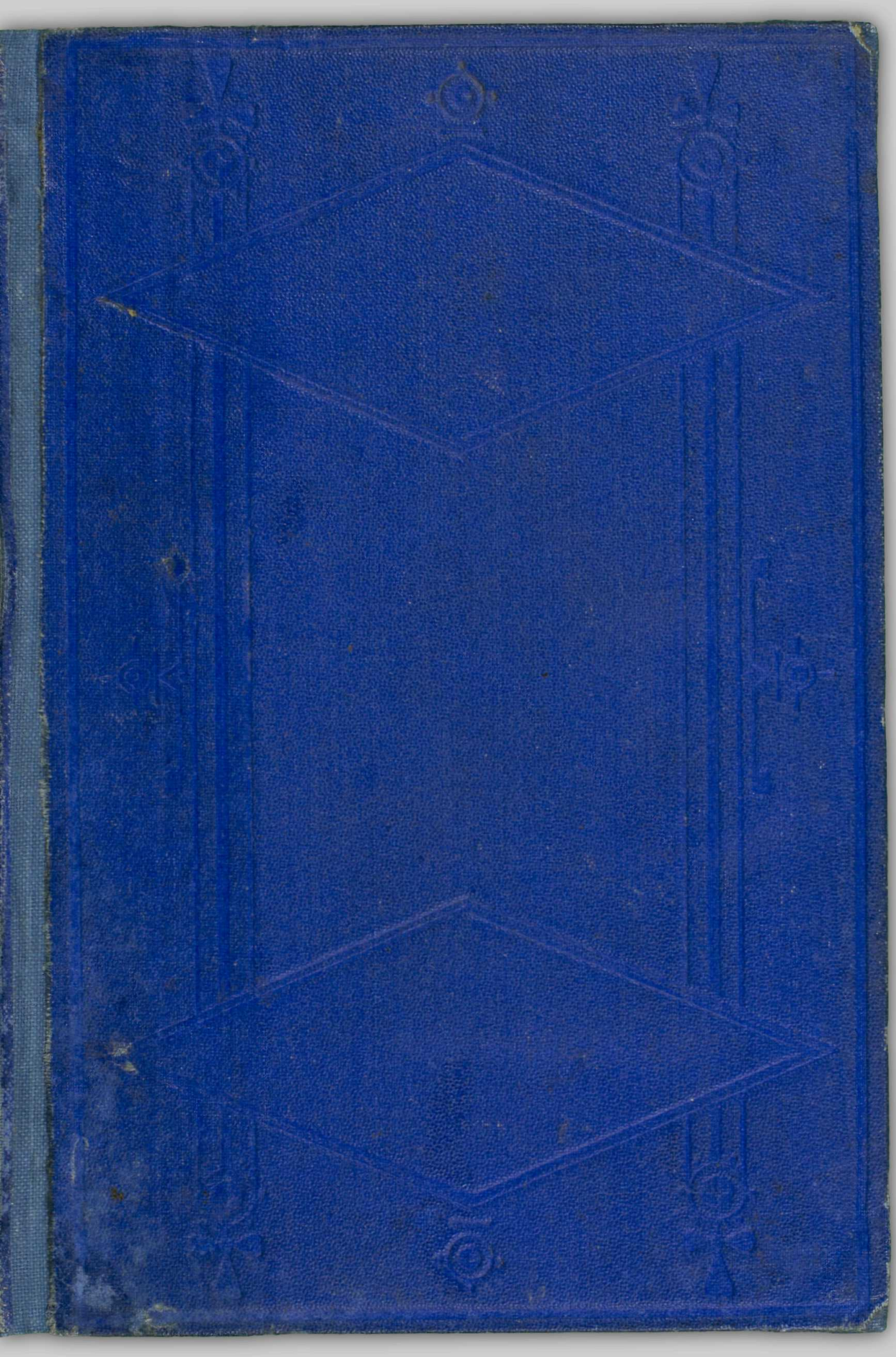

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JOURNAL OF THE JOURNEY

OF

His Excellency

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA

FROM

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA,

TO

BRITISH COLUMBIA

AND BACK.

LONDON:
WEBSTER & LARKIN, 60, PICCADILLY.

1877.

Journal of the Journey

FROM

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA,

TO

BRITISH COLUMBIA

AND BACK.

MONDAY, JULY 31, 1876.—Left Government House, 10.30 a.m. The party consisted of the Governor-General and the Countess of Dufferin, Colonel Littleton, Secretary, and Military Secretary, Captain Ward and Captain Hamilton, A.D.C.'s, Mr. Campbell, Private Secretary, Miss Alexander, ladies' maid, Mr. Nowell, John and George, servants. We travel in a Pullman car, with two drawing rooms. Their Excellencies occupy one, Miss Alexander another, and the three gentlemen the main body. The domestic economy of the car is presided over by a coloured gentleman named Brown. Mr. Reynolds

has provided us with a beautiful little kitchen, some home-made bread, &c., while we ourselves have laid in a compact little store of potted meats, eggs, cream, and other delicacies; a large deal box is fitted on the platform outside the end of the car as an ice cellar, but the uninitiated imagine it has been invented to hold her Excellency's smartest costume. As, however, we have an enormous luggage-van allotted to our boxes and portmanteaus, she has not been reduced to such a necessity.

At the station we found Mr. Mackenzie, the other Ministers, Reynolds, and some ladies waiting to bid us good-bye, and a guard of honour of 100 men.

The expedition is accompanied by four reporters—Mr. Stillson, from the *New York World;* Mr. St. John, from the *Globe;* Mr. Horton, from the *Mail;* and Mr. Gingras, for the French papers. The mythic and sensational being thus insured, a bold statement of fact is all that will be found in these pages.

Luncheon at Prescott, where we also intercept the English mail. Letters, announcing the engagement of Gawen Hamilton, Esq., Lady Dufferin's brother, to Miss Beaumont, daughter of Sir George Beaumont. We telegraph our united blessing to the happy man.

Mr. Ward, the terror of impostors, discovers in the train a person of questionable appearance calling himself Lord Lovat, but who certainly is not the

Simon Fraser familiar to the Colonel and his Excellency.

At 4.30 p.m. a missive is received from the *World* reporter, revealing the existence of a young lady very dear to him, whom he would like to take with him on his tour, if the Countess would "matronize" her. She should give no trouble, would not ask to enter Lady Dufferin's car, and he himself would put her safely to bed every night in the cot immediately above his own. A Council of War is held. Lady D. sternly opposed to the whole arrangement; the A.D.C.'s suggest that her two sisters should be invited to accompany her, and be "matronized" on the same terms. This idea does not find favour with the elders, and the reporter is told that he must travel in single blessedness.

At 5 o'clock, tea is got ready under the auspices of the whole party. Disputes arise as to whether one or whether two extra spoonfuls of tea should go to the pot. Never was a kettle better watched or longer before it boiled. Five splendid cups of tea ultimately produced. Great things are prophesied of the cooking department.

At 8 o'clock, reach Cobourg, and sup. *She* is not on the platform. Disappointment of Mr. Ward. 9 p.m. Cypher telegram from Mr. Mackenzie. Four of the party retire to a private apartment to translate it.

Can make nothing of it. After two hours' study, her Excellency is called in, to whom the document renders up its secrets.

11.45.—Arrive at Toronto. Meet Mr. Moody.

12 o'clock.—Bed, and spasms of sleep.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 1.—We awake to find ourselves leaving Sarnia, and being carried in the train and in our beds to the American side. We land in the country of the Stars and Stripes, and begin to feel hungry. We dress, and we put up the nocturnal arrangements which disfigure our drawing-room, put down the tables in the place of the beds, and prepare a breakfast for which we have all good appetites. Invisible somewhere, Mr. Nowell is boiling water for the tea. Audible, at the other end of the car, Mr. Ward stands, watch in hand, boiling eggs, and calling to us, anxious hearers, "One minute," "Two minutes," "Three minutes," "Three minutes and a-half, done!" and done to a turn, too. Then we have pâté de foie gras, and potted veal pie, and Devonshire cream, and jam, and the most delicious home-made bread and butter, and very good tea, and we highly approve our meal.

Our first station was Detroit, where a Mr. Brush came to see his Excellency, and where we walked about for twenty minutes. After this we read, and

felt very hot, and were covered with dust. Fred Hamilton's face being for a large portion of the day a rival to Mr. Brown's complexion. We lunched at Marshall, and, getting into our car again, suffered from this plague of dust till we neared Lake Michigan; then we had a delightful fresh breeze for half an hour, while we sat by the open window and watched the Chicagoans bathe.

A telegram or two, a Pullman Car Co. Superintendent, and an hotel steward, met us here; but I forgot to say that we had a "high tea" on board—as good as the breakfast. Then we drove to the Palmer House, and found that Mr. Palmer, who was delighted to see "Mr. and Mrs. Dufferin," had given them his own magnificent rooms, statues, pictures, satins, embroideries, carving; all are to be found in our apartments, but Miss Alexander expressed some of our own sentiments when she said that "When one comes in dusty and tired, one does not want to be bothered with all this."

Mr. Palmer insisted upon sending up some supper, which no one but Mr. Ward was prepared to eat, and unluckily he was in his bath when it was served. We all sat and looked at it, and refused the dishes until at last we were ashamed of our want of politeness, and promising the black waiters that Mr. Ward would eat everything, we retired from the dining-room.

His Excellency being "very tired and sleepy," went out for "five minutes" with Col. L. and Capt. H.; they all strayed into a theatre, and were rather longer than five minutes. The Count de Turenne, who was in the hotel, called upon us and remained until his Excellency's return. Bed and sleep.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 2.—(Voluntary contribution by an unknown friend.)

Even Royal Nibs and Nibbesses, even gallant military gentlemen must live, and we abuse no confidence when we state that the interesting visitors who last night honoured the Palmer House with their presence did condescend to breakfast there this morning; the already brilliant company was rendered still more aristocratic by the presence of the Count de Turenne, a gentleman who entertained the party with moving anecdotes of personal adventure.

The time for departure came; it was easy to see, as the Countess left the House, that she had been in the Hotel of a gallant American, for a lovely bouquet was in her hand, and a basket of splendid fruit was to be smelt somewhere around.

With his usual urbanity his Excellency smiled upon all, and as the carriage bore him to the station he, we have no doubt, carried with him a most profound admiration for Chicago, and for the Palace

(From the Chicago Times.)

COULDN'T FIND THE DUFFER IN.

Late on yesterday afternoon his excellency, the governor general of Canada, the Earl Dufferin, and his suite, arrived in Chicago by the Michigan Central Railroad. The party at once drove to the Palmer house where they removed their stain of travel and shortly after satisfied the demands of appetite.

At a proper time, after his excellency had finished his vesperian cigar, a TIMES reporter crawled up the main corridor of the Palmer house, and prostrated himself before the ruby-haired divinity who guards the mysteries of the office. For a time no notice was paid to the object reporter, the youth with the pryrotechnical cranium being engaged in renovating his finger nails. In a languid manner he took the reporter's card, and after spelling at the name, breathed a low and sad-toned whistle which was responded to by a sable citizen, and the card was dispatched on its journey. The answer was disheartening: His excellency had retired, and the groom of the bed-chamber had told the 'squire of the mosquito bar that H. E. couldn't be seen. Four cards were wasted in a vain endeavor to find some of the suit up, but they had all turned in early, probably to save gas. Finally one of the newspaper squad which is attached to the party of the G. G. like a tail to a kite, to keep the whole thing steady, turned up, and the following facts were brought out:

The objective point which his excellency is aiming is British Columbia, and he will approach it via San Francisco. The party will leave Chicago this morning at 10:30 by the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad, travelling in the special car in which they left Ottawa. The journey will be broken by a very few stops, the countess of Dufferin being indisposed. It is probable that a halt will be made at Ogden long enough to allow Lord Dufferin to visit Brighan Young at Salt Lake City. Even he may be cut out of the programme, as it is understood that the countess rather objects to her hubby going to see that "nausty" man.

From San Francisco the party will "take a trip in a government ship" to Victoria, the capital of British Columbia. At this point the cutter will remain, while the Earl will do a little running around among the boys. About a month will be spent in this manner and then the party will return, reaching the east some time in October. If his money holds out, the earl will go to the centennial.

The party consists of his excellency the governor general of Canada, the earl of Dufferin, the countess of Dufferin, Colonel the Hon E. Littleton, Military Secretary of Canada; Capts. Ward and Hamilton, aids de camp; William Campbell, private secretary; E. E. Horton, *Toronto Mail;* and M. St. John, *Toronto Globe*.

in which he had reposed his travel-stained face. Mr. Forrest and his lovely daughters were at the depôt to say "Adieu" to the distinguished party, and many were the smiles and nods interchanged by platform and car before the carriage left her moorings. We passed through miles of the flattest country imaginable, but very fertile. The chief product being Indian corn, grown in such quantities that we wondered where the population could be that would consume so large a quantity; on inquiry we found that it was chiefly used as food for pigs and for fuel. We passed a few wooded valleys, which, after the monotony of the flat country, were a great relief to the eye, and by comparison appeared lovely. Towards evening the Pullman car conductor informed us that we were nearing the Mississippi River, and we consequently went to the platform at the end of the car to obtain the best view of this mighty stream whose banks, at the point where we crossed on a light looking iron bridge, are composed of yellow clay, giving the stream itself the colour and appearance of pea soup. After a cup of tea and a rubber of whist Mr. Brown made the beds, and we all endeavoured to sleep.

AUGUST 3.—Breakfasted this morning in the Hotel car, which could hardly be considered a

success, the heat excessive, no air or ventilation. Our own breakfast arrangements very superior.

