LECTURE DELIVERED

BY THE

Hon. Malcolm Cameron

TO THE

Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association,

THE LORD BISHOP OF THE DIOCESE IN

THE CHAIR.

Published by request and Sold for Benefit of the Association

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My Lord Bishop, Ladies and Gentlemen—

I felt it an honor to be invited by this Association to address them, and sincerely regret that my education and pursuits through life have not fitted me for the preparation of a lecture on a literary or scientific subject which would aid the object of this Society, namely—the education, elevation and mutual improvement of the young men of Quebec—feeling however a lively interest in all that concerns the youth of Canada and anxious to show my feelings in any way open to me I offered to give some reminiscences of my voyage to British Columbia, which I trust may throw some light on the way thither, give some idea of the countries through which we pass in going there, some information relative to the Islands of the Pacific, and to what, I feel to be, *our own Western extremity*, British Columbia.

In the middle of July, 1862, I left Canada, with the intention of visiting that distant land, and arrived in New York in time to take the steamer of the 21st, went to the office and secured my passage in the «Champion» got my ticket for $250 and at noon went to Pier No. 3, where I met crowds of people flocking towards the steamer, carts, carriages, and wheelbarrows, Irish

girls with small boxes about the size of cupboards, Germans with guns, sausages, meerschaums and spinning-wheels, and Yankees with rifles, bowie knives, revolvers and axes, and a motly group of people of all ages and countries. We had the greatest difficulty in getting on board, found it impossible to get baggage stowed, and no one could get the berth allotted by ticket, and in the midst of this confusion the weeping friends were shoved on shore, the plank drawn in, and away we steamed.

The Bay of New York may on a fine July afternoon be inferior to the Bay of Naples—that I have never seen—but to my eye then, to my mind's eye now, it is one of the most lovely scenes in the world, the magnificent city on a point formed by the junction of the North and East rivers, terminating at the Battery, the well known promenade; Jersey, Brooklyn and Hoboken, with their one million of inhabitants; Governor's Island, Staten Island; and as you pass down the Highlands of Neversink and the Hook, all combine to form a perfect landscape. But in about two hours we left all this beauty and were on the open sea, of which I was reminded by a stentorian voice in full glee:

The sea, the deep blue sea for me,
Where I would ever wish to be.

In less than two hours however all this was changed, many would have preferred to—

Wait for the waggon.

But the study of human nature, the examination of berth, and the contemplation of room-mates began in good earnest, by those able to attend to business.

There were three or four Canadians who had figured largely as men of business and in their country's history, but who, by the vicissitudes of fortune and the extraordinary depression in the value of real estate were forced to leave their native land, first for relief from mental anxiety, next, with the hope of opening new channels for that spirit of enterprise which had made them useful and popular at home. I did not, at first, recognise my «mates in misery,» but they knew me at once,—there were

Californian Members of Congress, Engineers of note, wives of fortunate Nevada millionaires, a Protestant Clergyman, six Irish priests going to fields of Labour, a converted Spaniard travelling as Agent for the British and Foreign Bible Society, Mechanics for Chili, and other South American ports, who where to leave us at Panama, seventeen wives who had not seen their husbands for years,and widows whom «hard times» had forced out of New York to try to earn a living in the new and better land—in fact, specimens of every class, and country, in all, some 500 people where not over 200 could have been comfortably accomodated.

About the fifth day we were crossing the Gulf stream and the air became extremely warm, the sixth we passed between San Domingo and Cuba, the Queen of the Antilles, and about thirty miles East of Jamaica, which I did not till then know, lay so close to the border of America; here I first saw a tropical rain, large drops fell on the ocean and sparkled up in large white bubbles, the most exquisitely beautiful sight you can imagine, as if some unseen hand were pouring myriads of large pearls on to the surface of the water, and immediately after the shower, clouds of what I supposed to be our Canadian snow birds rose from the sea, they were small flying fish about six inches long.

On the 9th day the old Fort of Porto Bello came in sight, the scene of famous exploits by the bold Buccaneers 200 years ago—in 1502 when Colombus left Darien, its Indian population numbered about 300,000, but in 1535 hordes of Spaniards allured by the cry of gold and the prolific vegetation came over and 30 or 40,000 died in crossing the fatal Isthmus, but the rest made fearful havoc among the natives—in 1558, Drake sacked the city but Morgan and Dampier finished the work of murder and robbery in 1665 and 1670 by the capture of Porto Bello, and crossing to Panama which City they totally destroyed as they did many Cities down the coast.

