

throughout British America, he is acknowledged to be a statesman of great breadth of mind and experience, whilst personally he possesses those genial qualities which always render their owner acceptable wherever he may be, flattering alike to the highest and the lowest; *mel in ore, verba lactis*, as the old monkish Latinists used to say, though the latter part of the well-known sentence can in no way be applied to him.

The impression among the inhabitants is, that his visit will do much good, assuage bad feeling, and tend, perhaps, to make both parties more reasonable. At any rate, all that a cordial reception can prove awaits him.

Notwithstanding the good feeling towards the United States, and the constant intercourse with San Francisco and the Sound, springing from close contiguity and commercial transactions, there is a tone of loyalty to the British Crown, and an attachment to the old country, the more striking from its conflict with the material interests of the colony; for, cut off by 3,000 miles of intervening continent, from business with the East, little doubt exists that an unrestricted market in San Francisco for the coal, fish and lumber of British Columbia, would conduce greatly to the prosperity of the latter.

Well, away we rolled, straight up the straits, the snow-capped mountains of the Olympian range on one side, and the green-wooded shores of Vancouver Island on the other; rocky islands, and pretty little bays and coves, gleaming here and there in silver and purple, as the light and shade in endless variety fell upon them, not unlike the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence, or—if one could dot a ruined temple here and there, and a little lateen-sailed caique, with its high prow and stern, stealing along under the cliffs—the still more classic shores

“Where burning Sappho loved and sung.”

About eighty or ninety miles from

Victoria on our left, sheltered by Gabriola Island, lies Nanaimo, the second town of Vancouver Island, and claiming that it will soon be the first. In the very centre of the rich coal deposits, directly upon the sea, accessible at all seasons, with a safe and capacious harbor, it may yet aspire to be the Newcastle, or Hull, or Sunderland of the Pacific. For a town, its situation is good, capable of easy drainage, and with commanding views in almost every direction. The enterprising Vancouver Company, which first started the mining for coal in that vicinity, obtained by grant from the Crown, or by purchase or in some way, the entire fee of the present town site, and with much taste has laid it out in blocks and squares and parks, to accommodate a population exceeding in numbers all that the whole Island can now command. If the Company has the courage to adhere to its plan, it will be more than compensated in the increased value of the lots, as well as in the increased business that will result from it.

There are two other companies also in the immediate neighborhood in direct contact with the same port—Dunsmuir, Dizgle & Company at Departure Bay, and the Harewood Company, owned and managed by Mr. Bulkley. The latter has introduced a novelty in transportation in this country, an aerial tramway worked by a small stationary engine of twenty horse power, the descending full buckets along the line also helping to carry up the empty ones, thus keeping up a perpetual current. In this way eighty or one hundred tons are daily transported from the mine three or four miles off and dumped into the ships on the wharf, or into coal bins or warehouses prepared for its reception.

The foreign business has nearly doubled in the last year. At the pit's mouth the coal is valued at \$5.50 per ton, and at this rate the export, as shown by the Custom House returns,