

CAPTAIN VANCOUVER'S LAST VOYAGE

IN the celebration of the deeds of great voyagers, Captain George Vancouver need not be forgotten. The painstaking and rather pious mariner who first explored the Gulf of Georgia and gave Vancouver Island its name did as much for the western coast of America as Champlain and La Salle did for the southern interior of Canada, as Mackenzie and Franklin for the far north, or Simon Fraser for the interior of British Columbia.

Three quaint old leather-bound volumes printed with the old-style letter "s" and illustrated by curious archaic wood cuts, tell the story of the long round-the-world trip that took four years of the last seven of Captain Vancouver's life. These volumes were a substantial part of the evidence at the Alaska Tribunal when the boundaries of Canada were under scrutiny. The Captain died before he had finished the work, leaving it to his brother John.

Vancouver made his memorable voyage between the first of April, 1791, and the early part of 1795. Somewhat less than half this time was spent on the western coast of America; the rest at the Sandwich and other Pacific islands, and Australia and New Zealand, and on the way over the high seas. Vancouver went by way of the Cape of Good Hope; he returned via Cape Horn; so that in this trip he went clear round the globe as far as a mariner was able to go—a thing which twice before he had almost done when accompanying Captain Cook.

Captain Vancouver was commissioned by His Majesty George III, who had lately lost his subjects in the eastern part of America, to see what sort of land might be the west coast, of which no one as yet knew anything in particular—the southern part of the continent belonging to Spain, whose missionaries had done some traveling along the north-western coast. Besides, it was thought by Vancouver that he might find an eastward passage to the interior great lakes. He had heard of the journeys of Champlain and of La Salle, the former of whom thought he might follow the great lake system to China, and the latter of whom did as much of the journey as any man could do when he traversed the upper lakes, beginning at Lake Erie, where just above Niagara Falls he built the first vessel ever floated on the lakes.

Vancouver seems to have trusted a good deal in God and his imagination; at the same time he had a scientific mind and he carried with him on this trip with the Chatham and the Discovery everything a mariner could use in those days for making surveys. The only loss by death on the voyage occurred before the party got well away from Falmouth, when one John Brown, the carpenter's mate, described as "an excellent gentleman," fell overboard.

They set out, as the Captain himself says, "with minds, it may be conjectured, not entirely free from serious and contemplative reflection." In fact the whole crew seems to have been shadowed by pious notions. There was never even a mutiny. One thing the Captain insisted upon—clean ship. While the bill of fare more than once got down to sauerkraut and potato broth, the store-rooms were washed with vinegar and the decks fumigated with a burning mixture of gunpowder and vinegar, and he himself confesses that the smell of this compound was very bad—but never a whimper from his crew.

It was the spring of 1792, just about a year after the beginning of the voyage, that Vancouver's two wooden ships crawled up through Puget Sound—named after one of the crew—and past Mount Baker, christened after the third lieutenant. The Indians in these regions he describes very intelligently. None of them were able to speak the Nootka language, however, so that the Captain was at a loss to know what sort of savages they might be. Here a village and there a canoe, the natives offered to trade skins and meat for knick-knacks; and in one case they offered a good-looking child for a chunk of copper, of which the Captain had plenty; but he indignantly refused and gave the pagans some very pious advice about citizenship.

His description of how the crew got to work as soon as they landed is a marvel of industry. Apparently the crews were so glad to get on shore that they fairly devoured the work. They went making and mending sails, inspecting calks, cutting wood, brewing spruce beer—a delightful concoction—repairing the rigging, stocking up the commissariat, cleaning out holds and loading in gravel ballast and stopping leaks—every man as busy as a beaver and a model of eternal industry to the indolent savages that watched them.

The Indians seem to have been but little civilized; they wore bear and deer skins, some of them home-made garments; they lived in huts made of poles and mats and skins; sometimes whole villages made of planks, leamed against trees—though where they got the planks is not stated, for there were not likely any modern saw-mills around Vancouver in those days.

One of these villages was deserted. The crew came upon a whole jumble of fude wig-an unexpected enemy, whose legions made so a smoke or a soul or a hair of any human being to be found. They poked about in the sort of pious awe that always seemed to pervade them; inspecting with pious and scientific care this remarkable phenomenon of a community without people, one of the crew busy making a sketch of it while the rest rummaged about, quite oblivious of danger or the probability of attack from any quarter, when all at once, as the Captain naively remarks:

"Our gentlemen were suddenly assailed by wams crawling up the side of a rock; but not furious an attack upon each of their persons that, unable to vanquish their foes, they rushed up to their necks in water."