Here we feasted our astonished eyes on the luxuriant tropical foliage, the tall and graceful cocoa-nut tree like our own elm, fifty or sixty feet without a limb, then branching out like an

umbrella in long and pendulous leaves through which we saw the clusters of large nuts, amongst which the merry monkeys gambol with gluttonous delight. We then turned westerly along the coast and after about three hours sail neared the town of Aspinwall situated on a low marshy Island in what was Navy Bay near the old Isthmus of Darien, famous in the history of Scotch enterprise—an enterprise though ridiculed—rightly conceived and nobly begun, with two millions of gold, one half of all that Scotland then owned; but blasted by English jealousy, collision with the East India Company, and the fact of the projectors being in advance of the times, crushed finally by the treachery of the heart which sanctioned the massacre of Glencoe, the King of England having forbade the British Colonies even to sell food to the Emigrants, and thus encouraged the Spaniards to destroy the Company which King William himself had but lately chartered.

But in our own day the Isthmus of Panama has become famous by a stupendous work of American enterprise and ingenuity, boldly planned and successfully carried out; a work which owed its developement to three men whose names will be imperishable in the history of American Commerce; W. B. Aspinwall, J. L. Stephens, and Henry Chauncy, the projectors of the Panama Railroad. The idea of an inter-oceanic communication had been entertained for centuries, the whole commercial world was alive to its advantages, New Grenada unable to undertake it had freely offered the privilege to any nation rich enough to perform it—England looked at it with longing eyes but quailed for once before the magnitude of the difficulties; France did more, surveyed the country and entered on a contract, but too many millions were found necessary and she let it go by default. In 1848, Congress authorized contracts for the establishment of two Mail lines of Steamships, one from New York and New Orleans to Chagres, the other from Panama to California and Oregon; the inducements were insufficient, but at last Mr. Aspinwall and the famous George Law did enter on the enterprise, but the wisest fancied it must fail, gold not yet having

been discovered. New Grenada, however gave her charter for a railway, with a gift of 250,000 acres of land, contract to continue for 49 years, the termini to be *free ports*, and the only remuneration asked 3 per cent. on all profits divided and $10,000 for the passage of Mails; but I must pass on, for this wonderful work is worth a lecture, the road ran over deep morasses, over mountains 300 feet high, amidst the most deadly malaria, its sides one continued cemetery a man having died for every square yard that was removed, the first million of dollars of the 5 estimated for, was soon expended, but the energy of the engineers Messrs. Totten and Trotwein overcame every obstacle and in six years the road was completed, 1855, at a cost of $7,500,000.

In 1858, 31,000 passengers crossed.
$53,000,000 of Treasure,
66,000 tons of Freight,

Income	1,300,000	
Expense	350,000	
	$950,000	Net profit.

They did boast of one of the greatest bridges ever built of iron 600 feet long, cost $500,000. But our Victoria Bridge is nearly two miles long, one span 480 feet long, and 80 feet high and it cost 15 times as much or about 7½ million of dollars.

Aspinwall is one of the most miserable dirty places on the face of the earth, inhabited by the worst combination of African, Spanish, Indian and half breed, I ever saw; vultures and buzzards gather in flocks at every corner to partake of the offal when the Butchers are killing and cutting up oxen and cows into long strips of beefs and hanging this in the sun to dry, the method of curing meat then in fashion—Indians having an objection to salted meat—the whole place is filthy and abominable beyond description—we gladly left it in the afternoon, and immediately entered on a scene of the most gorgeous beauty over the plains, through the swamp—by the bank of the Chagres river, it was 28 miles of perfect loveliness, the grandest flower fields eye ever beheld,

the convolvulus and the lily, the fuchsia and magnolia, oleanders as large and full of blossom as an apple tree, the rose, pansy and orchis of our own summer, with the rhododendron, the passeflora, the orange, the lemon, the cocoa, the palm and the mango, all in a profusion and luxuriance such as no Northern mind can imagine; the trees are not only large, lofty and crowded, wonderful parasites hang from every bough and twist and twine all into one forest; and then trees filled with Birds of Paradise, Cockatoos, Parrots and humming birds—so dense is the growth that a man cannot penetrate it, but with long knives and bill hooks, a way must be opened; at the first station I was astonished to see a long arched avenue that had been opened into the heart of the wood through which the cord wood cut up as stove wood is all brought out on horses, in paniers piled three feet above the pony's back.