Mr. Brown in a decidedly better humour this morning, having made up for last night by a good breakfast, and having bullied the white waiters to his heart's content.

About 9.30 we sighted the Missouri, and after a little delay at Council Bluffs, consequent on transferring the other passengers and baggage to the vehicles of the Union Pacific Railway, we crossed the river on a fine iron bridge to Omaha. The Missouri is of a pea soupy colour, and by no means picturesque. After removing some of our travel stains we spent the remainder of the forenoon in repose. After luncheon, their Excellencies went for a drive, and his Excellency took a sketch from a bluff behind the town. The remainder basked in the shade, and rested generally.

Omaha is well situated on a bluff above the river, and consequent on being the junction of several lines of railway, and with fine country behind it, is increasing rapidly in prosperity and size. The most striking building is the Post Office, which is very good.

A loyal Canadian, yclept Mr. S. Howell, filled with patriotism at his Ex.'s arrival, resolved himself into a deputation, wrote an address, and presented

(From Omaha Daily Herald.)

ROYALTY.

—o—

Visit of a Distinguished English Nobleman to Omaha.

—o—

Lord Dufferin Governor General of Canada and his Suite.

—o—

THE HERALD was indebted to D. W. Hitchcock, of the great "Burlington Route," for a special telegram from Chicago, informing us that Lord Dufferin, Governor General of Canada and his suite, would arrive in Omaha yesterday morniug, en route to San Francisco. The telegram published yesterday morning awakened a great deal of interest among the citizens, and the most stoical Democratic indifference to royalty could not restrain a little curiosity, when the distinguished gentleman arrived, to learn just what he resembled.

A HERALD representative visited the Grand Central, where the royal party had taken rooms, and endeavored to learn all that could be of interest concerning the strangers. The party consists of His Excellency the Earl of Dufferin, and Her Excellency the Countess of Dufferin, the Governor General's Secretary, Lieut.-Col, the Honorable E. G. H. Littleton and wife, Capt. F. Ward, Capt. F. Hamilton, A. D. C., and Mr. William Campbell, who is the Earl's private secretary. Two newspaper correspondents also accompany the party, Mr. C. Horton, of the Toronto *Mail*, and Mr. M. St. John, of the *Globe*, of the same city. The party left Canada at Sarnia, and entered the United States by crossing the river to Detroit. They stopped a short time at Chicago, and from there took a Pullman car over the C. B & Q., and came direct to Omaha, stopping here only for a short rest before embarking on a long journey over the Union and Central Pacific Roads to the Golden State.

The Earl of Dufierin is an English gentleman, whose family dates back to the time of the Williams', and are at present among the strongest of the Queen's supporters. He is a very dignified, elegantly appearing gentleman, very intelligent and well cultured. The Countess, who accompanies him, and seems to regard him with the greatest affection, is much younger than her lord, and 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 afternoon 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.

The Earl has occupied the position of the Governor General of the Canadian Provinces for upwards of four years. His salary is very large according to our ideas of civil service compensation, his individual salary being $250,000 a year, while a special compensation is allowed for secretaries and servants, several of whom make more than the President of the United States, and yet we want to reduce his salary to one half the present amount.

The object of the visit of this distinguished party combines both pleasure and business. It is his first visit to this part of the United States, and he chose to pass over our soil upon the greatest railroad in the world and meet an English frigate at San Francisco, which will take him to British Columbia, a province in his jurisdiction. He is there to spend a month making the acquaintance of the people, and encouraging their industries and hurrying up the construction of the Canadian Pacific railroad. He is also desirous of getting an insight into the actual condition of the Sioux Indian warfare and learn whether his borders are really in danger of the hostile invasion. He leaves for the west on the Union Pacific express to-day and will not stop until he reaches San Francisco.

himself to Colonel Littleton, and was told to attend with his deputation in the evening, which he did, and presenting his address, received a gracious reply. There are some forty odd Canadians in Omaha, so he said.

In the evening, Mr. Chase, the Mayor, an ex-officer of the U.S. Army, called on his Excellency and gave an interesting account of his connection with Omaha. He arrived by river from the South before the railway was built, and liking the situation of the place, thinking it promised well for the future, settled himself, and has had every reason to be glad of his choice.

Weather very hot during day, but deliciously cool in the evening. They generally get their hottest weather here in the latter part of the summer.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 4.—This day is remarkable from the fact that "Sitting Bull" joined the party. He was introduced by Capt. Ward, and is of prepossessing appearance, in spite of the fact that he has only one eye, and that his nose is of a brilliant hue.

We heard in the morning that some of the party had passed very bad nights owing to the noise occasioned by the fire engine, &c., going to a fire

that had been in the town. Miss Alexander appears to have been the principal sufferer. Mr. Brown says he was not disturbed. We left Omaha at twelve (noon) in a very long train. We had on board 100,000 fish (shad), which we stopped to water occasionally. We had lunch at Fremont, and supped at Grand Island—both very good.

Mr. Campbell was seen gambling in the train, and seems to have made acquaintance with some questionable characters whose history will appear in to-morrow's journal.

This day's journey was made through the Platte valley, which is very fertile.

Mr. Levitt appeared again on the scene.

SATURDAY, 5.—We all had good nights, and some of us did not even awake when the grasshoppers stopped the train, and when the engine puffed and panted for half an hour in a vain endeavour to start over their oily corpses (a fact vouched for by those who did awake).

Our first out-look in the morning, was upon a desolate plain of dull-coloured grass, broken up by rocky mounds; but later in the day, the scenery became more picturesque, the grass greener, the rocks redder and more curious in shape, and a few trees growing round them helped to give them the appear-

ance of ruined castles; the air was quite delicious, and some people found it most exhilarating.

We had a good breakfast, and tried a potted partridge in addition to the other delicacies we have with us.

Her Excellency was a victim this morning to her husband's jokes, and to the horse-play of a Pullman bed. His Ex. brought in a beautiful green, clear, stone, and giving it to Lady D., told her she was on the Alkali Plains, and that he had brought her a specimen of the alkali. She seized it with delight, but after washing off the dust, and tasting it, her natural intelligence came to the front, and she pronounced it "Glass!" She had just announced this fact to the company, when a blow on her head startled her, and she found the upper berth had fallen upon her. Grand *coup de théâtre!!*

We lunched at Cheyenne, and his Ex. was called upon by the Governor of the Territory, Mr. Thayer.

At Sherman, we reached the highest point to which the train ascends, 8,260 feet. Soon after leaving this station, we cross a horrible, sideless, skeleton bridge, over a ravine.

We feel very much as if we were at sea. The wind blows and whistles round us, carries off two hats, and actually assails our precious kettle as it stands boiling our water, and lands its lid upon the

track of the U. P. Railroad. Happily a station is near, and the lid is rescued.

To-day we have seen four antelope, prairie dogs, and gophers. Whist in the evening, a great deal of guide book read, work, novels, drawing, smoking, jumping out at small stations, attempts at getting a run on the prairie, etc., etc., etc.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 6.—Got up at no particular hour, our progress west having demoralized time. An excellent breakfast—fried sole, fresh out of the pot, and broiled beef. The first things seen were the curious buttes at Green River Station. Green River itself being the first river we had crossed flowing westwards. A menagerie of mountain lions, pumas, &c., as well as moss agates. These wonders we only enjoyed by report, being still in bed when we passed them. Mr. Campbell, startled by the energetic language of a fellow-traveller, who, in pure politeness, warned him that the mountain lion, if he got a chance, would soon scratch his d——d face. Mr Campbell was very much minded to punch the gentleman's head for thus qualifying his physiognomy, which would have been a very uncivil recognition of his intended courtesy.

All the morning passing through a desert plateau of sand and sage. Even "Sitting Bull" began to

look depressed. At last the Umtah peaks peeped up blue and white above the prairie sky line. Lunched at Evanston, and were waited upon for the first time by Chinamen, very neat and mild. General McDowell introduced himself. He is on his way to take up military command of the Pacific Slope. Passed some bright-dressed Indian squaws squatting about.

Begun the real descent of the Rocky Mountains through Echo Cañon. For the most part of the way her Ex. and I sat on the platform at the end of the train whence we had a very good view of the queer shaped rows of red-coloured bluffs which rise on the right hand, the gorge on the left sloping upward in softer lines. Passed the Devil's Slide, and some odd water-worn pinnacles, which shot straight up out of a grassy slope.

Invited General McDowell to tea, and introduced him afterwards to the pleasures of the platform. We observed all the gentlemen standing about with a single trouser pocket well-behind the right hip. All trousers are thus constructed on the Pacific with a view to holding a pistol. The gentlemen we saw, however, only carried pocket-books in theirs.

Reached a picturesque valley, surrounded by serrated ranges of Alp-like hills.

As we advanced into Mormondom, houses were

pointed out as being the homes of five and six-fold domestic bliss. Between six and seven reached Ogden, a Mormon town, where we had arranged to sleep. The Colonel, Mr. Campbell, and his Excellency repaired to the Weber River and bathed before dinner. A very good dinner. Sat out on the platform afterwards speculating on the merits of Mormonism.

At ten to bed, frightfully hot rooms, partially infested by mosquitoes.

MONDAY, AUGUST 7.—His Excellency and the Colonel bathed. The former bought Mormon literature, and sat in the sun till the afternoon, when he and Lady D. drove up the Ogden Cañon, and heard some Polygamatical gossip from the driver. The Colonel did accounts. The boys sunned themselves. Nowell swindled a man out of a drive to town by representing himself as a voter, and when there, bought a tea-pot in some new and extraordinary manner, which resulted in his paying a dollar, but the seller of the tea-pot only receiving in its lieu some "other fellow's" I.O.U.

At 6.15., we all left Ogden, in a new private car; travelled along the borders of that salt and wifey lake, were invaded by mosquitoes, and went supperless to bed.

(Communicated by a Good Samaritan.)

TUESDAY, AUGUST 8.—We awoke on a scene of the utmost desolation. Alkali plains and treeless buttes our sole landscape ; on both, nothing but sage brush growing. Their Excellencies tried the breakfast at Elko, but the flies and the food drove them back to the car, supplies from which, with the aid of Mr. Reynolds' kitchen, a good breakfast can always be procured.

The reporters gave an account of their visit to Salt Lake City. They are unanimous in denouncing Brigham as an "old fraud," and are much disgusted with all they saw (admirable young men). Stillson, of the *N. Y. World*, had rather an amusing interview with Brigham. When the Prophet heard his name, he said, "Let me see—Stillson —ah, hum—I *think* I once married a lady of that name, but really it was so long ago, I quite forget all about her family." Her memory had evidently been lost in the sweet succession of loving wives, and it is doubtful whether Brigham would have recognised her if he met her in the street.

Heard by telegraph of the arrival of H.M.S. *Amethyst* at Frisco, placed at his Excellency's disposal. One day may thus be summed up. Employment: reading, working, smoking, eating (bad food). Personal experiences: heat, alkali, dust, and general discomfort. Cool evening.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 9.—(Copied by the Good Samaritan.)

Having washed off the dust and made ourselves as smart as possible, we prepared to "land." At a small station near "Frisco," Captain Chatfield, the Consul, and Mr. Walkem came "all aboord." We left the cars at Oaklands, and got into a large ferry steamer, which took us over to San Francisco. We drove to the "Palace Hotel," an enormous place. It is built round a court, and its four walls are bending under a mass of stars and stripes. We looked at our rooms, and then took a walk through the streets, but oh! it was so cold—such a wind.

Captain Chatfield dined with us, and we went to the play and saw the *Geneva Cross.* (Volunteered by the Good Samaritan, who begs to say that, if people will leave their journal unwritten for a fortnight, they must expect to have it very stupidly done at the end of that time.)

THURSDAY, AUGUST 10.—Breakfasted in the enormous eating-room; were very glad of a fire in our sitting-room and received several visits there in the morning. Fred Hamilton went to the *Amethyst,* and at one, the rest of the party drove to the Cliff House. They looked in at Woodhouse Gardens and

examined the Aquarium, and then proceeded through the park to the great sight of San Francisco.

The day was lovely, and they were delighted with all they saw—the sea lions basking in the sun and climbing over the rocks? the pelicans combing their feathers and diving in the sea; the oysters, and the "Porter House steak" for lunch.

General McDowell dined with us, and we went to see an absurd piece called *Brass.* It required that to put it on the stage, but it amuses through its intense folly.

(Volunteered by the Good Samaritan—the reader is referred to note at the foot of August 9.)

FRIDAY, AUGUST 11.—The luggage went on board the *Amethyst* early, and a smaller edition only was retained till three, at which hour uniform was to be put on, and every bag, box, and parcel was to be sent off.

The Colonel suffered a moment's agony, when he discovered that his uniform-trousers were at Ottawa, but like a true soldier he was ready for an emergency, and somehow or other (with the aid of a tailor, perhaps), when the moment for full dress arrived, he was at his post, and in a pair of the necessary red-striped garments.

Their Excellencies visited Mr. Bradford's pictures, and received Mrs. Breeze—an old Killyleagh friend—they also saw Dr. Breeze and Mr. Keown, and had a visit from a certain old man, "Hans Ferguson," who had been called after "Hans Lord Dufferin," and who had gone to sea with Lady D.'s grandfather. He has been mining for 45 years, and talks of returning home now.

Their Excellencies took a walk in the town, and his Excellency remained out till it was time to leave the Hotel. While he was out the Staff put on their uniforms, and were all gloved, booted, and spurred—the servants gone, and we just ready to start, when I peeped into his Excellency's room, and discovered an enormous bath sponge unpacked!

