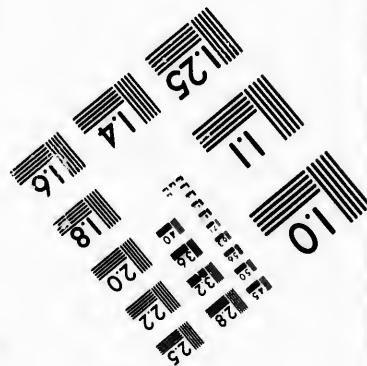
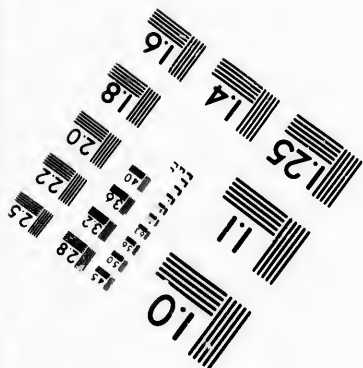
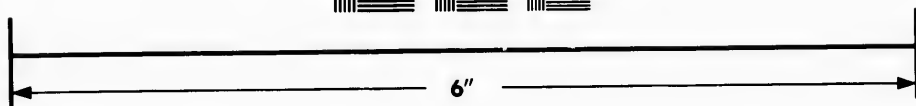
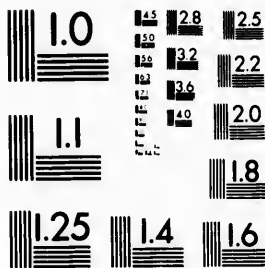
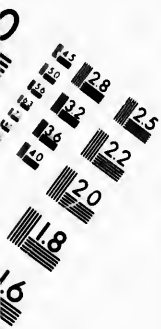


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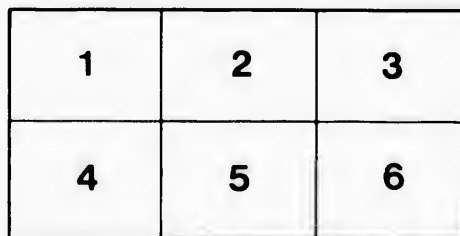
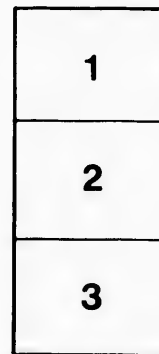
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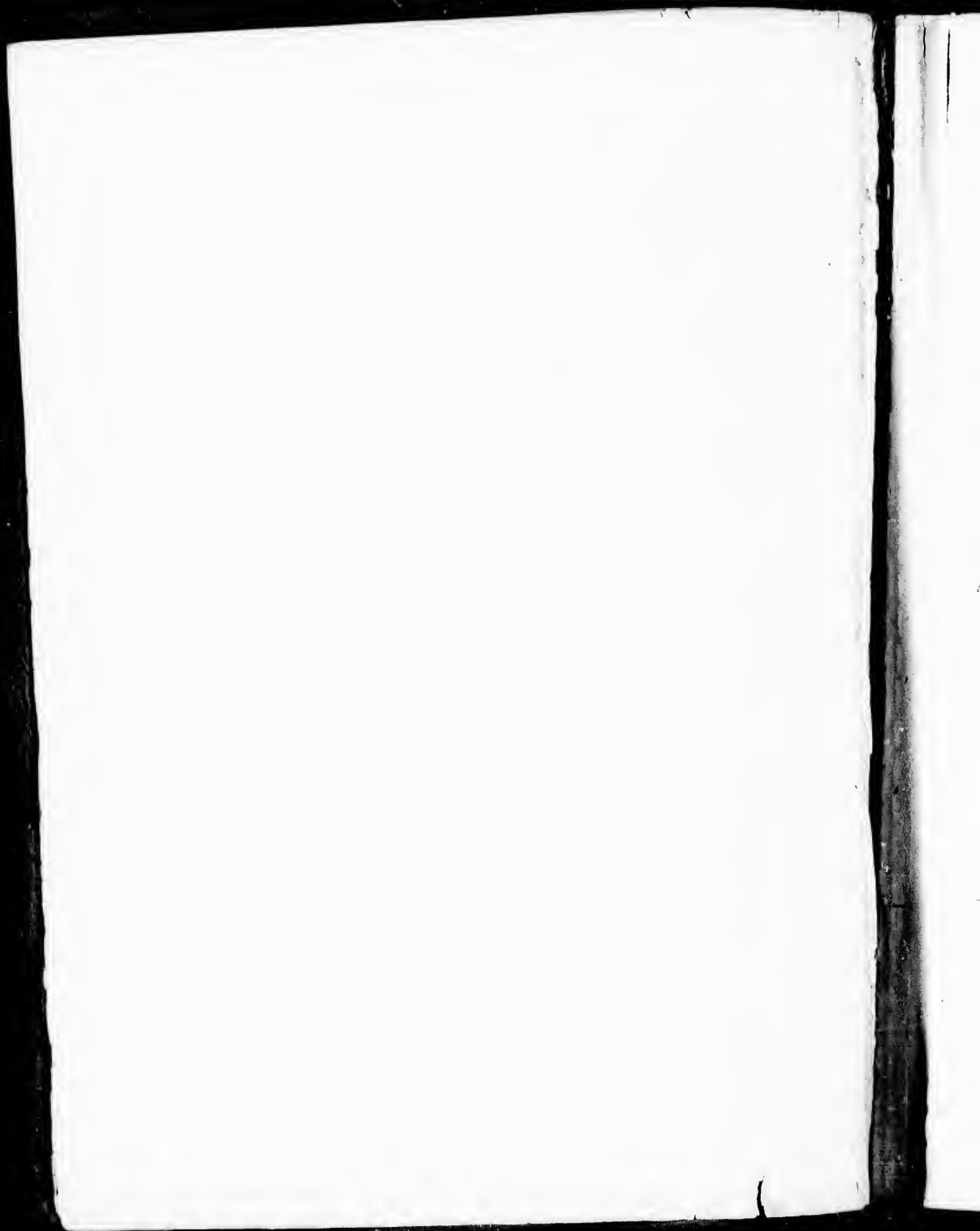
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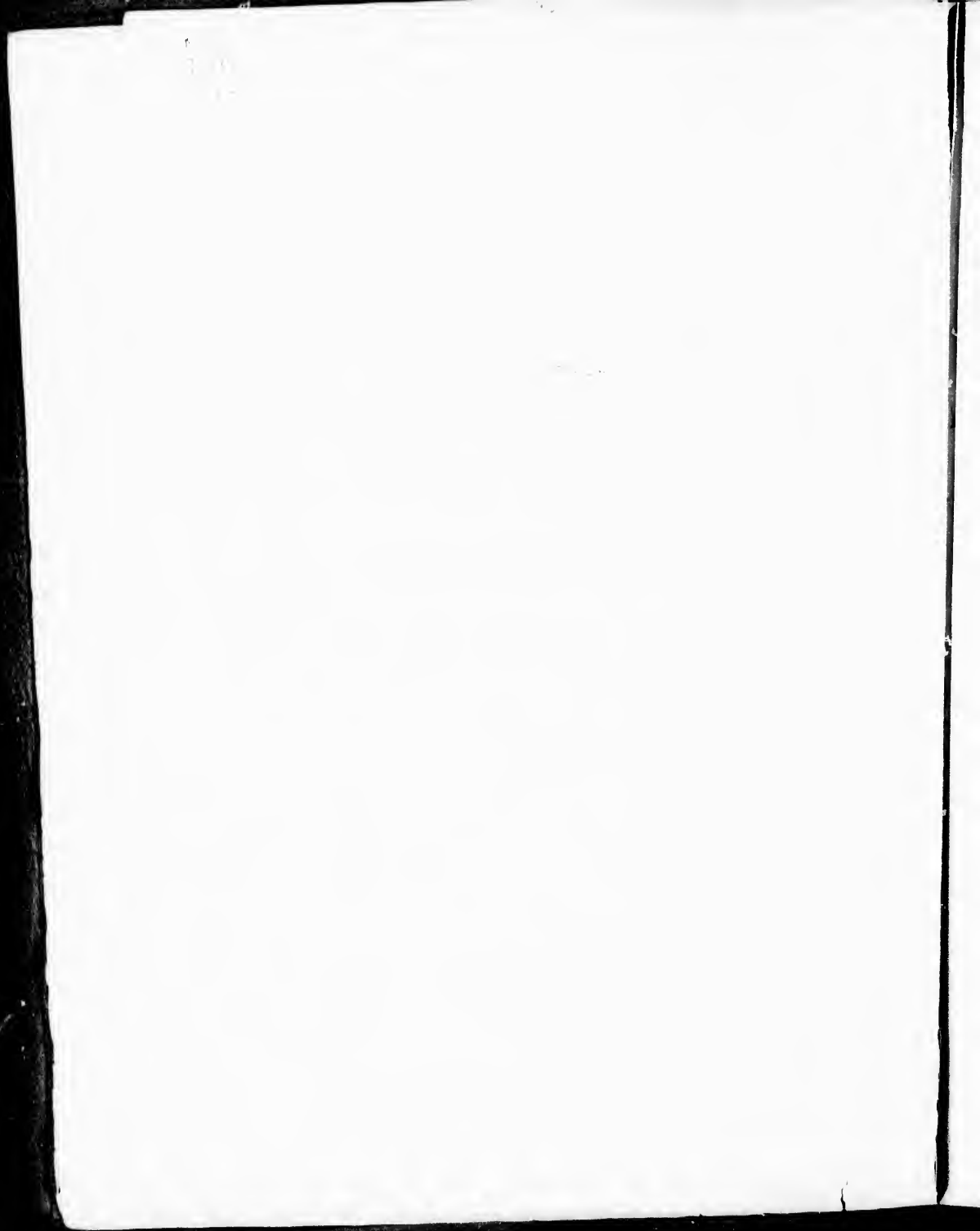


TO CARIBOO AND BACK.

AN EMIGRANT'S JOURNEY TO THE GOLD FIELDS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

By W. CHAMPNESS.

FROM THE "LEISURE HOUR," 1862.



consequently when the now Madame X— was twenty, she married, and almost immediately after marriage she fell asleep again, not to awake this time until fifty days had gone by. During the whole of this period she remained motionless and insensible. Breathing continued, indeed, so did blood circulation, though both reduced to the lowest standard compatible with life. All the nourishment this lady received during the entire period of fifty days consisted of a little milk and broth, passed into her mouth through the aperture made by the removal of a false front tooth. Four years subsequent, that is to say, in the year 1862, and on Easter day, Madame X— eclipsed all her preceding sleeping sufferances. She dozed off on the morning of Easter day, 1862, and only awoke once, and that only for a short time, until the spring of the following year, in 1863. The once in question was on the eighth day, counting from the first accession. Having got up, the lady descended to the members of her family, sat with them a little, ate, and fell asleep on her chair, only to awaken, as already intimated, in the spring of the next year. M. Blondet states that during this entire period Madame X— manifested all the lethargy and all the general appearances he had previously noticed in two other young women similarly circumstanced. Various means were adopted to rouse up this poor sleeping lady, but all of them unavailing. She was stimulated locally, and by excitants to the nose and mouth. She was set upon her feet, held on either side, and dragged along, that it might be seen whether she could be made to walk: all in vain. She was jolted in hard-going carriages to no little effect. At length she woke up of her own accord; and, strange to relate, seemed all the better for the long nap. Indeed, her physician states that, in the event of a similar case occurring, he would be slow to interfere with it, believing the sleep to establish a beneficial crisis to the sleeper. In the case of Louise Durand, also referred to in M. Blondet's communication, her father died of cancer before the child awoke, and her mother, having been operated upon for the same disease, but in the breast, had recovered from the operation before the child had awoke to be aware of it.

These recitals are so very extraordinary that I would not have ventured to repeat them but for the circumstance that they are as well attested as any matter of testimony not founded on actual personal knowledge possibly can be. No higher authority relative to a matter of fact can be adduced than such as is furnished by a communication of this sort to the French Academy of Sciences.