There I first saw the natives and half breeds, the women are bare headed, a loose wrapper trimmed with red is their only covering, it is low necked and down off the left shoulder—their skin is a beautiful mohagany colour, clear, smooth and clean—the children up to at least twelve years of age go perfectly nude, the houses are of cane and bark covered with plantain and palm, open and airy, the food plantain and bananas, the former being indigenous and as wholesome as our potato, this is said to be the curse of the country for all can live without work, they are like potato, but the Bananas like bread.

But to describe everything curious would occupy the night, so, with but a mention of the splendid oranges at 5 cents a dozen, bunches of palm nuts 30 inches long and 18 through which hang from the tree by an arm a yard long, the Boa Constrictors, the Alligators, the Chameleons, the Parrots, the Cockatoos, the painted Calabash, the prickly pear, and other varieties of cactus used for fencing, but we must pass on to Panama.

From Panama we ascended rapidly over granite crags, span of mountains and the famous Basaltic ledge. The descent from the summit level is about a grade of 60 feet to a mile, and it terminates on the shore of the gulf of Panama.

The old and famous city is a striking contrast to Aspinwall, elevated some 40 or 50 feet above the sea, on a peninsula, a mile long, the streets run from sea to sea, the shore is rocky, and the harbour safe—protected by beautiful Islands about a mile or a mile and a half distant.

The city was fortified by the Spaniards with a great wall having a carriage drive around the top, and sentry boxes of stone at the Bastions, curious old cannons are still there, the city is full of noble ruins, old Churches, Colleges, Monasteries and Nunneries, a fine Cathedral still in use, but alas a very degraded priesthood, the greater part of whom had lately been driven away by the people; the one great amusement of the people is cock fighting, and every shoemaker and tailor has his game chicken tied by the leg to his work bench, and is ready at any moment to fight for any sum he can raise—the great day for cock fighting is the Sabbath, and after service the Priest is as ready as his people, and will back his bird for a considerable sum.

The city has about 12,000 inhabitants. The houses and hotels are good—in every house, in fact in every room, is a hammock—and the vicinity very rich, immediately in rear is the hill "Bogota," an eminence of great beauty. The groves of orange and mango and other fruits—of which there are about fifty-six varieties—are very fine. About six miles below the city is the old site of Panama, destroyed by the Buccaneers in 1670; only the steeple of the church remains to tell of the glory of the famous city.

Panama, I consider a healthy, lovely, and strong town. The Granada troops were there; bare footed, open-kneed pants, coats of every colour and variety, and no two guns alike in a regiment. They had just had a revolution, and the expatriated governor had gone off to raise 600 soldiers with whom to return and recover his position.

The beauty of New Granada and the degradation of its inhabitants recalls the beautiful lines—

> Know ye the land where the cypress myrtle
> Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime,
> Where the rage of the Vulture, the love of the Turtle,

Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime.
Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine,
Where the light wings of zephyrs oppressed with perfume
Wax faint o'er the garden of gul in her bloom.
Where the olive and citron are fairest of fruits,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute,
Where the tints of the earth, and hues of the sky,
In colour tho' varied in beauty may vie,
Where the purple of ocean is deepest in dye.
Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
And all save the spirit of man is divine.

We left Panama in the steamer "Sonora," a magnificent ship of two or three thousand tons, with upper deck, saloon, and state rooms, and every possible comfort. The captain we found a Christian man, and of course the officers and crew were in perfect order, the table well supplied, and every thing in marked contrast to the dirty mismanaged "Champion." All were delighted. We had indeed made a blessed change, from a boisterous sea and a miserable ship, to a really Pacific ocean and a floating Paradise. We sailed along the bay of Panama in latitude 9 south to latitude 7 south, before we turned the point and gained the open sea, but even then our course lay along the coast of New Granada and Costa Rica with extraordinary rocky islands in view. And in addition to the magnificent foliage I have attempted to describe, the smoking tops of active volcanic mountains were full in view; six of which we saw during the trip sending forth enormous volumes of smoke, and flame, and sparks.

About the second day we passed the Port of St. Catharines or Nicaragua, which is the Pacific port of the Nicaragua route, once the most popular one, being a natural chain of road, river, and lake from sea to sea, at Greytown or San Juan on the Atlantic is still a rival to the Panama route, and cheaper at the present time.

