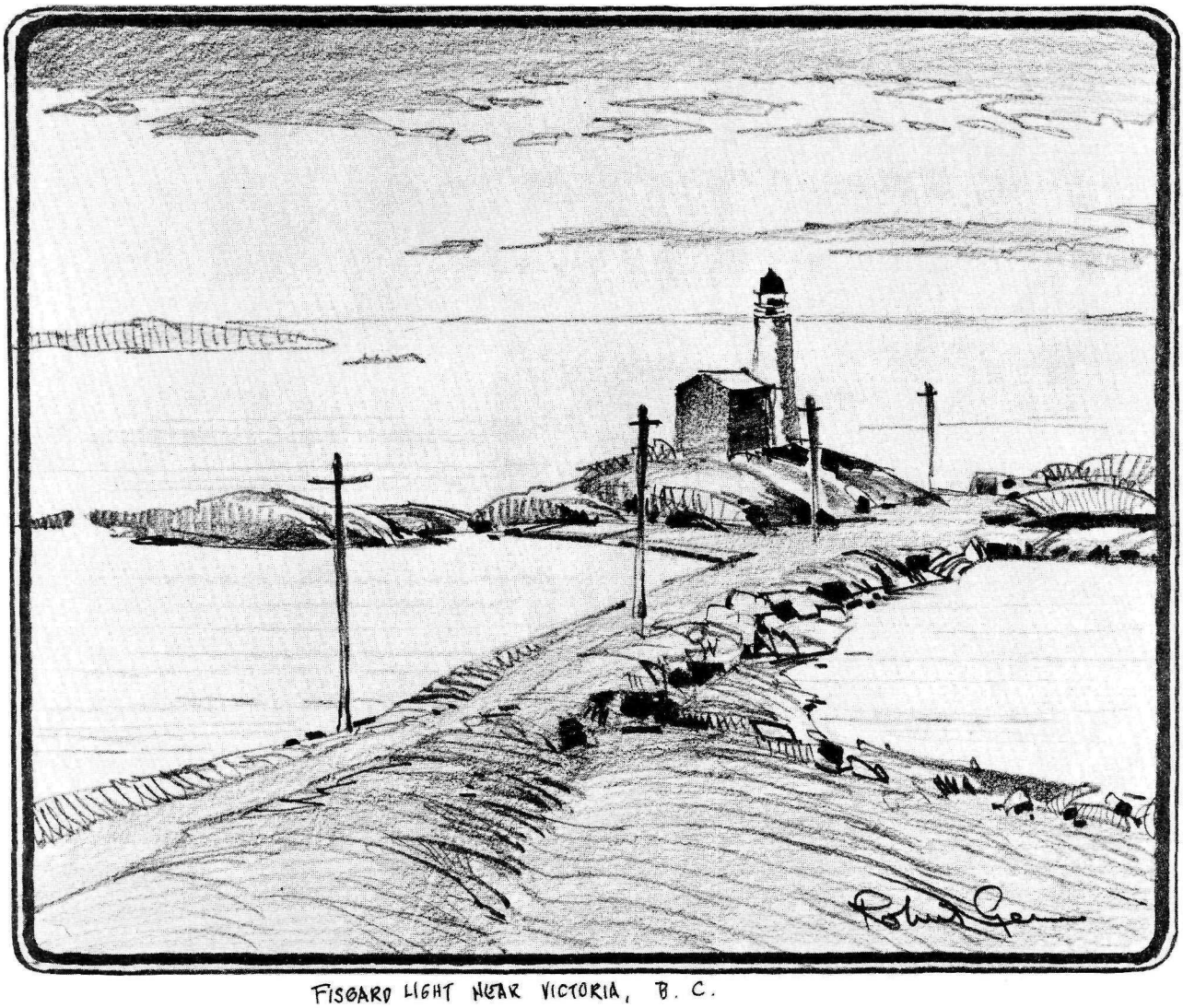
B.C. historical NEWS

APRIL 1971



FISGARD LIGHT NEAR VICTORIA, B. C.

BRITISH COLUMBIA HISTORICAL NEWS

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ANNUAL CONVENTION VICTORIA MAY 27th TO 29th

FRONT COVER The Fisgard Light near Victoria, drawn by Vancouver member Robert Genn.

EDITORIAL

It has been the policy of the British Columbia Historical Association, over the past few years to have a theme for its Annual Convention, but in this Centennial year no particular theme has been followed. It seemed enough to consider what progress had been made, and in particular what leadership this province has received within Confederation.

Webster states that leadership is "the ability to lead". So it is apparent that to be a successful leader there must first be a cause and a purpose. When a leader is so strong that he can, by sheer strength of personality, get complete loyalty from his adherents, he is immediately labelled a dictator. On the other hand, should he attempt to fulfill his purpose by democratic means, rarely does he last very long, as he must inevitably realise that it is impossible to please everyone, and his success as a leader depends on his accomplishments. Under these circumstances agreement or progress is made by the wishes of a very small minority, and out of our democratic processes has been born what has been named in recent years "the silent majority".

It is not in the best interests of any organization to carry on year after year accepting the efforts of a small minority when the large silent majority has shown neither acceptance nor rejection, but continues on in a state of tolerant apathy.

This is every members' organization and this is a plea to the members attending the Convention in particular, but also to our distant unseen members, to promote a more active participation. Criticism is good especially if it is constructive, for it is not enough to tear down unless there is a positive answer to rebuild.

The Annual General Meeting should be prepared to give the New Council something tangible to work on, to recommend and suggest what the future role of this association should be in the best interests of the affiliated societies.

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SOCIETY NOTES AND COMMENTS

WEST KOOTENAY In February an enthusiastic turnout greeted Mr R. L. McAllister, retired Cominco Development Engineer, who gave a talk on astronomy, entitled "Atoms to Stars". The guest speaker at the annual meeting in March was Mr George Murray, a member of the staff of Canadian Exploration Ltd. who spoke on the history of the little town of Ymir where he has resided for 40 years. Ymir nestles in a quiet valley about 40 miles east of Trail and the name comes from Norse mythology, Ymir being the god of ice and snow, but the discovery of gold in 1885 was a god of another colour. The population of Ymir reached 2,000 by 1897, and the town had all the necessary buildings including nine hotels! In that year the community was serviced with water in the same cast-iron pipes that serve the town today. Mining activity declined by 1905 but the mine Yankee Girl returned to production in the early 1920's. Finally, in 1942, mine activity ended completely and only about 100 people remained in the area, turning to logging for a living. As the

highway is being relocated above the townsite, it was suggested that Ymir be restored as an historical site. The Ymir Historical Society, formed recently, has received assistance from Nelson and Salmo Chambers of Commerce, and plans are being made to renovate some buildings, adding informative plaques where necessary.

The following officers were elected for the coming year: Mr M.F. Edwards, President; Mr Velen V. Fanderlik, Vice.President; Mrs Helen Peachey, Mr C.H. Simpkinson, Mr D.B. Merry, Mrs Ethel McIntosh and Mr J.H. Welton, Directors; Miss Jane Tyson, Secretary Treasurer.

NANAIMO Throughout 1971 most of the programmes of the Nanaimo Society will be related to the Centennial. At their February meeting Miss Patricia Johnson spoke on John Foster McCreight, first premier of British Columbia. Miss Johnson found her information in odd places - apart from the Provincial Archives she found some in a bank deposit box, its contents about to be thrown away after a lapse of 50 years, at McCreight's school in Winchester, England, from a goddaughter, and so on. Miss Johnson felt there were three reasons why McCreight is practically an unknown name; he was too retiring a personality to stand out in that pioneer period; he returned to England immediately on retirement, and he left few records, and those almost illegible. The B.C. Centennial Committee considers him of so little importance that though it served for Mr Bennett to have a picture taken below McCreight's portrait (the first and the latest) there were no funds to bring out a small brochure on his life.

At the March meeting Mr John Parker presented many interesting facts related to the Nanaimo of 1871 and the years immediately preceding. At this meeting the following officers were elected: Mr R.C. Edwards, President; Mrs J.N. Kneen, Vice-President; Miss Elizabeth Norcross, Secretary, and Miss Helen Brown, Treasurer.

VANCOUVER Professor Edward Gibson, of Simon Fraser University, the speaker at the February meeting, spoke as a geographer looking at the history of Vancouver and traced from the beginning the urban growth of the city and the reasons why itdeveloped as it did. In March, Mr Nelson Riis of Cariboo College spoke on the rise and fall of Wallachin, outlining the contributing factors in Wallachin's decline, and dispelling some personal theories which many members of the audience had previously held.

Seventy-six members and guests attended the Incorporation Day Dinner which was held at the Holiday Inn on April 6th, to celebrate Vancouver's 85th birthday. Mrs Roff prepared displays of century old articles and pictures, and in a panoramic wall view took visitors from Victoria up to Nanaimo and across to Vancouver a hundred years ago. The President, Mr Gordon Elliott, deputized for the speaker of the evening, Mr James Nesbitt, who was ill, and gave an address on the Crease family.

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JOTTINGS

From the Vancouver Sun, February 14th, is a little gem on page 16 entitled "King Wisukitsak Objects". It seems that everyone is getting into the lake naming act these days, and the East Kootenays is the latest victim. The water behind the Libby Dam in Montana will create a lake backing up into Canada, and the U.S. Congress has decided, apparently with Canadian agreement, to name this lake Lake Koocanusa - "Koo" for Kootenay, "can" for Canada and "usa" for the U.S.A. How does the East Kootenay Society feel about this? Surely King Wisukitsak can't be the only objector? Is the "Half Inch Medicine Line" claimed as part of his realm really the Canada - U.S. border?

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From Victoria member, Miss Nelle K. Wyles comes this item.