TO CARIBOO AND BACK.

AN EMIGRANT'S JOURNEY TO THE GOLD-FIELDS IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.*

I.—ENGLAND TO PANAMA.

In the spring of 1862 the writer, accompanied by his nephew, left England for British Columbia, having resolved to emigrate to the Cariboo gold-fields, of which glowing accounts had reached us.

The first part of our journey, the three weeks' voyage from Southampton to Aspinwall, touching at St. Thomas, in the West Indies, was not characterized by any particular incidents calling for special record. Inasmuch, however, as we had, for the most part, fine weather and

smooth seas, it was a time of considerable interest to ourselves and to our fellow-passengers, about a hundred in number.

On landing at Aspinwall, our first impressions of the Isthmus were not very agreeable; as we found the temperature there intensely hot, the skies overclouded, and a close, damp, sickly feeling pervading the atmosphere. We did not make any stay here, but at once proceeded across the Isthmus, by rail, to Panama, a distance of forty-nine miles, which we accomplished in three hours. The scenery here passed through, and the character and construction of the railway, interested us much. The latter was originally planned and surveyed by the well-known traveller John L. Stephens, the author of "Researches amongst the Buried Cities of Central America." The line was begun in 1850, and opened throughout on January 27th, 1855. It cost six million dollars and several thousand lives. Indeed, so excessive was the mortality amongst the labourers employed in the construction, that it is a common statement hereabouts, though doubtless a very exaggerated one, that one life was sacrificed for every foot of the railway. It is also well known that, before the line was made, there was constant mortality and disease amongst the transit passengers across the Isthmus, to and from Australia, California, and the Atlantic. Even a delay of a few hours, amid the hot and almost steaming morasses and jungles of the district, often produced long continuing or fatal illness. A considerable portion of the railway is over wide swamps. Here it was necessary to bury innumerable trunks of trees to form a basis for the "sleepers." In other parts the line passes through very picturesque forest scenery, but nowhere attains a height greater than two hundred and fifty feet above the ocean.

The town of Panama is prettily situated on a bay of the same name. Here we, for the first time, caught sight of the great Pacific Ocean, somewhere along the shores of which we hoped to find a second home, and, perhaps, a fortune. The houses and churches of Panama are generally in a very dilapidated condition, but, being constructed of a bright red stone, and appearing in many cases as if almost buried in green masses of vegetation, they form a picturesque sight, especially when viewed at a little distance. But the houses of the poorer inhabitants, and those in the surrounding country, are mere log-huts of one or two rooms, and roofed with shingles or palm-leaves. The greatest ornament of the Isthmus vegetation is the coral-tree, which sometimes attains a height of sixty feet. It bears a multitude of flowers of the brightest crimson, giving a glow to the whole landscape, where there are many of these trees together. The chief products of the country hereabouts are cacao (*Theobroma*), indigo, and plantains. As a rule, cacao estates are more valuable than those of sugar, indigo, cotton, or cochineal. The plantain grows most abundantly throughout Central America and the Isthmus. Green and ripe, roasted, boiled, fried, and preserved, it enters, in a hundred forms, into every meal; and, as an acre of plantains is capable of supplying nourishment equal to one hundred and thirty-three acres of wheat, and moreover requires little or no attention, it follows that the country which produces it lacks one grand incentive to industry. A friend of ours noted down, after a sketch of the plantain tree in his scrap-book, "Platano, Spanish for plantain: an institution for the encouragement of laziness."

A very unmistakable proof of the indolence of the population hereabouts is furnished by their gross inattention to the simplest sanitary measures. The dead

* The following papers have been prepared for publication from rough notes and sketches sent from Victoria by Mr. W. Champness. The transcriber and editor of Mr. Champness's Journal has added, in a few places, some of his own recollections of the scenes described.

bodies of their numerous mules are allowed to decay in the most offensive proximity to human dwellings and thoroughfares. The evil would be absolutely intolerable but for the multitude of ravens which hover round and gratify the peculiar taste which nature has given them with horrible meals of carrion.

The town of Panama is principally inhabited by a

subscriber one hundred pounds a year towards the support of a chaplain, besides two hundred negroes who are also professed Protestants.

II.—PANAMA TO SAN FRANCISCO.

It was not necessary for us to wait long in Panama, as the Californian steamer "Orizaba" was just starting for



PANAMA HUTS.

Spanish population; but there are also many Yankees, and a few Europeans. The commerce is increasing rapidly, and must continue to do so, from the peculiar position of the place, on the main connecting link between east and west, north and south. Three or four regular lines of steamers depart from and arrive at this port: the British mail line of South American steamers to Peru and Chili, and the Australian, New Zealand, and Californian lines. By the latter we had arranged to take our departure for San Francisco.

Although the population of Panama is chiefly Catholic, and the constant ringing of their bells keeps one in mind of the fact, yet there are more than a few Protestants, especially amongst the American merchants. We were informed by a missionary that there are here thirty or forty such families, of the better class, who

San Francisco, distant from here more than four thousand miles. On re-embarking, we speedily found occasion to institute the most unfavourable comparisons between the British steamer in which we had crossed the Atlantic, and the one we were now on board of. We had fallen into the hands of a wealthy and almost irresponsible monopolist, the great Yankee ship-owner Vanderbilt, who, in 1860, bought up the previous opposition line of steamers from the Isthmus to California. Since that time he has had the passenger traffic almost exclusively in his own power, and has more than doubled the former fares, and greatly reduced the comforts and even necessities of travel. Specially unfortunate were the poor steerage and second-class passengers. For, although the "Orizaba" was a large steamer, with three or four tiers of cabins, and galleries one above another, like the



THE GOLDEN GATE.

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American river-boats, yet more than twelve hundred passengers were now crowded into her, or double the number she could accommodate with any degree of comfort. Amongst the multitude on board were a number of poor German and Irish emigrants, who had just come into Panama from New York, having landed at Aspinwall from the "Northern Light," one of the American line to the Isthmus, on the Atlantic side. These being, for the most part, ragged, moneyless, and filthy, were a great addition to the discomfort and disturbance of the ship. Men, women, and children were

Notwithstanding our sunshine and calm, we were so annoyed by our over-crowded condition, and still further aggravated by the churlishness of the seamen and attendants, and by the wretched fare provided, that signs of something like a mutiny were apparent, even in spite of the ostentatious display of revolvers and bowie knives carried by the officers and others. We insisted on having some satisfaction or amelioration from the captain's hands, and, by our firmness and united feeling, at length obtained an improvement in our treatment for the remainder of the voyage.



VIEW OF SAN FRANCISCO.

huddled together, day and night, without regard to comfort or decency. Many and universal were the denunciations against the selfish monopolist ship-owner, and the threats of legal proceedings on arriving at San Francisco. But we afterwards learnt that the Californian newspapers had long protested against the avaricious extortions and disreputable abuses of this line of steamers, but hitherto without obtaining redress, especially as those who bore the brunt of the annoyance were the poorer class of passengers, the saloon being comparatively well cared for. Besides, although the Americans talk loudly of their independence and freedom, their laws are not readily put in force against powerful and wealthy offenders. British impartiality in affording legal redress is little known across the Atlantic.

Finding that we were now hopelessly committed to fourteen days of great discomfort, we tried to make the best of it. Fortunately the weather continued very fine throughout, and the ocean was as smooth as glass; so that our vessel moved on us quietly and rapidly as a steam-yacht in the beautiful Mediterranean. We were informed that storms are very unusual in this part of the Pacific. Indeed, were it otherwise, the class of steamers we were in could not navigate it; being so high above the water, with their tiers of cabins, they would be very ill adapted for facing the mighty waves of the Atlantic storms.

In seven days we touched at Acapulco, on the Mexican coast, and half-way towards San Francisco. Here the steamer coaled, and the passengers were embled to land for a few hours, and stroll about on *terra firma*. Immediately on our arrival, many small boats surrounded us, bringing out cargoes of melons, pine-apples, and bananas, which found a ready market on board. Many boys and youths in these boats amused us by their dexterity in diving deep for small silver coins, thrown into the sea by the passengers. It was astonishing to see how long they were able to remain under water. When we had finished coaling we resumed our voyage, pleased that, at any rate, half of it was now completed. It was a matter for sincere thankfulness that, in our excessively crowded and comfortless condition, and with so little regard for cleanliness as was manifested by the generality of both passengers and crew, no infectious fever or other disease broke out amongst us. Had it done so, probably hundreds of us would have speedily fallen victims to the avarice of our shipowner. The only objects of interest between Acapulco and San Francisco were the little flying-fish, several huge spouting whales, and thousands of porpoises, or "skip-jacks," as the sailors call them. These raced, dived, and leaped around us in countless numbers; now flinging themselves high above the water, then plunging suddenly out of sight, and presently cleaving the surface again with a bound.

and following one another in rows and troops, as if bent on thoroughly amusing themselves and us.

At length, on the evening of the fourteenth day from Panama, we saw the long sand-hills which skirt the Pacific side of the narrow tongue of land, on the inner part of which the city of San Francisco is situated. Then, passing the light-houses on the Farallones rocks (haunts of sea-lions and myriads of sea-fowl), we crossed the bar and entered the Golden Gate just before midnight. This narrow channel, here less than a mile wide, connects with the Pacific the large and mountain-girt bay of San Francisco, which is eighty miles long by ten in breadth—a noble inland water.

The current in the Golden Gate set so strongly outward, that, although we passed it rough it easily by our steam-power, we observed a large, with every inch of canvas spread, including studding-sails, and with a favorable wind right astern, yet apparently remaining stationary for nearly ten minutes in the swift channel opposite the fort, whose white walls were shining in the full moonlight; and a fishing-boat seemed for a short time in little better plight, notwithstanding that its sails were fully out-bleat in "wing and wing" style.

As we emerged from the Gate into the bay, the upper portion of the city, Telegraph Hill, appeared before us. On it one large building was brilliantly lighted, within and without. This was recognised as the Chinese Joss-house. A "festival of lanterns" was being held by some of the Celestials, who form no inconsiderable portion of the inhabitants of the place. Presently, passing the fortifications of Alcatraz Island, we were almost at San Francisco, gilded into a wharf, and, although midnight, were presently boarded by a throng of touters and hotel-messengers, each promising us "the best accommodation in the city." One of these we followed, and were presently seated in a light, neat two-horsed van, and driven off to an hotel, where we found comfortable quarters, which seemed doubly so by contrast with our recent wretched treatment whilst cramped and crowded during the fortnight on the "Orizaba."

III.—SAN FRANCISCO.

Being thus again on terra firma, we much enjoyed a four days' sojourn in the Golden City. Early next morning, on looking over it, we saw that it extends for about two miles along the side of a treeless three-crowned hill, up whose steep slopes its streets and houses ascend in successive terraces, approached in many cases by long flights of steps. The lower part of the city is built on piles, and projects nearly a quarter of a mile over the beach and shallower water. Here, as in other parts of San Francisco, the streets are not paved with stone, but planked with wood. In this lower town there are frequent deaths, from various persons falling, or being thrust, at night, into the water, through some of the large openings occurring at intervals in the super-marine streets. Many murders have thus taken place.

But, by day, no scene is more stirring than the wharves. Here, on our first morning, we saw, swiftly gliding out into the bay, a large double-tiered steambark, having a band of music playing cheerily to a picnic party of twelve hundred "Dashaways" (the Californian name for teetotallers, because they claim to "dash away the wine cup"). On their way for a day's excursion to Ravenswood, up the bay; but (accidents will happen) in a few hours the news was spreading that the unfortunate "Dashaways" had run aground on a sand-bank, half-way to their destination, in which uninteresting position they were detained till near nightfall. The evening newspapers contained sundry sly allusions to the accident

being possibly owing to the presence on board of beverages less mild than coffee and lemonade.

