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PHYSIC.
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LIVER COMPLAINTS.
of New York City.
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-WORMS—SUPPRESSION.
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DR. J. C. AYER,
ANALYTICAL CHEMIST,
LL, MASS.

Co. and W. R. WATSON
ents for P. E. Island.

GHT FROM ONE!
n, N.B., March, 1856.
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JAMES GILMOUR,
St. Andrews Street.
'ORM LOZENGES ARE SOLD
ALL APOTHECARIES.
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is cure | Yes; and they have
he? | cured thousands.

ADACHE.
B' HEADACHE PILLS,
For
RVOUS AND SICK HEADACHE
AND NEURALGIA.
rrible and positive cure.
ICE, 25 CENTS.
e by Druggists generally.
URR & CO., General Agents
land and the British Provin-
ornhill, Boston.

The Protector.

AND CHRISTIAN WITNESS.—A FAMILY JOURNAL.

"RIGHTEOUSNESS EXALTETH A NATION: BUT SIN IS A REPROACH TO ANY PEOPLE."—PROV. XIV 34.

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GEO. T. HASZARD, PUBLISHER.

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Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.

Mails by Steamer Westmorland.

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

The Mails for NEW BRUNSWICK, CANADA and the UNITED STATES, on and after the 1st June, will be made up and forwarded, *via* Shediac, every *Tuesday* and *Friday* morning at 10 o'clock.

For NOVA SCOTIA, *via* Pictou, every *Monday* and *Thursday* evening at 5 o'clock.

For NEWFOUNDLAND every *Monday* evening at 5 o'clock.

For ENGLAND and BERMUDA every alternate *Monday* evening at 5 o'clock, viz—

Monday evening, June 14th		Monday evening, September 16th	
" " "	28th	" " "	29th
" " July	12th	" " October	4th
" " "	26th	" " "	18th
" " August	9th	" " November	1st
" " "	23d	" " "	15th
		" " "	29th

Letters to be registered and Newspapers must be posted half an hour before the time specified for closing.

THOMAS OWEN, P. M G.

General Post Office, May 27, 1858.

KIRWAN'S REPLY TO BISHOP HUGHES.

LETTER VIII.

The Assertion that there are but two Principles, Authority and Reason, for the determining of the Meaning of Scripture, examined and confuted.

MY DEAR SIR,—Having shown how utterly baseless and false are the main positions of your letters, and exposed their utter weakness and folly, as I fondly hope, even to yourself, I might now let them rest. "The sympathies of my Irish nature" incline me to do so, as I fear your nervous system must be sufficiently excited; but my love for the race' surmounts those sympathies, and compels me to notice what you say about "private reasoners;" and as it gives room for new and curious illustration, I will devote to it the present letter.

In paragraph 25, you say that there are but two principles, "authority and reason," by which we can truly determine the doctrines of revelation. "Authority" is the principle of the papist; reason" is that of all not papists. The principle of "authority" leads into all truth; that of "reason; into all error. The reasoner can not "make an act of faith;" the highest aspiration of his mind or heart is simply an "opinion." And you say "there is not a single expression of Holy Writ that can warrant the private reasoners of any age, whether past or present, to believe that they can be saved so long as they trust to their own individual opinions for the attainment of the truth, and the means of spiritual life and participation in Christ." And all who now reject the authority of your Church, which now exercises the precise authority which Christ did while upon earth you denounce as "private reasoners," incapable of faith, and as "necessarily out of the way which leads to eternal life." This, sir, is not speaking in Latin, as you do when you mumble masses. Your English is more than usually plain here, and so will mine be in examining the practical bearing of this cool assumption of your Church to think for every body; of this cool exclusion from eternal life of all who will not permit you to think for them, and who dare to think for themselves.

The first idea suggested by all your dribble on the subject through half a dozen of letters is, that you seem to regret that God has endowed any body save bishops and the inferior clergy with the faculty of reason. The exercise of it on the subject of religion is denounced by you in every form as leading to schism, heresy, and hell. Now, sir, if the exercise of my reason is abstractedly so dangerous—if, in fact, when exercised, it leads to such awful results, how can you account for it that the Lord has endowed me with reason at all? On your principles, would it not be better that I should have been born with a razor in my hand to cut my throat, than with reason in my mind which compels me *to think* on the subject of religion? Would it not be better for all *your* purposes that I should have no reason? And do you not daily find the simple facts that God has endowed man with reason, and with an awful bias to exercise it, greatly embarassing to you? Do not these facts give rise to nearly all the difficulties with which you have to contend in the discharge of your apostolical duties? If men never turned "private reasoners," yours would be an easy and a *most lucrative* task! But the disease of reasoning for themselves prevails awfully in America, and it is more catching than the small-pox!

