LADY FRANKLIN
VISITS THE
PACIFIC NORTHWEST

FEBRUARY TO APRIL 1861

APRIL TO JULY 1870

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LADY FRANKLIN VISITS THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST:

Being Extracts from the Letters of Miss Sophia Cracroft,
Sir John Franklin's Niece, February to April 1861 and
April to July 1870

Edited with an Introduction and Notes by
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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Sophia Cracroft's letters from the Pacific Northwest in 1861 and 1870 were first brought to the attention of the Provincial Archivist of British Columbia by Prof. Alfons L. Korn, of the Department of English, the University of Hawaii, who had come upon them in the course of research for his own charming and scholarly study of the visit of Lady Franklin and her niece to the Hawaiian Islands in 1861, *The Victorian Visitors* (University of Hawaii Press, 1958). Professor Korn presented the Archives with his own typed transcript of the 1861 letter and also a photocopy of the holograph in the Lady Franklin Collection in the Gregg M. Sinclair Library at the University of Hawaii.[1] Subsequently, he was instrumental in obtaining for the Archives from the Scott Polar Research Institute in Cambridge, England, a microfilm copy of the 1870 letter containing the passages dealing with the Pacific Northwest [MS 248/247/84–96]. This microfilm was transcribed by the Archives manuscript clerk, Mrs. W. Macintosh, to whom thanks are due for her meticulously accurate and intelligent work. It was originally intended that Professor Korn should edit the letters and write an introduction, while the editor of the present memoir, then a member of the Archives staff, should supply the footnotes. For various reasons this project was never completed, and Dr. Blakey Smith has now assumed full responsibility, with the encouragement and complete approval of Professor Emeritus Korn. His share in the project is gratefully acknowledged. Thanks are also due to the two institutions concerned for making available to the Provincial Archives, through Professor Korn, the documents in their custody, as well as to Alan Cooke, the present curator of manuscripts at the Scott Polar Research Institute, and to the late Dr. Gloria Griffen Cline (who at the time of her tragic death in April 1973 was preparing Sophia Cracroft's Sitka Journal for publication) for their generous co-operation in facilitating the publication of the present memoir by the Provincial Archives of British Columbia.

W. E. IRELAND
Provincial Librarian and Archivist

[1] This document originally formed part of the Lefroy Bequest in the Scott Polar Research Institute, but in 1952 it was given, along with other materials primarily relating to the Hawaiian Kingdom, to the University of Hawaii Library.

INTRODUCTION

In the autumn of 1859 the little steam yacht *Fox* came back to England from the Arctic seas—last of the long series of vessels that since 1847 had been searching for Sir John Franklin and his ships. For years his wife, with stubborn and hopeful courage, had refused to admit that he might never return. She had financed three private ventures to supplement the expeditions of the Royal Navy, and when in 1854 the Admiralty abandoned the search and proposed to remove from their books the names of the officers and men of HMS *Erebus* and HMS *Terror,* she had made one final effort—she had purchased and outfitted the *Fox* and persuaded Capt. (later Admiral Sir) F. Leopold McClintock, a veteran of the official Arctic search, to take command. McClintock found no survivors; but he did bring back conclusive proof that Sir John Franklin had died on June 11, 1847, and that before his death he had accomplished his objective—the discovery of the Northwest Passage. In May 1860 the Royal Geographical Society awarded to his widow the Founder's Gold Medal, "not only as the merited recompense of her husband's discoveries," but also as a testimony of the admiration of British geographers for "the single-minded and undaunted energy which animated her endeavours."[1] It was the first time that the Society had awarded its gold medal to a woman.

For Jane, Lady Franklin, 12 years of the most grievous and unremitting personal anxiety and financial strain were now at an end. Her husband's professional honour had been vindicated; his fate had been resolved. Throughout her life Lady Franklin's powers of recuperation were astonishing, and now they came fully into play. By the summer of 1860 she was ready to indulge once more what her biographer has called her "ungovernable passion for travel,"[2] and by the time she returned to England two years later, she had been right round the world.

Lady Franklin came naturally by her ruling passion. Her father, a London "silk man" of considerable wealth and education, "was by habit a traveller,"[3] and as soon as Napoleon had been immured in Elba in 1814 John Griffin took his daughters abroad. Before Jane went back to

(1) Royal Geographical Society, *Journal,* XXX(1860), p. xcv.

(2) Frances J. Woodward, *Portrait of Jane: A Life of Lady Franklin,* London, 1951 [hereafter cited as Woodward], p. 360. This full and authoritative biography is firmly based on the letters and journals of Lady Franklin and her niece, Miss Sophia Cracroft, in the Scott Polar Research Institute, and the present introduction draws heavily upon it.

(3) *Annual Register,* 1875, obituary of Lady Franklin, the facts for which, according to the biographers, were supplied by Miss Cracroft.

England two years later she had lived in Switzerland, Italy, and France, and in subsequent years she accompanied her father to the Netherlands, Germany, and Russia, as well as to many parts of the British Isles.

Nor was her eagerness for travel abated when in 1828 she became the second wife of Capt. John Franklin, R.N., soon to be knighted for his explorations in the Arctic. In 1831, Sir John was given command of HMS *Rainbow,* on the Mediterranean station. The international situation at that time was far from stable. In 1827 the great powers had intervened in the Greek struggle for independence, and had defeated the Turks at Navarino, but the kingdom of Greece was not to be officially recognized until 1832. Franklin's duties as both naval commander and diplomat, instructed as he was to preserve the civil population and protect the commerce of Greece, were sufficiently onerous. Naval regulations prevented his wife from going with him in the *Rainbow,* but she followed him as soon as she could, and they spent as much time together on shore as Franklin could manage. Jane filled the intervals between their brief encounters with a succession of journeys in the countries bordering the eastern Mediterranean, often under the most primitive conditions. As a traveller, buoyed up by "the amazingly tonic power of great excitement,"[4] she was "not a fastidious person—her desire [was] to see and to know everything."[5] Her only concession to the weakness of the flesh, apart, of course, from a personal maid, seems to have been the iron bedstead which from now on apparently formed a regular part of her luggage.[6] Thus protected from insects, she made

(4) Jane Franklin to an unnamed correspondent, quoted in Woodward, p. 172.

(5) Capt. William Hobson, Governor of New Zealand, to Mr. Davis, catechist missionary at the Bay of Islands, quoted in Woodward, p. 234.

(6) She certainly had it with her in Hawaii in 1861. Theodora (Paty) Yates, "Reminiscences of Honolulu," Hawaiian Historical Society MS., remembered that "she had her maid with her and a great quantity of luggage, from her own bed to hammer and nails." Josephine Wunderberg King, "Reminiscences of Hanalei, Hawaii," *Twenty-third Annual Report of the Hawaiian Historical Society* (1930), p. 42, says that Lady Franklin was "a small lady with grey hair and keen grey eyes, and had several eccentricities, among them was a whim to sleep in her own bed, which she took about with her, a sort of cot and used in spite of the trouble it often made to find room for it." For these two references *see* Alfons L. Korn, *The Victorian Visitors,* University of Hawaii Press, 1958 [hereafter cited as Korn], pp. 310 and 329. Sophia Cracroft reported to her family on April 3, 1870, from the steamer *Colorado,* that her aunt "having been bitten by bugs, of wh. there are plenty" in her cabin, had had "her invaluable iron bedstead [set up] outside in an open airy space into wh. the cabins open, and spends only the day, in her cabin."

two voyages up the Nile; travelled through the Holy Land; inspected the Seven Churches of Asia; ascended Mount Olympus; visited the Field of Troy; nearly broke her neck descending Mount Hymettus in the dark; and made an excursion to Mount Sinai, "escorted by five dromedaries and carried in a litter by three camels."[7] But as she wrote to her husband, "In spite of all I think my health is rather improved than otherwise."[8]

Franklin was recalled to England in 1834, and when his wife rejoined him there the reaction set in; as she says herself, "The danger is the being at rest again after it is over."[9] Indeed, Jane confesses that she was eager for travel partly because of "the comparative absence of *mental* anxieties and petty perhaps but to me wearing and importunate household cares."[10] Thus she was well pleased when in 1836 Sir John accepted the post of Lieutenant-Governor of the penal colony of Van Dieman's Land (soon, at Jane's suggestion, to be renamed Tasmania). Here the Franklins were to spend the next seven years, until in 1843 the selfish and malevolent intrigues of local officials forced Sir John's recall.[11] Lady Franklin threw herself vigorously into the political and social life of the colony, and indeed was soon to be accused of interfering far too much in affairs of state; but she also found time to visit New Zealand and Australia, where she was the first woman to travel overland from Melbourne to Sydney. In Tasmania itself she was the first woman to climb Mount Wellington, and in 1842 she insisted on taking part in a gruelling expedition led by Franklin from Hobart through the Tasmanian forest and jungle to the disused penal settlement of Macquarie Harbour, though the only white men to precede them (escaped convicts) had perished on the way.

As soon as Franklin arrived in England in 1844 under a most undeserved administrative cloud, he bent all his energies toward an appointment to another Arctic expedition. On May 10, 1845, he left England in command of HMS *Erebus* and accompanied by HMS *Terror*. In the 14 years before his fate was finally to be ascertained, Lady Frank-

(7) Woodward, p. 190.

(8) Quoted in Woodward, p. 176.

(9) Quoted in Woodward, p. 172.

(10) *Ibid.*

(11) For a well-documented and well-balanced account of the Franklins in Tasmania, *see* Kathleen Fitzpatrick, *Sir John Franklin in Tasmania, 1837–1843*, Melbourne University Press, 1949 [hereafter cited as Fitzpatrick].

lin distracted herself by travel, mostly during the summers, when no word could be expected from the Arctic. She went to the continent, to the Orkneys, and in 1846 for the first time to the United States. Here, she had a "strenuous time of it [inspecting] hospitals, schools, factories, and deaf-and-dumb and blind institutions; [discussing] the Oregon Treaty and the war with Mexico and whether California should be seized and the tariff question"; and telling the mayor of Boston her frank opinion of American, or rather Yankee, manners and customs: "the absurd abuse of Dickens, the ferocity and folly of 4th July orations . . . that if we did not think quite so highly as deserved of Americans, it was owing to their own bragging."[12] This was an opinion she saw no reason to change when in 1860–61 and 1870 she again visited the United States.

In 1860 Jane Franklin was 68 years of age, and in far from robust health. The journey which she now contemplated would have been impossible for her without the devoted companionship of the 44-year-old niece of Sir John Franklin, Miss Sophia Cracroft. The eldest daughter of Franklin's sister Isabella and Thomas Cracroft, a gentleman farmer of an ancient Lincolnshire family, Sophia had accompanied the Franklins to Tasmania when she was only 20. She proved a most congenial companion to her aunt, and Sir John also found her invaluable as a copyist and made full use of her "acuteness and memory"[13] in preparing his privately printed defence of his own administration, *Narrative of Some Passages in the History of Van Dieman's Land* . . . When the *Erebus* sailed for the Arctic in 1845, Franklin had his niece's promise that she would remain with his wife until his own return. Never was promise more faithfully kept. Sophy, as she was affectionately known, was her aunt's stay and comfort during the years of waiting, and counted this a privilege. She wrote to Sir John in 1850, in one of the many letters which he was never to receive:

> You may wonder at my saying that even you do not know your own wife, but inasmuch as her devotedness, courage, fortitude, and extraordinary mental endowments have never been tested as of late, so you have never known the full extent of her rare qualities. I cannot express to you how entirely I honor as well as love her.[14]

Sophia's devotion endured even beyond the death of Lady Franklin in 1875, for the task of putting in order her aunt's diaries and correspon-

(12) Woodward, p. 255.
(13) Lady Franklin, quoted in Fitzpatrick, p. 369.
(14) Quoted in Woodward, p. 273.

dence (Lady Franklin's handwriting, difficult at best, became almost indecipherable in her later years) destroyed Miss Cracroft's eyesight some years before she herself died in 1892.

During all their travels it was now Sophy who saw to her aunt's comfort, and Sophy who warded off the pressing and unwanted attentions forced by curious fellow-travellers on the celebrated explorer's almost equally celebrated relict; for Lady Franklin's untiring devotion and noble self-sacrifice, as the newspapers put it,[15] had won her the profound and respectful admiration of the whole civilized world. And it was Sophy, too, who kept an indefatigable record of their adventures in the shape of journal letters to "My dearest ones" at home in England. Jane still kept a diary of sorts, but according to her biographer "the travels of 1860–70 find their chief chronicle in Sophy's letters home."[16] The point of view throughout is that of an upper-class English spinster, a firm adherent of the principles and practices of the Church of England, with connections among the landed gentry and the officers of the Royal Navy. But Sophy was a spinster by choice, for in her Tasmanian 20's she was "a gay young woman and a sad flirt,"[17] and she had refused several offers of marriage before she gave up all thought of husband and children to devote herself to her aunt. She was a shrewd observer of men and manners, with a sometimes caustic sense of humour and a sharp eye for the salient detail of appearance or character. Vivid, lively, amusing, and, for a mid-Victorian maiden lady, frank and forthright in their comments, these letters are of considerable interest to the social historian. Constantly they quote or paraphrase "my Aunt," and while the hand is the hand of Sophy, the voice, the reader feels, is often the voice of Jane. Both ladies had strong opinions on many matters, and some of the topics on which they comment are perhaps not without relevance today.

On August 2, 1860, Lady Franklin, Miss Cracroft, and Buckland (Lady Franklin's maid) left England for New York, where they were the guests of the American merchant prince, Henry Grinnell, who had helped to finance two expeditions in search of Franklin and who had now been corresponding with the ladies for nearly 10 years. They took a side trip

(15) *See*, for example, the Victoria *Daily Colonist* [hereafter cited as *Colonist*], February 23, 1861.

(16) Woodward, p. 306. The curator of manuscripts at the Scott Polar Research Institute tells me that in 1861 there were no entries in Lady Franklin's diary between January 5 and April 9, and in 1870, nothing but "journal notes," July 11–18, written in Salt Lake City.

(17) Fitzpatrick, p. 237.

to Canada, where the future King Edward VII was fluttering all female hearts, and where Jane, as she was told, "quite won the Prince—very naturally."[18] For Lady Franklin, though a most intelligent and strong-minded woman, had also a good deal of charm and a keen sense of humour, too. In her youth "small and dark, blue-eyed, and more *piquante* than beautiful,"[19] in her late 60's she was "a very sensible old lady, & is not starched,"[20] and despite a few eccentricities, Lady Franklin had a way with her till the day she died.

From New York the travellers sailed for Brazil and thence through the Straits of Magellan into the Pacific Ocean. At Panama the United States Navy received them with the most gratifying honours; at San Francisco they were definitely "news," though Sophy complained that the reporters' accounts were highly inaccurate; and from San Francisco they took passage in the regular mail steamer for Victoria, V.I., where they landed on February 24, 1861.

Lady Franklin had two good reasons for visiting Vancouver Island and the adjacent Mainland colony of British Columbia in 1861. First, she wanted to see her old friend, Capt. George H. Richards, who had played so large a part in the search for her husband and who would indeed have commanded the *Fox* for her if he had not been appointed in 1856 to the Northwest Boundary Commission established to interpret Article I of the Oregon Treaty of 1846. Second, she had been asked by Miss Angela Burdett-Coutts, the munificent benefactor of the newly created Diocese of Columbia, to pay a visit to Bishop George Hills (who had arrived in Victoria little more than a year before) and to bring back news of the progress of the Church of England in these colonial wilds. The newspapers thought this "a most singular mission for a lady."[21] Actually, Miss Burdett-Coutts had chosen her emissary well. For Jane Franklin was a woman whose religious faith was more than a convention: it had sustained her throughout the long years when her husband's fate was unknown. A member of the established Church of England, she had always been keenly interested in the missions of her church in foreign lands. But she was no religious bigot. According to her niece, who had perhaps a better opportunity than anyone else for judging her

(18) Quoted in Woodward, p. 307.

(19) Woodward, p. 15.

(20) Abner Wilson, schoolmaster in Hawaii, to an unnamed correspondent, July 5, 1861, quoted in Korn, p. 328.

(21) *Colonist*, March 14, 1861.

character, she was "eminently critical," and capable of a detachment which enabled her "to sit in judgement upon herself, as if she were another being."[22]

Of particular interest to Lady Franklin were the schools which the Church of England had established in Victoria. As the friend of Dr. Thomas Arnold, she had assisted Franklin in the difficult task of trying to found a Collegiate School for boys in Tasmania. She had also contemplated a school for girls which would "train up women worthy to be wives & sisters of the pupils of the college."[23] Not that she herself admired school education for females, but in a country where no private governesses could be obtained, a school seemed the only answer. She did not succeed in this project, no doubt to the relief of the young ladies of Hobart, who would have greatly preferred her "to have the military band in, and the carpets out, and give dances,"[24] and were frankly bored at the conversational and musical evenings to which the Governor's wife invited them. Lady Franklin was, therefore, highly pleased with the Ladies' Collegiate School in Victoria, where the curriculum was designed "for the young ladies of the colony—those requiring the best education" —and included music, singing, drawing, French, German, Italian, and Spanish. She also approved of the Boys' Collegiate School, where the pupils were receiving "a first class education, second only," says Sophy, "to that of our highest Public Schools." Lady Franklin presented the boys with a copy of McClintock's *The Voyage of the Fox* and a portrait of the Prince of Wales, "their future King," upon which "they cheered my Aunt uproariously," and declared that they would call their cricket club after her.

Lady Franklin was pleased also by the stand of the Church of England on racial matters. In Tasmania she had deplored the brutal policy of the settlers toward the aborigines. She had made an excursion with horses and tents to Flinders Island to see for herself the remnant of the aboriginal inhabitants of the colony, and had commissioned portraits of the 50 natives who had been allowed to survive. Thus she was an appreciative visitor to the school for Indian children carried on by the Anglican clergy on the reserve across the harbour of Victoria. She was fully in accord,

(22) "Notes for a memoir of Lady Franklin," quoted in Woodward, p. 365.

(23) Jane Franklin to her sister Mary, Mrs. Simpkinson, quoted in Woodward, p. 223.

(24) Mrs. Charles Meredith, *My Home in Tasmania during a Residence of Nine Years*, London, 1852, quoted in Fitzpatrick, p. 52.

too, with the Bishop's attitude toward the Negro group who in 1858 had fled north from the social injustices of California. Despite strong pressure from the American element, the Bishop refused to make any racial distinction, in either church or school, between black and white. The Indians, it would seem, were in a different category, but Lady Franklin, like the Bishop, saw no grounds for criticism here.

In 1861 the colony of Vancouver Island had no official residence. Governor James Douglas was living in his own private house on the shores of James Bay, but there seems to have been no thought that the distinguished English visitors should be accommodated there. Instead, Captain Richards had taken for the ladies "the very best lodgings in the place"—and really, Miss Cracroft admits, they were "very tolerable"—with "very respectable people," the Negro barber Wellington D. Moses and his wife, a first-rate cook whom Sophy describes, in one of the many sharp little vignettes that enliven her letters, as "a queer being, wears long sweeping gowns without crinoline—moves slowly and has a sort of stately way (in intention at least) which is very amusing."

Here the ladies received a constant stream of callers wishing to pay their respects to Lady Franklin: a cross-section of the inhabitants of Victoria, ranging from naval officers, clergymen, lawyers, and government officials to the celebrated Major William Downie (who having lost most of his fortune in California had joined the Fraser River gold rush) and the poor harmless maniac who introduced himself to Sophy as "the Son of God, Madam—I have been a great traveller, and Lady F. is also a great traveller and I have a great wish to see her." He did not get past Sophy, to whom the Commissioner of Police later explained that "insanity was only too common here, & may be attributed to the disappointment of highly raised hopes and to the excitement of speculation especially prevailing in gold producing countries."

Lady Franklin was also waited on by a group of coloured people sponsored by her landlord and Bishop Hills, including the officers of the Victoria Pioneer Rifle Corps formed the year before, who told her that but for the stand taken by the Bishop and his clergy on their behalf the coloured population would have left the colony in a body, and thus, says Miss Cracroft, we should have lost "a most orderly and useful and loyal section of the community. They naturally detest America," she adds, and had really formed the Rifle Corps "with the view of resisting any American aggression" such as the San Juan claim now pending.

This San Juan affair was a very live issue in the Victoria of 1861, but to the visitors it was only one aspect of the relations between Great Britain and the United States, relations about which they were deeply concerned. They had arrived in North America on the eve of the Civil War. Socially, their sympathies lay all with the South, for like their New York host they found very distasteful the manners and customs of the "Yankees" and their anti-British attitude. Yet it was impossible for Lady Franklin and her niece to condone slavery. When the Civil War did break out not long after their departure from Victoria, their sympathies were uncomfortably divided. But regarding the San Juan affair they had no doubts at all. The dispute had come to a head in 1859, when the island of San Juan had been occupied by American troops without authority from the U.S. War Department, although the ownership of the whole archipelago in the Strait of Georgia was still under discussion by the Northwest Boundary Commission. In 1860 a temporary compromise had placed the island under joint occupation by British and American forces. Lady Franklin and her niece were vehemently on the side of the British, and looked upon the original occupation by American troops as one more illustration of the American attitude they so disliked—"grasping, never satisfied unless they find themselves pre-eminent, if not alone, in the field." The ladies felt that the Colonial Office in London did not sufficiently appreciate the extent of American aggression, and they were fearful that the British Government might allow the young and thriving colonies of Vancouver Island and British Columbia to fall into the hands of the United States.

For Lady Franklin had indeed what her biographer has called "an unfashionable belief in the future of the British Empire."[25] In the early 1860's most British politicians looked on the colonies merely as fruits which would drop from the parent tree as soon as they were mature and which in the meantime were nothing but a trouble and expense to the mother country. Jane most emphatically did not agree. In Tasmania she had herself founded an agricultural settlement to which she hoped to attract people from England, and the Governor and his wife had made every effort to encourage free, as opposed to convict, immigration. In 1863 she was to organize in England (anonymously, of course, as befitted a Victorian lady, especially one who hoped "never [to] be talked of as one of your bold, clever, energetic women, fit for anything")[26] an essay

(25) Woodward, p. 331.

(26) Jane Franklin to Mrs. Simpkinson, quoted in Woodward, p. 171.

competition among British artisans on the advantages to be derived by British subjects, both at home and abroad, from the British colonies.

Lady Franklin was therefore much pleased to be taken by Captain Richards to a general meeting of the committee recently formed in Victoria to organize a contribution for the London Exhibition of 1862, a contribution which would show the people at home the value of their Pacific Coast colony and therefore encourage emigration. Lady Franklin and her niece, the first ladies to attend such a meeting, received a hearty and gratified welcome from the gentlemen, and to their "infinite surprise and some amusement" Lady Franklin was elected an honorary member. One delicate point of discussion was the refusal of the Mainland colony of British Columbia to join with Vancouver Island in sending a contribution to London. The British Columbians insisted on sending their own exhibit, and on representing themselves as a separate colony, which indeed, as Miss Cracroft admits, they really were, although until 1864 the two colonies shared the same governor. Those who have not actually lived in a colony, says Miss Cracroft, can have no idea of the intensity of feeling with which local politics and interests are discussed; and from her own experiences of what Lady Franklin once called "the ordeal of an Australian Colony,"[27] Sophy was of the opinion that this Island-Mainland feud would never be healed. She felt that the people of New Westminster, the capital of the Mainland colony, would never be brought "to see that Victoria must always be the commercial capital of these parts," unless of course, she adds with unconscious prophecy, in days to come Burrard's Inlet with its fine harbour should be settled.

When the ladies could escape from their daytime callers long enough to go shopping, they were surprised to find things so good and plentiful, though they were by no means cheap, and Miss Cracroft thought it significant that there was no copper money in the colony, nothing less than a "bit," which she defines as the tenth part of a dollar. They visited the Hudson's Bay Company's store, which imported direct from England everything you could think of. They saw one magnificent skin of the sea-otter, and could have bought it for £20, one-fifth of the price asked in England, but the difficulty of getting furs home was too much for even Lady Franklin to contemplate. They did buy some beautiful specimens of argillite carving by the Haida Indians of the Queen Charlotte Islands.

On the social side, the visitors enjoyed all the gaiety that the Victoria of 1861 could provide. At that time of year the streets were a slough of

(27) Quoted in Woodward, p. 247.

black mud, but they went to a number of dinner parties, escorted by one of the gentlemen guests wearing boots up to his knees and carrying a lantern. The ladies also took luncheon at the table of Thomas Harris, "the very rich butcher and navy contractor," as Sophy calls him, who in 1862 was to become the first mayor of Victoria and whose invitation was properly and respectfully conveyed to Lady Franklin through Bishop Hills. There was another luncheon at the Governor's house, and Miss Cracroft's account of it throws a fresh and interesting light on the life of the Douglas household. The Governor being away, all the arrangements were in the hands of his daughters and niece. Mrs. Douglas took no lead whatever, for she shrank from receiving visitors not only because of her naturally retiring disposition but because, Sophy says, "she speaks English with some difficulty, the usual language in the family being either the Indian, or Canadian French, which is a corrupt dialect." The guests found her gentle, simple, and kindly manner most pleasing, and they were much impressed by the Douglas daughters, for "considering the little training of any kind these girls can have had, it is more wonderful that they should be what they are, than that they should have defects of manner." When the ladies later met the Governor himself, they were equally impressed, remarking (not with entire accuracy, for Douglas had received a sound Scottish education) that "the wonder is that never having been in England or in fact out of the Hudson's Bay territories all his life, he should appear to such advantage, and should be in any degree fit for his position."

From the 5th to the 17th of March 1861 the ladies were on a sightseeing trip up the Fraser River. Sophy had not been impressed by the specimens of Fraser River gold she had seen, which had a "brassy look," but the visitors were very much interested in the technical side of gold mining, for Lady Franklin was the friend of distinguished men of science in England and had a lively curiosity in scientific matters. But the Fraser River trip had its lighter side, too. Enlivened by the high spirits and practical joking of their escort, Lieut. Philip J. Hankin, the ladies enjoyed even the addresses of welcome and the firing of salutes which greeted their progress by steamboat to the very head of navigation at Yale. Their subsequent trip through the Fraser canyon was in a canoe manned by 12 Indian paddlers, "all dressed in red woolen shirts, with gay ribbons in their hats, in honor of my Aunt." The visitors were interested, too, in the Indian villages along the river, with their subterranean

dwellings, their salmon boxes, and their burial places, where "utterly grotesque & monstrous," even "absurd," wooden figures were ranged in front of the rows of carved and painted mortuary chests.

But Lady Franklin and her niece were most happy to be among their "own people" again when they stayed in the Camp of the Royal Engineers, a mile up the river from New Westminster, with Col. and Mrs. R. C. Moody. The ladies "liked them both extremely," finding Mrs. Moody "a very sensible person with a manner of perfect sincerity" and five "thoroughly well managed children." Mrs. Moody for her part wrote of Lady Franklin as "such a nice energetic old lady," adding perceptively, "she is travelling for pleasure, I suppose— But I fancy she is restless and can't settle for long in any one place."[28] At the Moody's dinner table there was much talk on colonial matters, especially the current dispute over San Juan. The ladies deeply regretted that Governor Douglas had rejected Colonel Moody's solution: instead of the Royal Marines occupying San Juan Island jointly with the Americans they should have occupied the neighboring Orcas Island, which might later have been exchanged with the Americans for San Juan itself, the closer of the two to Vancouver Island.

On March 24, 1861, Lady Franklin and her niece left Victoria for San Francisco in the American mail steamer. They had found their visit to Vancouver Island and British Columbia "a very pleasant, as well as deeply interesting one." Their hope was to see these colonies increase in prosperity, the foundation of which, they thought, "must be laid in emigration from England, or at least from English colonies, so as to absorb (or at least outweigh) the American element." The climate was well suited to the English constitution, education was provided, and land could readily be bought. But there was an acute servant problem, and Miss Cracroft was full of pity for the ladies who must be their own cook, or nurse, or housemaid, if not all three. She did admit, however, that "this state of things saps conventionality at the root—strong friendships are formed, and people are ready to help one another."

The mail steamer stopped for three days at Portland on the Columbia River to load freight, and Lady Franklin and her niece took advantage of the delay to go up the Columbia by river steamer and visit Oregon City, Fort Vancouver, and the Cascades. Annoyed to be discovered in their oldest travelling gowns and bonnets by a crowd of curious American pas-

(28) Mary S. Moody to "Emily," March 15, 1861, MS., Provincial Archives of British Columbia [hereafter cited as PABC].

sengers in "silks, flowers, feathers, and crinolines," they were completely exhausted by a 15-hour day of suffering among such people, who simply could not believe that Sophy, replying at last with exasperated frankness to their questions, could really think the Fraser a finer river than the Columbia, and who insisted that "Lord Franklin . . . was a Scotchman." The visitors continued to be surprised "at the want in the American masses of the cordial feelings which we are so often expressing for them—it is all on one side—they don't like to be told of this, but all the most enlightened and candid admit it." Among these enlightened Americans were some Fort Vancouver officers, "exceedingly agreeable and clever," who complimented the ladies on their acquaintance with American politics, institutions, and feelings, and politely agreed with the visitors in deploring their own system of universal suffrage and in feeling that the great United States experiment was "proving itself a failure, the Republic being powerless to keep its parts together—& whatever be the issue of the present crisis, so much as this is already proved."

When Lady Franklin found herself safely back in San Francisco, she made plans to visit Sacramento by steamer, but unusually high floods prevented this excursion, and finding San Francisco far less agreeable than Victoria, she made a sudden decision to visit the Sandwich Islands, planning to stay just a fortnight, between the calls of the regular packets. Actually the ladies remained for two months, touring the islands under the King's auspices and making a firm friend of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, R. C. Wyllie, who later wrote that "of all the ladies that I have ever met with, they are just the ladies that suit me: they are of high mettle and breeding—not prudes, hum-drum, and pernickety-nackety!"[29] The King gave a state dinner for Lady Franklin; Queen Emma kissed her tearfully at parting; and Jane assured the royal pair that she would do all in her power to forward the fortunes of the Anglican Episcopal Church which the King had already asked Queen Victoria to establish in his dominions. Jane hoped that in the furtherance of this project the King and Queen would bring their only child to England for his christening and that Her Britannic Majesty might be persuaded to act as his sponsor, a hope that was to be frustrated by the untimely death of both the little prince and his father.

Late in 1861, Lady Franklin and her niece left California for England, travelling by way of Japan, China, Singapore, and India. By the summer

(29) R. C. Wyllie to Kamehameha IV, September 3, 1861, quoted in Korn, p. 182.

of 1862 they were at home again, and Mr. Grinnell's son, then in England, reported that he had never seen Lady Franklin looking "so well, young, and blooming."[30] During the next few years she did comparatively little travelling. For the first time in her life she had a house of her own, in the pleasant outskirts of London. She adorned it with treasures from her former travels, and she acquired a reputation as a hostess at whose table one met celebrities in all fields, from Bishop Colenso to Fanny Kemble, and from Confederate Commissioner J. M. Mason of the *Trent* affair to Capt. J. H. Speke, the explorer of the sources of the Nile. In the winter of 1864–65, Lady Franklin took Sophy to Spain and Majorca, to recruit their strength for the forthcoming visit of Queen Emma of the Sandwich Islands, now widowed and childless, who was coming to England to gather moral and financial support for the Church of England in her native country. Anxious to repay the Queen's hospitality to her in 1861, Jane accommodated the Queen and her suite for four months at Upper Gore Lodge, Sophy as usual coping with the practical details of the household. To act as a sort of manager for the Queen, seeing that she met the right people and kept track of her multifarious engagements, was no easy task for Jane and Sophy. Queen Emma, who was after all only 30, seems to have felt "oppressively protected"[31] by "the old ladies of this house,"[32] and poor Sophy, whose advice had at first been gladly sought in the matter of the correct gown or bonnet, was soon referred to in Emma's diary as "the odious Miss Crawcroft." While the Queen did her duty by public appearances in aid of the Mission in Hawaii, she wanted to savour the secular side of England too, and as Lady Franklin wrote in an ironical echo of the words once applied to herself in New Zealand, "She wishes to see everything and know everything, and is by no means, though I say it without disrespect, the 'saint' which Mr. Keble expected to find."[33]

Thus, when Queen Emma's health made a removal to the Riviera desirable at the end of 1865, it must have been with a certain relief that Jane and Sophy set out for India, a few days before Lady Franklin's 75th birthday. Not long before her departure, too, she had received news which Sophy calls "a fearful working up of the slumbering past."[34] Dr.

(30) Quoted in Woodward, p. 323.

(31) Lord John Russell, Foreign Secretary, to Sir Edmund Hammond, permanent under-secretary, September 18, 1865, quoted in Korn, p. 252.

(32) Diary of Queen Emma, July 24, 1865, quoted in Korn, p. 231.

(33) Jane Franklin to "My Dear Mr. Dean," no date, quoted in Korn, p. 235.

(34) Quoted in Woodward, p. 341.

Charles Francis Hall, now in the Arctic on his second expedition in search of Franklin's ships, had sent word that from Eskimo reports he was now convinced that some members of the Franklin Expedition were still alive. There were no details, though Jane wrote at once to Mr. Grinnell, and it was to be four years before Dr. Hall emerged from the Arctic to talk with Jane in person. In the meantime, in 1865, a visit to India was a welcome distraction, and the ladies returned by way of Suez. The canal was not to be officially opened until 1869, but Lady Franklin and her niece were allowed to navigate it in M. de Lesseps' own dahabiya, which turned out to be infested with insects and constantly ran aground. After this rather unpleasant interlude, the ladies refreshed themselves by visiting Corsica, Italy, and Elba, for they were in no hurry to get back to London. Queen Emma was again occupying Lady Franklin's house, "tiresomely vague" about her own future plans, and giving "absurd" presents to the servants.[35] However, the final parting with the Queen was amicable enough: in July 1866 the ladies escorted her from London to Queenstown in Ireland, whence she sailed for the United States, and Lady Franklin resumed her own travels. In 1867 she and Miss Cracroft toured France, Switzerland, and Italy, returning home by way of Dalmatia and Germany. In the autumn they were off to the Paris Exhibition and before the end of the year they went to India again. Once more they rode on elephants; they drove out of Delhi to see a red sandstone column 238 feet high ("I need not say," wrote Sophy, "that we went to the top [and] my Aunt even walked round the topmost smallest platform");[36] and they were snowbound for three days at Simla. Then, until August 1869, Lady Franklin and her niece travelled in the Iberian peninsula, the Canary Islands, and northwest Africa, Jane still insisting on seeing and knowing everything, in spite of "the thousand miseries of travelling."[37]

Back in England, they received at the end of September the news that Dr. Hall had returned from the Arctic after an absence of five years among the Eskimos. It was reported that he had discovered the skeletons of Franklin's party, and that he brought "relics" of the expedition. There was no mention of the "writings, journals or letters or MS books" which Jane was so eager to see. Her hope was that Hall might "be induced to help in another search in King Wm Island & parts adjacent for the recovery of the documents, under one of the bravest & ablest of

(35) Woodward, p. 347.
(36) Quoted in Woodward, p. 352.
(37) Quoted in Woodward, p. 353.

English Arctic officers."[38] It soon became evident that the American Dr. Hall was not prepared to serve under a British officer; but he did not reject Lady Franklin's proposal altogether and said that he would like to meet her. It was during the course of arranging this interview that Lady Franklin and her niece paid their second visit to the Pacific Northwest, in 1870.

Seeking the warmth which usually revived Lady Franklin, who, her niece reported, had been "weak and suffering much pain," they took ship in January and proceeded by way of Lisbon and the Straits of Magellan to Valparaiso. This time they had two servants with them: the "good and useful"[39] Lawrence, courier and man servant, who remained in Lady Franklin's service until her death, and her maid Chevalier. From Valparaiso they went by steamer to Panama, and at Panama they transferred to the regular San Francisco steamer, reaching the Californian port on April 13, 1870.

Here they renewed acquaintance with the friends they had made nine years before and found San Francisco itself "greatly changed & increased . . . the houses . . . exceedingly improved," and the population "more cosmopolitan than ever." But there were the same old "rough pavements" and the same "odious untidiness" in the streets. The ladies did not like the gaudy advertising billboards, or the systematic cheating to which they were subjected, or the way the services were conducted in the Episcopalian church they attended, especially when the children were "paraded up to the communion table in the face of the congregation" and presented with "*bo*quets of flowers to symbolize the Resurrection." Imagine *English* children taking part in such an "extraordinary mixture of exhibition and worship"!

Escorted by Dr. David Walker (who had been surgeon in the *Fox* and was now a surgeon in the United States Army), Lady Franklin and her niece made an excursion by ferry to Oakland, the terminus of the Pacific Railway, which had been completed in 1869. They wished to inspect the Pullman cars in which they planned to travel across the continent to New York. The cars were as advertised: "The height of luxury . . . in the American sense—i.e., made fine with carved wood & pictures—& we hope they are clean—but *we* have no fancy to share an immense car with I dare say a hundred people," and Sophia was also disturbed to perceive "a kind of barrel organ, with wh. I fear we shall be inflicted."

(38) Jane Franklin to Henry Grinnell, quoted in Woodward, p. 354.

(39) Sophia Cracroft to "My dearest ones," Santiago, March 6, 1870.

However, there was no other way for them to cross the continent, and perhaps by taking a whole section they might find the journey tolerable.

But there was no point in attempting to cross to New York at present, for Hall was "moving heaven and earth" to get command of a projected North Pole expedition and would clearly have no time for them. So the ladies were glad to have Dr. Walker arrange for them a trip in USS *Newbern,* which was engaged in carrying troops and supplies to the military posts in Alaska, the territory purchased by the United States from the Russians in 1867. The vessel was to touch at Victoria, where they could see some old friends, and would coal at Nanaimo, which they had never seen.

Embarking on April 25, 1870, Miss Cracroft reported that the *Newbern* was not large and she rolled excessively but at least she was *perfectly* clean. The ladies had anticipated the usual extraordinary want of conversation among American travellers, and had borrowed plenty of books from their friends in San Francisco. Their fellow-passengers, mostly army officers and their families, were "good natured & kind hearted," and a few, a very few, were congenial; but one captain's wife was "vulgarer than our scullery maids at home" and the children were of course, as usual, "totally unshy."

The *Newbern* reached Esquimalt on Friday, April 29, and stayed only until noon on Sunday, for the captain wanted to get to the United States military post on San Juan Island in full daylight. When the ladies found five British ships of war in Esquimalt Harbour they felt again at home. The Admiral and his officers called on them that evening, and Lady Franklin sent off her letter of introduction to Governor Anthony Musgrave, "a very nice person, we are told," says Sophy, "and engaged to be married to an American whose family we know very well in New York." Here was obviously a Governor of the sort to which they were accustomed, for whom it would not be necessary to make allowances, as they had been obliged to do in the case of Governor Douglas in 1861. Next morning came an invitation for the ladies to spend the rest of their stay at Government House. They were escorted thither by the Governor's nephew and private secretary as well as by their harumscarum old acquaintance of 1861, Lieut. (now Captain) Hankin, "unaltered in most ways, but stouter," and now Colonial Secretary of British Columbia. They rode in the Governor's carriage over a road which Sophy pronounced to be "excellent, running through an open forest with lovely spring flowers—here and there a little clearing with a wooden house—

then quite pretty villas." The area of the town had greatly increased, for many of the streets, says Sophy, "were only laid out when we were here nine years ago."

Lady Franklin was well aware that Governor Musgrave had been transferred from Newfoundland to British Columbia because he was "a stout partisan" of the Confederation of the British North American colonies, and that she and her niece had "arrived at a most interesting moment of history," for British Columbia was in the very act of sending delegates to Canada to state the conditions on which the colony would agree to enter Confederation. When the travellers met the Governor they at once plunged into politics, and found themselves in complete agreement with his hope that Great Britain would manage to keep this valuable colony, instead of letting it fall into eager American hands. "It makes us so indignant," says Miss Cracroft, "that our Government can accept even as a possibility the loss of our only possession on this side of the Pacific."

In 1861, Lady Franklin and her niece had felt that Great Britain would not lift a finger to keep her colonies, and in 1870 they were still apprehensive, but actually the climate of opinion had changed during the past nine years. Even Disraeli, who had formerly regarded the colonies as a millstone round England's neck, was almost ready to denounce those who would bring about the disintegration of the British Empire. Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke had made a journey round the world in 1866–67 after leaving Cambridge, and had now written a book entitled *Greater Britain;* and the Colonial Society had been founded in London in 1869. The shift in British opinion was in part due to the United States purchase of Alaska by the Secretary of State, William H. Seward, who had urged acceptance of his proposal because "such action would prevent the British from acquiring the area, and . . . hemmed in on the Pacific, the British [colonies] would soon seek annexation to the United States."[40] The British had been aroused, too, by "the arrogance of American demands" in connection with the Alabama claims,[41] and now saw the confederation of all the British possessions north of the border as a means of resisting American aggression.

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(40) J. F. Smith, "American Republican leadership and the movement for the annexation of Canada in the 1860s," Canadian Historical Association, *Annual Report,* 1935, p. 69.

(41) Maureen M. Robson, "The Alabama claims and the Anglo-American reconciliation, 1869–1871," *Canadian Historical Review,* XLII (1961), p. 4.

After luncheon, again escorted by Mr. Musgrave and Captain Hankin, the ladies went shopping "for Charts &c and any objects of Indian workmanship," but contrary to their experience nine years before they found no Indian curios worth buying, and prices were higher than they had expected. Then they made a round of calls on people they had met in 1861, the most interesting visit being to the house of the former Governor, which they found exactly as it had been nine years before: "a straight walk from the gate to the road, between the roughest of lawns, bordered with detached bushes of roses and sweet briar"—and this, Miss Cracroft exclaims with amused surprise, is all the attempt at ornament! Sir James (for Douglas had been knighted on his retirement in 1864) was not at home, but Lady Douglas was very cordial, "much pleased to see my Aunt and vexed that Sir James was out." The escorting gentlemen were astounded, for they said Lady Douglas rarely received anyone, and Mr. Musgrave for one had never seen her. It says much for Lady Franklin's charm and social tact that Lady Douglas should have consented to renew the acquaintance of 1861 and should have received her callers so warmly. Through Beacon Hill, "the favorite place of resort for driving & walking," part of which had now been laid out as a cricket ground and racecourse, the party drove back to Government House, passing a great number of pretty cottages and country houses, with neat gardens, very different from "the dusty, untidy, ragged suburbs of San Francisco." In the evening there was a dinner party for 16 of the local "best people," and they talked about the Bill before the British Parliament for giving women the suffrage. Lady Franklin and her niece were much interested in this proposal, but Sophy found a great "contrast in *our* way of dealing with that question to the way it is discussed & brought forward in America, where it is vulgarized as well as made ridiculous." Imagine an *English* lady wishing to be "Presidentess!"

Next morning the *Newbern* left for the north. Her first port of call was the American miltary camp on San Juan Island, still under joint occupation by the British and American forces. All Sophy's indignation of 1861 was rekindled, for, she says, "the island is clearly ours by treaty, as implied in the terms of it and the longitude agreed upon," and yet the Americans still persisted in their unlawful occupation.

While the *Newbern* coaled at Nanaimo, the ladies visited the quarry on Newcastle Island, and made an excursion among the offshore islands. They found a link with the past in the Nanaimo pilot who pulled the stroke oar, for he had been a boy in Orkney when the Franklin expedi-

tion arrived there, and had driven Franklin from Kirkwall to Stromness and back again. They met various officials of the Government and of the mining company, and Miss Cracroft's resentment against the Americans boiled over again when the local magistrate quoted Secretary of State Seward as saying to him that "so long as British Columbia . . . remained a crown colony . . . the Americans would be content to let things go on as now,—but that they would in *every possible way* oppose its union with the Canadian Confederation! They hate this Confederation of course, because it is a bond of union *against* America,—but the cool impudence of Mr. Seward's declaration to an English official is simply astounding, & ought to be as widely known as possible".

The Indians whom they saw in Nanaimo interested the ladies greatly, but they saw a good deal more of the native races when the *Newbern* called at the military posts of Tongas and Wrangel, where they were taken inside the Indian houses, past the tall totem poles, "carved with great skill in grotesque or monstrous figures." On May 12, 1870, the *Newbern* arrived at Sitka, where the ladies disembarked to await the mail steamer for Victoria. They were able to get lodgings ashore, but they had to remain in them far longer than they had anticipated, or wished, in spite of the reading, writing, sketching, knitting, and walking with which they filled their days. The schedule of the steamer had unfortunately just been changed, and instead of leaving for the south on the 5th of June she now would not leave until the 15th—34 whole days since the ladies' arrival in Sitka. Furthermore, the captain of the mail steamer *Constantine* was a most disobliging man, on whom Lady Franklin's charm failed to make the usual impression. She had very much wanted to go with him when his vessel made a side trip with supplies to a trading post in Prince William Sound, but he put so many obstacles in the way that she was obliged to give up the idea. She was not used to this cavalier treatment, and her indignation was further aroused when he made such extortionate charges for the accommodation of her party on the trip that she was determined to complain to his owners in San Francisco.

Landed at Victoria on June 22, 1870, the ladies were at once summoned to Government House. The Governor was in San Francisco for his marriage, but his two sisters were most cordial. Captain Hankin entertained Lady Franklin and her niece at an open-air luncheon, and they were much impressed by a visit to the dockyard at Esquimalt, which moved Sophy to express once more her "misgiving that our present

miserable policy may, even in our lives, resign this magnificent naval position into the hands of the Americans, who are ever wide mouthed and expectant of every chance of getting this noble possession into their own hands." Clearly, the only remedy was Confederation with Canada, especially as the railway demanded by the British Columbians would attract population and "bring about a profitable occupation of the country."

With this moderately cheerful observation, Lady Franklin and her niece terminated their second visit to Victoria. In 1861 they had found a settlement crude enough in many of its physical aspects, but still activated by the hopeful spirit of the pioneer. In 1870 the roads had improved and the houses were finer and more numerous; but the impetus of the gold rush had been expended and the colony was now looking outside its own borders for some rejuvenating influence. The problems of 1861 had been the problems of a young colony: the struggle against the harsh living conditions of a settlement barely wrested from the bush; the assimilation of immigrants, particularly of the gold miners from below the 49th parallel and of the Negroes driven north by prejudice and persecution. The passage of nine years had seen the Pacific Coast colonies, united in 1866, grow out of the crude flamboyance of the frontier, and it is not likely that in 1870 Miss Cracroft would have encountered on the Fraser River steamer the type of miner whom she described in 1861: "every man had his revolver & many a large knife also, hanging from a leather belt." Neither was the Negro problem to the fore during the ladies' second visit. When the gold rush was over, many of the Negro settlers, as well as many of the white Americans who had refused to admit them to equality, had gone back to the United States, and the mere lessening of numbers had reduced the racial tension so apparent in 1861.

On the international scene in 1861 the vexed question had been the San Juan dispute, temporarily adjusted by the joint occupation of the largest island in the archipelago by British and American troops. In 1870 the island was still under joint occupation, and the ladies saw the American camp for themselves. Their conviction was still, as it had been in 1861, that under the Oregon Boundary Treaty of 1846 the archipelago belonged to Great Britain, and one cannot help wondering just what Miss Cracroft and her aunt said when two years later, in 1872, the German Emperor, as sole arbitrator, awarded the San Juan Islands to the United States. But at the time of their 1870 visit to Victoria the

San Juan question was overshadowed by the possibility of the confederation of British Columbia with Canada, or alternatively, of its annexation by the United States, as the only way to rescue the colony from the economic stagnation into which it had fallen with the passing of the Cariboo gold rush. There can be no possible doubt whatever as to where the sympathies of Lady Franklin and her niece would lie: annexation to the United States, one feels, would to them have been the proverbial fate worse than death.

For indeed the thread which binds together the two visits of Lady Franklin to the Pacific Northwest is a deep-rooted distrust of the great American experiment in government and a fastidious shrinking from American manners. It must never be forgotten, of course, that these are private letters, and that Miss Cracroft, as a mid-Victorian gentlewoman, would have been outraged by any thought of publication. But on that very account the letters have a special value for the social historian. There is no need to reiterate the opinions of Lady Franklin and her niece concerning the American attitude to Negroes, American aggression on San Juan Island, American predatory designs on British Columbia. Concerning the manners of the Americans, especially female travelling Americans, Miss Cracroft is devastatingly frank: their "odious intonation," the "dreadful twang" which Sophy could only produce by pinching her nose, their almost unendurable screams of laughter, their vulgar phraseology, their passion for steam heat aboard ship, their mania for titles and uniforms, their undisciplined children, and their "petty vanity." The ladies were back in San Francisco for the 4th of July parade in 1870, but they declined to attend it, expecting that it could be nothing but a glorification of America at the expense of England. Yet they were sufficiently curious to send Lawrence instead, and much amused when he reported with great glee that the orator's theme was not the delinquencies of England at all but those of the American Government, which the speaker described, and quite correctly, Bishop Kip assured the ladies, as a mass of corruption. But the orator had described this corruption in "language the most vehement, & wh. wd. never be tolerated with us."

"Never be tolerated with us": the phrase neatly sums up Miss Cracroft's views of the domestic manners of the Americans. Like the British tar in *Pinafore* (written only eight years after the ladies' second visit to the Pacific Coast), Lady Franklin and her niece would most certainly have resisted all temptations to belong to other nations. They must have

felt a glow of satisfaction as they graciously accepted at face value the words of that "excellent and most sensible" American, Mr. Babcock of San Francisco, who after acknowledging that his native country had the worst government in the world, nevertheless declared: "I am proud of being an American; but if I were an Englishman, I should be prouder still."

Lady Franklin and her niece left Oakland by train on July 10, 1870, but still consumed by a lively curiosity about all things American they went to New York by way of Salt Lake City, although they thoroughly disapproved of the tenets of Mormonism. When she reached Cincinnati, Lady Franklin was able to see Dr. Hall, and she had another interview with him in August at Mr. Grinnell's house in New York. He would not alter his plans to lead the North Pole expedition, but he did promise that after his return he would go back to King William Land in search of written records of Franklin's party. Unfortunately for Lady Franklin's hopes, Hall died in November 1871 before his North Pole expedition returned.

The ladies spent the winter of 1870-71 in Spain. In the summer they went to see the devastation wrought by the siege of Paris, and that autumn they scandalized the Cracroft family of orthodox Anglicans by attending the Passion Play in Oberammergau, which they found "of deep & wonderful interest of the highest kind."[42] Afterwards, they went again to the Iberian peninsula, Jane still ignoring all physical difficulties, and Sophy, by now more than a little weary of travel, following in her train, putting up with inferior rooms that swarmed with fleas and obliged to look helplessly on while her aunt in a wheel-chair proceeded to the top of a mountain to get a better view.

