsman's *vade mecum*; the correspondent of the New York "World" was an authority upon all events and personages south of the 49th parallel; the other Toronto correspondent was a Canadian by birth, with a proper and laudable pride in the Maple Leaf and its associations. I had set foot on the shores of all five continents, and so, with this varied store of useful knowledge and "legends, of their strange ventures happed by land or sea," hardly any subject came upon the *tapis* which was beyond the range of the collective information, and what we lacked in positive knowledge we made up with confident surmises.

It was deemed desirable that, whenever practicable, we should make port by port about the same time as the *Amethyst*, on board of which were Lord and Lady Dufferin, and as that ship steamed four or five knots faster than the *Douglas*, we were always to start at an earlier hour in the night or morning. For that reason we left Victoria about two hours before the *Amethyst* left Esquimalt, and owing to her small draught of water the *Douglas* was enabled to take short cuts, and traverse channels which, though practicable for large ships in cases of necessity, are not usually sought by them. In this way we came up the inner chaunels of the Haro Straits, amidst such scenery that were it removed to the Eastern Hemisphere, the waters would be white with the sails of yachts and refugees from crowds and cities. Here island succeeds island, strait succeeds strait, and at every opening between one land's-end and another, a spur of the range of mountains rises clear up from the sea and lifts its

snow-capped head far up into the clouds. Grandest amongst all the peaks of this Olympic range is Mount Baker, rising in solitary grandeur, with its summit encased in everlasting snow. Its sister peaks are high; in winter they are all snow clad, and at the close of summer many retain gulches of snow which feed the little torrents that flow down into the sea, but Mount Baker plunges its snow-covered head into the clouds, and never in summer or winter shows itself uncovered. It is thirteen thousand feet high, some give it a greater altitude, and far away down from the summit extends its white cape-like covering.

Soon after leaving Victoria, about twelve miles away, we passed San Juan Island; lost for ever to the British Crown. It occupies a formidable position, and in Canada's interest ought to have been retained at almost any cost, particularly as there was not any real doubt that it belonged to Great Britain. When the

San Juan difficulty occurred, the writer of this was then in Her Majesty's service, and was one of the force sent up to prevent the Americans landing, and the circumstances attending it all came vividly enough to mind as we steamed past the Island. The row originally commenced about a Hudson's Bay Company's pig. A Yankee settler on the island had tried to annex one of the Company's pigs. There were on the island at the time—1850—only the Company's post, and the dwelling of the enterprising Southerner, so that, there being no magistrate, or other official to intervene, the angry claimants of the pig declared war in the name of their respective countries and reported progress to their superiors elsewhere. It came about, after a little while, that General Harney—a fire-eater then commanding in Oregon—determined upon sending some troops to the island to claim it as territory of the United States. Sir James Douglas—then Governor Douglas of Vancouver Island—hearing of this intention,

communicated with Captain Hornby of the *Tribune*, and that vessel at once steamed up to the island, and prepared, *vi et armis*, to prevent the landing of the American troops.

Shortly after the *Tribune* had anchored, a vessel steamed in bearing the American force, and a message was sent off by Captain Hornby, stating, in effect, that United States' soldiers would not be permitted to land upon San Juan Island. There is no use arguing under the guns of a frigate, commanded by an officer who has specific orders, and whose profession is fighting, so the American commander took time to consider. In the meantime, Admiral Baines, in the *Ganges*, had arrived at Esquimalt from the south, and orders came up to the *Tribune* to return at once. A company of Marines was then detached from the force recently arrived from China, and General Scott, superseding General Harney, the island was jointly and peaceably occupied by the En-

glish and American troops, and thus held for years until the arbitration. I don't know who eventually got the pig, but the the Americans secured the island. Now, everyone says that if Admiral Baines had not arrived, and had the matter been left to Governor Douglas and Captain Hornby, the Americans would not have pressed a landing when they were obviously in the wrong, and that to-day the island would have belonged to Canada. Of course, whoever holds San Juan Island must, in the event of war, be prepared to maintain their naval supremacy in these waters, for San Juan does not absolutely command the Haro channel, although commanding the way usually taken by large ships, and if it did, that party which commanded the seas would very shortly reduce San Juan. I should imagine that the harbour of Esquimalt would prove quite as good a strategical point as the Island of San Juan, for if its possessors are strongest on the sea, nothing can safely go by it.

CHAPTER XIV.

St. John's Point—Unsuccessful Sport—Bute Inlet—Magnificent Scenery—Waddington Harbour—The Sea of Mountains—Running on a Sunken Rock—Fitzhugh Sound—The Dean's Canal—Dangerous Navigation—Entrance to the Juan de Fuca Straits—Burard's Inlet—Magnitude of the Canadian Undertaking—Prudent Conduct of Mrs. Mackenzie.

WHEN all the formalities appertaining to the Governor-General's visit had been completed, we started from Nanaimo in the *Amethyst*—the *Douglas* having previously gone on—and steamed away for Tribune harbour. We had now left the last white settlement on the island, and expected therefrom to see none but Indians, or a chance white man, until we reached the furthestmost point of our jour-

ney at Fort Simpson. Lady Dufferin, who had suffered very much on her journey up from San Francisco, was now enabled to remain on deck, and take advantage of the day and the passage to become familiar with the wild but beautiful scenery of the British Columbian coast. At an early hour we rounded what is called on the charts St. John's Point (so called from the fact that in days when it had no name, your correspondent used to hide there for wild fowl) and anchored in Tribune Bay. Then the Governor-General and Lady Dufferin went on shore, and every one who had a gun followed after. Such an array of sportsmen was prophetic of almost unlimited game.

The ardour of the party was a little damped by the calm infidelity of Captain Ward, the Governor-General's A.D.C., on the subject of birds, and the gently expressed belief that, perhaps, if we brought one gun amongst the whole party, it would be found amply sufficient. We

were not to be deterred, however, by any such croakings, and plunged vigorously into the woods in search of grouse. I found a dried water-course thickly overgrown with willows, which, in older days, had been always a safe find, but after a short walk, a broad, well-defined trail appeared, and further on evidences became plenty that Indians, or others, had struck a belt of cedar here, and had used the place for the manufacture of shingles. In the distance, moreover, appeared the hut and fences of a settler who, probably desiring solitude, had settled in this remote unfriendly spot, and everyone returned to the beach disappointed, each carrying his gun as if he had only just brought it on shore in case of starting anything, and had not expected to use it. Nothing started, however, except a marten, which took refuge under a rock, and by steadily refusing to be stoned out or poked out to be fired at, caused a waste of much valuable energy and forcible ex-

pletives. Ward smiled a triumphant and Mephistophelean smile.