With your theory fully carried out, and all "private reasoning" fully suppressed, and all "private reasoners" killed off, after the manner of the extermination of the Huguenots in France, by the authority of your Church, earth would present to your rejoicing eyes an Arcadian scene such as the sun has not yet illumined. The people would be all sheep—yes, literal sheep; the Pope would be the chief shepherd; you, John Hughes, and your right reverend brethren, would be his watch-dogs. If one of the poor sheep should ever think of straying from your stagnant waters after a clear rivulet, flowing cool from under the rock, at which to quench his his thirst, if a bark would not terrify him back to his place, he would be soon torn to pieces as a warning to all the flock not to imitate his example; and then the chief shepherd and his dogs would have all the flock to themselves, from the wool to the fat, and from horn to hoof. And nothing prevents your getting out from such a Purgatory of clashing opinions as that in which you are now placed, and rising up to such a Paradise as I have here sketched, but that wicked and depraved disposition of men to question your authority, and to use their "private reason." Considering that this abominable abomination, "private reason," thus excludes you from the Paradise you desire, and shuts you up in a Purgatory from which neither the efficacy of masses, nor "all the alms and suffrages of the faithful" can deliver you, you have by no means sufficiently denounced it. There is no hope for you until it is put down! But I would advise you to strike at the fountain or cause of the evil, which is God, who endowed man with reason and knowledge, who has given him such a depraved disposition to use them, and who has commanded him to give "to every man a reason for the hope that is in him," and who thus invites all men, "Come, now, let us reason together, saith the Lord." Go up, like a man, to the cause of the evil which you deplore, and you are at once in conflict with your Creator! This is no new position for even a bishop.

The next idea suggested by what you say about "private reason" is the utter inutility of the Bible. There are but two principles, "authority and reason," by which we can know its meaning. Authority is in the hands of your Church, to be exercised as she wills: to read the Bible and reason about it leads to hell! Where, then, is the need of the Bible at all, save a few copies for the bishops and inferior clergy, which they may occasionally consult for the purpose of finding out chapter and verse of such texts as these: "Thou art Peter" "Confess your sins one to another." Sir, on your principles, there is no need of it; and hence, in purely Catholic countries, you dispense with it. Do you remember how many Bibles that queer man, Borrow, could find in Spain? How many, think you, could be purchased in the book stores of Rome? How many, think you, could be found among the peasantry of Munster and Connaught, who yet wear the yoke of your Church? If all collected, I think they would not add materially to the weight of the bag in which you pack your vestments when going forth on some of your episcopal visitations. You talk about the Protestant translation as false and as defective, but that is all in the air. The cause of your opposition to the Bible is bound up with your principle—"authority." What men read they will use their "private reason" to comprehend; and if the hidden man of your heart were known, it would be seen that you hate the circulation of the Bible as much as you hate Kirwan's Letters, as the one is the cause of the other. Sir, there is no possibility of sustaining "authority" *versus* "private reason" with a Bible circulated in whole or in part. So awfully fearful are you upon this point, that many of your inferior clergy never read the Bible, lest they should become "private reasoners." Not long since, I received a visit from a priest who acted as curate in Ireland, and who told me that all of the Bible he ever saw while in your Church were the small portions scattered, like angels' visits, through the Mass Book. Sir, your doctrine of "authority" supersedes the Bible, and its circulation leads to mortal sin, because it makes men "private reasoners" What a pity the Bible was ever written! Would not this world of ours be a clover-field for your priests, if the Bible, like your traditions, had only been left unwritten and unprinted! No wonder that the thunders of the Vatican are hurled at our Bible Societies, which are so awfully multiplying "private reasoners." But *mere* thunder, though noisy, is harmless.