In 1848 San Francisco was a dull sandy village of a few "adobe" (or sun-dried mud) houses. Now it is a rapidly increasing city of a hundred thousand inhabitants, and possesses miles of busy streets, with elegant shops, large hotels, public libraries, museums, club-houses, suburban villas, a telegraph across the continent, steam ferries, a street railway, and numerous handsome churches and chapels. The highest part of the city (Russian Hill) is three hundred feet above the wharves, and, in looking down the straight steep streets, there is everywhere presented a noble view over the broad bay and its islands and the sierra-like mountains beyond, on the Contra Costa side, behind which, again, rises the cleft summit of Monte Diavolo, three thousand feet high.

In the centre of the city is the spacious Plaza, or Washington Square. Here is the Town Hall, over which is the great bell which, a few years ago, used to be rung at times to summon the Vigilance Committee, composed of many hundreds of the citizens, who had banded together to execute Lynch-law on such offenders as grossly set at defiance the imperfectly organized legal executive of the young state. On such occasions a brief public examination of the accused took place, and a few minutes decided his guilt or innocence; if the former, he was at once hung, in the presence of his arrestors and judges, "the sovereign people." This state of things has passed away, and evil-doers are left to the strong hand of the law in its now fully organized authority.

One of the things in San Francisco which immediately strike a stranger is the respectable appearance of the great mass of citizens. Almost every one appears well-dressed; the gentlemen wearing good broadcloth frock-coats, and wide-brimmed conical-crowned black hats, somewhat in the Italian style. Amongst the ladies one often observes the bright dark eyes and hair usually indicative, hereabouts, of Spanish extraction, especially when accompanied by the single flattened curl on each side of the forehead.

It is evident that the Californians live in a land where gold is plentiful. The visitor who has been accustomed to handling the small sovereigns of England, and the tiny gold dollars of the eastern states of the Union, looks with admiration on the large *vandenberg* of heavy twenty-dollar gold pieces, nearly the size of half-crowns, which he sees so freely transferred in the offices and banks of San Francisco. There is no copper currency in the state, except incidentally. The smallest coin is a "bit" or "dime" worth ten cents, or fivepence. A merchant, speaking to us of the currency, mentioned that a Bostonian, lately arrived, entered his store for some goods. A bill was made out, and the cash handed in. The merchant, thinking all was settled, returned to his accounts, but, seeing his customer waiting near the desk, asked him if there was any mistake. "Why, yes, I guess there's them few cents change to pay." "Oh, my friend, I see you are a stranger in these parts," replied the man of business; "but, very well; when I meet with any cents, I'll keep them for you till you call again."

Since the outbreak of the Secession war, whilst the other States have been deluged with "greenbacks," California has firmly refused to adopt any other than a wholly metallic currency, and, being far away from the eastern States, it has not been deemed prudent to attempt to compel the adoption of paper. Although the prices of things in general are not so high here as in former years, yet they are still much in excess of those paid for

the same articles in Europe or the Atlantic States. But salaries and wages also range high. So do houses. A small dwelling of six or eight rooms, anywhere near the city, is considered to be reasonably rented at sixty dollars (£12) a month. Payments of rent, interest, and wages are usually reckoned by the month in California. Taxes are much heavier here (and throughout the States) than is commonly supposed to be the case by Englishmen.

The San Franciscans are generally very liberal in their contributions to objects of public interest, and in their charitable subscriptions. Not long ago they engaged Bayard Taylor, the well-known author and traveller, to come from New York (seven thousand miles by the usual sea route) to deliver a course of a few lectures, paying him handsomely, and franking all expenses. Again, one of the city congregations, requiring a minister, sent to a popular preacher in Boston, offering him six thousand dollars per annum to settle in San Francisco. Such a mark of appreciation did not fail to secure its object.

Amongst the truly cosmopolitan population of the city, fifteen thousand Chinese constitute a peculiar feature, especially as they retain their native customs, dress, and language, when amongst themselves. They are no favourites here, as they willingly work at much lower wages than the whites, and are very clamorous and selfish, as well as disagreeable in many of their habits.

The markets of San Francisco are much more convenient, as well as more imposing in the appearance of their stalls, than those of London. The butchers, for instance, have rows of neat counters, and their names inscribed above in large gilt letters. The fruiterers sit behind piled baskets of cauliflower, green peas, pineapples, mangoes, grapes, bananas, cranberries, and strawberries. The latter, when in season, as they were at the time of our visit, are more abundant than in perhaps any other part of the world. Nor before have we seen such a strawberry-and-cream-eating place as San Francisco. One cultivator, across the bay, has fifty acres laid out in this fruit alone. The mangoes and bananas are brought (in a fortnight) by fast-sailing schooners from the Sandwich Islands, which have become a sort of market-garden, as well as sea-side resort, for the inhabitants of the Golden City, though nearly two thousand miles away. But what is that distance to an American?

The bay furnishes abundance of oysters. From the other Pacific States of Washington and Oregon vegetables, game, and coal are sent here. But California itself furnishes almost every kind of vegetable and mineral production. It is becoming one of the greatest coal-producing countries in the world, and already exports largely to Australia and Britain.

Although there are many prettily terraced gardens in and around the city, there are scarcely any trees in its vicinity, owing to the strong, but not cold winds which blow almost perpetually over it, and accumulate deep drifts from the numerous sand-hills in various parts of the suburbs. We shall always remember San Francisco as associated with whistling winds and ever-drifting sand, notwithstanding its otherwise agreeable and sunny climate. Its rocky neighbourhood is abundantly carpeted with flowers, especially the wild iris and pea, the bright yellow escholtzia (or Californian poppy), the monkey-plant, and the flowering currant. Some of these, though wild here, are now cultivated amongst the ornaments of our English gardens.

The streets, running up-hill at right angles to the bay, are so steep that a stranger would think them very dangerous for driving; but this is not in reality the case,

as the vehicles, usually of very light construction here, go safely and easily up and down. The city cabs are far superior in style and appearance to those of London. They are brightly varnished and painted, have much glass, double seats, good harness and horses, and well-dressed drivers.

The upper part of San Francisco is thickly covered with elegant villas and gardens, the latter generally entered by long flights of steps, and the former mostly furnished with neatly painted verandahs, outer galleries, and balustrades, in the Swiss style. The use of wood for building was for some years almost universal here; but the numerous and extensive conflagrations led to the enactment of a law requiring that, in future, all erections in the business thoroughfares of the city shall be of stone or brick. Consequently, elegant and solid structures are rapidly displacing the more fragile ones of early times. Each "block" of city land is four hundred and twelve feet long by two hundred and seventy-five in breadth. The smaller plots are called "fifty vara lots," each being the sixth of a block, and equalling in area a square whose side is one hundred and thirty-seven and a half f. c. A "vara" is the old Spanish or Mexican yard.

Amongst the principal buildings of San Francisco are the lofty two-towered cathedral of St. Francis, and the similarly fine one of St. Mary (both Roman Catholic); the Presbyterian, Unitarian, and Episcopalian churches; the Town Hall, the Mercantile Library and Club in Montgomery Street; the Freemasons' Institute, Custom House, and the Marine Hospital. The chief hotels are the "Metropolitan," the "Teluma House," and the "What-cheer House." One of the busiest establishments in the city is the large one of Wells, Fargo, and Co., who have the chief carrying, freight, and parcel business of California and of the Pacific sea-board. They constitute in one firm that which Pickford's and the various parcels delivery companies of England form in the aggregate. Freight and luggage carriage are very heavy items here. At the time of our visit the charges for the transit of goods from San Francisco to New York, *viz* the Ishimas, were at the rate of £5 12s. per hundredweight, and by the Overland Express route even a dollar per pound.

An hour or two after the arrival of an eastern steamer (from New York), great is the rush to the post-office from all parts of the city, as there exists no postal delivery from house to house. (This applies to America generally.) To facilitate the distribution of letters, and, at the same time, to prevent repeated or unnecessary inquiries, the interior of the post-office is lined with hundreds of small pigeon-holes, all numbered, and each having a glass front; so that a person coming for letters can ascertain at once, by a glance at his box, whether there is anything for him. If so, he informs one of the clerks, and the box is opened for him.

The prospect of the future progress and importance of San Francisco is great. Its bay is a remarkable exception to the almost universally open and sheltered roadsteads of the Pacific sea-board; whilst its Golden Gate is the one means of navigable exit and entrance for the vast inland regions of California, Utah, Nevada, and the Far West in general. Into this noble eighty-mile-long bay flow the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, bringing down the treasures of the great central valley, which extends five hundred miles from north to south. Thus, naturally and permanently, San Francisco will continue unrivalled as the one great port and emporium of the Golden State and of the North Pacific sea-board of the Union.

Varieties.

AUSTRALIAN GEMS.—Gem of various kinds, some very pure and valuable, have been found at various places in the colony during the last three or four years. Diamonds have been found in the Beechworth district, and so have sapphires of every shade of blue, from nearly black to the palest blue. Specimens of the green sapphires—the Oriental emerald—have also been picked up. Topazes are abundant in the Ovens and about Donolly, and, in smaller crystals of great beauty, in Flinder's Island; beryls have been found in several places lately at or near Northcote; garnets, hyacinths, and zircons have been found in various gold-fields, the latter in considerable numbers; opals, amethysts, jaspers, and agates are known to be abundant in the Ovens district, and specimens of some of them have been picked up in other gold-fields. There are also isolated instances of gems having been found at Northcote, and other places in the immediate vicinity of Melbourne. As to the value of these gems, in some cases it was considerable. The best yet discovered was a magnificent diamond, weighing above three carats in the rough, which was found in the Beechworth district. Its worth, after being cut, was estimated at £35 or £40. The diamonds in general bore a strong resemblance to those of the richest diamond-yielding localities of Brazil.—*Melbourne Australasian.*

SEKOR-TRAVELLING IN POLAR REGIONS.—Adopting the mode of measuring journeys which appears to have been used by naval officers, and which I suppose must be correct, I find that an average day's march of my party in Journera over the ice in the springs of 1847 and 1864 was nearly twenty geographical miles. Several hundred miles of these journeys were over land, where it is harder work to haul a sledge three miles than it is to haul it five miles over ice. In 1851, from Henr Lake a long journey was performed along the Arctic coast, during which I, as usual, hauled a sledge of considerable weight. Our average day's march was on this occasion about twenty-four geographical miles. When on our way home the following autumn we got frozen in, and had to travel 1750 statute miles on snow shoes, which we did at the rate of twenty-eight statute miles a day; and the last 450 miles, when aided by dogs, were accomplished in ten days. The highest and lowest average day's walking quoted by Captain Osborn as having been accomplished by government officers are respectively sixteen and a half and ten geographical miles; mine nearly twenty-four and twenty geographical miles. If, as I am told has been the case, grog was given to the sailors at their lunch or dinner when travelling, I can readily account for their day's journey being so short. They might haul very well for an hour, or perhaps an hour and a half, after taking their "nip!" but after that they would soon flag.—*Dr. Rae.*

GERMAN HOSPITAL, DALSTON.—The number of in-patients in the hospital, from the 1st of January to the 31st of December, 1864, was 795; refused for want of room, 361; of these 438 were cured; made out-patients, 133; relieved, 61; dismissed, 10; died, 74; on the books, 39. The number of out-patients during the same period was 17,728, making a grand total of patients relieved during the year of 18,523. Of the in-patients 192 were cases of accident—of these 158 were English and 24 German; of the out-patients 910 were cases of accident, and nearly all were English. The grand total of in-patients since the opening of the hospital was 13,135; the grand total of out-patients, 164,300; and, in addition to these, there were 9594 dental cases. The receipts for the year were £1174 17s. 3d.; expenditure £3700.