But we were here able to observe more closely the peculiar construction of rock of which some of the mountains appear to be composed. It is like moulded sand, and rubs away in one's hand quite easily. Coming up we passed high lands composed of this stone, which, from its softness, had been worn into most fantastic shapes by the action of the tide and mountain water-courses, and through which, at varying distances from the water's edge, hard granite boulders protruded themselves like the ends of Brobdingnag soda-water bottles sticking through a cheese. There were some very grotesque rocks in Tribune Bay which had been completely severed from the mainland by the action of the thousand tidal washings, and one of these two correspondents sat down to sketch for future use. My sketch resulted in a thing that looked like a debilitated mushroom, so I tore it up.

It was thought likely that the *Douglas* might be required up at the head of Bute Inlet to take the Governor-General on beyond a point at which it was proposed to leave the *Amethyst*, so we started from Tribune Bay and Hornby Island as soon as the new morn appeared, and steamed away for what we were told is likely to be the future terminus of the Pacific Railway. Early in the morning we made the mouth of Bute Inlet, which, it struck me, would be, with the aid of a lighthouse, sufficiently easy for the approach of large vessels. There are two channels into the Inlet, and then the course lies up a long, narrow strait for about a hundred miles. On either side the mountains rise straight from the water's edge, and tower high up into the clouds. It was a wet, misty, rather than foggy, morning, and the effect was very peculiar.

The mountains rose from either side of the narrow opaque green strait for some distance, and then a broad even band of

cloud stretched along them for miles, leading one at first to suppose that the rest of each mountain was out of sight. But looking up, the grim green side appeared again and rose still higher till once more it dipped into the feathery mass, and its peaks were lost in settled clouds, from out of which silver ribands of water fell almost perpendicularly into the sea. Here and there, when the upper clouds were broken, we could see a snow-patched peak high up above us, and the hemlock, pine, and cedar which in the region above the first band of clouds had appeared like shrubs were now lost in the mist and distance. There was something supernatural in the appearance of the great heights and mighty gorges that surrounded us, as if the place were inhabited by a race of giants whom it were death to look upon, and the echo that answered the report of a gun sounded like the gruff shouts of angry genii. The *Amethyst*, cleaving her way in the shadows of these

mountains, looked like a school-boy's boat, and together we seemed as if, in the fashion of modern assurance, we were penetrating the abode of antediluvian creatures who might at any moment come forth from their hiding places and punish our temerity by effacing us from existence. And hour after hour we steamed along our narrow path, surrounded on every side by these virgin monsters of creation.

Morning passed, noon came and went, and still the smooth green sheet unfolded itself in front of us, until towards the evening we found ourselves at anchor in Waddington harbour at the mouth of the Homalco River. It is a land of mighty upheavals, and who can tell how deep is the unfathomable water-covered gorge that separates the confronting ranges? In Victoria they have taken with bad grace Mr. Blake's perfectly justifiable remark about "a sea of mountains;" but he might with truth have spoken of Bute Inlet as a sea of mountains in a gale of

wind. It is marvellously beautiful in its wild grandeur, so lofty, rugged, and defiant are the mountains that wall in the calm narrow strip of pale green sea, but it almost takes one's breath away when regarded as a railway route. Though the mountains through which the railway has to come range up to eight thousand feet high, that fact has no particular bearing on the road, because the line will not, of course, be taken through the heights. It is intended to carry it along the base of the mountain following the sea line, and if engineers say that can be done, it is not for unprofessional men to foster incredulity; but no one can fail to perceive that as in some parts—indicated in the Admiralty charts—the mountains dip almost perpendicularly into unfathomed water, without the apparent vestige of a shore or shelf to build on, the construction of the road in this part will be anything but child's play.

Assuming Bute Inlet to be taken as

the railway route, there are two ways upon which it can reach the mainland of Vancouver; one crossing Veldez Island, and the other by thirteen to fifteen miles of ferry down Nodale's Channel. This is taking it for granted that the line will be carried down the inlet instead of terminating at the head, concerning which it may be said that Waddington Harbour is small, with very limited anchorage, and that there is no anchorage in the strait that approaches it.

We waited but a short time in Waddington Harbour, for the *Amethyst* arrived soon after us and we were directed to make our way to Chameleon Bay. To reach this, our way through Bute Inlet was retraced, and after passing through the Corders Channel we made Chameleon Bay, the harbour being a large inlet of Nodale's Channel. For the benefit of those whom it may concern, I may mention that we ran upon a sunken rock near the entrance to the harbour. The anchorage

is reached through a narrow passage of which the soundings are well laid down, but about one-third of the way across from the northern shore, and at the point where a bed of kelp terminates, there is a sunken rock over which vessels cannot pass. The Admiralty chart shows the figure 6, but this, of course, like all other figures, denotes "fathoms," whereas it is evident that what was intended was "6 feet" (at low water), so that the want of the two little letters ft. might cause the loss of a man-of-war. Mr. Stillson, the "World" correspondent, and myself had gone down below, he to lie down and I to write. He had stretched himself on the sofa, and was pensively singing a mournful song about some

" Poor sailors clinging to the mast,
And the land lubbers lying down below, below, below,
And the land lubbers lying down below,"

when with a thump and a bump and a lurch the vessel struck. Visions of the *Mohawk*, the *President*, the *Transit*, and

other nautical tragedies flashed in an instant across our minds, and we both made for the companion-ladder in a manner much more resembling the proverbial lamplighter than the contemned land-lubber. It proved that fortunately the water was at half-flood, and the little vessel being light forward had run well up, and bumping still further had lurched herself off, which she could not have done had the tide been at the ebb. With the exception of a slight scare all round no harm was done.