There is yet another idea connected with what you say about "authority" and "reason," which, in this country, at least, must strike one as singular. I have no doubt it will so strike yourself. When two clever men get into difficulty, they consent to have it fairly adjudicated, and to abide the decision of an impartial tribunal. If one declines such a reference, and insists on having it his own way, the fair inference would be that he was conscious of being in the wrong. Between the intelligent men of our race and your Church there is a difficulty. Your Church asserts the right of thinking for them, and damns them unless they permit her to do so. They deny that right. How is the question to be settled? They are an interested party, because their civil and spiritual freedom are involved; and so is your Church, because, if decided against her, she is ever afterward deprived of "the alms and suffrages of the faithful." If your claim is true, they are slaves; if false, they are free, and your craft is ended How is this matter to be decided? Your Church replies, "With me is the authority to bind or to loose; it must be referred to me as the only competent authority." But they say, "No; you are an interested party—you have millions at stake; your character and standing before heaven and earth are at stake; your decision must be partial; but we will abide the decision of any tribunal save that which you set up." But your Church says, "*No; you must abide by my decision, or be damned.*" Sir, were men in conflict but for a dollar, this would wear knavery on the face of it. Can it wear less when the points at issue are whether your priests shall be despots, and the human race their pliant serfs? Is not this absurd up to the point of the ridiculous?

There is yet another principle connected with your doctrine of "authority" and "private reason." The man that believes all you tell him "makes an act of faith," but the poor "private reasoner" that goes to the Bible for himself can form only an "opinion" upon any subject To illustrate: When you tell a poor papist who believes you that Christ Jesus is co-equal with the Father, his belief of what you say is "an act of faith;" when I learn the same truth from the Bible and believe it, with me it is only an "opinion!" He believes on "authority," and I am a "private reasoner." His "act of faith" saves him; my "opinion" damns me; when his belief and mine are the same, with only this difference, he gets his "faith" from you, I my "opinion" from the Bible! Sir, this is something more than driveling nonsense. It is contemptible blasphemy.

But let us try this scheme in its application to some texts and truths, that we may see how it works.

"Bishop Hughes," says John Murphy, "what is the meaning of that text (James. v., 16), "Confess your faults *one to another*, and pray *for one another*?" "Why, John," you reply, "it means, confess your sins to the priest, and ask the priest to pray for you." John believes, and makes an act of faith. I, a little more cautious, look at the text, and thus reason about it. "One to another"—that looks very much like the priest confessing to me if I confess to the priest, and I praying for the priest if the priest prays for me. I look a little farther after "one another" or "one to another." I find in Heb, iii., 13, the following words: "Exhort one another" Does this mean that the priest must exhort me, but not I the priest? Very well. I find the following words in Eph., iv, 32: "Be kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another." Does this mean that the priest must be kind and tender hearted to me, and not I to the priest? that he must forgive me, but not I him? What say you, Bishop Hughes? Yet John Murphy believes you, and makes an act of faith, and goes to confession, and pays you, and goes to heaven; I, a "private reasoner," conclude you pervert the Scriptures to make a gain of godliness, confess my sins to God, and for my opinion—go to hell!

John Murphy again asks, "Bishop, what is the meaning of Matt., xxvi, 26, 27?" You reply, "Why, John, it means that Christ transubstantiated the bread and the wine into his own body and blood, and that then he multiplied himself into twelve, and that then he gave himself to be eaten to each of the apostles, and after he was thus eaten he was not eaten; he was yet alive, and spoke to them." With his eyes wonderfully dilated, he asks, "Bishop, is this done now?" "Oh yes, John," you reply, "daily in the mass" He again asks, "Bishop, why not give the bread and the wine now to the people?" "The reason, John, is," you reply, "that, as the wafer is changed into the real body and blood of Christ, there is no need of it; for if we eat the whole body, we of course eat the blood with it." John is satisfied, makes an act of faith, and is saved; I, looking a little farther into the Scriptures, soon conclude that the passage means that the broken bread represented his body broken, and the wine in the cup represented his blood poured out. John Murphy, for his act of faith, is saved, and I, poor Kirwan, for my opinion, am damned!!

Such, sir, is the way your rule works as to texts. Let us now see how it works as to some important truths.

John Murphy again approaches you and asks, "Bishop, how can I be saved?" "Why, John," you reply, "the Church makes that very plain; you must be baptized, and go to mass, and perform penance; you must go regularly to confession; when dying, you must receive extreme unction; then you must go to Purgatory, from which you are to be delivered by the efficacy of masses, and by the alms and suffrages of the faithful; and then you go to heaven." Amazed at the tedious, round-about process, poor John makes an act of faith and is saved. I turn to the Scriptures, and preferring the word of God to yours, believe that "he that believeth in the Lord Jesus Christ shall be saved" John Murphy believes you, and is saved; I believe God, and am damned And so on to the end of the chapter. Why, Bishop Hughes, all this has not even the redeeming quality of being good nonsense, an article in whose production our countrymen are not usually deficient, even when their power as private reasoners is at low-water mark—an article in whose manufacture even you yourself are sometimes quite clever!