After passing Costa Rica on the fourth day, we passed the Bay of Tehuantepec. Our first stopping place was Accapulco, in Mexico, one of the loveliest little harbours possible, not over three miles round, protected by an island that completely covers it, leaving a channel at either side just wide enough for ships to

pass. Accapulco is distinguished by being the old site of a city swallowed up by an earthquake, and the present fort having stood a seige by Santa Anna; finding the enemy gaining upon them the beseiged quietly withdrew, leaving neither food nor amunition, consequently the victorious invaders were soon forced to abandon the position.

The Pacific steamers always coal at Accapulco, a large vessel being stationed here with supplies. This is also the point of exit for travellers from the city of Mexico, only six days journey to the eastward, on the direct road to Vera Cruz on the Gulf of Mexico.

Here I met Mr. Bonar, of Quebec, and a Captain Palmer whom I knew, they had just travelled through Mexico; the former had become a favorite mining engineer, was employed by an English Company, and was making a fortune out of the silver mines. The trade of this place is shells, baskets, oranges, cotton, hides, and coffee, and English vessels do a good business. The great amusement is diving, the water being wonderfully clear, and the native boys equal to the Indian pearl fishers. The traveller throws York shillings into the sea, the boys allow them to go perhaps half a minute, and then down, and I never knew one diver but came up with the shilling in his teeth. The pots used for cooking are made of earth, the mills for grinding corn are two stones worked by hand, and the habits of the people are primitive in the extreme. Yet here in this Spanish Catholic town I saw one of the best schools I ever entered. One hundred and sixty boys from ten to sixteen years of age, all of whom wrote the most beautiful text hand, and all just alike as if it were lithograph; the master was a perfect Spanish gentleman. I called on the priest, a plain pleasant man, but who like most others there, though not allowed to marry, had a family he acknowledged and provided for.

Here we expected to have met the steamer "Golden Gate" on her down trip, and great anxiety was caused by her non-appearance; we proceeded, however, along the coast to Mazanilla, another commercial harbour where English ships bring goods to

supply the country and receive silver in exchange: this is smuggled as the law forbids its export.

As we were leaving this port a brig came in bringing news which verified our worst fears about the «Golden Gate,» the vessel had taken fire and burnt to the waters edge. One hundred and sixty passengers perished, and the rest were scattered along the coast destitute. We turned back to render assistance to the saved. I found one Canadian from St. Catharines, a nephew of the late Mr. Lepper, he gave the most delightful account of the inhabitants of Mexico; they had found him and others famished on the shore, they took them to their houses in the interior, fed them, clothed them, mounted them on horses, and brought them safely over the mountain to Manzanilla, the nearest port. Lepper got two suits and we got him $20: he went on with us, to return by the «Sonora» to Canada.

It may be well to state here that Mexico has 7 millions of inhabitants: 3 fifths are natives, the other Spaniards and Spanish Creols; only about 5,000 Europeans or Americans in the country in all.—Since 1823, they have had above 36 different Governments, and if the nominee of a foreign government, a Scion of the House of Hapsburg expects a peaceful possession he will be grievously disappointed.

On the 10th day after leaving Panama we passed the mouth of the gulf of California, an inlet 600 miles deep and 150 miles wide, famous for its pearl fisheries, the method and history of which would form a lecture.

Early in the morning of the 14th day going along a bold rocky coast we saw a square, clear opening about a mile wide between gates of solid stone, this, we were told was the celebrated «Golden Gate,» about a mile and a half from its mouth an island lay right across the Channel called the Island of Alcatross, closing the sea out from the Bay of San Francisco into which we now entered, the largest, most perfect and splendid harbour in the world, in which all the navies of the world might ride at anchor in safety and not be crowded—for this matchless bay is forty miles wide.

There are two cities, that on the left is Benicia, and that on

the right San Francisco; the latter was was commenced in 1852 and now it has over 100,000 inhabitants, with four Hotels equal to the Astor House, streets, wharves, warehouses and boats equal to New York, and as moral, nay as religious and excellent a population as any in the American Union; vessels ply on the Sacramento river to the city of that name, 120 miles from the ocean, the first station on the overland route to St. Louis, from which roads diverge to Nevada, Colorado, Utah, Oregon and Washington Territory.