INVENTION OF CAST STEEL.—A correspondent of "The Times" has lately claimed the invention of cast steel for a Sheffield workman named Waller. The invention has hitherto been generally ascribed to Benjamin Huntsman, who was born in Lincolnshire in 1704, and died at Sheffield in 1776. But, if the information just received from a high authority in Sweden be correct, it would seem that Huntsman was not the author of this invention. Broling, a Swede, who lived in England, and chiefly at Sheffield, during the years 1797, 1798, and 1799, published after his return to Sweden a complete description of the process of casting steel, from which the following statement is a nearly literal extract. It should be stated that Broling was master of the mint in Sweden, and was a competent, impartial, and trustworthy observer. In the middle of the last century there lived in Sheffield a poor workman named Waller, who earned his living by working up into lace gold and silver

belonging to other persons. Always intent upon improving his articles, he soon found that the greatest difficulty he had to contend with was want of soundness and polish in his rolls, the chief tools in his art. He had tried the most renowned kinds of English, German, and Swedish steel, and ascertained that steel made in England by the process of cementation from Danmora iron was the best. But, as pieces of steel large enough for 1½ rolls could not be procured free from flaws, he tried to melt steel by alloying it with other metal, but did not succeed. Only after many years of incessant labour he accidentally discovered that steel melted alone was perfectly sound and capable of being forged. Waller, whose beautiful tools were generally admired, being proud of his important invention, was soon tempted to exhibit his rolls, and he felt convinced that the secret of his art would secure to him his pre-eminence. He presented specimens of his improved steel to some edge-tool manufacturers, and the tools made therefrom showed an evenness of edge and a freedom from defects which had not previously been obtained with any kind of steel, and which, consequently, attracted general attention. A steel manufacturer into whose hands some of these specimens had fallen, and who knew that Waller had long been engaged in attempts to improve the quality of steel by melting it, submitted them to the examination of an able chymist, in order to ascertain whether the steel was alloyed or not with other metals. The question was soon answered in the negative, and trials were then made of melting steel with the addition of fluxes, to prevent its burning or oxidizing. The result was success, and steel as good as Waller's was produced. Huntsman, perceiving the pecuniary value of the invention for edge-tools, and possessing the requisite means, erected works and began to melt steel on a large scale. As he stamped his name on every bar of steel which left his workshop, both buyers and consumers were under the impression that Huntsman was the inventor of this kind of steel. The real inventor, being depressed by sorrow at seeing himself thus robbed of the honour as well as the profit of his invention, ended his days so little known that an inquirer into the history of cast steel could not, without much difficulty, discover even the name of the author of one of the most important inventions of the last century.

ABUSE OF PRIVATE JUDGMENT IN RELIGION.—Whether we think we can dispense with human help in learning religion or not, it seems certain that our Lord did not intend us to do so; for he appointed an order of men whose especial duty it is to teach the great doctrines of their religion. It is a historical fact (as certain as the resurrection of our Lord) that he appointed a number of his disciples to the special work of teaching his religion; that these, again, appointed others to succeed them in the same work; and there has continued such an order of ministers from our Saviour's time to our own; and this is a fact which cannot be safely lost sight of when we interpret the Scriptures. Were the object of our study an ordinary classical writer, an interpreter, who, devoid of sobriety of judgment, should scorn to study the opinions of the wise and learned men who had preceded him, would be likely to arrive at conclusions more startling for their novelty than valuable for their correctness.—*Archbishop Whately.*

LETTER OF COWPER TO MR. BULL OF NEWPORT PARNELL.—"My dear Sir—If you had only commended me as a poet I should have swallowed your praises whole, smacked my lips, and made no reply; but, as you offer me your friendship and account me worthy of your affection, which I esteem a much greater honour than that of being a poet, even though approved by you, it seems necessary that I should not be quite dumb upon so interesting an occasion. Your letter gave me great pleasure, both as a testimony of your approbation and regard. I write in hopes of pleasing you and such as you; and, though I must confess that at the same time I cast a sidelong glance at the good liking of the world at large, I believe I can say it was more for the sake of their advantage and instruction than their praises. They are children. If we give them physic, we must sweeten the rim of the cup with honey. If my book is so far honoured as to be made a vehicle of true knowledge to any that are ignorant I shall rejoice, and do already rejoice that it has procured me a proof of your esteem, whom I would rather please than all the writers of both reviews. When your leisure and your health will allow you to trot over to Olney, you will most surely be welcome to us both, and even welcome if you please to light your pipe with the page in question."

intend a deception, or to kindle unlawful desires in the beholders. But the French ladies, so far as their purpose comes in question, must be acquitted of both these charges. Nobody supposes their colour to be natural for a moment, any more than if it were blue or green; and this unambiguous judgment of the matter is owing to two causes: first, to the universal knowledge we have, that Frenchwomen are naturally brown or yellow, with very few exceptions; and, secondly, to the unartificial manner in which they paint: for they do not, as I am satisfactorily informed, even attempt an imitation of nature, but besmear themselves lustily and at a venture, anxious only to lay on enough. Where, therefore, there is no wanton intention, nor a wish to deceive, I can discover no immorality. But in England (I am afraid) our painted ladies are not clearly entitled to the same apology. They even imitate nature with such exactness, that the whole public is sometimes divided into parties who litigate with great warmth the question, whether painted or not. This was remarkably the case with a Miss B—, whom I well remember. Her roses and lilies were never discovered to be spurious till she attained an age that made the supposition of their being natural impossible. This anxiety to be not merely red and white, which is all they aim at in France, but to be thought very beautiful, and much more beautiful than nature has made them, is a symptom not very favourable to the idea we would wish to entertain of the chastity, purity, and modesty of our countrywomen. That they are guilty of a design to deceive is certain; otherwise why so much art? and if to deceive, wherefore and with what purpose? Certainly either to gratify vanity of the silliest kind; or, which is still more criminal, to decoy and inveigle, and carry on more successfully the business of temptation. Here, therefore, my opinion splits itself into two opposite sides upon the same question. I can suppose a Frenchwoman, though painted an inch deep, to be a virtuous, discreet, excellent character; and in no instance should I think the worse of one because she was painted. But an English belle must pardon me if I have not the same charity for her. She is at least an impostor, whether she cheats me or not, because she means to do so; and it is well if that be all the censure she deserves.

This brings me to my second class of ideas upon this topic; and here I feel that I should be fearfully puzzled were I called upon to recommend the practice on the score of convenience. If a husband chose that his wife should paint, perhaps it might be her duty, as well as her interest, to comply. But I think he would not much consult his own, for reasons that will follow. In the first place, she would admire herself the more; and, in the next, if she managed the matter well, she might be more admired by others—an acquisition that might bring her virtue under trials to which otherwise it might never have been exposed. In no other case, however, can I imagine the practice in this country to be either expedient or convenient. As a general one, it certainly is not expedient, because in general Englishwomen have no occasion for it. A swarthy complexion is a rarity here; and the sex, especially since inoculation has been so much in use, have a very little cause to complain that nature has not been kind to them in the article of complexion. They may bide and spoil a good one, but they cannot (at least they hardly can) give themselves a better. But, even if they could, there is yet a tragedy in the sequel which should make them tremble. I understand that in France, though the use of rouge be general, the use of white paint is far from being so. In England, she that uses one commonly

uses both. Now these white paints, or lotions, or whatever they may be called, are mercurial; consequently poisonous, consequently ruinous in time to the constitution. The Miss B— above mentioned was a miserable witness of the truth, it being certain that her flesh fell from her bones before she died. Lady Coventry was hardly a less melancholy proof of it; and a London physician perhaps, were he at liberty to blab, could publish a bill of female mortality of a length that would astonish us.

For these reasons I utterly condemn the practice as it obtains in England; and for a reason superior to all these, I must disapprove it. I cannot indeed discover that Scripture forbids it in so many words; but that anxious solicitude about the person which such an artifice evidently betrays, is, I am sure, contrary to the tenor and spirit of it throughout. Show me a woman with a painted face, and I will show you a woman whose heart is set on things of the earth and not on things above. But this observation of mine applies to it only when it is an imitative art; for in the use of Frenchwomen I think it is as innocent as in the use of the wild Indian, who draws a circle round her face, and makes two spots, perhaps blue, perhaps white, in the middle of it. Such are my thoughts upon the matter.*

TO CARIBOO AND BACK.

AN EMIGRANT'S JOURNEY TO THE GOLD-FIELDS IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

IV.—VICTORIA—VANCOUVER'S ISLAND.

LEAVING San Francisco by the steamer "Sierra Nevada," in four days we reached Vancouver's Island and landed at Esquimault, a port about four miles from the capital, Victoria. Leaving our luggage in charge of a black porter, to be brought on by cart, we walked to Victoria, which place we found crowded with emigrants on their way to British Columbia. On arriving at night at the "Colonial Hotel," we were glad to have a billiard-room allotted us for our lodging-place, as all the bedchambers were filled. However, wrapping ourselves in blankets, we slept soundly on the floor, and so took our first repose in her Majesty's dominions on the Pacific.

The next day we spent in walking about Victoria. It is a rapidly increasing town, of about five thousand inhabitants. Its appearance is not very prepossessing, as the houses are built in the most irregular manner, some being erected with their sides and gable-ends to the street, others at some distance back, and small log cottages side by side, "promiscuously" with large hotels and government offices. Most structures are of wood, a few of brick, the pavements or side-ways being of wood. The position of Victoria, close to the Straits of Juan de Fuca, and on the route to the Fraser's River settlements, indicates a prospect of permanent and increasing importance. Its port of Esquimault has recently been selected as the naval station for British ships of war in the Pacific, in lieu of Valparaiso. Most of the land "lots" in the vicinity of the town have been bought up by speculators, especially from San Francisco, and remain for the present "locked," till a great rise in value tempts their owners to sell out to parties really wishing to build upon them and settle there. But many *bona fide* emigrants have purchased land from ten to twenty miles distant from Victoria, and are generally prospering in their operations, the soil hereabouts being rich and fertile, and its price at present cheap. Bullock-teams are in

* Letter of William Cowper to Rev. W. Unwin. "Cowper's Life and Letters," p. 273. Published by the Religious Tract Society.

great demand for clearing the newly-bought land of timber and stumps: to draw the latter, eight or ten pair of beasts are often used.

commencing war. The latter has ceased to exercise ruling functions in these regions. A blessing it is for all concerned, when the military and naval representa-



DRAWING OUT TREE-STEMS WITH CATTLE.

After a few days' stay at Victoria we re-embarked on a steamer, for the concluding portion of our long voyage from England to British Columbia. This part of it was, however, of short duration, as we reached our destination, New Westminster, the capital of British Columbia, the evening of the same day on which we left Vancouver's Island; the distance being only about eighty miles.

tives of Great Britain, in her distant dependencies, are so temperate and judicious as the two officers just alluded to, acting as dignitaries fully able to maintain her power, without compromising her honour or plunging her into the horrors of bloodshed.

V.—BRITISH COLUMBIA—FRASER'S RIVER.

New Westminster at present consists mainly of one very broad street. Like Victoria, its houses are mostly of wood, but with many temporary tents interspersed. Our party erected one of the latter forthwith, on landing. The first night under it was very comfortable, as heavy rain poured down and trickled through the canvas in streams. As we were bound "up country" to the diggings, our stay in the capital was of the shortest possible duration, and we were speedily again on board a river-boat for Douglas. The Fraser's River is a noble stream, towing seven hundred miles, from the Rocky



HOUSES AT DOUGLAS.

On our way we passed the celebrated island of San Juan, which is claimed both by the British and American governments, and is, for the present, jointly held by soldiers of the two nations. A few years ago this disputed territory very nearly led to a war between them. Indeed, the avoidance of such a terrible calamity was owing, under Providence, to the courteous but firm refusal of Admiral Baynes and Captain Hornby to comply with the orders issued by Governor Douglas for



CABIN AT DOUGLAS.

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Mountains to the Gulf of Georgia, and, for the most part, through scenery of wild grandeur. New Westminster is fifteen miles from its mouth, and situated above a wide extent of fertile but low-lying land on the estuary

reference to the map, will assist in rendering our line of journeyings intelligible to the reader.

Our steamer, the "Colonel Moody," brought us in twenty hours to Douglas, a wooden-built town on a



THE START FROM LILOOET.

shores. In its neighbourhood promising mines of coal have been discovered.