Here, sir, I will close my review of your reasons for adherence to the Roman Catholic Church, as given in your ten letters to "Dear Reader." Never were reasons more baseless, or weaker, presented to the human mind to justify either opinions or conduct. The way in which you state them obviously shows that you never examined them; that you received them as true, as a good son of the Church, without ever asking why or wherefore in reference to them. Your reception of them was obviously an act of faith, and not an opinion formed in the usual process of a private reasoner. And to ask me, or any sensible, thinking man, to believe in the Catholic Church for the reasons presented in your letters, is on a par with asking me to believe that the little wafer, made of flour, which you lay upon the tongue of a papist bowing before your altar, is transubstantiated by a miserably mumbled ceremony into the real body and blood of Christ. You might almost as soon ask me to believe in all the miracles of the good St. Fithian or the holy St. Bridget.

Balaam's ass would never have had a name or a place on the page of history were it not for the whipping which his master gave him; and were it not for that whipping, never would hairs from his tail have been preserved amid the sacred relics of Rome. Similar, I fear, will be the effect of this review in bringing up to public notice letters which have neither sense, truth, wit, logic, or even "clever scurrility" to recommend them, and which, if let alone, might have reached the very depths of oblivion by the massive weight of their dullness.

But, sir, although through with your ten letters, the end is not yet.

Yours, KIRWAN.

THE NEW GOLD REGION.

THE FIRST TRIP UP FRASER RIVER—FULL ACCOUNT OF THE JOURNEY.

(*Correspondence of the Alta California.*)

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 26, 1858.

In pursuance of promise, I send you my "notes of travel" for publication. During the twenty-four hours which have elapsed since my arrival here, I have been talked hoarse in answering questions, and my head actually aches with mental effort, trying to meet the demands of friends. I hope I shall be relieved now that I get in print.

What I state as facts *are* facts, and my speculations are, perhaps, as reliable as anybody's, so, be the effect of what I say here or elsewhere to damp the ardor or to excite the zeal of intending emigrants, I am not responsible. I do not pretend to tell the price of provisions; who keeps the best hotel; of the operations of land speculators in town lots; whether either of the cities Bellingham Bay, or Victoria, or Townsend, will be the future metropolis of all the country on Puget Sound, or which of the trails are the best. I do not pretend to say whether there will be cities on Fraser River—I do not pretend that there are fabulous amounts of gold there, equalling the glories of Monte Cristo, but I do assert, that almost every man I saw there early in June, had a bag of the precious dust.

The great problem as to the extent of the gold field is yet to be solved. Many of the old traders there, and they are best qualified to judge, say that gold will be found for more than 600 miles into the interior, and that we in California, have only begun at the little end of the great auriferous region.

No effort has yet been made to prospect anywhere except on the bars of the river; but then again, per contra, it is possible that on the same area, where about 300 white men (and that is as large as the number was on the 1st of June) could each secure a bag of gold, fifty times three hundred could not.

I left here on the 27th of May last, on board the steamer Surprise, Thomas Huntington commander, for Fort Victoria, and, without any particular incident, except a north-west gale of wind for 36 hours, got there in just four days from the time of leaving the Heads.

May 31.—It is 9 o'clock in the evening, and still day light, the sun just dipping below the horizon. Day begins again at 3 o'clock in the morning. The sights I have seen to-day—the wonders of nature along this iron-bound coast—the entrance to the Straits of Juan de Fuca Tattoosh Island—the magnificent sunset, and this beautiful sheet of water, will mark a bright spot in memory forever.

From the mouth of the Columbia to the Straits the distance is about 130 miles, and we ran it in thirteen hours.

At 7 a.m., having visited Victoria, we ran around to Esquimalt, a beautiful harbor, with water sufficient to accommodate the Leviathan, but of limited capacity for a fleet. H. M. surveying ship Plumper was quietly riding at her chains. At 8 o'clock we put off for Bellingham Bay, 55 miles across Puget Sound, all the way running amid an archipelago of most enchanting beauty.