From San Francisco I took another and poorer boat to Vancouver's Island, and proceeded up the coast north 800 miles, passing the famous Columbian river—known to all readers—*Astoria* the city of that name, at the mouth, now nearly depopu lated, was commenced in 1811 by the enterprise of J. J. Astor of New York—who sent out a ship to trade—two of the traders were from Quebec, one of them known and loved by parties in this room, old David Stuart and Robert, his nephew, who walked back across the continent.

But I cannot stay to tell you of them, suffice it that the steamers run up to Portland 80 miles and so have carried the trade past Astoria. We steamed on to Cape Flattery at the entrance of straits of Fuca, these straits are 10 miles wide and were discovered by Cook—the entrance is due East for 60 miles, then we came upon the gulf of Georgia; on our left lay the beautiful little harbour of Esquimalt, V. I., on our right was Puget Sound, and Port Angelos in Washington Territory, and directly in front the disputed Island San Juan.

We landed at Esquimalt, the rendez-vous of the British fleet, three miles from Victoria; wagons were waiting to take us to our desired haven, for although there is a very pretty little arm of the sea running directly up to Victoria, it is too rocky and difficult of navigation ever to be used by large ships. The drive up is over a very rocky but very beautiful country, and the situation of Victoria itself perfectly picturesque. The first object that strikes the eye of a stranger is the Methodist church, erected by the energy of Dr. Evans, and next the Bishop's church erected on

a beautiful hill sloping towards James Bay, (part of the harbour,) and commanding a view of the snow capped mountains of Washington Territory, some of which are 10, 12, and 16,000 feet high —these are seen over most of the streets just as the view over the St. Charles gives life and beauty to Quebec, so do these dazzling and magnificent snow peaks make Victoria one of the loveliest cities in the world. The view to the west is of the ridge of mountains called the back bone of Vancouver Island, in which since I left gold has been found in paying quantities, and is now the hope of the island. The streets of Victoria are laid out at right angles, the whole position is beautiful and the Methodist church, the Iron church, (Episcopal,) sent out from England, are buildings worthy of our best Canadian towns; they have also a Presbyterian and a Congregational church and two very clever preachers. The government buildings are small but convenient, and the governor's residence was then his private property. The governor, Sir James Douglas, was a native of Douglas, Clydesdale, a noble Scotchman, and certainly Her Majesty lost a famous general when he was sent to Hudson's Bay. He was in figure, mien, and voice a soldier, but he had been made a trader; he had read deeply, studied human nature profoundly, and had succeeded in winning the confidence of the Indian tribes, had married a half-breed, a fine, sensible, and intelligent woman, he had a beautiful and excellent family, and himself practised a noble hospitality; his only misfortune being that he had been in the Hudson Bay Company's service, which created a prejudice against him. His tact and method of dealing with the natives may be best illustrated by an anecdote.

About the time Sir James Douglas was to be appointed governor of the colony, a small well educated countryman of his, Mr. McKay, was sent to succeed him, in his position in the Hudson Bay Company; his first move was to organize a company of voltigeurs, had them drilled and armed for defence. Of course the Indians became alarmed, vexed, and ready for war; word came that there was to be an insurrection, and an immediate attack on the Fort. Mr. McKay came hurriedly to Sir James, expressed his

fears, and asked leave to call out his men. Sir James crossed his legs and said quietly, «Be patient, Mr. McKay, let the men have a little more molasses.» A barrel was rolled out and tapped, the insurrection was quelled, and not *one trembling prisoner* taken. Since Governor Douglas left many lives have been lost, and some twenty white men massacred. «A little more molasses» is better than cannon for British Columbia and Chateau Richer.

The Island of Vancouver is 280 miles long, and about 60 wide, there are many fine plains but no rich alluvial deposits, no hard wood timber, in fact neither on Vancouver's Island, nor in British Columbia is there white oak, ash, elm or hickory enough to make an axe handle or a whip-stalk; small frush oak as in Michigan, fir, pine, arbutus, willow, poplar, and soft maple are the only woods known. Coal and copper abound as well as gold, fish fill every stream and creek of the sea, and the cattle on the hills are deer and very numerous but wont be caught. The Douglas pine, a peculiar species, is perhaps the finest, and certainly is the strongest for masts in the world—so that enduring material for commerce abounds.

The gulf of Georgia is full of islands so much so that the San Juan difficulty arose from the fact that the first discoverers went up the East channel and the islands were so close and continuous, they mistook them for the mainland, and never dreamt of any other channel.