MEMORIAL - Frank Cyril Swannell, D.L.S., B.C.L.S. 1880-1969

Frank Cyril Swannell was a Canadian and British Columbian in whom we can take great pride. He was born in Hamilton, Ontario, May 16th 1880, and when his family moved to Toronto received his education in the Public and High Schools of that city. Latter, he attended the School of Practical Science, University of Toronto, taking a course in mining and engineering.

The holidays of 1897 and 1898 found young Mr Swannell in Manitoba and British Columbia and in 1899 he struck out West again, this time landing in Victoria. He had hoped to get to the Klondike, but instead took a job with the firm of "Gore, Burnet & Co.," which later became the very well known firm of "Gore and McGregor". He was articled to Mr T.S. Gore and thus commenced his long and renowned connection with the Province of British Columbia. He participated in the First World War and did duty in France, Britain and Russia from which country he received the Cross of St. Anne in recognition of his services. Mr Swannell also served in the Second World War, being attached to the R.C.A.F. as Senior Assistant Engineer, making detailed surveys at several of the airports on the Pacific Coast. In due course followed periods of exploratory surveying for the Province, service as geographer to the Bedeaux expedition, and then back to the Province for a further period.

Mr Swannell received many honours during his career, and he was a noted traveller and kept making extensive journeys to foreign lands until close to the end of his life. He also wrote many articles of importance and it is said that his journals and fieldbooks are a joy to behold as they are written in such a fine hand. Furthermore, they contain many of his own illustrations. A number of landmarks in British Columbia honour Mr Swannell in bearing his name, such as the Swannell Ranges extending between the Finlay and Upper Skeena River. After his death in Victoria on 6th December 1969, his ashes were preserved, and in the month of August 1970 they were scattered from a helicopter by members of a B.C. Topographic Survey party then in the area under the leadership of Mr Kenneth M. Bridge. On the 18th of that month Mr Swannell's ashes floated down to the Northern end of the Ranges bearing his name. His wife had predeceased him, but one daughter and three well known sons survive.

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In the February issue of the News, listed with the Book Reviews was "History of Port Edward 1907 - 1970 by Mrs Gladys Blyth, priced at $4.75. This was an error and should have read $3.75 plus 5% tax. This book may be purchased directly from Mrs Blyth, Port Edward, B.C.

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A new historical society has been formed in Vancouver to be known as the Jewish Historical Society of British Columbia. Mr Cyril Leonoff, 6926 Tisdall Street, Vancouver 14, is the President. We wish them every success.

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Another newcomer, also in Vancouver, is the Pacific Coast Branch of the Canadian Railroad Historical Association. Anyone interested may find more information by writing to P.O. Box 1006, Station A, Vancouver.

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From the Newsletter of the Federation of British Columbia Naturalists we noted the following: "Among new parks recently established are two Class C historic parks of 5 and 7 acres at Fort St. John and McLeod Lake. The latter preserves the site of Fort McLeod which was founded in 1805 for the Northwest Co. by Simon Fraser and John Stuart. The land was bought from the HBC and some of the log buildings still stand.

Also established is a 5-acre marine park at Echo Bay on Gilford Island, east of Alert Bay. To round out the system of marine parks a number of other small areas around the coast are being examined including a couple on the mainland side of the upper Gulf. At Horne Lake a 71-acre park will protect the Horne Lake caves and the magnificent Euclataws cave though how a park a ninth of a square mile in area can do all this is hard to see. The sticker is that all the adjacent land is either private timber land or part of an M. & B. Tree Farm Licence. These parks total 88 acres - we hope losing this much timber won't draw new howls from industry."

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The West Kootenay Society offers these points of interest for summer travellers in their area of the Kootenays.

Rossland Museum: highly recommended - on western outskirts of Rossland near junction Highway 38 coming from Nancy Greene Lake.

Castlegar-Brilliant Doukhobor Community Village - Committee working hard to have something to show summer visitors; land has only just been allocated to Kootenay Doukhobor Historical Society; ask for Harold Webber, Kinnaird.

Ymir On Highway 3A, between Salmo and Nelson. Signs at Ymir will direct you to old townsite nearby.

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**********READ - MARK - LEARN - AND INWARDLY DIGEST**********

** The Annual Convention is being held in Victoria May 27th, 28th and 29th. **

** On the back of this issue is the Registration Form. **

** Don't delay. Fill it out now. Rush it to the nearest mail box. **

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TRUTCH: AN IMMIGRANT JOURNEYS TO A NEW LIFE

Four letters, edited by C.F. Forbes

The British brig "Favourite" slipped its anchor in the Thames on July 18, 1849 and commenced a voyage around Cape Horn to Valparaiso, Chile. Aboard this vessel was a young man, who embarked with a heart heavy at leaving his family and friends, but hopeful of success to come in America. The young man was Joseph William Trutch, eventually to become a successful engineer, politician, landowner and government official in British Columbia. Trutch was seeking a fresh start in a new land; breaking with all he was familiar with in order to obtain money and recognition, the former for his parents and family, the latter for himself in his profession.

The eldest surviving son of Hannah and William Trutch, Joseph was born in Somerset January 18, 1826, and spent his early boyhood in Jamaica, and later returned with his family to Somerset and Devon. The Trutch family had been settled in the Spaxton district of Somerset since the middle of the sixteenth century, but Joseph's father, William, (devastatingly handsome .... [with] crisp curly red gold hair and piercing blue eyes)[1], a solicitor of Ashcot, subsequently moved to St. Thomas, Jamaica, where he became Clerk of the Peace. While in St. Thomas he met Charlotte Hannah, the daughter of Hon. Joseph Barnes, Assistant Judge of the Supreme Court of Jamaica, and a former Mayor of the City of Kingston. The handsome and accomplished William (who, in addition to his curly hair and blue eyes, possessed "unmatched strength ..... bending long steel pokers and [performing] other comparable feats")[2] quickly won Charlotte Hannah and the two were married on July 11, 1822.

The couple made frequent visits to England and it was on one of these trips that Joseph was born. Just when the family had returned to England is unknown - but about 1837 the young Joe was sent to Mount Radford School at Exeter, under the stern, but kindly principal, Rev. Charles Rodwell Roper.

We know little of the young man's school life, and thus can only offer conjecture as to why Joseph chose to enter the civil engineering profession. It is certain that the family prospects had begun to worsen about the time of Joseph's graduation from Mount Radford (his younger brother John's education there was cut to only two years - and that free, courtesy of Roper - because of "home fortunes".[3]) To a young man with diminishing professional chances, resulting from straitened family circumstances, the opportunities in engineering and surveying probably looked promising. The Bristol and Exeter Railway, completed in 1844, was under construction during Joseph's stay at Mt. Radford School. The "railroad mania" was sweeping the West of England, and with medicine and the law now beyond his reach Joseph probably turned quite naturally to the engineering field.

1. See "Reminiscences of Mrs Charlotte E.C. Kelly in Trutch Papers, Special Collections Division, University of B.C. Library.
2. ibid.
3. ibid.

The eighteen forties had ushered in the transportation boom in England and many "name" engineers were occupied in the construction of railroads, bridges and tunnels. Among these men was Sir John Rennie, builder of the old London Bridge (for which he received his knighthood in 1831), which incidentally was dismantled and shipped to the United States in the late 1960's. Rennie had not been prominent in railway construction, but during the great expansion period of the early forties he was engaged in work on the Great Northern Line. It was to Sir John that the seventeen year old Joseph was articled as a pupil in 1843.

Very little is known of Trutch's apprenticeship to the civil engineering profession but he was apparently an apt pupil and performed his work diligently and in a trustworthy manner. He was at St. Albans, Hertfordshire for a time at least, as his brother John, lacking money for a fare, walked there from London to visit him![4]

With Rennie as his mentor, he undoubtedly received invaluable experience in bridge construction - experience that would serve him faithfully in his later career in British Columbia. He also likely engaged in other than railway work for Rennie.

Upon the completion of his articles, he commenced work as a fully fledged professional construction engineer on the Great Western Railway, and during the years 1848-49 he must have slowly formed plans in his mind for emigration.

England, during this time was experiencing a cautious period of entrenchment after the financial depression of 1847. A picture of what Trutch and other young engineers faced is described by J.H. Clapham.

> "After the long orgy of the railway mania the business of the country had plenty of weak, even rotten patches. Railway companies whose works were still unfinished, and there were many of these, finding that shareholders could not pay their calls, borrowed at whatever rates they must to avoid a stoppage. Some were unable to borrow and left their new cuttings and embankments to grow green unused, or to be bought from them later at bankrupt prices."[5]

More significantly, "the speculative promotion of railways stopped. Comparatively few railway bills were submitted in 1848, and most of them were for obviously useful links or extensions in the existing system".[6]

The bloody rebellions which took place in 1848 in most European countries did not materialize in England, but a nervousness was felt by all as a result of the Chartist agitations. Many even felt that it was only a matter of time before England experienced the unleashed fury of the mob. By the beginning of 1849 commercial and manufacturing interests were rallying, but as the Annual Register has described conditions, the economy had

> "not as yet effectually revived from the prostration occasioned by the commercial crisis of 1847, and the shock of foreign revolutions in 1848.

4. ibid.
5. J.H. Clapham, "Work and Wages" in Early Victorian England 1830-1865, ed. by G.M. Young. (London, 1951) p.70.
6. ibid. p.71.

The drain of railway investments, to which the capital of the country was so largely pledged, continued to exercise a depressing effect, which was aggravated by a general want of confidence in the management of those vast undertakings, and the landed interest was in a dissatisfied and uneasy state, from anticipations of the great change in the commercial policy of the country".[7]

An influx of Irish which had increased in 1848 put a strain on housing in 1849 and the dreaded cholera increased its activity, attacking not only the poor but also the middle and upper classes. With solid family security, Trutch might have weathered these two crucial years, but his situation, if not actually desparate, was at best a bleak one lacking any real hope for betterment.