Fred and I were in despair over it; we ungloved, and wrung it, and squeezed it, and reduced it to the smallest possible compass, and then we did not know what to do with it. Could her Excellency, in State, could the A.D.C. in uniform, carry a vulgar paper parcel? Could we march on board Her Majesty's ship *Amethyst* with the consciousness of a damp unwieldy sponge about us? No! drops of water oozed through the paper, and stood upon our anxious brows at the very idea. Happy thought! push the sponge up the arm of his Excellency's fur coat and carry it so!—"True, it *might* drop out just

as the salute is being fired—it *does* look rather gouty for the arm of an empty coat—but, still, what better place can we find for it."

This brilliant idea was carried out. His Excellency came in, and was informed that on no account must he attempt to put on his fur coat. But the despotic ruler of the Canadian Dominion declared that not for all the sponges of the sea would he consent to be cold with a fur coat at hand, and that after all we must submit to a vulgar newspaper parcel.

We did up the swelling, perspiring, unruly sponge as neatly as possible, and had just stuck the last pin into the elegant folds of the paper, when a shriek proceeded from the dressing-room, and this time the autocrat himself rushed in with another sponge, nail-brush, tooth-brush, powder-box, the whole paraphernalia of forgotten washing properties. The parcel swelled and looked quite pompous in its vulgarity, but it was lent the shelter of the fur coat, at any rate till we got to the boat; there it was received (still folded in the fur embrace) with respect, by a gentleman in uniform, was laid with care by his Excellency's side, and was extricated from the coat during the voyage to the ship by one of his A.D.C.'s, who, unseen by all (but the initiated and anxious) managed to leave it lying innocently upon the seat when his

Excellency stepped on board the *Amethyst*, whence it was conveyed to the proper quarter by one of Her Majesty's seamen.

Captain Chatfield has had a very nice cabin fitted up for their Excellencies, with an angle beyond for the maid. We are at anchor, and the pictures on the walls, the bright chintz, etc., all look very nice.

We dined, and played whist, and expect to be very jolly!

SATURDAY, AUGUST 12.—"A change comes o'er the spirit of our dream!" It appears to us that the Pacific is a nasty ocean. We get on deck. We lie about—we doze—we undoubtedly look wretched—we *don't* go down to dinner.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 13.—The Pacific is even a nastier ocean than we imagined; the most unflattering and opprobrious terms may be applied to it. Some people never get up at all. Some crawl on deck. Only one of the party pretends to be well. Pitching and tossing—heads or tails?

MIDNIGHT.—Their Excellencies awoke by the groans of Alexander, who makes her way to the Captain's cabin, declaring she can no longer stand the screw which thumps just underneath her bed.

The Captain is not awoke by the invasion, and she lies down on the floor there till after he leaves his room in the morning.

MONDAY, AUGUST 14.—Most people better. Get on deck. Lady D. lies in a cot, in a tent made of sails and flags, but still there are few at dinner.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 15.—At last, things look better. We begin to move about, and to look about, and see the great rocks which stand up from the sea along the coast. About 3, we arrive at Cape Flattery, and directly after passing it, we get into smooth water and into the sunshine. Before us, we see a splendid snow-capped range of mountains.

We reach Esquimault at nine. The screw ceases, and we have a delightful, quiet night.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 16.—The mail steamer, by which the "Hon. Mr. Nowell, and the Hon. Mr. Day, A.D.C.'s to his Ex. the Governor-General,"* are coming, is two days late, and people were beginning to be anxious about her, when she arrived just in time for the reporters to see our reception at Victoria.

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* *Note by* EDITOR.—It was thus two of the servants were described in the list of passengers.

A bustling morning, people coming on board, messages flying about, and at last an arrangement for us to land at 1 o'clock.

1 o'clock. The Staff go ashore in one boat, the yards manned, and their Excellencies and the Commodore start in another, and remain a little way from the ship, while the salute is fired.

Land on the Wharf, exchange civilities with Sir James Douglas.

For all particulars of the procession *vide* newspapers.

Suffice it to say that Victoria accorded us a "magnificent welcome;" that there were arches, flags, evergreens, carriages, riders, ribbons, bands, soldiers, brilliant green archers, flowers, a beautiful collection of gaily ornamented canoes, an address, a little difference of opinion about a motto under which his Excellency refused to drive, a few groans for Mackenzie, a number of young girls at the door of Government House, a few adieux, a little lunch, and then we were left to examine our new house and household. We made acquaintance with Ah Sam, our Chinese cook, and then sat in the garden, looked at Mount Baker and the other mountains, eat splendid cherries, dined alone, and went to bed well tired.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 17.—His Excellency argu-

The Commoc

again; had an hour's sermon, a very great deal of singing and an anthem.

The Freds lunched with Mrs. Roscoe.

(All this is contributed by the Good Samaritan.)

ing with different people from 10 to 5. Then we took a drive, went under the obnoxious arch, and round Beacon Hill. Captain Chatfield came to stay with us, and Sir Matthew Begbie dined. He seemed a little restless in the evening, and his disquiet was explained when voices appealing to "Maggie" were heard, and while I made my way to an open window in the right direction, he slipped out, and joining his deep voice to those already in the gardens added his bass entreaty to "Maggie" to "do" or to "dont," whatever it was.

Of course, we captured the fair songstresses and brought all the serenaders in to tea. Sir Matthew is a gigantic Chief Justice, and this had been a little arrangement of his.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 18.—We all feel very cold here, and have fires, and the Victorians do stare, for they think their climate perfect.

Her Excellency was rather ill all day, and every one else *very* busy.

A dinner party in the evening. Lt.-Governor and Mrs. Richards. Mr. and Mrs. Bunster,

[redacted] Macdonalds, Roscoes, Elliots, were the other guests.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 19.—His Excellency talking from 10 till 7. Having given up all hope of getting him out, at five o'clock her Excellency, the Commodore, and the Freds went a drive up the Gorge.

At 8 there was a Drawing-room in the Parliament Buildings—*vide* newspapers. Captain Ward, who is generally the Pink of Propriety, is reported to have almost misbehaved, when he was required, without notice, and in a loud voice to proclaim the names of the Chinamen who presented themselves—"Chock Fan," "Chu Lai," "Kum Shooing," "Low Sye," "Chow Quong." There was a difficulty about carriages, and some people arrived so late that their Excellencies were obliged to return to the reception-room a second time to receive the late comers. Some did not get there at all.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 20.—Rain, church, much singing, a very quickly read sermon, lunch, a walk. The Commodore and the Captain went to church again; had an hour's sermon, a very great deal of singing and an anthem.

The Freds lunched with Mrs. Roscoe.

(All this is contributed by the Good Samaritan.)

MONDAY, AUGUST 21.—Interviewers till one—then a short walk, and at 2 his Excellency, Col. Littleton, and Captain Ward shut themselves up with a frantic deputation. They had no lunch, and expected to be kept in debate about half an hour, instead of which it was six o'clock before the fifteen malcontents left. *On dit*, that his Excellency spoke for about two hours, but as reporters were not admitted, there is no authentic information to be given upon the subject.

While this war of words was going on in the billiard-room, most peaceful arguments respecting the weather and the dust were held in the drawing-room by her Excellency, who was "at home." Mr. Hamilton was writing invitations, so, but for the kindly help of the Commodore, Lady Dufferin would have been quite alone among the Philistines. His Excellency saw the last man about seven, and it was then time to dress for dinner.

The guests were Trutches, Creases, Mr. Charles, Mrs. O'Reilly, Mrs. H. Grey, Messrs. Vernon and Smithe, and the Mayor.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 22.—Deputations and interviews till four, at which time his Excellency was free, and found, on leaving his study, that Lady Dufferin had already received half Victoria, and

was bringing the party in from the garden to the ball-room.

The croquet ground and the band there had few attractions for any one, but the dancing in the ball-room and the tea in the billiard-room were very successful.

Six Chinamen came, and seemed to enjoy themselves very much.

At 6.30 a dinner party; the Rhodes, Raymurs, Tolmies, Captain Powell, and Captain Layton dined. We afterwards went to a concert in the theatre, and the Freds went to a dance after that.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 23.—At 10 a.m., "Ah Sam" brought his wife to be presented to Lady Dufferin. She arrived in a carriage in charge of an elderly Chinese lady, who, dressed in black satin, and wearing earrings and bracelets, looked a much more suitable wife for the gentleman than the poor little infant who really holds that honourable position. She had to be supported into the room, for she can only just *toddle*, and at first she seemed incapable of even putting out her hand without help; however, she was placed in a seat, and for some moments appeared to be on the verge of tears, and half covered her face with a red silk handkerchief.

She wore her hair dressed in the height of the

Chinese fashion, and on the back of it a cap made of many coloured cut papers; earrings, rings, and bracelets adorned her; she had a blue tunic and a black satin petticoat, and tiny embroidered shoes.

We left her to recover herself while "Ah Sam" presented us with some presents he had brought—Chinese fireworks, some shell frames. and some gilt gim-cracks; then he left, and the little lady got on much better. She was quite pretty, with a bright complexion and a pretty smile, and she quite understood his Excellency's jokes respecting the different merits of her hairdressing and that of her Excellency's; told us she was sixteen, had been married a week, and had only been in Victoria three. When she left she kissed my hand, and then made a formal curtsey at the door, and was helped out of the room. His Excellency made her a little present, telling her to buy a souvenir with it.

At 12 o'clock, we started off for the "Gorge," where we saw one of the prettiest regattas possible. The place is extremely well suited for an exhibition of the kind, and the people, dotted about upon the rocks, the flags stretching across the water, and the music playing, and the sun shining, made it very gay; the great sight, however, was the Indian display. There were eighteen large canoes covered from stem to stern with flags, and filled with people, who, either

upon their faces, or in their raiment, exhibited some brilliant colour. As his Excellency rowed past them in the Commodore's boat, they jumped, and stamped, and howled in the most extraordinary fashion.

They rowed in several races; the most interesting, perhaps, being the Squaw-race—four boats full of women paddling with all their might. All these Indians have to be very handsomely paid for their exertions!

After a dinner party, which had to be cut rather short, we drove off to Esquimault, and prepared to embark in the *Amethyst.* While we were in the boat, the three men-of-war burst into an illumination. There were blue lights at the end of every yard-arm; lights in every port, and some beautiful rockets sent off.

Mr. Campbell, who has been in bed with rheumatism for the last few days, has been brought on board, and is better.

(The Good Samaritan will, for the future, only contribute his or her share.)

THURSDAY, AUGUST 24.—Steaming through lovely mountain scenery—Mount Baker everywhere showing himself—passing through narrow channels, and admiring on every side the beautiful views till four o'clock, when we anchor at Nanaimo.

We all went out fishing, and caught nothing. Out on the sea we met a boat; sailed by a "Bangor and Killyleagh-man." He told us he ran away from home as a boy. He introduced us to his daughter, and apologized for her being a "half-breed." His Excellency asked if the lady behind him was his wife, and he replied "Well, not exactly." We thought it better to make no more domestic inquiries.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 25.—His Excellency made his official landing at 10 a.m., and was well and loyally received under a canopy of evergreens, gaily decorated with flags and standing on a dais. His Excellency received the address, and having replied, the National Anthem was sung by school children. We then proceeded in carriages to the house of Mr. Bate, the Mayor, in this order — their Excellencies in the Mayor's carriage, Mr. Bate driving, Col. Littleton acting footman on the box. Captain Ward and Hamilton, with the Corporation, in an open break, drawn by four horses, following after which the remainder of the population as best they could, some in carriages, some on horseback, and the majority on foot. A heavy shower of rain did not add to our comfort. After waiting a few minutes at the Mayor's residence, we stepped into a coal

truck, altered for the occasion by the addition of seats and green baize, into a railway carriage, and were conveyed about two miles and a half to a coal mine, the shaft of which runs into the side of a hill on an inclined plain, down which we walked till we came to the first signs of coal, about 50 yards down. His Excellency and Capt. Hamilton were then taken a long scramble through forest and over rocks to see some curious carving on stone done years ago by the Indians. We returned by rail to Nanaimo, took our places in the carriages, drove to the wharf, and re-embarked on board the *Amethyst* amid cheers and a salute from four old Hudson's Bay Fort guns, which had been brought out for the occasion, and did not, fortunately, burst. Weighed anchor as soon as we were on board, viz., 1 p.m., and proceeded to Tribune Bay in Hornby's Island, where we remained for the night. At 4.30 p.m. we landed, and went by twos and threes in various directions in search of grouse. Bag, *nil.* No. of grouse seen, 7.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 26.—Our old and disagreeable friend the screw began at an early hour, 3 a.m., to disturb our dreams, and assert his right to prevent further sleep and quiet. A bright early morning; so some of the party said, though 't is rather un-

Assinaboine Bluff.

certain if they were up to see for themselves, the general opinion being that they got the information second-hand from the officer of the watch. The sun soon disappeared, and by after breakfast it had set in a wet day; we were then entering Bute Inlet, the magnificent scenery of which was almost totally spoilt by the heavy clouds and mist; still, every now and then we got glimpses of snow peaks rising seven and eight thousand feet almost perpendicularly from the sea. By noon we had reached the head of the inlet, and retraced our steps. We caught up the *Sir James Douglas* just as we turned back, and soon left her behind. The rain was most unfortunate, preventing as it did, our fairly seeing what, judging by the little we saw, must be truly grand and wonderful scenery, grander than almost anything any of us had seen before. The inlet is about a mile wide throughout, and the mountains rise in endless variety almost perpendicularly on each side, with snowy peaks and glaciers close behind and above them, here and there a cascade or waterfall adding to the picturesqueness of the scene. After reaching the entrance again we continued our journey northward through the Active Pass, a very narrow channel, where the tide rushes through as much as nine miles an hour, sometimes we found it going about four. We passed an old village of Vancouver's in a snug little sheltered bay.