As we steamed up the Fraser we had fine views on our right of the Cascade Ranges and Mount Baker, in the adjacent United States territory. Our intended route was by the line of lakes; for there are two ways of proceeding from New Westminster to the upper mining regions of the Fraser. One is by the direct line of the river for the whole distance, by way of Hope, Yale, Lytton, and Fort Berens, a point one hundred and eighty-eight miles from the sea; but, as the river is not navigable higher than Fort Yale, and as its valley beyond that point is of the most rugged and precipitous nature, the generally adopted route to the upper country is by a *défilé* of lakes, rivers, and portages, to the westward of the Fraser. Travellers by this line leave the latter river at the town of Carnarvon, and pass by the eight-mile-long Harrison River into Harrison Lake (thirty-seven miles in length), and so to Douglas; thence by Hot Springs, Lillooet Lake, Anderson River, and lakes Anderson and Seton, to Fort Berens, where the Fraser valley is again entered. The latter point is two hundred and twelve miles from the mouth of the river, by the route just indicated. Following the Fraser above Fort Alexander, or taking a more direct route across the mountains, and branching up the Quesnelle (a tributary from the east), the Cariboo diggings are reached. These lie north of Lake Cariboo, which is itself north of Lake Quesnelle, and about four hundred miles from the mouth of Fraser's River. This explanation, with

small lake at the north end of the larger and mountain-girt Harrison Lake. But we need not thus specially characterize any one lake in British Columbia, for every



CROSSING A RIVER ON A Felled TREE.

lake, pond, stream, or valley hereabouts is embedded in mountains; the latter, like pine-trees and mosquitoes, are universal features and facts of the country.

Douglas derives its local importance from its position, at the commencement of the usual land transit up the country. Its principal trade consists in supplying emigrants with provisions and mining necessaries, and in forwarding such to the diggimes. Hotels are springing up rapidly, such as, for instance, the "Columbia House" and "Cariboo Restaurant." Very recently a daily line of stages has been established, to run in connection with the steamers on Libcott and Anderson lakes; but this is since our visit, when the necessary roads were as yet not completed.

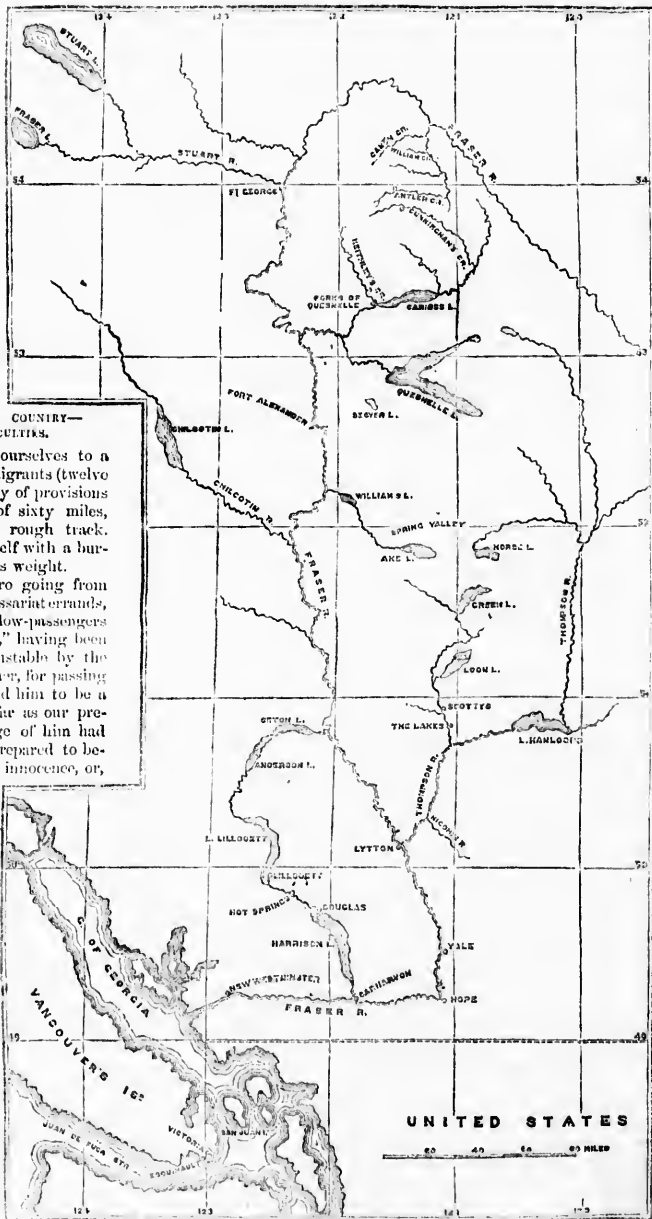
was found to be a good one after all. This led to general indignation against the barman, who was now fairly

VI.—OUR START UP THE COUNTRY—
PRELIMINARY DIFFICULTIES.

At Douglas we united ourselves to a party of digging-bound emigrants (twelve in all), and laid in a supply of provisions for a four days' march of sixty miles, over a mountainous and rough track. Each of us charged himself with a burden of about fifteen pounds weight.

Whilst some of us were going from store to store on our commissariat errands, we espied one of our late fellow-passengers from England "in trouble," having been given in charge of a constable by the barman of the river-steamers, for passing bad money. Having found him to be a good sort of a fellow, so far as our previous travelling knowledge of him had extended, we were quite prepared to believe his protestations of innocence, or,

at any rate, of ignorance, as to the coin (a sovereign) being a counterfeit one. The constable, however, had no option but to take him to the gaol till the nearest magistrate could be called upon to investigate the charge. One of our number, from sympathy, requested to be permitted to keep his unfortunate friend company. This application was acceded to, and both were locked up in the very primitive log-built gaol for about an hour, when the magistrate arrived on the spot, and heard the statements of all parties concerned. On carefully examining the coin, it



THE SOUTH TO CARIBOO.

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open to a suspicion of having brought the charge in order to extort money, with a view to a compromise through the fears of the accused.

All this occasioned considerable delay at starting; and, on rejoining the rest of our party and explaining that, in company with a friend, we had been inspecting "one of the government buildings," they were much surprised at such ill-timed gratification of curiosity, until we related more particularly the true reason of our detention.

We now set off on our march, but only walked eight miles that day, as the route was exceedingly steep and rugged, and the heat oppressive. At nightfall we pitched our tent beside a clear mountain stream, where, after a hearty supper of bread, bacon, and tea, we slept soundly, in spite of the swarms of mosquitoes which visited us during the night, and left indications of their attacks upon our limbs and faces. The next day we reached Hot Springs, so called from a stream of water which issues from the rocks here, and which is of a constant temperature too high to allow one's hand being dipped in it without scalding. At the inn here we enjoyed what our Yankee companions called a "square meal," of the generally characteristic fare of the colony, bacon and beans; the latter are abundantly imported in barrels from the States. Here, also, after our toilsome march, we indulged in a good wash, the only really cheap comfort obtainable in British Columbia.

Having further indulged in a mecesschaux, we retired to our blankets for the night, and next morning, rising early, walked six miles before breakfast, between snow-covered pine-forested mountains, to Colledge Lake, where we rested during the mid-day heat (a common custom in America in summer). In the afternoon we proceeded to Lillooet by road, and a small steamer. Before reaching the latter we found our route interrupted by a rapid stream, fifty feet wide and four deep. Another party coming up, and having amongst them several Canadian woodmen, a tree was forthwith cut down, so as to fall athwart the river. Thus we crossed with our baggage dry. Several, however, were not so fortunate, but slipped into the stream; and one person narrowly escaped drowning, as the current was very strong. Subsequently, we frequently met with similar adventures.

VII.—LILLOOET—A FRESH START.

On the third day from Douglas we arrived at Lillooet, a young town, finely situated on a plain surrounded by lofty mountains, snow-covered even at midsummer; for it was now the 11th of June. Some attempts at gold-mining were being carried on here, chiefly by Chinese; their earnings were about three dollars a day.

We here held a council respecting our further route; and, after being informed of the rugged and mountainous nature of the trails from here to Cariboo (two hundred and fifty miles distant), and also of the very high price of provisions further up the country, we determined to lay in a large stock of flour, bacon, and beans, and engage a team of seven horses for our now enlarged party of twenty comrades. We further hired the services of an experienced Californian packer, who undertook to accompany us and securely pack our supplies on the beasts from time to time, at a uniform charge of thirty cents (fifteen pence) per pound on the whole weight of baggage. At this rate we had each to disburse about forty-five shillings, in addition to our purchase-money for the provisions, and also after our former expenditure for the supplies at Douglas, much of which still remained. The prices here were thirty-five cents per pound for bacon, thirty cents per pound for beans, and twenty-five cents per pound for flour. Further up country charges

were still higher. An income of two hundred and fifty pounds per annum, in British Columbia, will not nearly produce the comfort which one hundred pounds would in England.

We unanimously agreed to take the Brigade Route, or Middle Trail, as affording at intervals abundance of water, good camping-ground, and plenty of grass for the horses. The operation of packing a team of horses or mules with baggage requires great skill, and is a long and tedious affair. The average burden put on each horse is three hundred pounds weight. Besides provisions, our cooking utensils (obtained at Lillooet) were thus carried. Altogether we found our expenses here much greater than we had anticipated; and this is universally the experience of those who come to British Columbia.

The horses used for pack-trains are mostly bred on the mountains of Oregon and California; and, though very restive at the first imposition of a burden, soon become tractable and quiet, finding their efforts at throwing off their pack only result in weariness and blows. They are sold in San Francisco for about eight pounds each.

Our route from Lillooet lay across the mountains to the Fraser River valley, near Lytton; thence up the wild and awful ravines in the district of the Thompson River, passing Loom Lake; and thence north, near Green and Axe lakes, to William's Lake. This portion of our journey, being a distance of nearly two hundred miles, occupied sixteen days, Sundays not included, as we were truly glad of a Sabbath rest.

THE AWDRIES AND THEIR FRIENDS.

CHAPTER XX.—PROGRESS.

"Peggy," cried Dr. Vaughan, who, for any change perceptible about and around him, might have been sitting in his chair as Martin and Margaret left him after the interview described long ago, "come and give me a kiss, my child. I've seen nothing so pleasant as your face since I lost you."

"That's not very long since," said Margaret, laughing.

"Too long, Peggy; too long," said the Doctor. "I don't know how it is, but I can't do without you, troublesome as you are. And now, where have you been, my birdie? and what it have you done? Take off your bonnet and let me look at you."

Margaret threw off her bonnet and seated herself by his side, inquiring with due precision after every ailment in succession.

"Ah, mine's a failing body, Peggy, full of aches and twinges. You mustn't run away from me: I want to be taken care of and comforted, I can tell you. But, child, how pale you look, and your hand—it's quite feverish. You've been over-tiring yourself."

Margaret confessed that she had had but little rest since she had left home.

"Rest! no, of course. What rest are you likely to have while you go racketing about the world, exciting yourself about other people's concerns, instead of staying quietly with me? What time did you get home last night, pray?"

"Very late," said Margaret, not choosing to own that they had arrived by a very early morning train, and that she had left her companions in bed, having herself had but two or three hours' sleep since.

"Well, child, there have been fine disturbances going on in the green island—such stirring articles—very curious; but I was just saying to myself, before you

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came, 'If I had but my little reader here, how we should enjoy this together.' These precious priests have been setting them on to murder landlords, rob and plunder, and set the whole country in a blaze;" and again, as on a former occasion, he placed "The Times" newspaper before her.

"But you wanted to know where I had been, and what I had done," said Margaret.

"No, I didn't," said the Doctor, turning his head away. "You've been where you'd better not have been, and done what you'd better not have done; and I don't want to hear anything at all about it."

"You're all in a mistake," said Margaret. "I've been on your business chiefly."

"My business?" said the Doctor.