Toward the middle of 1849, the family morale and prospects were very low. Money was needed for a number of reasons. Charlotte, the eldest daughter (married to William Davey, Assistant Surgeon, Honorable East India Company), had two infant daughters to keep, her husband being in India; John was engaged in a lawsuit over some money owing him by a man described in family letters as "old Jones"; Emily, the second daughter, was to be married at Aden; and Joseph's mother, father and youngest sister Caroline remained to be provided for.

Lack of financial resources seriously concerned Trutch but additional frustration and disharmony were created also by other problems in the family. The wayward character of William Trutch, Joseph's father, was distressing to all. He was beginning to show, more often, his less estimable qualities and was creating a great strain, both on family funds and patience. Reported to be a "rake ... Dickens style - his story [voiced] in hushed whispers led through debtors' prisons, [and resulted] in torment to his belongings; a sucker of [his sons'] early earnings".[8] At this time, he certainly always needed money and could be quite a trial when it was withheld from him. A letter written by John to his sister Charlotte) shortly after Joseph's departure for America) describes what must have been a trying every-day occurrence. Speaking of the difficulties encountered in his court case, John goes on:

"I am sorry to say it is, as I always was afraid it would be, a source of great unhappiness and trial to me, not a day passes, but what there is some quarrel about it. Oh, how I wish that it was all settled and over, the way in which father behaves is almost unbearable; all sorts of names, selfish brute being always one of the chief ones, he says I want to get all the money and run away with it."[9]

In a letter five days later, he reports that "[father] ... talks about our selfishness and the sacrifices he has made for us and our ungrateful returns ... then he spurns me and my money and curses me - oh! that I should write it ....."[10]

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7. Annual Register, 1849.
8. "Reminiscences", see note 1.
9. Letter, John Trutch to Charlotte Davey, Sept. 24, 1849. Trutch Papers.
10. Letter, John Trutch to Charlotte Davey, Sept. 19, 1849. Trutch Papers.

Charlotte answers " .... let me beg of you in all sisterly affection to control your irritated feelings reflecting on the distressing position of our unhappy parent".[11] The actions of William Trutch had indeed become a burden by the late summer and early fall of 1849.

Joseph, it appears, determined to make a break which would free him from the embarrassment - at least temporarily - and, at the same time, give himself some chance to repair the sagging family fortunes and self-respect. He must have thought long and seriously about his alternatives -- but one thing seemed clear - he could not, given the existing economic, social and family conditions, rely on prospering in England. Emigration seemed his only solution.

Reports of the gold discoveries in California had been filtering back to England during the first six months of 1849. These reports probably provided the catalyst which sparked Trutch to action. He felt none of the rabid excitement possessed of other men who left to seek their fortunes, hunting the elusive yellow metal. He never entertained any idea of actually joining the thousands in the gold fields, but recognized the possibilities for an engineer in a new country such as California. Cities would be built, grow, and be eventually linked by railroads. Trutch felt sanguine about his chances for advancement in this new land. He entered into an agreement with the firm of Cross, Hobson & Co. to erect iron warehouses in the active and thriving town of San Francisco. He therefore took leave of England's shores on July 18, 1849 and arrived at the first stop on his journey, Valparaiso, on or shortly before, October 20, 1849.

His first letters home after his separation show pangs of remorse at his leaving family and friends, and reveal a terrible homesickness. Far from home, in strange surroundings, he found that to see his parents' handwriting again "was a treat" (he had received a letter upon arrival at Valparaiso), although he cherished the hope that "more cheering accounts might be written in the future". Clearly the Trutch fortunes were not improving! He swallows his disappointment with his new life, however, and determined to see things out as the only possible way to help his family and himself.

In these early letters there are frequent allusions to the "unhappy circumstances" and the financial problems which still existed at the Trutch home. Matters did not get better and a letter written in 1853, after John had come out to join Joseph in Oregon Territory shows to what extremity the family was finally reduced. Mrs Trutch writes to Joseph in great anguish of mind, telling of her distress over the father's imprisonment for debt, and her anxiety about Caroline's future.

> "It is four weeks today since he [William Trutch] was arrested and placed in White Cross St. prison where he is still; during the whole of this time he has written me almost daily the most harrowing letters with accounts of his varied miseries blended with condemnations of Caroline ... appealing to me to urge them to have him removed from the place he was."[12]

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11. Letter, Charlotte Trutch to John Trutch, Sept. 26, 1849. Trutch Papers.
12. Letter, Mrs William Trutch to Joseph Trutch, Aug.26, 1853. Trutch Papers.

If Trutch ever needed any incentive to remain in North America and search for the success and wealth that had so far eluded him (this letter was written, remember, in 1853), these letters from home provided it.

Homesick then, depressed, with possibly a touch of guilt for chancing so much in emigrating, he shows, however, in early 1850, a healthy (if somewhat restrained) optimism in the anticipation of favourable circumstances which he can turn to advantage. This was to be a basic trait of Trutch's character. In his rather lonely existence on the "Independence" bound from Valparaiso to San Francisco, he indulges in a long description of Valparaiso as seen by a rather stiff Englishman of twenty-three. The lengthy description can be ascribed partly to his boredom on board ship, partly for John's information - as he thinks John is to take up residence there with a branch of Cross, Hobson and Co. He bemoans the "great want of punctuality and order" on the ship and his fellow travelling companion he puts down as a Staffordshire bumpkin - "not deserving of much description".

Trutch, then, is a typical middle-class Englishman,come down rather in his expectations, who honours wealth, respectability and comfort. He means to have all these and to return to England to repair the family fortunes. He has never thought in terms of a complete severance from the old country ties - he always remains (and will, throughout his North American career) an Englishman in exile.

He has other qualities, however, which will serve him well - honesty and perseverance. He is to give San Francisco a chance, although he is somewhat dubious of ultimately prospering there. At the close of these early letters we leave him trusting to Providence saying "if I keep my health I shall be satisfied to rough it on for a short time until I can look about me and see how matters are likely to turn out".

The letters which follow are written by Joseph to his parents, Hannah and William Trutch and give his impressions of his voyage to America, his first landing (Valparaiso) and his prospects upon arrival at San Francisco. The idiosyncrasies of punctuation and spelling are Trutch's own, except in one or two instances where his hasty construction has made the meaning particularly difficult. Square brackets indicate an interpolation by the editor and were necessitated by either physical deterioration of the letter paper or illegibility caused by age and/or the nineteenth century habit of writing both horizontally and vertically on the same page, to save paper. Thanks are due to the Special Collections Division of the University of British Columbia Library for their usual kind and knowledgeable help and to the University Librarian for permission to publish these letters. I would also like to express my appreciation to the librarians and staff of the Provincial Archives in Victoria for their courtesy and help, given during several visits.

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1. JOSEPH TRUTCH TO WILLIAM AND HANNAH TRUTCH

Valparaiso. Octr. 20th. 1849.

My beloved Parents,

I have just finished a long letter to Charlotte[1] containing some account of my proceedings since my arrival here, which you will of course read. I owe you many thanks for the long letters which you sent me and which as I have mentioned were just in time to meet me on my arrival here. I need not tell you how distressed I was to hear of your embarrassments. I trust that ere now that old rascal Jones[2] has given John the money as I am quite at a loss to conceive what you will do failing that resource. Oh! it was indeed a treat to me even to see your handwriting once again, but I would that you might have sent me more cheering accounts of yourselves and I sincerely trust that your next letters may be written under more ~~auspi~~ circumstances [sic]. I shall receive my next news from you in San Francisco where I expect to arrive about the beginning of next year as they tell me that it is a passsage of 8 weeks from hence. I am getting anxious to know by what vessel I am to be forwarded as some of the schooners that go up the coast are miserable little things and I should be most uncomfortable, but I am in great hopes that they will send me in a Dutch ship which is about to sail for San Francisco. As I said before however I have not been able to hear anything decided from Mr Thomas[3] as he has been so busy; tomorrow I expect he will be able to attend more to me. I am very glad that I obtained those introductions from General Fox[5] for if they do not avail me any further they will at least give a footing of respectability to John and myself in the Town for I made a point of letting Mr Thomas[4] know that I had such letters and the nature of my reception &c. Indeed I think Mr Thomas has on the whole been very polite though as he told me he is too busy to pay me much attention. Tomorrow I leave the Brig and take up my quarters at Cross house with a room at the Hotel as they have none to spare in the house. The Favorite[6] is I believe going to load wheat for Liverpool but she will not leave until after me so that I kept all my heavy boxes on board until I get another ship. Certainly the accounts of California are by no means encouraging, yet I believe that the reports of disorder and robbery are

1. Charlot te Barnes Trutch (1823-1882) was the elder sister of Joseph. She married, in 1846, William Davey, Asst. surgeon of the Honorable East India Company. These letters are to his parents, William and Hannah Trutch and his brother John. Mention of letters to sisters Emily and Charlotte indicate that others were written but to date they have not been located.
2. Information on Jones is difficult to obtain. Other family letters indicate that he was involved in a law suit over money owing to Joseph's brother John Trutch (1828-1907).
3. An official with Cross, Hobson & Co.'s Valparaiso office. Joseph was continuing to San Francisco to supervise the construction of an iron warehouse for them. Since he wishes to present testimonials to Thomas, it seems likely that Thomas manages the Valparaiso operation of the house.
4. Joseph believes that John is to embark shortly for Valparaiso to work as a clerk for Cross, Hobson & Co., commission merchants.
5. Major-general Charles Richard Fox, Surveyor-general of ordinance in the British Army.
6. The brig referred to, on which Trutch has journeyed from London to Valparaiso.

by no means encouraging, yet I believe that the reports of disorder and robbery are greatly exaggerated, and I do not entertain any great apprehensions as to personal safety particularly as I have a home to go to when I get there.[7] I am only apprehensive whether I shall be ultimately repaid for my putting myself to the inconvenience and privations which are certain to anyone going to such a place. I am afraid that the country is too much in a state of barbarous misrule to allow of any attention being paid to improvement or anything further that [sic] is absolutely necessary to keep them from the inclemency of the weather & it appears to me that it will always be a poor place for all the gold that is gathered together is immediately shipped off to Valparaiso and ultimately to England & America. I imagine that John will have just left England and I trust he may have a pleasant passage out. I am at a loss to imagine what he will have done if he did not get any money from old Jones. From what I see of this place now I think he will be very agreeably situated, though I must tell you that Cross, Hobson & Co. is not one of the best houses in fact they are not so long established and have made their fortunes by the California trade. Some say they have cleared more than a million of dollars since the gold was discovered - as they took the first cargoes up there and realized immense profits. The consul here told me that they were very respectable people, but I fancy they expect you to work hard. The office hours are from 10 to 5 but when the Steamer comes in they write almost night and day - this however is only once a month. I reckon you will get this about the same time as I get to California so that it will arrive just in time to convey my sincere wishes that you may have a happier new year than this has proved. I am all anxiety to hear of Emily's marriage[8] which I trust has taken place ere now, and this news also I hope to get on my arrival at San Francisco.