An Indian village marks the spot. On through narrow channels and open spaces, dotted with numerous picturesque islands, to a snug little harbour with a very narrow entrance, so narrow that when at anchor one looked round and wondered where we had come in. We saw one or two fine bald-headed eagles ; one flapped lazily close across our bows, treating us with great indifference. The Colonel and Ward had exhausted all their ammunition at prominent walls and sea fowl, otherwise his pace might have been quickened by these unerring marksmen. An Indian had built himself a hut at the bottom of the bay, and sat perched like a bird on a rock looking at us, clad in a bright red blanket, a most picturesque object. The aforesaid blanket constituted, we found on landing to make his acquaintance, almost his entire kit, a straw hat of the shape peculiar to these people, and a "dickey" or very short shirt being the only additions he thought necessary to constitute full dress.

Fired by seeing fish leaping in every direction, two parties set out, armed with rods, spoons, flies, minnows, gaffs, and landing nets ; but though the fish—perch and trout—jumped all round us, they despised our civilised gear, preferring Mr. Indian's net, which he had stretched across the mouth of a small river, damming it up where the net would not reach. His Excellency and Fred Ward called on

Mrs. Indian, and found her in a plank hut, with daylight showing between each unfastened plank, seated with three papooses before a fire burning in the centre of the hut with no chimney, her full-dress somewhat scantier and dirtier than her husband's. Round the hut being strings of dried shell-fish, and the whole wretchedly miserable establishment had a most vile, fishy odour. The Indian, after conducting us to his habitation, returned to his perch on the rock, and when darkness set in, was still seen the same picturesque red object, though the rain had been pouring down steadily ever since our arrival. It is to be hoped some of it, for the sake of cleanliness, had soaked through his sole garment. The *Sir James Douglas* came in about seven, and left about eight for Safety Cove, our next halting-place.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 27.—We left Cameleon Harbour at a very early hour; how early I am not prepared to state, but I am prepared to state that neither Colonel Littleton's nor Captain Ward's rest was broken in the way they tried to lead us to believe it was.

Divine Service was held abaft the funnel at 10 a.m., and was attended by the whole party.

The morning was cold and rainy, but it cleared up towards evening.

Great panic was caused at luncheon by the announcement that we should have three hours' open sea in the afternoon; most of the party immediately redoubled their efforts, and called for second helps for reasons obvious to those who ever suffer from *mal de mer.*

In the afternoon we passed a nameless village, where there was a good large white house, and several Indian huts. We also saw very large flocks of geese. We arrived at Safety Cove about eight, after which we dined, and Captain Cooper came on board, and smoked a cigar in the cabin with us.

I am glad to say that no one but Miss Alexander felt the effects of the sea.

Stringent orders as to the keeping of this diary were issued by her Excellency, and, so far, have been obeyed to the letter.

MONDAY, AUGUST 28.—Readers of this journal are requested to have a very good map or chart before them as they read it. Accurate information and pleasure will then be imbibed simultaneously.

This day's journey led from Cameleon Harbour to Carter Bay.

In the morning, sailors and officers donned their swords and muskets, the doctors prepared for broken arms and legs, and soon a battle raged between our

ship and the rocks which lay along the shore. We fired shot, and we fired shell, and we spattered the sea with case-shot, and his Excellency had a go at one enemy, and the gallant Colonel went at another, but was considered a little too gentle in the manipulation of his instrument. Then we had a navigation —excitement in passing through a *very* narrow channel, less than 200 ft. wide, and when we anchored all our sporting spirits rose to boiling point. Seeing impossible hills before him, Capt. Ward said "his name was Macgregor," that his foot should be on their highest point, and that bear and deer shot by his gun should fill the ship's larder by night. Certainly, if *dress* could kill bears, bears would have died at the sight of his business-like costume.

Capt. Ward went out accompanied by a half-breed and a fellow-sportsman, and we imagined him soon in the depths of the Bush. He was shortly seen, however, creeping round the edge of the water, having shot a *goose*, and having given up the mountains, the deer, and the bear for the sake of this uneatable bird.

The Commodore's boat caught no fish, but he and his Excellency distinguished themselves by walking to the top of a waterfall, getting very wet, having very hard work, and seeing the tracks of bears and deer.

The large boat load, after heroic struggles (most of the crew being up to their middles in water), pulled their boat into a shallow place, and landed six trout. So you see, dear reader, the *Amethyst* expends a good deal of energy upon getting six fish and a goose.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 29.—Another early start; the vibration of the screw as usual awaking most of the party. The morning was very foggy, preventing the enjoyment of what must have been fine scenery; during the day we passed a large canoe full of Indians, who stared at us open-mouthed. In the afternoon it came on to rain heavily, which, together with thick weather, made navigation so hazardous that had we not over-hauled the *Sir James Douglas* and made her "pilot" us, we should have probably lost a day. We boarded a Yankee steamer, the *California*, and by her sent letters, the first we have had an opportunity of forwarding since we left Nanaimo. At 6 p.m. we dropped anchor in a bay off Tugwell Island, near Metlah Catlah. The weather being wet the delights of travel were somewhat damped, the scenery occasionally obscured, and some tempers shortened. To the cheerful mind, however, there was much to amuse and please.

NHALGYASHKH SHIMAUGITKH LACHAHGH.

1. Ahwit thrahne shahme hoigyahkddh keaukdt, addah thrahne nkloumshkishkh keht hoigyahkddh medzah kah layum keauktggh. Iyum shakowde keauktggh, addah shapooshkh nhmedzahkah-laytkh.

2. Addah al khp klahwillahwahl shkh nhalgy-ashkh Shimaugitkh Lachahgh. Neene qui algyah koo ahmdah malshkt in pleahoushmt.

I. St. Peter, I., 24, 25.

3. Tsalshkh Shimaugitkh Lachahgh lachoh amahmdt, addah klahwillah lachshanmookshit-kshkh nhpohkitkh.

4. Tsalshkh Shimaugitkh Lachahgh yahgwt libbltwahlksh tup neat qut in tsabbah hahtachat, tum achtsahkotstitkh nthahhpach ash tup neatkh lach hahletsoamme.

Psalm XXXIV, 15, 1.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 30.—This day has been, certainly, by a very long way, the most interesting and exciting we have had yet, so much that was new and curious to be seen and heard. The writer feels quite unequal to the task of depicting or even remembering all we saw and heard; his ideas are somewhat like the language to be found on the opposite page. However, here goes.

At ten o'clock we landed at Metlah Catlah village, which presents a most imposing appearance from the sea, there being many good wooden houses and, most important and striking of all, a large church capable of seating 900 people, built entirely by the Indians under the directions and from the designs of Mr. Duncan, the energetic missionary and his assistant, Mr. Collinson. We were received with a salute, and God Save the Queen sung to an accompaniment of fifes. There were only some 100 natives at home, the remainder, with their wives and families, being away fishing. We were conducted over the school and church, and into a house occupied by a native, which was as comfortable as one could wish to see. The custom of having a fire in the middle of the sitting-room, with a large hole straight over it for a chimney, is adhered to, and it has the advantage of enabling people literally to sit round the fire, and gives plenty of ventilation.

The Chiefs presented an address, and sung hymns and songs in Tsimsean and English.

It is most astonishing what Mr. Duncan has done with these people, many of them cannibals, all of them Pagans, under the influence of their medicine men. These latter were naturally his greatest enemies, and often tried to get him killed; now, they are completely under his rule and guidance, and form as civilized a community as almost any on the continent. Instead of dying out at a rapid rate as the Hydahs and other tribes, the births far exceed the deaths, while fresh converts from other tribes continue to drop in. Each family is allotted a plot of land, and encouraged to build a house according to a plan of the town laid out by Mr. Duncan. The streets are to radiate from a centre, where the town-hall is to be built.

At 12.30, we embarked in the *Sir James Douglas* for Fort Simpson, twenty miles off. On nearing which we had a good view of Alaska Territory, some five or six miles north of us. We found, on arriving, all the men officials absent, but were received by Mrs. Morrison, of the H. B. Co., and Mrs. Crosby, the wife of the Methodist minister conducting the mission there, who conducted us over the place. Mr. Crosby has chosen a field for his labours rather too near Mr. Duncan, and would have been better at some place

[Lord's Prayer in Tsimpsean.]

KIKEANQUASLKH MEYAHNUMGH.

Wenagwahdum koo tsim lachahgh n'klootikshkh noowahnt. Shahaksheah n'tsabanne. Shahkoadkn tum wahl ah hahletsoamme newahltkh tsim lachahgh. Kinnamslahgam ah shah quah ahmshkaboo wenayah. Kahmkoadan ah nahahtahtachamme newahldah willah kahmkoadamme ah hahtachaddeahgam. Killoamdzah tahtainkum shphit in shpahlt koadumt addah mah al tillahmautkum ahhahtachaddt. Ahwil n'tsabandt, addah nahkatkettandt tilth n'kloadnt addah tum klahwillahwahl. *Amen.*

LEEMEUM HALLESHQUIGHTKAHSHAH.

1. Shah shah Meyahnum khyounee,
   Nee nee klahkamgoat khdt;
   Addt hiedzahmachshkh nkslkookh ahtum shquighkhdt,
   Addah tumt quasgahgualshkh tsaltkh.

2. Kleh koidexum dahquan Meyahnum Jesus,
   Tup tum quasgahgual Tsant;
   Shekooqualakshkh Tsan ah lach ohme,
   Addah mah killam tsakanlookekskum.

3. Ahm mahdum tam nhalgyahkan ah lachkakoad amme,
   Addah mah klimaum tup tum wahandt
   Kahh khtsiltsalamme tum shim tsalkum Noont,
   Addah tup tum willigh tup tum yahkah willahkyawnt.

4. Klahnum ah tum will wah ashtewahlamme,
   Shimkitdoh kakoadum dahquan:
   Shahkatttelettum ah tup tum ahwayknt
   Addah tup tum wahshkh nhshquightkumgh lachahgh.

where no missionary had been before, for Mr. Duncan began his labours at Fort Simpson. Here we saw some of the curious poles with strange, goggle-eyed crests in them, which the chiefs put up in front of their houses, each tribe being subdivided into crests of which they are very proud. After spending an hour on shore, we returned to Metlah Catlah, being met by canoes full of Indians, who sang weird, tuneless, native songs, and escorted us to the ship. Mr. Duncan and Collinson dined, and told us much that was interesting regarding the village and people. The principal Chief came off, and presented his Excellency with a wonderful medicine man's hat, which he said he had no further use for, and which he was ashamed of possessing, as indeed they all are, of any of the things belonging to their old savage customs. It consisted of a straw hat, with a long column-like top made of a fibre they get from the roots of the pine. Their Excellencies were given several curiosities in carving and silver work, and some more were sent off to the ship to be disposed of; but the Commodore laid violent hands on them all, and "the other poor bears had *none*."

THURSDAY, AUGUST 31.—We were to have left Metlah Catlah at 4 a.m., but, owing to a thick fog, we could not; however, it cleared up about nine, and

we started. We had a very fine passage across to the Queen Charlotte Islands, arriving at the harbour of Skidegate at five o'clock. We all went ashore as soon as possible to see the village. It was a most curious sight; there was a long row of low houses, each containing five or six families, and having in front a high pole, curiously carved, some with animals on the top, some with beads or hats, supposed to be the crest of the owners of the hut; in most cases the base of the pole was hollowed out, and formed the door of the hut. We went into one, and found it cleaner and tidier than we had expected. His Excellency had a conversation with a nice old squaw, who was the widow of a great chief; we tried to buy some things, but nobody got anything but Nowell, who secured a bowl of mountain sheep horn. We saw the graves of some Indian chiefs here. Near one of them was placed two canoes to carry him over the silent lake; there was also a blanket placed for his use on the journey. We came on board at seven o'clock, and sent the interpreter to arrange a grand bear hunt for the morrow. Whist in the Captain's cabin, and the music of Scotland, illustrated by Mr. W. Campbell, in the Wardroom, helped all hands to spend a very pleasant evening!!!!

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1.—The "Great Bear Hunt" spoken of by the previous writer, started at 6 a.m., and consisted of his Excellency and the Commodore, with the half-breed and a canoe full of Indians, who walked along the trunks of fallen trees, slipping and stumbling along, eating berries, and straining their ears for sounds of sport in vain. Once the dogs "gave tongue," but it was a false alarm. Winter, the Commodore's coxswain, went head foremost, loaded gun in hand, between the fallen trees, and had to be helped out of his dilemma.

The boat's crew went asleep on the shore, the leader with his dog suggested the uselessness of the chase very early in the day, but the Englishmen kept him to it as long as they had time to spare, and only returned—without a bear—at one o'clock to the ship.

The Colonel, under the guidance of an Indian beauty, went out fishing, and caught nothing; but, on his return, he went ashore with Nowell, who had discovered many hidden treasures in the cottages, and who had a happy knack of bargaining with the natives.

Her Excellency and the Freds went out in the Captain's galley and visited a small trading station; the Indians come here to sell dog-fish oil, which is bought by Mr. Clark, an American. His encampment

is in a lovely little bay, and the Indians were all lying about the shore in small tents; fishes' heads and tails all about; beds and boxes and canoes; pots boiling, and bowls of berries and oil being eaten. The people themselves dressed in blankets, and with their faces much painted. We had a grand pow-wow over the purchase of six silver bracelets, and eventually carried off some very nice ones, a pair each. Mr. Clark presented us each with a stick, and on our return to the ship we sent him a photograph and some cigars. Fred Ward fell in love with the beautiful blue hat of an ancient dame, but feared that it had been worn over too doubtful a chignon to be worth purchasing. We saw two horrible wooden lips,* and several with silver pins through them.