Victoria is a free port, British goods are cheaper than in Canada, and Houses there are partners of London Houses, and supply goods for the whole coast, a trade which I think will vastly increase and make Victoria always a city of great foreign traffic and account with China, Japan, the Sandwich and other islands and all the Pacific coast, and thus create a demand which will be supplied by an Atlantic and Pacific Railroad.

The climate is equal to that of the South of France. Farming is in its infancy, though the Hudson Bay Company has done much good in this way, sent out fine stock and farming utensils, had three fine farms and even when I was there, had 700 sheep

in one place—at Sanich, and at Nanimo, farming is now beginning and I doubt not will succeed.

The late Mr. Work, Dr. Tolmie, Mr. Finlayson and Mr. Yates are all farming near the city and I think deserve great praise for their enterprise.

From Vancouver I took the Hudson Bay Company steamer «Enterprise» to New Westminster, the capital of British Columbia, 60 miles from the island; the greater part of the distance, say, 36 miles we were among the islands, safe as a river, the main crossing being 11 miles, to the mouth of the Fraser river, about 6 miles north of the 49th parallel of latitude, the Boundary line between British Columbia and the United States. The entrance to the river is low and grassy and has been misrepresented by local jealousy; it only requires a light-ship to be made perfectly accessible at all times to vessels of 18 to 20 feet draft. Her Majesty's men of war have gone up and thus settled the question beyond dispute, for in spite of repeated assertions of dangerous bars, and shallows and what not, *the fact is proved* that the mouth of the Fraser is safe and commodious, and the river perfectly navigable to Fort Langley far above New Westminster.

From the mouth of the river to the capital is 12 miles, filled with islands of the richest deposit, only requiring draining and dyking to become the best farming land on the Pacific, they are of immense value and capable of sustaining 20,000 people.

The site of New Westminster on the left bank of the river is very fine: rising almost too abruptly from the water to a height of about 200 feet; several streets are well graded, the mint is a neat building, the general hospital is a most creditable undertaking, the Episcopal church is a perfect gem—but the gaol is a miserable hovel. «The Camp» was the residence of Colonel Moodie, Royal Engineers, and the barracks of the soldiers of his corps. And here I must not omit to say how much the colony owes to that excellent officer and most sincere Christian, and his amiable and pious wife; the morals and character of New Westminster stand far above any other place on the Pacific, and I could attribute this very much to the purity, liberality and Catho-

licity of his religion, which so much aided and strengthened the hands of Mr. White, Methodist, and Mr. Jamieson, the Free Church, as well as the Episcopal ministers, in all their efforts for the people's good. His liberality extended to aiding the Abbé Fouquet, Roman Catholic Missionary, in his extraordinary efforts for the Christianizing of the Indians, four thousand of whom he vaccinated in his travels—saving thousand of lives.

The lands about New Westminster are covered with the most enormous growth of Douglas pine trees 300 feet long, 10 to 15 feet through, 200 feet without a limb, they are now unsaleable and to clear the land would cost $100 an acre. The country is all rough and by no means generally good for farming, but at present prices money is made by farming. However, with her inexhaustable resources of coal, iron, copper, silver, and gold, and her position as the terminus of the road from the Atlantic, I feel assured that New Westminster will be one of the finest towns on the continent.

One of the chief products of the colony is in such abundance that my word has been doubted in reference to it, I mean salmon. In crossing the Colquhalla the horses feet struck the fish, and a mill stopped because the mill race was filled with them. The Hudson Bay Company used to export thousands of barrels till the gold fever raised the price of labor too high.

The elevation of the city gives magnificent scenery. Views of Mount Baker 10,000 feet high, Gulf of Georgia, bend of the Fraser river, and the Mountains of Washington Territory covered with everlasting snow, give it a picturesque beauty and interest never to be forgotten.

Ten miles in rear of New Westminster is the Burrard Inlet, a very fine harbour without bar, shaol, or defect; coal has been found there, and mills have been built. Just above the town is a small river with water power, and seven or eight miles out is the Pitt river, on which there is some good farming land, and immediately opposite the city there are large flats yielding the finest vegetables and large quantities of hay. Board lumber is now manufactured there, and a market is opening in Japan and

China. Shingles also and cordwood afford means of employment. The climate is still milder and better than Canada, though over fifty miles east, and up country it approaches more to the severity of our own winter.

