

comfortably enjoyed and we sought the warming influences of Social Hall.

*June 18th.* At 4 o'clock this morning the thud of the engine disturbed our nap and told us we had left Port Townsend and were steaming across the strait of San Juan de Fuca to Victoria, at the Southern point of Vancouver's Island.

The English names so usual in and about Puget Sound were given by Vancouver in the course of the three voyages which he made here.

We had scarcely finished breakfast when we cast our line at a long pier in James Bay, about one mile from Victoria. It is here that one can see to the best advantage the full grandeur of the snow-clad Olympian range, which stands like a "sapphire wall" across the straits. A stop of several hours gave us an opportunity to drive into the city and the adjacent town and harbor of Esquimalt. At the latter place is the new Government drydock, which our driver seemed to think a very wonderful thing.