

again: a wavy growth of alders, maples, beech, oak, and poplar fringes the shore; behind, huge walls of solid rock now loom up; here and there at the intersection of the mountains there is often space sufficient for wild, scrubby trees to cling tenaciously, and streaks of snow appear or a long thread of torrent gleams on the sight, never so lovely as the Columbian waterfalls, because never so well set. Mountain masses shut us in on every side: on the east twin peaks, snow-spotted, have uplifted themselves; they do not seem far away, not much beyond the heights of the river by which they are framed, so that one sees them through a short vista. On the left, tall trees covered with light green foliage contrast against dark. Here in some respects, the Frazer surpasses the Columbia—in this for instance: there are more windings, so that one is hemmed in suddenly by towering walls as though there were nothing of the world beyond.

Since leaving Port Hope—a village placed on a broad table, flanked by mountains—the river again continues amid great eminences, deep in woods, with masses of snow atop. Where we are now, the west bank rises green and soft, with towering plumes of some beautiful trees slowly ascending tier upon tier; here and there, sharp towers of pine shoot above the mass, then a height easily soaring, to be carried farther aloft in a lofty peak; so it is for miles and miles. The continuousness of this range is wonderful, far greater than that of the Columbia, for here we have been steaming amid this gigantic brotherhood of mountains for hours, yet do not seem to be passing beyond; the scenery is finer than during the morning; the elevation is also greater. We pass a pretty little island with its rocky spine stretching up the current, forming a wedge to cut the stream. At the lower end the waters reunite but to contend; here there is the most uproarious tumult; a novice is appalled, but two trials enable the steamer to stem the tide in safety. There are now no extensive views off upon the land, though the sun is out strong and splendid. On the right hand we are under a steep cliff, whose pines, were they to

fall, would cross our steamer, but we shift aside quickly. Houses, occupied by Indians, appear oftentimes, each with its little patch of garden. All the natives are short and stout in stature, their faces lugubrious, yet they seem happy and fun-loving: the deckhands are Indians, and perform their work with great readiness and energy; they make their labor a pastime. Indians and Chinamen are in about equal proportion, evidently on good terms. Squaws squatted on their haunches gaze expressionlessly upon white folk; they seem a witless, inoffensive race.

A superb day in mid-June witnessed our return voyage: the sky was of purest blue, foliage most vivid green, air and river calm. The best part of the scenery lies between Port Hope and Yale: the portion from the former place downward is wild at times, always pleasing, but somewhat monotonous. Early in the morning the boat takes on board a herd of cattle: to see the poor frightened things driven on deck is one of the characteristic sights of this new region. Indians carcering about on their ponies dash in among the wild-eyed, terror-stricken oxen, and quickly force them through the narrow corrals.

From the place whence we started yesterday morning to ascend the river to New Westminster, the course passed over by night, the scenes are very interesting: this is apparently an excellent country for agriculture, to become at no distant period a great farming region. Lands of vast extent, heavily timbered or with low, dense growth, lie along the river; mountains, fallen away, their tops speckled with snow, present an irregular outline of crest and peak; to the south-west broad outlooks over levels of forest land fascinate the eye: Mount Baker is in sight. Still further down the Frazer widens into a lake. The steamer is at least one-half mile from the northern shore, while the southern lies as far away as the vision can pierce. Sails and steamboats flit over the ample expanse; we are evidently approaching the mouth. Huge salmon canneries appear from time to time on land that looks lower than the water; a forest, reaching to the distant