I proceeded up the river as far as Douglas, on the northern route to Cariboo; this little town is at the head of Lake Harrison, a lake fifty miles long, on which I think there is not an acre fit for cultivation; but the beauty of which equals the Lake of Lucerne. I retured from Douglas to the Fraser river, and proceeded eighty miles to Hope on the Southern road to Cariboo, to Simmilkameen and Lake Akanagon, and the Kotanie pass, where the late gold discoveries were made. In the year 1858 Hope had 1500 inhabitants, now there are only five or six families, the head of one being the Church of England clergyman: a man of rare ability, and who has done much for the country by his pen. There I first saw Indian graves, salmon cribs, and Indian winter houses.

The Indians bury their dead on the most beautiful part of the river, and a figure, the size of life, is placed on each grave in full dress, with their canoes raised on posts, and the figure has hat and gloves, and the real gun of the deceased, his best canoe, the skin of his horse, his blanket, and other property, and all remain in perfect safety, protected by the reverance of the Indian and the fear of the white man; for the most gentle native would take fearful vengeance on the desecrator of a grave. On some graves are carvings of eagles, beavers, or crocodiles, very well executed.

The cribs of dried salmon are high up in the pine trees, thirty or forty feet up, almost inaccessible, thus preserved from year to year.

The winter house is an hole dug six feet deep in the ground, covered with earth like a root house, and a hole in the middle for the smoke: they are with great propriety called sweat houses. There are also smaller ones used by their doctors for curing diseases. These Indians are much more clever and mechanical than ours, and I think shew traces of Chinese descent.

There is a very neat English church at Hope. In fact all over the colony churches and clergymen have preceeded population.

Protestant Bishop Hills, Catholic Bishop Demers, from Quebec, and their clergy, with the old pioneers of the Methodists and Presbyterians, all have been early in the field and have superior and able men.

The Anglican Bishop of British Columbia (Hills) is a most excellent and really remarkable man—a total abstainer, by the way. His friends in England are very influential and have assisted him munificently, even to a magnificent grand piano for the school at New Westminster, and a fine bell for the church.

In 1862 Bishop Hills visited Cariboo himself, and spent three months in the woods, and never slept in a house even when near a settlement, as, like St. Paul, "he would not be chargeable to any man." This very day I received a paper with an account of a temperance meeting in Windsor, England, where Bishop Hills spoke and gave great credit to the Temperance Association in Vacouver and British Columbia for their efforts and success with the Indians.

From Hope I went up as far as Yale, twelve miles, a very well selected, rising place at the head of navigation, with the most go-a-head, enterprising men, women, and clergymen in British Columbia. To Mr. Landvoight, Mr. Sutton, and their wives and a French Canadian agent of the Hudson Bay Company, Mr. Dallair, I can never be sufficiently grateful. Ten such people are worth a thousand ordinary settlers in any land.

There I took a mule and rode over the mountain to the forks of the Thompson river, about ten miles, and saw the famous Sailor bar, Yankee bar, Chapman bar, and many others from which so much gold has been taken, and where the Chinese still work in hundreds. I saw the washing, panning, cradling, the sluices, dals, and water-works all along the river to the north of the Thompson, and have examined the wonderful roads that the government were making around the highest and most desperate bluffs and curves of the Fraser, and over the most stupendous mountains; and all these, fortunately, in the direct route to the Rocky Mountains, a part of the great road to Canada. Having there satisfied myself that I had seen all I could see, I returned

by the mountain passes, and Yale and Hope to New Westminster, to attend a meeting of the people which had been called on the subject of grievances.

The colonists were most anxious that I should go to England as their delegate, to endeavour to get British Columbia disunited from Vancouver, and to obtain a constitution and government for themselves. This has been granted by the Home Government. Governor Seymour has fulfilled their expectations, is consulting the feelings and wishes of the people, and the colony is making rapid strides in wealth and happiness, greatly to his honour and their profit.

Now having given you an outline of my personal experiences from Canada round the Continent to the Thompson river, it only remains to sketch the route from Yale over the Rocky Mountains due east to Canada.

I have brought a map to show a peculiarity of the Fraser and Columbia rivers. From their source they run a certain distance eastwards, and curve round till they run due west to the Pacific; inside that circle is the famous Cariboo district, over 400 miles from the coast, and about 100 miles north-eastwards brings you to the Rocky Mountains. To reach the favourite pass, you leave the Tête-Jaune-Câche, and come by the Leather pass to Jasper House, to Fort Edmonton on the east slope, and so on to the Red river.