A fine hectic picture of the jack-tars who had sailed the seven seas coming down the rock chased by the enemy—but the wily Captain naively concludes by saying that it took his men a long while to wash their clothes and hair free from the swarms of fleas which had probably driven out the Indians, and were lying in wait to convince the white voyagers that civilization had preceded them.

The more southerly part of the Captain's explorations were a series of delightful discoveries amid landscapes most charming; but the further north he got in the Gulf of Georgia, the more rocky the way and the more melancholy the Captain, who seems to have had a great fancy for English landscapes and was astonished to find so many park-like spots on that journey. He named the places just the way he felt; and when he had satisfied himself that the Spanish explorers were a lot of humbugs, and that there was no eastern extension of the Pacific to the great lakes—which were a good deal more than a thousand miles from where he landed—he sailed back down the gulf and along the great island where today they are charging three cents a mile to sail from the city bearing his name to Victoria, back down the southern coast, and off again to the Sandwich Islands.

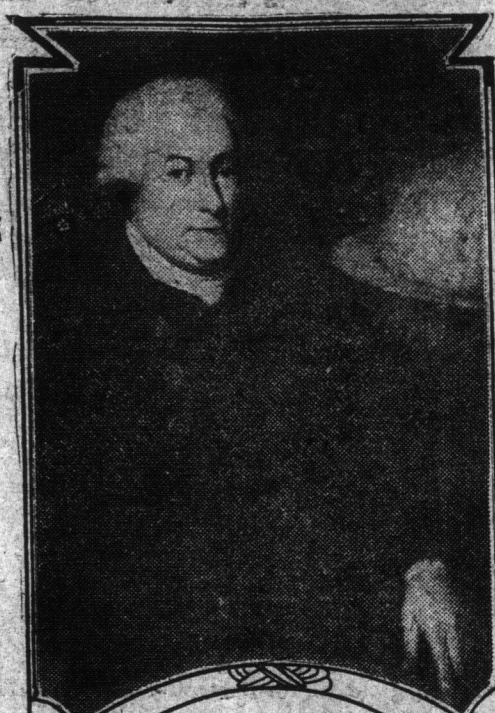


THE JURREY CHURCHYARD WHERE VANCOUVER IS BURIED.

Having done what he was sent to do in the name of God and the King, he was able to report to His Majesty that, though it was certain that in future there would be a yearly celebration known as the Fourth of July, yet there was enough land left to the Crown of England to make a fairly respectable Dominion where the people might not care much about the Fourth but a good deal more about the head of the great lakes near to the Gulf of Georgia by a railway or two—and one of these days when they got pretty well ahead and got the date fixed they might celebrate at Quebec the discoveries of Champlain and the victories of Wolfe.

While he was writing his books the good Captain died at Petersham, Surrey, where in the old churchyard he was buried; a very simple gravestone and a modest mural tablet are all that remain to commemorate the career of the sturdy seafaring man who passed away in the year of the Treaty of Ryswick.

Applying for a divorce, an old Georgia negro said to a judge: "Hit only cost me a string er fish ter git married, jedge, but, please God, I'd give a whale ter git rid er her."



CAPTAIN GEORGE VANCOUVER

IN THE CEMETERY ADJOINING THIS CHURCH WERE INTERRED IN THE YEAR 1795 THE MORTAL REMAINS OF CAPTAIN GEORGE VANCOUVER, R.N. WHOSE VALUABLE AND ENTERPRISING VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY TO THE NORTH PACIFIC OCEAN AND ROUND THE WORLD DURING FIVE YEARS OF LABORIOUS SURVEY ADDED GREATLY TO THE GEOGRAPHICAL KNOWLEDGE OF HIS COUNTRYMEN TO THE MEMORY OF THAT CELEBRATED NAVIGATOR THIS MONUMENTAL TABLET IS ERECTED BY THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY

MEMORIAL TABLET IN PETERSHAM CHURCH

their character, though it would be foolish to assume that the principal lessons will not be divulged sooner or later to those who are interested to learn them, both at home and abroad. We have already expressed our opinion upon this subject, and shall not recur to it, except to remark that such secrecy is not observed in regard to Army manoeuvres, and that the long series of operations which began, as it were by accident, during the strained international relations which arose out of the "Penjheh incident" in 1885, have been supremely useful in keeping the navy in evidence before the nation, and incidentally in creating a school of naval thinkers and writers, some of whom with their pens have rendered invaluable service to the State. Perhaps the most instructive feature of the recent manoeuvres will prove to be the mobilization of the Home Fleet, which by its rapidity and smoothness has placed the system of nucleus crews beyond cavil. Those who know the history of naval manoeuvres are aware how, before its introduction, the mobilized "lame ducks" of the Fleet often marred its operations, and revealed a condition of affairs that was far removed from one of preparedness of war.