On our return to the *Amethyst* we found the ship surrounded by canoes filled with hideous painted faces, and great exchange and barter going on. We showed our six bracelets to the Indian who was doing all the business, and he was not pleased when he heard the price we gave, and would not let us have his for so little. When Fred Ward was trying hard to bring him down in his price for one I wanted, the man told him "he might go and eat" (lunch had

* *Note by* EDITOR.—The native women consider to stick out their lower lips with a wooden plate a great addition to their beauty.

been announced), so Fred had to pocket his dignity and give him what he asked.

We had a very fine afternoon, and got out to sea prosperously. We played whist in the cabin, and I am told that Mr. Campbell "d'Erina" sang in the Ward-room.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2.—We awoke to find ourselves in rough water, and a dense fog. One of the party, who shall be nameless, did not appear at breakfast, not, however, in consequence of the fog. About 10 a.m. we were fortunate enough to fall in with the *Sir James Douglas*, and that useful little vessel piloted us safely, till at last the atmosphere became so thick that we could scarcely see a ship's length ahead of us; we had consequently to leave off steaming, especially as the man at the mast head reported land not only on the port bow, but also right ahead. After a quarter of an hour's suspense, at about 12.30 p.m., to our great relief, the fog "lifted," and we found ourselves uncomfortably, it not dangerously, close to land. The delay caused by the fog prevented our making Blenkinsop Bay, which we had hoped to reach before dark, so at 5.45 p.m. we dropped anchor in Alert Bay (Cormorant Island). Here there is a private trading-post kept by a Mr. Hewson, whose wife is an Indian native of

Alaska Territory. Close to this trading-post is a small Indian village which, on landing, we found to be full of Indians squatting in rows outside their huts, not dressed, as we had expected they would be, in European costume, but having each a dirty white blanket wrapped round him or her, and for head-dress a coloured handkerchief tied round the forehead. The scene, in spite of smells and dirt, was decidedly picturesque. Something had evidently occurred, as there were apparently many more inhabitants than the 10 or 15 huts could accommodate. We entered the Chief's hut, a disgustingly dirty place, in which three distinct families were living in separate corners; the people seemed very stupid and more uncommunicative than the natives we have seen hitherto; on enquiring of Mr. Hewson we found out the cause. It seems that the inhabitants of this village having lately returned from some part of the United States' coast, with several barrels of whisky in their canoes, invited the Indians of another village to a feast, which consists of a daily round of dancing, eating, drunkenness, as long as the liquor lasts; this, their sixth days' orgie, was suddenly brought to a close by the arrival of the *Amethyst.* Before one of these feasts takes place, the medicine man of the village hides himself in the forest, returning on the morning of the feast; he runs up and down the village

in a state of nudity, eating human flesh, in this case a hand, which he procures from one of the graves. Having partaken of this ghastly food, he is seized with a sort of phrensy, rushes after the first person he sees, and on catching man or woman, bites a piece of flesh out of his victim's arm ; the hunted wretch when caught remains perfectly still under the operation, which, in the event of capture, is considered an honour ; six people had the misfortune to be thus honoured, but neither the biter nor the bitten could be produced as, on the appearance of the *Amethyst*, they had been hidden ; perhaps it was lucky that the former could not be found, as, presuming he was drunk, he might have appeared minus his blanket.

After dinner on board, we spent, forgetful, I am afraid, of the degrading misery on shore, a most amusing and entertaining evening at a performance given on the upper deck by the Christy Minstrel Troupe of blue jackets ; the singing, original jokes, and dancing were very good, particularly the latter : one joke at the expense of his Excellency's " suite " brought down the house.

P.S.—As the author leaves his readers dying of curiosity, the Good Samaritan begs to supply them with the missing joke. " What is the difference between the Governor-General's staff and a pair of trousers ?—The one is a whole suit(e) the other only

half a suit." Lest his Excellency should be supposed to be ungrateful towards the givers of this excellent entertainment, it should be mentioned that a letter was written to "Mr. Johnston," begging him to accept, on his own account and on behalf of the other performers, the Governor-General's thanks, and paying them a particular compliment upon their "choratic" talent. Kumtax?

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 3.—Left Alert Bay early; a lovely morning; steamed through the Seymour Narrows; the tide being with us we were swept along at a great pace, through whirlpools and overfalls; there is a rock right in the middle of the channel, plainly shown by the breaking water, where an American man-of-war was lost last year. Anchored in the evening at Tribune Bay, where we had spent the night of August 25.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 4.—We left Tribune Bay about 7 a.m., and made straight for the light-ship at the mouth of the Fraser River. We then went to Burrard's Inlet, where we were to leave the *Amethyst* for our trip inland. On arriving we found that the *Rocket* had arrived with a mail on board. Great was our disappointment when we found that our bags only contained one lot of English letters instead of

the three we had expected. After reading our home news, we landed and proceeded to "do" Mr. Raynur's saw-mills, where we found an enormous log hawled up ready for sawing. We then walked to some Indian huts, which we inspected and found fishy; then some Sandwich Islanders were introduced to us.

In the evening we received two more mails by the *Douglas.*

It is here my painful duty to add that our pleasure on board the *Amethyst* was marred by the fact that one of his Excellency's suite had so conducted himself that he had to be tried by court-martial. It was truly a painful scene, heightened by the callous demeanour of the prisoner. Luckily for him, a doctor's certificate prevented his receiving the punishment awarded. I think it only fair to add that it was not Colonel Littleton, nor Captain Ward, nor Mr. Hamilton who stood at the bar of Naval justice.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5.—Burrard's Inlet.

The repose of a sea life is over. Posts, telegrams, addresses, replies, arches, bands, and salutes are alive again! Before we had finished our breakfasts we were hurried into boats and put on board the *Douglas,* and in her we steamed along for an hour, when we were bundled into more boats and were set ashore in the "bush." We walked to the foot of a great tree

200 feet high and six feet in diameter, with two enormous gashes in its side, and with two men with axes standing on spring boards stuck into its trunk twelve feet from the roots. Having chosen a safe spot to stand in, and having an eye to a place of refuge to fly to in case of accidents, we stood with a calm pleasure to watch the downfall of this lord of the forest. The two men set to work, and ten minutes sufficed to lay him low. He began slowly to bend to one side, and then came crashing down, and with a great thud fell upon the ground.

"Hurry up" into the boats, into the *Douglas*, back to the ship, dress, half eat lunch, back into the boats, hold on to a tow-rope and be dragged at a furious pace through the floating wooden dangers which carpet the sea; land, get into carriages and drive eight miles over a (good) corduroy road to Westminster. There, put on your slow and most dignified air, and remember that you are in the Royal city, and must behave accordingly.

The Mayor met his Excellency and welcomed him, and preceded him through the town; a guard of honour and a band came first, and then there was an arch and several decorations, two of which were rather amusing—one was "Per vias rectas—By the Fraser Valley," the other "Speed the Railway," with a model train running backwards and forwards over

the motto. After a short drive we turned and drove up a grass hill, at the top of which were three platforms, well arranged, covered in with flags, and decorated with evergreens. The view over the Fraser River, the town, and the distant mountains was beautiful. After different varieties of the white man had presented addresses, and had been replied to, and after hundreds of hands had been shaken, we looked down the hill and saw a quantity of flags marching up—the bearers of these gay banners were all Indian chiefs, followed by a set of Indian volunteers who had got themselves into a very smart blue uniform, and who were commanded by a gentleman in an old red coat and a pair of epaulettes. The chiefs formed into a great circle, the army remained in a column. His Excellency went down and shook hands with the great men, and then returned to the platform and listened (through an interpreter) to the speeches of four chiefs.

When it came to his turn to reply, he spoke one sentence, which was taken up in turn by five men, who each put it into some new Indian tongue—the process was slow, but the sight was interesting. A short lunch, and three good canoe races followed; then we said good-bye, and drove to the steamer. On our way we got out to look at a great sturgeon hanging in front of a fishmonger's door, and he

invited us to catch salmon by the light of the moon, which invitation we accepted for that night. We passed under a Chinese arch, and thanked the makers of it for their attention. His Excellency had a long business talk with some gentlemen, which made dinner rather late, so we "hurried up" again, and rushed out to see a canoe torch-light procession. We steamed up a little way and back, the canoes following with their brilliant lights, and men on shore, also with torches, running along the banks. Before the lights disappeared for the night, there was cheering and God Save the Queen.

We then prepared to go out fishing, and, conducted by "Mr. Herring," we had settled ourselves comfortably in the boat, when "Mrs. Herring" was announced, and we had to make room for her; she proved a most talkative lady, and, in the language of the country, "clouch tum-tum" was the burden of her song. The "beautifulness" of various fishes and dishes occupied her whole mind, and to the Commodore of one of Her Majesty's fleets, she enlarged with fervour upon the merits of a particular bit of fat in a particular place in the inside of a particular fish. The Royal City she likened unto the Garden of Eden, only giving the preference to the broils and the stews, the currant wines and the potted salmons of the Westminster Paradise upon earth.

A boat in advance of us put down the net, and after waiting half an hour, it was drawn up in our presence, and we caught 6 salmon and a sturgeon. "To bed, to bed, said sleepy head."

It was impossible to interrupt the narrative of this day's crowded events to record the regret with which we all left the *Amethyst*, where we had been entertained with such kindness and consideration, and where we have spent ten such pleasant days. We escaped the adieux by talking of our future voyage to San Francisco, but a secret consciousness prevailed amongst us that *the* trip was over, and we did feel very sorry that it was so—very sorry to leave the most homeish place on this side of Ottawa, and very sorry to say good-bye to those on board. We broke the farewell a little by carrying off the Commodore on our inland journey.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 6.—We awoke to a glorious view of mountain scenery from the steamer *Royal City*, by which we were ascending the rapid current of the Fraser river. At Fort Hope we landed for a few minutes; a lovely spot on a large plateau at the foot of a rocky and precipitous mountain, the view confined by peak upon peak, one more bold and craggy than the other. At 3.30 p.m. we arrived at Yale, where his Excellency was received with

every demonstration of loyalty. We all dined at Mr. Oppenheim's, and a very excellent dinner we had. Their Excellencies slept there, the remainder of the party sleeping on board the *Royal City.*

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7.—After a breakfast at Mr. Oppenheim's, only equalled by the magnificent banquet of last evening, we started at 10 in our four-horse coach, under the guidance of Mr. Steeve Tingley, the crack whip of the country. Our way lay along the cañon of the Fraser; the road, a great piece of engineering skill, skirting the edge of the cliff, and overhanging the river at various heights from 100 to 1,000 feet. No sort of wall or railing to keep the adventurous traveller from falling into the river below, quite enough for the nerves of most people! Close to the water's edge, on every prominent point of rock one sees a platform from which the Indians fish for salmon with a sort of coal scoop net. The catches are enormous, and the fish are cleaned and dried on the spot. The flesh being of a dark red colour the dried salmon form quite a feature in the landscape, which was of the same grand and savage description we had enjoyed while coming up the river, spoilt, alas, to-day by clouds and rain. About twenty miles from Yale we came to the narrowest part of the Fraser, a gorge called

Hell Gate, only some thirty yards wide, where the river rushes through with great force; the depth is unknown. Here we found a magnificent platform prepared for us, overlooking the rift in the rocks through which the water rushes. We saw some evidences of mining at the various "Bars," as the shingley patches are called, where the gold is deposited by the river.

At Boston Bar, a "played out" mining camp, we lunched, and about 6 o'clock in the evening came in sight of our camp, perched on Jackass Mountain, where on ariving we found a most luxurious tental building, containing bedrooms for their Excellencies, and a spacious dining-room, papered with chintz and carpeted. Each of the gentlemen had a tent to himself. Not the least interesting feature of this luxurious village was Mr. Sam with a row of pots suspended over the fire.

The view from the site of our camp, looking down upon the Fraser, 1,000 feet below us, was very fine, but spoilt by the low clouds and rain.

We saw, on the way, several Indian winter habitations; they make them by digging large holes in the ground, and covering them with dome-shaped framework roofs, plastered with mud; a hole is left in the top, to answer the double purpose of chimney and entrance, down which hole a notched pole is stuck by

way of staircase, the whole building looking like a huge ant's nest. The Indians are said to remain in these Kegwillie houses sometimes, for three or four months at a time, without ever coming up for a breath of air.

We spent a pleasant hour after dinner over a log fire, smoking ourselves, and watching the Indians, in the most intense enjoyment of a pipe, which they passed from one to the other with great regularity and fair play.