I have now my beloved parents in conclusion to thank you most sincerely for all your expressions of affection in the kind letters you sent me. God grant that I may be ever deserving of a continuance of your love & esteem which I have ever prized most highly and may we all be spared to meet again in old England and under circumstances which may afford a happy contrast to the present.

In the meantime you may rest assured that I shall certainly think of how large a debt of gratitude I owe to you and that my heart is ever with you all at home.

God grant that this may find you in health

I am

Your dutiful & affect. Son

J. W. Trutch

I had much more to say but I am obliged to close this or I shall be late to go to dinner.

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7. He has apparently been promised living quarters in San Francisco
8. Emily Trutch (1829-?). She was married, at Aden, on August 20, 1849 to George Ridout Pinder, Lieutenant in the Army of the Honorable East India Company. Trutch would not have received word of the marriage, as he had left England on July 18th.

2. JOSEPH TRUTCH TO WILLIAM AND HANNAH TRUTCH

Valparaiso. Nov. 10th. 1849

My dear Parents,

I take up my pen to send you some further account of myself since I last wrote and I shall leave this letter here to be forwarded by the Steamer of the 25th inst. as I am to sail for San Francisco on Wednesday next in the ship "Independence" of Hamburg. I am thankful to be able to say that I enjoy excellent health, indeed I have become so stout that my clothes are all too tight for me and my face is now so brown and red t hat you would hardly recognize the pale face that parted from you at Gravesend; and this has arisen chiefly from my wearing that Scotch cap on my passage out so that my face was constantly exposed.

Since I arrived here I have been trying to see all the sights and have succeeded in amusing myself pretty well thanks to Mr Williams one of the clerks in Cross Hobson's house, who has shewn me much kindness and is altogether a very nice fellow and will I trust be an agreeable companion for my dear brother when he comes out. This place improves very much on acquaintance and I am sure I could be very comfortable here after I had become habituated to the immense change in manners & customs - indeed it would not do to stay here much longer as I should then feel the more painfully my departure for the uncivilised regions of California, of which I have on all sides the most discouraging accounts.

I dined with the Admiral[9] on the evening before the steamer left, and was very much pleased by his kindness and polite attention: it was a large party consisting of the chief naval officers of the three ships in the Harbour, with his daughters & other ladies. I am very sorry that they should have been going on their course so soon as I am sure I might have got introductions to the best people here through them.

On the 1st inst., there was a general holiday here as it was one of the great Saint's days[10], and I had a capital game of cricket with the English Club which was quite a treat to me although I was not a little knocked up by my exertions. On the following day I borrowed a horse and in company with Mr Williams started off to ride to a place called "Casa Blanca" distant from hence about 45 miles. We left this at 5 o'C: after the office was closed and reached our destination at 10 o'C: both thoroughly tired as you may suppose. About ½ past 7 it fell dark just as we were entering upon an open plain which is 12 miles across and without hedge or ditch to guide us and the best of it was that Mr Williams who undertook to be the guide had never been over the road, so we had to trust to Providence and our horses eyes for we could not see the length of the horse before us and as it was what they call a good road here we galloped across without drawing rein. I could [not] help feeling some slight amount of nervousness on this my first ride by night for highwaymen are by no means a rarity in these parts and we were as a matter of course provided with pistols, however we met with no adventure or accident, but three you ng Englishmen who came about an hour after us lost their way on the plains and one of them rode into a bog or "pantana" as they are called here and they had some

9. Rear-Admiral Phipps Hornby (1785-1867), the flag officer commanding the Pacific Station of the Royal Navy.
10. Feast of All Saints' Day.

difficulty in extricating him again with the loss of one of his stirrups for which he received in exchange a complete covering from head to foot of black slimy mud - after this they lost their way and would have passed the night in wandering about but that they had the Extreme good fortune to meet with a peasant who put them once more on the right road. There is an excellent inn at Casa Blanca kept by an English man & his wife also an English woman and born and bred in Devonshire, and whom it was quite a treat to meet with. They made us very comfortable and we had excellent living & altogether enjoyed ourselves exceedingly. This Inn is a great attraction to the young Englishmen in Valparaiso and they are such riders that they think nothing of starting off one evening and back the next morning just as we should ride 10 miles in England - we returned on Sunday evening in exactly 4 hours riding very fast the whole way. Since then I have been on horse back several times and am more and more pleased with the horses here - they are capable of enduring far more work than would kill an English horse and at the same time are very fleet. It is quite an everyday occurrence for a man to ride on the same day to Saint Iago[11] a distance of 100 miles and back again on the next day. The climate of Valparaiso is certainly delightful - one continu al sunshine and not too hot to be disagreeable. One would think it the most healthy place in creation and yet all the Englishmen here complain that it is most relaxing and I believe it is a fact that there is more consumption among English residents here than even in England. When I came here, I thought, as I told you in my last that this was the most dirty miserable place I had ever seen, but I find it improved wonderfully on acquaintance and I feel certain that when in San Francisco I shall then thoroughly appreciate the merits of Valparaiso. I cannot tell you much about the society as I have not had any opportunities of being introduced. I went one evening to a public subscription Ball but it was a very slow affair - indeed there were only twenty ladies in the room and more than 100 gentlemen so that I did not get a single dance. I was much pleased however on the whole as the ladies danced beautifully, far superior to anything I have ever seen in England. They had polka, waltz, and quadrille the whole evening. The way in which the men dress here would in England be considered most absurd - they all affect the most outré French style - just the sort of dress that you sometimes meet in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square on very seedy Frenchmen - the ladies however are always elegantly dressed and for the most part supply the place of a bonnet in the street with a large black veil or a mantilla which certainly has a very picturesque appearance to a foreigner.

I am writing this very badly and without connection; there is so much talking and confusion about me in the office that I cannot compose my thoughts; I trust however that you will excuse my bad diction &c. I did not forget that the 6th November was your joint birthday and drank your health with most affectionate & sincere wishes for your health and that we may be spared to meet again in greater happiness than when we parted. I have just finished a long letter to John which I shall leave here for him to receive on his arrival the period of which however I cannot even guess at now as it appears from what I hear from Dr Thomas that the departure of their vessel was to be delayed for Mr Cross[12] the head of the house who is coming out here again but it is not known when,

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11. Santiago.
12. Alexander Cross. See note 29.

and I conclude that John will come with him. I feel certain that he will be very comfortable and happy if he comes to this house - but I hope he will not come without specific engagement, for this place is so inundated with clerks who have returned from California that he might never get a situation at all and then the salaries here I find are very low - £150 a year is considered quite as something extraordinary, and every thing so dear that you may reckon three shillings here not more than 1 in England - at the same time you get in the house everything that you require, there is always plenty of wine or liquor for you if you wish and plenty to eat - washing costs just £12 sterling per annum for which you can have a clean shirt every day if you chose. Clothes are of course very dear here - also every description of wearing attire and you are obliged to dress well to be in keeping with those about you: in fact dress is the greatest toll upon a young man out here so that I trust John will bring a good supply with him for even if he brings more than he requires he can always sell them at a great profit. It is now just three weeks than [sic] I have been here and I [am] anxious t o get to my ultimate destination so that I may form my own opinion of my prospects in California. Each succeeding ship that arrives here from thence brings worse and worse accounts, but I do not place implicit reliance on these reports as they proceed for the most part from disappointed parties who are returning from the diggings with ruined health & fortunes - there is no doubt however that everything is in disorder there and comfort unknown even to the richest of the inhabitants. It remains to be seen however whether in the course of a twelvemonth the state of affairs will not be greatly improved. For my own part if I keep my health I shall be full satisfied to rough it on for a short time until I can look about me and see how matters are likely to turn out.

I shall anxiously expect letters from you on my arrival at San Francisco which will be about the 10th January and most sincerely do I hope that they may contain more cheering accounts than I received by the last mail. I feel almost certain that old Jones must have given in and paid up the money so as at least for a time to release you all from your embarrassments and afford John the means of getting a good outfit which as I said before is a great point in coming out here. Failing this supply I am at a loss to imagine how you will manage to get on. Dear Charlotte also seemed to be in great embarrassment until she heard again from Wm. Davey - however I trust that all this has been removed by Jones paying up the money without carrying on the lawsuit any further.

I hope that John will see Mr Cross and arrange something definite as to his engagement in coming out here. He is the managing man of the firm and by far the richest - indeed it is only since his successful speculations in California that the others have joined him. Dr Thomas has been very kind to me here - as much so as I could have expected - indeed [he] is quite a favourite with the clerks here although quite a Scotchman in taking care of his money. He is not a married man but the eldest Cross's wife and family live in the house here - they are beautiful children and I understand that she is a very nice person, but I have not had the pleasure of seeing her as she has been all the time of my stay here at Saint Iago but is expected back at the end of this week. I hear an excellent character of Mr Hobson[13] the resident partner at San Francisco, whom they describe as everything that can be desired. He also is a married man and

13. Joseph Hobson. See note 28.

his wife has been living with him in California, but she is now on her way to Valparaiso in the American ship of the [line?] Ohio - which is expected every day. Captain Webster[14] has made another engagement for his brig with which he seems very satisfied. He is to stop on this coast for some time employed in bringing lime to Valparaiso for the new docks which they are building here. All the crew with the exception of the mates and boys have left him and he has shipped Chilenos in their places with which he intends to work the ship until he goes round the Horn again.