Back in London, Lady Franklin was heartlessly turned out of Upper Gore Lodge, at the age of 80, by the Commissioners of the 1851 Exhibition from whom she held a lease, and in 1874 she had a serious illness. But when the Arctic Expedition of 1875 was being mounted, she summoned a fresh burst of energy. The *Annual Register* [1875, p. 73] declared that her "interest in North Pole adventures had never slackened since her husband's loss, or rather, it should be said, had been exalted in her mind to a sort of religious obligation," and now "the aged widow of the great navigator" fitted out the *Pandora* under Capt. Allen Young to make that further search for the Franklin records which had been frustrated by Dr. Hall's death in 1871. Once more the attempt failed,

(42) Quoted in Woodward, p. 360.

but "the high-hearted patroness of the *Pandora*" had been dead for three months when her vessel returned. On July 18, 1875, Jane Franklin departed this life, as her memorial tablet in Westminster Abbey puts it, "to seek and find [her husband] in the realms of light."

The two visits of Lady Franklin to the Pacific Northwest in 1861 and 1870 were a happy accident for the historians of the area, and particularly for the historians of British Columbia. Like Tennyson's Ulysses, Lady Franklin could not rest from travel; but like him also, she could say with some truth:

> Much have I seen and known: cities of men
> And manners, climates, councils, governments,
> Myself not least, but honour'd of them all . . .

The comments of so distinguished a world traveller are of value in themselves, especially when conveyed through the medium of Miss Sophia Cracroft, herself a frank and shrewd observer of the contemporary scene. It is illuminating also to see the familiar figures of our own past history in a less formal guise, and to set against a less parochial background the local problems of Vancouver Island and British Columbia a century ago. Finally, these journal letters, written almost a decade apart, may serve to make more vivid for historians the political and social changes on the Pacific Coast between the establishment of the Fraser River gold colony in 1858 and the entry of the united colony of British Columbia into the Canadian Confederation.

In order to preserve the spontaneity of these informal letters home, Miss Cracroft's own spelling, punctuation, and capitalization have been retained as far as seemed compatible with the reader's comfort. The correct form of a proper name has been given in square brackets immediately after the first appearance of the original. Superfluous dashes have been eliminated. In her liberal use of capitals, Miss Cracroft follows English usage of an earlier day, and in many cases (particularly with respect to the letters *c, e* and *s*) it often proved virtually impossible to determine from the manuscript whether or not a capital had originally been intended. For this reason, while capitals have been retained in certain cases where Miss Cracroft seems to have desired a special emphasis, the present text conforms in general to conservative modern usage.

DOROTHY BLAKEY SMITH
Editor

THE FIRST VISIT
February–April 1861

Victoria. Vancouver's Island.
begun Feb.ry 1861.

My dearest ones

I hope & believe that this letter will interest you more than any others you have had from me—for I am sure the material is ample. My last was closed & sent off by the steamer in which we had come up from San Francisco, and in which we extended our voyage, by going up to the settlements in Puget Sound. We returned during Saturday evening, when we brought our letters to a conclusion, and at 4 A. M. on *Sunday morning, Feb. 24.* we were moored to the little wharf in Esquimalt Harbour. Our steamer ("Oregon")[1] was to begin her return voyage at 9 A. M. and at 8 o'clock we left her with the First Lieut of the "Hecate" Mr Mayne[2] who had come to take us on board that ship until we could get over to Victoria, & who gave us the intelligence that Mrs Richards had sailed only this morning (the "Princess Royal"[3] was then working her way out

(1) One of the pioneer steamers of the Pacific Mail Company, the *Oregon* was built in New York in 1848 and came to San Francisco in 1849. She made a fortune for her owners during the Fraser River gold-rush, was converted in 1869 into a lumber bark, and continued in the coasting trade for many years. (*Lewis & Dryden's Marine History of the Pacific Northwest,* ed. E. W. Wright, Portland, Oregon, 1895 [hereafter cited as *Lewis & Dryden*], p. 60.)

(2) Lieut. (later Rear-Admiral) Richard Charles Mayne (1835–92) came to this Coast in HMS *Plumper* in 1857. When the *Plumper* was relieved by the *Hecate* in January 1861, he continued as first lieutenant in the latter vessel until August 1861, when he received his promotion to commander and returned to England. For further details *see* Flora Hamilton Burns, "The exploits of Lieut. Mayne, R.N.," *The Beaver,* Autumn 1958, pp. 12–17.

(3) This Hudson's Bay Company's barque brought a party of Staffordshire miners to Nanaimo on her maiden voyage in 1854, and continued to make an annual journey from England to this Coast until 1885. For further details *see* Barrie H. E. Goult, "First and last days of the 'Princess Royal'," *British Columbia Historical Quarterly* [hereafter cited as *BCHQ*], III (1939), pp. 15–24. On the present return journey, according to the Victoria *Daily British Colonist* [hereafter cited as *Colonist*], August 27, 1861, she "arrived at London 120 days from this port—one of the quickest trips on record. Passengers and crew are well."

into the Pacific) & that Captn Richards[4] had not got back. The poor man came on board about half an hour after we had got into his cabin—and we felt thankful to have arrived just at a moment when he needed anything wh could turn his mind away from the parting he had gone through. This was the universal feeling among his officers by whom he is greatly beloved, as he is & must be, by all who know him. Unhappily, the wind had sprung up since the early morning, & encreased into a gale from the quarter whence it blows the hardest, tho' happily it was a fair one for the "Princess Royal."

I cannot tell you how really *at home,* we felt in that ship from the first. We were once more among our own people only, after many months of residence with Americans. There was the thorough English character of the cabin—the repose of Sunday which in a ship of war is so real—officers & men in their tidiest coats & brightest gold lace—and lastly, the morning service after divisions. This last however was a great trial to more than one concerned—to poor Captn Richards in his present state of mind—he was distressingly nervous, & very nearly broke down altogether in 2 or 3 of the prayers,—and to my Aunt & myself it had a different association. The last service of this kind *we* had attended, was that on board the "Erebus" the 18th of May 1845—the eve of departure![5]

The lessons were very nicely read by Mr Mayne, & every voice was heard in the responses. But we were exceedingly surprised at the singing—it was excellent in every way. The men chanted the usual portions, taking parts, and keeping perfectly in tune as well as in time, & that in

(4) Capt. (later Admiral Sir) George Henry Richards (1820–96) played a major part in the Arctic expedition of 1852–54 in search of Sir John Franklin, when he was commander of the *Assistance,* under Sir Edward Belcher. When in 1856 the Northwest Boundary Commission was established to interpret Clause I of the Oregon Treaty of 1846, he was appointed Chief Astronomer and Surveyor in respect of the water boundary, and arrived at Esquimalt in command of the *Plumper* late in 1857. He was engaged in the survey of these waters until December 1862, when he took the *Hecate* back to England. For further details *see* "The Journal of Arthur Thomas Bushby, 1858–1859," ed. Dorothy Blakey Smith, *BCHQ,* XXI (1857–58), pp. 83–198 [hereafter cited as "Bushby Journal"], Biographical Appendix.

(5) On this occasion "Sir John Franklin read Divine Service for the first time since he had assumed command. Lady Franklin, his daughter, and his niece were present as visitors. He was a sincerely religious man, and the way in which he conducted a service always made a most profound impression." (Richard J. Cyriax, *Sir John Franklin's Last Arctic Expedition,* London, 1939, p. 55, citing Commander Fitzjames's Journal, June 8, 1845.)

some music that was really not simple. They began the Jubilate to a tune which made me wonder how they wd get through it—but they *did,* & very fairly well too. They have been much helped on the passage out (this is a new crew come out in the "Hecate" to replace "Plumper" (Captn Richards old ship) wh is gone home)[6] by Mr Hankin the 2nd Lieut[7]—and one of the Marines leads capitally—there are boys who take the high notes very well.

During service, the wind had encreased very greatly indeed, and it was with some little difficulty that a boat went to the shore, in order to get a waggon to carry us over to Victoria, where a lodging awaited us. Captn Richards wrote a note to Captn Spencer of the "Topaze"[8] telling him my Aunt was on board, so that he might come off to "Hecate" after morning service ("Topaze" has a chaplain, being a large frigate) & he was signalled to come here for luncheon; after which we were to land &

(6) The surveying vessel HMS *Plumper* arrived on this coast on November 9, 1857, under the command of Capt. G. H. Richards. In January 1861 she returned to England, her officers being transferred to HMS *Hecate,* which had arrived at Esquimalt on December 23, 1860. The *Hecate* herself sailed for England on December 22, 1862, under Captain Richards, leaving her surveying duties to be carried on by the *Beaver,* under the command of Capt. Daniel Pender. (J. T. Walbran, *British Columbia Coast Names 1592–1906,* Ottawa, 1909 [hereafter cited as Walbran], pp. 236, 383-384.)

(7) Philip James Hankin (b. 1836) had already been in Victoria in 1857–58, as mate (sub-lieutenant) in HMS *Plumper.* He served in the *Hecate* until 1864, leaving the Navy for the colonial service of Vancouver Island. When this colony was united with British Columbia in 1866 he returned to England, but after serving as colonial secretary in British Honduras and in the West African settlements he came back to British Columbia in 1869 as colonial secretary. At the time of Confederation he again returned to England and became private secretary to the Duke of Buckingham, but he maintained his interest in British Columbia, his last recorded visit to Victoria being made in 1919 (*Colonist,* October 28, 1919). For further information *see* "An Official Speaks Out. Letter of the Honourable Philip J. Hankin . . . March 11, 1870," ed. Willard E. Ireland, *BCHQ,* XIII (1949), pp. 33–38, and "The Memoirs of Capt. P. Hankin, R.N.," written by himself in 1914–15 (Provincial Archives of British Columbia, transcript in *MS* collection. Unless otherwise indicated, all *MSS* cited will be found in the Provincial Archives).

(8) Capt. (later Vice-Admiral) the Honourable John Wellbore Sunderland Spencer (1816–88), son of the first Baron Churchill and grandson of the 3rd Duke of Marlborough, was on this station 1859–63 in command of HMS *Topaze,* a vessel of 51 guns, 2,659 tons, and 600 h.p., built at Devonport in 1856. With her armament reduced to 31 guns the *Topaze* was again on this station, 1866–69, under the command of Capt. Richard Ashmore Powell, C.B. (Walbran, pp. 467, 493.)

make our little land journey of 3 miles. Just as Captn Spencer put off, a shore boat, with a large number of persons in it, which was making for the "Topaze," was capsized, & everyone thrown into the water; but for his being so close at hand to rescue them, many must have been drowned —one person was entangled in the rigging of the upset boat & was dragged out only just in time. We in the cabin of "Hecate" knew nothing of this, until all was over—when Captn Richards—who had seen all from the deck—rushed over to tell us. We were much nearer the shore than the "Topaze."

Captn Spencer came on board when he had seen all the people safe, & sat some time. He is a very gentlemanlike nice person—a brother of the present Lord Churchill—also a great friend of Peter Cracrofts[9]—they joined the College the same day. Mr Mayne was with him (Peter) in the Baltic on board the "St Jean D'Acre"—& several others here know him—indeed I rarely meet a sailor who does not.

About 2 o'clock, we went ashore—of course it was quite safe but the spray now & then washed our faces, even in this short passage. As we struggled in to the wharf, Captn Richards descried on the opposite side of the little harbour, a clergyman in his gown (flying back in the wind) standing upon the overhanging bank. It was Mr Woods[10] (of whom you will hear again) who holds service every Sunday on that side of the harbour—was always met by a boat from "Topaze" which carried him across to Esquimalt where he holds afternoon service, and proceeds on foot back to Victoria where he preaches in the evening—this is his Sunday work—and he was waiting in vain for the usual boat, wh could not get to him for the hurricane. Captn Richards remarked in his dry way "No one but a parson wd have expected to see a boat leave the ship in such a gale of wind as this!"

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(9) Peter Cracroft (1816–65) was the son of Miss Cracroft's cousin, Col. Robert Cracroft (afterwards Amcotts) of Hackthorn, Lincolnshire. He entered the Navy in 1830, attained the rank of captain in 1854, was made a C.B. in 1862, and at the time of his death was serving in the *Aboukir* at Jamaica, as Commodore of the 2nd Class, Senior Officer in the West Indies. (W. R. O'Byrne, *A Naval Biographical Dictionary,* 1849; *Burke's Landed Gentry;* and the *Navy List,* 1865.)

(10) Charles Thomas Woods (1826–95) came to Victoria in 1860 as Principal of the Collegiate School and remained in charge there until 1868, when he became Archdeacon of Columbia and Rector of Holy Trinity, New Westminster.

I tell you this little incident because it is characteristic of the condition of things in this new colony. The Navy has been a pillar of strength to the Church here, & there seems to be quite a bond of affection between them. The "Hecate" officers have a pew in St John's Church, & help the clergy in every possible way.

We found a vehicle waiting for us—called "an express waggon"—literally a spring waggon with 3 transverse seats, and a cover fastened over a stout wooden framework, drawn by a pair of horses.[11] As we had carpet bags to carry, Captain Richards & Mr Main [Mayne] walked, while we floundered & jolted along over everything but trunks of trees. Occasionally our horses sunk above their knees in a slough, & we rolled half over, but we were not much troubled about this, feeling quite safe from an overturn. Our driver now & then turned round warningly, "Hold on tight ladies—we're coming to a rough place." No shaking however, could warm us—the cold wind came in too much, in spite of bear skins & warm wraps. The road lies through a lightly timbered country & fine land—and it is evident that in a very few years, a railway will be put down—I wonder they wait one year for it, as there are really no engineering difficulties, & very little cutting would be required.[12] Esquimalt must always be the real port of Vancouver's Isd & of Victoria in particular, owing to the impossibility of large ships getting into the Victoria Bay.

We crossed the very narrow upper end of the harbour, on a wooden bridge[13] & entered Victoria about 3-30—glad to get to our lodging, the very best in the place & really *very* tolerable—a tidy little sitting room & bedroom behind for my Aunt—the landlady giving up her own room (above) to me.

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(11) In the summer of 1858 an hourly express which carried passengers and freight between Esquimalt and Victoria had been established by J. P. Zane & Co. The fare was one dollar. (Victoria *Gazette*, July 17, 1858.)

(12) The Esquimalt & Nanaimo Railway was completed as far as Esquimalt in 1886, but it was another two years before the line was extended to Victoria. The first train reached the capital city on March 29, 1888. (*Colonist*, March 30, 1888.)

(13) Built in 1854–55 to connect Johnson Street and the Indian reserve, this bridge was pulled down in 1862, having been replaced by the two bridges at Rock Bay and Point Ellice respectively, completed in October 1861. (James Douglas to A. Barclay, August 26 and December 20, 1854 [Fort Victoria Correspondence Outward to H.B.C., 1850–55]; and *Colonist*, October 30, 1860; May 28, 1861; and May 14, 1862.)

It is kept by a colored man & his wife[14]—the former, strange to say was very nearly going out with my dear Uncle—only his wife at last refused to let him go. They are very respectable people. He is a hair cutter & has a shop—the naval people especially patronise him (Mr Moses) & his wife has the reputation of being a first rate cook. They are probably one generation if not farther from the pure Negro, & Mr Moses calls himself an Englishman, which of course he is politically & therefore justly. She is a queer being, wears long sweeping gown without crinoline—moves slowly & has a sort of stately way (in intention at least) which is very amusing. Sometimes she ties a coloured handkerchief round her head like the American negros (she is from Baltimore) but on Sunday she wore a sort of half cap with lace falling behind, her hair being long enough to be parted. The language of both is very good. Mr Moses said to Captn Richards when he was arranging about our being taken in "The fact is Sir, my wife is the best housekeeper in the country except your's." Captn Richards begged he wd make no exception in favor of Mrs R. who he was sure cd not equal Mrs Moses!

Captn Richards & Mr Mayne staid to take us to eveng service. Our poor friend said he *must* go this eveng. I did not mention above, that as we were emerging from the back of our "express waggon" at Mr Moses door, the Bishop[15] passed down the other side of the street, & came to us to welcome us to Victoria. *We* of course being ignorant alike of all were unable to choose which church we would go to, and we were therefore the more interested when, after a short walk over plank side walks, we found ourselves within *the* iron church brought out by the

(14) Wellington Delaney Moses was a member of the first group of Negro colonists which came to Victoria from California aboard the *Commodore* in April 1858. At the end of July he opened a "Pioneer Shaving Saloon and Bath Room" (Victoria *Gazette*, July 28, 1858) and on December 13 he was married by the Rev. Edward Cridge to Sarah Jane Douglas (*ibid.*, December 16, 1858). In September 1862, Mrs. Moses tried to drown herself because, she claimed, her husband had eloped with another woman (*Colonist*, September 23, 1862). However that may be, Moses seems to have left Victoria about this time to ply his trade in the mining camps along the Fraser (J. W. Pilton, "Negro Settlement in British Columbia 1858–1871," University of British Columbia M.A. thesis, 1951, p. 164), and finally settled in Barkerville, where he died on January 3, 1890. According to the death certificate, Moses was born in England and died at the age of 74.

(15) George Hills (1816–95) was Bishop of Columbia 1859–92. He arrived in Victoria by the steamer *Pacific* from San Francisco on January 6, 1860 (*Colonist*, January 7, 1860).

Bishop,[16] forming (I *think,* but am not sure) part of Miss Coutts' provision for the Diocese. The *skin* only, is iron; it is lined with wood, the pieces being placed diagonally on the walls with excellent effect. Near the Communion table on each side of the chancel is a square division—the one for the organ, the other for the vestry—the seats for the choir between the two. Close to them in the usual position, are the reading desk, lectern & pulpit—which with the open seats are of the same colour as the lining—all varnished throughout. The Commandments &c are upon two large plates of zinc (painted white) close to the altar, but the effect is not good & is I think the only drawback to the very harmonious effect of the whole interior. All is in perfect ecclesiastical order, but absolutely simple.

We were the first in the Church, & our companions named to us the members of the choir as they dropped in—chiefly gentlemen, the gale still blowing kept away most of the ladies who join it. The organ was built for the church at Nice, but the works there were stopped by the Italian war, & the organ was given to the Bishop of Columbia—it is a very nice one & cost £200.

The singing is excellent, & is led by the Rector, Mr Dundas,[17] who sings with all his heart, as well as head & voice. It was our first service for many months past with our own dear people, and truly we were once more as it were, at home. Yet there was that which reminded us that we were in a far away place—the cold was very painful in spite of a blazing stove, and the easterly gale roared and clattered so loud that sometimes we could hardly hear the preacher, tho' a clearer voice there could not be.

Mr Dundas was the Bishop's curate at Yarmouth & followed him here, though having excellent "prospects" at home (he is of the Melville family)—and he does seem to be specially fitted for the work—earnest,

(16) The materials for St. John's Church arrived on the bark *Athelstan* from London on February 28, 1860; the cornerstone was laid on April 13; and the building (on Douglas Street at Fisgard) was consecrated on September 13, 1860 (*Colonist,* March 1, April 14, and September 14, 1860). This building was in use until December 1912, when, a new church having been completed on another site (the present St. John's), the old iron church was left to the contractors for disposal and the site was taken over by the Hudson's Bay Company, which in 1913 commenced the erection of a store there (*ibid.,* December 31, 1912, and September 11, 1921).

(17) Robert James Dundas (1832–1904) arrived in Victoria on September 11, 1859 (*Colonist,* September 14, 1859) and returned to England in 1865. He later became Rector of Albury and Canon of Winchester.

practical, strong, self denying. He takes no money as yet—the proceeds from pew rents & the offertory being devoted to paying off the cost of erecting the Church, for which it is still somewhat in debt. So he has very lately given up some comfortable lodgings kept by old family servants who took all possible care of him, & has put up a wooden hut with 2 rooms close to the Church, where he lives entirely alone & self dependant. *He* said nothing of this—it is the Bishop who tells us—he has no servant of any kind. No wonder he is respected and admired.

Monday. Feb. 25.

The Bishop called early & paid us a long visit which was full of interest. He is a most fortunate man in being thus early in the field, while the colony is is [in] absolute infancy—& in the clergy by whom he works. The city of Victoria has been divided by him into 2 parishes, Christ church, & St John's. Christ Church was already built;[18] a wooden church erected some time ago, on a magnificent site one day to be occupied by a cathedral, overlooking the city, harbour, with fine ranges of distant mountains. The former chaplain of the Hudson Bay Company who has lived here some 6 years, Mr Cridge,[19] is Rector of this parish. St John's lies up the harbour, rather outside the populous centre of the city, but in the direction over which it will extend itself. Mr Dundas is the Rector of this parish.

Besides these 2 clergymen, there are Mr Garrett[20] who has charge of the Indian Mission & its school, and Mr Woods who is Principal of the Collegiate School for Boys, his wife being at the head of that for girls,[21] where Mr Woods also gives religious instruction, also Mr Glover,[22] a

(18) Built between 1853 and 1856, the Victoria Church was opened for divine service on August 31, 1856, and later named Christ Church. It was consecrated the Cathedral Church of the Diocese of Columbia on December 7, 1865. For further details *see* "Bushby Journal," p. 117, note (35).

(19) Edward Cridge (1817–1913) arrived at Fort Victoria in 1855. He became Dean of the Cathedral in 1865, but following a dispute with Bishop Hills he joined the Reformed Episcopal Church and was elected a bishop the following year. For further details *see* "Bushby Journal," Biographical Appendix.

(20) Alexander Charles Garrett, D.D., arrived in Victoria on April 9, 1860 (*Colonist,* April 10, 1860) and was in charge of the Indian Mission there until 1867. After serving at Esquimalt and at Nanaimo, he left the colony in 1869, becoming Bishop of North Texas (later Dallas) in 1874.

(21) The "Ladies' College" or "Girls' Collegiate School" is better known as "Angela College," a name adopted in 1866 in honour of Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

(22) Octavius Glover was Vice-Principal of the Collegiate School, 1860–62, and later Rector of Emmanuel Church, Loughborough.

13th Wrangler at Cambridge, who has a fellowship, gained some great prize as a Hebrew scholar & is a first rate classic with a gift for teaching. Mr Glover receives no salary, but lives on his fellowship. Mr Woods, Mr Garrett, & Mr Glover have no regular parochial work, but plenty of Sunday duty & even on week day evenings. Mr Glover rides every Sunday to a district 17 miles off. He has a brother who is working in the same way under the Bishop of Cape Town—living on his fellowship.

Each one of the above, has some special gift, wh adapts him pre:-eminently for certain work. The Bishop would take no one who was not so qualified & in one case has himself paid the passage home of an inefficient clergyman, rather than keep him,—the plea being (not of course inefficiency, but) the illness of his wife which prevented her from living here. This principle shews much wisdom, for how can he gain for the church he is founding, a firm place in the affections of the community, unless the clergy are men capable of exciting, & dealing with their best feelings & varied requirements? Then again, he must make the Church self supporting, or rather dependant upon its members, and this at the outset can be effected only by ministers who will commend themselves to their flocks, whether in Church or School. It is in this way only that the Bishop can take full advantage of the opportunity now before him, such as no Colonial Bishop ever had before. He is beforehand with almost every other form of religion,[23] and he is quietly, but surely, occupying nearly the whole ground. It is said that he has shewn singular tact & wisdom, and that thus he has gained over most influential persons who were disposed to oppose him if they did not actually do so. This was the case with the Governor, a Hudson Bay Cos officer of long standing[24]—but he is now openly desirous of assisting the Bishop to the utmost.

The Roman Catholic Bishop does not appear to have shewn any particular activity, & takes no heed to [*sic*] the rather large proportion

(23) The first Roman Catholic bishop of Vancouver Island, the Right Rev. Modeste Demers, took possession of his see on September 5, 1851 (A. G. Morice, *History of the Catholic Church in Western Canada*, Toronto, 1910, Vol. II, p. 298). The first Methodist service in Victoria was held on February 13, 1859 (*Colonist*, February 12, 1859), and the first Congregational service on August 14, 1859 (Victoria *Gazette*, August 13, 1859). The first Presbyterian service was not held until April 21, 1861 (J. C. Goodfellow, "John Hall: Pioneer Presbyterian in British Columbia," *BCHQ*, VII [1943], p. 39).

(24) James Douglas (1803–77) had been in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company from 1821 to 1858, when he was appointed Governor of the newly proclaimed colony of British Columbia.

of Central Europeans who profess his faith; and both he and the Independants have been lately involved in a matter which has resulted in much gain to our own Church. It is a long story, but only one of other long ones to come I believe.

As might be supposed, one element in the motley population of Vancouver's Island, is the negro, or coloured class—the term "coloured" is not applied to the Indian, but only the negro race. You know that everywhere in America, they are treated as unworthy to be in contact with whites except as utterly inferior beings. They have separate churches & separate schools, & the mixture of races which is often pointed out to you in the American common schools never includes the negro. The same exclusive system was attempted to be introduced here in consequence of the American prejudice—the Americans threatened to withdraw their children from the schools if the coloured children remained. The Romanists yielded—so also the Independants—that is the home authorities of that body; upon which their minister resigned & another was sent out.

The same feud was excited in the Church schools, but the Bishop was not likely to give way upon such a point, and his firmness met with its reward—the threatened withdrawal of the other scholars never took place, and we saw the unmistakeable descendants of negros, in Mrs Woods' little school of 30, side by side with the English and American girls. This struggle has not been very long past, & at one time seemed serious. The Independants have since thought fit to revoke their former instructions, & their minister here now admits all alike.[25]

Another difficulty the Bishop encountered, was with the Jews attending the schools. The basis of the teaching is essentially Christian, and no pupil is exempt from direct religious instruction from the Bible, but it is permitted to them to refrain from learning the Catechism if they desire it. This however did not satisfy the Jews who are pretty numerous here, and and after some passive opposition on the part of their children such as not bringing Bibles like the rest, & not answering the questions put, the parents threatened to remove them. The Bishop could not consent of

(25) For Bishop Hills' account of the conflicting views held by the two Congregationalist ministers, the Rev. W. F. Clarke and the Rev. Matthew Macfie (who believed in segregation), *see An Occasional Paper on the Columbia Mission with Letters from the Bishop,* London, 1860, p. 13; and for the revocation of the former instructions regarding segregation *see Colonist,* January 11, 1861, cited in J. W. Pilton, "Negro Settlement . . . ," p. 181.

course to deprive the schools of their distinctive *Christian* character, & again he gained all by firmness, for they were not removed—and now (Mr Woods reports) they are even forward in answering the questions he puts.

The education given in this Collegiate School is first rate of its kind—said to be quite equal to that in any endowed Grammar School in England. Mr Woods is a teacher of the first order & I have already told you of Mr Glover.

Mrs Woods has some 30 girls of the higher class here, & even grown up young ladies came to take lessons as soon as the school opened. She is accomplished as well as highly educated we understand. Even girls engaged to be married, placed themselves under her & were much improved. She is assisted by the two Miss Penrices[26] who went out to work under the Bishop (as they had done in Yarmouth) in any way he required; and Mr Glover gives lectures on some of the higher subjects.

Remember that all this has been accomplished within one year—a progress altogether without parallel in the Colonial church. It is not surprising that with such advantages to offer, the Church attracts very many who would otherwise follow another leader, or go without any at all.

A good deal of opposition was expressed to the putting up of the second church—"The first was not filled—it was absurd to have another while there was yet room enough & to spare"—*now,* the older church has not a single seat unlet, nor a corner unfilled Sunday after Sunday and St Johns has its own congregation besides, already leaving little or no room for encrease. Mr Dundas is greatly liked, as well he may be. Mr Woods has 2 services near to and at Esquimalt harbour, & preaches a 3rd sermon every evening at Christchurch. He is considered a first rate preacher & is exceedingly liked—& the same is said of Mr Garrett.

The greater part of the above details we learned in this first visit of the Bishop. He interested us greatly, & we can see in some degree how it is that he gains the influence & respect which has already done such good service. He is *extremely* gentlemanlike, and is said to have wonderful clearness of head and aptitude for business—this quality has of course won for him great respect—the more so, as there is nothing whatever to produce the impression of worldliness with it. We were much pleased by his inviting us to dine with him the next day.

(26) For the Misses Anna and Catherine Penrice *see* the *Report of the Columbia Mission* for 1860, pp. 94–95.

The weather was still indifferent or at least uninviting, and the streets were of course a slough of black mud. The Bishop wore high boots as did other gentlemen who called. Every other man you see wears them up to, or even above the knees, and we hear that sensible women wear them too. We had a good many visitors & did not go out, being already engaged to dine out today with Mr & Mrs Dallas.[27] He is a director of the Hudson Bay Company, resident here, at the head of the affairs of the Company in Vancouver's Isd; & he has married a daughter of the Governor. Mr. Douglas is the Governor (the first of course) who has been since a very young man, in the service of the Company through all its stages, & therefore thoroughly acquainted with the Upper Country of North America, from Canada, northward, and westward to the Pacific. His wife is a half caste Indian,[28] and he has 6 children of whom Mrs Dallas is the 2nd.

Mr Dallas is [a] very clever & agreeable man who has travelled a great deal, & spent several years in China under the great firm of Jardine & Matheson, the business of which he conducted for some time and has been a great deal on the Yangtse Kiang river. He is now going to Canada & England, probably to take the place of Sir George Simpson (who died you will remember when we were at Montreal) as the head of the Hudson Bay Company. He has not been actually appointed yet, but his wife takes it for granted that he will be, so of course he must do so.

Mrs Dallas is a very natural, lively & nice looking person, just 22—her face is exceedingly agreeable if not quite pretty, but the Indian type is remarkably plain, considering that she is two generations removed from it. She has a very bright complexion, pretty dark eyes & the other features very tolerable—but the great width & flatness of the face are remarkable, & even her intonation & voice are characteristic (as we now

(27) Alexander Grant Dallas (1818–82) married Jane Douglas (1839–1909) on March 9, 1858. He succeeded Sir George Simpson as Governor of Rupert's Land in 1862. (B. A. McKelvie, "Successor to Simpson," *The Beaver*, September, 1951, pp. 41–45.)

(28) James Douglas was the first Governor of British Columbia, but the second of Vancouver Island, having succeeded Richard Blanshard in 1851. Amelia Douglas (1812–90) was the daughter of Chief Factor William Connolly, of Stuart Lake, and the Cree chief's daughter whom in 1803 he had married "according to the custom of the country." James and Amelia Douglas were also married by the custom of the country on April 27, 1828, but on February 28, 1837, they were remarried according to the rites of the Church of England by the Rev. Herbert Beaver, chaplain at Fort Vancouver. (W. N. Sage, *Sir James Douglas and British Columbia*, Toronto, 1930, pp. 35, 44; Fort Vancouver marriage register, photostat.)

perceive) of her descent. We had a very pleasant evening, & like them both very much. We met Mr McTavish,[29] who is to take the place here of Mr Dallas, and Mr Anderson, brother of the one who commanded the boat party down the Fish river in 1855.[30] Captain Richards also, & he came to shew us the way—very necessary, for there are no carriages to convey diners:out, in Victoria, so we had to tuck up our petticoats, put on India rubbers & paddle through the mud as best we could!

Let me do justice to the civilisation of Victoria, which does possess a carriage wh can be closed—the difficulty lies with the proprietor, who lays it up for the winter & can by no means be induced to expose it to bad weather!

Mr Dallas's house is not far from our lodging,[31] & we followed an excellent plank "side walk" until we came opposite to it, when we picked our way delicately over a single plank not wider than this page thrown across the street—Captn Richards took my Aunt over first & then came back for me. [sketch] A splash is all but inevitable at the place where the 2 planks meet, as the ends have a bad habit of jumping up & down. The streets are just now one black slough, so that crossing is impossible except at the angles of intersection, the very well made side walks being carried across the streets. English hours prevail here, and the usual dinner hour is 6-30.

(29) Dugald McTavish (1817–71) was in charge at Victoria until 1863. For further details *see* the biography in *The Letters of John McLoughlin . . . , Second series, 1839–44*, Toronto, Champlain Society, 1943, pp. 397–398.

(30) Alexander Caulfield Anderson (1814–84) retired from the service of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1854 and settled near Victoria in 1858. He was appointed the first Collector of Customs in British Columbia and Postmaster of Victoria in 1858 (Victoria *Gazette*, July 3 and 17, 1858) and in 1876 he became Dominion Inspector of Fisheries. For further details *see* the biography in *The Letters of John McLoughlin . . . . , 1839–44*, 1943, pp. 385–386. Anderson's "History of the Northwest Coast," transcript of *MS* in Bancroft Library, pp. 17–18, contains a brief account of his brother Chief Factor James Anderson, who came out from England with A. C. Anderson in 1831 and "about 1852 was appointed to the superintendence of the extensive district of McKenzie's River on the Arctic Slope." In 1855 James commanded the Hudson's Bay Company's party which at the request of the British Government examined the estuary of the Great Fish River for traces of the Franklin expedition (Cyriax, *Sir John Franklin's last Arctic Expedition*, pp. 89–90). James Anderson died in 1865.

(31) Dallas's house was "on Government Street adjoining the Fort property." When he left Victoria the house and lot were sold at auction to Dugald McTavish for $4,050 (*Colonist*, April 10, 1861). The 1863 Directory gives MacTavish's address as Bastion Street. Lady Franklin's lodging was in Fort Street ("The Memoirs of Capt. P. Hankin, R.N.," p. 42).

Tuesday Feb. 26. Mr Dundas called early this morning—a very pleasant long visit—to be followed by a ride to see some country settlers, so he was in boots higher than the knees. We were greatly pleased with Mr Dundas, he is so earnest & practical. The tower to his church must wait until the debt for the erection of the main building is cleared off. It is wanted however on account of the bell. He spoke much of the Bishop's remarkable success in gaining the confidence & esteem of the community—of his business powers. Speaking of Mr Garrett & his peculiar fitness for his work with the Indians, he mentioned that the Romanists had made one great attempt against his success, which was a standing witness against themselves as occupiers of the ground for very many years without doing anything beyond baptising the poor people, giving them a crucifix to hang round the neck & telling them that they were to believe whatever the priests told them. One day on entering his school, Mr Garrett found several of the chiefs waiting to have a conference with him. I should tell you that Mr G. has a special aptitude for languages, and he not only speaks fluently in what is called the Chinook (a mixed dialect invented long ago by the Jesuit missionaries and composed of English, French, & even (I believe) other elements, which serves as a vehicle of communication for trading & ordinary purposes throughout the country) but has made considerable progress in the Indian language. They represented that the priest had told them he was a very bad man—that he ought not to have a wife & children being a minister, and that if they followed him they would all go when they died into a big fire—what had he to say to all this? Mr Garrett at once perceived his advantage, & began—"You believe this (holding out the Bible) to be the message of the great God"—to which they fully assented—"and you know that I have always taught you to believe what was written in this Book, because it comes from Him" which they also agreed to. "Now then I will tell you exactly what is written in this Book about the priests of God" and he turned to the passage in the 1st Epistle to Timothy which enjoins that the Bishop be the husband of one wife, &c. This, being capable of literal translation into Chinook, surprised them greatly & convinced them that a minister was free to marry: he continued, "Not given to filthy lucre—have *I* ever asked you for money?" This touched an inner chord, for they cannot approach a Romish priest even for advice without giving him at least a dollar—& more was exacted upon the rendering of any service.—"No striker—do I ever strike you, or let you be

so treated?" the fact being that severe treatment is constantly even authorised & enjoined by the priest—instances have been known of most brutal punishment having been inflicted upon offenders. Thus the assembled chiefs drew for themselves the inference that Mr Garrett's way of life, & conduct towards themselves was more in accordance with the teaching of the Bible than was that of the Romish priests—& the result of the conference was that the children were allowed to remain in the school.

A short time since some men came to him & told him that others of a different tribe had insulted & offended them. "But *you* tell us we are not to fight them—now we are come to ask you what we are to do if we may not fight."—shewing the influence he has already obtained over them. As the Bishop remarked "Even if we cannot make Christians of them, if we can only keep their hands off each other, we shall have done something."

Much more than this however, has been effected by a catechist at Fort Simpson, on the main land, to the north of Vancouver's Isd. He (Mr Duncan)[32] has had a success which is perfectly astonishing, and we hope to hear more details than we have learned as yet. He has better material to work upon than the Indians of this part; and he has full command of their language.

We had several other visitors this morning—amongst them Mr & Mrs Cridge. He was chaplain to the Hudson Bay Compy before the establishment of the colony, & now remains as Rector of Christ church He has been here 8 years.

At two o'clock, the Bishop came to take us to the Collegiate Schools. We went first to that for girls[33]—and found them assembled 25 in num-

(32) William Duncan (1832–1918) began work at Fort Simpson under the Church Missionary Society in 1857. He founded the model Indian town of Metlakatla nearby in 1862, but after a dispute with the C.M.S. he abandoned it and founded New Metlakatla in Alaska in 1887. For further details *see* Jean Usher, "William Duncan of Metlakatla: a Victorian missionary in British Columbia," University of British Columbia Ph.D. thesis, 1969 (PABC microfilm 682A).

(33) The girls' school was opened on September 3, 1860, in the house formerly occupied by Chief Justice David Cameron on Rae [later Courtney] Street, opposite Christ Church (*Colonist*, August 22, 1860, and April 9, 1863), which at that time crowned the rocky eminence just west of the present Cathedral, where the Law Courts now stand. In 1861 Bishop's Close stood where the cathedral stands today.

ber—5 others being absent on account of the recent bad weather which prevented them from getting over from Esquimalt. These are the young ladies of the colony—those requiring the best education, including music, singing, drawing, French, Italian, German & Spanish. They were apparently of all ages between 8 and 18, and several were coloured. Mrs Woods is a bright, intelligent looking person, and is said to be fully capable of the task she has undertaken. I was particularly pleased with the Miss Penrices—they appear so sensible, and most especially unpretending. I believe they feel somewhat out of their element where they are from genuine distrust of their capabilities. But they said, no doubt the Bishop was right in setting them to work in this way. I believe in Yarmouth where they worked under him, they were engaged chiefly, if not exclusively, among the poor—and this class does not exist *here*. It is certain however that such women as the Miss Penrices must be invaluable in any position where they may be found.

The Bishop said a few words to them all, of my Aunt's visit, and of the advantages & comfort to be obtained from such events which strengthened the bond between them and England.

On leaving the school, we walked on to the Bishop's house (very near to it) which is very pleasantly situated within a little plot of ground which he is laying out as a garden. The house is of iron & came out from England with the Church. It is that which you will see in the "Occasional Paper" (which I hope you will order at once from Rivingtons) as attached to the Church. This was a mistake, as they had not anything to do with each other. It is a *very* nice cheerful little house, and a model of neatness without being finnikin—plenty of books, and the portraits (engravings) of many worthies, chiefly living, on the walls. There was a photographed group of heads which he explained to be his curates at Yarmouth "with myself" he added somewhat sotto voce, so that my Aunt did not hear it—& after examining the faces one by one she pointed to that of the Bishop, & observed "*that* is a sensible face"—upon which we burst out laughing & she found out that he was the owner of the sensible face.

We were going on to the boys' school,[34] but remained so long in the Bishop's pleasant house that we were too late and met Mr Woods & Mr

(34) The boys' school, opened on May 28, 1860, lay to the west of Christ Church, on what was then called Church Way (*Colonist*, May 24, 1860).

Glover at the gate, who explained that the boys had been dismissed for the day under the impression that we had gone home from the ladies school. The boys had been anxiously expecting my Aunt, and had begged leave to go out & wash their hands and faces, by way of preparation! We were very sorry for the mistake & of course shall go another day.

The Bishop had conveyed to my Aunt an invitation to take luncheon the next day with Mr & Mrs Harris,[35] a very rich butcher, who is also contractor to supply the Navy here with meat. They are excellent people, & likely to be among the most influential of their class, but are not blessed with over much education—more's the pity! Soon after the Bishop's arrival in the colony Mr Harris thus expressed his admiration of his adopted home [,] "Mr Ills—I consider this hiland to be the ghem of the hocean!" *"Gem,* my dear" was his wife's gentle reminder—she being superior to him in education but without any assumption thereof. He is a thorough Englishman & in proof thereof we hear cited a speech of his at a dinner he lately gave to the Navy—returning thanks for Mrs Harris's health being drunk. "I thank you gentlemen for drinking the health of my wife—I say, my *wife*[,] gentlemen, because if I were an American, I should say my *lady."* This is perfectly true, & we honor Mr Harris accordingly. The Bishop was invited to meet us if my Aunt accepted the invitation, & I need hardly say that she did so.

This evening we dined with the Bishop, & Lieut Mayne who was invited also, was appointed to call for & escort us — a most necessary precaution under the circumstances, & we performed our journey without difficulty. We found the Colonial Secretary Mr Young & his wife (niece of the Governor)[36] the Colonial Treasurer Captn

(35) According to the obituary in the *Colonist,* November 30, 1884, Thomas Harris was born in England in 1817, went to California in 1853, and arrived in Victoria in 1858. In March 1862 he was elected to the Legislative Assembly as member for Esquimalt, but he resigned a few months later on becoming the first mayor of Victoria (*Colonist,* March 29, August 15 and 18, 1862). He served as Mayor (1862–65) and in 1876 was appointed Sheriff of Vancouver Island (*The British Columbia Gazette,* September 30, 1876). He married a widow named Dickinson with three sons, one of whom became President of the New Westminster Municipal Council in 1863. For the obituary of Mrs. Harris *see Colonist,* November 16, 1886.

(36) William Alexander George Young (1827–85) married Cecilia Eliza Cowan Cameron, step-daughter of Chief Justice David Cameron, in 1858. For further information concerning him *see* "Bushby Journal," Biographical Appendix.

Gordon[37] & his wife, Lieut Robson[38] commanding the "Forward" gunboat. This party was encreased in the evening by all the clergymen (not one of whom was at dinner for a reason of which we only heard 2 days after) and the Miss Penrices, who after all form part of the clerical staff. It was altogether a very pleasant evening. I heard a good deal from Mr Dundas, of the remarkable skill & taste shewn by the Indians in carving slate which is found in the Island of very good quality, and in manufacturing bracelets and rings in silver & in gold. You give them a $5 piece (the size of a sovereign) and they make you a beautifully chased ring of it. Half a dollar furnishes the silver for a bracelet which is also ornamented by a chased pattern on a bright ground.

This afternoon my Aunt received from our landlord, a paper on which were the names of some 20 of his colored brethren, all in most respectable positions here, who wished to be allowed to pay their respects to her. The Bishop is particularly pleased at this, and has asked if he may be present when they come.

Wednesday Feb. 27. The Bishop came to take us to our luncheon at Mr Harris's. He has one of the best houses here, a substantial building of brick,[39] some distance from his shop. They are plain, worthy

(37) George Tomline Gordon was appointed Treasurer of Vancouver Island in 1860 (*Colonist*, July 21, 1860), and was chosen Commanding Officer of No. 1 Company of the Vancouver Island Volunteer Rifle Corps in 1861 (*ibid.*, August 21, 1861). He sat in the Legislative Assembly as member for Esquimalt from March 1860 until December 24, 1861, when he was arrested on the charge of embezzling public funds. Brought to trial at the Spring Assizes he was found guilty by the jury, but the Court quashed the indictment as faulty, and although Gordon was brought to trial twice more, it proved impossible to obtain a conviction. Meanwhile the Government seized his property and imprisoned him as a debtor to the Crown, but he escaped to Washington Territory, and is last heard of in May 1862, aboard the mail steamer leaving San Francisco for the East. (*Colonist*, January 23, February 1, April 11 and 17, May 2, 19, and 23, 1862; and G. H. Cary to the Acting Colonial Secretary, June 3, 1864 [Vancouver Island, Attorney-General, Correspondence, 1864]).

(38) Charles Rufus Robson arrived at Esquimalt on July 12, 1860, in command of the gunboat *Forward*, on this station 1860–69. On October 27, 1861, he was thrown from his horse while riding near Esquimalt, and he died on November 5, being succeeded in command of the *Forward* by the Honourable Horace D. Lascelles, first lieutenant of the *Topaze*. For further details *see* Walbran, pp. 185, 426.

(39) On the corner of Government and Bastion Streets. In 1862 Harris leased it to the Bank of British Columbia for five years and it was converted into a bank building. (*Colonist*, August 6 and 29, 1862.)

people, without any pretension. He is making a great deal of money, is living in as much comfort as can be obtained in the colony, educating his children as well as he can, buying property and improving it extensively—and is therefore a public benefactor. Captn Richards had been invited to meet us, but was away on a day's survey, but Mr Harris saw Lieut Hankin of the Hecate with us, & insisted on his coming in, & we found Mr & Mrs Cridge. It was very pleasant to see the genuine respect shewn to the Bishop and his kindly way. They were thoroughly gratified by my Aunt's accepting their invitation & expressed it with evident sincerity. Mr Harris is just the sort of man to meet half way in his upward career, so that he may be the better fitted for the position he most certainly will reach if he lives. We liked our visit very much—everything was in good taste without affectation of any kind.[40]

After luncheon, Mr Hankin managed to find a sort of American gig in which my Aunt could go out to the native school, I walking with the Bishop. The building is circular (or octagonal) of wood lighted from the roof—standing upon a hill overlooking the harbour, and close to the Indian reserve on which all the Indians live. Mr Garrett lives in a cottage close by, & we found the school all at work. They were in 2 divisions seated on benches, with a wide area in the middle, in which was a stove raised on a platform. It is highly necessary to explain my wretched sketch. [sketch] The single lines mean the benches. The upper door is that by which the children enter from the village. They are seated in separate tribes, the 2 larger divisions being occupied by the Hydah [Haida] & the Sang soo [Songhees] tribes, who are hostile to each other. Stray children of other tribes were on the small benches, the upper ones of which have a desk before them for writing. They were all decently dressed, & many of the girls were wrapped in gay plaid shawls given them for good conduct; some, both boys and girls, were huddled up in the usual fashion, in a dirty blanket, others wore a gay kind of wrapper made by themselves of red & blue cloth ornamented with rows of mother of pearl buttons, with pretty effect. We often see them in the streets here. Some wore rings of silver in their lips, ears & noses; and most of the bigger girls had bracelets of silver. One had 6 or 8 on one arm. They were very much cleaner than we had any idea of expecting—even their lanky hair had evidently been combed, though it was somewhat of a fuzzy crop and hung over their foreheads. In spite

(40) Another account of this visit, from a rather unkind and snobbish point of view, will be found in Hankin's "Memoirs," pp. 42–43.

of partial concealment the "Flat head" distortion was more or less visible in most of them. It was more observable in the tallest girl than in anyone I have ever seen.

The school has been but a very few months at work[41] yet already the children have learned to read small words in English, & some of them write with wonderful neatness. Indeed their copies struck us amazingly & shew great power of imitation. One boy's first copy was quite wonderful. Mr Garrett's manner is charming, as is his countenance, and he speaks fluently in their own language, at least in the Chinook, which they understand, and he adds to it such of the Indian tongue as he requires. He has taught them several hymns in English, to simple lively tunes, in which he leads them with animated gestures, standing upon the platform on which the stove rests. They watch him with intelligent countenances & evidently get excited by what he says to them. The girls were very shy on being made to shew us what they could do in reading, & so indeed were some of the boys.

The great secret in teaching them, he told us, was never to be put out by them. They will often try to put you out, & success wd lose you your influence. He questioned some of them on religious points, & they shewed that they had received such elementary instruction as is required for a beginning. He is training them also in routine. In dismissing them for the day, Mr Garrett stands at the door & rings a bell, which summons each class by itself. They face about right & left at word of command, & march out one behind the other, the few paces which carries them well out of the building, when they scamper off like other boys elsewhere. The girls go through the same form—& of them I ought to add that they are taught to sew, and that we saw the product in various garments made by themselves—to be their own prizes for good conduct. We saw some rewards given for constant attendance at school—gay coloured balls, & other small articles.

We soon followed the scholars, my Aunt with Mr Hankin as before, & I with the Bishop who as we passed the Indian village asked if I would like to go in to one of the lodges. These are large huts of large slabs of wood (partially lined with mats of their own manufacture) within which several families live. In the first, we found 4 families—another seemed to receive 5 or 6. Each family was distinct, & had its own fire—the

(41) The school was in operation in this building by September 1860 (*Colonist*, September 6, 1860). For a description and a sketch "drawn by Miss C. Penrice" *see* the *Third Report of the Columbia Mission*, London, 1861, p. 28.

smoke of course escaping through the roof. The men were all away except one old one who was sick—also the children, except babies—the women only were within. They are Flatheads & we saw one wretched infant with the heavy bandage on its forehead. The Bishop shook his head, & expressed in Chinook, how shocking and cruel it was, wh only made the mother laugh. Another woman explained that they did not like our straight up foreheads. Being large & well ventilated by means of the gaps in the sides and roof, the huts were by no means the bad smelling places you might expect, & the wood smoke always seems to purify the air.

We saw parties of the school children amusing themselves with games as our own might do, & at a little distance even reminded one of the latter, for they are by no means very dark, & the plaid shawl was altogether homelike. Just as we got into the town, we saw an Indian woman squatted after their usual fashion, on the footpath who attracted our attention by having a piece of bone inserted in her lower lip [sketch]. How I grieve that I cannot draw what I see—here is a wretched attempt. The kind of long black crescent under the teeth means the piece of bone —sometimes a silver ornament takes its place. These ornaments are I believe not often seen & you can imagine the disagreeable effect.

It was intended we shd follow my Aunt & Mr Hankin to Beacon Hill, but on meeting them returning, my Aunt confirmed my own belief that it was too far for me, & I therefore turned back.

On reaching Church Hill (I believe it is so called) we had a most beautiful view of the Olympian Hills on the American side of the Strait, snow capped & partly clothed down the sides, all rosy with the setting sun. Nothing cd be more lovely—and we may look forward to the day when the worshippers in a *Cathedral* will have their hearts & minds raised & gladdened by the scene.

During this walk the Bishop described some of the machinery by which he reaches all classes. His principle is to leave no means of influence in the exclusive hands of other religious bodies. He seems to have an especial dread of narrowness either in practice or in opinion. Therefore while ever maintaining the distinctive character of the Church in all he does, he adopts the practices which Dissenters have usually followed, as peculiar to themselves. By this, & his liberality he has attracted many Dissenters to Church, & has gained even their support as well as their good will.

In the summer his clergy are engaged in open air preachings and, now during Lent, he has arranged for them & himself a weekly ministration which employs them all, simultaneously. He observed that we might have remarked the day before that not a single clergyman dined with us at his house—& he explained that being Tuesday, they were all (Messrs Cridge, Dundas, Woods, Glover & Garrett) in various houses where they conducted services, chiefly exhortation. He wd have been with them but for us. They go to hotels, restaurants, stores, low class inns frequented by the miners—*anywhere* to reach those who will not come to church. The week before, the Bishop had been to the International,[42] a sort of boardinghouse of no pretensions. He was in a room (with just the audience he wanted) next to the billiard room, the playing going on all the time. From this, he went to the house of a coloured man & had a congregation of that race alone. Notice is given to the proprietor, or rather his leave asked, & the congregation is collected on the spot itself.