"Yes; and it's no wonder if I look tired and feel feverish. I've had a world of trouble," she replied.

"I don't believe a word of it," said the Doctor.

"As if that made the least difference to the truth," said Margaret. "Come, don't you want to know what it is?"

"Some mischief, I'll warrant."

"No. What you will bless me for on your dying day," she said, seriously.

Dr. Vaughan didn't like to hear of his dying day; and it was rather by a slip that Margaret used the words; but she had a happy dexterity even in turning slips to account. So, when she saw the corners of his mouth go down, as she couldn't recall the words, she repeated them with greater emphasis, saying, "Yes, dear friend, on your dying day; and I, on my dying day—and we know that both those days must come—shall be thankful for it too."

The Doctor's hand had him over the side of his chair; but, as was his wont when vexed, he folded them together, and remained silent.

"Oh dear, I'm very tired," said Margaret; "and, if you do look so very cross, I'm sure I shan't be able to say half I have to tell you."

Up went the corners of the Doctor's mouth; so that, though he didn't speak, he looked more hopeful.

"Will you let me tell you what I've been doing for you, and listen patiently, and take it kindly, and say at the end I've been a good girl for my pains?"

"I believe you think you can make me say anything," said the Doctor, allowing her to take his hand.

"Well, then, knowing by my own heart how often yours must have been troubled about what can't be recalled, I determined when I left home to do what I have often longed to do if it were possible—fulfil a promise, and take a heavy weight off my heart."

"What had that to do with my business?" asked the Doctor.

"My promise was to poor Arthur," said Margaret, slowly, in reply.

The Doctor's hand trembled. He was silent; but Margaret waited her time and sat silent too, not releasing his hand.

"I told you never to mention his name to me," he said, at last. "Nobody but you would dare to do it."

"Then, of course, I'm the proper person," she replied.

"You are *not*!" he said, angrily. "You are the last that ought to fret and plague me."

"Truly; I admit that."

"Then why do you do it?"

"No help for it," said Margaret, with a sigh; "that is, if this subject will still fret and plague you."

"Still? I tell you it *always* will." And the Doctor took his hand away and folded it tight in the other, and looked much chafed.

"It will, until your conscience is at rest on it; then it will fret you no longer," said Margaret, seeing that her present time was that of bold advance.

"Conscience! what business have you with my conscience? A pretty topsy-turvy world it is getting, when a chit like you dares to preach to me about conscience!" and the Doctor regularly fumed with rage.

"Now the passion you put yourself into is a plain proof to me that I am right, and you know it," said Margaret, coolly.

"You're an ungrateful, presuming——" the Doctor began in the spitting tone that came on him when strongly excited.

"Hush!" said Margaret: "you'll be so sorry for that presently. I am disappointed to find you in this humour. I hoped when I had told you that I had spent all yesterday, and nearly all the night, in truth, on your affairs, wishing also to save you from some bitter hours of useless repentance, you would listen in patience, at any rate; but I will go home and rest, and wait till you are more just and reasonable."

So saying, she rose and took up her bonnet, and began to tie it on.

The Doctor looked from under his shade to see what she was doing.

"Peggy, why will you vex me and make me say foolish things?" he cried, in a softened voice. "Put that *thing* down, and come and sit here again, and say what you like, only don't provoke me: you know I can't stand being provoked."

"But, if it provoke you to hear of *him*, how can I help it? For I don't want to talk of anything else now," said Margaret, standing irresolute, her bonnet-strings in her hand.

"Well, well, sit down, and get over with it as quick as you can," said the Doctor, determined to keep her on any terms.

"Then," she said, "by my last letter to my dear brother—you know I couldn't have loved a brother more——"

"No, no! no, no! Wonderful madness of infatuation, that he should have gone off and plunged into abominations, and married a pauper, when he might have been as happy as a man could possibly be. He should have had every farthing: I told him so. If he and you had been fixed together with me, you would have been son and daughter to me. Oh, it was very bad—very bad—madness, quite." And now the poor Doctor took to flapping his hands up and down on the arms of his chair, his usual mode of expressing any melancholy or despairing emotion.

"I *am* your daughter, and never by any possibility could have been made more truly so," said Margaret, tenderly, and rescuing herself; "as to that little romance you are so fond of hatching up, about my being Arthur's wife, it never would have been, nor could have been a true story."

"And why not? Haven't you said over and over again you loved him?"

"Loved him! yes, and love him now, more than you can imagine."

"Then what was to hinder it? for I'm sure he loved you; no thanks to him for that."

"Yes, I know he did; and, if things are as I believe, he loves me now with a love you and I are unable to understand."

"Now don't, don't, Peggy, go into your fancies about things. How can we tell what happens? There, do go on, if you have anything to say;" and the ferment in the Doctor's manner warned her to be wary.

in nature, and it is so in thought. How much that we learn comes to us reflected from another mind! The writer we most love tells us what we can apprehend, but what we have missed, ourselves. We see our thoughts in his words; he is a looking-glass; he reflects us, and we see in him, and take to ourselves that which, perhaps, we should never have hit upon or suspected. Above all this, we find the Bible itself compared to a glass. In this, as St. James tells us, a man may look and see himself. It shows him what he is. Would it not be well, indeed, if every one were to spend as long a time before this looking-glass as he does before the mirror in his chamber? But how many a man lets his soul go dirty, while he washes and adorns his face!

TO CARIBBOO AND BACK.

AN EMIGRANT'S JOURNEY TO THE GOLD-FIELDS IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

VIII.—SCENERY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

SOME portions of our route lay across mountain ranges, from whose summits we enjoyed most magnificent views, and down whose steep pine-forested sides we had to lead our horses singly, and with the utmost care. When on more level ground it was only necessary to lead the foremost one, and the rest would follow in regular file.

In other parts of the journey, especially in the river gorges, our track conducted us along the most frightful precipices. There was no help for this, as we could select no route more passable. Such dangerous travelling is a characteristic of British Columbia, Oregon, and Washington Territory. Their rivers flow oftentimes through dark and awful gorges, whose rocky sides tower perpendicularly from a thousand to fifteen hundred feet. By a series of zigzag paths, often but a yard in width, man and beast have to traverse these scenes of grandeur. Sad and fatal accidents often occur, and horses and their owners are dashed to pieces on the rocks below, or drowned in the deep foaming waters rushing down the narrow defiles from the vast regions of mountain snow melting in the summer heat.

"No country in the world affords more romantic scenes. The mountains bounding them rise in stately grandeur, oftentimes far above the clouds; now presenting their nude sides, paved with dark masses of frowning rocks, or proud forests of evergreen lawns, flowery dales and sterile wastes, to overlook the perennial beauty and matchless fecundity at their feet; while the lesser eminences, with their deep ravines, overhanging cliffs, and shadowy recesses, tell the place where the storm-winds recruit their forces and the zephyrs creep in to die."

Fortunately for ourselves, we escaped any serious accidents amid these wild scenes. But our progress was necessarily slow in such parts: only from six to eight miles a day in several cases. The backs of several of our poor beasts became very sore. This, again, caused delays, and the utmost care in packing and adjusting the burdens. Not infrequently our horses stumbled and fell. Our packer several times bent them harshly, attributing it all to their temper; and we had to interpose, to prevent cruelty. Neither did we escape aches and galls in addition to our weariness. Some of our party had equipped themselves with thick Wellington boots, which were now found to be ill adapted for travel like ours. The best foot-gear is a strong lace-up shoe, well covering the ankle. This affords much support, is neither too heavy nor too hot, and can be adapted to the varying size of the feet, which are sure to swell on such a trying and protracted exercise of pedestrianism.

At intervals we came upon fertile meadow-land, covered with a kind of high rye-grass, reckoned a superior herbage here, although it would be deemed very coarse in England. No other country can be compared with the United Kingdom for the fineness and softness of its grass. Neither America nor the continent of Europe can show such lawn-like meadows as those of our home islands. Whenever we encamped in these green spots, we and our beasts were specially pestered with mosquitoes. They visited us in myriads, piercing even through our very blankets. In some districts, such as Loon Lake, they were so intolerably worrying, that our animals would doubtless have been driven stark mad had we stayed long there at that time of the year.

IX.—THE INDIANS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

As, in the course of our pilgrimage up the country, we repeatedly fell in with small parties of Indians, a few words respecting them will not be out of place here.

The native races of British Columbia exist in a condition of even greater degradation and squalor than the other aboriginal tribes of the Far West. Many of them inhabit holes and caves; others move about and erect temporary tents or huts of bark. We came upon a small party of them thus encamped by an ice-cold mountain stream near William's Lake. They are exceedingly filthy in their mode of life, swarm with vermin, are very licentious, superstitious, and cruel. Mr. Duncan G. F. Macdonald states, in his valuable and interesting work on British Columbia, that he has seen no less than thirty scalps in one of their wigwags! Truly "the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty."

The Indians living along the shores of the Gulf of Georgia (both in British Columbia and Vancouver's Island) flatten the heads of their children by placing them, whilst very young, in wooden troughs, over the upper part of which a board is bound, so as to press upon the as yet tender forehead, and permanently flatten it. The effect of this imaginary adornment is to impart, in the eyes of a European, an expression something akin to idiocy.

The Indians of these regions derive their chief subsistence from the fine salmon of their clear streams, and from the abundant waterfowl of their rocky inlets and estuaries. The tribes farther inland are often pinched with hunger in the intervals between their rude feasts on bear-flesh, venison, and the numerous wild berries of their bushy plains and mountain thickets. They keep their animal food till it is absolutely putrid, preferring to eat it thus.

Not far from the encampment just alluded to we observed an Indian burial ground. Often only one corpse is deposited, and so left in its solitary slumber, either buried at a little depth beneath the earth, and staked round, or raised on poles, or amongst the branches of a tree, and so left to bleach and moulder drearily in the storms and sunshine of the wilds. The former possessions of the deceased, as his gun or arrows, kettle and blanket, are also brought and ranged around his remains. Death would be inflicted by his survivors on any one found plundering these relics. They are rarely if ever meddled with, even by the boldest Indian.

One of our comrades, once travelling in the wilderness, saw in the top of a high tree what appeared to be the large nest of some bird. Curiosity led him to climb up and inspect it; but, before reaching it, he discovered it to be the remains of some poor Indian, whose relatives had taken the trouble to bring him, after death, to so strange a resting-place, secure, as they supposed, from the desecrating paw of wandering bear or wolf.

X.—WILLIAM'S LAKE—INCREASED DIFFICULTY OF THE ROUTE.

William's Lake (also called Columetza) is about forty miles south of Fort Alexander. It is surrounded by some comparatively fertile land, and farming to some extent is carried on. We were truly glad to rest awhile

of success, and an awful condition of the route further up. Indeed, after hearing the complaints of our travelling difficulties thus far, they only laughed at us saying, "You've not even reached the bad tracks yet." And we soon had reason to believe them; for, almost



MOUNTAIN HOLDS.

at an inn here. Immediately on our arrival we ordered a "square meal," and an ample supply of fresh beef, beans, cabbage, pies, milk, tea, and coffee was set before us, to which we did justice in a manner which we should have been almost ashamed for our English friends to witness. It is truly astonishing what an appetite is developed by the arduous travelling in this country. Solid meals of animal food, which at home would suffice for the day, are here requisite several times within a similar period, and at a fearful expense; but nothing can be accomplished otherwise. Thus, our meal above mentioned cost three half-dollars, or six shillings, each.

A little rest here was also most welcome to our poor horses, now reduced to six. Tom, our Californian packer, washed their sore backs frequently with Castile soap, as this application is found very efficacious. We were not much encouraged by the accounts here received from some parties of miners returning from the Cariboo diggings. They reported a general failure

immediately after leaving William's Lake, we found that we had exchanged bad for worse, in the matter of routes our horses were often plunged up to the belly in swamps and mud. British Columbia is truly a horse killing country. At other times we dragged our burdens heavily up steep and forested mountains. Then again, we met frequently with rapid and deep streams where, in the absence of bridges, we had to wade or otherwise attempt (*volens, volens*) all manner of Blondin like performances, and often at the risk of life and limb. Repeated practice, however, enabled us to perform feats of climbing, leaping, and crawling which formerly would have seemed utterly impossible to us. We now remarked to one another our belief that, if St. Paul's Cathedral were in British Columbia, we could safely walk round the steep side of its lofty dome, provided there was a trail of a foot wide on it.