This morning the grand old hills on the American side are covered with snow, and as they rise, like Alp on Alp, with their white tops glittering in the sun-light, the effect on the eye and on the mind was truly impressive of the majesty of nature. It was a glorious sight.

WHATCOM AND SEHOME.

The City of Whatcom is named after the county, and contains exactly 33 houses, including the block house, formerly a fort, and now bearing a sign—"medical office." Sehome, named after the old chief of the tribe, has 15 houses, such as they are. The last town has the advantage of the other, in having deep water and a wharf at which steamers can lie, when it is completed. The last pier was sunk the day I left. It is a fact, worthy of note, that Mr. Townsend, the contracter, has a dozen men at work on this wharf, at $2 50 per day and board

There is a mud flat of a half mile in front of the Whatcom town at low tide. This flat has all been staked off in lots by the pre-emption claimants. The two towns are about three-fourths of a mile apart. The Coal Company's works, of which E. C. Fitzhugh is agent, about midway between The Coal Company have sunk a slope at an angle of 458, about 250 feet, still going deeper, and as they go the coal grows better. This is the most pleasant position on the whole bay, and the host is "given to hospitality," as everybody can attest who has ever visited his open house.

Whatcom is located below the bank at the north end of the "bite," and Sehome on the E. S E. side of it on the bank. On the west side is the United States military post, at present garrisoned with only a single company, under the command of Lieut. Howard, in the absence of Capt. Picket. There is much jealousy between the settlers in these two towns, but you have only to name Victoria, when they unite in common cause to display their hate and fear of the rivalry of that place as the point for change of transit from ships to river boats. No boat of any description is now allowed to pass into Fraser River except she goes direct from a British port.

VANCOUVER'S ISLAND.

The colony of Vancouver's Island is entirely in the control of the Hudson's Bay Company. Gov. Douglas is at its head, assisted by a Council of five, all officers of the Hudson's Bay Company, and a Legislative Assembly of seven, four of whom are "placemen." The other three (Dr. Helmkin, the Governor's son-in-law, Skinner and Yates), being in a minority, carry no point. The Collector of the Port receives as salary all the fees for clearance of vessels and for permits to land goods. The Colonial Surveyor is paid from land sales. The Postmaster, the Governor, and all officers of the crown get no salary, except what is paid them by the Hudson Bay Company. The improvements on roads, bridges, &c., are also paid for from the sales of public lands. The Governor is much embarrassed by the antagonistic character of his two offices, one of which pays him money, and the other only honor, and it is no wonder, perhaps, that he is generally unpopular with the inhabitants of the island not attached to the interests of the Hudson's Bay Company. Most of the people regard his administration as an oppressive oligarchy, and yet they pay no taxes of any description, except rum-selling licenses, which are issued at $600 per annum. The object of this high rate is, of course, to protect the morality of the town.

THE COAL MINES.

The ramifications of the Hudson's Bay Company are so complicated, it is quite difficult to understand them all. The Nanaimo coal mines are in some way a branch, but the enterprise is conducted separately, so that every shareholders is not necessarily interested in the coal speculation. The Hon David Cameron, Chief Justice of the colony, has charge of this branch of the business. The price for coals at the mines have been $6 per tun, and I believe never higher till the arrival of the Surprise, when they were advanced to $8. The agent says they have heretofore lost money, and they now hold the right to advance the price to a paying rate, as the demand is likely to increase. Every tun of coal mined is obliged to pay a royalty of 2s. 6d. (about 60 cents) to the Crown; and the miners' tax of $5 per month each man goes into the Treasury of Great Britain also. There are now about 8,000 to 10,000 tuns of coals out of the mines and ready for sale.

AGRICULTURAL.

The Puget Sound Agricultural Company is another concern intimately connected with the Hudson's Bay Company, and owned chiefly, I understand, by the same shareholders. Mr. Munro is the agent. Their plan is to stock farms, put up buildings, fences, &c., charging six per cent per annum interest on the outlay, which interest is paid first out of the farm product, and the remainder is divided—one-third to the tenant, and two-thirds to the Company. At any time the tenant elects, he can buy the farm by paying the price of the land (£1 per acre) and the cost of the improvements. These tenants are called "bailiffs."