He has also established a prayer meeting every Monday evening; this is partly in order to attract Dissenters, & to make them feel that the Church embraces all godly practices and that none are the exclusive property of Dissenters. He considers it a means of inculcating *sound* doctrine in place of the error too often taught by ignorant dissenting teachers. He is a strict churchman, tho' by no means High church But his firmness is guided by so much tact that he has gained great respect fm all; and in some instances has literally won his way. He is not anxious to have his clergy all of one way of thinking—thinks it good for all that they should differ. He was told by one of the Commissarys of the Bp of Melbourne (whom the Bp of Melbourne empowers to select his clergy for him) that the said clergy are getting tired of being all fitted to one pattern, & are anxious that the selecting body shd be constituted on the same principle as that of the S. P. G.—viz. that the Archbishop of Canterbury & Bishop of London (as such) appoint 5 examiners with whom rests the selection.

Thursday Feb. 28.

We were engaged today to take luncheon with the Governor's wife Mrs Douglas, in place of paying her a formal visit. Have I explained that her mother was an Indian woman, & that she keeps very much (far

(42) At the corner of Yates and Douglas Streets. "Fitted up as a first-class hotel," it was opened by J. Heal in 1860 and provided board and lodging for from six to eight dollars a week. (*Colonist*, August 15, 1860.)

too much) in the background; indeed it is only lately that she has been persuaded to see visitors, partly because she speaks English with some difficulty; the usual language being either the Indian, or Canadian French wh is a corrupt dialect. At the appointed time, Mrs Dallas came to introduce a younger sister Agnes, who was to take us to their house. She is a very fine girl, with far less of the Indian complexion & features than Mrs Dallas. Considering the little training of *any* kind these girls can have had, it is more wonderful they shd be what they are, than that they should have defects of manner. They have never left Northern America, nor known any society but such as they now have—in fact they are only now, during the last 2 years since the colony began to encrease, within reach of any society at all beyond that of the usual few employés of the Hudson Bay Co attached to a fort. Agnes Douglas is engaged to be married to a very nice young man (as we hear) Mr Bushby, who is made Registrar (of something) at New Westminster in British Columbia. He has left his card (being here for a few days) with his London address (Halkin St) on it.[43]

Just as we were starting, Captn Richards arrived from Esquimalt, also Captn Spencer & Dr Forbes of the "Topaze"[44]—also Mr Young the Col. Secy (married to a niece of the Governor, with whom we dine tomorrow) and the whole party went with us. The Governor's house is

(43) Agnes Douglas (1841–1928) was married on May 8, 1862, to Arthur Thomas Bushby (1835–75), who had been appointed Registrar of the Supreme Court of British Columbia on May 4, 1859. For further details *see* "Bushby Journal," Introduction.

(44) Charles Forbes, M.D., M.R.C.S., came to this Coast as surgeon in HMS *Topaze*, on this station 1859–63. In 1860 he was sent by Douglas in charge of an exploring party to examine for mineral deposits the country bordering on the Harrison Lake and River. For his report *see* the enclosure in Douglas's despatch to the Duke of Newcastle, November 9, 1860, *Papers Relative to the Affairs of British Columbia* [hereafter cited as *BCP*], Part IV, 1862, Cmd. 2952, pp. 32–40. In 1861 Forbes gave two lectures on geology to a Victoria audience (*Colonist*, November 13 and 20, 1861), and the following year the Government awarded him the first prize of £50 for his essay on *Vancouver Island: its Resources and Capabilities as a Colony*, which was published in Victoria in 1862. After his return to England he read a paper before the Royal Geographical Society (March 14, 1864) on "Vancouver Island: its Physical Geography, Climate and Mineral Resources." (For a summary *see* Royal Geographical Society, *Proceedings*, VIII [1864], pp. 83–87, and for the paper itself *see* the *Journal*, XXXIV [1864], pp. 154–171.) He received his promotion to staff surgeon in 1866 and retired in 1871 or 1872, being later promoted to fleet surgeon,, and dying in 1886.

one of the oldest in the place[45]—I am not sure whether it dates from the first establishment of the H. B. Cos Fort, but it is 12 years old—standing in a large old fashioned garden with borders of flowers enclosing squares of fruit trees & vegetables too I think. The house is a substantial plain building, with very fair sized comfortable rooms. Mrs Douglas is not at all bad looking, with hardly as much of the Indian type in her face, as Mrs Dallas, & she looks young to have a daughter so old as Mrs Helmkin [Helmcken][46] the eldest, who is 26. Her figure is wholly without shape, as is already Mrs Helmkin's we hear, & even Mrs Dallas. She has a gentle, simple & kindly manner wh is quite pleasing, but she takes no lead whatever in her family, & the luncheon arrangements & conduct, rested only with Agnes & Mr & Mrs Young, in the absence of the Governor. She remembers my Uncle at Fort Cumberland, & had told her daughters that one of his officers fell desperately in love with her! From what she said, the susceptible gentleman must have been Mr Kendall.[47]

(45) The Douglas residence at James Bay was said to be "nearly completed" in the summer of 1851. (Rear-Admiral Fairfax Moresby to the Secretary of the Admiralty, July 7, 1851 [Public Record Office Transcripts, H.B.C.-C.O., 1822–52, vol. 725, p. 209].)

(46) Cecilia Douglas (1834–65) was married to Dr. John Sebastian Helmcken (1824–1920) on December 27, 1852. (Fort Victoria marriage register, photostat.)

(47) Edward Nicholas Kendall accompanied Franklin on the second expedition to the Arctic, 1825–27. He surveyed the Coast between the Mackenzie and the Coppermine Rivers, and some of the illustrations in Franklin's *Narrative of a second expedition . . .*, 1828, are from his sketches. But it seems hardly likely that he could have been the officer referred to by Mrs. Douglas, for by 1825 her father, William Connolly (who had been in charge at Cumberland House when Franklin wintered there on his first expedition in 1819–20), had become Chief Factor of New Caledonia, with headquarters at Stuart Lake. (*See* the biography in *Colin Robertson's Correspondence Book . . .*, ed. E. E. Rich, assisted by R. Harvey Fleming, Toronto, Champlain Society, 1939, p. 209.) Kendall did not take part in the first expedition, which was accompanied by two other officers who served as artists: George Back and Robert Hood. At the time of their stay at Cumberland House in 1819–20, Amelia Connolly (who was born in 1812) could not have been more than eight years old; and N. de Bertrand Lugrin, *The Pioneer Women of Vancouver Island 1843–1866*, Victoria, 1928, p. 12, records that "little Amelia remembered best the young artist of the party, Lieutenant Back, R.N., who used to play with her and her sister Julia and made them pose for him." It is of course possible that Connolly's family had been left at Cumberland House when he was posted to New Caledonia, and that Kendall was a very "susceptible gentleman" indeed, for he arrived with Franklin at Cumberland House on June 15, 1825, and left the following day (*Narrative*, pp. 20–21). But this is to break a butterfly upon a wheel.

Luncheon over, Mr Young took us to the Government Buildings (or Public Offices)[48] close to the Governor's residence which last, is his own property. These buildings stand separately upon an enclosed area & consist of, in front, the Governor's Office & Colonial Secretary's, with some dependencies—of the Court House—House of Assembly (the last not finished, so that the Assembly sit in the Court House)—Board of works. The first named building has a sort of tower with 2 tiers of outside gallery, rising from the centre. We went to the upper gallery, & had a good view of the town & harbour. Between these Public Buildings & the Governor's house, there is a not very large field, which the Governor was lately advised to let out in lots on lease, as being valuable. The result is a gross rental of £500; & it is said that by waiting a little, he might have doubled the proceeds. Land is selling enormously high now in Victoria. Very lately some town lots were sold at the rate of £2000 for about ⅓ of an acre. The price of the suburban lots all around the Government Buildings (where it is sure to encrease in value), is from £80 to £100 an acre & eagerly bought at that price.

We had a great number of callers today—amongst them, one of the pioneers of the country—Major Downie[49]—a man who loves exploring the wilds for the sake of the adventure & who follows mining for the love of the work, not the money. He has no wife nor child—made a fortune in the early days of California mining (before this colony existed) & has lost pretty much of it he says, without any heaviness of spirit. "I have asked myself whether I liked best to *dig* the gold, or to *spend* it, and I know that I like to dig it, best." Here is the truly adventurous spirit, which, rather than the merely mercenary, actuates a vast proportion of

(48) Popularly known as "The Birdcages" because of their architectural style, these had been built at the instigation of Governor Douglas in 1859. They were replaced in the 1890's by the present Parliament Buildings.

(49) William Downie (1819–94) reached California in 1849 and proceeded to Victoria in 1858. Describing him as "a respectable Scotchman, . . . one of the most successful miners in California, and known all over that state as Major Downie, the founder of the town of Downieville," Douglas sent him on various journeys of exploration, undertaking "to furnish him with provisions and other means of travelling, provided he reported on the state of the country for the information of the Government." (Douglas to Sir E. B. Lytton, *BCP*, Part II, 1859, Cmd. 2578, pp. 71–72, and Part III, 1860, Cmd. 2724, pp. 71–74.) Downie was engaged in mining in the Cariboo in 1861 and subsequent years; he left for Panama in 1874 but returned to British Columbia a few years later, dying at Nanaimo in 1894. For further details *see* his autobiography, *Hunting for Gold*, San Francisco, 1893, and R. L. Reid, "Wm. Downie, 'Major and Miner'," *Masonic Quarterly of British Columbia*, December, 1931, pp. 9–10.

the mining population. The Bishop has a high opinion of the sterling qualities of the miners, as a race, and he thinks the soil an excellent one for pastoral exertion. They are almost entirely without religion but they respect it, & take pains to shew that they do so, & that they welcome a clergyman. He has experienced from them the utmost kindness & liberality, & has been still more gratified by the manner in wh they receive the rebukes he always administers on hearing them swear. He has had instances of complete abandonment of the profane habit which is almost universal among them. Major Downie derives his rank after the American fashion, but with more reason than is always found with them. He was Major in some Militia corps in California. His name is also given to a now large town, Downieville—and he presented to my Aunt a large massive gold ring encrusted with nuggets found by himself at or near Downieville. He is from Ayrshire & speaks very broad Scotch.

Talking of military titles someone told me a good story of a man who was called Colonel & on being asked by a friend how he got his rank, explained that he had dined once with a General, & had been called "Colonel" ever since! I hope you will think this story as I do, worth remembering.

At 5 o'clock the Bishop came to be present at the visits of the coloured people who had asked my Aunt to see them, that being the appointed hour. The first was Mr Gibbs,[50] a most respectable merchant

(50) Mifflin Wistar Gibbs, born free in Philadelphia in 1823, was without doubt the most distinguished of the Negro pioneers who established themselves in British Columbia. Coming to California in the gold-rush days, he became a successful businessman in San Francisco, and in 1858 moved on to Victoria, where he also prospered. In 1866 he was elected to the City Council, serving until early in 1869 (*Colonist*, November 12, 1866, and July 22, 1869). He returned to his native country in 1870 and embarked on a highly successful career as a lawyer and a politician. For further details *see* his autobiography, *Shadow and Light*, Washington, 1902, and Pilton, "Negro settlement," pp. 73–88. Gibbs records (p. 97) "a pleasant meeting with Lady Franklin, widow of . . . the Arctic explorer, who . . . was supposed to have perished in 1847." He says, however, that the meeting occurred "in 1859 at Esquimalt," and adds that "with a woman's devotion, after many years of absence, she was still in quest, hoping, from ship officer or seaman of Her Majesty's service, some ray of light would yet penetrate the gloom which surrounded his 'taking off' in that terra incognito [*sic*] of the North pole. . . . To her no tidings came, but still lingered 'hope, the balm and life-blood of the soul'." This is a sentimental fiction: Captain F. L. M'Clintock's expedition in the *Fox* had brought back to England in 1859, before Lady Franklin set out on her travels, conclusive proof that her husband had died in the Arctic on June 11, 1847 (M'Clintock, *The Voyage of the Fox* . . . , London, 1859, p. 282). But it is a fiction which has persisted (*see* note [105], below).

who is rising fast. His manner is exceedingly good, & his way of speaking quite refined. He is not quite black, but his hair is I believe short & crisp. Three other men arrived after him & he took his leave soon after, having acted rather as spokesman for the others, who then explained that they were the Captain & other officers of a Coloured Rifle Corps,[51] & the Captain proceeded to speak very feelingly of the prejudices existing here even, against their colour. He said they knew it was because of the strong American element which entered into the community, which however they hoped one day to see overpowered by the English one;—that they had come here hoping to find that true freedom which could be enjoyed only under English priviledges, & great had been their disappointment to find that their origin was against them. My Aunt sympathised with them of course & said she knew that their claims had been always maintained by the Bishop as representing the Church. This observation was eagerly taken up by the Lieut who said that but for the stand made on their behalf by the Bishop & his clergy, the colored population would have left the colony in a body. We shd thus have lost a most orderly and useful and loyal section of the community. They naturally detest America, & this Rifle corps has been formed by them *really* with the view of resisting any American agression, such as this San Juan claim,[52] still pending. As he went out, the Captain said "Depend upon it Madam, if Uncle Sam goes too far, we shall be able to give a good account of ourselves." You can imagine how gratified the Bishop was by this emphatic declaration of their obligations to himself & his clergy.

This party was followed by a Mr & Miss Lester[53] (his daughter). He is the partner of Mr Gibbs—certainly one or 2 degrees from the

(51) The Victoria Pioneer Rifle Corps was formed by some fifty Negroes in 1860 (Victoria *Gazette*, May 28, 1860), but it was not officially sworn in until July 4, 1861 (Victoria *Daily Press*, July 3 and 14, 1861). For further details *see* J. S. Matthews, "British Columbia's First Troops Were Black," The Army and Navy Veterans in Canada, *14th Annual Convention Souvenir Number*, 1934, pp. 39–40, and Pilton, "Negro Settlement," pp. 111–126.

(52) Pending final settlement of the San Juan boundary dispute, joint occupation of San Juan Island itself was undertaken in 1860, and the arrangement continued until 1872, when the Emperor of Germany as sole arbitrator awarded the archipelago to the United States.

(53) Peter Lester was in partnership with Gibbs (Victoria *Gazette*, August 31, 1858) and celebrated his 50th wedding anniversary in Victoria in 1890 (*Colonist*, November 18, 1890). His daughter Sarah gave "instruction on the Piano" (Victoria *Gazette*, December 23, 1859).

pure negro, & his daughter is as fair as I am, with nice ladylike manners & appearance. With these, the conversation was more general, and after they were gone, the Bishop told us that Miss Lester was actually expelled from a school in San Francisco where she was carrying off prizes, because her nails exhibited a dark shadow which is said to be the very last discernible trace of negro blood! She is very well educated, and her younger sister is in Mrs Woods school, probably as fair as any of her companions.

I need not tell you that all these people expressed their feeling of pleasure in seeing my Aunt, and they certainly do speak with a propriety & degree of refinement which is peculiar to their race, & certainly superior to the same rank among Englishmen. The Bishop was particularly pleased at the tribute of respect to my Aunt implied by these visits, on account of the confidence in her feeling for them. All of them who called, are church people, attending constantly, and he knows them all. He told us an interesting circumstance of a young coloured girl of 15 or 16 in Mrs Woods school. He was giving them religious teaching about the 2 sacraments, and she answered with perfect correctness. He then asked if she had received a sacrament (alluding mentally to baptism). She said "No" and burst into tears, covering her face with her hands. The Bp told her that he referred to baptism, and she explained that she understood that, but had never been baptised—her parents though now regular Church goers having been Baptists—& he found that it was the longing desire of her heart to be baptised & confirmed. Of course she will receive both rites.

Friday March 1. I have said little of the weather, though it has been very fine—balmy & bright, but the evenings cold as we have found to our cost when we go out to dine—no rain all the week. We sit with open windows & little fire, our sitting room being very small, & too often pretty full of callers—its door is close to the street door & I am apt to have *both* open in the early morning, to let in all the sun. Our Naval friends generally walk in without ringing the door bell if they see us sitting there, & even if not sometimes. This morng a man presented himself to our landlady at the door & asked for my Aunt—she referred to me & he was in the passage behind her, so I went forward & saw a man in working dress who asked if I was Lady F. I explained that he could not see her, & asked his name—"I am the Son of God Madam—I have been a great traveller, & Lady F. is also a great traveller and I have a great wish to see her." This was said with perfect composure, and I

recd it accordingly, saying that he could not see my Aunt on account of a cold—it must be another time, & in order to be *sure* I was right, I again asked his name, and was again answered "the Son of God." Fortunately the poor maniac was easily persuaded, and went away quietly and immediately addressing me by my own name. Mr Pemberton the Commissioner of Police[54] arrived very shortly after, & I mentioned the circumstance to him. He knew the man directly—had seen him in church in the early morning. He is quite harmless, but Mr Pemberton said he should have him carefully looked after at least during our stay, as he has taken the fancy to see my Aunt. Mr Pemberton said that insanity was only too common here, & may be attributed to the disappointment of highly raised hopes and to the excitement of speculation especially prevailing in gold producing countries.

Mr Dundas was among our visitors today. We like him exceedingly, & it was a great pleasure to my Aunt to give him a bit of money for the completion of his church—especially for finishing the tower which is much wanted on account of the bell. I must put in here, a characteristic story connected with him, but the full point of which can be appreciated only by one who knows the phraseology of Northern America throughout the land. He was questioning his Sunday School last Sunday & asked what Hiram King of Tyre did for Solomon when he was building the Temple—to which a boy replied "Please Sir, he donated the lumber." I hope my Canadian letters will have instructed you that "lumber" means sawn up wood, fit for building purposes. No Yankee could have given a more apt & intelligent a [*sic*] reply.

We managed to get through some shopping today, & were surprised to find things so good & plentiful, if not cheap wh as yet, they certainly are not—in fact everything here is paid for in the proportion of a dollar (4/2) to a shilling, at the lowest—washing excepted: for that, we pay *2,* and even *3* dollars a dozen, about one shilling each for every article! It is a significant fact, that there is no such thing as copper money in the colony: nothing less than "a bit"[55] which is the 10th part of a dollar. We were surprised at the excellence of the restaurants, conducted after

(54) Augustus Frederick Pemberton came to Victoria in 1855 and was appointed Commissioner of Police in July 1858. For further details *see* "Bushby Journal," Biographical Appendix.

(55) *See* Robie L. Reid, "Why 'Bits'?" *BCHQ,* IV (1940), p. 25.

the French fashion, & the refuge of the numerous bachelors, as well as many married men, whose wives are without any servants. They are said to be tolerably cheap.

This eveng we were to dine at the Colonial Secretary's. Mr Young & Mr Mayne came to go with us. You would be amused to see us trudge on foot to dinner parties—it was quite dusk this eveng & Lieut Mayne to save us actual distance took us across a field wh was not a little rough. As we walked, we heard shouting & singing at a distance, & learned that it came from a party of Indians from the north, who had arrived in canoes during the day.

We met only the Bishop, Miss Agnes Douglas, & Mr Drake a young solicitor here whose family my Aunt knew in former days. He tried gold digging at first, but made only $2 or $3 a day, and gave it up to resume his profession. It was a pleasant little party, & we got home all the safer for the Bishop's lantern he coming round by our house to give us the benefit of it. The perfect quiet and order of Victoria at night, is surprising—there is not the smallest approach to any annoyance.

I had some talk tonight with Mr Young about land buying, and heard also of the extraordinary interest upon money. With the very best security, you receive from 2 to 6 per cent, per *month:* making from 22 to £76 *per annum!* There are many persons in Victoria who live upon the interest on their money at the above rates.

Saturday March 2.

It is settled that we go up the Fraser river by the next steamer—2 go up weekly on the same day—the 2nd being in opposition to the "Otter"[57] belonging to the Hudson Bay Company, which vessel goes as far up the river as New Westminster only. This is the capital of the Colony of British Columbia; and a number of Engineers (officers & men) under Col. Moody were sent out some 2 years ago when the country was made

(56) Montague William Tyrwhitt Drake (1830–1908), a native of Hertfordshire, practised as a solicitor and attorney-at-law in London until 1859, when he came to British Columbia. He later took an active part in public affairs, being a member of the Legislative Council, 1868–70, a member of the Legislative Assembly, 1883–86, and Mayor of Victoria in 1877. He was called to the Bar of the Province of British Columbia in 1873 (*Colonist,* February 28, 1973), was made a Q.C. in 1883 (*ibid.,* October 3, 1883) and was appointed a Judge of the Supreme Court in 1889 (*ibid.,* August 18, 1889). For further details *see* the obituary in the *Colonist,* April 21, 1908.

(57) The *Otter,* built in 1852 to assist the *Beaver,* pioneer vessel in the coasting trade, arrived at Victoria in 1853. For further details *see* Walbran, pp. 367–368.

into a colony, to determine the site, lay it out, make roads &c. These all live near the embryo city, and there are besides a resident staff of civil officials. Above New Westminster, the navigation is carried on by another steam company,[58] & they have very handsomely offered us the use of any of their boats. Captn Richards is not able to go with us himself as he hoped to do, owing to some unexpected Boundary Commission work. Lieut Mayne (being 1st Lieut) cannot be spared, so he has kindly lent us as our escort, the 2nd Lieut Hankin, a very nice young man, whom I have already mentioned. He is a nephew of the Miss Hankin who wrote the "Memoirs of Port Royal," and more lately the memoir of Madme Schimmelpenni[n]ck.[59] He is a very natural nice fellow, with plenty of fun in him. Very lately, he got himself conveyed after an original fashion to a Ball at the Governor's on a wet night. He was of course in full uniform, so he rolled himself in a big blanket on the floor, & made 4 Indians pluck him up & carry him into the very hall of the Governor's house! He speaks fluently in Chinook, which is a great comfort here. He brought us today, a very curious specimen of Indian handicraft just brought down by the Northern Indians who are extremely clever. A flute & pipe in one piece—carved in slate & ornamented with mother of pearl—the chief figures are frogs, admirably cut. My Aunt bought it, and I have secured a less costly, but very good specimen of the same kind of workmanship.[60]

We went to another place to see a magnificent skin of the sea otter, the most expensive fur produced in this country. The value of the skin

(58) The British Columbia & Victoria Steam Navigation Company Limited, in which Captain William Irving was the chief shareholder, had taken over the Victoria Steam Navigation Company of 1858, and was itself to go into liquidation in 1863. For further details *see* Norman R. Hacking, "Steamboating on the Fraser in the 'Sixties," *BCHQ*, X (1946), *passim*.

(59) The British Museum Catalogue lists the *Life of Mary Anne Schimmelpenninck. Edited by her relation Christiana G. Hankin*, 2 vols., London, 1858, and also *Select Memoirs of Port Royal*, 5th ed., 3 vols., 1858, as by the same author, but with no indication of the editor.

(60) *Cf.* Marius Barbeau, *Haida Carvers in Argillite*, Ottawa, 1957 (National Museum of Canada, Bulletin No. 139, Anthropological Series No. 38), p. 6: "A collection by 'Lady Franklyn in 1861' in Vancouver, included a flute. It is now preserved at the Museum of the American Indian (Heye Museum) in New York. Inlaid with pewter, it is embellished with the figure of the Eagle lying on his back near the mouthpiece, and three Frogs facing the player, between the four key-holes. The pattern covering the space between the Frogs is geometrical and floral." This flute was carved by George Gunya (*ibid.*, p. 8).

in England is at least £100, here, £20 is asked, but there is so much difficulty in getting furs home that we cannot undertake the trouble of it. This fur is dark greyish brown, with short, but very thick & soft hair.

We also visited the Hudson Bay Company's Store. They import direct from England everything you can think of in the way of dress, as well as groceries and other stores, of course at a very great advance upon their original cost.

At another place we saw some of the Fraser river gold, in dust, in scales, in nuggets, & in lumps made of dust amalgamated by quicksilver. The colour is not particularly good—it is greenish, which gives the gold a brassy look.

Sunday March 3. Mr and Mrs Dallas & Mr Mayne came to take us to Christchurch. We sat in the Governor's pew—a large square one under the organ gallery. The church has been built in 2 divisions and presents nothing to break the continuity [sketch] of the whitewashed walls except the windows. There is however nothing to offend in the pulpit, reading desk & pews. The congregation was a very good one, and we were struck by the large proportion of coloured people. You must remember that they are *never* seen in America, but have churches all to themselves. Mr Cridge read the prayers in the same deplorable voice in which he speaks —but it was very different with the Bishop, who has an admirably clear voice & enunciation. It is also powerful, & his reading is excellent. His sermon was one of a series in Lent, & the subject for today was "Profanity." He selected 3 texts in condemnation of it—from Leviticus, St Matthew, & St James, & gave an admirable sermon—so clear, so uncompromising, & so reasonable. There was a very fair proportion of communicants afterwards.

The service over, Mr Dallas took us home by way of the cemetery, where are some very nicely finished tombs, including one of his little child whom he idolized—a cross in daisies, the material & workmanship of this place.[61] Returning home by the upper end of the street in which our house stands, in wh part there is only now & then a house, we were much amused at a characteristic announcement. The usual plank sidewalk crossed the edge of a slough on which was this warning [sketch]—I have not given myself room enough on the perpendicular piece of wood —the words are "2 men in this hole!"

(61) Helen Amelia Dallas, born February 20, 1859, died on January 24, 1860, and was buried in the Quadra Street cemetery, now Pioneer Square. (Edgar Fawcett, *Some Reminiscences of Old Victoria,* Toronto, 1912, p. 134.)

We took a little walk in the afternoon to St John's Church in order to see what it was like outside. It is a nave, with 2 aisles lower than the nave which has 6 triplet windows in the clerestory on one side, & 5 on the other, the tower being placed at one corner of the west end. The chancel is pentagonal—2 sides being on a line with the nave—with a window in each division. The tower has been carried to the same height with the roof and has stopped short at that point for the present.

Just outside near the vestry door, stands Mr Dundas's little wooden shanty, with 2 minute windows & a door. We did not of course attempt to call on him today, but shall do so one day before we leave Victoria.

Captn Richards & Mr Mayne dined with us & went with us this evening to Christchurch again, to hear Mr Woods, with whom Captn Richards had walked up from Esquimalt after the afternoon service there. The choir at Esquimalt is always furnished by the "Hecate" men who indeed form a large portion of the congregation. It is very pleasant to see the harmony between the Navy & the Church who quite walk hand in hand, especially the "Hecate". (The "Topaze" has its own chaplain[62] but unfortunately he is not a person to be respected.) Last Sunday when Mr Woods could not be carried across the harbour for his afternoon service, the congregation being assembled, *Dr* Woods[63] [Wood] of the "Hecate" read the service. Mr Woods is considered the best preacher in the Diocese, but unfortunately we were too far off to hear him distinctly. His sermon too, was one of a Lent course, & a written one—but he is said to preach best, extempore—like the Bishop of Tasmania.[64]

Monday. March 4.

Tomorrow being the day of our departure for the Fraser River, we had people calling to see us on that account—also Mrs Washington & Mrs Brown, coloured people—thorough negroes in features but not quite black—very nice sensible women. Their husbands are doing exceedingly well here. The former is just about being confirmed. We had a visit

(62) Chaplain and Naval Instructor the Rev. Edward M. Johnstone, according to the Navy List.

(63) Charles Bedingfield Wood, M.D., came to this Coast in 1857 in HMS *Plumper*, and on her return home in 1861 was transferred to the *Hecate*, in which he served until 1864. On November 3, 1864, he was drowned in the Bay of Tunis while serving in HMS *Orlando* (*Colonist*, January 11, 1865).

(64) Miss Cracroft was with the Franklins in Tasmania during Sir John's tenure of office as Lieutenant-Governor, 1837–43. Francis Russell Nixon (1803–79), the first bishop of Tasmania, held office 1842–63.

from the first grumbler we have yet seen—Mr Babington Ring[65]—but as he came to Victoria expecting to find the climate of Devonshire, & to make £2000 a year by his profession (he is a barrister & was on the Western circuit) it is not very wonderful that the *reality* did not suit him. On one point however, he assured us that Vancouver's Isd could not be surpassed—viz. in its wild flowers, especially the roses. We hear that in the spring, the country is a carpet of beauty. At 2 o'clock, the Bishop came to take us to the Boys' Collegiate School. It is held in what was an Independant Chapel,[66] standing on a beautiful site, a little below Christ's church [*sic*]. The benches remain as they were, & the room is hardly too large for even the present number of pupils. We found between 40 and 50, and not above 20 more could be received into the present available space. As I have already said, Mr Woods is at the head of the School & is assisted by Mr Glover & an under master. They are a very nice looking set of boys—in rank, from the Governor's son, downwards. There are not more than 2 or 3 coloured boys & even those are not very dark. One however is a fugitive slave, a boy whose history excited a good deal of attention in these parts.[67] He was most kindly treated by his master & mistress, of whom, stories of their cruelty to him, were circulated, to their great pain. He is not particularly intelligent. The Bishop made them a nice little speech to wh they replied by stamping & clapping, which was renewed when Mr Woods told them that in addition to a copy, now given, of the Voyage of the Fox,[68] my Aunt promised

(65) David Babington Ring (1804–75), a native of Ireland, was called to the Bar in England in 1841 and came to Victoria in 1858. He sat in the Legislative Assembly as member for Nanaimo, 1861–63, served as Acting Attorney-General in 1863, and represented Nanaimo on the Legislative Council of British Columbia, 1869–70, when illness forced his return to England. For further details *see* the obituary in the London *Law Times*, March 13, 1875.

(66) The building was erected in 1859 as a Congregational Lecture Room for the Rev. W. F. Clarke. It consisted originally of an "audience room" 26 by 40 feet, and a vestry in the rear, 9 by 22 feet, containing the minister's study and a sexton's room. (*Colonist*, December 20, 1859, and January 27, 1869.) When Clarke left Victoria in April 1860 (*ibid.*, April 10, 1860), it was "disposed of to the Church of England and converted with additions into a school house," which was destroyed by fire on June 17, 1882 (*ibid.*, June 18, 1882).

(67) *See* Robie L. Reid, "How One Slave Became Free," *BCHQ*, VI (1942), pp. 251–256.

(68) *See* Capt. (later Sir) Francis Leopold M'Clintock, *The Voyage of the 'Fox' in the Arctic Seas. A Narrative of the Discovery of the Fate of Sir John Franklin and his Companions*, London, 1859. The *Fox*, purchased and fitted out by Lady Franklin, was in the Arctic 1857–59.

to send them out from England some more books from a list of their wants to be prepared by him. She gave them too a portrait of the P. of Wales, as being their future King. These boys receive a first class education, second only to that of our highest Public Schools, & it was pleasant to see Mr Woods & Mr Glover in their college caps & gowns. On leaving, they cheered my Aunt uproariously, & as we stood outside the door admiring the view Mr Woods joined us after dismissing the boys, & told her they had just unanimously declared that they would call their Cricket Club after her!

We went for a few minutes into the Bishop's house to see a photograph of the New Westminster Church & Minister's House—the church is a very pretty one of the simplest form & yet quite ecclesiastical—the forest forming the background of the picture. The house is a literal hut of logs—Mr Dundas is infinitely superior to it. We are going to try to get copies of this photograph,[69] which is exceedingly pretty, as well as very interesting. It is done by a Mr Claudet, son of *the* artist.

After our return home, we learned from Dr Wood of the "Hecate" who called with Mr Crease[70] that a general meeting of the Committee for sending home a contribution to the Exhibition of 1862, was to be held this evening, and our proposal to be present on so interesting an occasion was very pleasantly received by the 2 gentlemen. Dr Wood is one of the Honorary Secretaries. They had to refer to the chairman, Mr Wad-

(69) This is presumably the photograph which appears in *A Bishop in the Rough*, ed. D. W. Duthie, 3rd impression, London, 1909, p. 35, with the caption: "Holy Trinity Church and Rectory. (The log hut is the Rectory.)" According to the Preface, written by the Right Rev. John Sheepshanks, Bishop of Norwich, the illustrations include "photographs by my late dear friend F. Claudet." An engraving by W. Dickes in the *Third Report of the Columbia Mission*, 1861, p. 29, entitled "Church and Clergyman's Log Hut at New Westminster," appears to be taken from the same photograph. Francis George Claudet (1837–1906), the son of A. F. Claudet, F.R.S., the distinguished photographer and inventor, was Superintendent of the Government Assay Office at New Westminster, 1859–70, returning to England in 1873. For further details *see* the biography in Robie L. Reid, *The Assay Office and the Proposed Mint at New Westminster*, Victoria, 1926 (Archives Memoir No. VII), pp. 89–92.

(70) Henry Pering Pellew Crease (1823–1905) was called to the Bar in England in 1849 and came to Victoria in 1858. He was appointed Attorney-General of British Columbia in 1861, became a Puisne Judge in 1870, and was knighted on his retirement in 1896. For further details *see* "Bushby Journal," Biographical Appendix.

dington,[71] inasmuch as no ladies had hitherto attended, but the reply was a hearty & gratified welcome. Captn Richards, who is on the Committee was very anxious to go, and he walked up from Esquimalt to see the last of us before starting for the Fraser, & to dine with us at one of 2 very excellent restaurants here. We wanted to see what could be done in this way. You can imagine the value of restaurants in a country like this, where there are so many unmarried men, & people coming in from the country, or arriving en route for the interior. We had a very clean little private room à la francaise, & an excellent dinner, very well served. Numbers of gentlemen take all their meals at the restaurants, & ladies can also come. After dinner, we hurried off to the meeting, a few doors off, & found it very interesting.[72] Several points which had originated with the Executive Committee (a very small number) were proposed to the meeting. The funds are to be raised by a monthly subscription of a dollar, which subscription entitles the contributor to be a member. $5000 (£1000) is wanted and of this sum half is provided by the Governmt and will no doubt be voted by the Assembly, who hold the purse strings. Part of the discussion arose out of a proposal that a pamphlet should be written, descriptive of the productions to be sent home, & of the colony generally, which [would?] not be simply explanatory, but offer inducements to emigration. It is proposed to offer a prize of $150, to which the meeting added a 2nd prize of $100. The proceedings were conducted in a most business like and gentlemanlike manner, & Mr Waddington performed his part excellently well. After disposing of the financial

(71) Alfred Waddington (1801–72), an Englishman who came to Victoria from San Francisco in 1858, was the author of *The Fraser Mines Vindicated,* Victoria, 1858, which (apart from official Government publications) was the first book published in what is now the Province of British Columbia. He represented Victoria District in the Legislative Assembly, 1860–61, and then spent three years in an attempt to construct a road to the Cariboo gold-fields from the head of Bute Inlet, a project which was annihilated in the Chilcotin massacre of 1864. Waddington served as Superintendent of Schools for Vancouver Island, 1865–66, and spent the remainder of his life in London and Ottawa, trying to promote a transcontinental railway through British, rather than American, territory, again advocating the Bute Inlet route as the most feasible approach to the Pacific Coast. For further details *see* W. Kaye Lamb in *The Dictionary of Canadian Biography of Canadian Biography,* X (1972), pp. 696–8.

(72) *See* the *Colonist,* February 13 and 26, 1861, and the New Westminster *British Columbian,* February 21 and 28, 1861.

questions, the election of new members came on, & to our infinite surprise & some amusement, this began by my Aunt being unanimously elected an Honorary Member.

Captn Richards made his speech, in allusion to the vexed question of the refusal of British Columbia to join Vancouver's Island, so as to unite their contribution to the Exhibition. The first meeting (presided over by the Governor) took place here, & the cooperation of British Columbia was (naturally) so completely taken for granted, that the names of some of the chief people there, were put down on the Committee, and a report of the proceedings sent to New Westminster with the assumption that the colonies would unite in this object. This act poked the fire of British Columbian jealousy into a flame, the whole volume of which escaped at a public meeting immediately held at New Westminster. No answer was vouchsafed to the Vancouver Isd Committee, but by the newspapers, they learned that the British Columbians counselled them to mind their own affairs, for that *they* intended to represent themselves as a separate colony, which they really are tho' politically merged into that of Vancouver Isd by there being but one Governor for both, & by being as yet without any representative Government, notwithstanding that so much wealth pours from the gold fields of Columbia into the common treasury. Much good feeling was shewn at the present meeting by all agreeing to avoid any discussion upon this irritating topic, & Captn Richards treated it with so much humour that the room rang with shouts of laughter. Dr Wood of the "Hecate" devotes a vast deal of time & attention to the subject, & his report of the objects to be kept in view, & of the products which might be contributed, was very interesting. The Bishop (who slipped in after the meeting had opened) took his share in the discussions with his usual practical ability, & certainly the speaking generally, wd have done credit to any assembly convened for a similar purpose. Curiously enough, Mr Waddington is the cousin of my Aunt's old friends.

Mr Creasey [Crease] the co:secretary with Dr. Wood, has married a daughter of Dr Lindley, who will probably receive the contribution in England & conduct its arrangements in the Exhibition. Altogether, we had a very pleasant & interesting evening, which we shall look back upon when we see the contributions from this part to the Exhibition.

Tuesday. March 5. We started at 7 to go on board the "Otter" belonging to the Hudson Bay Company, which goes weekly to New Westminster. Mr Dallas came to take us on board & introduce us to the

Captain (Mowatt)[73] who kindly gave us the use of his cabin, on deck, where we passed the greater part of the day. You will see on the map, that in order to go to the Fraser river, we had to pass between the islands lying between Vancouver Isd & the main land, so we had very quiet sailing (or rather steaming) along the channels. We passed close under the disputed Island of San Juan, & it was rather tantalising not to be able to land. The islands lie very close to one another & are of all sizes down to the merest islet. Most of them are clothed lightly, or densely, with fir, & the effect of the whole was heightened by an occasional canoe, generally with only a single Indian in it. We emerged into the open Strait (called the *Gulf* of Georgia) through a very narrow channel (nearly opposite to the mouth of the Fraser) which ought to bear no other name than "Plumper Pass" given by Captn Richards who surveyed it, but (Yankeelike) the American Boundary Commissioner, wrote to him, claiming that it shd receive the name of the "Active" an American vessel which (he said) had been the first to go through it. Captn Richards replied that the change did not rest with him, but that as personally, he had no objection to its being made, he would ask Captn Washington to alter the name to Active."[74] The reply did not come quick enough, & the American absolutely wrote again to Captn Richards, upon which a somewhat stiff correspondence ensued, & before the claim was granted he ascertained that the "Active" had not been in that channel at all, but in a neighbouring one!

We had a beautiful view of the mountains as we crossed the Georgian Gulf & entered the Fraser river between low banks covered with tawny reeds, which looked like tracts of cornland ready for the harvest. Our fellow passengers were pretty numerous, chiefly miners & of many races. French, German & Spanish were spoken, to say nothing of unmitigated "Yankee." Most of them had their pack of baggage, consisting of a roll of blankets to the cord of which was slung a frying pan, kettle & oilcan. Some possessed the luxury of a covering of waterproof cloth to the package. Every man had his revolver & many a large knife also, hanging from a leather belt. I should say that this mining costume in "highest style" consists of a red shirt (flannel), blue trowsers, boots to the knees,

(73) Capt. William Alexander Mouat (1821–71) came to this Coast from England in 1845 in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, and after commanding several of the Company's vessels here was placed in charge of the post at Fort Rupert. For further details *see* Dorothy Blakey Smith in *The Dictionary of Canadian Biography*, X (1972), p. 535.

(74) *Cf.* Walbran, p. 12.

and a broad brimmed felt hat, black, grey, or brown, with beard & mustaches ad libitum. There was also a party of theatrical ladies & gentlemen[75]—one of the former, very pretty.

The river winds about very much & gradually loses its flat shores which rise into swelling hills clothed with wood, chiefly pine. As you approach New Westminster the forest becomes very thick, and as you suddenly open the point on which the embryo city has rooted itself, you see that the open space has been hewn from the dark mass of tall stems which form the background to the scene. The ground rises gently from the point, and upon the bank itself & behind, the houses are scattered irregularly to the eye, but *really* along the lines of streets stretching up into the very forest.

One of the gun boats went up here from Esquimalt Harbour yesterday, & Captn Richards wrote by her to Captn Parsons[76] of the Engineers stationed here (I mentioned that Col. Moody & his corps of officers & men live near New Westminster at what they call "the Camp" about a mile higher up the river) to meet us with a boat, Col. & Mrs Moody[77] having invited us to their house in the Camp. Captn Parsons is a great friend of the "Hecate" & is called their astronomer. Captn Richards wished us to go to his house wh he would have vacated for us, but this the Moodys would not permit tho' they already had taken in the Governor. We were

(75) The "Robinson Dramatic Troupe," which under the management of J. B. Robinson had been playing in the Victoria Theatre on Government Street since the beginning of January, was now on its way to give a few performances in New Westminster and possibly to visit Hope and Yale (*Colonist*, January 4 and March 6, 1861).

(76) Capt. Robert Mann Parsons arrived in Victoria on October 29, 1858, at the head of the first detachment of the Royal Engineers (Douglas to Lytton, November 8, 1858, *BCP*, Part II, 1859, p. 25). He returned to England in 1863.

(77) Richard Clement Moody (1813–87) was appointed in 1858 Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for the newly created colony of British Columbia and Officer Commanding the detachment of Royal Engineers sent out to assist Governor Douglas in maintaining order and opening up the country. Moody and his family arrived in Victoria on December 25, 1858, ahead of the main body of his troops, and returned to England when the detachment was disbanded in 1863. His wife was Mary Susanna, daughter of Joseph Hawks, J.P., of Newcastle-on-Tyne, and he was survived by 11 children. For further details *see* Madge Wolfenden, "Pathfinders and road builders: Richard Clement Moody, R.E.," *Journal of the Department of Public Works*, April 1938, pp. 3–4.

met also by Captn Gossett [Gosset],[78] (also of the Engineers but) [*sic*] holding the civil appointment of Treasurer; he is a son of Captn or Major, or Col. Gossett of the Rifle Brigade who was a great friend of the Buckners.

Captn Parsons was there with the Engineers boat in which we were quickly stowed with our luggage, & in some twenty minutes, reached the Camp which is also beautifully placed upon a sloping ground once covered with pines. We were struck with the appearance of order in the arrangement of the buildings in the "Camp." Every house was of course of wood, but the designs shewed all the taste & skill which might be looked for from a party of Engineers. Col. Moody's house especially is charmingly designed & stands prominently as the Commanding Officer's should do.

We were most kindly recd by Col. & Mrs Moody & by the Governor who is staying with them. The Col. was many years ago when a Lieut, at the Falkland Isds where he was the first Governor. He came out here with the commission of Lieut Governor of British Columbia, but I believe it comes into force only in case of the death of the Governor. Certainly it has been dormant. She is a very sensible person with a manner of perfect sincerity which makes itself felt. The Governor with his Private Secretary Mr Goode [Good],[79] & Captn Parsons, made up our dinner party which was very pleasant. Col. Moody has with a great wisdom built a thoroughly good house, as substantially as a wooden one can be, and with large well proportioned rooms, quite in contrast with every house we have yet seen except the Governor's in Victoria. It was cheaply done, if the difficulties and high rate of labour be taken into consideration, for it only cost £1000. There are three large sitting rooms on the ground

(78) Capt. William Driscoll Gosset, son of Major J. N. Gosset, was appointed in 1858 as the first Colonial Treasurer and Postmaster of British Columbia. He returned to England in 1862. For further details *see* Reid, *The Assay Office*, pp. 92–96.

(79) Charles Good arrived in Victoria from England early in 1859, received an appointment in the Colonial Secretary's office, and subsequently became private secretary to Douglas. He married Alice Douglas in 1861. In 1864 he was appointed Clerk to the Legislative Council, and was later Assistant Colonial Secretary (1867–71) and Deputy Provincial Secretary (1871–76). He returned to England in 1876 and was still alive there in 1905. (Good to Governor Anthony Musgrave, March 14, 1871, Good Correspondence; *Colonist*, August 20, 1871, and January 12, 1877; Good to Col. R. Wolfenden, November 26, 1905, Good Correspondence.) For further details *see* "Bushby Journal," Biographical Appendix, "Alice Douglas."

floor with a good passage, kitchen &c and 4 very good bedrooms over—with offices all well enclosed and thoroughly finished—everything of wood, except of course the chimneys. It was several months building for a reason characteristic of the country. It was unfortunately begun in the spring—the usual period arrived for the reign of mosquitoes, and it was impossible to go on with the work until they had taken their departure after the heat of summer had passed away. They come upon the first subsidence of the river & its tributaries which are swelled by the melting of the snow upon the surrounding mountains, & of course the precise time of this, depends upon the lateness of the spring and you can imagine the eagerness with which the usual signs are watched when I tell you that they absolutely blacken the walls of the rooms, & that nothing can keep them out or protect you from their ravages. People who *can* leave New Westminster in the summer, always do so, to escape this terrible scourge: but happily it is curing itself by degrees, as the forest is being cut down. The trees of course harbour the mosquitoes, & it is expected that by & bye this terrible plague will disappear—it gets better year by year.

Wednesday. March 6.

It was settled that we should go up the Fraser today in the "Maria" steamer.[80] The chairman of the company to which she & other river steamers belong (Mr Anderson, in Victoria) had recommended us to the special care of Captn Irvine [Irving][81] the very excellent commander, & to his brother Mr Willm Anderson the purser—I think I have already said that in the handsomest way, the boats of this company had been placed at the service of my Aunt.

Before starting in the boat for N. Westminster, we walked about the Camp, admiring the taste & order which reigns throughout it. All the

(80) In 1859 the *Maria* was purchased from her American owners by the British Columbia & Victoria Steam Navigation Company and operated chiefly on the Harrison River route. She remained on the Fraser until 1862, when she was sold to owners who took her to the Columbia. (Norman R. Hacking, "'Steamboat 'Round the Bend': American Steamers on the Fraser River in 1858," *BCHQ*, VIII (1944), pp. 270–271, 278–279.)

(81) Capt. William Irving (1817–72) was born in Scotland and entered the coasting trade in Oregon in 1849. After operating river steamers on the Columbia he came to Victoria in 1858, becoming one of the best-known steamboat captains in British Columbia. He was the first President of the New Westminster City Council, and the house which he built in that city is now the New Westminster Historic Centre, Irving House. For further details *see* Hacking, *BCHQ*, X (1946), pp. 4–5.

buildings are different & in thoroughly good taste. The paths are neat & straight, & of course the people (being soldiers) look less rough than the usual population. The Engineers are 120 in number, all volunteers, come out for 6 years, at the end of which period they may either remain in the service & return home, or be discharged & receive a grant of 30 acres. Meanwhile they receive high additional pay & are already buying bits of land. Thus a most useful class of colonists is being created, for in the Engineer corps every man is taught a trade. Captain Parsons is the only person not a volunteer. He was on the Ordnance Survey in Ireland, and, an officer of his special acquirements being wanted, he was ordered out at very short notice. Amongst the other buildings, a store house used as a theatre was shewn us. It is of course exclusively for the Engineers —officers & men, and we hear the acting is admirable.

We then were rowed down to New Westminster, & found that the steamer was to start in half an hour, so Mr Hankin ran the mile back by the road which skirts the river bank, to have Buckland[82] & the luggage on the Camp jetty where we were to pick them up, and we spent an hour in the little town, which is certainly as yet in a rough state. The forest was formerly so dense that (only 18 months back) one of the Engineer officers lost his way in trying to get from N. Westminster to the Camp—had to climb down the bank & get into a canoe & so make his way home. The remains of this forest still shew themselves in the stumps which have been cleared only out of the way of the houses of which there is a very fair shew; of course all of wood, but mostly painted white. Some half dozen or more steamboats, plying between this & Victoria and up the river (the latter with the hurricane decks like the American river boats) lie at the wharfs, and behind (& above, for the bank rises a good deal) is a row of warehouses, shops, boarding houses. The upper side of the street is not completely lined with houses, but there are a good many and above them stands the Church[83] which of course we entered, and were charmed with it. It is not so nicely finished as St John's in Victoria, but this appearance is rather from want of varnish than any deficiency in execution. The windows are placed high up & near together. The east windows are *two* instead of being a triplet. The service receives a very

(82) Sarah Buckland, Lady Franklin's maid. (*See* Alfons L. Korn, *The Victorian Visitors*, University of Hawaii Press, 1958, *passim.*)

(83) Holy Trinity Church was consecrated on December 2, 1860, and destroyed by fire on September 5, 1865. (New Westminster *Times*, December 8, 1860, and New Westminster *British Columbian*, September 6, 1865.)

important addition from the Engineers. The harmonium is played by Dr Seddel [Seddall],[84] who also leads the choir consisting in great measure of other members of the Corps. The music is said to be exceedingly good. Mr Sheepshanks[85] comes to the Camp for an evening service. His habitation is close to the church—a veritable *log* hut, with a door, window, & chimney, with a projecting roof & sides over the door, by way of shelter for firewood. He is not well having suffered much from rhumatism. Dr Seddel went to tell him we were in the Church, & he came out to meet us, looking certainly far from well. He joined our party and well [we] all returned to the lower street, calling in at a very respectable little bookseller & stationer's house, on our way to a restaurant, conducted in the same way as that at Victoria, where Col. Moody insisted on our taking luncheon, which was excellently cooked & served up.

This over, we embarked on the "Maria", picked up our remaining party & the luggage at the "Camp" jetty, also Captn Parsons who had to visit a road in progress beyond Yale, Dr Rattray[86] & Lieut Symons[87] of the Marines, both of H.M.S. "Topaze" who were going on a sketching excursion. I am afraid you cannot have a map which will shew the

(84) Dr. John Vernon Seddall came out with the Royal Engineers in 1859 as staff-assistant-surgeon and opened a hospital in the Engineers' Camp at Sapperton, thus becoming the first resident surgeon to practise on the Mainland of British Columbia. When in 1863 he left for England with the detachment, he turned his equipment over to the Royal Columbian Hospital, which he and Col. R. C. Moody had helped the citizens of New Westminster to organize the year before. (New Westminster *British Columbian*, December 12, 1863; and Moody to Douglas, September 26, 1863, Moody Correspondence.)

(85) Rev. John Sheepshanks (1834–1912) was Rector of New Westminster 1859–67, and later Bishop of Norwich. His memoirs appeared as *A Bishop in the Rough*, edited by D. W. Duthie, in 1909.