Novr. 15th. I sail this morning and have just time to write these lines in conclusion. I have a very nice cabin and I have no doubt that I shall be very comfortable on board. Yesterday evening I took leave of the Favourite and I cannot tell you what misery I experienced in parting from her. It was like severing the last connecting link with England. I have left Nero[15] on board the Favourite as Webster has promised to take care of him and take him home again to you. I found that he would not live in this climate - he has had three fits already and every one advised me not to take him to California as he would be a great trouble and expense and would be likely perhaps to involve me in disagreeables, so as they are all so fond of him on board the brig he continues with them until she goes home when he is to be given back to you. And now I must say goodbye. I shall most anxiously look for a letter at San Francisco. Give my fond love to dear Charlotte and Caroline[16] with kisses for the little pets. God bless you all - and with my affectionate love believe me your ever dutiful Son

Joseph W. Trutch.

I fear I have forgotten much that I intended to say - once more goodbye. Do write long letters. Remember [me] to all friends.

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3. JOSEPH TRUTCH TO WILLIAM AND HANNAH TRUTCH

At sea, on board the "Independence"
Long: W.88° - Lat: S.20° -

Novr. 27th. 1849

My beloved Parents,

I take up my pen to give you some further account of my adventures since I wrote to you from Valparaiso - in that letter I think I told you I was to sail for California on the following day - Thursday the 16th. Novr. - on the morning of that day however the Captn. informed me that he could not get his papers ready, but that he should positively weigh anchor and be off early next morning so I was already prepared but determined not to go on board until the last minute, and it was very lucky I did not, as it turned out. You must know that nearly every day, say four days in the week, the land wind from the high hills above the harbour, sets in about 11 o'clock and blows with more or less strength until 6 or 7 o'C: when it

14. T. Webster, master of the brig "Favourite" (Lloyd's Register of British and Foreign Shipping, London, 1849)
15. Trutch's dog.
16. Caroline Agnes Trutch (1831-1899), Joseph's youngest sister. She married Hon. Peter O'Reilly in Victoria in 1863.

falls quite calm. This wind is both a nuisance and a blessing to the town - in the first place it blows the dust up in such suffocating clouds and at times with such fury that not the most private rooms or drawers are free from it; everything in the houses is covered with dust and as soon as the wind lulls the people strip and have a good wash down which I assure you I found very necessary - it has likewise the ill effect of rendering the harbour impassable for boats or launches, so that all the Custom house & shipping business in general is stopped for the rest of the day - and people for the most part close their shops and take a quiet siesta. On the other hand this wind may be called the scavenger of Valparaiso, for it carries everything that is at all movable into the sea, and leaves the streets by 7 o'C: as clean as if they had been swept whilst the harbour and shipping are covered with dust and refuse of all description. The night too is cool and agreeable after these Southers, as they are called - the South being the quarter from which they blow. Well - on the Friday morning my new Capt. (Schacht is his name) came to tell me that the ship was under weigh and that I had better go on board at once but that he was waiting to finish some necessary business with his broker so down I went to the Mole with my friend Mr Williams who had arranged to go off with me and return in a shore boat; when we asked the boatmen however they said he must not think of going off for he would not be able to get on shore against the Souther which was just setting in without getting the boat full of water, and said they "if the Capt. does not make haste he won't go on board at all for it is going to blow furiously". And so it turned out. I determined when I heard this to wait for the Captn. as I did not like the idea of being on board all day unnecessarily - by 10 o'C: it was blowing a gale and several ships dragged their anchors and fouled one another, and the end of it was that the "Independence" which had been under sail, off and on, all the morning, took the management into her own hands, and went away to sea entirely <u>independent</u> of all the wishes and endeavours of the mate and crew to the contrary. It was most amusing to witness the dismay of the poor old Capt. when we told him that his ship was blown to sea out of sight. He ran about like a madman asking what he was to do, and the only comfort he could get was the advice freely given "to grin and bear it" for that it was a common occurrence there for a ship to run away and that she would come back when she had had her freakout. For my own part I congratulated myself that I was not on board, and after a good wash we had a comfortable dinner and then the Captain who dined with us wanted to go off in a whale boat to look for his ship; we managed to dissuade him however and we agreed to meet on the Mole at 5 o'C: the next morning. Accordingly I got up at daylight and found the Captain already on the pier but nothing to be seen or heard of the ship - we then sent a messenger up to the signal post on the hill but could gain no tidings of the runaway - so I went to the house and slept for two hours on the sofa until past 7 o'C; when in came the captn. with the news that the ship was coming into the bay - with difficulty I persuaded [<u>him</u>] to take some breakfast, after which we started off in a whale boat with four rowers, but on rounding the point of the bay we found that the vessel coming in was an American so we were still as far off as ever from our object: however we made for the Yankee and boarded her about 4 miles from the town and the Captn. told us that there was a ship just in sight to the Northward, having reconnoitered her through the glass Captn. Schacht declared it was his ship and so off we set again to pull 10 miles out to sea to meet her. This was quite an adventure, for after pulling for an hour the boatmen declared it was impossible to go any further for that the wind was getting up and there would presently be a great sea

running and we should be drowned - in fact they got regularly frightened and we had great difficulty to persuade them by promises of money to keep on rowing - at last we reached the ship just as it was breezing up, and very glad I was to get on board and the Spaniards started off for the nearest land as hard as they could pull. I fear they had a bad time of it for it blew hard all the day. At last I have got on board after the long story I have been telling you: it appeared they had had a very bad night and had lost some sails in trying to hold on the wind as much as possible now however the yards were squared and we went away 9 knots an hour before the favouring breeze which has continued ever since - the sails have been scarcely trimmed, since we set the studding sails that day but are [sic] on we go day after day wafted by the trade wind which we expected will carry us to the line. I was not long on board before I was seasick much to my surprise, as I thought my Horn voyage had seasoned me. I was not very ill however though I was very miserable and unhappy and determined in my mind entirely to my own satisfaction or rather dissatisfaction, that I was the most wretched and unfortunate being alive. All Sunday I was in very bad spirits, thoroughly miserable I laid in bed all that day and nursed my melancholy - however I managed to regain my courage on Monday morning, had a good wash, put on a clean shirt &c., and determined to forget my troubles and make the best of a bad business. The fact is I have heard such discouraging accounts of this California and of the hardships and misery to be encountered there that I can't help thinking that I have made a mistake in accepting Cross' terms which are absurdly inadequate as a remuneration for my services when you consider that even a common labourer gets five or six dollars per day. I confidently anticipate however that they will at least double my salary and I shall make a point of coming to an understanding before I commence the work. Before this letter is despatched I shall probably be able to sav something more on this subject, and to give you some accounts of San Francisco from my own authority.

The good ship "Independence" which now bears "Caesar and his fortunes" across the Pacific ocean, is by no means a clipper - she has evidently been built to carry a large cargo without regard to her sailing powers and I find her therefore quite a contrast to the "Favourite": everything is differently managed and arranged on board the German - there is a great want of that punctuality and order that was so admirable on the brig - our decks here are lumbered with all sorts of planks, barrels, &c., and only indulged twice a week with washing. On the whole however I am tolerably comfortable. I have a state room to myself on the starboard side, and plenty of space to stow away all my luggage and etceteras. She is a poop ship with a large airy cuddy cabin[17] entered from the main deck which renders it very agreeable in hot weather especially when the after windows are open and as there is only one other passenger we have plenty of room to keep out of one another's way which I assure you is a great comfort on board ship. Our captain is a very good sort of an old man - tall - grey haired and plenty of grey beard & mustaches. He talks English very much to his own satisfaction, and equally to my amusement particularly when he gets excited about the German confederation or the Sleswich Holstein dispute which are for him favorite subjects; he is much enraged with the English, who, he declares, encouraged the continuance of the war between Denmark & Germany[18] that they might sell powder,

17. A cabin abaft, in which the officers and cabin passengers eat their meals.
18. This dispute between Denmark and Germany over Schleswig and Holstein lasted from 1848 to 1850.

cannon, &c., to the belligerents - nothing can move him from this opinion - indeed you would be amused to hear our political arguments and wrangles. Our living is pretty good, much about the same as in the Favourite, but we have infinitely better cooking and French wine instead of beer, and I much prefer it particularly as it is quite a change. It is somewhat better than vin ordinaire but you may drink a bottle without feeling any effect. We breakfast at 8 o'c; dine at ½ past 12 - and take supper at 7 o'C: I tried their sauer craut once, and was quite cured of any further curiosity on that subject. We have five pigs on board, so that there is an appearance of much fresh pork for the passage; as for the fowls of which there were 8 dozen they die three or four every night and those that are cooked are so tough that I can hardly get my teeth into them. We get soup (tolerably good) every day, plenty of fine potatoes - and puddings every other day - and I think this completes the bill of fare. I must not forget by the bye some of the best sherry I ever tasted which is produced at intervals. I have been quite delighted with the caboose[19] on board which is the most complete thing you ever saw and as clean and shining as a new shilling - not so the Favourite. My fellow passenger is not deserving of much description, although he affords me some little amusement - and I may as well say something about him. His name is Henshaw - he comes from Staffordshire direct where he was employed as an edge tool maker - having command of some little money and being infected with the California mania he is come out post haste to make his fortune. He thinks of nothing - talks of nothing and I verily believe dreams of nothing else but the gold regions - he is in such a state of excitement that he cannot keep still for 10 minutes together - he rushes on deck, takes two or three turns and then down again - seizes a book - reads for 10 minutes always half aloud, then up again on the poop - much to our annoyance he wears a pair of half boots with great nails, just adapted for a ploughboy and he has a most extraordinary manner of walking throwing out each leg as if it was not entirely under control and making a striding sort of jump he alights on the deck with a shock that shakes the whole cuddy underneath. The captain and I have watched him take the whole length of the poop in his ordinary gait at 7 strides, whilst I make it 13 paces. I assure you I have laughed till I was tired at his elephantine mode of progression particularly when from the motion of the ship he makes a lurch to leward, then he goes half way across the deck at a bound. I forgot to say he is six feet in height and his dress much in accordance with the boots. He murders the Queen's English fearfully in true Staffordshire dialect, and will always address me with - "I say mister" - His chief amusement is teasing the steward boy and trying to make him talk English when [sic] laughs at his attempt. I believe however that the only time he ever forgets his golden anticipations is at meals - then he is quite himself and more than a match for anyone - though I can tell you my performances with the knife and fork are by no means trifling since I left Valparaiso. After supper we generally have a game at whist, and I am sure it [would] amuse you if you could see us and hear the observations. I play with Dummy and the Captn. whom we have taught to play - takes of course Mr Henshaw for his partner - The Captn. is always provoking as Henshaw calls revoking (quite innocent of any intention to pun) and then there is a blow up - then they always consult one another as to what they shall play out next, and indeed we have altogether the most original games of whist that were perhaps ever played. The Captn. and I play sometimes at backgammon and [he] always beats me as he is quite an