Here we had done with Bute Inlet, and were instructed to make the best of our way to Safety Cove. This was on Saturday, the 26th, and we left at once, steaming up Johnstone's Straits through the night, and making Queen Charlotte's Sound early on Sunday morning. We had now reached beyond the northernmost point of Vancouver Island, and were entering upon Fitzhugh Sound, which is the approach to the Dean's Canal, spoken

of last session as a possible terminus of the railway. It had been said at Victoria that this inlet was useless, because the approaches to it from the ocean were filled with dangers, and taking everything said at Victoria on the merits of rival routes with a fair allowance of salt, it became interesting to see for one's self how far the course was likely to be acceptable to vessels arriving from China or Australia. By the ordinary great circle sailing a China ship bound for Dean's Canal would first sight the southern coast of Queen Charlotte Islands. She could then shape her course by Fitzhugh Sound, or by the more northerly channels of Milbank Sound. Of the latter I am told, by men who have had long acquaintance with these waters, that it is dangerous and difficult, next to impossible of navigation in heavy weather, and without anchorage when shelter has been obtained. If that is the case no large steamer or clipper ship would, during the winter months, venture near it, so

that the passage is reduced to the one way by Fitzhugh Sound. But a vessel steering for this opening would find directly in its course a tract of water into which a vessel would enter at the risk of almost certain destruction.

It has been long known, but its assumed size was indefinite until Mr. Pender, of the *Plumber*, after vainly endeavouring to reduce the dangerous spots into some order, drew a circle round these troubled waters, and indicated by outline whither it was dangerous to go. The tract is about twenty miles long by fifteen wide, and lies in the ocean course to Fitzhugh Sound. It is dotted with reefs and sunken rocks, the home of seals and sea-otters. And as we passed along to leeward of it the intermittent breaking of the long rolling sea resembled the spouting of a school of whales. It was unlike the regular breaking of surf upon a reef, for one might look for several minutes together without seeing any indication of danger,

when all of a sudden up would shoot a heavy expanding column of spray, to be succeeded by another and another until the ocean had once more resumed its even surface. A vessel would have to pass close to this to reach Fitzhugh Sound, and between it and a shore only less dangerous because it is easily to be seen. But a ship approaching the coast in a gale of wind such as are common in the winter months in the North Pacific, or having been some days without an observation (common enough), would have a lee shore close by her whichever way the wind might be blowing, without any means in heavy weather of correctly knowing her position. In most places in the world a ship can work her way by her lead. Soundings are an excellent guide, for they are as a rule most carefully indicated in the Admiralty charts, and they are constantly verified and supplemented, but here there are no soundings.

The entrance to the Juan de Fuca

Strait is exceptionally fortunate in these waters, and this is one of the great advantages possessed by Esquimalt. Thirty-five or forty miles out from Cape Flattery, which is at the entrance to Juan de Fuca, soundings commence, and from that point a ship can feel her way through the Straits and into port by the use of her lead alone, even were the lights obscured by fog. There is, so far as I can make out, nothing whatever to help a vessel in winter making her way to Dean's Canal, and I would almost venture to say that before long neither owners nor underwriters will consent to ships running for that place except in certain seasons of the year.

A great difficulty throughout—though of course not the only one—which has to be surmounted is this question of harbourage, and Esquimalt seems to be beyond all question the best that can be obtained. Directly that is passed, the difficulties of the Straits of Georgia com-

mence. We are going to Burrard's Inlet and the Fraser River, and of both of these I will take occasion to speak. The general opinion (not always infallible) seems to be that if the railway is to terminate on the mainland, Burrard's Inlet is the most proper place, and the chart in a measure supports this view; while it is evident that if it is to cross to the Island, the crossing must be made much further to the north. But there is a point worth considering, though I am not sufficiently acquainted with all the conditions to dwell much upon it. The Northern Pacific Railway contemplate making their Pacific terminus at Port Angelos, just opposite Esquimalt, on the Juan de Fuca Strait. This place is as easily made as our own present harbour, and is to seaward of all the intricacies and dangers of the Straits of Georgia. Is it safe to assume that vessels will pass this terminus in order to seek one further north, beyond a passage abounding in islands and necessitating the

use of tugs for sailing ships? I don't know—like Rosa Dartle, I am only asking for the sake of information. But the more one looks at the question of the Pacific Railway, the more one becomes impressed with the magnitude of the undertaking into which Canada has entered, and the more one feels inclined to applaud Mr. Mackenzie for not permitting himself to be badgered into prematurely commencing the construction of a work which is even yet encompassed with doubts and difficulties, and which when finished will be the marvel of a century in which wonder has succeeded wonder. With a full knowledge of the engagement into which Canada unfortunately first entered; with a recollection of the subsequent understanding into which she rather permitted herself to drift; and with every sympathy with the British Columbians for the disappointment of their hopes, an honest expression of opinion will compel the admission that to commence the active construction of

the railway on the west coast until every effort has been exhausted to discover the proper outlet to the ocean would be an action the very reverse of commendable, and one which, in spite of all that has been said upon the subject, the country should feel grateful to Mr. Mackenzie and the Government for having avoided.

CHAPTER XV.

In the Straits—Steamer in Sight—Fort Simpson—The British and American Boundary—A Heavy Fog—Indian Village—Diving for Coppers—Indian Canoes—Chase of the Sea-Otter—Wolves—Linguistic Abilities of “John”—Salmon—Curious Establishment—The Oolican, or Candle Fish—Fisheries on the Skena River—Objectionable Expressions—Enterprise of Early Navigators.

MY last letter was mailed to you from the mouth of the Skena River. Early in the morning there was a cry of a steamer in sight, and a general tumbling out ensued, and a rapid unlocking of despatch boxes and sealing up of letters. It was the steamship *California*, southward bound from the former Russian settlement of Sitka in Alaska, and now on her way out of Wrangel, where she

had been picking up unsuccessful miners. These men were on their way southward from the Cassiar mines, up the Stickeen River, where there are about two thousand men working. The mines are in British territory, but there is a strip of Alaska, about thirty miles broad, which intervenes between Canada and the sea at this point, and the miners therefore make their way to Wrangel, where they are picked up by the vessels from Sitka. Those that passed us in the *California* were men who had failed to make a strike this year, and were therefore leaving early. Those who have good claims will remain on for another month before leaving for the winter. The *California* was the only vessel out to the northward of where we now are, and it was our last chance of mailing letters until our return to New Westminster on the Fraser.

We are now far up to the northward of Vancouver Island, lying off the mouth of the Skena River, waiting for the *Ame-*

thyst to overtake us, that we may proceed on to the Indian settlement at Metlakhtla, and thence to Fort Simpson. The latter place is nearly fifty miles beyond us, and there British possessions terminate and the American territory of Alaska commences. We have passed through numerous "passages," "straits," "sounds," and archipelagoes, travelling for the most part by day and night, and have long since left the high mountains that characterize the country from Knight's Inlet southward.