(86) Alexander Rattray, M.D.Edin., R.N., attained the rank of assistant surgeon in 1854 and was appointed to the *Topaze* in 1859, arriving at Esquimalt on March 19, 1860 (*Colonist*, March 20, 1860). In 1862 he won the second prize in the Government essay competition and published in London a book entitled *Vancouver Island and British Columbia, Where they are; What they are; and What they may Become*. He returned to England with the *Topaze* in 1863 and was promoted to the rank of surgeon, serving in the *Salamander* on the Australian station, 1863–67. He later served as staff surgeon 2nd class in the *Britannia* at Dartmouth, and his name was removed from the Navy List, no reason being stated, between June and October 1873.

(87) Jelinger Henry Symons, R.M., attained the rank of lieutenant in 1854 and was appointed to the *Topaze* in 1859. He returned to England in the *Topaze* in 1863 and was promoted to the rank of captain, retiring with the rank of major in 1875.

places we visited on the Fraser, as the sites for towns have been fixed & settled upon only within the last 2 years the forts of the Hudson Bay Company being hitherto the only habitations, so I will briefly explain that Yale is the farthest point of steamboat navigation, and is generally reached in a day & a half, as travelling is possible only by daylight on account of the snags and rapids. The intervening settlements are at Langley, Old and New, about a mile apart, and at Hope.

Gold is found almost everywhere along the banks of the Fraser above New Westminster, but the higher you go the more is found, inasmuch as the supply comes from the mountain ranges which run diagonally between the Rocky mountains and the Cascade mountains which are the two grand lines of division in the interior of British Columbia. The gold is washed down from the richer deposits near to the Rocky mountains, & the miners have been continually penetrating farther & farther into the heart of the country. These are the more adventurous & hardy, & the ground they have abandoned is now being worked chiefly by the Chinese who have come over in thousands, live mostly upon rice, and are content with a small return for hard work. The gold is mostly found in great sand banks, often covered, & in some degree mixed, with shingle. These are overflowed every year on the rising of the river after the melting of the snow, in the mountain ranges, so that continually fresh deposits are made yearly—and these gold producing patches are called *"bars."* Enormous quantities of gold were found in some of these bars in the early days of the colony, but the nuggets have mostly been extracted, leaving chiefly gold in scales from the size of a very little finger nail to the merest speck. The sand is thrown into a cradle with water, and the rocking separates from the bulk, a metallic sand, steel coloured & bright, in which the gold particles appear, they being the heaviest portion. Minute garnets are also seen in the washed sand.

A more effectual process than rocking, is sluicing, or fluming as the miners call it, but this involves the conveying water from some neighboring stream, at of course great expense—for although the little aqueduct is merely a wooden trough made out of trees which cumber the ground, yet as *time* is money, the expenditure becomes a costly one. By this mode of washing, a stream of water is directed through a hose into a hole out of which it rushes in a thick muddy stream down a square trough open at top, along the bottom of which is a series of wooden bars, and rows of holes which are only partly punched through. These wooden bars, and holes, arrest the heavy particles (the metallic sand with the

gold in it) the lighter & worthless part running off with the water into the river. This is of course the most rapid way of washing and therefore the most remunerative, but I believe the Chinese rarely adopt it, preferring the monotonous rocking.

I thought it best to give you the above little explanation before writing of our visit to the gold region, as you will now the better understand what we saw.

Fortunately, the weather was fine this afternoon, and we had very fine views of the mountains which are still mostly snow-capped. One group of cones rising behind the intervening hills, particularly struck us. They are about 6000 feet high, named Mont Blanchard [Mount Blanshard][88]—but Captn Richards calls them "Golden Ears", I believe because he is convinced that gold must be abundant in that part. About an hour after leaving New Westminster, we passed the mouth of Pitt river, with an island lying across it which has lately been bought by the Governor for his eldest daughter, Mrs Helmkin, & is called "Governor's Isd"[89]. This river leads into a beautiful lake[90] in many parts 100 fathoms deep. A rosy sunset lighted up the mountains magnificently as we approached Old Langley, passing the now deserted settlement of New Langley.[91] This latter spot was selected by Governor Douglas as the site of the capital of British Columbia, but Colonel Moody on his arrival at once perceived the disadvantage of being on the left bank of the river, so that in the event of an attack from the Americans (all to the north is our own territory) the river would be in the rear, whereas it ought of course to be in front & serve as a defence from any enemy. The site of the capital was therefore altered to that of New Westminster, and the

(88) After Richard Blanshard, first Governor of Vancouver Island.

(89) Now called Douglas Island.

(90) Pitt Lake.

(91) The settlement of "New Langley" (also called Derby) sprang up in 1858 on the site of the original Fort Langley, built in 1827 and abandoned in 1839 for a new site a few miles further up the river, where a second fort was built. When this was destroyed by fire in 1840, another establishment, again designated "Fort Langley," was immediately built on the same site. Later, this third fort was also known as "Old Langley." For further details *see* Dorothy Blakey Smith, "The First Capital of British Columbia: Langley or New Westminster?" *BCHQ*, XXI (1957–58), pp. 19–21.

wooden huts of the earliest settlers were abandoned (its downward progress being accelerated by a fire)[92] and the clergyman was removed to another station.[93]

Old Langley consists of little more than the Hudson Bay Cos buildings, within & without the Fort (the latter very few), 3 eating & drinking houses (or rather huts) on the high sand bank to which we made fast, & a little wooden chapel in which service was performed by the clergyman at New Langley. When the water is high, these houses stand *in* the water, being placed upon wooden supports, and boats run actually alongside of the counter over which the drink is served out. Now, we had to climb up a steep ascent of several feet, preferring to walk even but a little way while we took in a pile of fuel.

We had hoped to reach the next settlement, Fort Hope, but the evening closed in soon after leaving Langley, & when quite dark, we "tied up" to a tree on the bank, until daylight. This is a primitive sort of way of securing a vessel. We draw very little water, & run close in under the bank—the men jump ashore with a hawser, scramble up to the top & pass it round one of the straight tall trunks which are crowded together there. Independantly of the necessity of having daylight for getting through the rapids which occur frequently, snags abound in this river, & to run full against one of these would at once stove in the vessel. There is one part in which they are so thick that it is called "Snag Reach." (You know that a snag is a tree stuck fast in the channel of a stream, generally with a part sticking out of the water but sometimes under water, or only just at the surface, so that it needs a sharp eye to see & avoid them.) Then the current is so tremendously strong, that in going up, vessels have very hard work to fight against it, & in some parts it is necessary to land the seamen with a rope to haul upon and drag the vessel on, in aid of all the pressure the engines can bear. In other parts, the current sets her so strongly upon a bank of sand or gravel, or the

(92) *Colonist,* July 29, 1859.

(93) Rev. W. Burton Crickmer, appointed in 1858 as "a missionary chaplain for the goldfields of British Columbia" (Victoria *Gazette,* December 16, 1858), went to Langley shortly after his arrival in Victoria on December 25, 1858, and opened the Church of St. John the Divine for worship on May 8, 1859 (*ibid.,* May 14, 1859). Crickmer was transferred to Yale in 1860 and returned to England in 1862, dying in 1905. For further information *see* Cyril Stackhouse, *The Churches of St. John the Divine Derby (1859)—Yale (1860)* . . ., reprinted with additional material from *Vancouver Historical Journal,* January, 1959, [Vancouver, 1959].

water is so shallow, that they all use long stout poles with which the vessel is forced in the direction they wish. We passed most of our time on deck, and saw all these expedients resorted to, repeatedly during our excursion, this being the season at which the river is very low.

We had a good many passengers, including 2 Chinamen miners—the better class slept in *the* cabin, the dining tables being shoved aside, & mattrasses put all over the floor. The upper end of this cabin had 3 sleeping cabins on each side with 2 berths in each, but the manager kindly ordered that I should have a cabin all to myself Buckland being in another, & opposite to us were the 4 gentlemen I have mentioned above, Captn Parsons, Messrs Hankin & Symons, & Dr Rattray. The narrowed part of the main cabin between these for sleeping formed a kind of after cabin in which was a small table which was treated as *our* property—here my Aunt & I breakfasted whenever we pleased, & had our tea also at which time our table was the rendezvous of our little party with the addition of the Captn and Purser Mr Anderson of whom I have already written; & a very merry party it was, thanks to Mr Hankin who has plenty of the midshipman left in his composition—but I can't write down the jokes which made our entertainment. They began this first evening after we had "tied up."

Thursday. March 7. We untied ourselves & started again by daylight & got safely through Snag reach, stopping at the entrance to the Harrison river, leading to the Harrison Lake a fine sheet of water connected with another lake[94] on both of which there are steamers continually plying—all surrounded by gold producing country of which the central settlement is at Port Douglas,[95] a thriving young town. Here we deposited the passengers & freight to be conveyed up the Harrison river—the only dwelling at this spot being a wooden hut which moreover has to be abandoned in summer owing to the frightful plague of mosquitoes. A few Indians were squatted about (as at Langley) from a village which we afterwards passed. Our course up the river was very tortuous, & the windings of the channel were made more abrupt by the great sandbanks on which had been left masses of trunks & branches of trees carried down by the "freshets" or summer floods, now lying high & dry. The current rushes almost frightfully round some of the corners, & we had frequent

(94) Little Harrison Lake, on which Port Douglas was located.

(95) Port Douglas, the southern terminus of the Harrison–Lillooet route to the gold-fields, was established in 1858. Its fortunes declined with the building of the road through the Fraser Canyon in 1862.

poling, and towing. This was done also in the Indian canoes of which we passed several—at one bad place we saw one in which the women paddled, while the men poled up against the stream. Unfortunately, the weather throughout the day, was very bad—a bitter cold wind, mist, & heavy rain, & we were unable to see any of the mountain tops, which as we were assured, were rising on every side—much snow had fallen, and the effect upon such of the forest clad hills as we could see from time to time, was very curious. It was as if the dark pines had been powdered, the naked summits only, shewing out a pure white mass. It was dreadfully tantalising to catch a glimpse of them 2 or 3 times only during the entire day. We stopped now & then to take in fuel from stages on which the wood is ready piled—our consumption was greater than usual as we required all the steam we could make, in order to get over some of our difficulties. In one part you can see that the bed of the river descends very considerably, so that we absolutely steamed up hill. Once too, we had to repair a slight derangement in the engine, and accordingly we "tied up" for half an hour. We passed 2 or 3 Indian villages, which means a line of wooden huts, large enough to hold several families; close by these are the salmon boxes, a small hut placed on the top of a lofty stage of poles, or between 2 tall trees, in which the salmon preserved for winter use is kept out of reach of the dogs.

A little beyond one of the villages was a burying place, consisting of rows of large boxes or chests raised from the ground, and ornamented with figures carved in relief. These were dark, on a white ground which enabled us to see them from the steamer.

We passed a few miners only—all Chinamen, on the edge of the river, rocking their cradle so constantly & intently, that they seldom even raised their heads as we passed. They keep to their own costume & look as quaint as they do in pictures, with their round, pointed hats. Behind them was either a cotton tent, or a little wooden hut sufficient for the 2 men. They were rarely more.

Such were the incidents of the day—wh had novelty enough to be interesting to us, though we felt the cold & damp extremely, in spite of an excellent stove which warmed the cabin. We were however in some anxiety as to getting beyond Fort Hope (where we anchored soon after dark) on the following day. The distance to Yale is but 16 miles, but the navigation is difficult at this time of the year, when the water is so low, and the rapids more difficult to pass. The steamers best fitted for it

do not belong to this company & are not considered particularly safe by reason of high pressure on the engine & fragility of construction.[96] At last, our kind Captain made up his mind that we would at least *try* to take the "Maria" as far as Hill's Bar, a mile below Yale, thus stopping short of the worst piece of all. Had he not proposed this, we should have gone up in a canoe, weather permitting—this being the usual conveyance when the river is as low as it now is.

Immediately after we anchored at Hope, the Magistrate Mr O'Reilly[97] came to see us—a very gentlemanlike person, & a most pleasant evening we had at our tea table where Mr. Hankin officiated & amused us infinitely by his love of jam & bad butter! The Captain was most indulgent and arranged that he would give us a day at Yale, return here on Saturday, & stay here over Sunday; thus giving us plenty of time to see everything and the great comfort withal of sleeping always on board instead of perhaps in one room in some little house on shore. Mr Charles,[98] the H.B. Cos agent here invited us to his house, but we of course preferred our present quiet & comfortable quarters.

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(96) The reference is probably to Capt. C. T. Millard's steamers the *Henrietta* and the *Hope*. The latter had "sufficient power [70 h.p.] and shallow draught to reach the head of navigation at Yale at almost any time of the year," according to Hacking, *BCHQ*, X (1946), p. 14.

(97) Peter O'Reilly was a lieutenant in the Revenue Police in Dublin before coming to British Columbia in 1858. He was appointed magistrate at Hope on April 19, 1859 (Victoria *Gazette*, April 26, 1859), and was later High Sheriff of British Columbia and Assistant Gold Commissioner for Cariboo District, Douglas speaking of him as "a gentleman of excellent character, high moral worth, and an able, active resolute Magistrate." (Douglas's Confidential Report on Officers [Encl. in Douglas to the Duke of Newcastle, February 18, 1863], *MS;* and Margaret A. Ormsby, "Some Irish Figures in Colonial Days," *BCHQ*, XIV (1950), *passim.)*

(98) William Charles (1831–1903), son of John Charles of the Hudson's Bay Company's service, came from Scotland to the Pacific Coast in 1852, and himself entered the Company's service in 1854. He was transferred to Victoria in 1858 and after serving as clerk at the Fort there *(First Victoria Directory*, 1860) he was placed in charge of Fort Hope. By 1868 he had been made a Chief Trader; and he was at Kamloops, in charge of the Thompson River District, 1868-70 *(Kamloops Journal*, September 19, 1868, and June 9, 1870, *MS*). In 1871 he was cashier in the Victoria office of the Company, and by 1874 was Chief Factor in charge of the Victoria depot. In the 1882–83 directory he is listed as Inspecting Chief Factor in charge of the Western Department. He retired in 1885 (*Colonist*, June 3, 1885). For further details *see* the obituary in the *Colonist*, May 22, 1903.

Friday. March 8. We had an early visit from the Revd D. and Mrs Pringle.[99] He was the first clergyman to arrive here after the appointment of the Bishop & was joined by his wife & 3 little girls. She is a very ladylike person with a nice countenance & pleasant cheerful manners—is the niece of the Mr Mackenzie who was so well known as the Rector of St Martin's in the Fields, and the god daughter of Jane Guillemard, who is sponsor also for her eldest little girl. As we were not to sail until 12, we landed with Mr O'Reilly to have a look at the town of which we could see nothing from the vessel which was "tied up" close under the steep bank on the top of which the houses stand. We found the ground less encumbered than New Westminster with stumps, the forest having been originally no doubt less densely wooded, but the comparatively cleared appearance is partly due to the Hudson Bay Cos Fort which has been here many years,[100] an advantage which New Westminster never had. The site of Hope is most beautiful—it is a flat lying at the junction of 3 vallies between lofty hills, and even *mountains* on the cones of which, the snow clings the whole year. A rapid little river the Quiquealla [Coquihalla] flows down one of the vallies along which a road is being made through a district likely to become of much importance as being more easily settled than other parts more densely wooded. We walked to the Court House, which serves also as yet, for a church[101]—a single room, with 2 small ones behind in which Mr O'Reilly lives. Mr Pringle's little house is very near to it, a tolerable looking house with 2 stories. The population were in about the usual proportion of whites & Indians.

We were shewn by Mr O'Reilly, some of the gold found here—it is received as currency, and the miners, especially the Chinese who come

(99) Rev. Alexander David Pringle, M.A. (1828–1908) arrived in Victoria on August 8, 1859, and immediately took up his duties at Hope, where he remained until his departure for England in 1864. (Victoria *Gazette,* August 11, 1859; Columbia Mission *Report* for 1863 and for 1864; *Colonist,* July 18, 1864.) He was later (1865) P.C. of St. James with Pockthorpe, Norwich, and Vicar of Blakeney. According to *Burke's Landed Gentry,* "Pringle of Whytbank, formerly of Yair," his wife was Mary Louisa, daughter of the Rev. Charles Mackenzie, Prebendary of St. Paul's.

(100) Since the winter of 1848–49. (James Douglas to J. M. Yale, October 30, 1848, cited in F. W. Howay, "The raison d'être of Forts Yale and Hope," Royal Society of Canada, *Transactions,* XVI (1922), Section II, pp. 60–61.)

(101) The corner-stone of Christ Church, Hope, was not laid until July 9, 1861. The building was consecrated on November 8, 1861. *See* Columbia Mission *Report* for 1861, pp. 22 and 30–31.

without a farthing of money, pay in this way for their license. A party of them are working just below the town.

We started about midday in very fine weather which enabled us to enjoy the very fine scenery through which the Fraser now passes, greatly superior to any we had yet seen. It was a succession of mountains, over which rose snowy cones & lofty shoulders connecting the snow line. The forest rose from the water's edge to a great height, generally of pines the deep green of which was in admirable contrast to the snow and formed a beautiful setting to the noble stream up which we were slowly making way. We had now fairly entered the mining country, and passed bar after bar in which the work was being actively carried out by digging, fluming & rocking; the China men filling up the intermediate gaps every quarter of a mile, by small parties each with its little tent or hut. On the bars there were quiet villages of huts & houses several of which were for eating & drinking, but these are in some spots nearly deserted, the whole bar having been dug over & emptied of its riches, or at any rate so far exhausted that the more enterprising have gone to new fields. This is the time for the China men to step in, and they often find on these deserted bars sufficient reward for their patient industry. There is "Prince Albert bar," "Victoria Bar"—others are named after the discoverer "Emery Bar", "Hill's Bar"—out of which £40,000 worth has been taken.

Some of the bars are still worked by large parties, especially by the fluming process. One flume was pointed out to us, carried along the shore at some considerable height above the water, a distance of no less than 4 miles. Half of it was bought by a man very cheap, on account of a rush to some new place; the bar had not however lost its popularity for ever & is now steadily worked again. The possessor of the half flume was on board our steamer & on being asked how much he was now making by it, replied, "40 per cent, *per month!*"

We were 4½ hours struggling against the current which more than once obliged us to send the men ashore with a rope to haul upon. It rushes down at the rate of *seven* miles an hour, and on one occasion when its speed was measured at Yale, it was found to be *10 miles*. Imagine this over a tract of rapids boiling and fuming like a big caldron. It was however in very smooth water that our frail boat struck herself against a rock—the sensation was quite unmistakeable, and any doubt would have been dispelled by what followed—the mate rushed past us into the cabin & out again, with an armful of blankets, the steward followed his example as did others—a proceeding decidedly suggestive of

a hole of no ordinary dimensions! We were but a few yards from the shore, but assuredly we expected to be run upon it full speed that we might sink in shallow water. The Captain went flying down from the upper deck after the mate and blankets; but all presently returned with relieved countenances, & we learned that the hole was so trifling as to be of no sort of consequence. It was certainly true that as the Captain reminded us, if we *had* gone to the bottom, it would have been but a little way after all! Such trifling accidents are of frequent occurrence; happily, it was our only one of the kind.

To our great surprise, our Captain, on reaching the difficulty just below Yale, decided that he would carry the "Maria" all the way up —and this he accomplished without difficulty, to his own pride & satisfaction, & the surprise of the Yale people. When we congratulated him afterwards he answered, "Well it was Lady Franklin who brought the "Maria" up—I should never have thought of doing it except on her account."

The weather had been very beautiful—a fact of no slight importance to our comfort, but Yale looked rather dreary, and was in a perfect sop of mud. It lies in a basin, surrounded on all sides by mountains, the river only intervening between the flat on which it is placed, and rocky hills rising abruptly out of it. Immediately after we had made ourselves fast, the clergyman Mr Crickmer came on board & pressingly invited us to his house assuring us that everything was prepared for us. We declined sleeping on shore, but gladly landed to spend the eveng.

The shore slopes rather gradually upwards to the bank on which the little town is placed, and the intervening beach is strewed with tents, and miners fluming & digging, the soil being very rich in gold. Many of the tents were occupied by Indians who are more numerous here than we have seen them in any settlement on this river. The little town extends itself right & left along the bank—the lower extremity having the H. B. Cos Fort, from which however the usual stockade was removed. Mr Crickmer has a very fair house—one sitting room (there are 2) being a really very good one, and there are 2 rooms above. They have 2 children & poor Mrs Crickmer has *no* servant beyond an Indian who helps with some of the rough work.

They insisted on our dining with them, &, as Mrs Crickmer explained "We *cannot* make any difference from our usual ways, for we have no means of doing so." Meanwhile we took a walk along the town which presents as thoroughly mixed a population as you can conceive—the

China men forming not the smallest portion. Their announcements are frequent in Chinese character outside their shops, & you see them busy in all sorts of ways. The Indians are very numerous (at least 1000 are here) & have several lodges beyond the houses of the settlement, with tall salmon boxes on stages & perched in the trees. We slipped & floundered in mud (the rain falling also) some little way beyond, in order to visit an Indian burying place. It was placed close to the edge of the river bank, and consisted of seven receptacles for bodies, placed in a row. These were roughly made boxes, from which the lids could be removed, standing upon posts, & painted red in general, except the front, on which figures in high relief, are carved, & painted black upon a white ground, or white upon black. I wd give so much to be able to draw, however little, so as to represent them and many other things. I have scratched 2 by way of specimens [sketch]—that on the right has black beavers, or otters (sometimes it is the mountain sheep, with horns [)] upon the side posts & along the top—the centre having a separate figure standing on the ground fastened against it, utterly grotesque & monstrous, said to represent "the Medicine Man" who is supposed to be a wizard. The next box has a double headed otter carved on it in high relief—and so on through most of the row. But the absurd part is the wooden figures which are ranged on the ground close to & in front of the chests; and it is curious to see the effect of communication with white men. The distinction is remarkable between the figures set up before they had seen any, & since,—the earlier ones are simply & outrageously grotesque, but those of later date, as the line of mortuary chests (which they really are) has extended, the figures become the most ludicrous imitations of men & women, in petticoats, & trowsers & jackets, of cotton, nailed fast upon the wooden doll which they have really carved with some skill (the men are apt to have their hands in their pockets!) surmounting the whole with a black hat—sometimes a real one, but often in wood. You can imagine nothing more absurd than these figures, which are superseding the curious reliefs of the older times. The bodies are simply wrapped in blankets & placed within the chests as the deaths take place.

From this point, the rain drove us back to Mr Crickmer's house. Passing close to one of the salmon boxes, we saw a woman climbing up a sort of ladder to one of them & Mr Hankin followed her in order to look in, to her horror—in vain he tried to pacify her in Chinook, her

fright was unmistakeable & he had to come down quickly in order to relieve her, not however until he had seen that it was empty and that she had made it her own habitation.

We were fortunate in finding here one of their winter habitations, which again reminded me of the pictures in my child's book of this part of the world. It consists of a great hole, or excavation, or rather burrowing sufficiently large to hold many people. I believe several families occupy one, as they do a single lodge. Over the top a great mound of earth is raised, and trodden into a compact roof in the centre of which is a hole which alone affords light & air, and the means of getting in and out by a ladder made of a notched trunk of a tree. We looked down this hole into the "sweating house" as it is called—now empty—but Mr Crickmer went down into it some little time ago when it was fully occupied by its usual winter population. He says the heat was something awful!

Mr Crickmer preceded the Bishop in the colony and was sent out as a missionary by the Home & Colonial Church Society. He was one of the curates at Marybone Church under Mr Eyre, was thoroughly unhinged by overwork in London, saw an advertisement in the Times stating the need of missionaries to the mining population & offered himself for 3 or 5 years. He was married, with one child, another since. His wife is a pretty woman & they are both lively, cheerful people. He seems active, but not especially clever. He was anxious that every one shd see my Aunt so after dinner (prepared & brought in by Mrs Crickmer with a baby on one arm) he went out & invited the most respectable people to take tea here—benches were got, and sure enough they came to the number of 25 to 30, including 2 wives and one daughter. They all seemed very intelligent & respectable—one, the Doctor, another the H. B. Cos Agent[102]—the rest mostly keeping shops, & joined later by Captn Parsons & the others of our party on board. The providing tea was no light matter, & *we* had ample entertainment in Mr Hankin who began by helping Mrs Crickmer to make it, in the smaller room, & ended by sending her to entertain her company, while he not only made, but brought in the tea. Imagine him in Lieuts uniform bearing in a big tray

(102) Ovid Allard was in charge at Yale, 1858–64. For further details *see* Dorothy Blakey Smith in *The Dictionary of Canadian Biography*, X (1972), pp. 5–6.

loaded with cups which he gravely handed round to us all, men included, for they sat quiet to be helped, and *he* declares they believed him to be hired, livery & all, for the occasion! But I can't write half of the fun he got out of this evening party—which at last came to an end by our going off to the ship to sleep. Mr Hankin however had not had enough to do. I have already said that Buckland had a cabin next to mine, while the 4 gentlemen were stowed into the 2 opposite ones. Tonight I heard a great deal of whispering & scuffling, with stifled laughter, after which all was quiet in their quarters, until Buckland came into her cabin from my Aunt's, when I heard from her "Oh my goodness! Whatever is that thing?["] she laughing all the while—peals of laughter coming out of the others opposite. Then I heard Mr Anderson's voice, laughing like all the rest, but evidently relieving her of something. The next morng we learned that Mr Hankin had found in Dr Rattray's cabin, one of the grotesque figures we had seen in the afternoon which had been given him by an Indian; this Mr Hankin took possession of & placed in Buckland's bed, drawing up the clothes under its chin. Of course, her horror was the reward they most wished for.

Saturday March 9. Our young sailor escort was as lively as ever this morng—was off after the early breakfast & returning just before my Aunt & I were to have our's, greeted me with "Come & see what I have brought you from the shore" pointing once more to poor Buckland's bed on which finding her door open & she absent in my Aunt's cabin lay an oblong thing, covered with a bit of carpet. He took it up, placed it across his knees & bade me guess what it was—drew aside the bit of carpet & there lay an Indian baby in its cradle! He had been making the round of the encampment & persuaded the mother to lend him her baby upon payment of half a dollar & he carried it off in triumph. The poor little thing was not at all ugly as it lay there sleeping, it [s] limbs all bound & swaddled so that it could only turn its head about a little; all below being fastened to the little wooden tray or cradle in which its early days were to be passed. The whole thing was pretty much of one colour, a dirty brown. The baby was wrapped in some coloured print, and it was covered with a woolen rag named by Mr Hankin "the sheets", all as I have said turned to the same color by long wear, so that it was not possible to guess the original tint. The bit of carpet was a trifle fresher. When we had seen enough of his protégé, he carried it back

with a gilt bracelet from my Aunt & we were greatly amused on seeing him watched & followed to the mother's tent by a train of straggling Indians, who crowded in after him to watch the restoration of the borrowed baby.

It had been arranged the evening before, that we were to be taken up the river in a canoe through a fine pass known only by the Spanish term of Cañon (pronounced Canyon) up to some Falls. Mr Dallas had sent up an order for this, to the H. B. Co's agent here; and at 10 o'clock, one of the largest canoes was waiting for us, which on entering, we found to be manned by 12 Indians, all dressed in red woollen shirts, with gay ribbons in their caps, in honor of my Aunt. They rowed of course in the Indian fashion, with short paddles, 5 at one end, 5 at the other, with one man standing in the bow, the other at the stern—we seated in the middle. They make very quick, short strokes which send the canoe on very rapidly unless the current be very strong against them which it was, in going *up* the river, so that, tho' they began to sing a sort of chorus, they soon stopped it, all their exertion being required for the paddles. The current & eddies were so strong that we repeatedly had to shoot directly across the river in order to find still water, and 3 times the rowers had to jump ashore and drag the canoe through the rapid stream. After passing through a very narrow channel between lofty & precipitous rocks, they receded considerably & upon the shore thus left, we saw a larger burying place than those we had already examined, so we landed & went up to it, the Indians with us. One of them raised the lids to let Mr Hankin look within, & there was not the least repugnance to our visiting the spot. I need not again describe what we saw—there being no difference between this & the other burying places, except that the line of mortuary chests was longer, & all the carvings & figures were if possible more curious & grotesque than the others.

On our left (right bank of the river) a road is being made along the face of the hill by the Engineers of N. Westminster, involving blasting, bridging ravines, & scientific levelling. It was a portion of it that Captn Parsons was come to inspect, and he was now at his work.[103]

After a pull of nearly 5 miles against the stream, past several mining parties who were sluicing (or fluming) with good results, we came to the

(103) This circumstantial account of Captain Parsons inspecting a road which Miss Cracroft says "is being made along the face of the hill by the Engineers" poses something of a problem. Miss Cracroft's comment is dated March 9, 1861; hence the reference cannot be to the Cariboo wagon road, for the survey for this was not commenced until six months after Lady Franklin's visit. (W. McColl to the Officer Commanding, Royal Engineers, dated Yale, October 10, 1861, McColl Correspondence: "I will commence tomorrow morning to blaze a line of road beginning at this place. I will only blaze and mark out the line at the easiest grade that can be got at present and if you wish the line levelled and surveyed afterwards it can be done without any loss of time.") Authority for the "Waggon Road Yale to Sailor's Bar" to be built by the Engineers was given on April 15, 1862; and this portion of the Cariboo Road was built between May 17 and November 13, 1862, under the supervision of Capt. J. M. Grant (Lands & Works Department Report for 1862, in Lands & Works Correspondence).

Two years before, it is true, a mule trail from Yale to Spuzzum had been completed, and this had involved the "blasting, bridging ravines and scientific levelling" of which Miss Cracroft speaks, and had been in part constructed by the Royal Engineers. Bishop Hills recorded in his journal, June 12, 1860, that "a road for mules" was being constructed "round the base of perpendicular rocks," and that he had visited the party of Royal Engineers and watched the blasting operations. On October 25, 1860, Douglas was able to report to the Duke of Newcastle (*BCP*, Part IV, p. 30) that "the new horse-way from Yale to Spuzzom [*sic*] was now open for traffic," but during the winter of 1860–61 the trail was rendered impassible by slides from the mountains, and the Governor authorized an expenditure of £200 "to place it in repair forthwith" (Moody to E. H. Sanders, March 6, 1861, Lands & Works Correspondence). But the necessary repairs were not carried out by the Royal Engineers; Assistant Commissioner E. H. Sanders employed local labour (four men for three days) and was able to put the trail back in shape for only £14.2.7½ (Sanders to Chief Commissioner of Lands & Works, March 15, 1861, Sanders Correspondence). Douglas himself rode over it on May 29, 1861, and pronounced "the Trail very good" (diary of James Douglas, Private Papers, First Series, *MS*).

It is possible that Captain Parsons was examining the trail with a view to its being turned into a wagon road. When the survey for the trail was made by Capt. R. A. Lempriere in March 1860, he reported that he had reserved the portion "from Yale beyond the rocky bluff to be constructed by the Royal Engineers" and that he had laid out the rest of the route (which was to be let to two contractors) so that it might "hereafter when funds permit be turned into a wagon road" (Lempriere to the Chief Commissioner, March 6, 1860, Lempriere Correspondence). But the only official instructions which have come to light for Captain Parsons' trip up the Fraser in Lady Franklin's party have reference not to Yale, but to the first mile of the road out of Hope, which Messrs. Dewdney and Moberly had just reported as complete (Capt. H. R. Luard to Messrs. Dewdney & Moberly, March 6, 1861, Lands & Works Correspondence outward, August 1859 to August 1861).

Falls which though of little height, yet stretch entirely across the stream & render it necessary to carry the canoes past them, by land. An American has constructed "ways" upon one bank, on which runs a platform bearing a canoe which is dragged up on it, and slides off into the water at the other end.[104] A very large canoe heavily laden with freight for the upper mining country passed up while we were at the burying place, and we landed & stopped to see the transit.

The canoe was entirely emptied of its load, chiefly in the form of small casks, & bags & bales—they were filled with coffee, flour, tea, rice, (the last in matted parcels just as it comes from China) butter, nails &c &c ad infinitum. The canoe was then hauled out of the water upon the platform, by the Indians, about 20 in number under a man called "long Jack" from his great size whose vocation is that of carrying freight up the country—this is called "packing" and he is "a packer,"—the trade is a highly profitable one, the charges being enormous. After the canoe has been carried above the Fall, the freight is carried after it, also on the platform.

We pulled back easily, the current carrying us down with great rapidity, and our boatmen began again to sing in chorus, or rather one gave a sort of recitative (which we were told set forth the charms of their vocation) echoed in chorus by the rest, whose lungs seems to be in excellent order. On reaching the narrowest part of the Cañon, we beheld (suspended from the rafters of a salmon drying shed) a long pole stretching over the stream, on which was hung a white banner with the words "Lady Franklin Pass" printed in large letters. The Indians stopped their paddling and we were told that this name was bestowed by the inhabitants of Yale in honor of my Aunt's visit, the said inscription being saluted from the opposite bank, by dipping a flag (the Union Jack) 3

(104) On W. McColl's "rough sketch of a proposed road from Yale to Hodge's store," March 23, 1860, a "Tram Way" is marked on the left bank of the river just below the falls. And *cf.* R. Byron Johnson, *Very Far West Indeed,* London, 1872, p. 128: "We dragged on to the first portage [north of Fort Yale], where all our freight had to be unloaded and carried over the rocks for some distance; the canoes also being taken out, and pushed along skids and rollers to the place of re-embarkation."

times.[105] This over, the Indians to whom it had been explained, worked their paddles more vigorously than ever, up to the town, where we landed for half an hour only before starting—partly to say goodbye to Mrs Crickmer, partly to buy the canoe Indians each a gay cotton handkerchief which my Aunt gave them, & they were also to have a good feast of bread, well smeared with treacle. We also went to the house of Mr Allard the H. B. Cos agent, who like many of his class is married to an Indian woman. He has however thoroughly civilised her, and their children are very nice looking & well mannered as far as we could judge. He shewed & gave us, some very nice specimens of the gold found here & in the neighbourhood, in small nuggets, scales, & in quartz.

The steamer's whistle summoned us down the bank, and on getting on board we were followed by a miner whose sluice lay close by on the shore, bringing us some of the washed sand with gold scales in it. We had stopped to look at his work & Mr Crickmer asked if he would let us have a little to take home. He came from Liverpool & went out about 10 years since to California, where he worked at gold digging until the Fraser river riches were made known, when he came on here 2 years ago. He is in no haste to rush to the Cariboo country where, it is said,

(105) Describing Lady Franklin's visit to Yale, the New Westminster *British Columbian*, March 14, 1861, says: "In passing through the Little Kanyon on her return from the falls, her attention was directed to a flag suspended from an overhanging rock, on which was inscribed 'Lady Franklin's Pass,' by which name the Kanyon is for the future to be known." The *Colonist* commented on the change on March 16: "An effort is being made, at Yale to change the name of the Little Canon to that of 'Lady Franklin's Pass'—a most inappropriate one, we should say." The prime mover in this effort was the Rev. Mr. Crickmer, who caused the sign to be erected as "a surprise for the great explorer's wife," and who wrote an account of the incident in his scrap-book, illustrated by a sketch of the canoe passing underneath the inscription, "on calico on a pine pole" stretching across the stream (Stackhouse, *The Churches of St. John the Divine*, pp. 24–25). But there is no record that the change was ever made. E. O. S. Scholefield and F. W. Howay, *British Columbia from the Earliest Times to the Present*, Vancouver, 1914, Vol. II, p. 80, say that Lady Franklin's "travels extended as far as the Little Canyon above Yale [and] Lady Franklin rock, near that town, was named in her honour," but cite no evidence for the application of the name to a rock rather than to the canyon. R. E. Gosnell, "Historic Yale," Victoria *Times*, June 6, 1908, publishes a picture of "Lady Franklin Rock, Fraser River," and says that "Lady Franklin sat on a rock near Yale which has come to be known as Lady Franklin Rock." Although Gosnell was under the fantastic but still popular impression that Lady Franklin "came to Yale during that sad and fruitless quest for her lost husband," his statement is evidence that by 1908 a local tradition had been established. The name has never had official sanction.

the richest veins are being worked, until he hears a little more from his friends gone on before. Meanwhile, he has engaged 2 men at $2½ a day, & clears from $6 to $10 per day—so he is doing well. We much liked his appearance & manner.

We were watching the beach, & rather wondering not to have seen Mr Crickmer again to say good bye, when we were requested to go into the saloon, & found him there, surrounded by some 20 persons (men) when he explained that they had come to present an address from the inhabitants of Yale to my Aunt which he proceeded to read[106]—She begged him to offer her thanks to them in a suitable manner, which he did. They all bowed, he said good bye, & the cabin was cleared again, & we steaming off the bank amidst cheers & a salute fired from various waepons, before we had time to recover from the surprise of such a farewell scene in this remote place. Our good Captain was in the secret & had promised not to start until it was out.

The weather was perfectly beautiful & we were swept along by the current in aid of our steam, at a great rate. Nothing could be more lovely than the scene—a foreground of river bordered with the pine forest, above which rose snowy cones and rounded hills into the blue sky. In one of the rapid eddies we passed the "Flying Dutchman" a small steamer which is reaping a golden harvest at this moment of the lowest condition of the waters of the "Fraser" when the larger steamers cannot pass beyond Hope. She is very small, with, as we hear, over much steam power for so fragile a structure; & her Captain, a Dutchman avails himself of all the high pressure at his command, & rushes up & down between New Westminster and Yale, incessantly. We saw him at Hope only yesterday morning when he left for N. Westminster; & here he was again![107]

We had started from Yale about 4 P. M., and were only an hour & a half in running down to Hope. Mr O'Reilly & Mr & Mrs Pringle came off directly, but we decided to remain on board being somewhat tired by the day's proceedings. Mr O'Reilly joined our tea table which Mr Hankin made exceedingly merry.

Hope. Sunday. March 10. We landed for morning service with Mr O'Reilly who came for us & took us to the Court House, a very small

(106) For this "magnificent piece of oratory" as remembered by Lieutenant Hankin, *see* his "Memoirs," p. 44.

(107) For Capt. "Billy" Moore and his *Flying Dutchman,* which made her trial trip on January 21, 1861, and was of such shallow draught that "it was claimed she could sail on a heavy dew," *see* Hacking, *BCHQ,* X (1949), pp. 14–15.

congregation, some of the usual attendants being as we were told, wanting. Including our own party, there were not I believe, more than 20—a China man being one. He came to look at the strangers & behaved very well. Mr Pringle read no more than the usual daily morning prayers—no Litany, or Commandments, or Epistle & Gospel! He gave us instead, a sermon upon the life of Joseph which was very ordinary & lasted three quarters of an hour. Our Captain observed in the evening, reasonably enough, that the story was much better told in the words of the Bible, where he would rather have read it.

We had promised to share the Pringles' early dinner, and adjourned therefore to their little dwelling with which we were much pleased, from the perfect order in which it is kept. Mrs Pringle has retained her English habits as far as possible, & the result is very evident. All the furniture & fittings are of the most ordinary kind, but the books were far more numerous than in other houses. She has 3 very nice little girls with a full share of the bloom which all the children get in this healthy country. She is just about to lose her only servant—a woman whom she brought from England, & made the great mistake of believing her the right person to engage, because the woman had already been in America! So the positions of mistress & servant have been for some time nearly reversed. Mrs Pringle finds her lying on the sofa in the little drawing room where she continues to take her ease, notwithstanding the entrance of her mistress! At another time she prefers the arm chair with a newspaper which she continues to read as long as it suits her! The other day she accused her mistress of telling "a lie" which was more than could be endured, so Mrs Pringle gave her notice to leave; & will replace her (?) by a young Indian girl from Mr Garrett's school if he can select one willing to go to Hope. You can imagine the task of training before her!

Mr Pringle receives some boys to teach in the morning, and 3 China men in the evening; he finds them hopeful pupils. Mrs Pringle invites little girls to come & be taught, & one has accepted the opportunity—there are one or two more of an age to receive lessons, but their parents are Romanists & will not allow them to go to her.

In the afternoon we walked to a bridge on the river Quiquealla which we crossed in order to get upon some land which the Bishop has

bought as the site of a College.[108] It is beautifully situated, upon the rapid stream, with some of the finest mountains in sight. Turning back to the village, rain began, which quickly encreased to such a degree that we were drenched before we could reach our vessel. The wind rose to a perfect hurricane—fortunately it blew us *on,* instead of *off* the bank, or we must have been swept from our berth in the tremendous gusts which burst upon us. Instead of two hawsers securing us, we had at last 5 out, & they creaked & groaned with the strain, whenever the wind veered a little which it did from time to time. Of course we could not get ashore for evening service. Mr Anderson told us that he, returning to the town in the same direction with our walk only from a greater distance, saw the tall pines broken off about 20 feet from the ground. This occurred repeatedly before his eyes.

Monday. March 11. We left Hope this morning at 8-30. Mr Pringle came to say good bye, and Mr O'Reilly also—the latter bringing my Aunt some interesting specimens of gold in nuggets, scales & dust, also some auriferous sand from the beach here. He is a very nice person & gives us the hope of seeing him in England before very long. We heard this morning of the frightful circumstance of a canoe having been carried over the Falls above Yale,[109] a very short time after we left the spot. "Long Jack" was in a canoe manned by 10 Indians, *above* the Falls, the canoe being secure, as was thought by a rope in the hands of some 10 or 12 Indians on the shore. These gave way, & the canoe was dashed over the Fall—broken into a thousand pieces, while the men almost miraculously escaped, being rescued by another canoe which fortunately for them was lying below. This news was brought by the nimble "Dutchman" who was already thus far on her voyage back to New Westminster, and had gone down before us.

We had a fine day after the storm and saw everything to the utmost advantage. The Captain, who seems to have made our gratification his study, promised to give us time at Langley, to visit the H. B. Cos Fort, which was built about 30 years since.

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(108) This lot of 80 acres was Crown-granted on September 9, 1861, and in 1939 formed part of a subdivision (Lots 3, 4, and 5, G.I., Hope) of which 84 acres were held by the Anglican Synod of British Columbia. (F. W. Laing, "Colonial Farm Settlers on the Mainland of British Columbia 1858–1871," 1939, p. 221, *MS.)*

(109) The incident was reported in the *Colonist,* March 13, 1861.

We met Mr & Mrs Newton[110] who walked back with us. They seem very nice people, & have two fine little girls. They have an excellent roomy house, built in the old fashioned style, roomy & substantial. We saw an already pretty numerous collection of butterflies of the country, which Mr Newton is collecting. They have great variety of colour & some are very handsome, though not very large. He went down with us to N. Westminster.

I ought to have said farther back, that the people of Hope sent word to my Aunt that they had intended presenting her with an address, but were prevented by our early departure. They fancied we should not be off until a later hour, so they had to content themselves with firing a salute as we steamed off.

We reached the Camp jetty at 5-30 and were most kindly welcomed there by Col. Moody & by Mrs Moody at their house where we were again received, notwithstanding that the Governor was still there. He was dining out however, so that we dined alone with the Moodys & had much talk on Colonial & other matters. Those who have not lived in a colony can form no idea of the intensity of feeling with which local politics & interests are discussed. We were reminded of our own former experience by all we now heard.[111] The main point at issue here, is the union of the vast territory of British Columbia, with the vastly smaller one contained within Vancouver Island. The fact that B. Columbia is governed by a Chief residing in Vancouver Isd is a pill too bitter for the

(110) William Henry Newton came from England to Vancouver Island in the *Tory* in 1851 as "agricultural assistant" to E. E. Langford, bailiff of Colwood Farm, but soon transferred to the service of the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Victoria. In 1856 he married Emmeline Jane Tod, daughter of Chief Trader John Tod, and the following year was posted to Fort Langley. Replaced by Ovid Allard in 1864 he engaged in farming, but on Allard's death in office in 1874 Newton was recalled by the Company and again placed in charge at Langley, dying there in 1875. *See* the obituary in the New Westminster *Mainland Guardian*, January 28, 1875.

(111) The reference is of course to Tasmania, from which colony Sir John Franklin had been recalled in 1843. For an account of what Lady Franklin called "the ordeal of an Australian Colony" *see* Kathleen Fitzpatrick, *Sir John Franklin in Tasmania 1837–1843*, Melbourne University Press, 1949. And *cf.* F. G. Claudet to his brother Fred, dated at New Westminster, April 6, 1861, Claudet Correspondence: "The whole colony is in a bad state, say what they will. Hardly any miners coming in, people dissatisfied, Governor and his officials all pulling in opposite directions, quarrelling, jealousy & backbiting going on to a great extent. There is not a soul in the place to be relied upon. I never saw such a set of narrow minded people."

pride of a British Columbian! It irritates them even to attempt to reason upon the point; and they argue that the Governor ought to pass half his time with *them* & spend half his salary for their benefit, quite forgetting that the central government in Victoria requires his personal attention & residence there during the greater part of the year. They have, with even less reason, very much the same complaint of the Bishop for centralising his interests at Victoria; as if it could be possible to double the institutions, & furnish New Westminster with Collegiate Schools &c. This sort of feud will never be healed—even by the division of the colonies into separate Governments as they will be one day of course. The people of New Westminster especially, will never see that Victoria must ever be the commercial capital of these parts, as being the first settlement to be approached from the sea, which *must* be passed in order to reach the Fraser.[112] New Westminster will always be the key to the great mining region of British Columbia, and can never be rivalled unless in days to come Burrard's Inlet with its fine harbour (lying but a very few miles to the north of the Fraser) be settled, or so the British Columbians fondly hope, made a naval station![113]

All people speak with great admiration of the Governor's intellect—and a remarkable man he must be to be thus fit to govern a colony. He left England or rather Scotland as a boy of 15 in the Hudson B. Co^s^ Service, in which he has risen through the usual grades, and has acquired not merely immense local information, but general also, by reading. He has read enormously we are told & is in fact a self educated man, to a point very seldom attained. His manner is singular, and you see in it the traces of long residence in an unsettled country, where the white men are rare & the Indians many. There is a gravity, & a something besides which some might & do mistake for pomposity, but which is the result of long service in the H. B. Co^s^ service under the above circumstances. He has lived in Vancouver's Is^d^ some 12 years, and built his house here about 10 years ago; a most pleasant one it is. His family is very a [*sic*] respectable one (from Lanarkshire)—he is the nephew of Sir Niel [Neill]

(112) After Douglas's retirement in 1864 a separate Governor for each colony was appointed in the persons of A. E. Kennedy and Frederick Seymour. The two colonies were united in 1866 under Governor Seymour, with the capital at New Westminster, but after bitter controversy the seat of government was moved to Victoria in 1868.

(113) The City of Vancouver was incorporated in 1886, but the naval station remains at Esquimalt to this day.

Douglas,—has one nephew in the 11th Hussars.[114] The wonder is that having never been in England or in fact out of the Hudson Bay Territories all his life, he should appear to so much advantage, and should be in any degree fit for his position. He is making himself popular here (in New Westminster) & gives a dinner tomorrow to the chief officials of the Govt and to the Municipal Council.[115]

Tuesday. March 12. There is no steamer come as yet from Vancouver's Isd so we, as well as the Governor, are detained & likely to be so for some 2 or 3 days. This morng the Governor invited my Aunt & me to his dinner of this eveng which is to be followed by the adjournment of the whole party to the theatre. Mrs Moody was also asked of course. The weather perfectly lovely & shewing off the scenery to the utmost, the mountains near Hope being then visible, the snowy tops shining out against the blue sky. Nearer to us, on the north, other peaks were now seen, rising from the mountains closing in Burrards Inlet—one peak was very conspicuous above the woody foreground running from the river backwards for many miles. There is a smooth & well raised path upon the river front of the Camp from Col. Moody's house (wh stands at the end of the buildings), passing the offices, storehouses, theatre, barracks &c &c and running off (past the very pretty little house of Captn & Mrs Grant)[116] into a trail, or road which the Engineers have made to the Burrards Inlet about 5 miles off. Upon the pathway, Mrs Moody takes her 5 children day by day, & Mrs Grant her 2 little ones. Each lady has to

(114) For Sir Neill Douglas *see* W. Kaye Lamb, "Some Notes on the Douglas Family," *BCHQ*, XVII (1953), pp. 41–42. The "nephew in the 11th Hussars" is probably to be identified with Major-General John Douglas, C.B., who died on May 10, 1871, while in command of the Cavalry Brigade at Aldershot. He entered the army in 1829, and served with distinction during the Eastern campaign of 1854–55, in command of the 11th Hussars. His body was taken to Scotland for burial, and the death notice describes him as "of Glenfinart." (London *Times*, May 12, 1871, p. 11; May 15, 1871, p. 7; and May 16, 1871, p. 1.) That he was some connection of Sir James Douglas is suggested by the entry for July 19, 1864, in the Journal of Douglas's trip to Europe 1864–66. *MS:*

"Sir Neill Douglas—Daughters— . . .
Archibald Douglas—Mrs. Seaton Carr—
John Douglas Glenfinart,
widow Mrs. Douglas."

(115) New Westminster was incorporated by a Proclamation dated July 16, 1860.

(116) Capt. John Marshall Grant arrived at Esquimalt on November 8, 1858, in charge of the second advance section of the Royal Engineers (*BCP*, Part II, p. 26). He returned to England in 1863.

be her own head nurse, if not *sole* nurse—but Mrs Moody is fortunate in having a young girl as a governess—just sufficient to teach her little ones (the eldest only 7) the beginnings of book learning. Miss Nagle[117] of course shares whatever Mrs Moody has to do, as she wd do in her own home; *all* the ladies here taking it for granted that they must do without servants or at least *may* have to do so. Mrs Moody & Mrs Grant each has her baby to carry, but are often relieved by a stray gentleman; & the babies are quite used to this. It is quite common to see gentlemen carrying the children, out of natural pity for the mothers!

As we were to dine at 5 in New Westminster to give time for the play afterwards, we set off in the boat about 4-30 and were soon at the restaurant where the dinner was to be given to I believe 26 people—we being the only ladies. There were the Chief Justice Mr Begbie,[118] Post Master General, Collector of Customs, President of the Municipal Council, Members of the Council, Officers of the Engineers, with other officials, and the 2 clergymen, Mr Sheepshanks and Mr Knipe[119] who has given himself without pay to the colony for 5 years—a very young looking person with a particularly nice countenance. One of the higher officials (I forget his post) is Mr Hamlyn [Hamley],[120] brother of Col.

(117) Jessie Melville Nagle, daughter of Capt. Jeremiah Nagle, Harbour Master of Victoria since 1859 (*Victoria Gazette,* March 10, 1859). Mrs. Moody found her "little Governess . . . quite invaluable, not only at the lessons but in various other ways, she is so quiet, & the children are so fond of her" [Mary S. Moody to "My dearest Mamma," January 3, 1862, *MS*]. Jessie stayed with the Moody family, it would seem, until their departure for England in November 1863. She was married in 1871 to William C. Berkeley and died in 1873 (*Colonist,* December 28, 1871 and May 14, 1873).