Mr. Skinner has five hundred acres, which he calls "Constance Farm." One hundred and fifty acres are under a good state of cultivation Mr. Langford has a farm near by, and Mr. Mackenzie two, of about like dimensions, and on the same terms. These are all gentlemen farmers, having fine houses, fragrant gardens, good wives and pretty children, and they treat strangers with much hospitality. Mr. Cameron's pretty place, called "Belmont," is in sight from the anchorage at Esquimalt, as it is also from the farms before named. All these farmers hire their laboring men at $15 per month—some Englishmen, and some runaway soldiers from Port Townsend military post, and, notwithstanding the gold excitement, they have not as yet lost a man. All the bread at the fort has been baked heretofore at Mr. Mackenzie's farm, but two parties were about starting ovens in town. Strangely enough, there is no lawyer at Victoria. All cases are disposed of by Jury trial, before a magistrate appointed by the Governor. There is a fine opening for a lawyer of talent and probity—one who would so act as to secure the confidence of all parties in the drawing of legal documents, &c. There are here several doctors, but no dentist or daguerreotypist.

VICTORIA.

The town of Victoria contains about one thousand inhabitants: is pleasantly located on a large elevated plateau, large enough, probably, to accommodate the City of London if ever it should be removed there.

It has a convenient church building, seating some 250 persons. The Sunday I attended there were about seventy-five in attendance, including several colored people. The Rev. M Cridge officiated, and after the service from the forms of the Establishled Church of the United Kingdom, gave a common-place sermon of forty minutes' duration. The architecture of the church is a queer compound of various styles, with an odd-looking steeple. The building is a fine landmark from the straits, and the only thing you can see of the town, till you have run quite into the arm or slough, on which it is located. There is also a Roman Catholic establishment here, of which Bishop De Mers has charge, but they have as yet no church building. There are several nuns, recently from England, engaged in teaching the children of the colony.

The Government officer and stores are all (except the Governor's quarters) within a quadrangular stockaded inclosure 350 feet by 480, having wooden bastions at two diagonal corners, prepared for defense against Indians All the buildings inside this inclosure are sixteen. The Governor has his rooms a short distance from the fort, also stockaded, at a place called "Government House." He is himself a gentleman of great urbanity, over "six feet high and well proportioned." The harbor is small, with a rocky entrance, narrow and crocked.

The Governor's mansion is about fifty feet square, two stories high, with a commodious attic, standing in the center of a large and highly cultivated garden, on James Bay. The hedges of willow are very beautiful, and the fruits, though young, quite promising.

We had the pleasure of dining there with the family and a few invited neighbors. Long shall we remember the courtly bearing and princely hospitality of Gov. Douglas, as well as the lady like manners of his daughters. After dinner the gentlemen of the party rode, by invitation, to Beacon Hill, and thence to his fine farm, some three miles distant. The climate is very mild, with occasional showers in Summer, and some little snow in Winter, but it will not be called rigorous where cattle find their own food the whole year round The only carriages on the island are a sort of jaunting cart, in which I several times saw four of the ladies of the Governor's family, beside the driver, and a two-seated Yankee wagon belonging to Chief Factor Work. This, too, was filled with ladies and children, and the poor little horses would have excited the sympathy of a California Jehu to have seen them drag these heavy loads singly and alone. Within a few days a second wagon has come and rolls gaily about behind two mules.

The stock here is very inferior except only the sheep, which are small, but have fine wool, and make excellent mutton. The horses are all small, of a mongrel Indian breed, but very active and enduring. Little attention has been paid to breeding; but Mr. Skinner, having lately got some fine American cows and imported a thorough bred bull from England, looks for improvement.

DIARY OF THE TRIP TO FORT HOPE.

Monday, June 5, left Bellingham Bay at 7½ o'clock. Got into Fraser River at 1½ o'clock. The distance is only 50 miles, but we found a heavy sea in the Gulf of Georgia, and had to run by sounding about 10 miles, along the bank of sand from Point Roberts to the channel, when we had opened the bearings and ranges of the channel; we had then 7 miles to run through it to Garry Point, the north headland of the river mouth. From here to Fort Langley, 30 miles, we ran in exactly four hours, finding at no place less than three fathoms of water. The river is an average of half a mile in width or more, and a ship-of-the-line can navigate it for 50 miles from its mouth. The main difficulty is in passing the channel from the sand heads to the main land, distant, as before said, seven miles, very crooked and narrow.