We are still amongst high hills, but they are now sloping down towards the north. In some passages made we have experienced fogs and what sailors call dirty weather, making progress difficult. Last night a heavy fog came on, remaining with us the greater part of the way through the Grenville Canal, obscuring the land, which lay within a pistol-shot on either side. The heavy banks of fog mixing with the smoke of the funnel lay

like bluffs of land ahead, and could be distinguished by a dark, gloomy outline, which might be fog or might be land. There was a tide running so that we could not stop, there was the rock-bound coast on either side so that we could not go on, and there was never a sounding to be had. Sometimes in these cases a vessel may go alongside the hills and tie herself up to a tree, but it is ticklish work doing so at night time in a fog. The last person who tied his vessel up in these waters forgot to take soundings, and in the morning found himself high and dry upon a shelving rock. Generally speaking there is some local circumstance which enables a man who knows his business to pull through all right, but in all such positions there is one unfailing rule: the best thing to do is to do the best you can.

Yesterday morning we visited the first Indian village that it has been possible to stop at. It has been formed round a small Hudson's Bay post at Bella-Bella,

where a supply of coals had been sent on for the *Douglas*. The Indian houses, situated on the very edge of the water, were built of roughly hewn cedar planks, and were each about fifteen or eighteen feet square. The planks are made by splitting cedars, which have grown to an enormous size, and smoothing them after a fashion with a rough kind of adze. Posts are stuck in the ground and the planks are nailed round them, and a plank bark-covered roof is then put on, with an aperture in the centre for the escape of smoke. Round the enclosure in several different corners were small rooms resembling large dog-kennels, which were doubtless the dormitories of the commingled families. In the centre of the main floor a fire smouldered, and over its smoke hung lines of dried salmon and other fish, together with berries, skins, bark, or any other article of household use that required drying or seasoning. Round the common chamber, squatted on

its mud floor, were women smoking their pipes and busily engaged making mats. They seemed quite content to be visited, and the elderly ones made light and amusing jests at our expense. I may say that the older the joker the lighter the jest, the younger women being disinclined to be brought into notice. In every house there was at least one slumbering papoose and an endless variety of dogs. The several houses and apartments appeared to belong quite as much to the dogs and cats as to their masters. There was a very ancient and fish-like smell about these dwellings, as well as haloing round their inhabitants, and although they pass their lives on the edge of the clear green sea, I doubt whether they ever go into it except when upset out of a canoe.

I tried to bribe a small boy to jump overboard, but he objected to the colour of the money and required a half dollar to be substituted for the copper, a request with which I

declined to comply. His sister seemed more inclined to accept my offer, and probably would have jumped, but a dusky gentleman who was either her father or husband objected, and so prevented the performance coming off. In the islands of the southern seas one has only to throw a penny into the water to see any number of Indians diving for it. The Indians, however, are as expert canoemen as their kindred the Saulteaux of the upper lakes, and take their large cedar dugouts to sea in weather that would astonish many a more civilized long-shoreman. On the western coast of Vancouver Island, which is one of the principal hunting-grounds for the sea-otter, the Indians go out to great distances in canoes, sometimes thirty or forty miles, without paying great regard to the weather. When off on these expeditions, inflated bladders or the inflated skins of young seals are attached to the side of the canoe, and then she may fill or not; her occupants can bail her out

and go on with their hunt. The captain of a vessel coming to the coast met one day far out at sea a canoe half-filled with water and with two men in her, as he thought, dead. They were only asleep, however, and on being awakened, baled out their canoe and paddled off towards the land.

The sea-otter hunting is now the remnant of what was once a large trade. In 1794 an English vessel from China made her way over here, and after meeting with Vancouver, who was then conducting his discoveries on the coast, returned to China, carrying with her a number of sea-otter skins. Captain Cooke, too, on his leaving this coast took with him a quantity of this fur, and the rich field that existed over on the American coast induced some China merchants to send over ships regularly to secure this trade. From 1800 till about 1812, or perhaps a little later, the number of sea-otters annually taken by the six or seven ships in the trade ran from two to

six thousand each, but after awhile it fell off, and the trade became more general in peltry, until the arrival on the hunting-grounds of the Hudson's Bay Company's steamer *The Beaver*, in 1837, (now running from Victoria as a tow-boat), when the China ships ceased coming and left the trade to the Company. In those days the sea-otter extended all the way from San Francisco as far north as Cooke's Inlet, and Indians from Vancouver were shipped down the coast to hunt. Now, however, this most valuable of all furs—a prime one usually fetching from eighty to a hundred dollars first cost, though the price is now temporarily down—is scarce on the coast, and is principally found on the rocky west coast of Vancouver Island and in the northern parts of British Columbia and Alaska.

The Indians hunt the sea-otter in parties. Several canoes go out and make for some surf-washed rock, on or near which the otter may be found. Directly

he is sighted, several shots are fired whether he be within or without range. This is done in order that he may dive at once. The canoes then extend and endeavour so to place themselves that the otter shall rise between them, and as he shows his nose above the water more shots are fired and he again dives. The canoes close a little on him, judgment being used as to closing on the probable place of his reappearance, and when he shows he is again fired at. So it continues until the animal is worn out, when some well-directed shot finishes him. Sometimes he is found asleep on the rocks, and shot either with a gun or bow and arrow. The fur is rich and heavy, of a dark pepper-and-salt colour. It is sometimes used in Canada for caps and cuffs of coats, but I have seen a great deal more of it in China, where the Mandarins use it on their capes and cloaks.

The H.B. post at Bella-Bella is kept by a Mr. Kennedy, one of an old H.B. family,

who has a small house and trading-store, surrounded by a large and well-filled garden containing the hardier kind of vegetables—the more delicate ones not ripening in this latitude. There was a quantity of timothy growing wild about the patches in the rocks, and Mr. Kennedy explained that he had had two cows, but that the wolves had killed them. In the winter-time he said the wolves came to his doors, and hunted dogs or anything they could find. They tried, last winter, to avail themselves of a spare Indian, who was mooning around, but he managed to keep them at bay till assistance came. Apparently the Indians in all parts are alike in attaching an undue importance to the preservation of their lives. I once told one who objected to run a rapid on the Winnipeg with me that if he was drowned it would only be one Indian the less, to which he replied that my observation was correct, but unfortunately the drowned Indian would be himself.