(118) Matthew Baillie Begbie (1819–94) was appointed Judge of the Crown Colony of British Columbia in September 1858. For full details of his career *see* the four articles by Sydney G. Pettit in *BCHQ,* XI (1947).

(119) Christopher Knipe, M.A. (1834–96) was in the colony from 1860 to 1865 (*see* the *Reports* of the Columbia Mission). And *cf.* H. P. Wright to the S. P. G., February 28, 1862 (S. P. G. Papers, Transcript, Vol. II, *MS*): "Mr. Knipe, a volunteer paying all expenses himself, not costing the Mission one penny, is a great favorite with the miners. He is the Missionary of the mines."

(120) Wymond Thomas Ogilvy Hamley (1818–1907), the third son of Vice-Admiral William Hamley, arrived in the *Thames City* in 1859 (Victoria *Gazette,* April 16, 1859), having been appointed by the Queen on September 21, 1858, as Collector of Customs for British Columbia (British Columbia Blue Book, 1860, *MS*). For further details *see* the obituary in the Victoria *Colonist,* January 16, 1907. His brother, General Sir Edward Bruce Hamley, served in the Crimean war and was the author of numerous books, including *The Story of the Campaign of Sebastopol, Written in Camp . . .,* 1855, and *Lady Lee's Widowhood,* 1854 (one of a series entitled "Novels of Military Life").

Hamlyn who wrote on the Crimea, & "Lady Lee's Widowhood" &c. We found it rather dull & were glad to be off to the theatre, a tolerable sized *room* with a raised stage. The Band, consisting of 4 men of the Engineers & one black coat, on the floor—and the audience immediately behind, divided into boxes (3 rows of arm chairs) pit and gallery. I should say the "gallery" had the best places, as *we* were decidedly too near.

There were 2 actresses & 4 men, almost exclusively members of one family, and they really acted very fairly, the father especially—beginning with "Lola Montes, or a Countess for an hour"—then "The Clown outwitted" (a Pantomime) and "Family Jars". Everything was burlesque and we laughed as much as I ever did in my life. The Clown was outwitted by a Fairy (his daughter) coming behind as he was seated in full enjoyment of bread & cheese & a bottle of ale, & stealing the glass which he had filled by his side—the fun was, that the astounded clown attributed the theft to some one in front of the stage. The first time, he pitched upon a man in the orchestra, & amidst absurd gesticulations, drew himself off to the other corner of the stage, & began afresh, evidently in the hope of finishing his beer & cheese in peace. The Fairy having a 2nd time drank it off, the Clown fixed upon Mr Hankin (who was just opposite him) as the depredator, & renewed his pantomimic gestures accordingly as he moved off once more to a safer place. You can imagine how we all enjoyed this hit of the actor who performed it admirably amidst shouts of laughter from the whole house at Mr Hankin.[121]

Our departure was all in keeping with early colonial life. There being no moon, lanterns were in the hands of every other gentleman as they guided us to the pier, down the steps, into the boat which took us back to the Camp after the "Spree" as Mr Hankin loved to call it.

Wednesday. March 13. Early this morning the Governor's private secretary Mr Good, announced that the Municipal Council of New Westminster wished to present an address to my Aunt which they did—the President reading it to her in the drawing room, and Col. Moody returning her thanks viva voce. It is a very nice address & will be in the newspaper of course.[122] The Governor is pleased at these compliments to her. After this, we walked through the Camp with Col. Moody who

(121) *See* the New Westminster *British Columbian,* March 14, 1861, for another account of this gala performance in the Pioneer Theatre by the Robinson Dramatic Troupe.

(122) *See* New Westminster *British Columbian,* March 14, 1861.

took us to the printing press, where the work is done to perfection, the Printer being a very able man and keeper also of all the Camp accounts.[123] Then we went into the offices where all the map making goes on. The Engineers survey the country & make the maps from their observations—plotting, it is called, and most beautiful is their work, entirely done by hand, with the finest pen. They also make plans, and architectural drawings. One man has charge of certain instruments with which he takes stated observations & works out the results. The corps is one of picked men, who are continually adding to their acquirements, by the work they are employed in, & by the use of their opportunities. They have an excellent Library of their own, stocked with first rate books in science, history (military & civil) & general literature.[124] They have their club & reading room (in the theatre) for which they take in some newspapers from Engd and Scotland. So it is not very wonderful that they should be the very superior men we perceived them to be. The theatre (built entirely by themselves) is a very nice little place, with a well raised stage and a regular orchestra. At the upper end (over the entrance) is a gallery where the officers & ladies sit, leaving the whole of the floor to the men and their friends.

Our fine weather was gone, & we tramped on in the rain to the multifarious divisions into workshops, stores, mess rooms, barracks &c which make a Camp a community complete in itself—and we ended by the officers quarters & mess room (they were away on a picnic to which they had invited us) & especially the rooms of Dr Seddell who has a quantity of Indian curiosities which he invited us to see. A large painted mask was exceedingly good, & also some of the carvings, but they were not new to us.

Several people called today & amongst them, Mr Claudet (son of *the* Claudet) who is in the Assay office at New Westminster, bringing a set of the views he has taken of the place. They are very interesting.

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(123) Richard Wolfenden (1836–1911). When the detachment returned to England in 1863 he remained behind as Queen's Printer, an office which he held until his death. He was active in the militia, retiring in 1888 with the rank of lieutenant-colonel (*Colonist,* June 7, 1888). For further details *see* the obituary in the Victoria *Times,* October 6, 1911.

(124) When the detachment went home in 1863 they left their library for the use of the Royal Engineers settling in the colony, and the books later became the nucleus of the New Westminster Public Library. (Madge Wolfenden, "Books and Libraries in Fur-Trading and Colonial Days," *BCHQ,* XI [1947], pp. 168–173.)

The Governor dined in N. Westminster, & we alone with the Moodys, with whom we had much colonial talk, chiefly about the San Juan question. It seems that the wording of the Treaty *is* a little ambiguous, since it makes the boundary line run longitudinally through the passage between Vancouver's Island and the main land of America without allusion to the islands which lie in the passage & of which San Juan is the most important chiefly because it is the nearest to Vancouver's Island. The Americans have no possible pretext for claiming it except such as is founded on the fact of its importance to *us,* as possessing the territory on each side which of course it commands. They claim the *whole* of the Islands though a line passing down the middle of the channel would leave them all with us, and a map published by themselves at Washington actually gives the whole of them to us. This map they now repudiate and the Islands having become disputed territory the Americans suddenly landed troops on San Juan & took possession of it. Some were for our attacking them & clearing the Island by force—but Col. Moodys plan seems to us the best—viz. to occupy the neighbouring Isd of Oscar [Orcas] which might have been exchanged with the Americans for San Juan—whereas now, one or other party must win or cede possession; & there is some fear that our Government not realising the importance of the point will yield it to American pertinacity. I ought to have said that Col. Moody's plan was not adopted by the Governor, unwisely as we think—but in place of it, we sent a party of Marines to occupy the Island along with the American troops.[125]

(125) For "Col. Moody's plan" *see* Moody to Douglas, March 13, 1860, in Great Britain, Foreign Office, *Correspondence Relative to the Occupation of the Island of San Juan by United States Troops. October 1859 to July 1860* [Confidential. Printed for the Use of the Foreign Office, December 8, 1860], pp. 68-69. Moody's point is that "the question is not a dispute respecting the right of possession of San Juan, but of the whole group" of islands in the Gulf of Georgia, and that "the spirit of the instructions" for a joint military occupation would be better served by the British occupation of Orcas, rather than San Juan, Island. Should it be later decided to divide the disputed territory, a simple exchange would be all that would be required to give each nation the island nearest its acknowledged possessions; should hostilities arise, the occupation of Orcas would place the British "in the advantageous position of 'investing' [their] opponents." The joint occupation of San Juan Island was begun on March 21, 1860 (Rear-Admiral R. L. Baynes to the Secretary of the Admiralty, March 29, 1860, in the Foreign Office *Correspondence* cited above, p. 61).

Tuesday. March 14. It was settled today that the Governor would return to Victoria in the "Caledonia"[126] a smaller & less convenient vessel than the "Otter", and that we therefore were to wait for the arrival of the latter vessel which was daily expected here. The passage across the Gulf of Georgia is very unpleasant in rough weather, & at this season the wind gets up at a moments notice & a heavy sea tumbles about in the Gulf, when the Caledonia would prove a most uncomfortable boat.

Mr Sheepshanks & Mr Knipe dined here today, as also Mr & Mrs Bacon[127] who have lived a long time in California. She has no children & no servant of any kind—& her house is quoted as a very pattern of order & cleanliness. In the eveng we had quite a party—of gentlemen only of course. We had been much amused at dinner, by the exclamations of wonder at seeing *4* ladies. We were assured that none of the party had seen such a thing before in New Westminster as 4 ladies at a dinner party. We had some very pleasant music; Dr Seddall sent down his harmonium & was accompanied by Captn Luard on the flute. The former also sings nicely. I find Captn Luard knows the Amcotts[128] well, his family live near Hackthorne.

Friday March 15. The Governor left early this morning for Victoria, & the "Otter" arrived this afternoon, so we *hope* to be off tomorrow, otherwise she will start on Sunday. Acting upon the uncertainty, the soldiers are going to get up a play tomorrow evening for my Aunt. It cannot take place earlier, on account of the absence of many of the men

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(126) For the *Caledonia* (or *Caledonian,* her officially registered name), the first steamboat to be launched in the two colonies, *see* Hacking, *BCHQ,* X (1946), pp. 2–4.

(127) Charles A. Bacon was appointed "operative melter" at the Assay Office in 1860, the appointment to be "for two and a half years certain" and Bacon "to be allowed £50 for return passage money if he wished to return at the end of that period." (Reid, *The Assay Office,* p. 21.) Bacon is listed in the 1863 Directory at New Westminster, but by 1865 he was in the Assay Office of the Bank of British North America in Victoria (*Colonist,* September 7, 1865, and March 4, 1870).

(128) According to his daughter, Miss E. M. Luard, who visited British Columbia in 1930, Henry Reynolds Luard was the son of Peter Francis Luard, M.D. He came to British Columbia in the *Thames City* in 1859, in charge of the main detachment of Royal Engineers (Victoria *Gazette,* April 14, 1859). He returned to England in 1863 and died in 1870 (*Colonist,* April 12, 1870). Hackthorn Hall, 7 miles north of Lincoln, was the estate of Robert Cracroft, father of Peter Cracroft (*see* above, note [9]). For the connection with the Amcotts *see Burke's Landed Gentry,* "Cracroft-Amcotts of Hackthorn and Kettlethorpe."

from the Camp until Saturday afternoon. Some of the best actors are working on the road to Burrard's Inlet which is to be finished today.

Saturday March 16. The Commander of the "Otter" has so much freight to take in for Victoria that he cannot finish taking it in until this eveng & consequently cannot be off until Sunday—so we are to have the play this evening and my Aunt asked for a holiday throughout the Camp which was granted by Col. Moody with great alacrity and put into the general orders of the day. The weather was again most magnificent, & this added to the general liveliness. It was proposed, half in joke, that Mr Hankin who had promised to dance a hornpipe for me some day, should do so tonight on the stage—but nothing was decided about it. We dined early so as to give the soldier servants time to be present in the theatre at 7—and we found the room quite full, most of the women having their babies & children with them—& very well the little creatures behaved. One thing in their favor was that there were few strange faces, the Camp being like one great family. Printed bills were issued (you will see one some day) stating that the entertainment wd consist of "Ben Bolt" and "Sent to the Tower" with several songs and dances between. The first is a melodrama & not that (as we were told) in which their acting is seen to most advantage, but it was the easiest piece to get up in a hurry, and they really acted very well, only being rather too slow. The most amusing thing was the women, men in disguise of course, with as it happened, the gruffest voices you can imagine! and, apparently, the tallest of the whole. Ben Bolt's ladye love covered up his whiskers with long black curls, but notwithstanding, was certainly no type of feminine grace. The other woman was a wife & mother and wore a cap—moreover she was not apostrophised by a lover, as in the other case. I fancy these two men do all the female parts having shaved their moustaches for the purpose!

The scenes are all painted by one of the soldiers, & very well they are done, especially the drop scene, an Italian view.

The orchestra numbered seven instruments & very well they played. At the end of the first piece some of them slipped out, as they were the singers. They first gave us "Here in Cool Grot" which they sung beautifully, without accompaniment.

The curtain fell & a hornpipe began & on the curtain rising again, Mr Hankin bounded on the stage in full sailor's summer costume (all white & blue) flung down his hat, folded his arms, & danced his hornpipe *beautifully*. You can imagine the reception he got from the astonished

audience who knew nothing of his intention. He was encored & very good naturedly came on again. He had slipped out of his place in the gallery with us & Mrs Moody had noticed to me that she supposed Dr Seddall wanted to have him near himself to pay him off, for what do you think? The last of his pranks had been to take the Doctor's red beard in one hand & the scissors in the other, from which he proceeded to cut it off, & lay it on the table before the poor Doctor's eyes!

Other songs followed, both in parts & solos, *exceedingly* good, partly comic, the last of which called forth roars from every part, "Where are you going, my pretty maid? I'm going a walking, Sir she said"—the *question* being sung in man's costume & a deep voice—after which he whisks half round; shews himself in female garments on that side, & sings the reply in falsetto—it was admirably done. We had also a Highland Fling in costume, most beautifully & gracefully danced. "Sent to the Tower" is a little farce carried on by 2 chief actors, one of whom especially was exceedingly good. So you can imagine we enjoyed our evening very much and we got home in good time—these plays being always over by about ten o'clock.

Thus ended our very pleasant quiet week in the Camp. We were only vexed that after all we did not spend Sunday here for the sake of attending the Church at New Westminster & the Camp eveng service. As it was, we had to start on

Sunday. March 17. at 7 A. M. Nothing could exceed the perfect beauty of the weather during the whole day—but before I go on I must ask if you knew Mrs Moody, the mother of Col. Moody, in Winchester where she is living with some unmarried daughters. We have promised to call on them if we are ever again at Winton. Mrs Moody (I mean the Colonel's wife) belongs to Newcastle—is the daughter of a banker there Mr Hawks, & knows the Collinson family well. They have been very kind, & we like them extremely. He was promised a Government whenever he returned from his present post, by Sir Edward Lytton, & in some respects would make a good Governor. Their 5 children are quite charming from being so thoroughly well managed & they are very intelligent besides.

To return to our passage down the river & across the now glassy Gulf of Georgia, whence we looked back upon the magnificent snowy range of the Cascade mountains, with the King of mountains Mount Baker, hitherto veiled from us. This magnificent pile is said to be above 12,000 feet high, though many give it more than this, & the real elevation

has never been ascertained.[129] It is a volcano, and columns of smoke are sometimes seen from it. It lies far away in the interior & is upon American soil, in Washington Territory. Still farther off & to the southward, is Mount Rainier—a dim pile of snow rising into the blue sky [sketch] and of great height. We kept Mount Baker in sight all day—a most beautiful sight. The evening sun made Victoria look it's best as we threaded our way through the narrow channel by which the harbour is entered, & we found a great many people waiting on the wharf for the arrival of the steamer which had been watched for from Beacon Hill, as we saw by the cluster of persons round the flagstaff on the top. Captn Parsons came with us on a visit to the "Hecate" as also Captn Gossett of the Engineers, but holding the civil appointment of Treasurer in British Columbia. He is a son of Col. Gossett of the Rifle Brigade. Captn Richards & Lieut Mayne were waiting for us, & we were soon installed again in our little lodging—unfortunately however not in time to get to church after dinner as we hoped to do.

Monday March 18. We are likely to be here for 3 days at least, as the steamer from San Francisco cannot arrive sooner. Our visit has occurred at the very crisis of the question whether or not these colonies shall continue to be dependant upon the American steamer for their letters, or have one of their own. The dependance upon America has always appeared to us disgraceful & we have spoken openly about it from the first but until now, without gaining much sympathy. But the fact that the former bi:monthly steamer has been bought off (after the usual American fashion of getting rid of an opposition line)[130] leaves these colonies without any communication with England or Europe, until the arrival of the steamer due only once a month. *We* brought up the last mails, and shall only get our next letters by the vessel which carries us away. A very few letters (American) & papers, are carried overland from San Francisco to Portland on the Columbia river & are brought up by a small weekly steamer from thence, but the English mails go only in the large steamers from San Francisco, which also afford

(129) The first ascent of Mount Baker was made in 1868 by a party headed by Edmund T. Coleman and including David A. N. Ogilvy, of Victoria. Coleman estimated the height, by means of the aneroid barometer, as 11,409 feet. (*Colonist*, August 25, 1868.) The present official figure is 10,750 feet.

(130) *See Colonist*, February 23, 1861: "It was reported yesterday in town that the Pacific Mail Company's line of steamships between this port and San Francisco had been bought off by the California Steam Navigation Company, and that we should only have two steamers a month hereafter."

the only conveyance for passengers, who are of course meanwhile detained there—perhaps a whole month! A meeting has been held, and we understand that vigorous measures are in contemplation for getting up a regular *English* steamer.[131]

Mr Good the Governor's private secretary called this morning with a message from the Governor inviting us to take a drive to Cadborough Bay tomorrow, and to dine with him on Thursday, which last invitation we accept conditionally on the steamer not having come in. The first part is all settled for tomorrow, the weather promising well. The Bishop also came to see us & hear all about our doings up the Fraser river, & to engage us to dine with him tomorrow. He has again been attacked about a passage in one of his letters home—one to Miss Coutts which she allowed to be published in the Times, & which of course comes out again here & is straightway re:published in the colonial papers. He mentions a simple *fact* viz. that the Church of England is alone in the field with the miners, & that the Methodist minister at Yale had been withdrawn. Whereupon the chief minister, residing here writes in the newspaper a most bitter letter (wh has done *him* far more harm than the Bishop) accusing the Bishop of wilful misrepresentation inasmuch as he must have known that the Yale minister was withdrawn only for a time (how should he know any such thing?)—attacking the Bishop also for keeping 5 clergymen in Victoria—he of course well knowing that of the 5, three are employed all the week in the school of which they have charge and have hard work on Sundays at out stations. Some unknown friend has replied to this which calls forth a violent tirade out of which peeps the cloven foot of the Roman Catholics (in spite of com-

(131) *See Colonist*, March 18 and 20, 1861. The citizens of Victoria offered the California Steam Navigation Company a subsidy for a steamer direct from San Francisco, but this was refused (*ibid.*, April 27, 1861). However, late in 1861, an arrangement was made whereby the owners of suitable vessels were allowed $250 per single trip for conveying the mails (A. S. Deaville, *The Colonial Postal Systems and Postage Stamps of Vancouver Island and British Columbia 1849–1871*, Victoria, 1928 [Archives Memoir No. VIII], p. 95). In 1866 the Legislative Assembly of Vancouver Island voted "the much-needed subsidy for a regular mail service by British steamer between Victoria and San Francisco," and the Hudson's Bay Company steamer *Labouchere* was placed on the run. When on her first return voyage she was wrecked, Governor Kennedy concluded a contract with the California, Oregon and Mexico Steamship Company on virtually the same terms. After Confederation the Dominion Government undertook to maintain the mail steamship service between Victoria and San Francisco, and faithfully did so until March 31, 1925. (*Ibid.*, pp. 101–102, 142, 148.)

mon cause being made, with all the non:Conformists)—and so hostility is awakened in spite of the Bishops perfect kindness & good will to all.[132]

Tuesday. March 19. Nothing could be more beautiful than the weather today. We started about one o'clock, the two Miss Douglases in the carriage with us—the Governor and Sheriff Mr Nayler [Naylor][133] on horseback. Our road lay backward from the town past several very pretty residences we had not before seen & we were glad to drop some cards as we passed them, the owners having called. Thence into the forest, through which the road had been made some time, so it was pretty good. A tree had fallen right across it, but it was so decayed that the upper part was easily broken away so as to let the carriage pass. Thence into a beautiful parklike country from which on an elevation overlooking the sea, we had a most splendid view of Mount Baker, Mount Rainier, and the Olympian range. We crossed a stream called the Thames[134] and immediately after, reached the head of Cadborough Bay overlooking it from a considerable height. Here we had luncheon seated on the grass so balmy was the air. Opposite lay the oft mentioned San Juan, backed by the coast of the mainland and its magnificent ranges of snow mountains.

We returned by a somewhat different road in time only to dress for dining at the Bishop's. Captain Richards went with us. He is on the point of sailing for his work (beginning with the laying down buoys in the Fraser) but thinks he may stop until Friday for the chance of the mail coming in. He has arranged with Dr Forbes of the "Topaze" to take charge of and see us off in the "Panama."

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(132) Bishop Hill's letter was reprinted from the London *Times* in the *Colonist*, March 14, 1861. Dr. E. Evans replied in a letter dated March 18, and published on March 20. He was answered by what appears to be the "unknown friend" mentioned by Miss Cracroft: the letter, undated, was published on March 21, signed *Mary*. On March 23 appeared a letter dated March 21, signed *A Layman*. This replied specifically to *Mary*, and might well be called "a violent tirade." The difficulty is that Miss Cracroft's account of the incident is dated March 18; and on that date the only letter in the series which she could have seen in the newspaper was Bishop Hills's letter published on March 14. It may be that the latter part of Miss Cracroft's entry for March 18 was added some days afterwards, so as to round out the story.

(133) William Brooke Naylor came from England to Victoria in 1858 and succeeded G. W. Heaton as Sheriff of Vancouver Island in 1860 (*Colonist*, July 12, 1860). For further details *see* the obituary in the *Colonist*, October 3, 1866.

(134) This name is not recorded on the official map of 1858, although the stream itself is shown flowing into Cadboro Bay.

We met at the Bishop's, the Governor & Miss Douglas, Mr & Mrs Rhodes[135] who have lived much in the Sandwich Islands, Lieut. Helby[136] commanding the "Grappler" gunboat, Mr Pemberton the Police Magistrate here, Captain Parsons & Mr Dundas. Being Tuesday eveng the latter had to slip away from the table in order to hold one of the services carried on in various houses by all the clergy—his was to be a coloured congregation, & he joined us again, late in the evening. He is a truly excellent little man, & exercising already much influence here, we are told.

In the evening, other ladies & gentlemen arrived. I had a good deal of talk with one of the Miss Penrices, who can only be reconciled to school teaching by the knowledge that there is as yet no one else to help Mrs Woods, and that there is no other direct missionary work for them. As it is, they are doing an excellent work in *training,* no less than in direct teaching. Some of the children are accustomed to object to any lessons which do not please them—"I don't wish to do that"—the American children are especially given to this. The Miss Douglases[137] are among Mrs Woods' scholars, tho' the eldest is nearly 20 and has been engaged 2 years. It is much to their credit that they are regular and diligent in their studies and make good progress. They also attend the class of Mr Glover and make us laugh by describing that he is much too shy to face his young lady pupils, but turns away from them, and towards the black board on which he illustrates his teaching.

Have I told you of the rival to Mrs Woods School? A few doors from our cottage, there stands a wooden, unpainted tenement upon the original turf—dimensions by measurement 18 feet by 13—a stove pipe

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(135) Henry Rhodes, of the firm of R. C. Janion & Co., arrived in Victoria from Honolulu in 1859 (Victoria *Gazette,* June 23, 1859) and was shortly afterwards appointed Hawaiian consul (*ibid.,* July 8, 1859). For further details *see* the obituary in the *Colonist,* November 9, 1878.

(136) Lieut. Alfred Prowse Hasler Helby brought the *Grappler* out from England in 1860 and commanded her until 1862. He retired with the rank of commander in 1870, was promoted to captain in 1877, and died in 1902. For further details *see* Walbran, p. 237.

(137) Agnes (*see* note [43] above) and Alice (1844–1913).

issues from the roof—2 windows light one side; a glass door, the end, which bears the announcement "Young ladies Seminary"![138]

Wednesday slipped away in receiving many visitors—some of them our friends of the "Hecate" to say good bye—Captn Richards & Dr Forbes dined with us & were joined in the eveng by Captns Parsons & Gossett with Mr Mayne, who met here to join company in the long rough walk to Esquimalt.

An invitation had been given for us to make an excursion up the harbour of Victoria (prolonged for several miles inland) in a canoe with Canadian voyageurs, after the fashion adopted (as that in common use in Canada) in my dear Uncle's journies. This was arranged as a compliment to my Aunt with especial reference to its association with him; and is to take place tomorrow if the steamer has not arrived.

Thursday. March 21. No steamer this morning & the weather being favorable, we were informed that the canoe was all ready for us. Captain Richards walked down to the wharf with us, but could go no farther as he is determined to wait no longer for the "Panama",[139] and starts tonight or early tomorrow morning.

We found a very large canoe manned by 12 voyageurs, dressed in red shirts with gay ribbons on their hats. Mr & Mrs Dallas went with us—also of course Mr Anderson with whom the excursion originated.[140] He collected the men who had all served under himself in many a canoe voyage. As soon as we were comfortably stowed away in the bottom of the boat, the paddles dashed into the water, the men struck up one of their songs, and we darted off with great speed. Paddling requires more muscular effort & practice than rowing, as there are no pins as with oars to serve as levers—the men sit upon round poles instead of flat seats & there are no cross beams to press the feet against. It is all done by the arms & requires great strength & practice to make the sharp and very

(138) Madame V. A. Petibeau had opened "a seminary for young ladies" on Fort Street between Government and Broad Streets in 1859 (Victoria *Gazette*, March 10, 1859). The directories show that in 1863 she was teaching French and fancywork at the Central School, and that by 1868 she had a boarding and day school for young ladies on Fort Street, above Cook. She died in 1870 (*Colonist*, March 21, 1870).

(139) One of the three steamers (the others being the *California* and the *Oregon*) built by the Pacific Steamship Company for the trade of the California gold rush. For further details *see* J. H. Kemble, *The Panama Route 1848–1869*, Berkeley and Los Angeles, 1943, p. 242.

(140) For another account of "The Lady Franklin Pic-Nic" *see Colonist*, March 22, 1861.

rapid stroke. The most peculiar feature of the North Arm, is a narrow rocky gorge with a rapid, up which a canoe has to be dragged by a line when the tide is coming down as was the case today. We all landed & the men tried to force the canoe up with their paddles, but after being twice swept back, they had to get out a line & drag her up, after which we embarked again & proceeded some miles higher to the head of the inlet which is not more than a quarter of a mile from one part of Esquimalt harbour. We had passed the H. B. Co^s farm at Craigflower,[141] with its hamlet, biscuit manufactory & school,—the latter resorted to by the rather numerous population on the Inlet—and to this point we returned & landed for luncheon, several other persons having arrived in boats from Victoria—amongst them, M^r & Mrs Woods & Mr Glover with some of their pupils, for a holiday. Mr Woods come[s] here for every Sunday for morning service & passes on to Esquimalt for the afternoon. Returning to the rapid with the tide in our favor, the voyageurs refused to shoot it, with us in the canoe, so we ladies again landed, Mr Dallas persisting to remain & we watched the descent from the over hanging rock. The water had fallen very much, and the rock in the middle of the pass, was plainly seen—looking at it from below, we felt glad to be out of the canoe, and none the less when it dashed past over the slope having touched the rock in passing it, so that Mr Dallas was thrown on his knees & the water came in. All was right however in the end, but we fully realised the perilous character of such a proceeding as "shooting the rapid."

We descended the Inlet in fine style with the tide, the voyageurs singing in chorus with great spirit until we dashed up to the wharf at which we had embarked. It was enough to shew us that canoe travelling is very delightful. M^r & Mrs Dallas went in one up the Fraser river. *She* is well used to it from early childhood.

We had only just time to dress & make our way to the Governor's house for dinner. We met Captn Spencer, M^r & Mrs Young, Mr Drake & Lieut^t Mayne—a pleasant enough dinner, our last in Victoria.

Friday. March 22. We paid some farewell visits to Mrs Young & Mrs Gordon—met the Bishop coming to look for us and my Aunt persuaded him to go at once with us to the photographer & have his

(141) Established in 1853 under Kenneth McKenzie. The school was built in 1855. For further details *see* William R. Sampson in *The Dictionary of Canadian Biography,* X (1972), pp. 477–8, and *The Craigflower Schoolhouse* [by M. A. Beckwith], Victoria, 1958.

likeness taken for her—we were joined at the door by Mr Dundas, who assisted in the committee of decision as to the Bishop's attitude &c. He protested that no photographer had ever succeeded with him. Each portrait taken had been worse than the previous one! We hope better things of this attempt.

This over, we said good bye to that excellent man Mr Dundas, and went on under the guidance of the Bp & Mr Good, sent by the Governor for the purpose, to an iron foundry[142] over the bridge & near the native Indian village, in order to see some very remarkable carvings by an Indian in wood, for castings. They are admirable—copied from drawings, & shew wonderful power of imitation. The owner of the foundry is from Preston in Lancashire, & he gave my Aunt a plate of slate on which was carved in relief his name (Macdougall) & designation, for casting—the work of an Indian. My Aunt promises to send it to the Exhibition of 1862—together with a most wonderful piece of carving also in slate, copied from a picture, by an Indian in Queen Charlotte Island, given her by the Governor.

After this we went into one of the lodges—a large one, containing 8 families. The men were mostly absent—the women & children within. The Bishop introduced my Aunt as the wife of a great Chief, from England, & they looked at her with great curiosity. The number of Indians collected here is several thousands, & will soon (in summer) be encreased to probably 6000. We saw many women with silver rings in nose & chin—some had a silver pin sticking straight out from the chin.

We walked home through a street hitherto unknown to us, chiefly the resort of the Indians (who however are seen everywhere throughout the town—in the morning carrying cut wood for sale; the women, baskets of oysters, & clams)—with shops kept mostly by foreigners, fish being generally sold by Italians. We stopped at one & my Aunt said a few words to him in Italian which enchanted him I could see. There are many Germans & plenty of Chinese—"Wo Sang—washing & ironing

(142) John Dougall, a native of Edinburgh, came to Victoria in 1858 and "started the first foundry and machine shop in this province, the site being close to the Songish reserve on Victoria Arm" (*see* his obituary in the *Colonist*, February 10, 1880). In 1859 his son joined him, and they operated the Caledonia Iron Works for several years (*see* the obituary of John Dougall, Jr., *ibid.*, January 3, 1919). The firm was advertising in the Victoria *Gazette*, April 21, 1859, as "John Dougall & Son, practical millwrights & engineers [with] twenty years experience in Lord Belcarus's Iron Works, Lancashire, England, and ten years in the United States."

done here"—"Gee Wo—washing"—I only remember these 2 names at this moment—the Chinese wash & iron particularly well. They are very industrious & well behaved.

There are also many Jews in the Community—most of them from Central Europe.

Saturday. March 23. The "Panama" arrived early this morng & starts at 8 tomorrow, so we are unfortunate with our Sundays. We arrived from San Francisco on a Sunday—also from the Fraser river —& now leave on a Sunday for good.

The weather is worse than we have known it during our whole stay —a bitter cold wind has been succeeded by snow which has fallen nearly the whole day at intervals, preventing us altogether from paying the rest of our farewell visits wh is very provoking. Not so much so however as the want of a large number of letters. The "Panama" brings the latest arrivals at San Francisco, but previously, a large mail (including despatches for the Governor) was sent overland via Portland & Puget Sound, for want of the usual bi:monthly steamer, & this will arrive on Tuesday next.

Dr Forbes of the "Hecate" [*sic*] was among our earliest visitors to make arrangements for our departure Captn Richards having left us in his charge on the sailing of the "Hecate"; and the day was spent chiefly in receiving good bye visits. The Bishop sat with us a long time—and we had several calls from Mr Good, about our letters, and about the Governor's photograph which has been taken for Mrs Dallas & of which he kindly gives my Aunt a copy. He sent kind messages of farewell, but Mr Good explained that the whole family were feeling dreadfully the parting with Mrs Dallas who is gone down already to Esquimalt & will sleep on board the "Topaze", thus shortening the very painful leave taking, & avoiding the early start of tomorrow. She is the first member of the family to be separated from it. I fancy I must have mentioned before, that Mr Dallas is to succeed Sir George Simpson, as Governor of the Hudson Bay Territory.

We have promised several persons to see their friends in England, if possible. Mr Good's father is the Rector of Wimbourne near Bournemouth whom we shall see if in the neighbourhood—also the Bishop's Aunt Miss Hammersley, in London. She has been a mother to him he says, & will be thankful to hear all we can tell her of him.

Sunday. March 24. We set off at 7 A. M. in the same carriage in which we had driven to Cadborough Bay, our luggage in a waggon.

Victoria was robed in white, & being Sunday, she lay as if asleep when we parted from her. The road was once more in a very bad state from partially melted snow and deep mud, so the sloughs had to be avoided by détours, and we knocked about among the holes with most unpleasant liveliness, when at last our somewhat frail carriage would bear no more & the axletree snapped in the middle. We were not more than half a mile from Esquimalt & were carried the rest of the way in a waggon which came up with us, loaded with passengers & baggage.

We started at 9 A. M. on a perfectly glassy sea, passing close to the "Topaze" the Band of which was playing "Should auld acquaintance be forgot" and "Auld lang syne", a farewell from Captn Spencer who is a very old friend of Mr Dallas. As we passed, our "Stars & Stripes" made her three curtseys to the White Ensign which were duly returned, and we steamed off at full speed out of British waters.

Altogether this visit to Vancouver's Isd & British Columbia has been a very pleasant, as well as deeply interesting one, and we trust to see the colonies encrease in prosperity—the foundation of which must be laid in emigration from England, or at least from English colonies, so as to absorb (or at least outweigh) the American element. The climate is admirable, & perfectly suited to the English constitution—education is provided, & there is every facility for buying land & for turning the produce to account. As for servants, they will obtain immense wages for a long time to come. The mistresses unfortunately will have to put up with a great deal, as they will be only too glad to get their services whether efficient or not.

It is the ladies who are most to be pitied as they must absolutely & unreservedly devote themselves to the smallest cares of every day life—at any rate they must *expect* to have their hands so filled day by day & be prepared for the worst. But there is a set off to this in the fact that all are in the same predicament & there is not the least pretence to anything better. There is not a single lady in the colony who has a nurse, a cook, & a housemaid, so she has to be one of these, if not all three—this state of things saps mere conventionality at the very root—strong friendships are formed, and people are ready to help one another. There is something very interesting too, in watching the growth of a young colony which is making rapid strides as this does, especially when a good standard of civilisation & morals has existed from the very first. Nothing could have produced this but the constituting it into a distinct

See with a resident Bishop, whose vocation is a standing witness against the sordid tendencies of a gold producing colony.

As a community, the people of Vancouver's Island seem a very contented one—enterprising, yet without the grasping of Americans who are never satisfied unless they find themselves pre:eminent, if not alone in the field; and the wonderful growth of the colony during its 2 years only of existence, is highly to the credit of its people. I might go on for a long time with this prosing, but my awfully long letter should be brought to a close.

We got out of the Straits of Fuca the same afternoon, &

Monday. March 25. we entered the Columbia river, the Bar being exceedingly smooth. We reached Portland in the evening, and were quickly visited by our kind friend Mr Robbins the Mayor[143] who pressed us much to go to his house. As we were to remain here taking in freight until Thursday we decided to take the steamer tomorrow to Oregon City[144] (on the Willamette as well as Portland) returning in the evening.

Captn Hudson[145] conveyed to my Aunt a message from the owners of the river steamers, placing their vessels at her disposal, so we shall go there & to the Cascades on the Columbia (on Wednesday) free of cost. I suppose I have mentioned in a former letter that Portland stands on the Willamette river (a large tributary of the Columbia) about 12 miles from the junction.

Tuesday. March 26. We started this morng at 9-30 for Oregon City, once intended to be the commercial capital of the State of Oregon (the political capital is Salem where the Governor resides & the Senate meets)—but its progress has been arrested by that of Portland, & its population numbers but 300. Steamers run up & down daily, but are

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(143) George C. Robbins, a jeweller, elected mayor in 1860. (H. W. Scott, *History of Portland, Oregon,* Syracuse, N.Y., 1890, p. 194.)

(144) Founded by Dr. John McLoughlin, who staked a land claim there in 1829 and had the site for a town surveyed in 1843. *See* his letter to the editor of the Oregon City *Oregon Spectator,* September 12, 1850, in F. W. Holman, *Dr. John McLoughlin,* Cleveland, 1907, Document L.

(145) Capt. William H. Hudson had previously commanded the *Oregon,* which had brought Lady Franklin to Victoria a month before. (*Colonist,* July 24, 1860 and February 23, 1861.)

stopped by some falls,[146] above which the navigation begins again by steamers connecting with those from Portland. The passage occupies about 1½ hours the distance only 14 miles. Mr & Mrs Dallas went up at the same time to see old friends of hers. She was at school here, when her father had charge of the Fort of Vancouver on the Columbia,[147] now ceded to the Americans. The little steamer looked quite comfortable after our miserable vessel with its naked cheerless cabin—the weather was however very indifferent, & there is no particular beauty in the scenery; we stopped at the only village between Portland & Oregon [City], Milwaukee;[148] the current set us so strongly against the shore that we ran up against the pier & damaged it as well as ourselves somewhat. On reaching Oregon, we went to the house of Dr Barclay,[149] nephew of an old friend of the late Secy of the H. B. Co in London—a very well educated man & much thought of as a physician, but most unfortunate in appearance & hardly inteligible from some defect of palate. He has a *very* handsome wife & several children. Dr Barclay told us of the *Poison Oak*, a shrub growing on the rocks here which cannot even be approached by some persons. It needs only to pass near in order to have the face swelled frightfully & covered with blotches like small pox.

(146) The locality of Oregon City was first known as Willamette Falls (Lewis A. McArthur, *Oregon Geographic Names,* 3rd ed., 1952, p. 654). For the steamer traffic on the Upper Willamette River *see Lewis & Dryden, passim.* And *see also* the "Sketch showing the site of Oregon City" based on the drawing by Lieuts. Warre and Vavasour, 1846, in *The Letters of John McLoughlin . . . Third Series, 1844–46,* Toronto, Champlain Society, 1944, p. 128, on which the height of the falls is marked as 35 feet.

(147) Douglas was in charge at Fort Vancouver from January 1846, when McLoughlin retired to Oregon City, until June 1849, when Douglas removed to Fort Victoria (*see* the biography in *The Letters of John McLoughlin . . . 1844–46,* p. 313). According to H. H. Bancroft, *History of Oregon,* San Francisco, 1888, Vol. II, p. 35, "a private school for young ladies was kept at Oregon City by Mrs. N. M. Thornton, wife of Judge [J. Quinn] Thornton. It opened February 1, 1847. The pupils were taught 'all the branches usually comprised in a thorough English education, together with plain and fancy needle work, drawing, and painting in mezzotints and water-colors.' Mrs. Thornton's school was patronized by James Douglas and other persons of distinction in the country."

(148) Founded by Lot Whitcomb in 1847, as a rival to Oregon City (McArthur, *Oregon Geographic Names,* p. 47).

(149) Dr. Forbes Barclay (1812–73), nephew of Archibald Barclay, had retired to Oregon City from the service of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1850 and had become a naturalized American citizen. He was City School Superintendent, 1857–72, and Mayor, 1864–73. (*The Letters of John McLoughlin . . . 1844–46,* p. 43, note 1.)

All are not equally susceptible, but he has often seen women affected to the degree I have described—there is also a nettle with similar properties. He cd not give us the botanical name of either.

Oregon stands on a raised bank of the river with a background of steep rocks. The river rises enormously after the melting of the snows & often reaches the level of the street on each side of which the shops are placed. There are 4 churches, Episcopalian, R. Catholic, Wesleyan, Independant, the first however a mere house like building—the others with steeples & cupolas—all of wood like the houses.[150]

We also went to the house of Mr Harvey (married to the widow of Dr Rae's brother[151]) and from thence to the Falls, wh are *exceedingly* pretty, inferior only to those of Ottawa. They are in the form of 2 distinct horse shoes.

The shores of the Willamette are extensively cultivated as well as settled, and every farm seems to have its orchard of apples, pears, peaches, the latter in full blossom. The fruit produce of this State is enormous, & is said to supply the entire market along the coast, even up to Vancouver Island where the trees are not yet in full bearing.

We returned about 5, and were met by Mr Robbins who persuaded us to go & dine at his house. We had a good deal of talk with Mrs Robbins about her family wh is Canadian & English. Her mother's name was Baby (prond by Mrs Robbins *Bawbee*) & she married Captn Hunt of the English Army (which he quitted on his marriage & settled in Canada near Windsor on the Detroit river) who has a brother (still living) Col. Hunt of the Artillery—probably long since retired. Strange

(150) The services of the Episcopalian Church were held in "a room fitted up for the purpose" until St. Paul's chapel was dedicated in the spring of 1861. The Roman Catholics had "a plain wooden church," dedicated in February 1846. The Wesleyan Methodist church at Oregon City, built 1842–44, was "the first protestant church edifice erected on the Pacific coast." (Bancroft, *History of Oregon,* Vol. II, "Churches and church schools.") By the "Independant" church is meant the Congregational church, "a plain meeting-house" whose establishment had been undertaken by the eight members of the Oregon City organization in 1849 (*ibid.,* p. 679).

(151) For a biography of William Glen Rae (c. 1809–1845) *see The Letters of John McLoughlin . . . First series, 1825–38,* Toronto, Champlain Society, 1941, pp. 353–354. He married Eloisa, second daughter of McLoughlin, in 1838, and five years after Rae's death she married "Daniel Harvey of Oregon." Harvey was in charge of the sawmill at Fort Vancouver in 1844 (James Douglas to John McLoughlin, September 30, 1844, in *The Letters of John McLoughlin . . . 1844–46,* pp. 37–38).

to say Mrs Robbins' great Aunt was Lady Bellingham (widow of Sir Allan) & still living she believes. Mrs Robbins grandmother was named Caldwell, sister of a Col. Caldwell who became Sir William in his old age in Canada & did not take the title. This was the brother also of Lady Bellingham. I give you the story as she told it to us. Drummond will know some of the facts, if correctly stated.

It was settled that we were to go up the Columbia river tomorrow, by invitation of the Steamboat Company, & Mr & Mrs Robbins were to go with us. We pass & stop at Fort Vancouver, once a Hudson Bay Cos Post—now an American military one[152]—thence on to the Cascades, returning in the evening.

Wednesday. March 27.

The steamer came alongside our wharf to pick us up, at 6 A. M. and to our dismay, we found that a large party had been invited to go with us, and a Band wh played "God Save the Queen" as my Aunt went on board. We having no suspicion that there wd be any guests were in our oldest gowns & bonnets ready for the bad weather which we had so often experienced on these excursions—wet decks, draggled petticoats—& found ourselves among silks, flowers [,] feathers, crinoline. Of course we cd only tell the truth—that we had no idea of meeting gay company, & I can assure you our hearts failed us at the thought of a whole, long, day passed in talk with such a crowd. Even the so:called Ladies cabin was crammed, gentlemen as well as ladies swarming in & out. Of course everyone had to be introduced & then each one had the usual string of questions "Well Madam—how do you like our country? I guess you find it very wild"—"Well Madam—you've travelled a great deal but I guess you don't often see such fine scenery as this?" Then, we were asked by everyone if the Columbia was as fine as the Fraser, & they seemed much disappointed when I said that the scenery of the Fraser was the finest. Every American puts *personal* feeling into these questions, & this often provokes me to answer with the strictest truth.

I must say that Americanisms of *every* kind, whether their odious intonation, or petty national vanity, or their phraseology, struck us more

(152) Fort Vancouver was opened by Sir George Simpson on March 19, 1825, and abandoned by the Hudson's Bay Company in 1860, largely as a result of the continued "aggressive acts" of the United States Army, which in 1849, with the full co-operation of the Company, had been permitted to establish a military post on the top of the bluff behind the H.B.C. fort. (John A. Hussey, *The History of Fort Vancouver . . .*, Washington State Historical Society, [1957], pp. 44–45, 101–113.)

on coming from our own people in Vancouver Isd than it ever has done before. Of course the good people of Portland are not of the best class —but the remark applies even to Captn Hudson whom we used to consider unusually free from Americanisms of speech.

After 3 hours steaming, we reached Fort Vancouver, where an invitation had been sent (as we now learned) to the Commandant, Colonel Wright,[153] & his officers, to join our party up to the Cascades. He came on board & very courteously welcomed my Aunt, but was unable to go on, one of his children being ill. Several of his officers however came off & went with us as did the Band of the 9th Regt a very good one. Meanwhile we landed with Col. Wright who drove us up to & round the Post—there is a very spacious parade ground with detached buildings all round—mostly of logs & painted a warm buff picked out with white. Part of the old H. B. Cos Fort is still standing, but apparently all in decay. The village or town, lies outside the Fort, and the situation of the whole is very pretty—not however very healthy in Col. Wright's opinion. Here are stationed 3 companies of artillery with a Light Battery, some Dragoons, & a small number of Infantry. We were surprised to learn the military force kept at the 5 Stations on the Columbia, so near our frontier. No less than 19 Companies from different Corps being placed at this one, at the Cascade, the Dalles, at Walla Walla, & at Fort Colville. The companies are not however up to their full complement of men. The pretext for this force has been the protection of the settlers from the natives, but these last are fast disappearing, before the merciless policy of the Americans who avow without the least hesitation that they wd just as soon shoot an Indian as a dog. We have had this said to us repeatedly.

Some of the officers stationed here, belong to the Topographical Engineers—amongst these were Major Alvort & Captn Thoms whom we found exceedingly agreeable & clever. They have both been up to Victoria, & expressed their astonishment at it's rapid growth. We had also Lieut Owen, son in law of Col. Wright & Adjutant who wore his Regimental hat of black felt, high crowned & broad brimmed with a gold cord & tassels, a white feather being added for full dress—it was exactly the hat of a Spanish muleteer & had a very odd appearance. Also

(153) Col. George Wright succeeded Brigadier-General William Harney as commander of the Department of Oregon in June 1860 (Hussey, *Fort Vancouver*, pp. 158–159).

Captn Bonnycastle whose father was an officer in the English Army, but he did not perfectly like my Aunt's joke that he was therefore an Englishman, his father being one!

These men made the day pass better than we expected when it began. The 2 first were very agreeable & clever, & we had a good deal of political talk with them. Like other reflecting Americans, they feel that the great experiment which they have been trying, is proving itself a failure the Republic being powerless to keep its parts together—& whatever be the issue of the present crisis, so much as this, is already proved. We were complimented upon our acquaintance with American politics, institutions & feelings, so you see you may trust to what we say on these subjects.

You can hardly meet a sensible *educated* American who does not deplore their universal suffrage, & wish for a property qualification. All agree in detesting the Irish element wh is so strong in the country, partly *because* of its dominance—at the same time, the Irish are not only tolerated, but welcomed as "hewers of wood & drawers of water", the American being above hiring himself out as a day labourer for wages!

I learned today that every officer trained for the Army at West Point is capable of acting in any capacity, be it in the Line, Artillery, or Engineers; he is liable to be called on to serve in any one of these different Corps. All however do not pass through the West Point Academy, tho' the great majority of officers do so.

On reaching the Cascades, we left the steamer & walked some little distance upon a wooden railway on wh freight & passengers are drawn for 2½ miles to another steamer wh carries them some 50 miles farther.[154] On our way back we stopped a few minutes at the Cascade Fort[155] & went to the house of Mrs Bonnycastle, the only lady there. She is pretty

(154) The Oregon Steam Navigation Company, incorporated in 1860, ran steamers on the lower Columbia below the Cascades; on the middle river, between the Cascades and The Dalles; and on the upper river between Celilo and Wallula. A railroad carried freight and passengers from the lower to the upper landing at the Cascades; from The Dalles to Celilo passengers travelled by train while the freight was carried by wagons. Another narrow-gauge railway took the traveller from Wallula to Walla Walla. (Randall V. Mills, *Stern-Wheelers up Columbia . . .*, Palo Alto, Calif., 1947, pp. 40–45.)

(155) The United States military post at Fort Cascades was established on September 30, 1855, and abandoned on November 6, 1861. (J. S. Whiting, *Forts of the State of Washington*, 2nd ed., Seattle, 1951, p. 27.)

but has a *dreadful* twang, with flighty American manners & a perfectly pallid complexion, inherited by her little daughter of 2 years old.

Soon after leaving this place, we had the long desired sight of Mount Hood—a most magnificent sight—certainly the highest & finest mountain *I* have ever seen, & my Aunt says it has the advantage of Mont Blanc in that it stands apart from any others. As we saw it, it was an enormous cone of snow rising against a blue sky, with a low foreground of indigo hills—the sun was setting & coloured the snow with a golden hue—the most beautiful & satisfying mountain I have ever beheld. We were indeed fortunate, as until today the clouds have invariably shut it out from us from every point. The sight was ample reward for all the tediousness & extreme fatigue of the day—beginning at 6 A. M. and ending at 9 P. M. At first we were throughly worn out for want of breakfast wh we did not get until past 10 (having of course started without, at 6)—continual talking in a crowd, with new introductions every 5 minutes. Coming out of a little cabin where my Aunt was able to get a little rest in the evening I was met by a gentleman who gave me a roll of newspapers which we might read on our voyage—got me near the corner of a sofa & then began "Sit down Ma'am" he taking the other corner, placing his wife opposite—"When did you leave Scotland?" I hesitated & he went on "You live in Scotland—" I said "No"—"Then where do you live—in Scotland surely—Lord Franklin lived in Scotland? he was a Scotchman?" So I explained to rather unwilling ears, as the worthy man evidently preferred his own conviction. He told me he was a newspaper editor—talked about Spurgeon & was evidently much surprised that I could not tell him all about his Tabernacle.[156] I then went through a course of questioning as to what we had done, & were going to do, until I pleaded heat & got out once more on deck, where I was quickly joined by a good woman (or *lady* as an American wd call her) who wanted me to go & look at the dancing which had been going on some time, telling me as an inducement that "Mrs Robbins was on the floor."

The most remarkable feature on the river, is a pile of rocks called "Cape Horn", rising perpendicularly out of the water. They are columnar, with the edges rounded, & streamlets between each mass—the height of the foremost is said to be between 3 & 400 feet—the summit

(156) Charles H. Spurgeon, the celebrated Nonconformist preacher, opened his Metropolitan Tabernacle, with accommodation for 6,000 people, on March 25, 1861.

clothed with grass to the edge. This foremost pile is surmounted by another which rises up at some little distance behind, of similar form, but less water worn than the lower.

There are also some remarkable insulated rocks, detached from the main block—one of these is entirely bare & cannot be ascended, so steep & smooth are the sides. The latter part of our little voyage was in fact through a passage in the Cascade Range, through which the stream rushes with great force & rapidity, making whirlpools & rapids through which we steamed slowly & with difficulty, up to the highest navigable point. Here there is not only one railway, but another approaching completion, on the opposite shore,[157] after the fashion of Americans who know nothing (in practice) of the precept "Live, & let live". When an enterprise is started the supreme object is to *make it pay*, so the most enormous rates are demanded, & necessarily paid, until in self defence, an opposition is set up which lowers the prices to a fair & reasonable standard. It never seems to occur to them that a fair remuneration is all that can justly be claimed. Every man seems to think it right that he should have *all he can get*.