At Deep Creek, ten miles from William's Lake, several of our comrades relinquished all further attempts

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reach their proposed destination, being utterly discouraged by the excessive difficulties of the way, and the unvarying tale of disappointment told by the parties of returning and unsuccessful miners. Truly, the numbers of these poor broken-down fellows, with their pale, pinched faces and tattered rags, eloquent of hunger and poverty, were enough to dishearten all of us together; for hundreds of such passed us during our journey, in parties of from two to a score. Sorely leaped as we were to yield to despair, yet some of us were resolved to brave out to the end, feeling that, having come thus far, and being almost in sight of the hand of our hopes, we would rather leave our bones there than abandon our object when so near its goal.

Having resumed our journey, with numbers thus diminished, we soon reached a rude log-bridge across a torrent in a ravine. Here one of our horses fell over into the water. Our packer, by means of a rope, hoisted it up, and, nearly drowned as it was, beat it savagely to make it move on; but the plunge and the blows, after so much slavery of exertion, were too much, and the wretched beast died close to the bridge where it had slipped. And thus miserably perish hundreds of horses and mules along this weary track. Often we had to hurry past their offensive carcases, left by the side of our narrow ways.

We thought we had now reached the lowest possible depth of difficulty; but not so; for, after miles of deep mud and swamp, we came to a region where, for an extent of many miles, the earth was covered with innumerable thousands of dead and fallen trees, lying across each other in inextricable confusion, and in every conceivable position; whilst myriads of others were still standing, but leafless, dead, and bleached, almost as white as snow. This strange scene had a ghostly and weird appearance, as if Nature had set her curse upon the region. We were necessitated to travel over these fallen trees, stepping from trunk to trunk, for a distance of ten miles. As may be supposed, this rendered us intensely fatigued and leg-weary; for it was, throughout, a series of aerobic performances. Often we slipped between the fallen trunks and were nearly lost to view, having sunk two feet in a thick black swamp. Whenever one of us became thus "bogged," he had to call for help, and was drawn out bodily by his comrades from his unpleasant position. And the difficulties with our poor beasts were here worse than ever; in fact, all but insurmountable. After many such mishaps, and many "spells" for breath, we at length got over this remarkable stage of our journey, and were most truly glad to find ourselves once more on dry, open ground.

XI.—STILL MORE DISCOURAGEMENT.

As we proceeded we met other parties of returning miners, who advised us at least to wait awhile before proceeding to the diggings, until the melting of the snow should have diminished, and the route become less muddy and swampy. All agreed in admitting that there was abundance of gold at Cariboo, if it could only be got at.

One morning, after our usual night's halt, we were dismayed at the tidings that four of our horses had stampeded, leaving us only one to proceed with. We were unanimously convinced that our packer had

played us foul; but he stoutly and seriously persisted in his utter innocence of any complicity in the loss of the animals. At any rate, there was no remedy for us, as, by the terms of our bargain, we had "cashed down" before starting, and he had handed over the dollars to his partner at Lillooet. Further, we could prove no charge against him. So, in very poor plight indeed, we had to proceed as best we could. Two days afterwards we found our four horses in one of the valleys ahead; they were none the worse for their rest. It was



ROUTE OVER FALLEN TREES.

no wonder the jaded beasts had run off; but it was now evident that our packer had had no share in the matter.

At night we heard the growling of the cinnamon bear, and fired off salutes from our revolvers, by way of warning and alarm. After quitting our encampment in the morning, we shortly passed a stake, on which was inscribed, "A young man is buried here; being killed by a bear at this spot." For ourselves, however, we found the mosquitoes far more annoying than any bears.

Four or five miles further on our way we came upon another grave, with a board over it, on which was written, "William S—, aged 23." This saddened us, for we recognised the name as that of one of our fellow-voyagers from Panama, where he had arrived from New York, on his way to the diggings; and a very pleasant companion we had found him. On subsequent inquiry respecting his death, we found that it had only just occurred before our arrival at the spot, and was owing to his incautious use of fire-arms. On rising from his night's rest on some blankets (under which he had placed a cocked revolver before sleeping), he had, in drawing it from its position, caught the trigger in the

folks. By the discharge of the weapon he was shot dead instantly, to the astonishment and grief of his companions (three Cornish miners), who dug a grave for him there, and, carefully wrapping his blankets round him, left him to his long rest.

Accidents with fire-arms are of frequent occurrence in this country, through the inexperience of their possessors. Furthermore, revolvers are of little or no use here; the same weight of good worsted stockings would be far more serviceable. Although we carried revolvers with us on our journey hither, we should not consider it necessary to take them a second time; and we have generally observed that those persons who are the least skilful in the use of fire-arms are the most ostentations in their display, and the most careless in handling them.

Soon after this sad spectacle of a recent comrade's grave, we reached Beaver Lake, which, like William's Lake, is surrounded by some tolerable farming land. Here we saw turnips, cabbages, and radishes being cultivated, but, as yet, had met with no potatoes in this country.

British Columbia is not, in general, suited for agricultural development. The climate is excessively cold in winter, and in summer the floods from the mountains inundate some of the valleys to a depth of many feet. During the latter season the days are fine and bright, and warmer than in England, but yet are often succeeded by frosty nights—a suddenness of change very unfavourable to many kinds of vegetation. But the climate suits the sturdy mountain trees: the cedar, the oak, and the pine. Some of the latter here often attain a diameter of twelve feet, and a height of more than two hundred feet—especially the Douglas Pine. Even these giants of the mountains are sometimes burst asunder by the extreme cold of the British Columbian winter. It is truly a savage region.

Our next stopping-place was Little Lake. Here we were only ten miles from the Forks of Quesnelle, but these ten miles were amongst the worst; for, in traversing part of the distance, we were again plunged at times to the middle in swamps and between prostrate dead trees lying across the route. After thus proceeding we met a strange and very unexpected spectacle—a pack-train of camels. They had been brought across the Pacific, at considerable expense, from the Amoor River, in Asia, by some Yankee speculators, but had proved a very poor investment. Indeed, here they reminded one of “fish out of water,” by the very fact of their wading through swampy ground; inasmuch as the camel is specially adapted for a dry and sandy region only. Their large and expanding feet are most unsuited to deep mud; whereas the small and solid hoofs of the American mule occasion much less difficulty in such circumstances.

The clayey, swampy ground hereabouts extended even to the top of the mountains, where we had least expected to find it; but, owing to some breadth of table-land there, we were disappointed. The semi-liquid clay in the pans of the brick and tile-works at home may afford the reader an idea of our route here. Thus, after twenty-one days' wading and stumbling, sliding and climbing, we reached our next principal stage—the Forks of Quesnelle.

THE AWDRIES AND THEIR FRIENDS.

CHAPTER XXI.—TRIUMPH.

MARGARET found that her guests had been well cared for by her head servant, Sarah, a trusty and venerable

domestic, who had spent all her years of service in the family; had watched the decline and seen the death of all its elder members; had superintended Margaret through childhood, from the time of her being brought to her mother's home; and had, in fact, learnt to consider herself as, more properly, an integral part of the establishment than its present mistress; inasmuch as she had been there much longer, and had borne sway over her for years.

Notwithstanding her sincere love for Margaret, and her secret satisfaction with her circumstances in life, she would often tease her mistress with a look of discontent, and a half-muttered complaint. “What if I have it tolerable easy, and tolerable good wages, and tolerable as I like? ‘Service is no inheritance,’” was frequently on her lips. Her fellow-servant Kitty, who was young and lively, and loved Margaret with all her heart, often could not help reproaching her with ingratitude. She would relieve herself by commenting on the subject to Anno as she worked; but Anno would pacify her with the remark that Sarah was growing mossy, like an old stone, from want of rubbing up; or she was growing rusty, like an old lock, for want of oiling. “Miss Awdrie is too easy with her: she should give her a rub; and you are not patient enough; you should oil her a bit, Kitty.”

Sarah had, however, done the honours of the house very creditably to Mary and her mother, about whom, nevertheless, she was considerably perplexed.

Thus she ruminated: “*They were ladies*: they spoke so softly, and looked so gentle—especially the young one—but they were very shabby, and their luggage was downright *of wurrp*.”

Margaret rewarded her attentions to them in her absence by now taking her into her confidence, and telling her who they were.

Sarah was gratified that she had been so entirely correct in her judgment: they were ladies; and they were poor.

Having tried to make them happy with the good promise growing from her visit to the Doctor, Margaret soon, notwithstanding her weariness, got into a deeply interesting conversation with Mary respecting Arthur's last days.

While they talked, the widow Hill was looking complacently on the old-fashioned but comfortably-furnished room; at the window, which, like all the lower ones on that side of the house, opened on to the garden; at the pleasant grass-plot, with its trim and now brilliant beds; the little green-house beyond, and the cozy air of the *lout ensemble*, taking in even the garden-steps on which Margaret was perched when she received Martin Hedwig's card. Yes, she looked on all, and was pleased. She even noticed the old, well-stuffed horse-hair and mahogany couch on which Mary was lying by Margaret's desire, and calculated what the fresh cover it had had must have cost; and also the more modern easy-chair on which she sat—one of purple morocco and rose-wood—and wondered whether it would fetch more in a sale than her own did, when they were forced to sell off all their furniture.

Not that the widow Hill was in the least unfeeling, or that she wanted interest in the subject on which Mary and Margaret were so earnestly discoursing; but Arthur had been dead a long time; she had been unhappy about him a long time; the vibration of her feelings, from the shock the event had given them, was past, and it was not in her to be sorry any longer, not vividly sorry, as Mary and Margaret were; yet she would not on any account have had it thought she was not as deeply concerned as they were. So, between

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nese wine); and certainly, although the Japanese do not actually treat the Ainu with absolute cruelty, they seize every opportunity to show the supreme contempt in which they hold them. They are not even allowed to leave their native villages without a Japanese passport, which is obtained with great difficulty; and all the license the passport affords is permission to visit Hako-dadi, the capital of Yesso, and witness its wealth and splendour, while strict injunctions are issued to the traveller to return home quickly, and on no account during his visit to go anywhere in the city unless accompanied by a government official.

SOUTH AMERICAN BEEF.

In our last number we gave an account of the various processes by which perishable food can be preserved for future use. The suggestion was thrown out that South American cattle, millions of which are slaughtered for their hides, while only a small proportion of the carcasses can be consumed, might be made more available for food. The experiment is now being tried of making English eaters acquainted with "charqui," or "South American jerked beef," some account of which may interest the readers of "The Leisure Hour."

According to the old cookery-book order, of "first catch your hare," we ought to begin to tell how the huntsmen on the vast llanos or pampas, by lasso or otherwise, catch the wild cattle. This part of the subject we must reserve for a future paper, having space now only for the practical matter, which has been, by advertisements and letters in the newspapers, brought before the beef-consuming public.