The survey and reports of Captain Palliser have demonstrated that there are other and better passes, and that there is no real obstacle in the way of a road—nature having provided for a railway. Ox carts have frequently crossed without difficulty, and troops of emigrants go over with their cattle. The land immediately on either side of the mountains is all rough and never will be worth cultivating, and the climate is severe and liable to great storms, but as you descend to the eastward the country of the Assiniboine, the valley of the Saskatchewan, and the Red River settlement, the land becomes equal to ours, and offers a home to sixty or eighty millions of people, and it is for us now to legislate and act so as to give Canada the transit and supply for this great region.

I have the journal of a Mr. Mackenzie who passed over this country in 1862 on foot, who saw large tracts of the best of land and is satisfied of the great value of the gold fields. I have just seen Mr. Schwieger who passed over it in 1864, and who corroborates the statement, besides the reports of Dawson, Hind, and others, all proving the immense value of this district. Now I believe because of all these great resources and means of continuous advancement, we should desire to unite the British provinces from Halifax to Vancouver's. With no adverse or dangerous climate, no cypress swamp or yellow fever; in the same parallel of latitude, or when they run further north with an isothermal line that gives the climate of 40° to latitude 49°, Providence seems to have arranged for the future support of a great nation, with all the natural elements of strength, longevity, and success.

We hear much now of amalgamation, but remember you, who are historians, that no aboriginal, normal race, ever succeeded in victorious conquest, or became a great governing power. It is a mixed race which produces a great people, a powerful nation. We possess this great advantage; we have the fair soft Saxon, the brave and hardy Celt, the old and noble Norman, the proud and brilliant Spaniard, the magnanimous and cunning Aborigines, the musical and spiritual African, and meet on the Pacific the ingenious and patient Chinese, so with the combined blood of every race, the unrivalled treasures of the earth, and abundant material for manufactures, what can hinder our onward progress? Nothing, unless we yield to party jealousy or strife, or that most fearful and unchristian of all evils—war! Having the entrepôt of goods from the east and west, the fine textures of Europe, the tea and spices, the ornamental wood and ivory of China, and Japan, and all the Islands of the sea, while we ourselves supply the southern and eastern world with timber, ships, machinery, and all heavy manufactures in iron, copper, and wood, should we not become the fathers of a race as far above Tubal Cain as his day is distant from ours.

Federal Unions have been successful as experiments; ours is a necessity. We have been coming to a dead lock. We have but

little good land left this side of Lake Superior, let us open up this country which, I say, the North West Company *never could have owned, for when they obtained their charter it belonged to France.* I say our only hope of having great cities here like Montreal, of being great ship owners and carriers of goods, of being a commercial and maritime power, is to unite the country from sea to sea, settle the valleys I have named, and hoist the banner of *Peace and Free Trade* with the world. We have water power in Canada worth more than the coal fields we lack, for the great quantity of coal needed is to drive machinery. I may just say that I hold in my hands letters from British Columbia shewing that they are ripe and anxious for Federation, Free Trade, and Reciprocity, as any party in Canada. But the clock admonishes me that I must close.

But my young friends, sound Christian education, self-reliance, self-help, mutual improvement, and a determination to work, with sober temperate habits are the main requirements, the real working capital necessary to bring out the vast natural resources God has given us—that God without whom nothing is good, great, or successful. You have avowed yourselves Christian, you have pledged yourselves to improvement,—go on impressed with a sense of your responsibility for the future of this great country—your impress for good or evil will be left upon it. Your habits of thought and action will make the character of your children; if you be sober, industrious, wise, and God-fearing, Canada will be prosperous, noble, and free, and stand as high for virtue and moral worth as she does for beauty and strength.

I said at the outset that I am not scientific, neither am I a poet, but I crave your permission to close in the language of one who is both a scholar and a poet:— Longfellow

Tell me not in mournful numbers
Life is but an empty dream,
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal—

Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
  Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment and not sorrow,
  Is our destined end or way,
But to live that each to-morrow
  Finds us further than to-day.

Art is long and time is fleeting,
  And our hearts though stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating
  Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
  In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle—
  Be a hero in the strife.

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant,
  Let the dead past bury its dead;
Act, act in the living present,
  Heart within and God o'erhead.

Lives of great men all remind us
  We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
  Foot-prints on the sands of time.

Foot-prints that perhaps another
  Sailing o'er life's troubled main—
Some forlorn and shipwrecked brother—
  Seeing, may take heart again.

Let us then be up and doing
  With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
  Learn to labour and to wait.

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