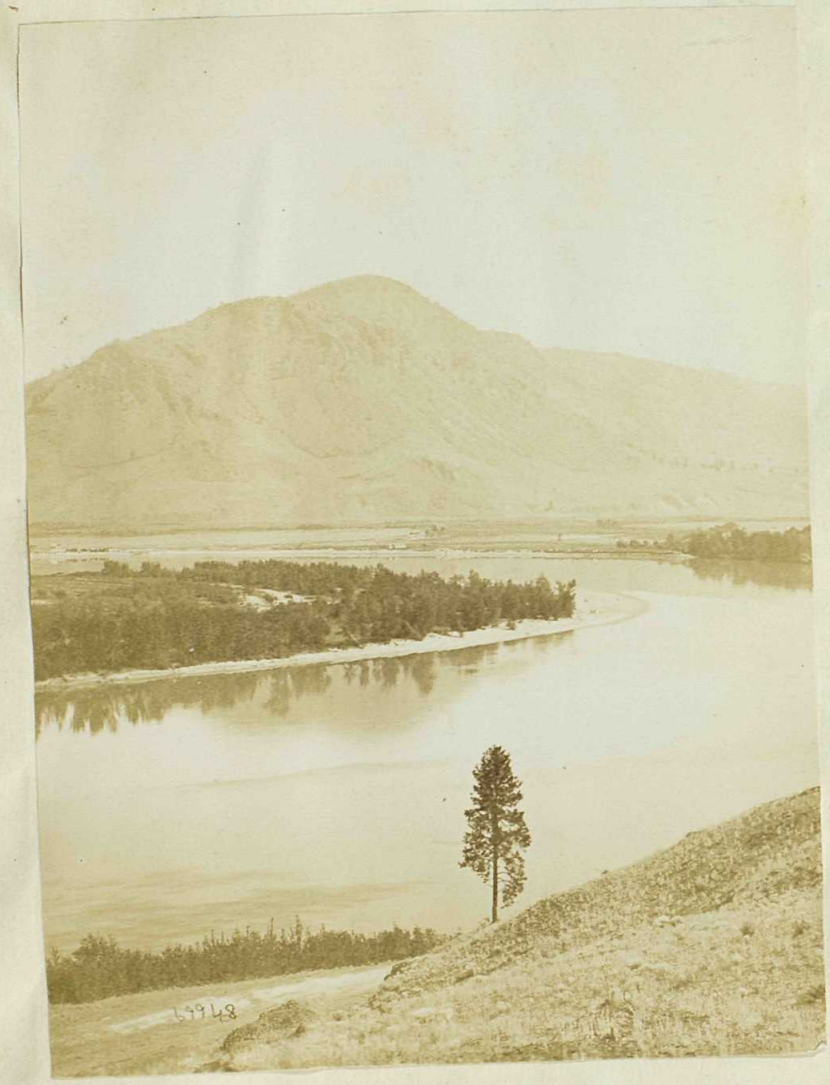
FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 8.—I don't know how the others felt this morning, but when I heard the rain pelting on the canvas, I felt very reluctant to move. It seems vicious on principle to move camp on a wet morning. However, it makes all the difference when the luggage goes on wheels, and one has not to consider wet aparahoes and soaked lash ropes. So having, as usual, put off till the last moment, and rather beyond it, and finished the *Times*, which was a great deal too bad, as there was a lady in camp, I turned out, trusting to my rapidity in dressing and eating. Of course, I was last, and cannot say what took place during the toilets of the other four; and thus a very fertile topic was lost. Luckily, it was not raining very much. Ah Sam was there all smiles—indeed, all one grin; he stands the trip

capitally, and, as all his kit seems to consist of an umbrella and a worsted scarf, he is very quickly ready. The large tent, which was, indeed, a fair-sized three roomed house, stood the rain well, only in one spot did the weather get the better of it and, as that was far away from the breakfast table, it did not matter.

Into the coaches we all got, and the excellent servants and savages packed all the things away in double quick time, the camp being left standing for the return journey.

We noticed the rather precipitous bank next the Fraser, and the vertical wall on our right, a sort of pudding-stone at the upper part of the road, undistinguished metamorphic shade lower down. If we could have gone lower, we might have found granite or basalt. But all this precipice, some 2,000 feet above the present Fraser (our camp was about 800), seems to have been smelted out of a great bed of washed gravel—an aqueous deposit—and how long it had taken to deposit beds of such thickness, and smelt them together afterwards, and upheave them, it were quite useless to inquire. Thence to Kanaka Flat, where we changed horses (47 miles), and thence to Siska Flat. Notwithstanding the rainy weather we saw them in, both these farms appeared withered with much drought. About 53 miles, after admiring

the beautiful rocky bed of the Fraser River all the way, two or three mounted Indians met us, and having ascertained that the Vice-Regal party was there, dashed ahead to give notice to Rev. J. B. Good and his Siwashes, whom we found in great array—400 or 500 of them, and at least 100 horses. Among others my old friend Spintlem (whom they have now re-christened "David," as an Anglican Christian) and Chalbot. I did not see any of importance. Nawessia had refused to come, perhaps objecting to the inviter, perhaps soured by having lost his potato-grounds on the "Wase." However, it was a very excellent show, plenty of banners and babies, all looking well dressed and fat. Rev. Good did it very well, I thought, presented a very fair address in Thompson and English, and they all sang God Save the Queen in Thompson. His Excellency—"*parla peu, mais parla bien*,"—evidently pleased with the assembly, pleased with the address, pleased with their manners, dress, and address, and then begged to be permitted to offer them a "beef or two." Beef, flour, and sugar; the application of the funds being carefully guarded from the manipulations of either the *père* or Kilroy the butcher, who looked more decidedly like himself to-day than I remember. Not only his moustache, but his whiskers were shaved to a thread; and he had his best clothes on, which is a great trial



Junction
of the
North and South Thompson Rivers.

Keyston-

for gentlemen of his quality. In highlows and red nightcap he would be almost picturesque—at least characteristic.

To Lytton itself we were followed by all the mounted part of the assembly, with Parson Good at their head, in square college cap and cassock, looking like a lunatic rector.

Opposite the Globe there was another arch of more imposing dimensions. All the City fathers were quite sober and clean. Mrs. Buie was there, and Mrs. Hautier, of course, with a baby in her arms. They were presented by Tom Saward, and came back to me quite charmed with the easy grace and kindness of their reception. I did not hear the address, being busy with the beef at Tom Buie's, and had barely time to tip Chakot, and give a parting warning to Mrs. Buie's foreman not to let Kilroy get the better of him, when we all had to jump in and be off, followed by Parson Good and his staff of 100 for a couple of miles. I was glad to find my report of the ladies' style of riding* met with approval in high quarters; indeed, I think it far more decorous than many a riding habit I have seen in a side-saddle. The ladies were summoned, nothing loth, to the front,

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* *Note by* EDITOR.—Indian ladies ride on men's saddles like the men.

and plug after plug of tobacco handed out to them over the stern of the carriage, with "I wonder what they will do with it?" I did not wonder at all, for I knew right well.

Up the blue Thompson, like a ribbon far below, fringed with rocks, and bedded in with cliffs; some on the north side (about sixty miles) meeting with general approbation; its eddies, however, were, from the safe attitude of the carriage, not thought so dangerous as they are deemed. Down comes the rain again, and we have to be closed in almost to Nicaomeen—luckily it had held up for an hour while at Lytton, and now, too, though unlucky, in having rain at all, we might consider ourselves lucky in having a fair half hour, while we stopped at Cook's Ferry for lunch. Here there were more Indians—fifty or sixty—and here another *cultus patlatch* of flour, sugar, and tobacco. I got two or three of the cottony pods, which are deemed very pretty, and I felt correspondingly proud.

Off again, in most scowling gloom. I think Lady Dufferin has quite got over any slight fears that people below have been putting into her head, but I cannot yet obtain that she will take a seat in the "foretop," as the Commodore calls the box seat. By-the-bye, he is painfully terrestrial. I have not once heard him sing out "Fire rocks under

88-9 Mile Bluff.

the port bow," or remark that we were taking in water over the starboard gunwale—which was nevertheless the case. And, in fact, I rather doubt whether it was the Commodore who named the box-seat "the foretop," or whether it was not some witty but shy member of the party, who fathered the joke upon him. The 88-9 mile bluff was, perhaps, a little trying, and then I mentioned how a distinguished M.P., whose name is not (now) Smith, jumped off the stage at this point, thinking it was, I suppose, what the Yankees call the end, or jumping-off place of creation.

Changed horses, in pouring rain, at the 89 mile flat. I have rarely seen heavier rain than what now persecuted us at every turn; with blue sky behind, by Nicola River, and clear sunshine in front, by Couteaux Creek, we seemed to head away more and more to the darkness of Erebus, up Cornwall's Valley. The rain dripped through the roof; it drifted in over my shoulders, and my sleeves got wet. I believed myself more uncomfortable than I was, and I almost hoped that everybody had the same feelings. We all sat pretty silent; nor was there much to talk about except the rain—detested topic. At last, just at dusk, we reached our destination. Their Excellencies went into the upper house, and we all quartered at the pub.!

Here, again, let me be just to the weather; it just held up for that half hour. We soon got a stove under way, and some supper, and some hot grog, but we were all too tired to eat, or even to drink, and soon and silently turned in.

The three furies* made their appearance half an hour after us in a peltering storm. Luckily, it cleared up somewhat in an hour, and they went on to better quarters at Mrs. Jones's.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9.—Everybody anxiously asked about the weather on their first appearance in the morning, and many and divers were the answers received. Happily, it turned out a most beautiful day; neither too hot nor too dusty. We started about 9.30, and were soon met by a numerous band of Indians, who appeared before us, with all the colours of the rainbow, on horse-back. Then ensued a half hour of great excitement, flags waving, drums beating, horses neighing, people calling and shouting, then women and children, horses and foals galloping all over the plains around us, babies before and babies behind sacrificing their poor little heads in a universal wag of benevolence and good-feeling as they were

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* *Note by* EDITOR.—As this worthy contributor to the journal named the newspaper correspondents.

Kamloops Lake.

carried bumping up hill and down dale. This went on till we got to Cache Creek, where his Excellency "wau-waued" with them, and gave them the usual pork and flour. He also took a few portraits, much to the delight of the subjects.

We then drove on to Savona's Ferry, where we took a steamer which conveyed us to Kamloops. On the way we saw some ducks and geese, but by the time guns were loaded of course they had disappeared. The sight which interested us most was just as we rounded the corner opposite Kamloops, a large band of loose horses was driven down to the river side and galloped along as if for our entertainment. On our arrival, four horses were put to the coach we had brought with us, and his Excellency drove up to the town; the Indians as we passed through were mounted and drawn up in two lines, down which his Excellency drove, followed by three of the suite who were on horseback. There was an arch and the usual address, after which his Excellency was driven round the "city." Some of the Indians came down to the steamer's side and sang while we were at dinner. About six a deputation came on board, and remained so long that Ah Sam became unmanageable, and insisted upon sounding a gong to warn his Excellency that dinner was ready; but the sound had little effect upon the politicians, who had

dined at six, and whose grievances were more rampant than their appetites.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 10.—As there is no church at Kamloops we had prayers before breakfast in the cabin. At that meal we had a lively conversation upon masculine and feminine beauty, and considered whether the peacock admires his own tail, or whether the peahen is consoled for her want of beauty by contemplating that of her lord.

Our steamer was soon set in motion, and we crossed to see the Indians settled opposite Kamloops. His Excellency had a long talk with the priest, and then went ashore and talked to the chiefs, who have a great land grievance. When it was over he mounted one of their horses and rode with them, and the Colonel, Mr. Hamilton, and Captain Layton, to see their farms. Her Excellency returned to the ship, and his Excellency came back for lunch, having enjoyed his gallop with the Indians. He took another ride in the afternoon to see the country, and the others walked. Mr. Dewdney and Mr. Vernon dined with us; the latter lent his Excellency a horse, and gave him a grizly bear skin.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 11.—Started at 5.30 a.m. on our return journey, for Savona's Ferry, 3 miles

Kamloops.

Savona's Ferry.

from which his Excellency, Sir M. Begbie, Colonel Littleton, and Mr. Hamilton, were landed to shoot short-tailed grouse. There were only two guns, and after some exceedingly pretty sporting along the shore of the lake, they managed to bag during two hours 5½ brace. The Commodore and her Excellency fished for trout in the Thompson River, which runs out of Kamloops Lake at Savona's Ferry, with tolerable success. The coach brought us to Ashcroft at 6.30 p.m., we all dined at Mr. Cornwall's, the party (with the exception of their Excellencies) sleeping at the hotel. In the middle of the night Capt. Layton repeated in his sleep an accident he had on the road about ten days ago—imagining himself to be tumbling down the bank, broke out in loud tones, declaring he could not drive the horses. Mr. Tingley, our driver, being anxious to hear as much as possible, answered Capt. Layton, who, still in his sleep, and, in the loudest tones (awakening every one in the house), informed Mr. T. that he did not know who he was speaking to. Sam, who slept with only a wooden partition between him and Capt. Layton, was terrified out of his senses, and when asked in the morning how he had slept, pointed at Capt. Layton and shook his head.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12.—Having dispatched

Sam at 7, in order to have dinner ready for us on our arrival at the camp, we started at 8, with a clear sky and a prospect of great heat and dust. Happily, the effects of the heavy rain we had experienced on our way up were still apparent, and we escaped with no dust to speak of. We enjoyed the grand scenery of the Thompson in sunshine, seeing it under quite a different aspect from the journey up; the mountain peaks, some 7,000 or 8,000 feet high, rising almost perpendicularly from the opposite bank, were clear and distinct. Several stray parties of Indians saluted us at different points on the road, and were rewarded with tobacco. We arrived at our camp on Jackass Mountain about 7, not at all sorry to find ourselves in such comfortable quarters.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 13.—We were all awoke at cock-crow by the enthusiastic Nowell, who wanted everybody to get up and see the fog, which was hanging over the river below us in a very curious manner. As, however, the present writer did not get up himself, he is not in a position to describe the sight. We left camp at about 9, having had some difficulty in turning the coach. The leaders had to be taken out, and then the coachman, assisted by his Excellency, the Commodore, and Mr. Hamilton, managed to get it round safely. The drive was very

pleasant indeed, rather hot, but not sufficiently so to spoil any one's pleasure. We lunched at Boston Bar, and some of the party bathed.

We arrived at Yale about 5—her Excellency occupying the foretop in the coach—went on board, and had some tea. Her Excellency wishes it to be recorded that Mr. Tingley declared privately to the A.D.C. that she (who has so bad a character for courage at home) "had not a scare in her." Mr. and Mrs. Oppenheimer dined on board the *Royal City* with us, after which the Colonel went up town to settle accounts. The rest of the party went to bed very early, and were disturbed by one of the suite, who would read aloud anecdotes out of the paper, until he was called to order by a sleepy voice from a neighbouring cabin.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14. — The stern wheel woke us all early, and shook us about a good deal while we breakfasted, and, indeed, until we left the steamer, where it rolls supreme.