What has been the value of the manoeuvres themselves the Admiralty will determine. In the strategic operations of war two meth-

was that foolishly described as the "capture of Wick." As a matter of fact, it was no more than the landing of a small party to buy newspapers and produce scattered information. Whether this incident can represent an actual episode of war we will not attempt to determine, but we will hazard the surmise that, with any adequate censorship of Press intelligence, it would prove altogether ineffective. The game of bluff and the spreading of false information can be practiced by both sides and a foreign admiral who relied on news procured in this way would be likely to find himself deceived. It would appear that Sir Francis Bridgeman, commanding the Red or Home Fleet, adopted what may be described as an offensive-defensive attitude, ready to take advantage of developments and that Lord Charles Beresford, on the Blue side, did much the same thing, but without attempting to strike at his adversary's base, or to bring him to action before he had assembled all his reserves. If it be true that the fleet which menaced our coasts never saw its enemy, nor came within a hundred miles of him, the question is likely to be asked if it was attempting in these conditions to gain command of the sea, and, if so, whether success was admitted to be impossible; or, otherwise, what it was hoped to accomplish.

Certainly it could not have been to cover the landing of an invading force.

The inclusive character of naval manoeuvres must certainly, to the taxpayer at least, be their most unsatisfactory feature—

Great Chatham standing with his sword drawn, Was waiting for Sir Richard Strachan. Sir Richard longing to be at 'em Was waiting for the Earl of Chatham.

It is, of course, true that the lessons of naval manoeuvres do not shine on their surface. They are discovered by close analysis and study. But, if the fleet whose function is to defend may legitimately remain on the defensive while ready to attack, that whose business it is to assume the offensive should surely attack. Otherwise the great lessons of manoeuvres will be lost, and a still water will result. Periodic manoeuvres upon a large scale with tactical developments are necessary for the final efficiency of fleets, and great assemblies of ships of war should give officers large experience in the strategic dispositions and tactical handling of fleets. The recent operations will certainly not be without high value, since they will throw light upon the conditions of offensive operations across the North Sea. They will also make known the views of admirals in this connection, the means they must employ, and, in a measure, their qualities for command—all matters of singular importance to the country.

BROUGHAM AND WELLINGTON

That Lord Brougham did not take long to think is illustrated by an anecdote in a new book of memoirs—"You, my lord," said Wellington, angry with him, "will be remembered, not for having been a great lawyer nor for having written profound philosophical essays, but for having given your name to a peculiar style of carriage."

"And your grace," answered Brougham, "will be remembered, not for having gained the battles of Vittoria and Waterloo, but for having given your name to a fashionable kind of boots."

"Oh!" said Wellington, "damn the boots, I forgot 'em."—M. A. P.

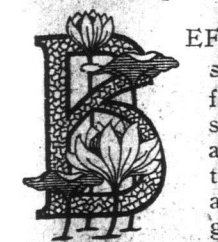
William Volen Williams, consulting engineer for the Granby Consolidated Mining, Smelting and Powder Co., recently inspected the development on the Independence group of claims, situate on Bear Creek, near the Tulameen. The proposition is a copper-gold one, and has been under bond for two years to individuals prominently connected with the Granby corporation. Mr. Williams, who is conservative in his views, stated that the Independence promises to be a steady shipper as soon as the V. V. & E. railway, now at Hedley, enroute to Vancouver, reaches Bear Creek. The tracks will cross the property. A large tonnage of shipping ore of good grade has been blocked out.

THE H GARDEN CA

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Delphiniums, Gallia
Strawberries, Prim-
Plants, Coleworts.
Pot: Narcissal, So-
gow: Prickly Sp
Colewort, Caulflow
and Cabbage, Endiv
rot, Mustard and C
Melons in heat, Tri
for Spring, Mignon
Parsley, Tomato.

ROSES UNDER

Great Importa



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A Guide

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