Most of the Indian men were out in their canoes, carrying coals to the vessel, two only remaining on shore to continue a game in which they were engaged; but if they had all been on shore, they would probably all have been loafing or gambling. One large canoe, starting on a voyage, came alongside to hear what the news was from Victoria. The amalgamated families, goods, chattels, food, dogs, kittens, and general impedimenta, including cedar bark, and poles for the temporary lodges of three establishments, were on board this frail craft, and stowed away with great order and regularity, preparatory to starting out to sea. Men and women alike had their paddles ready for work, the children only being exempt from this labour. They were intensely delighted on being addressed in Chinook—the general jargon passing current on the coast—by our Chinaman, and called our attention at once to the fact that “John could understand their language.” They called him “John,”

and took great pains to spread the information about his linguistic abilities.

We were only a few hours coaling, and then left Bella-Bella, steering north for Metlakahtla. The *Amethyst* had passed us at Bella-Bella, but our course lay through narrow straits and groups of islands which a vessel of her size would hesitate to take at night with foggy weather threatening, and she therefore anchored a little further on, telling us to wait for her at the entrance to Chatham Sound, where Lord Dufferin intended to come on board the smaller craft and go off to the Skena River to see the salmon fishing and tinning establishment which has recently arisen there. The factory is the property of a joint stock company started by an American capitalist, Colonel Lane, and comprising stock-holders both of Oregon and Vancouver. This is their first season, but we hear that they have put up over five thousand cans of salmon already, with every prospect of establishing

a good business. There is room for several enterprises of this kind properly managed, for the business done need not be, nor is it generally, confined to catching and canning salmon. Besides any fur trade that may be done, there are several kinds of fish on this coast that repay the expense of catching them. There is a great number of seals also, and there is a little fish called the oolican or candle fish; so full of oil that it can be lighted at one end and used as a candle, which is found in large quantities on this coast.

The industries of this country are, however, in their infancy. It is a vast wide field, in which wealth is pecked at in a more or less spasmodic manner, but which will doubtless in time be systematically worked. The high price of labour is the usual explanation given in answer to inquiries as to the reason of the country's backwardness, and yet they are beginning to revile "John." At the fisheries, on the Skena River, John was largely employed,

but it was found that the Indians could be obtained for the same price, and that they were more expert and understood the business, at least of catching, better. John, however, is permeating the labour market of this country. In all departments of life here one finds him, and no one seems to have any complaint against him except that he doesn't spend his money, and takes the greater part of it with him to China. I don't hear of any of the charges of bestial living, frightful immorality, and crime which are common in the press of California, but, on the contrary, in Victoria the Chinamen seem to live respectably and with what is to them some degree of comfort. They live on good terms with their white neighbours, although there seems to be considerable animosity between them and the Indians, all of whom regard John as a kind of third party, who has no rights that the other two are bound to respect. Very few of them are persuaded to change their religion.

John, our cook on board the *Douglas*, is one who has discarded the Joss House for the Church, and united the woollen shirt and bifurcated integuments of nautical Christianity with the plaited pig-tail of Celestial paganism. It is necessary to be careful in describing portions of men's dress, as I was recently reprov'd for the mention of a word which I had thought to be unobjectionable. At the same time a very charming young American lady was shocked at hearing me speak of a certain gentleman's wooden "leg," and on expressing my regret and asking wherein I had erred, she told me that I should have spoken of his "foot-stick"—a fact I was not aware of before.

Since leaving Bute Inlet our course has been northerly with hardly any variation, and the change of latitude—we are now in 54 deg. 20 min.—has made itself apparent in more than one way. The high mountains, as I before mentioned, have sloped away to hills, and mists and rain

come on with little warning; we wear our great coats on deck and have a fire in the cabin, and this before August has departed. There are no birds in the woods, and when we ask about game we are told that we are too far north for grouse. Seals are getting plentiful, and we see them lying on the rocks or swimming about the bays as we pass. We went ashore to-day to try and secure one, but the first bullet fell a little short of the round dog-like head that was raised out of the water, and we did not get another shot. Everything is beginning to wear a northerly aspect; and it is nearly time, for the little vessel has steamed four hundred miles on her northward trip, and we are beginning to reach those regions where man abandons the efforts to raise his food, and stands confessed the foe to death of all the quadrupeds that cross his path.

I don't think one ever appreciates the intrepidity and enterprise which early navigators evinced, or fully understands

the hardships they may have been called upon to endure, until one sees the scene of their labours. We speak of the dangers of this coast—dangers that truly exist—having at the same time charts which enable us to read it like dry land, and boats that move exactly as we wish; but we scarcely remember that Quadra and Vancouver sailed and resailed these seas in lumbering water-pounding sailing craft, with only a compass as their guide and Providence to trust to keep them from reefs and sunken rocks. And we seldom realize, until we have seen the coasts and experienced the ocean in its wrath, the daring determination of the men who, in vessels that we should now think unworthy to carry coals, found out the straits and passages we use, or hunted their enemies about the unmeasured ocean, and ran them into holes and corners bristling with rocks and shoals. It seemed nothing to us to run close by Cape Caution and anchor in Safety Cove; they were but names to

us, but to Vancouver, when we struck on the one and found anchorage—there so scarce—in the other, they must have had a different and a deeper meaning. The country through which we are passing is not dreary-looking, for it is all thickly covered with trees of the resinous tribe, and pearly-looking streams run down the hills, but the woods are silent, gloomy, and apparently tenantless. There are probably deer, and wolves, and small fur animals, but every step is through the growth of centuries, and the fallen trees have crossed and intertwined themselves, forming barriers that wear out strength and energy in overcoming them. If a wreck took place on such a coast and the vessel sank, there would be little but patience and cannibalism between the men and death.

CHAPTER XVI.

Mission to the Tsimpsean Indians—Mr. Duncan—Metlakahla—Indian Trading on the Co-operative Principle—The Governor-General's Visit—Presentations—An Indian Bride—Improvement and Education of the Indians—Mr. Duncan's Plans—An Arithmetical Problem—Musical Acquirements—Address to the Earl of Dufferin, and the Governor-General's Reply.

WE came on to-day from the Skena piloting the *Amethyst* through the mist and rain, and anchored this evening off Metlakahla. Lord Dufferin abandoned the project of visiting the salmon-curing establishment, owing to the unpropitious state of the weather. The *Amethyst's* gun brought off Mr. Duncan, in a canoe manned by a crew of his Tsimpsean Indians, and from the *Douglas* he went on to the

Amethyst to arrange for the Governor-General's visit to-morrow. Lord Dufferin's coming was not expected, and many of the Indians are off fishing, but doubtless in the morning we shall be able to comprehend the history and system of Mr. Duncan's successful experiment.