I find I have forgotten to write one part of my talk with the newspaper editor (who is by the way, a Methodist minister, & his paper "The Christian Advocate")—he was expressing (as other Americans have done) gratification at the sympathy shewn in the English papers for the present political troubles. I said it was a very real feeling & that I only wished we could see this kindly sentiment fully shared in America, but that we had no doubt it was not, by the masses. He hesitated a moment & then said "You are right—it is too true, & here is a proof of it. I thought it just & right to re:publish in my paper some of the articles expressing this sympathy, and I was afterwards actually reproached & remonstrated with for having done so!"

We have repeatedly expressed our surprise at the want in the American masses, of the cordial feelings which we are so often expressing for them—it is all on one side—they don't like to be told of this, but all the most enlightened & candid admit it as this minister did. It does *some* good to shew that we can see below the surface, and they

(157) For these rival railways—the Cascade Railroad on the Washington side, the Oregon Portage Railway on the Oregon side—*see* Mills, *Stern-Wheelers up Columbia*, p. 68.

are very indulgent to our plain truths. It was this sort of talk which made our military acquaintance remark upon the knowledge we had gained of the inner life of America. They like also to see that we know very well that there is no more *equality* in America than with us.

This long day came to an end about 9-30. We had been in a crowd since 6 A. M.—*fifteen hours & a half!* So you will understand that we were right glad to be alone again, & quiet for the night.

Thursday. March 28. It rained nearly the whole day, & we did not leave the ship. Several of the people we saw yesterday called, and the passengers for San Francisco came off.

Friday. March 29. We resumed our voyage at 6:30 A. M. with a heavy freight & large number of passengers. The river was unusually low, & on reaching a shallow part near the entrance, we had to anchor off Astoria. Just before doing this, we met the "Pacific" steamer[158] on her way up to Portland & Victoria, & got some newspapers. The water rose several inches, in consequence of the rain of last night and this day, so that on

Saturday. March 30. We got under way again & crossed the Bar with a smooth sea, which did not however last long. Our Captn had been much worried by his repeated detentions, & now had still farther annoyance from head winds, by reason of wh we had a long passage & did not reach San Francisco, until

Wednesday. April 3. About 5 P. M. our kind acquaintance Mr Johnston came on board on hearing of our arrival, and took us up to the International Hotel,[159] a very large house. Here we received our long wished for letters up to Janry 31. Pray do not fancy it is of no use to write on account of the uncertainty as to our getting letters. They all reach us in perfect safety. The worst that happens is, delay—&

(158) The *Pacific,* launched in 1850 and originally intended for the San Francisco–Panama service, was placed on the San Francisco–Columbia River–Victoria run in 1858. She was finally sunk in a collision off Cape Flattery in 1875. For further details *see* Kemble, *The Panama Route,* pp. 242–243.

(159) On Jackson Street near Montgomery, according to the 1858 San Francisco directory. When Colonel Moody and his party stayed there in December 1858, en route to Victoria, they were delighted with the hotel and the "first class" food, A. T. Bushby calling the International "the best Hotel" in San Francisco. *See* his journal, December 15, 1858, *BCHQ,* XXI (1957–58), p. 112.

this only makes us prize them the more. Direct all, to Mr Grinnell (Henry) New York.[160] They come on to us by the regular mails without any loss of time.

Your letters are crowded with events of deep interest to us—that frightful railway accident & the death of poor Dr Baly![161] It shocked us exceedingly—then the fearfully cold season & the general distress. In personal matters the deep affliction of the dear Lavies [?]—do pray tell them how truly I feel for them. What sorrows have fallen on them since we first knew them! I would write to them, but that my letter must be finished off at once for the mail; & I am sure that they know that I do sympathise with them from my very heart.

To return to the railway accident—the husband of a cousin of Mr Booker's (our Consul here)[162] was seated next to poor Dr Baly in the railway carriage and saw him fall into the jaws of destruction while he remained uninjured. This gentleman was only very recently married. No doubt Dr Gull will succeed to much of poor Dr Baly's extensive practice, the more so, as they were frequently associated.

Most vexatiously, Mr Grinnell has taken it into his head that we are sure to get the Times here, & announces that therefore he will not forward any more—our latest date gives only the first report of the accident, without knowing anything of Dr Baly.

The latest news comes of course overland by the Poney Express, & thus we learn that you have had a most fearful hurricane, which has

(160) Henry Grinnell, a merchant prince of New York, financed two of the American expeditions in search of Franklin: the first in 1850, under Lieut. E. J. DeHaven, the second under Elisha Kent Kane, M.D., U.S.N. (E. K. Keane, *The U.S. Grinnell Expedition . . . ,* 1854.) In 1856 Grinnell prompted the American Congress to purchase HMS *Resolute,* which had been abandoned on her second voyage to the Arctic, and to offer her, re-equipped for Arctic service, to the British Admiralty. (Frances Woodward, *Portrait of Jane,* London, 1951, pp. 292–293.) Grinnell's hope was that the Admiralty would forthwith lend her to Lady Franklin for a final expedition. The hope was not fulfilled: Lady Franklin was obliged to fit out the *Fox* herself. But she and Grinnell continued to correspond, and her first visit to America in 1860 was undertaken largely for the purpose of visiting him and his family in New York. (Woodward, p. 305).

(161) William Baly, M.D., F.R.S., Physician Extraordinary to the Queen, was instantly killed on January 28, 1861, when the Portsmouth express of the London and South-Western Railway was derailed at Epsom Junction. Dr. Baly's body was found under one of the carriages, "mutilated in the most awful manner." London *Times,* January 30, 1861, p. 9, and January 31, p. 10.)

(162) Mr. (afterwards Sir) William Lane Booker was the British Consul at San Francisco from 1857 to 1883. *See* the obituary in the *Foreign Office List for 1906,* p. 396.

destroyed part of the Crystal Palace.[163] We cannot but feel that we have missed much terrible weather by absence from England.

We do not find San Francisco inviting & we are vexed to be unable as yet, to find private apartments, where we should be quieter than in a great hotel. It looks like a money getting place as it is. I suppose no one lives here from choice, though we find people who have come to like it very much—ladies I mean, who at first detested it. But to our taste, it is not to be compared with Victoria in any respect. There is plenty of shew here, but less of real refinement both in the men & women, notwithstanding that too many of the latter have to perform the most menial offices.

One little thing I find I forgot to tell you (it will especially interest you, dear Mama) in alluding to the group in the Bishop's house, of himself & his curates; one of whom is Mr Garry, the only child of my Uncle's old friend whom you (and I too) remember. He has been some time dead, & his wife was for a time at least, insane; & in consequence, my Aunt has lost sight of him for some years.

We have, on returning here, met with a lady of whom we have often heard, to whom a romantic history is attached. She was Miss Measom [Meeson], engaged to be married to a Mr Miles,[164] a very dissipated man,

(163) The north wing of the Crystal Palace was reduced to "a huge pile of ruins" in the gale that swept over London on the 20th and 21st of February 1861. (London *Times,* February 23, 1861, p. 11.)

(164) John Miles was the eldest son of Robert Seaborn Miles of Brockville, Canada West (*Colonist,* January 26, 1861). The elder Miles retired from the service of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1861 (*see* the biography in *Journal of Occurrences in the Athabasca Department* . . . , ed. E. E. Rich, Toronto, Champlain Society, 1938, p. 459). John Miles came to Victoria in 1858 with a letter of introduction to Governor Douglas from Sir George Simpson (Simpson to Douglas, October 16, 1858, Miles Correspondence) and obtained employment in the British Columbia Lands & Works Department as a clerk and accountant (Moody to Miles, April 8, 1859, Lands & Works Correspondence). On January 22, 1861, he married "Elizabeth, second daughter of the late John Meeson, Esq., of 52 Sussex Gardens, Hyde Park, London; and Grays, Essex, England," and he died two days later (*Colonist,* January 25 and 26, 1861; Vancouver Island, Colonial Secretary, Marriage Licences, January 22, 1861, *MS*). His widow decided against leaving the colony, for in 1864 she bought Cary Castle from George Hunter Cary, naming it "Stoneleigh House" and in 1865 selling it to the Government to be made into a residence for Governor Kennedy (*Colonist,* July 13, 1866). Lady Franklin's diary, April 9, 1861, records that Mr. Booker "understood [Mrs. Miles] to be an eccentric clever woman who had married a reprobate half-breed once in the service of the H.B. Company, but dismissed from misconduct. She is said to have 400 a year of her own. . . ." (*MS.,* Scott Polar Research Institute).

& a great friend of Dr Rae. It is said that she would not marry him on account of low [?] dissipated habits which he fell into after their engagement; but she followed him into this part of the world—went up with the Bishop to Vancouver's Isd a year ago, travelled very extensively until Mr Miles became dangerously ill—the climax I believe of his way of life—when, he being in a dying & hopeless condition, she married him, in order to secure the right to nurse him, & his death followed in (I believe) 2 or 3 days. She is very fond of the colony, & is waiting for home letters, to decide upon leaving it. She is evidently possessed of a pretty good fortune, and though apparently, unobtrusive in manner, must have immense courage & self reliance, for she has travelled in Canada from one end to the other, as well as very much in the United States, & then on here, without even a maid.

And now I really must end this terribly long story. What will you say to such a volume? It is the longest letter *I* ever wrote, or *you* ever read I am quite sure.

Ever, my dearest ones, your affte

Sophia Cracroft

THE SECOND VISIT

April–July 1870

Nucleus Hotel. San Francisco. April 14, 1870

We arrived yesterday morng & were thankful indeed to be at the end of our journey, as the weather has been miserably cold. We were at the wharf abt 6-30, and within half an hour, there was not a passenger left I think, except ourselves. We sent Lawrence[165] off to Mr Booker to whom we had written fm Valparaiso, asking him to recommend to us where to go—but he had never recd the letter. Lawrence posted it, so it was so far, all safe. I do hope you have mine, of March 1, wh was to go by the same mail, together with one for L. Dixon. But other letters have been missing unaccountably, fm Valparaiso. (N.B. Mr Booker has just got my letter.)

Before I say another word, let me ask you please to write at once to Mrs Earle, & tell her to give notice at Gore Lodge[166] of the arrival of a box wh a fellow passenger is going to carry home for us. She must be so kind as to leave money with Mrs Thomas to pay all expenses, & I cannot tell what that may amount to—it is large.

To return to our arrival here—rooms were found in this very nice house—nearly new, with good clean furniture, & good food—such luxuries after having been so much at sea where I think one seldom gets really good wholesome food. We were detained by a strange thing, fm leaving the ship—viz. the arrival at the same time with ourselves, of a large steamer fm China, conveying, besides 1st class passengers, *1200* Chinese. These men were all collected under an immense Custom House shed, with their baggage in order to have it examined. It was settled at last that we shd go through them, & a way was cleared to let us pass. We were quite surprised at their remarkably clean & decent appearance.

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(165) For "the invaluable Lawrence," a manservant who accompanied Lady Franklin and her niece on their travels from 1870 on, *see* Woodward, *Portrait of Jane, passim.*

(166) The house in Kensington Gore leased by Lady Franklin in 1862 and christened Upper Gore Lodge. (Woodward, *Portrait of Jane,* p. 325.)

They were spreading out matrasses, baskets, boxes, the chief object of search being opium, of wh we hear that a great deal was actually found. Outside the wharf was a great crowd, not only of people, but of carriages & open waggons, into wh last the Chinese were packing themselves & their baggage. They seemed to be recd by their countrymen already here, & we hear were carried off to the Chinese quarter, where they are as closely packed as human beings can be. The Irish here are enraged at these arrivals, because the price of labour is lowered thereby; & many prefer Chinamen to themselves. So an association is formed[167] to repress the Chinese element, & the members pledge themselves not only not themselves to employ Chinese, but not to deal with anyone who does. There is liberty for you!

We found in coming up the Bay, that the "Zealous"[168] (Flagship) was here as we expected, & we heard fm Mr Booker that she was going away

(167) The San Francisco directory for 1865 lists (p. 616) an "Anti-Coolie Association," and in his review of the *Report of the Joint Special Committee to Investigate Chinese Immigration* (Washington, 1877), Samuel E. W. Becker, Secretary to the Bishop of Wilmington, Del., and late professor in the University of Virginia, commented on a statement made to the Committee "from the standpoint of the Anti-Chinese Union, which seemed to be a sort of Grand Lodge of the various Anti-Coolie Clubs. It is," he says, "a stinging sarcasm upon the innate tendency of the human race to persecution, that the names of the Presidents of the three Anti-Coolie Clubs of San Francisco . . . are unmistakably Irish; and this fact, together with the sorrowful certainty that that race is in California now lending its irrepressible energy to this unchristian and inhuman hounding down of the Chinese, would go far, (if anything could), to reconcile us to the thought of their own sufferings in the days when a price was set on the head of a priest as on that of a wolf. They are now using the self-same terms about other human beings, of which they complained so bitterly, when, some fifty years ago, they were styled in the British Parliament, *'Aliens in blood, aliens in language and aliens in religion!'* " (Samuel E. W. Becker, *Humors of a Congressional Investigating Committee,* n.d., pp. 13–14.)

(168) HMS *Zealous,* described by Walbran (p. 234) as "one of the earlier wooden built ironclads," was on the Pacific station, 1866–69, as the flagship of Rear-Admiral the Honourable G. F. Hastings., C.B., and 1869–72, Rear-Admiral Arthur Farquhar. She arrived at San Francisco in March 1870 from Aspinwall, where she had exchanged officers and crew with HMS *Revenge,* and came into Esquimalt Harbour on April 23 (*Colonist,* March 6 and April 23, 1870).

the next day. The Admiral[169] came to see my Aunt with his Flag Lieut,[170] just after we had settled upon our rooms, & very kind he was. We were so glad to find that he entirely agrees with our disgust at the policy of the present Government in trying to get rid of some distant colonies—especially those in N. America. He is gone fm this, to Vancouvers Isd and is therefore the right man at this critical juncture, when there are efforts to hand the colony over to America instead of encouraging them to join the Canadian Confederation. It seems absolute madness to think even of giving up our only colony & port in the Pacific. The "Zealous" has not been at Honolulu, & we were grieved to hear sad accounts fm Mr Booker of the Church affairs there. The long standing difference between the English Consul Mr Wodehouse, & the Bishop,[171] have

(169) Arthur Farquhar, son of Rear-Admiral Sir Arthur Farquhar, entered the Navy in 1829 and was commissioned lieutenant in 1840 for his services in the *Princess Charlotte* during operations on the coast of Syria. Promoted to the rank of commander in 1844, he commanded the *Albatross* on the coast of Africa, and in 1849 was promoted to the rank of captain for his putting-down of pirates in the Borneo seas. In 1854 he was given command of the *Malacca*, on the North American and West Indies station, and in 1866 became a rear-admiral, serving as Commander-in-chief, Pacific station, from November 1869 to July 1873, when he returned home with the rank of vice-admiral. In 1878 he was raised to the rank of admiral and made Commander-in-Chief in the *Royal Adelaide* at Devonport, which post he held until his retirement in 1880. He was made a K.C.B. in 1886 and died on January 29, 1908, in his 93rd year. For further details *see* the obituary in the London *Times*, January 31, 1908, p. 4.

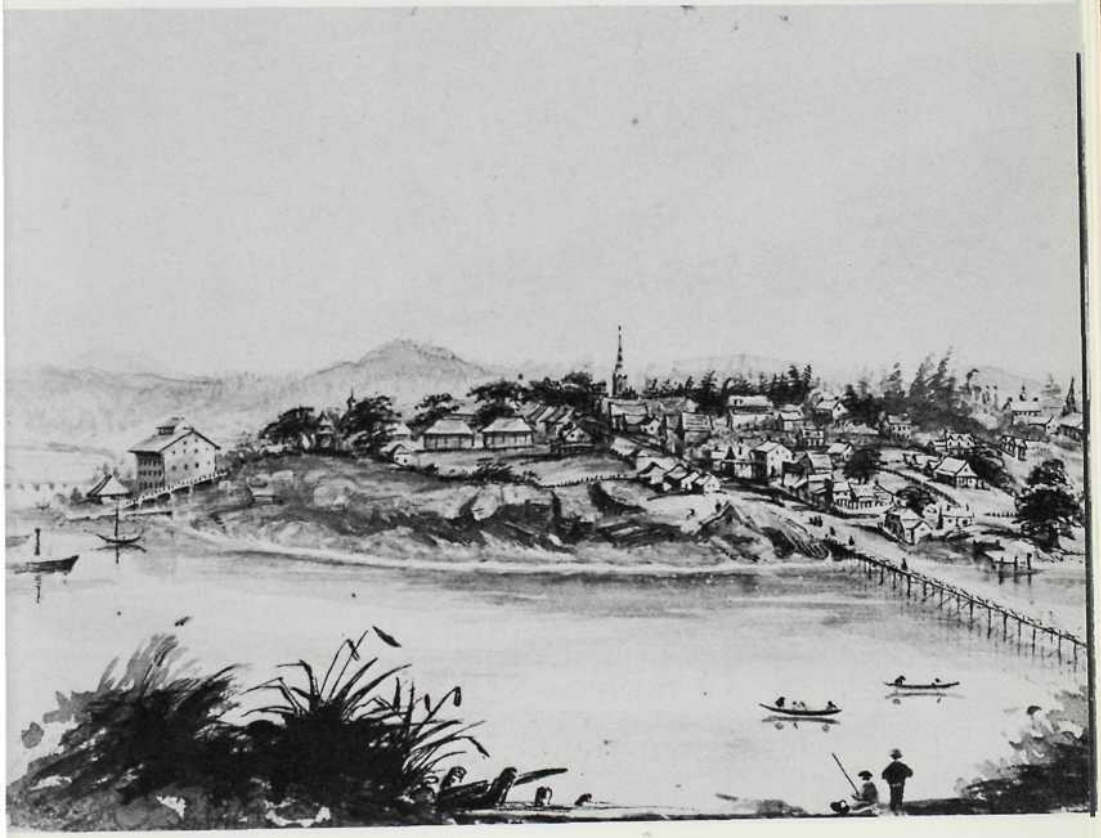
(170) Stuart Hamilton Rickman, commissioned sub-lieutenant in 1862 and lieutenant in 1864, served in the Channel Squadron and on the North Atlantic and West Indies station before his appointment to the *Zealous* in 1869. He became a commander in 1873, after the *Zealous* returned home, and retired in 1891 with the rank of captain, dying on May 7, 1913, at the age of 69 (London *Times*, May 9, 1913, p. 1). He was the brother-in-law of Admiral Farquhar, who in 1851 had married the daughter of Mr. S. P. Rickman.

(171) The Rev. Dr. Thomas Nettleship Staley, Bishop of Honolulu from 1862 to 1870, when he resigned his office. He was a "Reformed Catholic" in matters of doctrine and ceremonial, and therefore came under criticism not only from the American missionaries but also from other Episcopalians, such as Major James Hay Wodehouse, a graduate of Oxford (1847) and an officer in the Norfolk militia, who was appointed Consul General for the Hawaiian Islands in 1866 (*Foreign Office List for 1901*, p. 222). For one account of the religious difficulties in Honolulu *see* Rufus Anderson, *History of the Sandwich Islands Mission*, Boston, Congregational Publishing Society, 1870, pp. 304–306, which speaks of Staley's "indiscreet and reckless" hostility to the American mission; and for a more sympathetic view *see* Andrew Forest Muir, "George Mason, Priest and Schoolmaster," *BCHQ*, XV (1951), pp. 50–51, which attributes Staley's resignation to the "unabated harassing" of the local Calvinist missionaries from New England. Ralph S. Kuykendall, *The Hawaiian Kingdom 1854–74*, Honolulu, 1953, p. 98, sums it all up as a "violent and unedifying controversy."

VICTORIA, VANCOUVER ISLAND, IN 1861

The artist was the wife of H. P. P. Crease, appointed Attorney-General of British Columbia in 1861, and the daughter of Dr. John Lindley, who placed a set of her Victoria sketches in the London International Exhibition of 1862 and permitted some of them to be used, anonymously, as the basis of illustrations in R. C. Mayne's *Four Years in British Columbia and Vancouver Island*, London, 1862. They are now in the Provincial Archives of British Columbia.

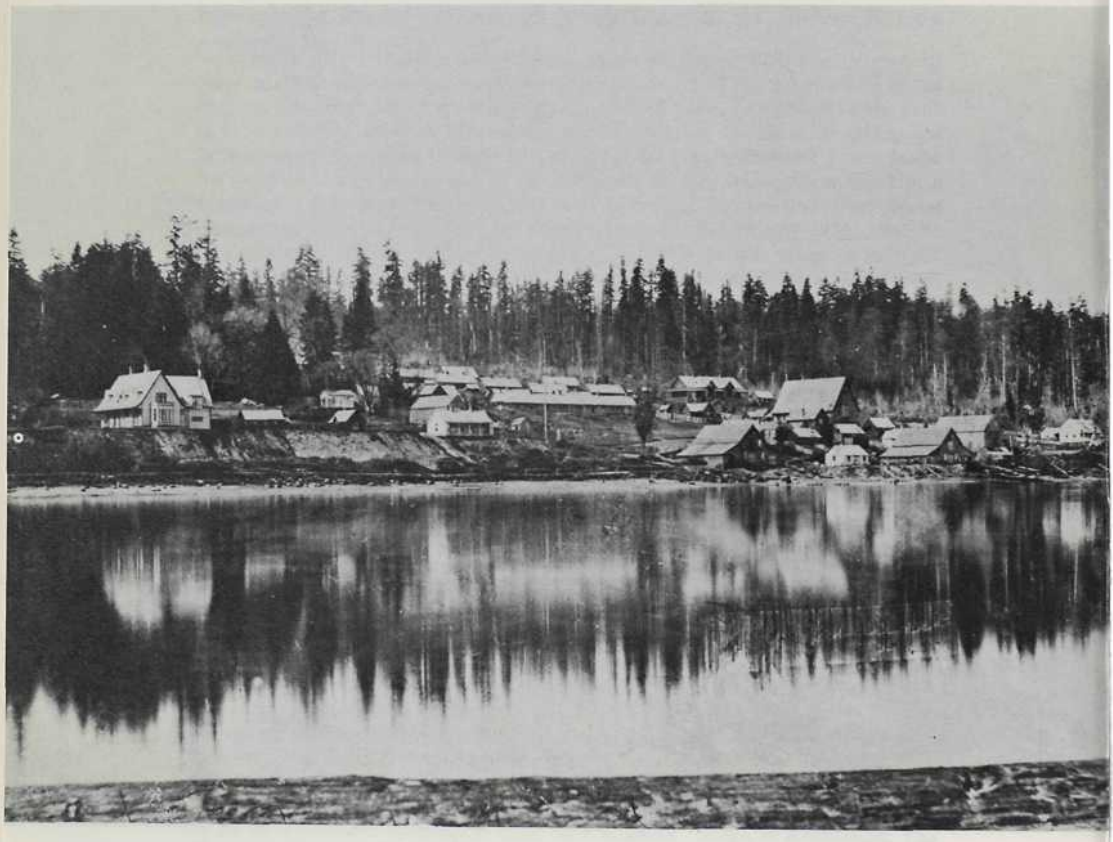
—From a water-colour sketch of October 1860, by Sarah Crease



THE ROYAL ENGINEERS' CAMP NEAR NEW WESTMINSTER IN 1861

At the extreme left is the house erected in 1859–60 for Colonel R. C. Moody, who occupied it until November 1863 when he took the detachment back to England. On the arrival of Governor Frederick Seymour in the spring of 1864 a wing was added, and the structure then served as Government House until in 1868 the capital of the united colonies was moved to Victoria. At the extreme right is "the very pretty little house" [*see* p. 65] of Captain and Mrs. J. M. Grant.

—From a photograph by F. G. Claudet in the Provincial Archives of British Columbia



YALE IN THE 1860'S

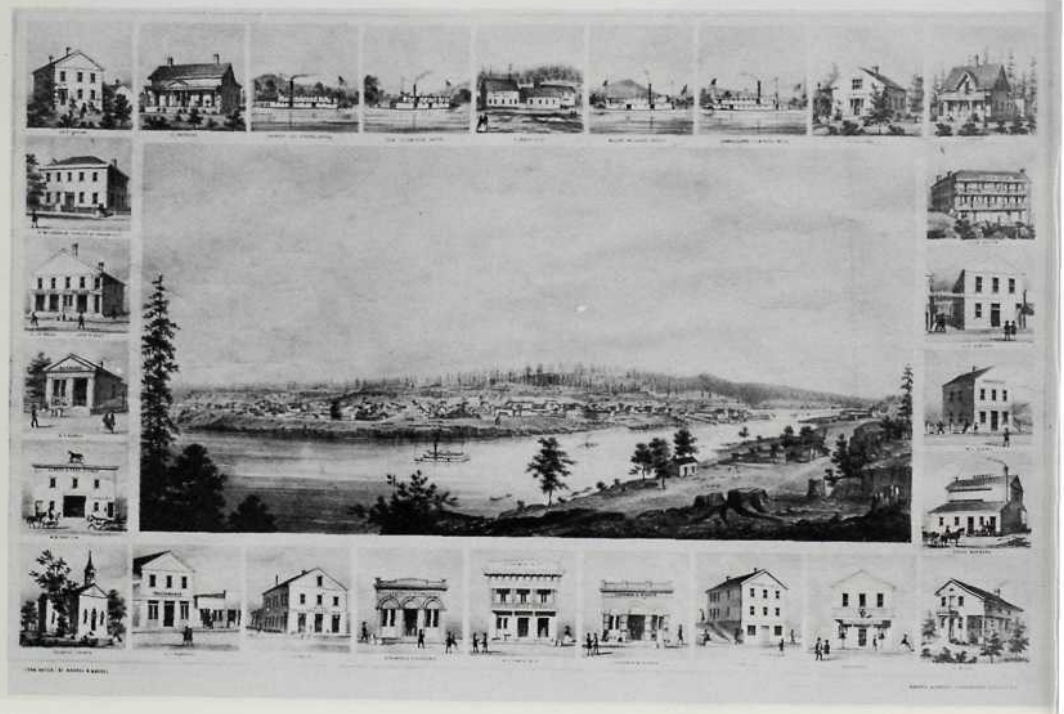
The Fraser Canyon, through which Lady Franklin and her niece were taken in a canoe [*see* p. 56], may be seen in the background at the right of the picture.

—From a photograph by F. G. Claudet in the Provincial Archives of British Columbia

OREGON CITY IN 1858

Both the picture itself and some of the surrounding vignettes illustrate the type of river steamer on which Lady Franklin and her niece went up the Columbia River as far as the Cascades [*see* p. 85].

—From a lithograph by Kuchel & Dresel in the collection of the Oregon Historical Society, by whose kind permission it is reproduced here



SAN FRANCISCO IN 1866

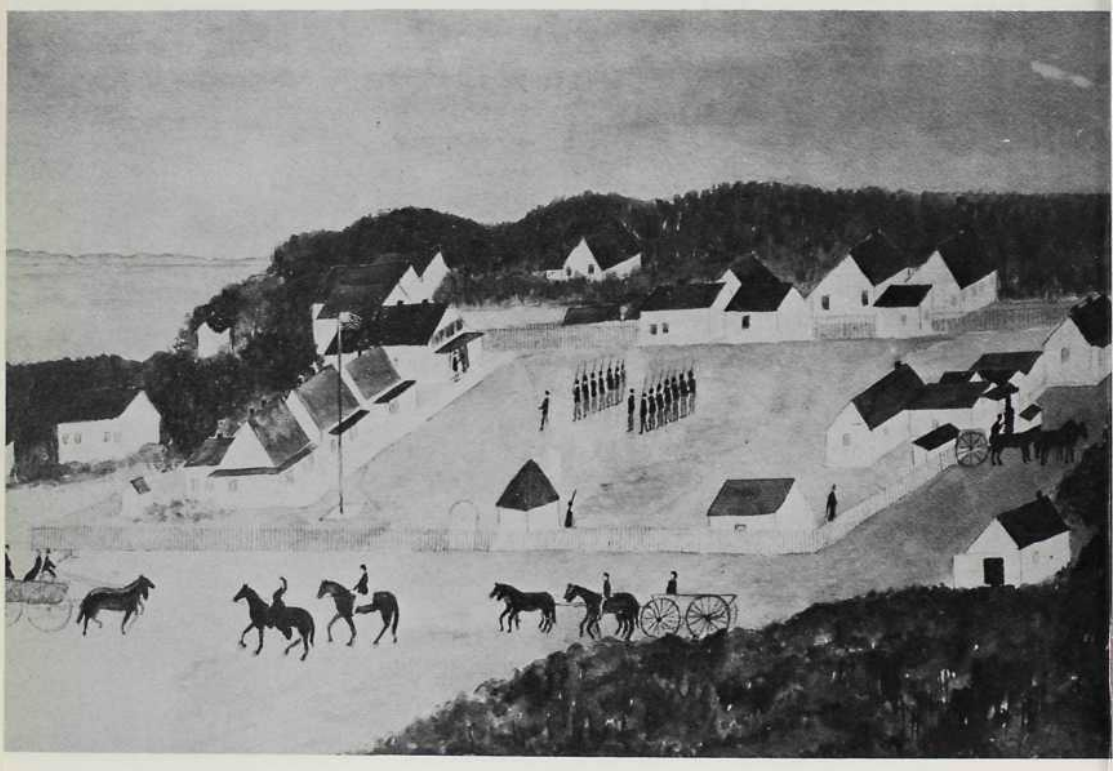
This is No. 133 in a set of "Album & Stereoscopic Views of California Scenery" and looks south over the city from Market Street at the corner of Montgomery Street. Miss Cracroft thought that Market Street had "a very Whitechapel look about it, with the gaudy advertising boards at every step" [*see* p. 99].

—From a photograph by Lawrence & Houseworth in the Provincial Archives of British Columbia

THE AMERICAN CAMP ON SAN JUAN ISLAND *c.* 1870

The photographer, the artist, and the present whereabouts of this primitive contemporary sketch are unknown.

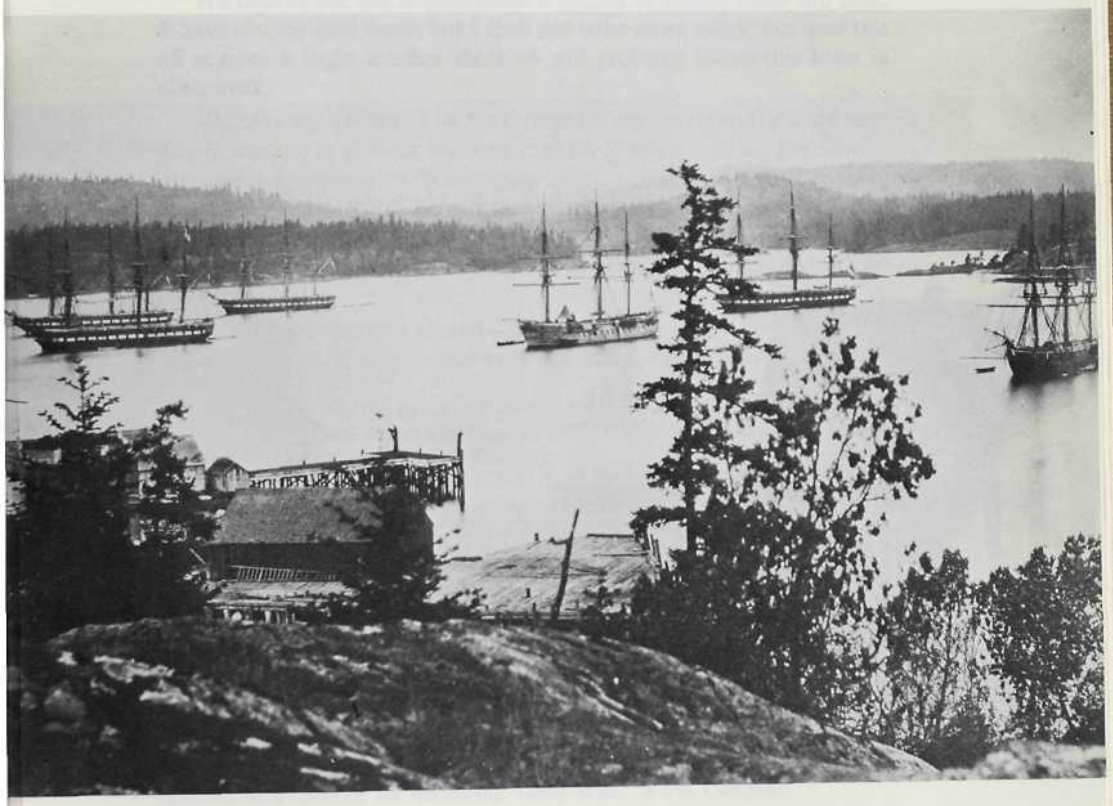
—From a photograph in the Provincial Archives of British Columbia



THE FLYING SQUADRON IN ESQUIMALT HARBOUR, 1870

When the six warships of the Flying Squadron entered Esquimalt Harbour on May 15, 1870, they found already anchored there several vessels of the Pacific Squadron, including the flagship HMS *Zealous* and HMS *Charybdis*, both of which had been in the harbour when Lady Franklin and her niece arrived there on April 29, 1870, in USS *Newbern* [*see* p. 114]. *Zealous* is shown in the centre of the photograph and *Charybdis* at the far right. For the identification, *see* Plate 26 in Barry M. Gough, *The Royal Navy and the Northwest Coast of North America, 1810–1914*, University of British Columbia Press, 1971; and *see also The Cruise Around the World of the Flying Squadron, 1869–70*, London, 1871, where this Dally photograph is reproduced as a coloured lithograph.

—From a photograph by Frederick Dally in the Provincial Archives of British Columbia



SITKA, ALASKA

Richard Maynard's diaries [*MS*, Newcombe Collection, PABC] indicate that this photograph was taken in the summer of either 1882 or 1887; but it well illustrates Miss Cracroft's description of Sitka in 1870, looking from the wharf toward "the Greek Church standing in the middle of the road" [*see* p. 136]. Comparison with a sketch in her Sitka Journal, taken from the same vantage point [*MS*, Scott Polar Research Institute] makes clear that Lady Franklin's party occupied the upper story of the second house on the left; and "the side window of our drawingroom which has a very cheerful view down the main street" is still to be seen in the photograph.

—From a photograph by R. Maynard in the Provincial Archives of British Columbia

developed into open warfare, & our friend Lord Chas Hervey[172] takes a very strong part against the Bishop. It is tantalising to know now, that Ld Charles was in the steamer we spoke 3 days before reaching S. Francisco on his way home by Panama. Mr Booker has a letter fm the Bishop wh gives a miserable statement of the whole affair wh is most damaging to the Mission. The Bishop is also going home to make explanations &c, and it seems only too likely that the Mission will come to an end altogether. The Bishop has asked Mr Booker not to forward any more letters to him, so he may arrive here any day. It appears that Q.Emma also has been turned against him, and that instead of a welcome, there was not even courtesy shewn him on his arrival at Honolulu.

We hear of our old acquaintance & friends of former times still here, & have already seen some, but I shall not write more today, but send this off at once & begin another sheet wh will probably follow this letter in abt a week.

We have not yet heard fm Mr Grinnell & cannot do so for some days yet, in answer to a letter we sent him fm Panama. There has been a newspaper paragraph fm Washington lately, saying that Hall[173] is going to try to reach the North Pole, & that he will be accompanied by *Admiral Grinnell!* meaning by this, Walton, the boy Admiral of the Japanese Navy, but who is no longer in their service. We shall know the truth fm Mr Grinnell.

We find Mr Booker altered—thinner & more grey. But he is just the same friend as ever. Our *very* old friend James Maconochie[174] is

(172) Presumably the Rev. Lord Charles Amelius Harvey (1814–80), fifth son of the 1st Marquess of Bristol and Vicar of Great Chesterford, Essex. *See Burke's Peerage,* and *Crockford's Clerical Directory,* 1868.

(173) Charles Francis Hall (1821–71), of Cincinnati, had already, with the strong encouragement of Grinnell, led two expeditions in search of Franklin: the first in 1860–62; the second involving a residence among the Eskimos from 1864 to 1869. The object of Lady Franklin's visit to America in 1870 was to try to persuade Hall "to help in another search in King Wm Island & the parts adjacent for the recovery of the documents, under one of the bravest & ablest of English Arctic officers." But Hall had set his heart on an expedition to the North Pole, and although Lady Franklin had two meetings with him in the summer of 1870 he refused to alter his plans. He did promise "to return to King William Land after the North Pole expedition—on which, in November 1871, he died." *See* Woodward, *Portrait of Jane,* pp. 354 and 358; and for Hall's three expeditions *see* J. E. Nourse, *American Explorations in the Ice Zones,* Boston, 1884.

(174) Probably James W. Maconachie, listed in the 1869 San Francisco directory as a collector for the Spring Valley Water Works Company.

married! she is said to be a very nice person, with but one drawback, that she is a Roman Catholic. They are living here but he is not a rising man—from no fault whatever for he is a most excellent fellow in every way, but that he is not one who can go ahead like a Yankee. Also Dr Walker of the Fox[175] is here, a surgeon in the American Army. But of all these I shall write in my next. Ever my dearest ones, your most affte

Sophia Cracroft

(175) David Walker (1837–1917), a native of Belfast (C. R. Markham, *The Arctic Navy List,* 1875), is said to have graduated from the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland at the age of 19 (*Colonist,* Dec. 6, 1913) and served without pay as surgeon, naturalist, and photographer in the *Fox,* 1857–59 (F. L. McClintock, *The Voyage of the "Fox" in the Arctic Seas,* London, 1859, p. 8). In 1862 he went out to British Columbia as "a private naturalist" (Walker to Dr. Hooker, Nov. 6, [1862], Kew Archives, Vol. 104, Letter 223), intending "to prosecute the study of natural history and to make collections in the Colony" (*see* the letter of introduction from the Duke of Newcastle to Governor James Douglas, June 9, 1862). Walker told Dr. Hooker that he was to "go out as medical officer to a ship sailing about the 5th Decr." and it seems likely that this was the *Rising Sun,* which sailed from Liverpool on December 22, 1862, and arrived at Victoria on June 10, 1863, one "Dr. Walcott" being in the passenger list (*Colonist,* June 11, 1863). Dr. Walker was "at once seized with the Gold Fever and hurried up to Cariboo," but he lost all the money he had brought from England and was thus unable to devote himself to collecting (Walker to Dr. Hooker, May 1, 1865, Kew Archives, Vol. 104, Letter 224). That summer he lectured to the miners on the search for Franklin, at a dollar a head (Peter O' Reilly, diary, entries for August 27–29, and cash account); the following winter found him in Victoria, practising as a physician and surgeon, compiling meteorological observations at the observatory, and again lecturing on the search for Franklin (*Colonist,* December 21 and 23, 1863; April 6, 1864). On May 4, 1864, he applied to the committee organizing the Vancouver Island exploration party, proposing himself as "Commander, Surveyor, Mineralogist, and Naturalist" (*see* his letter of application, Robert Brown Collection). He was not accepted, and he then joined the short-lived gold excitement at Leech River (*Colonist,* August 24, 1864). In September 1864 he was engaged by the Government to go with William Duncan to Metlakatla, as surgeon to three Indians wounded in a fracas aboard a sloop selling liquor to the natives (*Colonist,* September 7, 13, 15, and 17, 1864; Edmund Verney to Joseph Denman, October 31, 1864, Navy Correspondence—HMS *Grappler*). He returned to Victoria on October 21, 1864 (*Colonist,* October 22, 1864), and appears to have left the colony soon after, still without having commenced any natural history collection (Walker to Dr. Hooker, May 1, 1865). On February 16, 1865, he joined the U.S. Army as Acting Assistant Surgeon in the District of Oregon, and he served until July 1, 1877, his last posting being in California (information from National Archives and Records Service, Washington, D.C.). In 1887 he moved to Portland, Oregon (*Colonist,* December 6, 1913), where he died on May 11, 1917 (New York *Times,* May 12, 1917).

[*The following postscript is appended to a letter to "My dearest Mother," dated "April 10, 1870. Steamer 'Colorado' between Panama & S. Francisco."*]

San Francisco. April 16.

After all I have delayed my letter, & must now finish this at the latest date. It is of no use to long for home letters as they cannot come yet, and all we can do, is to search eagerly thro' the English papers with wh Mr Booker kindly furnishes us. All I can at present say is, continue to write to us to the care of

W. L. Booker Esqre
H. B. Majestys Consul
San Francisco

Will you kindly let Louisa know that we have arrived, & that my Aunt is quite well, & that she shall hear as soon as ever we know from Mr Grinnell about Hall. And please say that all letters must come to S. Francisco until I say anything to the contrary.

This miserable state of things in the Sandwich Isds has put an end to my Aunts half formed idea of running down to Honolulu for a few days as there are now regular steamers besides the sailing packets. She thinks everyone will be vexed at our being so near & not paying them a visit—but as things now seem to stand, we do not wish to be mixed up with these dreadful & very serious differences.

This place has of course greatly changed & encreased since we were here; and the houses have exceedingly improved. There are some, as handsome looking as you see anywhere, especially the hotels—but the incongruities still exist—there is plenty of plank pavement even in the chief streets i.e. on the "side walks" as the footways are called. We are in the centre (or close to it) of the tide[?] & bustle—but the street we pass into fm our house (Market St, one of the chief & the longest st in S. Francisco) has a very Whitechapel look abt it, with the gaudy advertising boards at every step, on each side, fixed agst the shop doors & also hanging from the lamp posts. The Americans are great in the matter of these advertising boards, and I look at a most astounding one, fm the corner of the restaurant room where I am at breakfast. It is a board covered with a picture, abt 20 feet high, on the top of the roof a man's head, with his mouth stretched wide & shewing his teeth—! the colouring, black & white, with gorgeous red cheeks [sketch].

Many of the shops are exceedingly handsome with enormous plate glass windows, & a handsome display. There are horse railways through the principal streets, and there is the same odious untidiness as in former

times, the side pavements as well as the roadway, being littered with scraps of paper, wh the wind often blows up in your face. As yet, we have only walked abt a little (carriage hire being enormous) but when we go farther, the changes will I dare say be still more apparent. There is plenty of the old rough pavement yet left, & the general colouring is sombre as formerly, the more solid houses being coated with brown cement, these are mixed up with the old wooden houses of the early days.

We have been into a shop for Japanese things—the owner came up to serve us, and almost immedly said "This is not your first visit here—I saw you here some years ago. You are Mrs Franklin, aren't you?" The consequence was that he let us have things very much reduced fm the price originally asked. The same thing happened in the next shop—the man said he remembered my Aunt having come here, tho' he never saw her; and I have been so amused this morng to see that the owner of a horse to run today, has changed its name to "Lady Franklin".

You cannot think how useful my old letters are dearest Mother, in recalling people & events; we really shd have been remiss in recollecting but for them, tho' several are missing wh would have helped as much as those we have here. Yesterday, Mr Forbes,[176] one of the chief merchants here followed us into a shop & recalled himself to us. He is a Pacific Mail Co Director, & was excessively civil & liberal when we were here; but I am sorry to say that his special share in this wd have been forgotten, without we had read of it again in my old letters.

And now my dearest ones I must finish and send this off, promising another letter very shortly, which will be more entertaining than this perhaps, as our voyage fm Panama was certainly a most uninteresting one. Mrs Earle too as well as other friends shall have letters from here within a few days. I know you will not lose a post in sending my letter to dearest Emma, so that independantly of other reasons, she may not forward any more letters to other parts. We have exquisitely beautiful weather—the sunshine most brilliant.

Ever my dearest ones, your most affte

Sophia Cracroft

Nucleus Hotel. San Francisco.
April 15. 1870.

My dearest ones

I now begin a journal letter fm this place & I hope it will prove more entertaining than my last cd have been. I have already in that letter

(176) Probably one of the partners of Forbes Brothers (Alexander and Charles) & Co., importers and commission merchants.

however, said a few words as to our first impressions of the changes during the last 8 years since we left California. The population is more cosmopolitan than ever. The Irish element is almost as unmistakeable as the Chinese & the Jewish is not less remarkable. These last are principally I believe from Germany, so the money getting qualities are well developed. What a future (socially speaking) this country has! All the incongruities exist as before, & are perhaps only more startling than they were. The immense sign boards over the shops, sometimes covering all the spaces between the windows when the inside is subdivided; next to this vulgarity is perhaps a really fine house with enormous plate glass windows. Occasionally, there are huge painted banners suspended across the street—for instance there are now some giants & dwarfs exhibiting, & their portraits are represented in this coarse way. I think the European eye is most taken by the excessive lightness of the vehicles —the wheels, as compared with ours, seem as if made of wire, & even the 2 seated gigs (as we call them) are perched upon 4 wheels.

But to a lover of common honesty, nothing can be more startling than the systematic cheating carried on by means of the dearth or absolute want of small currency. The commonest small coin is 10 cents. The omnibuses charge 6 cents each person, but you must pay *10,* because there is no coin low enough in value, to give the right change. There is absolutely *no* 4, 3, 2, or 1 cent coin (the value of the cent is a halfpenny)—there is a 5 cent piece, but they are rarely seen. Here is what happened today to Lawrence. He carried a letter for me in the morng to be posted for Wisconsin, postage 3 cents, in payment for wh he gave a 10 cent piece. The receiver turned off to some one else & when Lawrence said "Where is my change?" replied "I have no change —I can give you 2 stamps if you like?" wh of course Lawrence took. There are no stamps lower than 3 cents, so he recd 2 making 6 cents, & leaving 1 cent unaccounted for. In the eveng he took my last home letter to the P. Office, & on enquiring the postage, was told *10 cents.* He took out his 6 cents of stamps & gave another 10 cent piece to be changed—when to his surprise, the official rejected it & said "That will do—6 cents is enough." Lawrence remonstrated, fearing some mistake, but the man reiterated that "6 cents would do" altho' he had asked *10.* And sure enough in telling this to Mr Booker, we learned that 6 cents was the right postage! Imagine such a thing with us, as a P. Office official pocketing 2d by overcharging postage! In the matter of the omnibuses I believe *some* deduction is inevitable, as if you buy tickets, say 6 or 8 at once, there is no change small enough.

Monday April 18.

Certainly the Americans escape restraint to the utmost. Nothing was so striking in the services of yesterday, as the vagaries of the congregation in the way of sitting down when they shd stand, & the few who really knelt. They bend forward & that is all. The men stand certainly, but the women hardly ever. In the Psalms, Te Deum, & the singing, there were whole pews full around us, seated. Then the singing is "conducted" by professionals in the gallery—2 women & 2 men, & the congregation listen. I am not speaking of a chanted service, but an ordinary one. All the ladies wear hats. But the evening service was the most peculiar. The Easter "Festival of the Sunday School" was held in each Episcopal Church at eveng service, & was the most extraordinary mixture of exhibition with worship, you can imagine. The children were all seated on the front benches before the altar, the infant scholars up to the very Communion Table; mostly without even the tiny (cheese plate) hat common to nearly all. We were in good time, but soon found that the service had begun, & that it was entirely special. The children were singing a hymn, very well, under the leadership of one of the clergymen, who (in his surplice) beat time in the most energetic way, waving his arms, outspread, and exactly like the conductor of an orchestra. A lesson was read, & there was an address, and a prayer, singing between each; & then came the thoroughly incongruous proceeding of giving a bouquet of flowers to each child. This was alluded to in the address—the scholars were reminded that the *bo*quets they wd receive, typified the Ressurrection. They were called up in classes, & the 2 clergymen standing by the Communion Table (on wh together with part of the Reredos, the *bo*quets were deposited) presented them, being assisted by 3 smartish young ladies. It was like a scene in a play, & it wound up with a hymn sung to "God Save the Queen." Imagine English children having to be paraded up to the Communion Table in face of a congregation! But shyness in the very smallest degree, is a thing unknown to an American child—the girls especially.

We are seeing many of our old friends here—Mr Johnston one of the most agreeable & gentlemanlike Americans I have ever known—so intelligent, & fair, & candid, & a good English Conservative! He has been again today & has talked so sensibly upon the Irish Church Bill[177]

(177) The *Irish Church Act, 1869* (22 & 23 Vict. c. 42) by which the Establishment of the Church of Ireland was abolished. By section 21 of this Bill it was enacted that after January 1, 1871, the Ecclesiastical Courts should cease to exist, and that the ecclesiastical laws of Ireland, except in so far as related to matrimonial causes and matters, should cease to exist as law.

winding up with "and what has been gained by it?" He, as many of the most sensible Americans do, dislikes the Irish, and feels that in America, they are a formidable power in the State, & to be dreaded on acct of their combination by means of their priests. It is a fact, that in elections (no matter for what) the Irish vote *as one man*—whereas all other nationalities, (German, French, English, Americans) are divided, & vote as individuals, according to their personal predilections. Their animosity to the Chinese is excessive, because their own wages are lowered by the abundance of labour thus introduced—& moreover, many employ the Chinese in preference to all others. They are orderly, active, clean, good cooks, & generally well conducted. Many have risen in business here & are most highly esteemed for their good faith & probity. The great drawback is, that a heathen element is thereby introduced, but Mr Johnston says that even this is working for good, inasmuch as many of them attend Sunday Schools; learn to read & in some cases have professed Christianity—but of course this is early to witness any tangible results.

I think I mentioned in my first letter fm this place, that James Maconochie had married. She is American, from the South, but the great drawback is that she is a R. Catholic. Personally, Mr Booker told us, she was a most charming excellent girl in every way, & now that we have seen her, we can fully believe that it is so. She is almost pretty, and has a sweet, as well as lively expression. They have a little girl of 14 months whom they adore, & on James's first visit to us, Mr Booker, being here at the time, demanded of "Mac" how it was he hadn't brought the baby! A strange thing happened—a few days before the Macs had been into the country (they crossed by the ferry to Oaklands) & had a walk on unbroken:up land, on wh there was the brushwood, called the Poison Oak. She did not even touch it, but was nevertheless thoroughly poisoned —her face & eyes were swollen up, and she had a pretty general eruption. It made her quite ill, and affected her eyes especially; so she has been unable to leave the house until today and is still unable to use her eyes fm weakness.

Tuesday 19th

Besides Mr Booker, the Macs, & Mr Johnston, we had also a visit from Mr Babcock, who (with his wife) was very kind to us in 1861; he is another gentlemanlike American—& a thorough Churchman too—*they* are decidedly the best class of men, we have always found—upright & candid, & in fact on a level with their class elsewhere.