19. The ship's galley.

adept [player]. He and Henshaw also play at "all fours"[20] and then Henshaw is at home - I take my walks on the poop regularly, an hour after breakfast - an hour and a half before supper and again before turning in. I have been reading some novels all the past week that Williams gave me - now however I have commenced Don Quixote again which is my great standby and I am most anxious not to lose the Spanish which I can now read as freely as I can French. I found it however much more difficult to speak in the language than I had expected for it is full of idioms which one can only acquire by practise. I could generally understand what was said and I think that in three months I should have conversed with fluency.

Novr. 29th. We have had very pleasant weather ever since we left Valparaiso and although we are now only 10 degrees from the equator we do not find it unpleasantly hot; there is always a veil of misty clouds between us and the sun which without obstructing the light, tempers the heat and renders the tropics in the Pacific quite cool in comparison with the Atlantic and India Oceans. The trade winds are getting very light now and we expect to have calms and plenty of rain under the line, after that we shall soon run into cold weather and arrive at San Francisco in the midst of their winter probably in frost and snow. I often fancy what a different climate you have in England now wrapped up in warm clothing and shivering over the fires whilst I am sitting writing in my shirt sleeves. In Valparaiso they really have no winter - there is generally a month of rainy weather about August or July, but it is never cold enough for a great coat - indeed no one has a great coat, except one or two Englishmen lately come out - they wear when it is at all chilly or raining what are called Ponchos - these are square pieces of cloth or woollen or silk with a hole in the centre to put the head through - and some are much embroidered and very gay - these they also make use of to keep the dust from their clothes and no one ever goes to ride any distance without his poncho. I bought one of dark blue English broad cloth bound with rose coloured ribbon, it comes below the knees and makes a capital cloak or wrapper - it cost me 15 dollars, and I had to sell one of my shooting jackets for 12$ to go towards it. These Ponchos are worn in Chile by high and low and the very poorest peon adjusts his ragged Poncho with as jaunty and consequential an air as though he were an hidalgo. It is a strange sight to see one of the Huaso or Farmers on horse back. The horse is small, and always with a long switch tail and hogged mane - the bridle cumbersome and generally ornamented with knobs of silver on the head stall. The reins are of leather in strips plaited into a rope very neat ly and attached to these is a long lash reaching to the ground with four or five tails. This is carried in the right hand as a whip but more for ornament than use. The saddle [is] very high in front and behind and on it are strapped several sheep skins dyed of various colours called "pillona" - (I have counted as many as 13) these are strapped down very tightly so that the rider is quite embedded in them something like our lifeguards and it is impossible for them to be thrown - their legs however are spread very wide and seen from behind it has a by no means elegant appearance - then the stirrups are of wood - a block five inches square, much carved generally, and with a hole in the hinder side for the toes - these are intended to protect the feet in riding through thorny woods &c. hung over a hook on the pommel in coils is the lasso of twisted hide which they throw with unerring skill. The Huaso wears the never failing poncho - his head generally tied up in a cotton handkerchief of red or some other bright colour to protect him from the heat

20. A card game, played by two, named from the four particulars by which it is reckoned, and which joined in the hand of either of the parties are said to make all fours.

of the sun, and over this the broad brimmed straw hat. He wears loose trousers and a sort of garters of cloth strapped above the knees - but the spurs are the most extraordinary part of the turnout - they are of immense size - I assure you I have seen them six inches across the rowels - which are like the spokes of a small wheel - and some of them have small pieces of metal hanging losely which make a jingling noise as they ride along, and as they fancy, encourage the horse when he is getting tired. Thus mounted and attired they come into Valparaiso in troops to transact the business of selling their corn, cattle &c. and think nothing of 100 miles for a days ride, and this too at a pace that would soon kill an English horse. The better classes are all very fond of riding and every one that can afford it keeps a horse; they ride in quite a different style to us - sitting far back in the saddle with legs quite straight and never rising in the stirrups indeed they only touch them with the great toe. The horses most valued are those which are well trained to what they term "paso dulce" a sort of running trot, which to me appears very inelegant - the reins are held very loosely and to guide the horse you turn your hand in the desired direction so pressing the rein against the neck on the opposite side. If you pull on the rein the horse stops immediately as the bits are so powerful. I was nearly thrown in this way the first time I mounted. They have a favourite amusement on horseback which they call - pechar - which consists in endeavouring to unhorse one another by pressing the knees one against the other - in these combats it is wonderful to see how the horses seem to enter into the fun - turning and rearing at the right instant. I cannot attempt to describe it to you minutely - in the end one fellow is on his back on the ground amidst the laughter of the byestanders - some of the women are very fond and expert of this game. Williams told me he was on horse one day in the rejoicing days which are in Sepr. when a lady rode full tilt at him and nearly knocked horse and all down at the first charge when he took to flight she in pursuit, and only saved himself by the fleetness of his horse. They laugh at the English style of riding and indeed it is not so elegant as theirs - but for going across country infinitely superior - indeed they can't leap over a log of wood, and the whole country was wonderstruck with an English steeplechase which was got up here some two or three years since. I believe they have ever since had more respect for the English riders. They are great people for Picnics to which they all go on horseback on the feast days - riding like mad particularly coming home after the champaigne. These feast days used to be one or two every week but they [sic] merchants & the government petitioned the Pope to reduce the number, so some of the Saints have been shorn of their honors and these holidays now only come about once a fortnight and on these days not a morcel of work of any kind is done - all the offices & shops are closed and every one goes into the country to enjoy themselves.

Decr. 4th. Long. 103W. Lat. 6S. A week has elapsed since I last wrote - in that time we have made very slow progress in consequence of light winds - it gets hotter every day but I do not yet complain of heat - our cabin is airy and we have an awning over the poop - in fact it is really most enjoyable weather. In the morning at 7 o'C: I get my bath on deck which is quite a luxury and gives me an appetite for the coffee and salf beef at breakfast. The nights are lovely. I was on deck until 12 o'C: last night enjoying the moonlight and thinking of far distant scenes and events long past away - and wondering how you all were in Old England. It would be seven o'C: in the morning with you and I fancied you turning out in [a] cold dark winter's morning in London. Well! we get on much the same day after day. I believe

it is the very monotony of the voyage that makes me grow so fat - I do assure you I am getting into condition for exhibition at Baker St. at Xmas if I could only be conveyed there in time.[21] As soon as breakfast is over we look forward to dinner and when that is disposed of we begin to think about supper. I cannot say that I find time hanging very heavy. I have a regular course of employment for each hour and I find that this routine makes the day fly by quite as quickly as I could wish. Don Quixote is my great pont d'apais[22] when I feel at all ennuyé and indeed I spend three hours everyday in reading and studying Spanish. Then I have turned tailor, and with the assistance of the Captn. I am making myself an overcoat out of a sheet which is afterwards to be soaked in oil and then to have a coat of black paint - in this undertaking I find Harriette Sisons' housewife[23] invaluable and I pray you to tell her so when you when you [sic] see or communicate with her & to reiterate my thanks.

Our card parties continue every evening, indeed the Captn. produces the cards as a matter of course as soon as the supper things are cleared away. My fellow passenger's excentricities are remarkable as ever. He is constantly (when at cards particularly) spitting on his hands, then rubbing them together as if he were going to "fill put"- he has also a favourite trick of making a noise with his mouth as if he was driving horses, and he indulges in this at every little incident in the game or in conversation. You may imagine from my mentioning these little absurd items how entirely at a loss I am for anything of interest connected with this voyage to write to you - not a sail is moved from day to day - on, on, on we go pursuing the even tenour of our way over the "weary waters of trackless deep" - a little kingdom to ourselves - in the world and yet apart from it. By the bye we have had a sort of invasion of our dominions lately - the cabin is getting full of cockroaches as the weather gets warmer - they swarm in the berths - crawling over me at night with the utmost assurance - besides these visitors we have the society of thousands nay millions of evils, little ants from the rice which is part of the ship's cargo - these don't trouble me much however. I don't even bother myself to knock them out of the biscuit that I eat.

Decr. 15th. Long. W. 117° Lat. N. 10° We have had some very hot weather with heavy rains since I last wrote, for two days we were becalmed but now we have a fine N.E. trade, and are rapidly nearing our destination. Everything goes on in the same monotony on board and I have not the smallest incident to tell you. In three weeks we hope to be in San Francisco and then I trust to get news of you all, and God grant that they may [be] favourable as regards your health & circumstances. For the present I can find nothing to write more just now.