We reached New Westminster at 11 a.m., and there the Commodore and Captain Layton left us. The *Royal City* took us to the *Douglas*, and on board of her we steamed to Victoria. We arrived there in a pouring rain, and thought that, after all our travels, an arm chair and a well lighted room looked very

comfortable. Our mail awaited us, and we enjoyed our letters over a good fire.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 15.—This morning, some twenty of the chain-gang arrived, in charge of two warders, armed with revolvers and double-barrelled guns. The duty which the prisoners had come to perform was the hard labour employment of picking chickens for the ball. The Colonel and Mr. Hamilton walked into town on business.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16. — His Excellency spent the day till four with deputations, then we went to the rifle range, where the annual meeting of the B. C. Rifle Association was in progress—some tea—shooting—a cold wind—a gathering of fashionables. For the evening, we attended an amateur concert given in aid of a charity, and we felt ourselves very charitable as we listened to a young lady singing "Love me once again," but, in spite of our feelings, we did not respond.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 17.—Their Excellencies and the Commodore walked.

Mr. Hamilton went to the light-house.

Capt. Ward called on Sir James Douglas and

Copy of a Letter addressed to the Prime Minister of British Columbia, relative to the useful employment of the Prisoners in the Penitentiary.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE,
VICTORIA, B.C., Sept. 14th, 1876.

DEAR MR. ELLIOT:

Will you kindly allow the prisoners at present in the Penitentiary (with the exception of those convicted of wilful murder and political offences), to come up here to-morrow morning, about eleven (that is after their breakfast), to pluck fowls and grouse, make jellies and trifles, and otherwise make themselves generally useful in preparing for the ball on Monday?

Yours very sincerely,

(Signed,) E. G. P. LITTLETON,
Gov'r Genl's Sec'y.

P.S.—If you could spare a few as waiters, for the supper, they would be very acceptable. Their uniform would be a pleasing contrast to that of the naval and military officers.

found him out—this was most unlucky, as, to ensure admittance, Captain Ward went in by the back door just as Sir James went out at the front. (Memo.: For the future, if one wishes to see the gentlemen of the house, call at the front door.) Most fortunately, Miss Douglas was at home, and entertained the disappointed Captain Ward most agreeably for a couple of hours.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 18.—The event of the day was the ball. Why waste time in describing their Excellencies' visit to the High School, their visit to Mrs. Prutch, the deputations that as usual swarmed round the Governor-General. Nobody on this day cares for anything but the ball. Captain Ward commands his convicts to polish the floors, to arrange the flowers; the sailors finish the canvas corridor which runs round the outside of the room; line it with flags, hang the most enticing of many-shaped and many coloured lanterns in it, and put the softest of sofas and chairs to tempt chaperons out of the dancing-room. Captain Ward turns the dreary garden into a series of dimly lighted bowers—looks at the supper, and has whispered into his ear the horrible rumour that Ah Sam is drunk, and that however satisfactory the outside of the viands may

appear, the inside will not bear inspection. With this arrow planted in our hearts, we gallantly prepare to face our guests.

We have a very jolly little dinner in a small room, and are a little cheered about the supper by finding that this is good.

By 9.15 a sufficient number of guests have arrived, and we opened the ball. The Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Richards have to dance the first quadrille with their Excellencies, and are horrified to find that they are expected to walk the whole length of the room. After this the spirit of the ball rose high, and it was soon an assured success. Everybody danced, fathers, mothers, daughters, sons; the sofas failed to tempt the chaperons; the Chinese lanterns only proved enticing for short spaces between the dances; good honest, downright dancing was the order of the night, and it went steadily on till three. The supper was not spoiled; Ah Sam was not drunk; the rooms were not too crowded; and in the Colonel's bedroom, which served as cloak room, there was a souvenir left—a thing which has a vulgar name—but which in fashionable life holds the honourable office of a "dress supporter;" this one, bran new, but rather stiff and likely to *rustle*, had been abandoned early in the evening by its fair owner, and when the Colonel

returned to his room he found it placed as a fire guard in his chimney.

> "Our Colonel wears a martial air
> And boasts no end of muscle,
> Then why on earth should lady fair
> Present him with her bustle?"

N.B.—The thanks of the company are due to Captain Ward for the great success of this, the first ball which he has entirely managed.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19.—At 12 noon we drove to Esquimault, where his Excellency performed the ceremony of driving the first pile of a coffer dam, preparatory to building a dry dock. This ceremony was successfully performed in the presence of all the leading inhabitants of Victoria and Esquimault, and under a salute of 21 guns from H.M.S. *Amethyst.* The *modus operandi* was as follows:—We went in boats to a large floating raft, on which was an engine with a rope attached to a drum. His Excellency, in starting the engines caused the drum to revolve, which, by means of the rope, hoisted a heavy weight to the top of a high frame-work, self-acting machinery released the weight, which, falling on the guillotine principle, drove the pile a few inches into the ground. The ceremony being over, we were towed to the

dockyard close by, which we inspected. We then adjourned to lunch, which was laid out in a large tent. Her Majesty's and his Excellency's healths were drank, his Excellency replying to the latter. We then visited H.M.S. *Rocket*, 4 guns, 460 tons, commanded by Capt. Harris, after which we returned to Government House. His Excellency received a deputation. In the evening there was a dinner party.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 20.—Our last day at Victoria, everybody very busy. His Excellency received a deputation at 11 to make his final speech, which took 2¼ hours to deliver. Their Excellencies attended the christening of the Cornwalls' baby, his Excellency standing godfather.

In the afternoon we went to a public picnic on Beacon Hill, where roller skating, racing, and such enlightened games as "Kiss in the Ring," "Catch me, kiss me," were indulged in, but not by their Excellencies.

In the evening embarked on *Amethyst*, and attended some glee singing and negro minstrelsy by the officers and men.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 21. — On board the *Amethyst*.

After breakfast we all looked anxiously for Mr. Campbell, who was to bring off his Excellency's speech; he arrived about 11, and then every one seized on a paper and retired to read it. Her Excellency, the Commodore, and Ward went out rowing. His Excellency and Hamilton went on board the *Sir James Douglas*, where there was a large party assembled to say good-bye to their Excellencies. We weighed anchor about 12.30. The *Douglas* accompanied us about 10 miles, then left us amid much waving of handkerchiefs from both ships. At about six it began to be what the Colonel called "lumpy," but whether he referred to a feeling in his throat, or to the waves, we are not sure. At dinner the "lumpiness" became more and more "lumpy," and our dinner party, one by one, went on deck—"just to see if the *Dacotah* was in sight;" at last, no one but the Commodore, 1st Lieutenant, and Mr. Hamilton, were left. Those on deck did not come back to make any report of the *Dacotah*.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 22.—At sea—sea-dy.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23.—Fine bright day. Still rolling, but the motion so gentle that the whole party recovered, more or less, for the afternoon. A strong breeze sprang up dead aft, and sail being set,

we bowled along at a fine rate, making at one time 15 knots an hour. All the party were able to appear at this their last dinner on board the *Amethyst.*

SUNDAY SEPTEMBER 24.—Daylight found us, entering the Golden Gate, and by 7 we were safe at anchor, after a prosperous passage of 67 hours—about the fastest ever made. After church we landed, and spent the rest of the day in peace and quiet. The *Amethyst* beat the *Dacotah* by 24 hours, and we are told that the captain of the latter ship had backed her heavily, and certainly he did not expect such a defeat.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 25.—At 12 o'clock, we went on board the *Amethyst* to a farewell luncheon. The lunch was a great success. His Excellency made a speech after it, thanking the officers for their kindness, in which we all most heartily joined, for nothing could have been greater than the kindness we all received while on board. We were then photographed on the quarter-deck with the officers and said adieu to them with great regret.

Directly we arrived at the hotel we had to hurry off, so as to catch the train to take us into the country. We drove from a small station to Millbrae, Mr. Mill's villa, where we were shown the

house and pictures, the garden and conservatory. It was a most beautiful house, the rooms all opening into a centre hall, enamelled with lively woods. We then got into the four-in-hand to drive to Belmont. Soon after starting her Excellency's face showed us that something was wrong; she was right, the horses were too much for Mr. Mills or his coachman. Luckily, a buggy of his came up behind, so we were able to change the worst horses for quieter ones. We arrived at Belmont just in time to dress for the evening. General McDowell did the honours, and introduced us to our partners for dinner. We (the gentlemen) smoked after dinner, and the ladies retired to dress themselves for the coming ball. The party in the house, however, were down stairs before the guests arrived, and so we did some corridoring. At about 10 everybody had come, and the dancing commenced. The leader of the orchestra shouted out orders during the dance, which may have been useful to those who understood what he said.

I do not pretend to be able to describe the young ladies or their dresses; suffice it to say that nature and art combined to produce a very striking effect. One of these "combinations" was apparently much admired by our gallant Colonel, who walked the corridors, sat in the corners, and danced often with the same fair Californian. Upon being called to

order by her Excellency (who watches over the interests of Mrs. Littleton), he promised a very satisfactory explanation, and, putting on the airs of a martyr, declared that the lady in question was "a great friend of a brother officer of his." Chorus from various members of the party—"That won't do, Colonel," "Excellent excuse!" "Ha, ha, ha," "That don't pan out" * (this from a vulgar member of said party). Resolution passed by the whole party, "that the words 'a brother officer's wife' be incorporated into the regular Government House language, and be understood to mean—something that may be 'told to the marines.'"

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26.—The last author has been lazy and has left unsaid much that might have been related. He does not allude, except in the most delicate manner, to the large amount of paint and powder with which the youngest ladies present thought it necessary to assist nature. He takes no notice of the punch-bowl which replaced the ordinary "tea-room" at a ball, and he ignores the numerous corridors, of which he and others made such industrious use. He forgets to note the great variety

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* *Note by* EDITOR.—A Californian mining phrase signifying "succeed."

of costume worn by the ladies, the absence of sleeve in some dresses and the superabundance of it in others; nor does he describe the charming manner in which Californian belles throw their arms about the necks of grateful but astonished partners. In fact, the author has been lazy, and has in some unpardonable manner confused his own identity with that of Cinderella, and at 12 precisely has shown himself out, leaving his story behind him to be taken up by the present writer.

Supper, I think, is the point at which he vanished, and at which the editorial "We" comes on. A long table, ornamented with a few sugar ships, and groaning under the weight of very ordinary food served in white dishes, was set before us; no great display of wealth here, and our last faint hope of solid silver programmes, to be carried off as souvenirs, vanished. An hour more of dancing and corridoring and then a rush for cloaks and carriages, a dark drive to the train, a sleepy journey in it, and we are at San Francisco. Our party got into a coach, and considering the late hour and the crowd, consented to squeeze a little, and to sit, three in places meant for two. Imagine their feelings then, when, having stuffed in six passengers, a large figure veiled in a woollen shawl crushes in, and is followed by another equally portly. A little bench is mysteriously pro-

duced and placed between the knees of the six already occupying the legitimate seats in the coach, and upon this narrow bar the two well-favoured ladies attempt to sit, and in so doing overflow on to the knees of the Governor-General of Canada, and of the Commodore of Her Majesty's Pacific Fleet.

We said good night to each other about four, and in six hours after we met at breakfast.

Her Excellency and Capt. Ward started off as soon as possible to be present at the christening of "Fussy Ward's" baby. On arriving at the church found its name still unchosen, but her Excellency, who nursed it during the entire service, was instructed at the last moment to call it "Muriel May."

Almost every one spent a great part of the day in the hands of the photographer; everybody shopped a little, and a very important meeting took place at which certain anonymous capes, islands, and mountains were given names. There is now a "Dufferin Range," a "Countess of Dufferin Range," a "Ward Cape," a "Hamilton Cape," a "Littleton Cape," a "Chatfield Island," an "Amethyst," and a "Miller."

We spent the evening in China. First we went to the theatre, in which we and our friends (General Sherman's party) were the only Europeans. Some people say the place is dirty, some say the acting is stupid, we enjoyed it all so much that we can find no

fault. We looked with interest upon the Chinamen below us, and upon the ladies, who sat by themselves opposite us; and upon the stage we gazed with wonder and delight. It was unencumbered by side scenes, or scenery, or drop curtain, or prompter. It stretched straight across the theatre, and had two doorways opposite the pit hung with curtains. Between these doors, at the back of the stage, sat the musicians, discoursing wild, bag-pipish, minor-barbaric sounds, which accompanied the play. A pipe was handed round occasionally, and when a performer had three bars to wait he enjoyed a little smoke; this gave a calm and domestic appearance to the orchestra, and distinguished it from the gorgeous figures in gold embroidery and satin, who walked the stage, arguing affairs of state in strange language and with imposing gestures, or who, warmed with the spirit of rebellion, rushed at each others' throats, and, with a pirouette between each blow, struck a graceful attitude and bewildered the spectator. Then there was a prima donna, of refined manners but facile morals; a fascinating gentleman and an angry husband, who, in common with the other officers of his regiment, was principally distinguished by the vast expanse of chest, which he bared before the audience. There was a "mother-in-law." and a comic lead, and a tragedy-comic lead; and all the

while the weird music, and the atmosphere of a new world to heighten the effect; so that we had to tear ourselves away, full of anxiety for the erring wife, the murdered mother-in-law, the fighting mandarins, the gay Lothario, who left his fan behind, and the naturally indignant husband; but of course as their history may not be completed for six months, it was impossible to wait for the dénouement.