The Hudson's Bay Company's steamer Beaver made an annual voyage from Victoria to Fort Langley for the last twenty years; and recently the steamer Otter has visited that station quarterly. So far as we could learn, they have never sounded the river above that point; nor do they to this day pass through the sand head except by following two yawl boats, which go ahead of the steamer—one on each bank of the channel. We found the Otter at anchor in the elbow, waiting for the wind and waves to abate, that they might send the boats ahead and pursue their voyage to Victoria. The Satellite, a fine British navy ship, carrying a crew of 260 souls, had been several days at anchor off the river, but sailed with Gov. Douglas the day before our arrival. The Governor has just returned from an inspection of the river and the trading posts of the Company, as far as Fort Yale. His previous visit was in 1849. He has been at Victoria and Vancouver over thirty years. Mr. Yale, chief trader at Fort Langley, came here in 1827, and has never been absent but once, to Vancouver, in all that time. He is, however, a very courtly, agreeable gentleman. The officers of the Hudson's Bay Company are certainly not very migratory characters. One of Mr. Yale's daughters (the mother a native) is married to a son of Gov. Sir George Simpson, who is an officer under Mr Yale now.

Having reported to the officers of the customs, Capt. H. moved on and run two hours, anchoring about sixteen miles above Fort Langley. On the shore near us was a camp of Californians on their way up, in canoes, among them the well known Banta.

Sunday, June 6—Weighed anchor and started at 3½ o'clock. We soon passed the first rapid, but the water is deep, and the Surprise passed through it in style, "like a thing of life," as she is.

Now we were running around, and through, and among mountains and hills of all sizes, and of the most rugged character. Timber, timber, timber, nothing but timber, and hills, and trees, and snow, and water, with occasionally an Indian hut, and its provision car hung high up in the trees. Salmon is their only diet, and they catch enough in the season to last till they run again the next year.

Sunday, June 6, 9½ o'clock.—We are now running under the base of a mountain entirely snow-capped, beside which the "Storm King" of the Highlands would sink to the size of a mere pigmy. As we look up the old fellow's crest, seemingly at least 10,000 feet toward the clouds, the head becomes fairly dizzy. Approaching nearer, the old pilot chief (and our chief pilot, too) ejaculates "Hy ass Cosh," and I repeat, with emphasis, "Great Mountain!" The majesty of this king of nature has evidently impressed the Indians, and doubtless they have many superstitions connected with his legendary history, transmitted from son to son by generations long passed away. As we draw nearer, we see a cascade tumbling from its source on the mountain side at least 4,000 feet above the level of the river. The great Yo-Semite Fall is quite insignificant to us now.

About twenty miles below Fort Hope, we met a rapid that fairly staggered the Surprise, but she mounted it, and pursued her course. Passed three more rapids, and arrived at two 2 o'clock p. m., nearly out of fuel. Began to cut wood; a report of a man killed three miles below, supposed to be Kennedy, by Tuckaloe came in.

Monday, June 7.—Cut wood all day, and had on board at night about ten cords. We cut and sawed large trees of pitch pine, but could only split them by blasting with powder. This kept up a succession of reports like sounding cannon, and set the population all agog. The "fire-boat" was an event on the strength of which most of them got drunk. Here we met Mr. McLean, chief trader of the Hudson's Bay Company at Kamloops, their post on the North River a few miles above the junction with Thompson's River. He had crossed the mountains with a brigade of eighteen horses and men, making a journey of twelve days, to meet and escort as far as his post Mr. Dallas and wife, on their way to Canada. The journey is usually made in ten days, but owing to the deep snow he was much longer delayed. We also met Mr. Dallas and lady (the third daughter of Gov. Douglas) who were but recently married, camped comfortably on pleasant grounds near the fort. They carry with them an eating tent, and a sleeping tent, and one for their servants beside. The effect was quite picturesque as we saw them at their camping ground. Mrs. D. seems well educated, and is a very interesting lady.

THE DISCOVERY OF FRASER RIVER.

Fraser River was first known in 1793, and reported to the British Government by Alexander McKenzie.

In 1812, Mr. Simon Frases (spelled with an S) an attache of the H. B. Company, traced the river down for about 600 miles to its mouth, in the Gulf of Georgia. From him it takes its name.

In 1827, Mr. Emilias Simpson surveyed the river carefully from its mouth to Fort Langley, in the H. B. Company's schooner Cadboro, the said vessel being now extant, and the navigation of the river to that point no new thing.