December 27th. I might just write you a few lines today, that you may hear how I passed the first Christmas that I have spent from home, and having crossed the remainder of this sheet I shall forbear from scribbling to you any more until I reach California for I find that my letter is already swollen to a small book, almost rivalling White's "Letter to Lord John Russel". I will not attempt to conceal from you that Christmas has been anything but a merry time with us despite my most strenuous endeavours to shake off dull care, nor had I even the consolation of hoping that you would

21. His allusion here is puzzling. He probably refers to the exhibition of plump animals and poultry which were exhibited at the Baker St. Bazaar
22. "support"
23. A pocket case for keeping needles, pins, thread, etc.

pass a more happy time in Old England, for it would not be otherwise than that the absence of both your sons[24], as well as that of my dear Sister Emily, would throw a gloom over this season, to which we were accustomed to look forward with anticipations of enjoyment and merry making when we were all at home together; I trust however that it was managed that you had the happiness of dear Charlotte's and Carry's society to cheer you and talk over our whereabouts and sing of the absent ones with my favourite song "I wish they were here" - This day week was the anniversary of the day of Emily's departure to India; it seems but yesterday that we were all mourning over her withdrawal from the family circle and how little did I then think that the return of that day in the course of one short year would find us all so scattered and separated from one another. It is indeed [a] mercy that the events of the future are ever hidden from us -- We have had plenty of good eating & drinking during the past week consequent (at least the former) on the death of a very fine pig, and we did not fail over and over again to drink the healths of all our absent friends. We have had a calm for six days, not a breath of wind to stir the sails, whilst I am writing however the sky has changed its appearance and we are anxiously expecting a breeze, being heartily tired of our voyage and most anxious to see the worst of California. I will now wish you good bye until I write from San Francisco, which I hope will be the end of next week. In the meantime I have it in contemplation to commence a letter to dear Charlotte for I expect I shall not have much time to spare on shore. N. B. to tell me whether you received the note I sent you from the Downs, for I can find no mention of it in any of your letters.

Lat. 27°N. Long. 128° W.

As I am in rather a scribbling humour this morning I will amuse myself in giving you some slight description of Valparaiso and its inhabitants. It will at least serve to pass away an hour or two agreeably to myself, and may interest you as my dear brother is likely to spend some time there and I will endeavour to cheat myself into the happy idea that I am conversing with, instead of writing to you, my beloved parents.

Approaching Valparaiso from the sea and at the distance of three or four miles, the appearance of the scenery is by no means inviting - there is little or no grass on the hills - absolutely no trees, and in fact so little vegetation that the whole country appears of reddish brown hue. It is only when you round the point of Angels and are fairly in the bay, that the striking beauties of this lovely port burst upon the view of the voyager, rendered more keenly alive to the charms of the scene by a three months wandering on the pathless ocean where day after day the sea meets the sky all around, and he at once allows that the name of Valparaiso (vale of paradise) was well applied. You are at first much deceived in the size of Town - as you lay in the Bay the line of houses extends for nearly two miles - the "Puerto" or business being on the right where the shipping anchor and on the left or West End the residences of the merchants and others - but as this part, called the Almendral, is built on a flat formed by the receding year by year of the sea, you have no idea that it contains 40,000 inhabitants, when you view it from the sea. Landing on the mole - a wooden pier run out some 200 ft., you are at once in the midst of the busiest part of the town. The custom house fronts you; the offices of the Captain of the Harbour are on your left and crowded as near as they can get to these are the stores and merchants' offices - for I must tell you that you are allowed to land or

24. Joseph is under the impression that John has left for Valparaiso.

embark only at this mole and everything in the shape of business is confined to this immediate neighbourhood. There are some very good streets and shops in Valparaiso - paving is universal in all the main streets - also oil lamps, and they have introduced lately watering after a fashion - a man rides along the street (they do everything on horseback here) with a barrel of water slung on each side of him with a sort of hose which allows the water to escape slowly and even this is most acceptable in this frightfully dirty place. The houses are all built very low and of light materials for fear of earthquakes -they are generally of two stories and in the best families beautifully furnished. Speaking of earthquakes reminds me to tell you that one occurred whilst I was in Valparaiso. It took place at 6 o'C: in the morning when I was in bed and I was awakened by the motion, but did not feel in the least alarmed which is I am told always the case with foreigners on first landing but after experiencing some three or four shocks you become just as terrified as the rest. I never witnessed such a scene as I did when I went to the window that morning - everyone had rushed into the streets, most of them were on their knees praying, and shrieking for mercy and very many were in their night clothes as they had jumped out of bed and for the whole of that day every one talked of the earthquake. In 1822 nearly the whole of Valparaiso was destroyed but since that time no injury has been sustained beyond cracked walls and loosened tiles, but never the less the terror of the people at the bare mention of "tremble" is beyond expression. I cannot manage to keep up any regular connection in my notes so I must just write whatever comes uppermost in my mind as if we were chatting together. They have a most efficient police here, and you never see any disturbance in the street unless it is caused by some drunken sailor either an English or American for a certainty. Throughout the night they call the hours just as the old "Charlies"[25] used to do & here also they blow a whistle which they keep answering from one to the other all the night. They make an awful noise which until you get accustomed to it quite spoils one's sleep.

The people however are not the only murderers of sleep - fleas swarm here and of a monstrous size - "they do indeed graze on the human pretty freely" as Dickens writes, but you get accustomed to them, and people never think of trying to catch them - if you kill 100 in a night it is only a drop from the ocean - like our cockroaches on board, which are so numerous that the Capt. never even takes the trouble to knock them down when he sees them. The beds also are awfully hard and pillows almost unknown - they have just a little hard bolster like a log of wood - of course in the best English houses things are somewhat different; still even here the fleas assert their prerogative.

I cannot speak much as to the society as I had not much opportunity of forming an opinion - as far as I can judge the Chilenos are much like the French in manners and habits - they are passionately fond of dancing and party going and are very agreeable as acquaintances but I believe very deceitful & hollow hearted. The Englishmen are in great estimation and if respectable easily get into society but for the most part the clerks are very wild - though not so much so as they used to be. There is a great mixture among them for the most part - they are of the class which we should call snobs in England but many are quite the contrary and I was so fortunate as to meet with several who were exceedingly gentlemanly nice fellows. It only requires some little discrimination in choosing your society for though you know every one it does not follow that you are to be intimate beyond a nod or a word in passing.

25. London watchmen.

The Theatre is generally well attended and as far as I could judge the performance was pretty good but I could not manage to understand much of what was said. Cross has a box there and the clerks go when ever they like without paying - this is the case with most of the houses where the patrons are married men. Like the theatres on the continent the arrangements here are much superior to those in London - there is no rushing or scrambling for places; every seat is numbered and you keep your place all the evening if you choose.

There are no fine Churches in Valparaiso - they are afraid to build them on account of the earthquakes, above a certain height, but they are much ornamented internally - the people do not trouble themselves much however about religion, at least they are only religious as far as it does not interfere with their business or pleasure. You see plenty of padres walking about the streets - of all colours and denominations - white friars, black friars & grey friars - then there are Augustin friars and mendicant friars and a whole host of others - they were all fat jolly looking fellows that I saw, and I was told that their appearance was no libel to their mode of life which is loose in the extreme. What rather amused me was the fashion they have of burying people here at midnight; one night I was at a card party with several young men and quite merry and full of laughter &c., when about ½ past 11 o'clock one of the party, a Chileno, jumps up with his watch in hand, "Por Deos", says he "abera necessito ir al Pantheon"[26]- and sure enough off he went to the Pantheon, which is the name of their burying ground, to attend the funeral of a relation - this will give you some idea what sort of people they are. It was all Saints' day on the 1st Novr. whilst I was in Valparaiso - on that day the priests in full dress attend at the Pantheon, whither go numbers of the people, chiefly women (and these so wrapped up in their mantillos that it is impossible to recognise them) to offer money for masses to be said for the dead and to confess and pray forgiveness of their own sins. This occurrs chiefly in the early morning - afterwards they start off for picnics and pleasure parties of all descriptions. Of course Mrs Cross is a Roman Catholic;so, my dear Mother, I know, will be fretting herself lest she should try to convert John - but of this be assured Mrs Cross is far too much employed in devising fresh amusements & parties of pleasure for herself ever to think much of religion; after breakfast she goes, I suppose, in the morning to Mass, as mostly is the custom with the women in Valparaiso, and the rest she leaves to the charge of her patron saint of whom she has a large painted statue at the end of the passage in her house. I don't know whether I told you that Sunday is always the great night at the theatre, but Englishmen I am told cannot even though wild enough in everything else accustom themselves to this custom so totally repugnant to all their ideas not only of right and wrong but even of respectability. I found that it was considered a disgrace for an Englishman to be seen at the theatre on Sunday evening.

The Clerks have a very fine cricket Club generally mustering two elevens on each field day and among them some tolerably good players. I enjoyed two very good games, although I was much out of practice in batting. There is also here a rowing club, but I never went in their boat, but I fancy if John still retains the same passion for pulling as when we were together members of the C.C.C.[27], he will be inclined to join them - and

26. Por deos should be spelled por dios. The sentence he writes is bad Spanish for "I need to go to the cemetery".
27. This might refer to an English cricket club - but the exact reference cannot be identified.

the climate is such that with a little care you need not fear any ill effects from violent exercise, but rather the contrary.