We left them, therefore, and went over to the Café, where we were most hospitably received by the ladies and gentlemen, who were gambling, singing, smoking there. They gave us tea and sweetmeats; the women studied her Excellency's European garments, and exhibited their long nails in return; and then with exchanges of addresses and good wishes we parted from our new Chinese friends, and proceeded to visit their church.

The Joss House is in the top story of a house, and we reached it by means of a staircase outside, which looked over and smelt over the garlic-scented habitations of "China." We examined this small place of worship by the light of two candles, and studied the wooden faces and figures of three small and very helpless-looking idols. The only thing worth seeing was a very handsome allegorical wood carving, gilt, which forms a screen between the door and the Gods. In the figures there depicted we

recognised several that had been represented on the stage.

We drove home, said good-bye to the Commodore, and congratulated ourselves that the last evening on the Pacific should have been so pleasant.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27.—Left San Francisco at 7.30 a.m., steaming across the bay to Oaklands, where we got on board the cars, our car being a special one. Nothing worthy of note occurred. We unfortunately passed through the finest scenery of the Sierra Nevada by night.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28.—We had to get up at six by order, so up we got at last, having been called on an average three times each. We breakfasted, lunched, and dined in the car, and ate fruit and drank milk between whiles. Very hot, and very dusty. We were detained twice owing to "contrairy" wheels, the opportunity was seized by the industrious for letter writing, &c. At 9 to bed.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 29.—After breakfast, at Ogden, at our old quarters the Station Hotel, we got into our Pullman, sent to meet us, and having been tacked on to the Salt Lake train, we proceeded to Zion. Everybody in the train was, of course,

set down as a Mormon, and if an unfortunate man was seen in proximity to any number of ladies, of course they were put down as his wives. On arriving at the city of the "Latter-day Saints," and getting rid of a little of our dust, their Excellencies sallied forth to call on Elder Jennings and his wives, to whom they had a letter. The Colonel and Capt. Ward meanwhile endeavoured to get something out of Mr. Bridges by dint of a telegram, by no means the first. We then set off, under the guidance of Mr. Jennings, to see the sights. First, we went to the Tabernacle, a hideous building, like the Albert Hall feathered out and minus its decorations. It is used for service only on grand occasions, and is capable of seating 12,000 people. The acoustic properties of the building are excellent. To be heard from one end of the building to the other it is hardly necessary to raise the voice when speaking. We met here a Mormon celebrity, Mr. Geo. Q. Cameron, their Member of Congress, and the possessor of four wives. A local paper says he never can be indicted for bigamy at Washington, for he never takes more than one wife there at a time. From the Tabernacle we went to Zion's Co-operative Store, where the saints buy everything, and whence the profits go to the prophets. We saw the back of Brigham's favourite wife, and unless her front is more

attractive (we hear it is not) it is difficult to understand her influence over the prophet. We passed in the street Orson Pratt, a benevolent-looking humbug, with a flowing white beard, said to be by far the most learned Mormon. We inspected the theatre, then a magnificent house in course of construction, for Amelia, the favourite wife, passing on the way four of Brigham's daughters; it is difficult to turn down any street without meeting some of his family. The theatre is very much like any other theatre by daylight. It requires the presence of some Mormon elder with his family occupying the three front rows of stalls and his wives filling the boxes, to give it any special attraction. We then drove to a point of view above the town, and admired the beautiful site the city is built on, a slope which descends gradually to the plain below, surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills. Twenty or thirty miles off the great Salt Lake is to be seen, a blue patch in the distance. Nothing can be finer than the situation of the city. We passed some conveniently arranged Mormon houses, with several entrance doors.

In the evening to an entertainment at Mr. Jennings', where we met both Gentile and Mormon; of the former there were the Governor, Mr. Emery and wife, and the officers from Camp Douglas, the

military post. We sat in a circle and talked, and partook of champagne, fruit, and sweetmeats; it was decidedly slow, and we got a "little mixed" about the Mrs. Jennings's.

The opinions as to the vanity of Mormonism differ. The gentlemen seem to think it worthy of a trial; the lady condemns and disapproves of it in a most decided manner, and could scarcely be constrained from expressing her disapproval to the elders. Brigham, in one of his sermons, reproved the young ladies of his congregation for adopting modern fashions, such as "dress improvers," pull backs, etc. He walked up and down the platform mimicking the appearance of somebody dressed in the obnoxious manner.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30.—We left the city of saintly sinners early in the morning, and as our hotel-keeper playfully remarked, were "seen off with fireworks," the fireworks being the burning of a rival inn. The roof was a mass of flame, and the goods were being thrown out of the window. After breakfast at Ogden, we proceeded on our way up the Rocky Mountains. The weather began to be chilly, and in the night we felt quite cold. We have a consumptive conductor, who coughs in the most painful way.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 1.—Reached Cheyenne at 3 p.m. Here we have to remain till 5 to-morrow when the train takes us south to Denver. Took advantage of the halt for a little exercise. In the evening the saloons, both drinking and gambling, were in full swing; tho' 't were Sunday, the theatre (Variety) does not open till midnight, out of respect to the day. Saw some big nuggets from the Black Hills.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 2.—On awakening found ourselves proceeding across the prairie, *en route* for Denver, having been attached to our train in the early hours of the morning—a process by no means agreeable to sleepy people, and effected as follows:—An engine takes a run at your car, and having bumped you so as to thoroughly awake everybody, runs off with the car, up and down several times, the change from up to down being defined by bumps. At last, with a final smash, you are made fast to your train, and off you go—your night's rest spoilt. At ten o'clock we reached Denver and proceeded to a very dirty hotel. His Excellency and Captain Ward went in search of a Turkish bath, which they took, but pronounced on their return to be "one horse," there was only one shampooer, an Irish Canadian and an ex-army

scout. Spent an uninteresting afternoon in the most uninteresting city of Denver. In the evening we were made to assist at a political demonstration. Some election taking place next day, one party had a platform in front of our hotel, from which they harangued their admirers in the most approved spread-eagle fashion. In return, their admirers shouted and sang, disturbing our rest, but pleasing themselves mightily.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 3.—We left Denver without regret at 10 in the morning, the dirty and fly-covered tablecloth at breakfast "speeding" the parting guest most effectually. We became acquainted here with a mighty and long-haired hunter known as "Oregon Bill," and received from him his photograph, wherein he is depicted with an Indian's scalp hanging at his belt; it is, however, beasts not men that he hunts, and the owner of this scalp fell by another hand.

At the station a black young lady put her head out of the window and asked a "coloured gentleman" —the porter who was wheeling our luggage—to say good-bye to some one for her. "All right, all right, I'll come and kiss yer all directly; I'm busy now earning money," said this ebony wit.

We travelled all day through the ugliest country imaginable. A flat plain, without a curve or a tree

to be seen on its uninteresting surface. Prairie fires in the evening were the only excitement we had. The car shakes fearfully. As the station food is bad we "run" our own commisariat department on board; and with the potted meats, and delicious hot chocolate, guava jelly, and champagne which we provide, we "pan out" very well, and are having "quite" a "good time" in the enjoyment of three "square meals" a day.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 4.—A very depressing day, being overcast and cloudy; affecting us the more keenly in consequence of the extremely fine weather we have been lucky enough to meet with. We experienced a very rough night in the car, and were nearly jolted out of our beds in consequence of indifferent couplings, and a bad track.

N.B.—Ye who may read this journal, and contemplate a journey by rail in the U.S.—We are on the Kansas Pacific Railway, stopped for lunch at Topeka on the Arkansas River, where the food was reported bad by those who tried it.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 5.—Awoke but little refreshed by the roughest night we have had. It was generally believed that we had been off the track several times. Certainly, we often jumped far above

the rails. My friends, beware of the St. Louis, Kansas City, and Northern Railway, and go any distance to avoid it. We arrived at St. Louis at about 6.30. and after breakfast their Excellencies proceeded to a fair, where some intoxicated authority, a General, assisted by two Colonels, only less intoxicated as becoming their lesser rank, took possession of the party, and succeeded in preventing their seeing anything. The crowd was immense, some 100,000 people. Capt. Ward went to call on a young lady whose acquaintance he had made when at St. Louis before, and who had since been married. Almost the first thing she said was that she had a baby, which somewhat staggered Capt. Ward at first, but happily the matter was explained. The Colonel went off to see a friend (female) of a brother officer (*vide* ball at Belmont) and apparently, as he was away all the afternoon, had a good time.

In the evening to a very stupid play called "Self," and then to bed and rest, in spite of a noisy, democratic demonstration, with bands, torches, and whisky.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 6.—We left St. Louis early in the morning and started on the "Home stretch." We stood at the end of the car and inspected the great bridge over the Mississippi. The railway is

underneath, the carriage way above. It is built on three piers, with 500, 520, and 600 feet between each respectively, and at a distance looks a most flimsy, unsubstantial affair, while in reality it is a very fine piece of engineering work.

The whole day was spent in reading up three weeks' newspapers. At 7 we had our car tea, and all went to bed early. Our car was left about fifteen miles from Chicago, and was picked up about 11 p.m., and taken on its way to Detroit.

The company who have so far travelled together broke up into atoms at Toronto. Their Excellencies stopped there for two nights, and then he went to Philadelphia, and she went to Montreal. Col. Littleton and Mr. Ward proceeded to Ottawa, and the latter having repacked his portmanteau, set off again for New York, *en route* to England.

This journal comes therefore to an end, and the "Great Tour" is over. In justice to the party it must be added that they did not once quarrel on the way, and that they return as good friends as they left, and are all ready to start afresh at a moment's notice!

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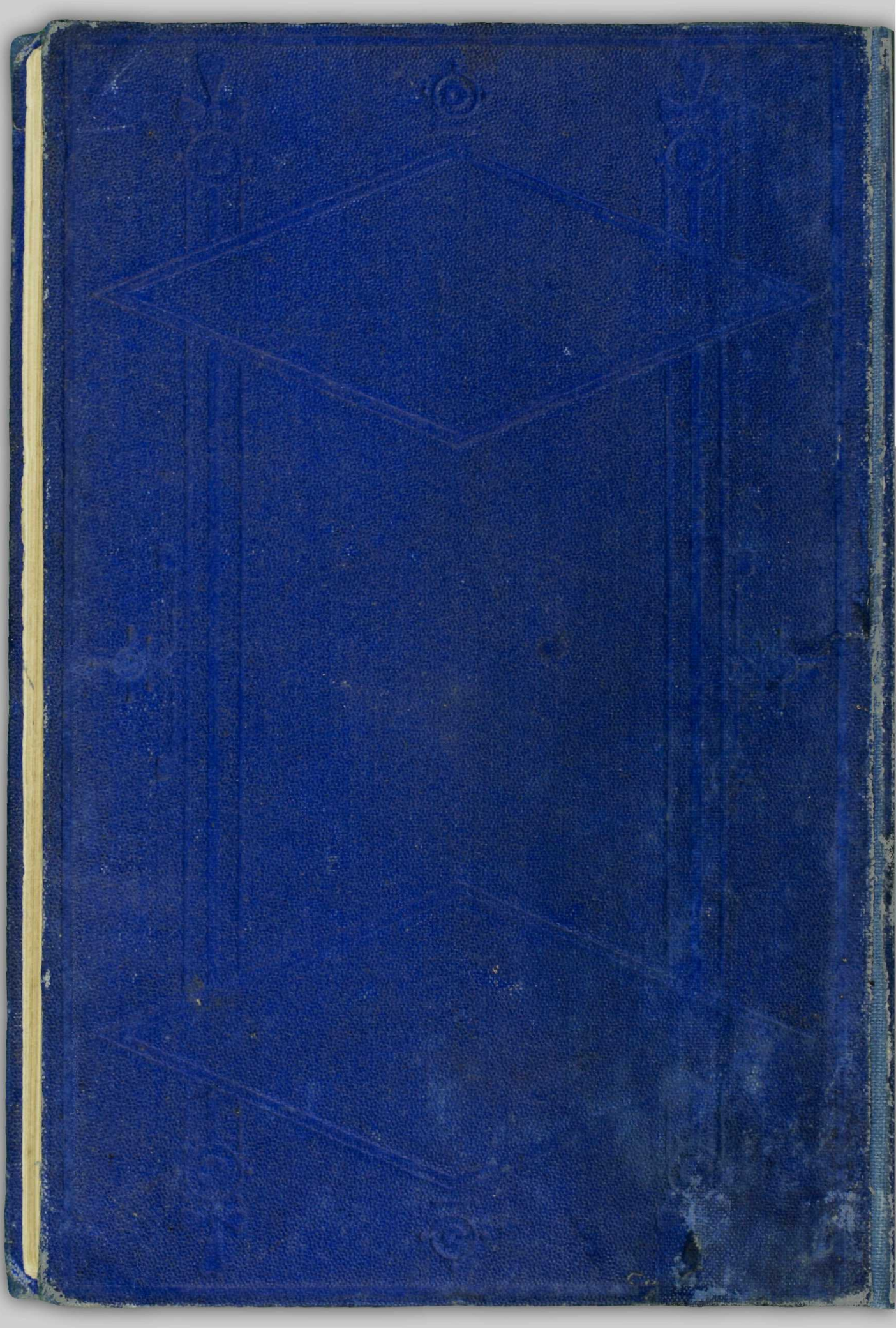
COURTLAND BENSON

Conservation Treatment

Ottawa to B.C.

Linen has been overcast onto the shoulders and inserted into the boards. A loose gaurd has been sewn in with the linen and the flyleaf tipped to it. The inner joints have been repaired with Japanese paper. The spine has been rebacked and the corners repaired with new bookcloth and the original spine replaced.

July 1982