At half-past nine this morning the little *Douglas* steamed alongside her larger sister, the *Amethyst*, and two boats came off to be taken in tow. Lord and Lady Dufferin, with Commodore Chatfield, in the latter's galley, made fast to one side, and on the other a ship's cutter, blazing with the scarlet and gold displayed by Colonel Littleton and Captains Ward and Hamilton. We steamed in from the outer harbour, and amidst a salute fired by the Indians of this exceptionally interesting mission the Governor-General and Lady Dufferin landed, and were received by Mr. Duncan and his recently arrived associates, Mr. and Mrs. Collinson.

The history of this mission is of interest

as showing the good results that may be obtained when work is systematic and in the right direction. When Captain Prevost came out here in the *Satellite* in 1857 to assist in determining the boundary line between British and United States' possessions, he brought with him a gentleman, Mr. Duncan, who had undertaken the task of christianizing the Tsimpean Indians of Fort Simpson and its neighbourhood. These Indians, like their neighbours the Hydahs of Queen Charlotte's Islands, were a fierce, quarrelsome, and unruly set. They were made up of a number of smaller tribes, some of which, under certain circumstances, practised cannibalism, all of which, together, went by the national appellation "Tsimpseans." They were known along the coast as dangerous and impracticable Indians. Fort Simpson, the most northerly post of the Hudson's Bay Company in British Columbia, a few miles only from the boundary of Alaska, was the headquarters of the Tsimpsean

nation, but although the Company supplied the Indians with the only articles of civilized manufacture that they possessed, yet the intercourse was of the most guarded nature, and the security of the fort was zealously cared for, the gates being shut to all Indians for months at a time, and the walls, flanked with their armed bastions, being regularly guarded night and day by sentinels. The Indians were expert canoe-men, and fond of fighting, medicine dances, and the usual diversions of their kind, with an entire belief in necromancy, evil spirits, and the propriety of killing any person, white or red, except authorised medicine men, who were supposed to be able to work spells. Any white man who was seen with astronomical instruments, or who was known to be much busied with books, &c., was naturally set down as a medicine-man of the whites, and disliked accordingly by those who believed their peculiar province invaded by the stranger.

It was among this unpromising community that Mr. Duncan was called upon to commence work. The Hudson's Bay Company gave him quarters inside the fort, and when he had mastered the language sufficiently, a schoolroom was arranged outside, and his tuition of the young and adult natives began. His diary shows the slow but steady progress he made, the difficulties he overcame, the antipathy to himself which he removed, and the general revolution that was taking place amongst the Indians around Fort Simpson. Then another came to share his labours, and, for various reasons, unnecessary to enter upon, it became expedient that the old Tsimpsean village at Metlakahtla should be re-occupied, and another mission started there. It fell to Mr. Duncan to do this, and fourteen years ago he started from Fort Simpson to Metlakahtla—twenty-four miles south—with fifty Indians whom he had been teaching in his first school-room. To-day

he has eight hundred round him at Metlakahtla. Their village is prettily situated on a large and well-sheltered bay, entered by straits in several directions, and here they have established themselves in decent comfortable houses, and live a peaceful, industrious life. Formerly a movement of Indians on the coast was attended with great danger, each tribe having its own particular enemies on the look-out for small parties, and few ever ventured past Fort Simpson, where the Tsimpseans were most numerous collected. Now-a-days, Indians from all parts—across from Queen Charlotte's Islands, and even as far north as Sitka—come down to trade at Fort Simpson and Metlakahtla, and do so with perfect safety. This, in itself, is a great result, but it has the additional advantage of bringing within civilising influences a number of Indians who would not otherwise easily be reached.

Besides being a mission, Metlakahtla is a trading post, and its business is carried

on by the Indians with the Indians and for the Indians. The trade is done on the co-operative principle, and the Indians not only sell their own catch, but purchase from other parties who visit the settlement. In times past they owned a schooner, but she was lost, and they have not yet replaced her. Possibly Mr. Duncan may think it as well to keep his people away from the temptations of Victoria, which is to the Indian a sink of iniquity. At Metlakahtla one is struck by the order and system that, in a rough way, prevail, as much as by the cleanliness and neatness of its inhabitants. Nevertheless the contrast which they and their houses present in the matter of cleanliness and decency is very marked; and nothing seems to be wanting to give ordinary completeness to their little village.

These Indians have a very handsome church, a school-room for males and another for females, a dispensary, a trading-store, a lock-up, and a corner of

the green is devoted to a gymnasium for the boys.

Their church is a marvel of great results from little means. Outside it is a handsome building, having more pretensions to architecture than one usually finds in village churches; inside it is one hundred and twenty feet long by sixty feet wide, and eighty-six feet high. It is built entirely of cedar, and, like all the other buildings, erected by the Indians themselves without other help than the plans and directing aid of Mr. Duncan. They have a new saw-mill now, which was cutting its first log when the *Amethyst's* gun was fired, when, of course, all work stopped as suddenly as does the work in one of Her Majesty's dockyards when the first stroke of the clock proclaims the day to be at an end. With the exception of a little ornamentation, this new church is quite finished. It is unpainted, but very clean and fresh. The pillars which support the aisles are to be moulded along the

sides, and there are, at regular spaces in the roof, certain slot-like openings which are made for the purposes of ventilation, and which are to be further "fixed." The church is so large and open that at first one is apt to consider this peculiar way of ventilation unnecessary, until, little trifles being explained, one understands that in warm weather a community of fishing Indians require air.

The Governor-General's visit was unexpected at Metlakahtla, and a very large number of Indians were away in the fishing grounds. On these occasions they lock up their houses and take their families with them. But word had been sent to the nearest fishing place, and the men there engaged had come in, and had at once set to work in making such preparations as they could to welcome so great a chieftain. When Lord Dufferin landed, he passed before the guard of honour that the Indians had drawn up to receive him—a guard which, if it fell short a little of

what military men would consider up to the mark, was loyally intended and was the best the place afforded—and then proceeded to a small open space that had been prepared for him. Here a modest and timid Indian belle came forward and presented Lady Dufferin with a bouquet of flowers, in which poppies and sweet william, being the hardier and more readily cultivated in these latitudes, figured most conspicuously. Mr. Collinson, the associate of Mr. Duncan, was with his wife introduced to their Excellencies, and after them a number of the women of the village, the last presentation being that of a tiny urchin who could just steady herself sufficiently on her legs to walk across and offer her hand, which she did without the least trepidation.