We are quite disappointed to find that we cannot go to the Chinese Theatre; where it was once possible for ladies to go. But Mr Booker's enquiries have settled it against us. Only conceive how strange it must be—(like everything else abt these queer races)—Mr Booker went to a play, or rather a bit of it—wh represented a history of the nation. It lasted *6 weeks,* and was going on every day fm 2 P.M. to 8 A.M. the next morng—then there was a pause of 6 hours, until 2 P.M. They have battles represented; and tumbling, & others [*sic*] queer things, with most magnificent dresses. It wd have been a wonderful sight for us.

Wednesday 20th We have been this morng to Oaklands [Oakland]—across the Bay—reached by a ferry, and the terminus of the Pacific Railway.[178] Dr Walker came for us, in order to shew us the "Pullman Cars" as they are called—meaning the sleeping and saloon cars wh are engaged by people crossing to the other side of the Continent by a man named Pullman.[179] They were described to us as the height of luxury, & so they are in the American sense—i.e. made fine with carved wood & pictures—& we hope they are clean—but *we* have no fancy to share an immense car with I dare say a hundred people, lying either upon the usual seats (made up into beds) or on a shelf above between 5 & 6 feet fm the floor. There are sections divided off for 2 or 4 persons, & we must take one of the latter for our night travelling which is certainly inevitable, however we may try to break the long journey. I was much disturbed to see that in the sleeping car, wh is turned into a saloon by day, there is a kind of barrel organ, with wh I fear we shall be inflicted. Besides this *Palace Car,* there is a restaurant attached to the train, wh if the food be tolerable, will be a great boon, by saving the hurry of eating at the stations.

My Aunt was evidently recognised today, & a man came up to Lawrence & asked if it was she—expressing his surprise "as she was not heralded!"

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(178) The transcontinental railroad was completed in 1869 by the junction of the Central Pacific, which built eastward from San Francisco, and the Union Pacific, which built westward from Omaha. (Robert Glass Cleland, *From Wilderness to Empire,* New York, 1947, pp. 314–318).

(179) After his successful conversion of two ordinary railway coaches to sleeping-cars, George M. Pullman (1831–97) built in 1863 the first of the cars which have since borne his name, at a cost of $18,000.

There is an immensely long wooden pier projected from the railway station, & the railway carriages go down to the ferry boat, wh carries the passengers to S. Francisco; the passage across being about 20 minutes long.

After we had inspected the Pul[l]man Cars, we put ourselves into a horse omnibus on a tramway which carried us perhaps 2 miles, and back again past nursery gardens & country houses standing back fm the road. Two large houses standing in gardens, were pointed out by Dr Walker, as the "College"[180] for girls & for boys—they are not only quite separate, but some distance apart.

Oakland is a sort of Twickenham to San Francisco—a rural town, or very large village with a nucleus of shops, outside of wh are roads at right angles, bordered with the houses in their gardens. It takes its name fm the oaks with wh it is lightly timbered in a natural state; and there is besides in some parts left uncultivated, a low brushwood, also oak, but highly poisonous—I have already mentioned this.

On our return, in the ferry boat, a gentleman accosted us, giving his name as Southworth, & we recollected him as the brother of a fellow passenger in our voyage of 1860. But you have not given me the letter in which he is mentioned. I saw that others knew my Aunt also, & I heard people tell one another "That's the Lady"—people are very apt to address her as "lady"—without her name unless it be "Mrs Franklin."

We got home abt 3, and soon after started again for some shopping, and going in the street cars there & back. Lawrence manages all this for us, selecting the right one, & stopping it, and telling us when to get out.

We have had a visit from Miss Wundenberg, whom we knew as a young girl in the Sandwich Isds where her father was many years agent to Mr Wyllie[181] & lived on his estate at Hanalei in Kauai. They have an admirable English mother (he is Hanoverian) & this (2nd) daughter

(180) Presumably the College of California. Founded at Oakland as a college school by Henry Durant, it was incorporated as a college in 1855. When the University of California was created in 1868 the college made a gift of its property and became a College of Letters in the University. (H. H. Bancroft, *History of California*, Vol. VII, 1860–90 [*Works*, San Francisco, 1890, Vol. XXIV], p. 392.) University instruction began in Oakland in 1869 and was transferred to the Berkeley site in 1873.

(181) Robert Crichton Wyllie (1798–1865) served as British pro-consul at Honolulu, 1844–45, and as Foreign Minister of the Sandwich Islands from 1845 until his death. For further details *see* Korn, *The Victorian Visitors*, pp. 292–295.

seems a *very* nice girl. They have left Honolulu a year & a half, & the father has been attacked by paralysis wh has affected his mind. They live at Vallejo, & this daughter has a day school.

Thursday 21st We had a visit this morng from an old friend Captn Fletcher who commanded the St Louis in which we came here first. He has been very ill, & I went & sat with him in the carriage. Also, Mrs Babcock called—still so pretty. They were very civil to us when we were here before, & we have accepted an invitation to dine with them tomorrow. Dr Walker also called, & it is finally arranged that we are to have a passage in a steamer hired by the Govt to carry some troops to the military posts higher up the coast. We are to touch at Victoria, so we shall see the Admiral again, wh we little thought of doing when we saw him on the day of our own arrival. We are to coal at Nanaimo on Vancouver Island (a place we have not seen) and I shall write from there if we find that the doing so will give you another letter the quicker. There is no object in crossing to N.York yet, because Hall is moving heaven & earth to get the command of an expedn to reach the North Pole (if they can do so) for wh Congress has voted $100,000. Until that point is settled, it is of no use attempting to see him. Mr Grinnell thinks it doubtful if he will get the command, as Dr Hayes[182] who was with Dr Kane, is trying hard for it. Mr Grinnell writes that Sylvia is much better & will be at home again in 2 or 3 months.

Our home letters will follow & meet us, as there is now very frequent communication with the northern ports. Dr Walker is an Army Surgeon, & thus has been the negotiating party, in arranging for our going in this steamer—quite a special opportunity—the favor being most readily & kindly granted by the Quarter Master General here. We shall write to Louisa fm Victoria, so my Aunt wd rather you did not tell her in the meantime. In a few days we shall have your first letters addressed here, besides those we missed at Valparaiso in so painfully tantalising a way. My Aunt wishes also that Louisa shd not know of our intention to travel by the Pacific Railway, less she shd fidget about it. We have already one letter for the Bishop residing at Salt Lake City, & are to find another waiting for us there from Bp Potter of N. York.

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(182) Dr. Isaac Israel Hayes (1832–81) was surgeon of the *Advance* under Kane on the second Grinnell expedition, 1853–55, and afterwards commanded the expedition of 1860–61. For further details *see* Nourse, *American Explorations*, Chapter V.

We have been much interested in the report of the meeting at the Hanover Sqre rooms upon the question of giving women the suffrage.[183] What a contrast in *our* way of dealing with that question to the way it is discussed & brought forward in America, where it is vulgarised as well as made ridiculous. Perhaps you have seen in the papers that 2 women have made themselves brokers in Wall St (the "City" of) N. York—and one declares herself a canditate [*sic*] for the Presidency! They have set up a newspaper in order to advocate *their* view of the rights of women, & the pretensions of Mrs Woodhall (the would be Presidentess).

Friday night April 22. We have been returning visits today, & have seen the Maconochies sweet little child, a girl, 14 months old—so pretty & clever looking—quite a remarkable child. They live in a very little house, but are most happy & devoted to each other. We called also & found her at home, on Mrs Price, who was the eldest Miss Walkinshaw, when we went to the Almaden Mines, a nice little woman, living in a very handsome house. The weather was most unpleasant—the wind so cold, & raising clouds of dust. We called also on Mrs Bennett (wife of Dr Bennett)[184] who is still the invalid she was, & never leaves her sofa. But she is so cheerful & good that everyone likes, or loves her. We went also to poor Captn Fletcher who has been worse since he drove here the other day. Two daughters are married to Mr Roman & Mr Wilde & there are 2 unmarried—all more or less pretty.

I am writing after a very pleasant little dinner party at Mr Babcocks. Mr Booker was there, & the Revd—Turner, who was at Honolulu, & of whom I have written already. Mr Babcock is a true Conservative. He said "I am proud of being an American, but if I were an Englishman, I shd be prouder still." And again "I am proud of being an American, but I think we have the worst govt in the world." He is an excellent & most sensible man. I was amused to hear them say of their youngest girl, who came to dessert with her fair hair combed straight (it had been made wavy, & was stiff besides) that it was à la

(183) For an account of this "great meeting in the Hanover Square Rooms on March 20th" *see* Helen Blackburn, *Women's Suffrage*, London, 1902, pp. 104–105. The meeting, presided over by the wife of Peter A. Taylor, M.P., passed a resolution moved by J. S. Mill, approving of the Bill to Remove the Electoral Disabilities of Women, which had been introduced into the House of Commons by Jacob Bright on February 16, 1870.

(184) Presumably Dr. Thomas Bennett, Dean and Professor of Principles of Medicine at Toland Medical College—the only physician of that name listed in the 1869 directory of San Francisco.

Beatrice, (meaning our Princess) an explanation wh did not reconcile her father to the change.

I shall send this off today—*April 23* & write *again in* a *few days.* The newspapers are putting false information of our movements, so you must not mind what you may see copied into English papers.

Ever my dearest ones

Yours most affte

San Francisco. Sophia Cracroft

April 23, 1870

Since ending my 2 first sheets, I find I can add another and tell you of the rather curious event of the day—namely the blowing up of a dangerous rock in this Harbour. It is called the Blossom Rock, fm the old H.M.S. "Blossom" wh was sent (under Captn Beechey) in 182*6* (I think or /27) to meet my dear Uncle on his expedn westward, fm the mouth of the Mackenzie river. A fixed date was given, after wh the Blossom was not to wait, & of course she kept to her orders—my Uncle reaching the point in his boats, a very few (I forget how few) days later! On the return of the "Blossom" from Behring St, she came into this Harbour, many a year before this great city was even contemplated, and struck against this rock, wh recd her name.[185] Of course it has

(185) HMS *Blossom,* under the command of Capt. F. W. Beechey, left England on May 19, 1825, with instructions to await in Behring Strait the arrival of the expeditions which had already been sent out under Capt. W. Edward Perry and Capt. John Franklin respectively, and to remain at the rendezvous as late in 1826 as the season would admit. He was then to pass the winter in the Sandwich Islands, and to return to the Arctic in the spring of 1827, again remaining at the rendezvous "as late in the autumn of 1827 as the season will admit." Having received no intelligence of Franklin's party by the middle of October 1826, Beechey sailed for Honolulu by way of San Francisco, which he reached early in November. The ship remained there for refit until December 28, and during her stay, says Beechey, "the boats were constantly employed sounding and surveying the harbor." It was during this survey that they "discovered a rock between Alcatrasses and Yerba Buena Islands, dangerous to both shipping and boats" (Beechey's *Narrative of a Voyage to the Pacific and Beering's Strait, to Co-operate with the Polar Expeditions: Performed in His Majesty's Ship Blossom,* London, 1831, Vol. I, pp. 388, 391). "Blossoms Rock" is so named on the "Geological Plan of the Port of San Francisco" in *The Zoology of Captain Beechey's Voyage: Compiled . . . by J. Richardson, M.D., F.R.S., &c . . . . ,* London, 1839, p. 174, cited in Bancroft, *History of California, Vol. II, 1801–1824* (*Works,* Vol. XIX, pp. 588–589); and Bancroft accepts Beechey's account, saying that he "made a careful survey of the bay, discovered and named Blossom rock." But Miss Cracroft seems to have accepted without comment a local legend that the *Blossom* struck the rock while coming into harbour. Her memory played her false also when she said that Franklin reached the rendezvous a few days after the *Blossom* had departed. Actually, when Franklin turned back at Return Reef on August 18, 1826, he was 160 miles from the most easterly point reached by a party from the *Blossom* on August 22 (Franklin's *Narrative of a Second Expedition . . . ,* 1828, pp. 163–166).

been well guarded against, since the harbour has become of importance, but to have it removed altogether has been long looked forward to, & for this preparations have been going on for some time past. A cavern in the centre was excavated, and the surrounding crust mined in every direction, & at last an enormous quantity of gunpowder was introduced, to be exploded by an electric wire.

Through Mr Bookers kindness, we went to the house of an English merchant, wh commands an admirable view; & met there, not only Mr Booker, but several other English people. It was very interesting to watch the desertion of the rock, over wh a coffer dam had been erected for the purpose of mining. First, a small steamer left, towing a non: descript, on wh was machinery & a scaffolding—leaving alongside a small boat in which Colonel Von Schmidt (the Engineer officer who has carried out the work) & an assistant, were to carry off the coil of electric wire thro' which the spark was to be conveyed, wh was to explode the whole. They had hardly reached the steamer wh was waiting for them at a safe distance when the signal gun boomed from the Fort on Alcatraz Island, and this was quickly followed by the fall of a pole on the top of the coffer dam, over which, (the pole) passed the electric wire, & there was no explosion! It was of course feared, that the experiment had failed—but in a few minutes, Col. Schmidts boat was seen to put off again; & on reaching the coffer dam over the rock, the party landed on it, and (as we now know) re:adjusted the fallen wire, wh communicated with a battery on the steamer—and the result was successful. We were watching rather, the boat, wh had once more left the rock, not expecting so immediate a result, when there was a *thud* (not very loud) & a shout from the many thousand spectators, and we saw a huge column of water & smoke with masses of rock, up in the air, subsiding into a sort of whirlpool in which black masses were tossing about; then a wide circle of white foam, into which the steamers, yachts, & boats of all sizes, which had been watching at a safe distance, immediately rushed. The depth of water over the remaining rock, cannot of course be known until soundings have been made, but no doubt the work (now so far advanced) will be completed, so as to leave ample depth for the passage over it, of large, heavily laden ships.

Mr Booker introduced all the other guests & told us we were among "thorough Britishers." Some were children, looking the very picture of rude health. Nothing offends them more, than to be called Americans. In one sense, I have no doubt they are essentially different; for

instance, before we went out to this "blowing up" event, I heard in the large open passage outside my door, the following, between a little girl & her mother *"Ma*ma—Mary says you say I am to wear my red & white frock—now I am not a going to do that"—Mama answering—"Well, you may wear your blue & white"—child "That's what I am a-going to do."

There was a Ball given in this house last night by a young lady, living in the next rooms to us, with her parents. They spoke to Chevalier[186] of their hope that my Aunt might not be much disturbed by it—"it was their daughter's party"—and Chevalier is sure that the Mother never went into the room at all—& that the Father only dodged about, outside. This however is an old & common practice—in America—I mean the parties of young people, at wh even the parents of the young hostess, never appear.

There are still fires almost every night. Last night there was one quite near to us, 3 houses burnt down. The bells rang, on the side of my Aunts room, & she heard them, without knowing what it meant. The houses are still built of wood, but it is required that the foundations be of brick, & within a certain central limit, the law requires certain walls to be of fire-proof brick.

After the explosion, we drove down to the Cliffs *outside* the Golden Gate, (as the entrance to the Harbour is called) about 7 miles, passing through ragged suburbs, with a sandy road for a street, through which there is a tramway for horse omnibuses, with a wooden "side walk". Beyond this, came the cemeteries—Episcopal, Roman Catholic, Jewish, Free:masons, Oddfellows, all separate. Then open country, with huge patches of white sand. There is a fine road however, this being the most frequented drive, leading to the Cliffs on the Pacific, and especially, to a large hotel or restaurant over hanging the sea.[187] We got out here, & walked through the houses to the verandah overhanging the sea, & fronting a cluster of rocks, famous as the resort of the largest kind of seal; and there they were sure enough, though in the blaze of afternoon sunlight we did not see them *well,*—only at the edge of the rock where they had crawled up, & were tossing their heads about, and barking loudly. Returning thro' the houses, we were met by the land-

(186) Lady Franklin's maid.

(187) According to B. E. Lloyd, *Lights and Shades in San Francisco,* San Francisco, 1876, p. 69, the celebrated Cliff House "was built and opened in 1863 by Capt. Foster, who was for many years connected with the Ocean Steamship service on this coast." The 1865 directory gives his name as Junius G. Foster.

lord, whose pleasant face seemed not unknown and who explained that when we were here before, he was the owner of the International Hotel, where we stopped. He had come to look for my Aunt, & to offer her whatever hospitality his house afforded. So, being pressed, she accepted some wine & water & biscuits. The house has no sleeping rooms, but is only for day guests, who crowd here from San Francisco. There was a large drawingroom, where no doubt people can dance if they like, as there is always a band; and numerous rooms for dinners. The landlord, Mr Foster, opened a very handsome drawingroom wh he begged us to make use of. The drive home was very pleasant as we had both sun & wind behind us, instead of strongly in our faces. The colouring too was lovely, & we quite enjoyed it. The carriages are so enormously dear, that we use them as little as possible—perhaps I have already mentioned, that they [charge?] $2.50 (6/5) an hour —& the only concession ever made is $2 (4/2) the hour. So we use the tramway omnibuses.

We have heard today of Buckland, the maid whom we left here in 1861—engaged to be married, & jilted. She is now in Paris, having left this [place? country?] with a family. She was 5 years in a school as a wardrobe keeper, & her mistress speaks of her most highly—but tho' she cannot be much if at all, under 50, she is still hoping to marry, and ambitious in her way. It is very unlikely she will succeed as she is said to be very extravagant & fond of spending money; & notwithstanding the high wages she has had here, has not saved a penny. It is expected she will return to California, as she will prefer the independance she has in this country, as well as the high wages. Even the Irish girls who come here, get $20 (£4) a month, and Buckland cannot have had less than £72 a year.

We see Mr Booker every day I think, & very kind he is—sending us newspapers fm the Club &c. In the latest Pall Mall Budget, we see the death of poor Mrs Yawler—a merciful release I am sure, from what Mrs Hall told me. Your letters will be here in *less* than a week now, both those gone to Valparaiso, and the first sent to us direct here. The others sent to Valparaiso, will arrive every fortnight by the steamer fm Panama. I count the days, & make a fresh calculation abt every other day!

Ben will of course appropriate my Boston money as usual, for any expenses, or application fm Mrs Earle, as soon as Captn Young leaves Gore Lodge, Mrs Thomas's board wages will begin, to be paid weekly.

And now I must really close & send off my 2nd budget from this place. We are both quite well, but think the very keen air too exciting to suit my Aunt. We have had a very raw fog & cold wind with it, twice—changing back to bright sunshine—no rain.

Ever my dearest ones
Yours most affte
Sophia Cracroft

Steamer "Newbern". April 29, 1870.
Straits of Fuca.

My dearest ones

I told you in my last, that we were going to make a steamer excursion in a Govt vessel going with a few troops to the Northern Posts.[188] We have been 4 days at sea, & are now between Vancouvers Isd & the mainland, approaching Victoria where we hope to be in a very few hours. Our vessel is not large, & rolls excessively but she is *perfectly* clean, having been newly refitted. As there are several officers with their wives,[189] we are in rather close quarters, & my Aunt & I are on separate decks. We have 2 generals, but they are only of that rank by brevet, & are only Captns (I believe) in the Army—1 Colonel (really Captn) 1 Captn who is of much lower grade really, with his wife & family who are abt the vulgarest Americans I have seen, she is vulgarer than our scullery maids & speaks awfully thro' her nose,—so I am perpetually hearing (to her little girl) "Naw Flawrence, sed:daown"—"Flawrence, you keep quiet naw"—only you must pinch your nose well, to give the real twang.

(188) The steamer *Newbern,* 677 tons, was built at Brooklyn, New York, in 1862. In 1868 she was purchased from the U.S. Navy Department by the Secretary of War, fitted up at a cost of $102,136.09 and sent to the Pacific Coast to carry troops and supplies from San Francisco to Alaska. By the end of 1870 most of the troops had been withdrawn, and on April 4, 1871, the *Newbern* was sold by the Chief Quartermaster, Military Division of the Pacific, for $55,000. On October 14, 1893, she was wrecked in a heavy fog near San Pedro, Calif., having been for years in the Mexican trade. (Information from the National Archives and Records Service, Washington, D.C.; *Lewis & Dryden,* p. 419; *Colonist,* October 15, 1893).

(189) The passenger list of the USS *Newbern,* Capt. W. Freeman, is given in the logbook April 23–25, 1870. It includes: "Gen Ihrie & wife/Gen. Tidbald & wife and servant/Col. Woodruff & wife/Lady Franklin, courier & servant/Miss Sophia Cracroft/Capt. Smith & wife & two children/Lieut Lyle/Lieut Huggins . . . ." (Information from the National Archives and Records Service, Washington, D.C.) *Cf. also* the passenger list in the *Colonist,* April 30, 1870.

Another (much less vulgar) says "she has never went here before." Some of them speak better, but of course the twang pervades all—I mean the women especially. Col. Woodruffe [Woodruff][190] is a very nice gentlemanlike man & has a nice lively wife of whom I have seen more than the others, & as she is going to the most distant post, shall know her the best. Then there is a girl of 12 I suppose, going entirely alone, to join a sister somewhere—& of course totally unshy. Happily we have plenty of books, lent by our friends in S. Francisco.

We shall find the Flagship here, I mean at Victoria—& have a letter for the Governor[191] who is a very nice person we are told, & engaged to marry an American whose family we know very well in New York. She is daughter of Dudley Field, (a not very reputable politician) & niece of Cyrus Field, who was chiefly instrumental in bringing the first Atlantic Cable. We hope also to find here our queer friend Hankin,[192] a Lieut. in Captn Richards ship when we were here 9 years ago, who went with us up the Fraser river—then a harum:scarum fellow. He afterwards left the Service, & is now I believe *Colonial Secretary* here—an important post in which we can hardly fancy him. The Bishop, as you know, is now in England.[193] We hope to stop 24 hours here at least, wh will give us time to go up from Esquimalt harbour (where the vessels anchor) to Victoria, perhaps more than once. If I cd in any way have foreseen the possibility of this addition to our voyage, I shd have obtained fm Ben all possible information as to the money he has here, & have tried at least, if nothing cd be done towards its recovery. I shall however enquire abt Edwards' bit of land, if we see Mr Hankin, as we shall do of course if he is here.

(190) Probably to be identified with the Captain [Israel Carle?] Woodruff who in 1859 was in command of the U.S. troops serving with the Boundary Commission, and who was described by Lieut. C. W. Wilson, of the Royal Engineers, as "a very good sort of old fellow & quite a gentleman, according to English ideas, which is a rare thing amongst the Yankees that I have as yet met with" (*see* the entry for January 21, 1859, in *Mapping the Frontier: Charles Wilson's Diary . . . .*, ed. George F. G. Stanley, Toronto, 1970, p. 44).

(191) Anthony Musgrave (1828–88) succeeded Frederick Seymour as Governor of British Columbia in 1869 and served until the colony entered Confederation. He was married on June 20, 1870, in San Francisco, to Jeannie Lucinda, daughter of David Dudley Field of New York.

(192) For Philip J. Hankin *see* above, note (7).

(193) Bishop George Hills had left Victoria for England on April 21, 1869. He returned on September 7, 1871. (*Colonist*, April 22, 1870, and September 8, 1871.)

Saturday night. April 30.
Government House—Victoria—Vancouvers Island.

I certainly did not expect to write to you again from this Colony, but as I mentioned in my last, we were to touch here at the outset of our cruize, & in exactly 4 days fm San Francisco, have arrived here, having made an exceedingly fine passage. So exceptionally beautiful indeed has been the weather, that the officers of the ship declare they have never known such before, in these parts, & they must owe it to my Aunt being on board.

We found in the well remembered Harbour of Esquimalt, not only the "Zealous" but 4 other English ships of war; & very snug they looked in this beautiful Port. Within 5 minutes after anchoring, we were boarded fm the "Charybdis",[194] and the Lieut. was of course brought to us at once. We sent Lawrence off with a card to the "Zealous" wh is in a dismantled condition, & learned that the Admiral[195] was on shore—then, with a note to Mr Hankin at Victoria, and *he* came to us as soon as was possible—unaltered in most ways, but stouter. After a little talk with him, we accepted the proposal of Col. Woodruff & his wife, that we shd have a boat, to be manned by his own men, & row about the harbour, wh we did, Mr Hankin with us, & under his guidance, we landed at a little Indian settlement[196] wh had been under charge of a R. Catholic Priest. We were a lively party, as Mrs Woodruff enjoys everything, & Mr Hankin soon shewed us that he had not lost his fun. He tried to prevail upon us to go & sleep at Victoria, but we finally decided agst this on our return to the steamer, when we learned that the Admiral had sent to say that he wd come on board to see my Aunt at 8-30. He did so with his brother in law & Flag Lieut. Mr Rickman & sat some time.

Saturday April 30. Mr Hankin returned on board early this morng according to previous arrangement, & was accompanied by the Governors Private Secy & nephew, Mr Musgrave,[197] sent to invite us to stay

(194) On the Pacific station, 1869–71, under the command of Capt. Algernon McL. Lyons. Her first lieutenant was Fréderic A. Sargeaunt, who retired with the rank of captain in 1886.

(195) Admiral Arthur Farquhar. *See* above, note (169).

(196) The Oblate Fathers had been established at Esquimalt since 1858 and had carried on mission work among the Indians in the vicinity. The settlement on Plumper Bay which the party from the *Newbern* visited is today an Indian reserve.

(197) Anthony Musgrave, Jr., was appointed private secretary to the Governor on August 28, 1869, and retained the position under Lieutenant-Governor Joseph W. Trutch until 1872, when he rejoined his uncle in London. (*Colonist,* August 29, 1869; August 20, 1871; and April 5, 1872.)

at Govt House, wh of course we were very glad to do. We learned too fm Mr Hankin that we conveyed to him the news of his promotion—i.e. to be a Commander on the Retired List, wh was announced to him by a note fm Captn Richards.

We landed at the Admiralty Pier, close to the Naval Club house, & found there, the carriage brought down by Mr Hankin with a spring cart for the luggage & servants who were to follow us. We found an excellent road to Victoria, distant about 4 miles, through open forest with lovely spring flowers and the lower trees, & the shrubs coming into leaf—here & there a little clearing & wooden house—then quite pretty villas, & then the Inlet running up between this promontory & Victoria. We crossed by a long wooden bridge[198] & saw plainly that the town had greatly encreased by the filling in of the streets, many of which were only laid out when we were here 9 years ago. Mr Hankin of course cd point out all the changes & we passed also the house in wh we lodged with Mr & Mrs Moses, the little black barber & his big wife.[199] During the drive, he had been reminding us of all the absurd things wh happened, & the pranks he played, when with us up the Fraser river.

The then Governor, was Sir James Douglas, who lived in his own house. So that a new Govt House has been built for his successors;[200] & here we drove, through the chief part of the town, & quite beyond it. The house stands in grounds of its own, fenced in, and at the entrance is a guard house for the very few soldiers, called the Governor's Guard.

I must tell you first abt Governor Musgrave who has been transferred here fm the Govt of Newfoundland, the ostensible ground being, as Mr Booker told us, that he is a stout partisan for the *Federation* of our North American Colonies. You know that the Canadian Provinces have already become a Confederation, & it is of course desired that Vancouver Isd & British Columbia shd join it. But there are 2 sides to the question, and the colonists feel that unless certain conditions beneficial to themselves are accepted by the greater Provinces, they, the least important, will be shelved by the union. We have arrived at an interesting moment,—viz. of the sending a Delegation to Canada, stating the conditions upon wh

(198) The first Point Ellice bridge, completed in October, 1861 (see above, note [13]), and replaced in 1872 (*Colonist,* September 8, 1872).

(199) *See* above, note (14).

(200) Cary Castle, built in 1863 on the same site as the present Government House by Attorney-General George Hunter Cary, had been made into a residence for Governor A. E. Kennedy in 1865. It was destroyed by fire in 1899. *Cf.* note (164) above.

they are willing to join the Confederation. They make 3—That a Railway be made fm New Westminster on the Fraser River to begin at this end of the line and join the Canadian Railway—That a graving dock be made at Esquimalt—and a Hospital & Lunatic Asylum be built at Victoria. If these conditions be accepted, we may still hope to keep this valuable Colony, instead of letting it fall into the hands of the Americans. I cd write pages on this subject—it makes us so indignant that our Govt can accept even as a *possibility,* the loss of our only possession on this side of the Pacific, with its enormous advantages. Esquimalt has one of the finest harbours in the world—It is the only one to the north of San Francisco—the climate most healthy, with the means of providing all the necessaries of life. Moreover, it is the western coast of our magnificent American territory, which is in fact considerably larger than all the United States, with magnificent land, forests, rivers and mines, not only of metal, but of coal. Also, it is thro' this huge territory, that the natural route for a 2nd railway is to be found—and already, not one other railway, but *2* are in contemplation by our go-ahead cousins—one to the southward of the actual one, and another to the northward of which the terminus will be in Washington Territory. It will be disastrous if we do not take advantage of admitted necessity & have our own line, with a terminus, on the *north* of Puget Sound, instead of in Washington Territory on the *south* side of the Sound. Moreover the preliminary surveys made it evident that the most favorable part for crossing the Rocky mountains, is in British Territory, where exists a Pass at comparatively low elevation.[201] It is quite certain, that there is to be a coach road between Canada & British Columbia, but the railway is the thing wanted,[202] on account of giving facilities for transport of produce & encouragement to settlers.

To return to the Delegates—they are Mr Trutch, Surveyor general,—Dr Helmkin [Helmcken] whom we remember as a son in law of Sir

(201) During the summer of 1858 the expedition under Capt. John Palliser had explored a number of passes through the Rocky Mountains, one of these being the Kicking Horse Pass later adopted by the Canadian Pacific Railway for the transcontinental line. *See* Irene M. Spry, *The Palliser Expedition,* Toronto, 1963 [ie., 1964], chap. 12–14.

(202) The provisional terms of union taken to Ottawa by the British Columbia delegation in May 1870 called for a coach road from Fort Garry and the commencement of a railway to the Pacific Coast in three years. The plan for a road was dropped when the Dominion Government offered instead to commence a railway within two years and to complete it in ten. (Margaret A. Ormsby, *British Columbia: a History,* Toronto, 1958, pp. 247-248.)

James Douglas,—and Dr Carrol [Carrall],[203] all members of the Legislative Council: they go in a few days to S. Francisco, en route to Canada.

The Governor has been laid up with a most serious fracture of the leg just above the ancle. The fracture was so dreadful that the bone protruded thro' the skin, exfoliation is going on, but the progress is now considered satisfactory.[204] He was entirely confined to his bed for *4 months,* & at best, has been during the day in a lay chair in which he cd be wheeled about. He is a widower, with but one son left aged 14 now at Harrow. Two sisters, no longer young, are living with him.[205] These ladies recd us most kindly & cordially & so did the Governor when we went in to him. We soon plunged into politics & found complete agreement as to the object of immediate interest.

Directly after luncheon, we went into the grounds which are mostly in quite a rough state, but capable of being made very pretty, and in process of improvement. The view is charming, including the magnificent Olympian range in Washington Territory with bold snowy peaks &

(203) Joseph William Trutch (1826–1904) came to British Columbia in 1859 and achieved a considerable reputation for his work as a civilian surveyor and engineer on the Cariboo Road. He was appointed Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works in 1864 and after Confederation became the first Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia. For further details *see* Hollis R. Lynch, "Sir Joseph William Trutch: a British American Pioneer on the Pacific Coast," *Pacific Historical Review,* XXX (1961), pp. 243-255. Dr. John Sebastian Helmcken (1824–1920) came to Victoria in 1850 as "Clerk and Colonial Surgeon" in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company. He sat in the Legislature from 1856 to 1871 and was the first Speaker of the House of Assembly of Vancouver Island, holding office until the union of the colonies in 1866. For further details *see* Honor M. Kidd, "Pioneer Doctor John Sebastian Helmcken," *Bulletin of the History of Medicine,* XXI (1947), pp. 419–461. Dr. Robert William Weir Carrall (1839–79) was established in Nanaimo by 1866 (*Colonist,* July 14, 1866), but subsequently went to the gold mines in Cariboo and in 1868 was elected to the Legislative Council of British Columbia as member for that district. He was appointed to the Canadian Senate in 1871. For further details *see* Dorothy Blakey Smith in *The Dictionary of Canadian Biography,* X (1972), pp. 138–139.

(204) On November 2, 1869, the Governor was thrown while mounting his horse; the accident left him a cripple for life, according to Dr. Helmcken ("Reminiscences," 1892, Vol. V, pp. 83–84, *MS.*)

(205) Both Musgrave's sisters settled in Victoria. The younger, Sarah (Zoë), married John Trutch, brother of J. W. Trutch, on December 8, 1870 (*Colonist,* December 9, 1870); the elder, Frances, married Herbert Dodgson, said to be a connection of Lewis Carroll, on July 3, 1882 (copy of entry in Christ Church Cathedral Marriage Register, *MS*).

heights—but heavy clouds shut out the well remembered pile of Mount Baker, of wh in clear weather, there is a magnificent view from here.

We then drove out, & first to the Bishops well remembered house, which in its original form, he brought out fm England, but has added to it since. It stands in a nicely-kept garden in wh we saw English cowslips & polyanthus. The house is let or lent to some friends of the Bishop, but we went in, although they were not at home, & entered the present drawingroom (then divided by folding doors into dining & drawing rooms) recognising the well remembered portraits of many Bishops in the same places as before.

We left a card for the Bp and Mrs Hills with the date, wh they will find here on their return! Thence to some shops, for charts &c and in search for any objects of Indian workmanship—but we saw nothing worth buying in that line. The shops had a very fair shew, but the things were dearer than we expected. Mr Hankin was continually entertaining us with reminiscences of his pranks when with us; & recited an Address presented to my Aunt at Yale on the Faser wh he (having an astonishing memory) remembers word for word.[206] We next drove to the house of Sir James Douglas one of the very first ever built in Victoria and wh is *exactly* as we knew it 9 years ago—the strait walk from the entrance gate on the road, between the roughest of lawns, bordered with detached bushes of roses & sweet briar; and this is all the attempt at ornament! Lady Douglas only, was at home, & surprised our companions, (Captn Hankin & Mr Musgrove [Musgrave]) by admitting us, as she very rarely sees anyone. I dare say you may not remember that she was a half caste Indian very shy, awkward, & retiring as much into the background as she can possibly do. Mr Musgrave had never before seen her! She was very cordial, & I am sure much pleased to see my Aunt, & vexed that Sir James was out. We saw only her grand daughter, Miss Helmkin [Helmcken][207] who has as much of the Indian features & colouring as Lady Douglas.

Our next visit was to Mr & Mrs Cridge—he was for many years the only clergyman here, a good man whom the Bishop values highly. He & his wife came out to speak to us as we were pressed for time. Thence we drove to Beacon Hill, part of which has been levelled into a cricket

(206) *See* above, note (106).

(207) Dr. Helmcken's elder daughter Catherine Amelia (Amy) was 15 years old at this time. She married George A. McTavish in 1877 (*Colonist*, December 5, 1877).

ground, and a race course; and there is a very good road all round, the favorite place of resort for driving & walking.

In this drive, we passed a great number of pretty cottages & country houses, with neat gardens—very different from the dusty, untidy, ragged suburbs of San Francisco.

Returning to the house, we had to prepare for a dinner party wh had been arranged before our arrival. I need not say what a treat it was to get into spacious, comfortable rooms after the confinement of our small cabins, & the greater discomfort still, of being perpetually with our fellow passengers, my cabin being too small to sit in, & too dark moreover,—so I am *obliged* to sit in the ladies cabin into wh it opens, & there I am writing now, with *perpetual* chatter of the smallest description.

We were a party of 16, the first the Governor has given since his long illness—The Admiral, Flag Captain (Hume)[208] & Flag Lieut. Rickman, Mr Hankin—Mr & Mrs Powell[209] (the Governors Doctor) The Chief Justice Begbie who was at New Westminster when we were there in 1861—Mr & Mrs Trutch the Surveyor General, & some one else. It was a pleasant party, and we had talk about the Bill for giving women the suffrage. In the eveng we had some music & *not* very good singing. *Sunday. May 1.* To our great regret, the Captn decided to start at 12 o'clock today—the object being to get to San Juan Isd in full daylight. He was of course quite right, but the early hour prevented our going to church as we had hoped to do. We afterwards found that some of our fellow passengers had been at the service on board the Flag ship, & were sorry that we had not arranged to be there too—but that wd have involved a very early start from Govt House. The wind & sea were very high & even in Esquimalt Harbour, we were wetted with the spray. The Admiral intended to come on board our steamer, but instead (as it was blowing so hard) he came out upon the ladder, to wave his "good bye."

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(208) Francis A. Hume attained the rank of captain in 1865. His name had disappeared from the Navy List by December 1877.

(209) Israel Wood Powell (1836–1915) began to practise medicine in Victoria in 1862 and soon took an active part in public affairs also. He was elected to the House of Assembly in 1863, became Superintendent of Education in 1867, and after Confederation was appointed the first Superintendent of Indian Affairs for British Columbia. He married Jennie Banks on January 25, 1865 (*Colonist*, January 27, 1865). For further details *see* B. A. McKelvie, "Lieutenant-Colonel Israel Wood Powell, M.D., C.M.," *BCHQ*, XI (1947), pp. 35–54.

We had the kindest farewell fm the Govt House party, who made us promise to go to them again on our way back if we stay long enough in the harbour.

Notwithstanding the high wind, we had very little motion, in the narrow channels leading to the anchorage off the American Camp on San Juan Isd—we passed the Camp before turning the corner, a group of wooden buildings upon an open space on the brow of a hill—looking very much exposed. As we afterwards found, the position is on a low narrow ridge, & we passed thro' a narrow rocky channel into a land locked bay behind the camp,[210] where I am now writing on Tuesday & where we have been detained owing to the very heavy weather of yesterday which prevented our landing the cargo yesterday (Monday). It was not very pleasant work, as no one cd go on shore, and the wind was exceedingly strong, so that it was almost impossible to be on deck.

The American Camp is about 12 miles fm the English, and tho' there is pretty frequent & friendly communication, it is not regular & there is now no chance of our seeing the Commanding Officer, Captn Delacomb[e],[211] for whom we have a letter requesting on the part of Governor Musgrave, that he show us all possible attention. We are the more sorry for this, as he is a particularly nice person. It is impossible to visit the English Camp, as there is only a bridle road but we shall see it on our passage to the coaling settlement of Nanaimo.

Tuesday May 3

We have been on shore, & were met at the landing place by the American Commandant, with a rough carriage in wh to be taken up to the Camp. As there was no pier, the carriage was driven into the water

(210) After rounding Cattle Point, the southern tip of San Juan Island, the *Newbern* had passed through the narrow channel between San Juan and Lopez Islands, and had anchored in Griffin Bay. *See* the map of "San Juan Island in 1860" in Hunter Miller, *San Juan Archipelago: Study of the Joint Occupation of San Juan Island,* Bellows Falls, Vt., 1942, p. 132.

(211) Capt. William Addis Delacombe replaced Capt. George Bazalgette in 1867 as commanding officer of the detachment of Royal Marines stationed on San Juan Island, and according to the Victoria newspapers he carried out his "delicate and difficult duties" with the utmost good judgment and discretion. After the award to the United States and the consequent evacuation of the British troops he was recalled to England in 1873 *(Colonist,* August 10, 1873) and died in London on August 29, 1902, at the age of 69. He had attained the rank of lieutenant-colonel and had served, after his retirement from the army in 1876, as Chief Constable of Derby. For further details *see* the obituary in the London *Times,* September 1, 1902, p. 2.

alongside the boat, & we all (a large party) got in, to be carried on shore. The carriage was probably turned too sharp, as the splinter bar broke in two, & we had to get ashore as we could best, by beaching the boat. The carriage was mended, & we went into one of half [a] dozen houses standing close to the landing place, while the tying up process was going on. The room was exceedingly nice & tidy, but the hostess was truly Irish (her brogue betrayed her at once) with a dirty cotton gown tucked upon one side, displaying unlaced boots—hooks & eyes in[?] at irregular distances & bare arms, completed the characteristic picture. She welcomed us by shaking hands & we remained a few minutes, during wh we learned not at all as a joke that we were in the *City* of San Juan, & that the population consisted of *2 families!*

The "Camp" is distant about a mile from the landing place, the road lying thro' open grass land, most inviting for sheep.

The Camp is an orderly collection of wooden buildings, with gardens & other small enclosures, arranged after the usual military fashion, the regularity of which is very pleasing.

The Commandant, Captn Hescoll[212] (I think that is the way his name is pronounced) took us to his quarters, where his wife recd us very kindly in a nice little drawing room. They have 2 fine little boys, of whom the eldest is like Hallam Tennyson when a little boy. The youngest was delighted to shew my Aunt his picture books. We took a pleasant little drive over the hill looking over the Straits of Fuca to Puget Sound, but the clouds were too low & heavy, to allow of our seeing the mountains. We liked Captn & Mrs Hescoll, they were so cordial & certainly much pleased to see my Aunt. The English & American officers seem to be on most amicable terms, but the communication is irregular, so we had no opportunity of sending our letter of introduction for Captn Delacourt [Delacombe].

I am tempted to write a few lines about this disputed Island, occupied by both Americans & English tho' in fact & in honor, *ours.* The Boundary agreed upon by Treaty included as ours, the Strait of Hara [Haro], and this was understood (by obvious geographical interpretation) to give us the Isd of San Juan, a most important position as commanding the only available entrance to our western (Pacific) sea board. Some dispute arose between England and America in 1858 or 9, and altho' it had no reference to San Juan (the possession of wh had

(212) The name is spelled *Haskell* in the 1869 directory and in the *Colonist,* January 3, 1872, at which time Captain Haskell, who is described as "a great favorite," was transferred from San Juan Island.

never for a moment been disputed with us) a certain American General Harney, commanding lower down the coast, took upon himself to land 500 soldiers here, hoist the American Flag, and take possession! Our admiral in the Pacific, hearing of this, came up with a fleet, placed his guns ready for a broadside, gave the Yankees a couple of hours to make up their minds & be off, or take the consequences, and would have executed his threat, when our old friend the "Plumper" was seen coming up from Victoria, & as it proved, brought orders not to fire, but to refer the question to arbitration. War was thus avoided, and a "Boundary Commission" was appointed, wh was at work when we were here in 1861. The result is that the Island is clearly ours by Treaty, as implied in the terms of it and the longitude agreed upon. But the Americans still maintain their ground with about 70 men & 3 or 4 officers & so keep up their occupation of it![213] As this settlement on San Juan is a mere

(213) Miss Cracroft's account of the San Juan dispute is hardly in accordance with the facts, which are set forth in detail and with full documentation in Miller's *San Juan Archipelago,* and in James O. McCabe, *The San Juan Boundary Question,* University of Toronto Press, 1964 (Canadian Studies in History and Government No. 5). The Commission appointed to determine the exact location of the water boundary so ambiguously described in the Oregon Treaty of 1846 as "the middle of the channel which separates the continent from Vancouver's Island" was appointed in 1856, but it failed to come to an agreement, Capt. J. C. Prevost reporting to the British Government on December 7, 1857, that, while he held that the line should go through Rosario Strait, east of the San Juan group, the American Commissioner was equally insistent that it should run through Haro Strait, to the west. However, the survey of the various channels between the continent and Vancouver Island was continued by Captain Richards in co-operation with the United States Coast Survey vessels. The question of how to proceed further in determining the water boundary was still under discussion by the British and American Governments when in 1859 a dispute over the shooting of a Hudson's Bay Company pig by an American settler on San Juan Island provided a pretext for General W. S. Harney (who, as Miller says, had "made no proper enquiry into the facts") to establish a detachment of United States troops on the island. Feeling ran high in Victoria. On the demand of Governor Douglas, British naval vessels from Esquimalt proceeded to San Juan, and the *Plumper* was also sent down from British Columbia, with a detachment of Royal Marines and Royal Engineers under Colonel Moody. However, the judicious forbearance of Rear-Admiral R. Lambert Baynes and his senior officers prevented an open clash, and the two governments then decided upon a joint military occupation of the island until such time as the boundary could be determined. Various proposals for settlement were made between 1859 and 1867, but it was not until 1871 that by the Treaty of Washington the controversy was submitted to the arbitration of the German Emperor, who on October 21, 1872, awarded the whole archipelago to the United States.

military post, there are no facilities for embarking merchandise, & all had to be landed in the ships boats & therefore by slow degrees. However everything was finished by the eveng and we were off before dark. We steamed slowly during the night and at 6.30 next morng were in the Harbour of *Nanaimo* on *Vancouvers Island,* where I am writing on

Thursday May 5.

We had a letter for the Magistrate here, Captn Spalding,[214] fm Mr Hankin & on sending it to him, he told Lawrence that he & Mrs Spalding were at New Westminster when we were there in 1861, and remembered us well of course. As we were waiting to go on shore, we saw a little steamer coming in to this snug little harbour, & it proved to be the surveying vessel "Beaver"[215] which we had left at Esquimalt, & within half an hour Captn Pender was on board to call on my Aunt & we all went on shore together—the "all" including Dr Jones, the

(214) Warner Reeve Spalding arrived in Victoria late in 1858. He had already served with distinction in the Mounted Police of Australia for three years, and then during the Crimean War as a captain in the Osmanli Irregular Cavalry in the Turkish Contingent. Douglas appointed him Justice of the Peace and Stipendiary Magistrate for the District of Queensborough on April 21, 1859 (Victoria *Gazette,* April 26, 1859), and on July 10, 1860, he became the first Postmaster of British Columbia. For details of his career in this office *see* A. S. Deaville, *The Colonial Postal Systems and Postage Stamps,* pp. 78–91, 112–124. When the colonies were united in 1866, for reasons of economy the office of Postmaster-General was merged with that of Registrar-General of Deeds, and after serving for some months as Acting Magistrate in the District of Cariboo West and as Gold Commissioner for Cariboo East, Spalding became Resident Magistrate at Nanaimo, an office which he held until he was placed on the retired list on November 26, 1880 (Nanaimo *Free Press,* January 1, 1881). He remained in Nanaimo until about 1885, according to the directories, when he returned to England and died there on May 4, 1898 (London *Times,* May 10, 1898, p. 1, which gives his second name incorrectly as *Reeves,* and says that he was "formerly of the 4th Dragoon Guards").

(215) After the departure of HMS *Hecate* the *Beaver,* pioneer steam vessel on this Coast, was chartered by the Government from the Hudson's Bay Company as a surveying ship (*Colonist,* December 15, 1862) and was thus employed from 1863 to 1870 (Walbran, p. 40). For Capt. Daniel Pender *see* "Bushby Journal," Biographical Appendix.

Medical Officer of "The Company."[216] I must explain that "the Company" *here,* does not mean the *Hudson Bay Co.,* but the Nanaimo Coal Co.—who bought a tract of land here, containing a seam of coal of excellent quality & great extent, & wh they work to great profit. They may well make a profit, & give high dividends, for they get for every ton of coal $6.50(£1.7.–), paid, not for their delivery even in Nanaimo, but the price at the pit's mouth. In Engd I believe the price at the pits mouth, is under 6/–. So the dividends paid by the Company are actually 15 per cent—& last year it was 20 per cent. The men who work in the pit, get 9/6 *a day,* and "live like fighting cocks." There is even finer coal than this, upon the adjoining Island called Newcastle, & also, some very fine building stone. A quarry has been opened by some Americans to whom a lease has been given,[217] & the stone is being hewn & sent down to S. Francisco for the New Mint there, & other buildings.

Nanaimo is a straggling village without any regularity in the laying out. So you wander about, round green knolls, & up & down hill, after a fashion more picturesque than after the fashion of other towns. The Clergyman, the Doctor & the Magistrate are I believe the only people of the upper class—the rest are shopkeepers & miners.

We walked first to Dr Jones's house, built only last year. They seem nice, intelligent people, & shewed us some Indian curiosities, & some handsome skins; also some fossils fm the newly opened quarry on Newcastle Isd with wonderfully perfect leaves—shewing in fact, a mass of vegetation. From Dr Jones's house, we went to Mr Spalding's, a few steps higher up the hill, & commanding a lovely view. It is solidly

(216) Dr. William Macnaughton Jones, a graduate of Dublin, settled in New Westminster in 1862, where he was Medical Officer of the Royal Columbian Hospital. By 1869 he had moved to Nanaimo and was appointed physician to the Vancouver Coal Mining & Land Company, which in 1862 had taken over the mines developed at Nanaimo by the Hudson's Bay Company. Dr. Jones was later (1875–77) in charge of the Royal Cariboo Hospital at Williams Creek and was appointed Medical Superintendent of the Lunatic Asylum in New Westminster in 1877 (*Colonist,* September 16, 1877) and quarantine officer of the port of Victoria in 1880 (*ibid.,* May 30, 1880), an office which he held until his death in 1896 at the age of 64 (*ibid.,* May 5, 1896, pp. 5, 8).

(217) According to the *Colonist,* October 22, 1869, "the extensive quarries from which all the best stone used for building and monumental purposes in this colony has been obtained" were leased to an American contractor, Mr. Emory, for five years, by the Vancouver Coal Mining & Land Company, which owned Newcastle Island.

built of brick, & there are tolerably good rooms. Mrs Spalding was also at New Westminster when we were there. She has 2 boys, born there, & she told us of her troubles in that infant colony with 2 babies under a year old, & in arms together for 17 months. She looks like & is, a nervous overworked woman. She is first cousin to Mrs Woolner & Mrs Holman Hunt who are sisters. I gave her a copy of "The Holy Grail" which I got at S. Francisco and wh she was longing to see.

While we were with the Spaldings, the clergymen [*sic*] Mr Owen[218] came in—rather a nice looking man. He & his wife had been on board the "Newbern" to call on us. They have been here only a few months. We then walked out to some shops for odds & ends of gloves &c—and thence to the coal mine, a little way up the hill, passing the neat cottages of the miners—neat, that is to say, so far as construction is concerned, but a few only had the pretty gardens which so much ornamented others.

We met a few Indians, & one especially, had moustaches & imperial painted in magnificently red vermillion. They have no hair on their faces, so it was all make believe. The costume was completed by a clean white blanket hanging from the shoulders, & Captn Spalding told us that it was a holiday dress throughout. We passed a good many women neatly dressed in print gowns, with gay Scotch plaid shawls over their heads. Some were really quite good looking—probably some of the mixed race. A good many had been hanging about all the morning, on the wharf off which we are moored. The most remarkable things they wore, were ear rings of brilliant mother of pearl—some square, others shaped like a fish, & others with patterns engraved on them. I am going to try & get some. But on the whole we shall not get many things I am sure, as we shall not go to the best places—they are too far off for us. I cannot help pitying some of the ladies who are going to the far away Posts. Only the lively Mrs Woodruff is really fit for such a life—she is so bright, in temper & disposition—& she & her husband are quite devoted to each other.

