

PREFACE.

“OF making many books there is no end.” So says a man whose wisdom has never yet been doubted, but despite all that, and the “no end” of books already made and in process of making, no one dreams of the book-making business coming to an end, so I have been induced from the subject of my little work having been so well received under another form, to add my quota, albeit small and meagre as it is, for the criticism, I can scarcely flatter myself for the benefit of my readers, if I should be fortunate enough to have any outside the precincts of the printer’s office.

My chief incentive to “launch my paper boat,” I am bound to confess, was a want which I have felt considerably, and which I am sure many of my fellow creatures similarly situated, must have felt before me, viz. : that of a book, pamphlet, paper, or any sort of publication, containing a description or historical sketch of those regions which are now passed almost daily, by mail steamers of one sort or another ; but of whose early history, aye, or even modern history, nothing is to be learned, except by consulting the “no end” of books already hinted at.

It is true that dry statistics and a good many unvarnished facts are to be gleaned from the daily papers, or from the “ancient mariner,” who comes aft amongst the passengers to heave the log once in the hour, and who has, no doubt, done the same thing, looked at the same cliffs, or sands, or rocks,

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