The women were all a little scared at first, but Lady Dufferin has a peculiar way of setting at their ease the humblest of those with whom she comes in contact, so that the first fear very soon merged into

a feeling of confidence and liking. There had recently been a marriage in the village, and on learning of it Lord and Lady Dufferin at once expressed a wish that the bride might be brought forward. Accordingly the name was called out, but the call had to be repeated several times before she appeared. At last a short, solid, Dutch-built young lady, neatly dressed, and wearing a yellow handkerchief on her head, came forth from out of the ranks of the girls—not yet having taken her place among the matrons, grinning all over the countenance, as if the idea of her marriage being mentioned was a tremendous lark. Lady Dufferin made some courteous remark to her, but this only intensified the lark that she evidently felt was going on, though after a little she told her husband's name, and explained that he was away at the fishing grounds. Lord Dufferin asked her some question to test her scholastic abilities; but this was such a climax to the lark that she was obliged to turn for sym-

pathy in her merriment to the gentleman who had introduced her.

Lord Dufferin was very anxious to test the erudition of the young women, and tried several of them, dropping upon one with an inquiry as to her acquaintanceship with the multiplication table, but they were all too much out of their usual groove to display their abilities. One has heard of young ladies much nearer home than Metlakahtla to whom the multiplication table was what Dick Swiveller would term a staggerer.

When we had parted from the bride and her young associates, Mr. Duncan took the Governor-General and all his following over the village, showing the church, the schools, the houses, and explaining all the several histories, purposes, and plans connected with each. The Indians, incited thereto by Mr. Duncan, have become discontented with their present houses and locations, and are about to pull down their old dwellings in order to build new

ones on a plan of their teacher's suggestion and to arrange them in better order of streets. There is nothing like having some ambition about your town, even if it is built on a cleared cedar-swamp. The great thing about Metlakahtla is that everything is done by the Indians themselves—a marked divergence from the foolish plan so often adopted in other places—and done of their own good-will and approval, for Mr. Duncan adopts the plan of leaving all matters in abeyance until the Indians come to see things in the same light as himself. Then he strikes while the iron is hot. By this means the Indians themselves become interested in the work, and do it to please themselves, not other people.

The want of real success in Indian establishments on the Eastern side has been the principal of petting and paying the Indians to do that which they ought to desire to do for their own advantage. If an Indian is asked to do anything, his

first idea is that he should receive something for doing it. Thus when Mr. Duncan first told the Indians at Fort Simpson that he was opening a school for their children they asked to be paid for letting their children go to school. And so in missions that I know of, the Indians have been allowed to think that by going to church and sending their children to school they deserved well of their missionary and should receive favours from him. It is seldom sufficiently impressed upon them that they may go to Jericho if they insist upon it, but that here is a chance of doing much better. When they are made to understand that the favour is conferred upon them, they are ready enough to accept it—Mr. Duncan's village is a fair proof of this.

The plan usually pursued at Missions would not have resulted in the attainments which many of these Metlakahtla Indians possess. In the new school-room which we visited, there was a black board with

an arithmetical question chalked upon it. This question asked what share a certain man would have in one hundred and eighty barrels of apples after he had complied with some very complicated partnership conditions. I read the question through, and gave it up at once. Hamilton then set himself well before the board and frowned upon it, but after a short time turned from it to examine a picture of Jack the Giant Killer that was near, and so the whole party, including, I think, the Governor-General, who had a mental shot at the problem, and then sought relief from this abstruse study in the contemplation of the coloured print which hung adjacent there, and which some one now says was not Jack the Giant Killer at all, but David and Goliath. It is clear that if the Tsimpsean children of Metlakhtla can work out arithmetical questions where many people would take refuge in algebra, they are considerably more advanced than the ordinary run of children

at Indian Missions. And their accomplishments are varied.

When all the village had been seen, and all the points of interest explained, we came to a place that had been set off in the centre of the village where some planking had been laid down to form an impromptu platform. Here a long row of chairs were set, and the little cloud of personages — scarlet-coated staff-officers, blue-coated naval officers, plain-coated correspondents, and others—that were accompanying Lord and Lady Dufferin on their visit were seated in a line. The Indians present, then dividing themselves into lines of men, women, boys, and girls, sang some catches, hymns, and other compositions for the edification of their Excellencies. They sang “Home, Sweet Home” in Tsimpsean, the “Home” having direct reference to and being mentioned as Metlakahtla. Then they sang a catch, the words of which may be taken as the

motto which has guided the community :—

“ When a weary task you find it,
Persevere and never mind it,
Never mind it, never mind it,
Persevere, and never mind it.”

They sang it remarkably well, and it seemed strange to find the inhabitants of an Indian village in the remotest corner of the North-west of British Columbia possessed of sufficient musical knowledge to enable them, without accompaniment, to sing a composition in which the voices are not in unison, and where the basses are singing one line while the boys and women are singing others. The air was familiar, and the song sounded like a moral :

“ Merrily lasses fill your glasses,
Let the bumper toast go round.”

To this air it has haunted us ever since, and is worse than “ Punch in the presence of the Passenjaire.” In our ears still ringing, our companions singing “ Never

mind it, never mind it, Persevere and never mind it, Let the bumper toast go round.”

Of course they don't sing anything about bumpers at Metlakahtla, because liquor is strictly forbidden within its precincts, and Mr. Duncan being a J. P. attacks very fiercely any erratic schooners that bring whiskey into his neighbourhood. He has boarded and captured more than one, and has thus far succeeded in keeping his people free from the evils of the whiskey. The singing was not confined to the two things already mentioned, for we were all surprised to hear them commence a familiar “Do, re, mi,” harmonised for the several classes of voices, and which, after a little attention, we recognised as the singing lesson from “Il Barbiere di Siviglia.” Almaviva and Rosina at Metlakahtla!

The Governor-General expressed a great desire to hear the men sing one of their national melodies (Heaven save the mark!)

but they begged to be excused on the ground that they would be ashamed to sing it before him on shore as they were, but that they would follow the ship and sing it in their canoes, which they did on his return from Fort Simpson. I don't think Mr. Duncan encourages reminiscences of their former life, which these war songs are, and it struck me that he threw, and successfully threw, cold water on the Governor-General's bestowing any special mark of recognition on the chief. He has to conduct his operations in a peculiar way, and it can easily be understood that much of his advice and direction would be thrown away, were there a recognized authority over the Indians other than himself. He strives to make industry and merit the standards by which the men of the village are measured, and in presenting an address to the Governor-General, which was done immediately after the singing was concluded, there was no apparent priority or distinction amongst them.