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(218) The Rev. H. B. Owen and his family arrived in Victoria on July 30, 1867 (*Colonist*, August 1, 1867). After serving at the Indian Mission in Victoria, at Comox, and at Nanaimo, he was transferred to New Westminster in 1871 and served as a missionary at Burrard's Inlet before leaving for a post in Ontario in 1873 (*ibid.*, August 8, 1871 and May 11, 1873; Columbia Mission *Report* for 1869, p. 79, and for 1872, p. 58).

Mr Seward (the American Secy of State)[219] called here when he lately visited Alaska; and, talking with Captn Spalding absolutely had the insolence to say that, so long as British Columbia (including of course Vancouver Isd) remained a Crown Colony, they (the Americans) would be content to let things go on as now,—but that they would in *every possible way,* oppose its union with the Canadian Confederation! They hate this Confederation of course, because it is a bond of union *against* America,—but the cool impudence of Mr Sewards declaration to an English official is simply astounding, & ought to be as widely known as possible. I am quite sure that people at home do not realize the extent of American notions of aggression—they think that those who *do,* exaggerrate and are prejudiced. *I heard* the San Juan question discussed here on board, and Col. Woodruff said, by way of information to the others "The Treaty gives it to *us*"—an assertion which is simply & literally, *untrue.* I was greatly surprised, because he does not seem to be of the "bouncing" class, & evidently believed what he said. The fact is, that these falsehoods are published in books, and therefore learned by heart, & none have *read* the Treaty. Of course we do not choose to contradict the speakers, although we cd do so upon their own official authority, as we have read the undisputed statements & history of the making of the Treaty, & certain fraudulent proceedings.

Friday May 6.

We made an excursion yesterday between the islands, to a very small one beyond—a mere rock, covered with lovely flowers, & more curious stone crop, wh in colour & shape, exactly resembles the flowers of Dresden china. The colours vary between deep crimson, pink, grey, and blue, & you may see all colours in the same mass. The masses too are splendid—and mixed with dwarf fern, & the rich colored stone crop, shew in beautiful masses of colour. Captn & Mrs Spalding took us in their boat wh we (with their 2 boys) quite filled. Strange to say, the man who pulled the stroke oar (who is a Pilot here) was a boy

(219) The Honourable W. H. Seward, who had been responsible for the purchase of Alaska in 1867, visited Nanaimo on July 23, 1869, on his way to Alaska and was entertained at a dinner *(Colonist,* July 26, 1869) and he called again on his way back to Victoria *(ibid.,* August 26, 1869).

in Orkney his native place when my Uncle's Expedn stopped there[220], and drove my Uncle from Stromness to Kirkwall & back again.

There was a second & larger boat with us, containing a large party of fellow passengers whom the Spaldings invited to join us; & we all landed on the little isd & had luncheon. The American ladies were delighted with the whole thing & it was tolerably pleasant—as much so, as these kind of parties usually are. We had some showers, but the air was not cold.

We leave our letters here to go to Victoria & S. Francisco by the first opportunity (within a week) and shall meet our dear home letters before my next is sent off.

We are well, but shall not be sorry to leave this vessel, as there is no possibility of being quiet, & to hear *nothing* but Yankee tones & lingo, is thoroughly worrying. They are all good natured & kind hearted, but the want of conversation is something quite extraordinary. They admire my knitting exceedingly, & I am quite amused to find that until now, they have never seen anyone use a quill pen! I have given one away, after duly mending it, under inspection.

They play cards every eveng (not for money but) for simple amusement, and the screaming laughter is a thing wh at first seems unendurable. I hope I shall not catch Yankee phraseology—I am not afraid of the twang, because it really is an effort to imitate it. But "I guess" I must try to describe it to you some day.

My Aunt is writing to Louisa, so you need not give her any news of us. I have a letter begun, to Emily Tennyson,[221] but you cannot imagine how difficult it is to write, when one *cannot* get away fm the sound of much & loud talking.

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(220) John Flett Sabiston came to Vancouver Island in 1850 on the *Norman Morison*. After serving aboard the *Beaver* and at Fort Simpson he was placed in charge of the Hudson's Bay Company's sawmill at Nanaimo and later was foreman of all outside labour. He then transferred to the service of the Vancouver Coal Mining & Land Company, but in 1867 he became a pilot, in which occupation he continued for some 30 years. For further details *see* the obituary in the Nanaimo *Free Press*, April 18, 1902. He died at the age of 74, so that he must have been a lad of 17 when Franklin visited Stromness in the *Erebus* in 1845 (Cyriax, *Sir John Franklin's Last Expedition*, p. 57).

(221) Presumably Miss Cracroft's cousin, Emily Sellwood Tennyson, wife of the Poet Laureate.

And now I must finish once more, as we are just moving off from the coal wharf & Captn Spalding will soon be on board to carry off our letters.

Ever my dearest ones, your most affte
Sophia Cracroft

I forgot to say that Captn Hankin is going to make enquiry abt Edwards' bit of land, but there can be no doubt I fear, that it is *for the present,* worthless.

May 7, 1870. Johnstone Strait.
between Vancouver Isd & British Columbia.

My dearest Mother

I begin this letter at a point which will interest you as it does us. We are steaming past a range of mountains on Vancouver Isd named Franklin Range & on the other side of the narrow channel are Cracroft Island, with Sophia Islets adjoining, & the next is Hanson Island, after the husband of Mrs Hanson who was here with Vancouver.[222] I shall copy the description of the Islands from the Naval Directory.

"*Hanson and Cracroft Islands,* between Boat Harbour & Weynton passage, are low, with rocky shores, & are separated by a passage one mile wide. The South side of Hanson is 3 miles long, & off its S. W. point are some rocks extending for 2 or 3 cables to the Westward. Cracroft, to the Eastward of it, is about 2 miles long: and off its South part, at the distance of half a mile, are the Sophia Islets, of small extent."

May 10. We spent yesterday, at the American Post of Tongas,[223] the lowest in the Territory of Alaska, 17 miles to the north of Fort Simpson, with the boundary line between. The Post consists of perhaps a dozen buildings upon a "clearing," with the forest all round. It stands upon a small island divided from the mainland only by a narrow channel & the Post is on the inner side, upon a tiny bay with a rocky headland on the south, upon the top of which a tall fir tree has been left standing all alone, to serve as a flag staff, the branches being all cut away. A little lower down is the residence of the Commanding

(222) James Hanson was lieutenant of the *Chatham,* 1791–92. The island was named in 1860 by Captain Richards, who during his survey in the *Hecate* the following year also named Franklin Range, Cracroft Island, and, presumably, the Sophia islets. *See* Walbran, *passim.*

(223) Fort Tongas was maintained by the American army from June 1868 to September 1870, according to Marcus Baker's *Geographical Dictionary of Alaska.*

Officer of the Post, and lower still the barracks, store houses, offices, &c of the Post—all of wood well built, exceedingly neat & well finished & in a row on a terrace to which you ascend from the beach by wooden steps. To the right, facing the settlement are some few scattered houses, including the "Post Store", anglicé the shop wh supplies the residents & the Indians with all sorts of stores, and is the chief medium of obtaining furs &c from the Indians.

The officers of the Station soon came off of course, & we started about midday with the Surgeon Mr Cheesemore in a boat, to visit first, the Indian village, upon the same little island, but about ½ a mile distant, round the flag staff promontory. We found some half dozen large wooden houses in a line, high above the beach, solid, and well built, with the gable end to the front, each with a door & 2 windows. Mr Cheesemore has been here many months & is well known to them, so he entered one without ceremony. I have left out however, the most remarkable thing about the houses. Each one, had raised in front of it, a very lofty, thick pole, carved with great skill in grotesque or monstrous figures.[224] I wd have given a great deal for the necessary skill & time to sketch these; & had we been alone I shd certainly have attempted something. Mr Cheesmore told us the curious fact, that the surmounting figure (& they all differed) was in part the crest of the family. The pole before the house we entered had on its summit, the head & bill of a crane, & though of the same height as the tallest of its neighbours, the only 2 other figures were of bears crawling *downwards* [sketch]. I have made a horrid attempt fm memory, but at any rate it will remind me of what we saw, if I ever look at this again. These 2, were the least ornamented of any of the poles. The others, were covered with figures from the top to within 5 or 6 feet of the ground, of wood, & brightly colored, red, white, black[,] blue. One of the posts had a singular history. It was to the memory of a man who had destroyed himself because he had been severely scolded by his mother for not having accumulated as much property as she expected & desired he should.

(224) For the poles at the Tlingit village of Tongas *see* Marius Barbeau, *Totem Poles,* Ottawa, 1950–51 (National Museum of Canada, Anthropological Series No. 30, Bulletin No. 119), Vol. II, pp. 602-605, and Viola E. Garfield, *The Seattle Totem Pole,* 1940 (University of Washington Extension Series No. 11). The latter gives a full description of the pole brought from Tongas during the Klondyke gold rush and erected in Pioneer Square in 1899.

There was a grotesquely painted figure a little above our heads, fastened like the rest, to the wooden column, & under it an inscription recording the fact.

After we had examined these curious columns, Mr Cheesemore took us into one of the houses, (that of which the crane's head was the family crest)—He opened the door & we walked in & found ourselves in a very large (& apparently square shaped) room, with a wide opening to the sky. Directly in the middle of the room, under this opening, was a large square space, covered (gravelled as it were) with sea shell coarse sand, from the beach, very clean looking. The rest of the floor was covered with boarded flooring, exceedingly well made, and this boarded part was occupied by the various families inhabitating the house or room. Nearly the whole outer part next to the wall, was surrounded by their beds, & really some of them looked both clean & comfortable. We were told that they absolutely use sheets & pillow cases! There were plenty of other domestic belongings—kettles, saucepans, crockery cups & plates, trunks, stools, chairs, matrasses—not a few dirty blankets, which at certain points were moving masses from out of which peeped a black head of hair & a (perhaps) painted face. There seemed however to be room for everyone—an old man was lying ill, with a woman besides. Not far off was a low crib in wh lay a sturdy urchin who waked up & had to be taken up. In a corner was a hammock (as dirty looking as anything you can imagine) in wh a baby was swinging. Women was [were] scattered about, but after seats had been brought to us (chairs (cane-seated) & stools[)], they came forward & squatted in a row opposite to us. Most of them were decently, not to say *well* dressed, in printed cotton gowns, with the prevailing Scotch plaid shawls of the gayest colours of course. I ought to have said before this, that in the middle of the central space, was the fire, from wh the smoke found its way through the open space in the roof. Most of the people sat upon the edge of the boarded flooring with their feet upon the white gravel—& they watched us, & let us examine their belongings. Most of them had silver bracelets & rings—some, thin nose rings, a few, a small piece of silver inserted under the lower lip—many had ear rings, & one of the men, had no less than 3 rings in each ear. We were much surprised to see them so fair, & so good looking—some of the women had their hair quite neatly arranged with a perfectly even parting. But many of them were dreadfully disguised by paint, chiefly black, covering the entire face or smeared over a part. Mr Cheesemore told us that they used

paint in this way to preserve their skin from being burned—& that in no country he had ever visited, did the sun & wind burn the skin so much as here. Some of them looked quite horrible. Some men came in & one of them was selected by Mr Cheesemore as fit to shew us the Indian fashion of making fire by rubbing 2 piece of stick together. There is a picture of this in one of my dear old fashioned books of Foreign Scenes. Two pieces of wood were fetched & shaped. Each, about a foot long, & about an inch thick, one of them fully twice the width of the smallest, wh was probably only an inch square. In the wider of the two, a shallow hollow was roughly picked by a knife leaving the fibre rough—one end of the other piece was sharpened like the end of a pencil, & this end is twirled very rapidly in the hollow of the other piece (wh is laid upon the floor) by putting it between the palms & twisting it as fast as possible. In less than a minute, the friction produced a tiny cloud of smoke, & within 4 or 5, the bottom of the hole was alight & glowing. My Aunt secured the pieces of wood, so you may see them some day. From the fire:lighter, she also procured his nose:ring! of silver about the diameter of a 4d piece. The men work hard & are exceedingly strong. The Doctor drew up the same man's sleeve to shew his well developed arm—& said he was "a monument of muscle". I think I never saw such a fat baby as one of the women had. Its cheeks were great balls of fat on each side [of] a small nose & mouth—all firm & healthy looking however.

Mr Cheesemore spoke of the wonderful results of our Mission on Q. Charlotte Isd under Mr Duncan,[225] the missionary who has accomplished this great work. They have their own laws & govt as a Christian community, trained in the arts of labour, and consequently are not only not deteriorating, but forming a nucleus, to wh the surrounding tribes are looking with respect. Those tribes who are dwindling away according to the usual law, say that their nation will live & revive, at Metlakat[l]a (the name of Mr Duncan's settlement) and if any number of other tribes wish to join themselves to the Metlakat[l]as, their doing so is never opposed, as it is assumed that they are raised thereby.

On our return to the Military Post, we visited some of the stores for Commissariat &c and then paid a visit to the "Store" of the Post Trader, as he is called. This was by invitation, his wife being sister to the young girl who had come up with us, alone—i.e. under no one's care in particular—a child in appearance though 15, perfectly independ-

(225) *See* above, note (32).

ant & associating with her elders as one of them—the sort of being peculiar to Yankeedom. The sister had been a seamstress in S.Francisco—very pretty when young we were told. She recd us with the usual Yankee ease, & we were shewn some curious Indian carvings in wood, & in a sort of alabaster wh we afterwards saw on the beach in lumps protruding fm the sand—perfectly white or slightly stained with red—semi-transparent & very beautiful. There were also, 2 fac similes in miniature (abt 3 feet high) of the carved poles we had seen; & the result is that the owner Mr Waldron, has engaged to procure another pair for my Aunt. From his house, we adjourned to Mr Waldrons, "Store" where he shewed us some valuable skins of marten & minx, and made my Aunt a present of some grêbe skins. Immediately after this we returned to the ship & started in the eveng.

May 11. [*sic-May 10*] We reached the Post of Wrangel[226] about midday. As at Tongas, the Indian village was quite apart from the Fort, which is more compact than that of Tongas, & is moreover fortified by a stockade. Some 2 years ago, there was rather a severe fight here with the Indians, who got possession of a high hill overlooking the Fort, & fired down into it. They were reduced to submission by the bombardment of their village. The weather was indifferent; cold, with heavy showers, but we landed under the escort of the officer who is 2nd in command—Lieut. Loucks (?) who took us to the Indian village, & into a house which had a good deal of ornamental painting over the door, or *hole* of entrance. We found the same kind of interior as at Tongas, except that there were regular partitions against the wall, within which the separate families resided, having as before, the central fire upon a square place under the opening in the roof. We had seen 2 very well dressed women who had been on board the ship, hurrying past us on the beach into the house, & found them in the act of arranging seats near the fire, over which they were spreading a handsome clean piece of matting on wh we were seated, & squatted near by, or came out of their dens to look at us. They produced a few things, & my Aunt bought a horn spoon with ornamented handle, & some rather handsome mocassins, & there was a good deal of talk. The most civilised looking woman was called Kitty—she was quite well dressed, in a print

(226) Fort Wrangell was established in 1867, maintained with interruptions until 1877, and then abandoned (Baker, *Geographical Dictionary of Alaska*).

gown & well made Garibaldi[227] of striped print, all made by herself, and she shewed her workmanship with great pride. Over all, was a sort of cloak of blue cloak [*sic*] with scallopped scarlet trimmings & very large mother of pearl buttons, wh she called "King George buttons." This is one of garments sold by the Hudson Bay Co—made expressly for the purpose.

We attempted to examine (by peeping thro' the chinks) one of the burying places—a wooden box or closed shed, raised fm the ground upon wooden posts or stumps—the body, (or the remains of it) lies upon a bier [sketch]. Under the eave in front was the projecting figure of a frog of gigantic size, brightly painted. The frog is much reverenced by these people. A heavy shore made it necessary to return to the ship, without visiting the "Post" as the military buildings are called.

In the eveng as we ladies (with the exception of my Aunt whose cabin opens into the dining saloon) were sitting in the cabin into wh our berths open (wh berths are occupied only by the married people & myself) the officer who had been on shore with us, returned to visit them, in company with one of those who had come up with us and was to land at this Post. The latter took his leave after staying abt an hour, but the other was not to be carried off so soon! poor man he had seen but one lady for many a month, so he made the most of his opportunity, & despite our weariness and suppressed yawns, he lingered on until nearly 12 o'clock, and we had to sit up until he took himself off!

Next morng. *Wednesday. May 11* at 8 a.m. we steamed away from Fort Wrangel—plunged again into narrow straits bordered by mountains capped with snow, with every now & then a view through a defile, of a cluster of snow peaks of considerable [*word omitted*]. The quantity of snow encreases rapidly as we get to the northward, and the snow line gets lower every hour. The sky is cloudy, with fog clinging to the ravines, and we meet a cold wind—happily we have been without rain today. In the afternoon we left our narrow pathway & steered through troubled waters which sent most of us to our berths. The nights are

(227) A kind of shirtwaist originally made of bright red material, in imitation of the shirt worn by the Italian patriot and his followers, but later also of other colours.

now very short, so that we [were] not detained by darkness from approaching Sitka[228] and anchored there by *4 a.m. May 12*.

I see I have not alluded to the wooden columns we saw at Wrangel,[229] of the same curious character as at Tongas. We did not go so far as to the finest, but examined 2, of which one had the upper part as I have drawn it,—the other was surmounted by a gigantic owl's head, painted black & white [sketch].

Sitka. May 12. It is difficult to believe ourselves to be in this place, so long associated with the search fm Behring Strait. We feel sure that it was visited by the "Herald" & the "Plover"[230] which last wintered so many years in Behring St, giving her own name to the harbour below Icy Cape. But there is no one here now who cd tell us about our ships, as you know perhaps that the whole of the Russian Territory in America, was made over to the American Govt by purchase; and is now called, & organized as, the "Territory" of Alaska. Nearly all the Russian population has left—those remaining being only of the lowest class, with the exception of the Bishop & his staff.

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(228) The Russians settled on Sitka Sound in 1799, when Baranof began the construction of a fort on what is now known as Old Harbor. This post was captured by the Indians in 1802, and it was not until two years had passed that the Russians were able to subdue the natives and to build on a new site a second fort, which they named Fort Archangel Michael. Round this fort grew up the settlement called New Archangel or Sitka. For further details *see* Clarence L. Andrews, *Sitka,* 3rd edition, Caldwell, Idaho, 1945. It is interesting to compare with Miss Cracroft's description of the buildings and inhabitants of Sitka in 1870, the account of the settlement given in "An Army Officer's Trip to Alaska in 1869," ed. Robert G. Athearn, *Pacific Northwest Quarterly,* XL (1949), pp. 45–49.

(229) For the totem poles at Wrangell *see* Barbeau, *Totem Poles,* pp. 610–627.

(230) HMS *Herald* and HMS *Plover* were engaged in the search for Franklin from 1848 to 1853, the *Plover* spending the winter of 1849–50 in Kotzebue Sound and remaining at Port Clarence from 1850 to 1853. Their movements are traced in detail in Berthold Seeman, *Narrative of the Voyage of H.M.S. Herald . . .*, London, 1853; Lieut. W. H. Hooper, R.N., *Ten Months among the Tents of the Tuski . . .*, London, 1853; and Great Britain, Admiralty, *Further Correspondence and Proceedings Connected with the Arctic Expedition,* 1852. The most southerly point in Alaska at which these vessels touched appears to have been Michaelowski on Norton Sound. The *Herald* was there on August 25, 1850 (Seeman, *Narrative,* p. 182), and the *Plover* on July 13–28, 1851 *(Further Correspondence,* pp. 89–90). HMS *Enterprise,* however, spent a fortnight at Sitka on her way south in November 1850 (Capt. Richard Collinson, *Journal of H.M.S. Enterprise . . .*, London, 1889, pp. 87–97).

It is beautifully situated—the horizon to the N. & E. bounded by a range of fine snow peaks rising high against the (now) blue sky—the line being intercepted at intervals by lofty hills sweeping up from the water's edge. One of these is especially conspicuous fm having a sharply peaked summit still clothed in snow. The town lies under a low ridge dividing this, from another, but less lofty hill—& immediately in front, is the harbour, sheltered & nearly land locked, by a group of islets of rough rock scattered over by pines, mostly stunted in growth.

Immediately under the ridge is the Indian village, of tenements such as I have described, in a row facing the beach, & above high water mark; canoes, piles of wood & all sorts of lumber strewed on the beach. Higher up the ridge, behind the houses, are scattered the Indian burying places [sketch] as I have described. To the right, are the Government buildings, at the back of which the shore bends inward leaving them upon a little tongue of land. At the extremity, is a small wooden wharf (on the steps of which we afterwards landed) under a large building for stores—then come the barracks in 2 blocks, & the Custom House—faced by a range of guns, & looking upon the small parade ground. Above these buildings upon a sharply pitched hill, stands the residence of the late Russian Governor, now occupied by the Commandant of the Troops, General Jefferson Davis[231] the namesake of the unfortunate President of the Southern States. Behind these & a few other buildings seen fm the deck of our vessel, lies the Town (or City) of Sitka.

Several visitors arrived during the morng & the little ladies Cabin was crowded, but we preferred keeping out of the way, & only recd their cards on leaving. The "Newbern" has been expected for some time, & several parties are to be given on the occasion of her arrival. In the afternoon we landed with our Captain & others and took quite a country walk to a pretty river. This road was made by the Russians & is said to be the *only* walk here. We shall see. On our way, we met General Davis, who was introduced to us, & we thought him a very clever & interesting looking man. He said he shd call the next day. We met also, General Tomkins [Charles H. Tompkins] who is the Quarter Master of Alaska, & director of the movements of the "Newbern".

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(231) Jefferson Columbus Davis (1828–79) served in the Mexican War and in the Civil War before becoming the first U.S. army officer to hold command in Alaska. For further details *see* the *Dictionary of American Biography*.

The Town of Sitka consists mainly of one street, rather irregular in its course—with the Greek Church[232] standing in the middle of the road, like St Mary le Strand & St Clement Dane[s]. It has the usual green dome & cupola—which are said to be according to the Orthodox practice, of copper. The building is white-washed. All the buildings are of wood, & those left by the Russians retain the yellow wash which they use for their public buildings. For a good way, the houses stand on both sides of the street, & are faced by a "sidewalk" of wooden planks. The more modern & soi:disant best houses, are of weather boards, but the old Russian buildings are made of round logs, of great thickness, and *we* like the effect very much. Our house is of the modern kind & one of the best looking. It belongs to an absent official in the Custom House & left in charge during a temporary absence, of Mr Berghem, a German Jew, & *the* Butcher of Sitka there being none other. Under the circumstances he feels at liberty to let my Aunt occupy the rooms, & we are to pay him for our board. Everyone considers this a very fortunate arrangement for us, as there is no decent lodging, much less any thing like an hotel, in Sitka. The Commandant Genl Davis is living bachelor fashion in the great house occupied by the Russian Governors,[233] his wife having lately gone to the Eastern States. We arranged with Mr Berghem this afternoon before returning to the "Newbern" that we wd begin our occupation of the rooms, on Saturday next.

One conspicuous Russian house is a large building, standing back fm the street wh was built as a residence for the poorest residents, & as these have not moved away with the richer folk, when Alaska was made over to the Americans, it is still in their hands, & quite crammed with some hundreds of Russians who are dying off rapidly. It goes by the name of the "double decker", having 2 rows of windows on each side, & each window represents a room.

There were a great number of Indians in the street, clustering about the doors, as well as moving about—all with the never failing blanket,

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(232) Dedicated on November 20, 1848, by Bishop Innocent. For this and other details *see* the Rev. A. P. Kashevaroff, *St. Michael's Cathedral, Sitka, Alaska,* Juneau, n.d.

(233) Built in 1837 as the official residence of the chief managers of the Russian American Company, and occupied as the headquarters of the commanding officers of the U.S. troops from 1867 to 1877, during which period it was named "Baranov Castle." It was destroyed by fire in 1894. (Andrews, *Sitka,* pp. 74–77.)

scarlet, green, white, or grey—& a strange thing occurred, i.e. to our notions—a file of soldiers followed the last remnant, all being turned out of the Town at 6 P.M.

I am resuming my letter after some days interval, as I have decided upon keeping a regular separate Journal,[234] & of putting into it some sketches in pen & ink. I made 2 of this place from the ship & have added others taken from the side window of our drawingroom wh has a very cheerful view down the main street. I am sure my Journal book will entertain you, & there are more details too than wd naturally go into a letter. We have been *most* fortunate in obtaining this abode—a complete little flat wh just holds us. We lead the quietest life possible & yet a busy one, for you know how I enjoy having time enough for reading &c and we brought plenty of books of various kinds fm S. Francisco & again from Nanaimo. But I have been working rather hard at drawing, & I think you will say I have improved. Major [George] Bell who is here, draws very well & shewed us a book with a quantity of sketches in water colour, taken here, & at the other Posts —these he has been so very kind as to allow me to copy. They are really very interesting, & I have copied them on a very reduced scale, in ink. I am also now sketching in pen & ink some very curious ivory carvings made by the natives to the north of Sitka.

The "Newbern" has remained here 13 days & as she has several other more northern Posts to visit with a somewhat uncertain detention, my Aunt decided not to go farther but to wait here for the next monthly mail steamer which will carry us back, with perhaps a change of steamer at Victoria—but this we cannot know until the mail arrives. This detention here, makes us doubly thankful for our pleasant little house; which is *perfectly* clean, and exactly holds us.

Every body is exceedingly kind, and already we must know almost every other person by sight in a population of 600, of whom 200 are soldiers & about 400 Russians—the rest civilians and about 30 soldier prisoners. However in my general assertion as to our acquaintance, I must except soldiers & Russians, though they know us, & many touch their hats to us. Of course the visiting people are but few, & all those we know, & see continually—& it is our own fault that we do not see them even oftener, as it is very often said to us "I shall be so happy if you will come & sit with me"—wh is quite out of our line! All of

(234) Miss Cracroft's Sitka Journal, illustrated with pen-and-ink sketches, is in the Scott Polar Research Institute in Cambridge, England.

course, are Americans; & this being a purely military post, all are connected with the Army. It is very curious that several here have met us elsewhere. Our chief friend & never failing escort is Captn Dimpfel[235] on the Staff, who met us at S. Francisco in 1861 and gave my Aunt a map. This is mentioned (I believe) in one of the letters you let me have dear Mama & he is much gratified that he was still in our remembrance.

General Davis who commands the Territory of Alaska of which Sitka is the Head Quarters, is a very interesting person, & had his wife been here, wd have invited us to stay at Government House. He has left in the "Newbern" to visit the distant Posts under his charge. His official place is taken by General Tompkpins [Tompkins] who has a wife—they are very kind people, as are Major & Mrs Bell. There are 3 Doctors—one married & we like his wife. There are about 4 other ladies whom we visit, and about twice as many gentlemen. While the "Newbern" was here, there were of course the ladies with whom we came up of whom 2 are going to Kodiac [Kodiak] 3 days beyond this place. They were quite sorry we did not go on with them.

On first arriving, we had 10 days of magnificent weather—brilliant sunshine with only a little rain one day. Since then, we have had rain daily, with gloomy sky & hardly any sun; true "Alaska weather," but I believe we have been confined to the house only one day, and it has never been very cold. We have the long twilight of Northern latitudes, and I shall probably go on with this letter up to 9.30. It is quite light at 2 a.m. and in fact there is no positive darkness even now that we have no moon. The season is steadily advancing as may be inferred from the marked change in the snow line. The mountains which were a mass of dazzling whiteness when we came, are now some of them spotted & streaked with black. Many of them keep their covering all the year round, owing to greater height.

You will be astonished when I tell you of the gay doings in this far away place, & that within the first 8 days after our arrival, there were no less than 2 Balls, & one morning (dancing) party on board the "Cyane" sloop of war lying here. The Balls had been waiting [for] the arrival of the "Newbern", and for that given by General Tompkins,

(235) Presumably the "Captain G. A. Denepfel" referred to by Andrews, *Sitka*, pp. 100–101. The name is clearly *Dimpfel* in the *MS*, and is confirmed as *George H. A. Dimpfel* in F. B. Heitman, *Historical Register of the United States Army, from . . . 1789 to . . . 1903*, Washington, 1903.

some of the supper matériel was brought in our ship from S. Francisco. The first Ball took place on the 2nd night after our arrival, before we had come to live on shore, so we declined the invitation on that account, —but we did go for an hour to General & Mrs Tompkins & very pretty it was. A temporary room was built out of wood, & lined with flags,— the English Flag being hung over the entrance in honor of my Aunt —and we went to the Cyane" party without difficulty, as it was an afternoon affair. One of the Lieutenants was on board the "Minnesota" when Commodore Alden took us over to Cherbourg. All these parties were made doubly gay by the uniforms, the black coats being very greatly in the minority—in fact there were not half a dozen in the room.

There is something very pleasant & soothing in the quiet of this place, and in the monotony of our life. The days pass exceedingly fast & I never find them long enough, wh is just what one can desire. We go out every day & walk as far as my Aunt can bear—sometimes to a good distance—we keep early hours, & have no street noises except indeed occasional howling of dogs. Of course the charm is, that such a life as this, far away fm home & friends, & every interest in which others are bound up with us, will not be much prolonged. But we have enjoyed the change the more on account of leaving the "Newbern" where our cabins were small & inconvenient, & where I could never have any privacy on acct of my cabin being too ill lighted to admit of my doing anything inside without opening the door into the Ladies Cabin—in fact I had to sit there instead of within my cabin. Here, we live as at home except that we dine earlier, generally at 5.30—and I am always up very early as in the long days at home. We are very warmly clothed, & I find my black & red cloak a perfect treasure—only in the warm weather we had on first arriving, have gone out without it and at sea, it is perfection. My Aunt is tolerably well but varies as usual; perhaps not more than elsewhere. She suffered greatly on board the "Newbern" from the heating by steam pipes which affected her head very much as they do many others. There was no moderation used in applying the steam, as there were some of the passengers who wd turn it on to the utmost.

June 4. Sitka. Since I last wrote, we have had a most severe disappointment. As I have told you, we remained here, instead of going on in the "Newbern" (on account of the lengthening of her absence &

its uncertainty) so that we might receive the letters[236] wh Mr Booker had engaged to send us up here. The mail steamer was due on the 28th, 3 days after the "Newbern" got away, and you can imagine the eagerness with which we watched for her, & waited for the sorting of the letters —but only to be disappointed! Mr Booker wrote, that as a vessel was going direct to Kodiac (a post on the Aleutian Isds 3 days beyond this) our letters, sent by her, wd be there before we cd arrive, & that he had therefore so dispatched them! He wrote a 2nd note on the 12th of May, repeating this, & saying that he feared to miss us, & therefore detained a letter with the Dorking post mark. But this trial is not the only one —the day of departure of the mail from this, is altered for the first time, & instead of getting away on the 5th, she does not start until the *15th*. So we shall have passed *34 days* here! a grievous loss of time, without having had the compensating comfort of receiving our letters. Again, the interval passed here by the mail steamer (the "Constantine") is occupied in carrying supplies belonging to a trading post in Prince William Sound (N.E. from this) & my Aunt wished very much to make this little voyage instead of remaining here—but the Captn[237] so plainly shewed that he did not want us to go, but preferred taking a party of gentlemen only, that we had to give it up—& his conduct in the affair has displeased people here very much, on our behalf. So we have only to make the best of the trying circumstances. At the same moment with the above worries, our Jew Butcher was convicted of acting by us in such an extortionate manner, that the circumstances made quite a sensation in the little community, & steps were taken for arranging a

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(236) According to *Lewis & Dryden*, p. 175, "a regular postal service was inaugurated on the Alaska route in 1869 by the steamer *Constantine*. Her owners, Hutchinson, Kohl & Company, received the mail contract for one year, and under the command of Capt. Melville Erskine the steamer made a monthly trip, calling at Port Townsend, San Juan Island, Tongas, Wrangel, and Sitka." Andrews, *Sitka*, p. 107, gives the date of the Hutchinson contract as October 5, 1869.

(237) On February 12, 1870, the *Colonist* reported that one Captain Small had come up to take command of the mail steamer *Constantine* and that Captain Erskine was proceeding to San Francisco to take charge of "the Fur Company's steamer Alexandra for a cruise along the Alaskan coast." This was presumably a temporary arrangement only, for according to *Lewis & Dryden* (p. 103), Erskine ran the *Constantine* on the Alaska mail route until 1875. The name *Small* for the captain who treated the ladies so uncivilly is confirmed in Miss Cracroft's "Sitka Journal."

little house for us belonging to the Govt—at which "Shylock" as he is called here thought better of his ways and withdrew from his demands; so we go on again as usual.

We have some bad, & more indifferent weather lately, but on the whole in this respect there is not very much to complain of. We see the spring shoots opening without the sunshine, & as to the daylight tho' we have no moon yet, there is no darkness, & it is lovely twilight up to ten o'clock. Of course I find plenty to do, and never tire in that respect. I quite enjoy drawing, & have the pleasure of feeling that I improve. I have copied in fac simile size, several curious carvings by the Indians & shall probably have more of them lent to me for the purpose. We have plenty of books too, so that time *cannot* hang heavily. But there is nothing to write about except such things as I put down in my diary book (in wh are also the sketches) and which you shall have of course when we get home again.

June 13. I cannot attempt anything like a journal letter here—and you must understand that the interval since I last wrote has been *utterly* uneventful. The only variety has been in the weather, & with the exception of one fine day, it has been miserably bad—sometimes raining all day—sometimes with brief intervals. We have been confined to the house all but 2 days, and yesterday (one of the 2) we defied small rain & went out in spite of it. I think we can understand what has been said to us, of the depressing effect of want of sun, & the perpetual sound of drip-drip; but of course people here do not keep at home, & the wonder is to see umbrellas so seldom. The ladies have mostly waterproof cloaks, & pull the hood over their hats when the rain comes down; but it is strange that notwithstanding this frequent & healthy exposure, they are *all* white faced—there is not a rosy cheek among them, except the children, & that, altho' there is no sickness of any kind. I have been very busy with my drawing, & it will give you an idea of the length of the days now, when I tell you that even on the dull evengs I can draw until past 9 o'clock, & often read until nearly ten. On our only clear eveng during last week I did read until the clock struck ten. It is darkest between 11 and 12, but I can always see, (as well as hear) any one walking down the street even at the darkest time. I cannot say I have ever found time hang heavy or the days too long, (notwithstanding our longing to be away) thanks to constant and pleasant occupation. We do not find the people here interesting, but all are kindly & some shew great anxiety to do all they can for us. Captn

Dimpfel is unvaryingly kind, and has taken trouble to get me excellent specimens of native carving in ivory, wood, & slate, to sketch, & he is pleased & encouraged by my success. I was much amused by his saying of one sketch wh he asked to see, of a very curious one he had borrowed for me "Well now I declare I should know that anywhere*s*" (an Americanism wh we [are] quite used to)—as if my poor sketch wd have any interest if it were not recognisable.

We like best of the ladies here, Mrs Ensign, wife of Dr Ensign—a plain sincere hearty woman, without essential vulgarity—only that which *will* suggest itself in all but the really high bred Americans, whom one does not often meet. Another woman Mrs Fuller, is, however kind-hearted, thoroughly *vulgar*—imagine such an expression as "but law sakes, I don't mind *that*."—"My! what a curossity"—"Sed:daown—do."—& all with that awful twang. And this reminds me that I was once asked gravely & earnestly by Mrs Woodruff if it was customary in England to leave out the *h*. She added, "I have observed that you never leave it out, & so I thought I might ask you." She explained that they had a discussion on the matter, because an Englishman in the Regiment always misplaced his hs. The Englishman was Captn Smith who had risen fm the ranks, & certainly spoke thorough Cockney English. I was amused at the notion of our being watched to see if we betrayed the national peculiarity. Mrs Woodruff explained that she had hardly ever met English people, & therefore asked, in order to know the truth.

June 15th. I am now closing my letter from Sitka, as we are to embark (with thankful hearts) at midday after a kind of imprisonment. We have had 2 days of beautiful weather wh still promises well for our voyage as the wind is favorable. We shall advance hourly into a warmer climate & enjoy the sunshine—tho' I must say that when it *is* fine here, it is most charming, the lights are so clear—then the evengs up to 10 o'clock, when you can still read without difficulty, & the clearness of the atmosphere is quite exquisite.

Our Captain has carried on his extortionate system with us, & with others also, to the great indignation of our friends. We wish of course to have, as usual, 2 cabins, but as there are in these cabins (wh can hardly be smaller) *3* berths one over the other, he insists that we must pay for all—i.e. for *6* first class passages. My Aunt wd not submit to this, & for the first time, we shall occupy one cabin, paying for that, 3 first class passages, besides 2 others for the servants. I am going on

with this at the end of the voyage & will finish this part by saying that we intend to make a representation of the Captns extortion to his owners, in S. Francisco.

I shall finish up the account of our voyage, in this sheet. We stopped only a very few hours at the Posts of Wrangel & Tongas to deliver, & take up the mail and were off Victoria on the 6th day; passing Nanaimo, (where unfortunately a letter had been sent to meet us) at midnight—and we were landed at Victoria[238] by our own request, & were immediately sent for to Government House again. The Governor as we already knew, had gone down to San Francisco to be married, but his sisters & nephew were most cordial, & even affte in their hospitality. The pilot gave us news wh *ended* in circumstances the most favorable to us. The regular steamer between Victoria & S. Francisco ("Active") had been lost on the coast[239]—no lives lost—and the one wh had come up in her place ("Pelican")[240] had arrived only 4 hours before us, & wd go back in 3 or 4 days. This was indeed a bright prospect of release, as we knew that our dear long missed letters wd be there, (at S. Francisco) wh as you know, proved to be the case. What a change of accommodation fm the "Constantine"! we had such nice separate cabins, on the upper deck —the Captn[241] (once an officer in the U.S. Navy) all kindness & anxiety for our comfort, and, as you already know, we had a safe & prosperous voyage of 5 days to S. Francisco.

But to return to Victoria—we much enjoyed a drive & open air luncheon got up the day after our arrival by Captn Hankin, whose wife had been wrecked in the "Active" and restored to him in the "Pelican". The party consisted of Miss Musgrave & her nephew Captn Gregory of the "Pelican"—Mrs Philippo [Phillippo] our old acquaintance at Sierra

(238) *See Colonist,* June 22, 1870.

(239) The *Active* struck a rock off Cape Mendocino on June 5, 1870, and became a total loss. *(Ibid.)*

(240) An iron, twin-screw steamer of 650 tons, 200 x 25 x 25, the *Pelican* was built in England in 1858 and used by the Confederates as a blockade runner in the Civil War. With another deck added she became a passenger steamer on the Pacific Coast in 1868. She arrived at Victoria on her first trip as replacement of the *Active* on June 21, 1870, and left again on June 24 with Lady Franklin's party on board. *(Lewis & Dryden,* p. 186; *Colonist,* June 22 and 25, 1870.)

(241) Capt. H. M. Gregory left the *Pelican* for the *California* shortly after (*Colonist,* July 12, 1870). According to *Lewis & Dryden,* p. 159, he was "one of the pioneer steamshipmen of the Coast, where he arrived forty years ago, and . . . was for many years in the Pacific Mail and Holladay's employ."

Leone (whose husband has been appointed here as Attorney General)[242] the Hankins, & Captn Herbert [243] of H.M.S. "Scylla" a *very* nice person, —detached fm the Flying Squadron. We had most perfect weather, & drove through charming open forest after we had left the main road to Esquimalt. Our destination was "Gold Stream"—a charming little river wh mostly forces its way between rocks & high wooded banks. But we had a lovely little spot for our al fresco luncheon, returning about 6 to Captn Hankin's house where my Aunt rested until we sat down to a very elegant little supper after wh (at 9.30) we drove home.

The next day, my Aunt & I drove to Esquimalt and went into the Dockyard[244]—a model of order & tasteful arrangement; but the upper-

(242) George (afterwards Sir George) Phillippo (1833–1914), son of the Rev. James Phillippo, was admitted to the Jamaica bar in 1862 and in the same year married Mary, daughter of the Rev. John Clark. In March 1868 he was appointed Queen's Advocate in Sierra Leone and later the same year became Acting Judge of the Court of Summary Jurisdiction. He was appointed Attorney-General of British Columbia on March 28, 1870 (*Colonist*, May 3, 1870), and in this capacity prepared the various measures necessary to enable British Columbia to enter Confederation. He remained in the Pacific colony little more than a year, during which time he won high praise for his competence and faithfulness (*ibid.*, May 3, 1871), and he later served in British Guiana and the Straits Settlements. In 1876 he was appointed Attorney-General of Hong Kong and in 1882, when he was knighted, he became Chief Justice of that colony, a position which he held until he retired from the colonial service in 1888. For further details *see* the Colonial Office lists and *Burke's Peerage*. From 1897 to 1910, Phillippo acted as H.M. Consul at Geneva, where he died in February 1914 at the age of 81 (London *Times*, February 6, 1914, p. 5).

(243) Frederick Anstruther Herbert entered the Navy in 1841 and was promoted to the rank of lieutenant in 1848. He served in HMS *Nile* in the Baltic Expeditions of 1854–55 and attained the rank of commander in 1858. Promoted to captain in 1864, he commanded the *Royal Sovereign* at Portsmouth before taking command of the *Scylla* in 1869. He served as Director of Naval Ordnance, 1881–83, and as Superintendent of Portsmouth Dockyard, 1883–86, retiring in 1887 with the rank of vice-admiral and becoming an admiral in 1892. He died on December 24, 1911, at the age of 84 (London *Times*, December 27, 1911, p. 9).

(244) Esquimalt was created a permanent naval base by Imperial Order in Council in 1865 (Gilbert N. Tucker, *The Naval Service of Canada*, Ottawa, 1958, p. 59), and in 1867 the land contiguous to Lang's Cove, at the head of Esquimalt Harbour, was secured by the Admiralty as the site of a dockyard (*Colonist*, August 8 and 19, 1867). There is a mention of this "diminutive dockyard" as it was in 1870 in *Our Journal in the Pacific* . . ., ed. S. Eardley-Wilmot, London, 1873, p. 35 (cited in Tucker, *The Naval Service*, p. 59), and a picture of it in Admiral Eardley-Wilmot's autobiography, *An Admiral's Memories*, London, [1927], facing p. 48.

most feeling with us is, the misgiving that our present miserable policy, may, even in *our* lives, resign this magnificent Naval position into the hands of the Americans, who are ever wide mouthed and expectant of every chance for getting this noble possession into their own hands. "When we get Vancouvers Island"—"When British Columbia belongs to us" are observations wh Americans have not scrupled to make to Lawrence, tho' to us they have been more reticent—only we *know* what they feel & expect, and diligently work for. It is sad to knew [know], as we must admit to ourselves, that the colony is *not* advancing; but we look hopefully to their union with the Canadian Confederation, the more so, as the terms, or rather conditions, proposed to Canada will be most advantageous to B. Columbia, and by attracting population, bring abt a profitable occupation of the country. Once get the railway here, fm Canada, & a certain if not an immense amount of pro[s]perity *must* follow. But I must have done with this subject and finish my long letter. At the last moment the younger Miss Musgrave told us of her probable engagement to Mr Trutch[245] who spent the day here after our pic nic. So I suppose it will be settled on the return of the Governor.

Ever your most affte
Sophia Cracroft

San Francisco.
July 8, 1870.

My dearest ones

I quite intended that my last letter from this place shd be a long one, journal fashion, but really I have found this impossible, so I must put things together all at once. I suppose the chief event is the 4th July celebration, for seeing wh we were most excellently well placed, as our windows commanded a complete view of the procession wh was organised upon a very grand & truly characteristic scale.

It was headed by the City Marshall, General Cazneau in uniform & with attendants called A.D.C.s, also in uniform (but few if any were soldiers) wearing great blue sashes. Then came the Governor of the State in plain clothes with others in uniform. You have no idea what a passion there is in America for uniform & titles, wh *anyone* may assume. Then followed Artillery & detachments of troops, Infantry & Cavalry. As we had a Programme we cd tell the names of the Regiments (volunteer) with the Officers in command & this gave a key to the whole affair,

(245) *See* above, note (205).

for they were Irish with hardly an exception! Nearly all the uniforms had green facings, and the very type of feature was distinctly Irish. After the troops came some Benevolent Societies of different foreign nations, but all were insignificant in number except the Hibernian which paraded some hundreds of men, all decorated with sashes of green & silver. I ought to have said of the troops, that in some cases, the Regiments called themselves Fenians—feeling it perhaps an honor & credit to do so. Then came some of the Fire Brigades, with the day engines you will remember I spoke of when last in America. But the absurd thing was, to see Triumphal Cars, filled with young girls dressed out in white muslin & flowers —one represented the States—a girl to each, with the Goddess of Liberty high up above them—another representing the Public Schools also of young girls, & some more not worth writing about. But the climax of absurdity was reached when the "Associated Butchers" presented themselves, clad in robes of office of *white* linen (instead of our well known blue) with broad blue sashes across the breast. The grandees came first in buggys, followed by the regular butchers carts with the owners names. Well, this immense file of people occupied nearly an hour in passing our windows, so we were well tired in watching and soon gave it up. I ought to have said that some carriages formed part of the procession, & that in one was Bishop Kip,[246] who had been entrapped much against his will, into making the usual prayer, at *the* Ceremonial of the day when the Act of Independance is read, and an oration upon the event commemorated, is made. There is so little freedom of action in public matters, in this free (?) country, that, as he told us, he cd not refuse as his patriotism would have been called in question!

This Ceremonial was to take place at one of the theatres and at one time we rather thought of going—but my Aunt is now pretty well known here, & she did not choose to countenance proceedings wh would almost as a matter of course set forth the glorification of America at the expense of England; and I was no more willing than she was, to listen to the invectives wh are never left out. But we wanted to hear all about it & settled to send Lawrence who was only too glad of the chance, & went with some Canadian acquaintance, prepared to put up with what they might hear. But he returned, thoroughly disappointed as to England, but exceedingly delighted! For the selected orator took for his theme, *not* the delinquencies of England, but those of the American Govt which

(246) The Right Rev. W. Ingraham Kip, D.D. (1811–93), Episcopal Bishop of California.

he stigmatised as a mass of corruption—describing it truly but in language the most vehement, & wh wd never be tolerated with us. As to *facts,* there was not the least exaggeration as *everyone* admits, but it was a strange theme for the occasion of celebrating their freedom from what they are always pleased to call the despotism of the English yoke. The next day we called on Mrs Kip & saw the Bishop also, who said that it was a very good outspoken address, and not going at all beyond the truth. The Bishop & Mrs Kip have changed their house since we were last here, & very much indeed for the better, so far as the house is concerned. He bought it of Judge Field (uncle to the lady Governor Musgrave has just married) who notwithstanding as bad a reputation for corruption as any American Judge ever had (& that is saying much) has managed since we were last here to get himself raised fm the Judicature of California, to the Supreme Court, at Washington. So he sold his fine house which he built on the then outer edge of San Francisco, to which the houses are stretching themselves along the lines of the streets. It stands on a sand hill, from which there is an extensive view to the harbour, and is surrounded by sand, which was blown into a whirlwind everywhere today. But the power of water was seen in the garden which was rich in thick turf, trees, shrubs & flowers, the result of a hose playing from a height. Mrs Kip is a great invalid & we found her much altered, but as cordial as ever, & so much to be preferred to her conceited husband.

From thence we went to see Mrs Yates,[247] with whom we lodged twice, when we were in S. Francisco before—& recd a most warm welcome fm herself & 2 married daughters. They are all ladylike & the daughters have married people of good condition. Thence to the North Beach Bath establishment, where my Aunt had a hot sea bath.

This eveng we had a visit from Mr Linforth,[248] sent by Mr Booker, on account of his having lived at Salt Lake & being the brother in law of one of the chief people there, and still an intimate friend of Brigham Young. We were much pleased with Mr Linthorp [Linforth]—& he reminded us so much of Dr Gull. He is getting on exceedingly well in business here, and is a Churchman, and (Mr Booker) gaining every day in influence & in the respect of his fellows. But we were rather surprised at his good

(247) Possibly Mrs. Matilda H. Yates, who is listed in the 1858 directory as keeping a hotel called Brannan House, and in the 1870 directory as keeping a private boarding-house.

(248) Probably James Linforth, of the firm of Linforth, Kellogg, & Rail, importers and jobbers, listed in the 1870 directory.

opinion of the Mormons—speaking however, of individuals; and there is no doubt that setting them apart from their faith, their practice is that of *Christian* men, honorable in their dealings, and devout in their habits. He pressed my Aunt exceedingly to let him bespeak for us an invitation to the house of his brother in law Mr Jennings, who has one of the very best houses in Salt Lake City, and is the intimate friend of Brigham Young—but my Aunt did not wish to enter so completely the Mormon Community, & accepted only an introductory letter to Mr Jennings & President Young. We wish of course to have every possible advantage in visiting the Mormons, & it is thus secured—while on the other hand, we have 2 letters to the Bishop of our own Church who lives there, fm Bishop Potter of New York, & from Dr Vinton, one of the most noted Ministers of the Church in N. York,—so that the testimony we receive will not be one sided. We asked Mr Linthorp [Linforth] if Mr Jennings had more than one wife. Ans. "Yes."—Query "how many" ans. "two."—My Aunt explained candidly to Mr Linforth that she felt as if it wd be an act of treachery to make herself a guest in a family of whose principles she so utterly disapproved, since she could not feel herself restrained from expressing freely her opinions afterwards, & that she had rather be independant.

We visited the next day, the new "Temple of the Reformed Jews["]—a most beautiful building, with exquisitely harmonious colouring—the congregation is mixed, men & women together, contrary to the usual Jewish system, which places the women out of sight, behind a grating.

on the Pacific Railway
Monday, July 11, 1870

My dearest ones

I must try & write, as we make this long journey & tell you day by day what we see. I mentioned in my last that we were waiting day after day, for the arrival of a certain carriage wh would give my Aunt the greatest amount of comfort attainable i.e. a little stateroom, with a private dressingroom opening out of it. I must try to draw a part of these cars, so as to give you some idea of our accommodation. I see I must give in, the train shakes so! We were beginning to be extremely anxious at the delay (owing to the fact that there are only 4 cars of this particular build, on the line and they of course take their turn with the others) when, on Friday eveng Col. Gray one of the chief officials, called to say that the right car had come in & wd start on Sunday at 8 A.M. We

had of course no choice of days, & in fact, owing to the great length of the journey, it is impossible to avoid spending one Sunday on the road. [Sketch]

We started therefore, yesterday morng from S. Francisco at 8 a.m. crossed the ferry to Oakland where we found Dr Walker waiting to see us into the train & say good bye. Mr Booker had said good bye on Saturday afternoon. . . .

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