AN INDIAN CHIEF AND HIS GOLD AND CHILDREN.

An old chief of the Harrison River tribe, "Semimimu" by name, nicknamed *Ponee Coupe* because of the loss of thumb and finger, desired me to weigh his gold. Having weighed one bag, he produced another, and still another, till I had weighed four. They were all of different kinds of gold, and weighed between thirteen and fourteen ounces total. He had with him two daughters, of about 12 and 14 years of age respectively. The eldest's name is "Skoomalat," and the youngest "Ayamush"—two veritable nymphs of the forest, and as beautiful as nature's handiwork could fabricate.

Tuesday, 8th at 5 o'clock, we started in a canoe thirty feet long by five feet wide, manned by four Indians and four Canadians (part of the Company's Brigade boatmen), for Fort Yale, fourteen miles above. Mr. McLean and Mr. Dallas furnished the canoe, and it was by their invitation that Mr. Jessup, myself and Capt. Huntington were of the party. We were nearly nine hours reaching there, by very hard work for the men, paddling in the eddies when they could, and tracking around the points with a line when the paddles would not move her. Several times all left the boat except two men, and in one instance we walked nearly a mile. The mountains come down to the water's edge in many places, making the walking difficult. Between the spurs of the mountain there are frequent patches, and sometimes several acres, good arable land, well timbered, but they can only be approached by boats. About five miles above Fort Hope are the "Twin Rocks." The water here is quite swift, but there is a deep channel of about 200 feet in width on the left bank. Five miles still further up is "Boulder Point," on the right bank, with large fissured rocks opposite, against which the waters dash violently—water deep but *very* rapid, and from 200 to 250 feet wide. This is the most swift and worst looking rapid we have seen for steamboat navigation. All along the shores here we saw miners at work rocking out gold and three miles above we came to "Hill's Bar." Here about 100 white men are at work, beside numberless Indians, of all sizes, ages and description. There are eight decent log houses now built, and more erecting. All the houses and cabins (of bush and of canvas) number just 37. This town is on the left bank of the river. We saw several persons we knew, Kerrison, Cosgrove, &c., at this place. During the six days of last week they pannel out 84 ounces $9 50, dividing between Cosgrove's party of six persons. One mile onward is Fort Yale on the right bank. Here, too, are nearly 100 miners at work, but not so effectually as they were ten days ago, since which time the water has risen and driven them from the bars into the banks of the river. They all seem satisfied, however, and not yet have I seen a single man along the whole line of the river who speaks discouragingly. The old fort has been torn down and is being re-erected about half a mile below its former location. Having got on shore and examined the foundations of the new fort we took our bundle of lunch with us, and proceeded with active appetites to devour it, while our voyagers rested their bodies on dried salmon. The sun must have set last night on an uneasy nest, for the hottest day I ever saw has been hatched Phew! Chateler's tent is like an oven. He was kind, though, to furnish it for our lunch, turning out his wife and daughters on the green. He is French, his wife native, and the progeny 'ali and 'alf. Our lunch being finished we got a new set of Indian boatmen and paddled up as near the kanyon as we could. From this point, looking slightly over my right shoulder, I saw another beautiful silver cascade falling a thousand feet and more from the mountain side, and furnished perpetually with water by the eternal snows that cover its summit.

The discovery of gold at Frazer River will now put an end to the great Hudson's Bay Company. For the present moment only Vancouver's Island and the country beyond the Rocky Mountains are resumed by the Crown, but it is obvious that all the monopoly must cease within a few years. Such a change could only be effected by a Tory Ministry, since many prominent Whigs have a direct pecuniary interest in the Hudson's Bay Company. Public attention is now directed to those parts, and the Government has no sympathy for the monopoly of a company which has regularly given its strength to the Whigs.

A. P. U.

Mr. Rarey's career has unexpectedly been stopped. He has cleared some £15,000 to £20,000 by his horse-taming secret, when suddenly Routledge, the cheap publisher, got hold of a pamphlet published by the horse-tamer in America, and printed it It contains in a small compass all the art of horse-taming; and the subscribers, who had bound themselves not to divulge the secret under a penalty of £500, became furious, and Mr. Rarey had to release them from their pledge, in a letter in to-day's *Times* Of course, his profits will be now reduced to a minimum, since every subscriber is henceforth at liberty to practice upon wild horses publicly and to communicate his knowledge to whomsoever he pleases.