If one may associate by simile that which is excellent and praiseworthy with that which is in every respect the reverse, one would be inclined to say that Metlakahtla suggests itself as a miniature Salt Lake City, with the repellent doctrines and practices of that place—not confining the remark merely to polygamy—abolished and replaced by the conduct required by Christian teaching. As Brigham Young is prophet, priest, and proprietor of the theatre, president, policeman, and principal dry-goods merchant, and, in short, everything else that pays, so Mr. Duncan combines in himself all the professions necessary for the government of such a community, and practises all that entails self-denial and hard work. And the obedience that Brigham Young received from the fears of men and the infatuation of old women who want to be sealed for marriage in Heaven, Mr. Duncan receives from the respect and esteem of his people. He is a busy man. In the morning the business

of the place requires his attention, in the afternoon he teaches, and in the evening adjudicates, according to the laws of the Dominion, between Indian and Indian. Amongst other multifarious duties he was compelled to learn to play several instruments, in order that he might teach the Indians music, and organize a band. When the Governor-General replied to the address of the Indians, Mr. Duncan took it down in shorthand and translated it from his notes.

The address was as follows :

“ To His Excellency, the Earl of Dufferin, Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada :—

“ May it please Your Excellency :—

“ We, the inhabitants of Metlakahtla, of the Tsimpsean nation of Indians, desire to express our joy in welcoming Your Excellency and Lady Dufferin to our village.

“ Under the teaching of the Gospel we have learned the Divine command, ‘ Fear

God; honour the King,' and thus, as loyal subjects of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, we rejoice in seeing you visit our shores. We have learned to respect and obey the laws of the Queen, and we will continue to uphold and defend the same in our community and nation.

“ We are still a weak and poor people, only lately emancipated from the thralldom of heathenism and savage customs, but we are struggling to rise and advance to a Christian life and civilization.

“ Trusting that we may enjoy a share of Your's Excellency's kind and fostering care, and under your Administration continue to advance in peace and prosperity,

“ We have the honour to subscribe ourselves Your Excellency's humble and obedient servants.

“ For the Indians of Metlakahtla,

DAVID LEASK,

“ Secretary to the Native Council.”

In reply to this the Governor-General

made an impromptu speech of which the following is a verbatim report :—

“ My dear children,—I have come a long distance in order to assure you in the name of your great mother, the Queen of England, with what pleasure she has learnt of your well being, and of the progress you have made in the arts of peace and the knowledge of the Christian religion under the auspices of your kind friend Mr. Duncan. You must understand that I have not come for my own pleasure, but that the journey has been long and laborious, and that I am here from a sense of duty in order to make you feel by my actual presence with what solicitude the Queen and Her Majesty’s Government in Canada watch over your welfare, and how anxious they are that you should persevere in that virtuous and industrious mode of life in which I find you engaged. I have viewed with astonishment the church which you have built entirely by your own industry and intelligence. That church is in itself a

monument of the way in which you have profited by the teachings you have received. It does you the greatest credit, and we have every right to hope that while in its outward aspect it bears testimony to your conformity to the laws of the Gospel, beneath its sacred roof your sincere and faithful prayers will be rewarded by those blessings which are promised to those who approach the throne of God in humility and faith. I hope you will understand that your white mother and the Government in Canada are fully prepared to protect you in the exercise of your religion, and to extend to you the benefit of those laws which know no difference of race or of colour, but under which justice is impartially administered between the humblest and the greatest of the land. The Government of Canada is proud to think that there are upwards of thirty thousand Indians in the territory of British Columbia. She recognises them as the ancient inhabitants of the country.

The white men have not come amongst you as conquerors, but as friends. We regard you as our fellow-subjects, and as equal to us in the eye of the law as you are in the eye of God, and equally entitled with the rest of the community to the benefits of good government and the opportunity of earning an honest livelihood. I have had very great pleasure in inspecting your school, and I am quite certain that there are many among the younger portion of those I am now addressing who have already begun to feel how much they are indebted to that institution for the expansion of their mental faculties, for the knowledge of what is passing in the outer world as well as for the insight it affords them into the laws of nature and into the arts of civilized life; and we have the further satisfaction of remembering that as year after year flows by, and your population increases, all these beneficial influences will acquire additional strength and momentum. I hope you are duly

grateful to Him to whom, under Providence, you are indebted for all these benefits, and that when you contrast your own condition, the peace in which you live, the comforts that surround you, the decency of your habitations, when you see your wives, your sisters, and your daughters contributing so materially by the brightness of their appearance, the softness of their manners, their housewifely qualities, to the pleasantness and cheerfulness of your domestic lives, contrasting as all these do so strikingly with your former surroundings, you will remember that it is to Mr. Duncan you owe this initiation into your new life. By a faithful adherence to his principles and example you will become useful citizens and faithful subjects, an honour to those under whose auspices you will thus have shown to what the Indian race can attain, at the same time that you will leave to your children an ever widening prospect of increasing happiness and progressive

improvement. Before I conclude, I cannot help expressing to Mr. Duncan and to those who are associates with him in his good work, not only in my own name, not only in the name of the Government of Canada, but also in the name of Her Majesty the Queen, and in the name of the people of England, who take so deep an interest in the well-being of all the native races throughout the Queen's Dominions, our deep gratitude to him for having thus devoted the flower of his life, in spite of innumerable difficulties, dangers, and discouragements, of which we who only see the result of his labours can form only a very inadequate idea, to a work which has resulted in the beautiful scene we have witnessed this morning. I only wish to add that I am very much obliged to you for the satisfactory and loyal address with which you have greeted me. The very fact of your being in a position to express yourselves with so much propriety is in itself extremely creditable to

you, and although it has been my good fortune to receive many addresses during my stay in Canada from various communities of your fellow-subjects, not one of them will be surrounded by so many hopeful and pleasant reminiscences as that which I shall carry away with me from this spot."

Soon after the delivery of this, Lord and Lady Dufferin shook hands with the principal people on shore, and then embarked to proceed in the *Douglas* to Fort Simpson, and I think that both were no less surprised than pleased at what they had seen. It must be said, however, that the starting of the mission has cost money, and that the Indians are not yet in a position to raise a revenue beyond their immediate wants. Only the hardier vegetables will grow, so that, having no farming to fall back upon, they will be slow in reaching the over-producing point.

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