The great misfortune with most of the English in Valparaiso is that they so soon contract the habits and way of life of the natives and in the course of a few years become enervated and lazy to a degree. This is entirely from giving way more and more to the relaxing effects of the climate because some who always take plenty of exercise, rising early and taking a good walk each morning - remain just as strong and active in body and mind after ten years residence in the country. What pleased me so much here was the universal air of politeness and what we should call good breeding which pervades all classes; from the highest to the lowest they are all a well mannered people - a common person stops you in the street and asks permission to light his cigaretto from the cigar which you are smoking with such a sweeping bow and so much elegance of address that you quite feel a pleasure in obliging him. Then again if you enter a shop, and it happens that a Chileno is negociating some purchase at the counter seeing you enter, he raises his hat, and makes way for you to be served before him. This I experienced on various occasions, though I do not mean to say that they always carry their politeness to this extent, but it is always most striking to a stranger - particularly an Englishman. Smoking is universal in Valparaiso - in the streets - in the Theatre, in the Counting House - and in the drawing room - it matters not where - no place is sacred from tobacco smoke, and in every room of every house there are spitoons placed conveniently for visitors. "Billiards" is a very favourite game, and in every Cafe there are two or more tables. They play a different game from the English with four balls, sometimes also they have five pins placed in the centre of the table and each one that you knock down after striking the other balls counts in your favour. I need not tell you that there is an immense deal of gambling carried on here, although I believe it is contrary to law. Monté is the great game and is a pure matter of chance, (when played fairly) as much as throwing with the dice. At this game of Monté fortunes are won and lost every day in all the towns of South America.

And now I have said all I can think of about Valparaiso, and written I have no doubt much that will be tiresome to you to read, indeed I am afraid to read it through myself for I fear that there are many repititions and common place matters that I should wish to erase, however I have written as I said I wd. just what came uppermost in my head and so let it go in. I shall be glad if this scribbling serves to give you some idea of a place in which it is likely that my dear Brother will pass some time, and I can only say in fine that as far as climate, people, & situation go it is a delightful residence.

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4. JOSEPH TRUTCH TO WILLIAM AND HANNAH TRUTCH

/San/ Francisco. January 13th. 1850

My beloved Parents,

At last I have reached my destination - the object of many months of weary voyaging is attained but what a consummation! I landed yesterday morning (Saturday) at 11 o'C: after a passage of 56 days from Valparaiso. At this early period after only a day's experience I will not attempt to give you any description of the place, nor do I dare to venture to impart my feelings. My brain is in a whirl and I can hardly collect my thoughts to write you even a few lines to give you the earliest information of my safe arrival. Thank God, my health is good and if it please him to continue this blessing to me, I shall think light of every other hardship and deprivation. The steamer for England leaves either tomorrow or Tuesday and I have therefore taken this opportunity to relieve your

anxiety on account of my sea voyage and to acknowledge the receipt of your dear kind letters but I cannot write you a long letter today. I must defer any matter of detail until the next steamer. Without preamble I will just mention categorically such subjects as I think most important for your knowledge. I find then that the house of Cross Hobson is in great estimation here - every one speaks well of them which I cannot but feel as a great point in their favour. The two partners here are, Hobson & Hooper,[28] both in appearance and manners gentlemen, and as far as I can judge I am likely to agree with them, but, I have made up my mind to be very cautious in forming any opinions and I will therefore as I said before defer until next mail all particulars. I am to have a room to myself which I assure you is no small luxury here, over their store and close to the site of the proposed iron house. The subject of salary I have not touched upon yet, but they talk magniloquently of my making my fortune here &c., &c. I have not entered on this matter yesterday because Mr. Alex. Cross the head of the house is expected here in a day or two from England - it is not certain however if he will come here direct or go first to Valparaiso. I should prefer broaching the matter with him as it was his brother the engagement was contracted with.[29] By the mail as I have said more than once you may expect my impressions & opinions of this place but I will not attempt to conceal from you that at present I am quite disheartened - and when in such a humour I think the less said the better. So no more of myself now except that I am quite well and not likely to want for anything that the place will afford in the way of board & lodging.

Can you fancy my delight, my rapturous enjoyment in seeing once more your hand writing, and hearing news of you all. You may form some idea of my feelings when I tell you I have been guilty of the lover like folly of kissing those letters over and over again. They shewed me that I was not yet forgotten to those I so dearly love - not so [sorry] an outcast as I had brought myself to belief. Thank you a thousand times for the comfort they afforded when I most needed it - but I will not venture - I will not indulge in any further Expressions of dejection. I regret that I have written these last lines for they [may] serve to distress you without benefiting one beyond the momentary satisfaction of imparting our grief to others - remember however as I said before that it is the very newness of everything here which casts that shade which may brighten up as I become habituated. I believe I must now congratulate my dear Sister on her marriage. I would that I could say all that now fills my heart on her behalf, but I will leave it to you to imagine all that the most affectionate brother could conceive of good wishes towards a much loved sister on such an occasion and to assure her that such are my feelings though just now words are beyond my command. My dear mother, how I grieve to hear of your hand being so much affected, those dear soft hands that I have so often fondled - may your next letters inform me that you have quite regained their use - Oh what a train of happy hours spent in your society is now passing through my recollection. How little do we value the blessings we enjoy until we are deprived of them. I am getting quite unmanned - I sat down to write determined to suppress my

28. See H.H. Bancroft, History of California. He identifies the partners as Joseph Hobson and William Hooper. Hobson probably came to San Francisco in 1848 and was a native of Maryland. Hooper had apparently come to the West Coast in 1833 from Boston and had spent the years 1845-1848 at Honolulu.

29. William Cross was the brother with whom Joseph and John contracted. Alexander Cross was apparently the senior partner and it is he whom Bancroft identifies with Cross Hobson and Co.

feelings but the pen seems to guide itself to disclose to you some hints of my anguish of mind at this season, and which /I/ blame myself for as I fully believe that in the course of a few weeks I /shall/ be able to write in better spirits.

I enclose a letter for Holden[30] which you are to read and afterward wafer /&/ post it for him. You may perhaps derive some amusement from it. Thank my dear brother for his long letter which was a great treat. Give him my love and say I shall most likely write him an answer by next mail. I regret much to hear that he has been so shabbily treated by Mr Cross. I have had my doubts ever since I left Valparaiso because I could not see that there was any opening for a clerk /in/ their house - of this more by and bye. Ask him to oblige my /German?/ Captain by reporting in the London Lloyd's list or the Shipping Gazette the arrival at this port on the 12th Jany. of the Hamburg ship Independence. Anyone will put him in the way to manage this without cost. I have so many things to say that I could keep writing all the night but I have a headache as well as a heartache and I fancy you will hardly decypher fully the whole of this budget before you get my next for it is indeed lengthy and closely written. I have spent some of the pleasantest hours of my passage in writing these pages. I fear it will take you almost as many to read them. The newspapers did not reach me. I shall enquire how this has occurred and let you know the right means of sending them. Do continue to write me long letters all of you they are my only comfort; a steamer is now daily expected. How anxiously I anticipate better news from you. I have only read these last letters of yours once I have to read them once more again to get everything properly remembered. Do write long long letters all of you; they are the only bright spot I can see in my future for some time to come. Caroline has not sent me a line nor Charlotte nor Emily. I never neglected them when they were longing for news from home. Bobby might have /spared?/ me an hour from her happiness to cheer my exile. I sh^{d}. have thought so much of a letter from her at a time when she was in the heyday of enjoyment. But never mind perhaps it is that I am too greedy of all your loves - You will I /am/ sure rightly understand why I do not write more at length now. I really cannot bring my mind to it. I cannot control my feelings today. I think too much to write. Tomorrow if possible I shall add a few lines to dr. Charlotte - if I have time & more pluck than today I will say more of myself. Goodbye Goodbye my dear Parents - with fond love from your affect. Son

J. W. Trutch

30. P. M. Holden, a fellow pupil of Trutch, while both were articled to Sir John Rennie. In 1858 he was minister of St. Paul's Episcopal Chapel, Great Portland Street, Mary-le-bone, London.

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Charles F. Forbes, a member of the Vancouver Historical Society, is Assistant Librarian, Sedgewick Library, University of British Columbia.

BRITISH COLUMBIA HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION

Annual Convention, 27th - 29th May, 1971 - Victoria, B.C.

REGISTRATION

NAME (Please print) .....

ADDRESS (Please print) .....

BRANCH ..... DATE .....

Registration fee, all participants - $2.00 $_____
" " attending one day only - $1.00 $_____

Intended participation please check as indicated YES NO

THURSDAY, 27th May. Maritime Museum, Bastion Square.
7.30 p.m. Registration; Welcome to delegates by Cmdr. A. G. Coning; light refreshments.

FRIDAY, 28th May, Newcombe Auditorium, Provincial Museum.
9.00 a.m. Meeting of old Council
9.00 a.m. Registration of delegates.
(Deadline for Luncheon and Banquet tickets - 9.45 a.m.)
10.00 a.m. Annual Meeting
12.30 p.m. Luncheon, Empress Hotel, Crystal Ballroom $3.25 ___ ___ $_____
Followed by President's address - "Lord Dufferin - Godfather of Confederation"
* 3.00 p.m. Non-conducted tour of Government House grounds
3.30 p.m. Tea at Government House (by invitation only)
5.00 p.m. Meeting of new Council
7.30 p.m. Meet in Newcombe Auditorium; greetings from Mr Willard Ireland; tours of Museum and Archives.

SATURDAY, 29th May
10.15 a.m. Meet at Vancouver Island Coach Lines Depot
10.30 a.m. Board buses for tour of Fort Rodd Hill
12.30 p.m. Luncheon at Plantation
2.00 p.m. Tour of Royal Roads. Combined tour & lunch $4.00 ___ ___ $_____
4.00 p.m. Return to depot
6.00 p.m. Faculty Club, University of Victoria; no host refreshments
7.00 p.m. Banquet $4.75 ___ ___ $_____
Speaker, Dr Charles Humphries: "War & Patriotism: the Lusitania Riot".

NOTE - Advance registrants complete the form and mail together with payment to Mrs A. D. Turnbull, Chairman, Registration Committee, 3614 Cadboro Bay Road, Victoria, B.C. (Phone 592-6025)
Please make your own reservations for accommodation.

* All persons wishing to visit Government House must send their names and addresses to Commander Dixon, Government House, Victoria, before May 7th.