What is the charqui like? and what does it taste like? are questions that some readers may wish to ask me. Does it look like English beef? Recommending it to others, would you yourself eat it? One by one, I proceed to answer. The newly-imported beef does not come over in the form of joints: an English butcher would, I have no doubt, consider our South American friends sad barbarians. Charqui may be described as composed of a long beef riband, wound into the form of a cylinder, after having been subjected to some sort of preparation, that shall be noted by-and-by. The beef ribands will have been originally procured in some such manner as the following:—Let us suppose an ox lassoed, killed, and skinned; next comes forth the gauchos' long knife, with which he proceeds to do butcher's duty. He does not go to work as an English butcher would, but more after the fashion of a cook peeling an apple. But for the presence of bones in the animal, I have no doubt but that the peeling operation would be carried on to the very core, as one may say; but bones, of course, make a difference. The mere shape, the mode of cutting up meat, is a small matter after all—a mere matter of convention. A German butcher's notion of meat elegance is that it should be trimmed as nearly as possible into the form of a ball. Spanish and Portuguese butchers affect the riband or fillet form; our butchers pride themselves on the manufacture of meat rounds, rib blocks, and sirloins. Every one to his taste; and, mere appearance regarded, it would be conceded that our butchers have the advantage over those of every other country. Appearance is, however, a small matter: to have a good material is the main point. Moreover, a good deal admits of being staked in favour of the system of beef-riband making. By adopting it, the expense of transporting bones is not only avoided, but the meat is obtained in the form best adapted to the

process of sun-drying. Two sorts of charqui are known in South America, and specimens of both have been imported. One sort is well salted, and the excess of brine squeezed out; the other sort has been very slightly salted, then sun-dried. At present the strongly-salted charqui seems to find most ready sale in England; but I shall be much mistaken if the second sort be not ultimately found to be more profitable. In reply to the question, whether this South American beef be good or not, I answer "Yes." Weight for weight, it is better, in the sense of being more nutritive, than English beef, inasmuch as it is dryer. To the question, "What is it like to eat?" I would say, "Just what you choose to make it in the cooking." Let the truth be told. I, an Englishman, deliberately endorse the decree of poor Soyer, that these, her gracious Majesty's two home islands, contain the worst cooks in Europe. To boil, to roast, to broil, to fry, one and all as furiously as they can, are all the points of culinary art a thorough English cook has a notion of. "Oh! you're one of those Frenchified Englishmen," don't I hear somebody exclaim; "you don't believe in roast beef, and steaks hot from the gridiron." Well, but I do, though; and more: I prefer them to anything, almost, perhaps; and no Frenchman-hater of sixty years ago, when a Briton was not considered loyal if he did not hate the French, can go beyond the writer of this in his contempt of plain roast, and boiled and broiled, anywhere beyond these isles. But, of plain roast and broiled and boiled, it must be averred that, except the cook has prime cuts of meat to begin with, the result is unsatisfactory—unsatisfactory not merely to the taste, but to the digestion as well. As for frying-pans, they are mostly abominable. I only know of one legitimate purpose to which they can be put; and, if anybody will show me how to cook eggs and bacon on a gridiron, I will consent to abandon the frying-pan *in toto*. Now what makes it so hard with English people in straitened circumstances, in the matter of animal food, is this: Because of their prejudice against certain modes of cookery; because of their unbending addiction to plain roast and broiled, and boiled and fried, they are either driven to buy prime cuts, so called, or else to work upon meat wholly unadapted to those operations. I can readily understand how this came about: it was mainly determined by the nature and prodigality of our national fuel—coal. Perhaps, too, our national time-thrift has something to do with it; perhaps our cooks like to boil, roast, broil, or fry furiously, as if against time, that all may sooner be over. If our cooks would kindly bear in mind the obvious fact that a stewing operation does not need looking after, then would they at once perceive that the haste now evinced fails wholly of its intent: *would* fail even though the victuals should be what they are not—satisfactory.

Since the introduction of this charqui, or jerked beef, amongst us, I have read the papers attentively, relative to modes of cooking it. Now, they all come to this:—No fast and furious way of cookery will do for South American beef. Roasting, broiling, frying, are equally indigible. I might even add boiling; and a chemist would understand me, even though the words might come even as Greek or High Dutch to a British cook. Soups and stews should never boil: at the most, they should only simmer. Bearing this in mind, charqui may be made agreeable to eat under a variety of forms. Only spare it the infliction of a violent fire; only treat it soup fashion or stew fashion, using gentle heat and giving plenty of time, charqui is sure to come forth in a way to gratify one's taste, as well as to harmonize with one's digestion. Yes, I aver this of charqui, even

though no preliminary operation of washing, steeping, and throwing away the water has been practised. Such preliminary treatment is to be recommended, however; and, if the water used for steeping be slightly sharpened by a little vinegar, why, all the better. Mr. Warriner, cookery instructor to the army, recommends that charqui be mingled with some fat pork in the cooking; he also suggests the addition of fresh bones. Well, he is right, perhaps, as to the result; but fresh bones are not very cheap to buy, neither is salt pork. I want to keep down the sum total of the stew, in the interest of poor people.

Doubtless, we have not seen the full measure of South American beef resources just yet. Doubtless, much animal nutriment now putrefying to waste over the South American continent, from Darien to Patagonia, will in time be made available to hungry British stomachs. Even now, whilst this is being penned, I notice the establishment of a factory in South America, under the auspices of Baron Liebig, for the preparation of a certain "essence of meat," wholly deprived of fatty and glutinous material, the wonderfully restorative properties of which have been fully attested in France, as well as in Germany. At the recommendation of Baron Liebig, as it seems, this meat essence was introduced to the Bavarian pharmacopoeia as a medicinal agent; but the Bavarian people soon discovered the benefit of using it as an article of diet. Hitherto, the Bavarian essence of meat has been prepared at home, from native oxen and sheep; hence the high price—about two shillings the ounce—at which it is retailed by German apothecaries. Notwithstanding this, however, and purely, as Liebig gives the public to understand, as the result of their own impressions, the German people purchase the essence of meat from the apothecaries for domestic use.

It is difficult, I think, to overrate the importance of any scheme that tends to lessen the prevalence of hard living, with all its concomitant evils of disease, suffering, and, one must add, a soured, irritable frame of mind, susceptible in the highest degree to respond to evil moral influences. Thus, at least, does it seem to the writer; and, actuated by this belief, he has devoted more words and space to American beef than was intended when he first sat down.

TO CARIBOO AND BACK.

AN EMIGRANT'S JOURNEY TO THE GOLD-FIELDS IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

XII.—THE FORKS OF QUESNELLE.

This place is the principal dépôt for provisions and materials for the mines, being about fifty miles from the gold region of Antler Creek and adjacent parts of Cariboo. The town at the Forks consists of general stores (mostly kept by Jews) and drinking-shops: it is prettily situated, and the climate is milder than in many parts of the surrounding region.

Here, too, we met with many returned miners encamped. Their accounts were deplorable, and their manifest condition confirmed the worst. Yet, here again, all admitted the existence of rich gold deposits at the mines. Their complaints were of the excessive dearth of provisions and stores, the impossibility of getting many necessities, even for money; and, beyond all, the intolerable difficulties of the soil and the tracks. Whilst waiting here we saw two packers return from the mines. One of them carried with him a bell, such

as is fastened to the foremost mule of a pack. Suspecting some disaster, we inquired after their animals, and received for reply a statement that they had started hence to Antler Creek with a train of thirty mules, not one of which had reached the destination, all having fallen down, at different places, into the precipitous ravines, along the perpendicular sides of which the narrow trails led them. Sometimes a single such stumble involves a fall of a thousand feet. This, to an animal burdened with three hundred pounds weight of goods, is, of course, certain death. Yet many of the poor creatures do not die at once after falling, but linger awhile in horrible torture, far beyond the possibility of aid or access by their owners, who are compelled to leave them to die, and to suffer the utter loss of the property fallen with them.

In consequence of the continued and general discouragement from nearly every miner we met at this and previously visited places, the majority of our party now relinquished their purpose of pushing on to the diggings, although arrived as at their very threshold. Eventually only about eight out of the seventy emigrants who left Southampton with us for Cariboo reached that destination. The difficulties of travel here are truly stupendous; and every one capable of giving an opinion agrees that no country in the world can be compared with British Columbia in this respect. We had constantly to experience the utter fallaciousness of certain writers who have sent home glowing reports of this land and of its advantages. Misled by such gross misrepresentations, thousands have bitterly rued the day that they ever landed here, and more than a few have left their homes in these solitary wildernesses and vast gorges.

We met numbers of strong and active men, who would have gladly given their hard labour even for their food, without any other remuneration; but their services found no employ. And it is a fact that we saw a crowd of men standing around a butcher's slaughter-house waiting for the offal of a bullock to be thrown amongst them. This they seized like a pack of hounds. Hundreds, after working like slaves, and expending all their little capital, have had to retrace their weary way down to the coast, with scarcely rags enough to cover them, obliged to tie a bit of sack round their bleeding feet, and to sell their blankets for a very little bread. (The price of a half-quarter loaf was now six shillings.)

Our small party reached Keithleys' Creek in two days from the Forks, passing along the shore of Cariboo Lake. There we paid half a dollar each to cross the deep stream in a boat; and it was money well expended, as it saved us a weary circuit of three miles—no trifling matter when burdened with fifty or sixty pounds of baggage. Keithleys is one of the most dull and gloomy places on the route, consisting of rude log-shanties of the roughest description. We stayed several days here. The little stock of provisions we had brought with us (of beans, bacon, and flour) was eagerly bid for by the store-keepers. We were offered twenty sovereigns for about half a hundred-weight of this supply; but we would have refused double that sum; for gold is not to be preferred at the risk of starvation. Not one pound of flour was now obtainable at Keithleys, except that which we had brought. Beans and bacon were here "the staff of life."

In the year 1860 much gold was found at Keithleys, and extensive mining operations were set on foot. A very heavy outlay was incurred for "flumes" (the Californian name for long wooden conduits to bring water to the diggings), water-wheels, and sluice-boxes, etc. All

this "plant" since which mining effort

We now a country, being five miles from the mine: rain, our destination was; every bitterly cold now among

So we returned to the place where we found the mine. We received on the 1st of the month. Many were in the neighbourhood. Lightning struck the mine, and the latter part of the month to be taken that this season. The mine was not to be taken. The mine was not to be taken. The mine was not to be taken.

We were amounted to five dollars a day, and night. But from Cornwallis emigrants came with the wages may be that the price of five or six heavy iron-work is very high of water rated with mine property in the sluice-boxes made all the on the right have sunk golden ore. British Columbia, and the latter part of the

For our neighbourhood was evident there seemed to be in the mine. So at length we resolved to turn back. We utterly cast the same fate on July 15, where it was left behind.

Our next where we

this "plum" was swept away in a few hours by a flood, since which the place has not been the scene of much mining effort.

We now set out once more, and for our last stage up-country, being bound for Antler Creek, about twenty-five miles from Keithleys. The weather was most inclement: rain, sleet, and snow. In two days we reached our destination—the diggings; and a cheerless spot it was: everywhere mud and water, and the atmosphere bitterly cold, although in the summer season; for we were now amongst the inland mountains.

XIII.—AT CARIBOO—THE DIGGINGS.

So we reached Cariboo at last; for Antler Creek is one of the principal places in the Cariboo district. We found the miners generally as dispirited as the accounts received on our upward journey had represented them to be. Many were trooping away. Yet both here, and at the neighbouring diggings of William's Creek, Lake House, Lightning Cañon, Last Chance, Peterson's, Davis's, and Cunningham's Claims, much gold was being found. At the latter place two hundred ounces per diem were said to be taken out. Indeed, there is good reason to believe that this season fully a ton of gold has been here obtained. But at what a cost! The expenses are enormous; for the mines hereabouts are not mere surface-works, like many of those in Australia and California, but involve heavy outlay and deep exploration.

We were informed that the single item of candles amounted to sixty dollars per diem in one mine. Skilful miners were obtaining wages of from eight to ten dollars a day, and working in successive relays, day and night. But then, these were experienced men, chiefly from Cornwall and California. The general run of immigrants could neither accomplish such work, nor meet with the opportunity of being employed. The above wages may appear very high; but it must be remembered that the price of food alone amounted on an average to five or six dollars per day for each man, beside other heavy incidental and necessary expenses. Then, too, the work is very toilsome, being labour under the cold dripping of water from leaky flumes, and with clothes saturated with slush and water from head to foot. The mine proprietors have necessarily to incur excessive expense in the erection of flumes, the carrying out of sluice-boxes, and the sinking of shafts; and many have made all this outlay in vain, not succeeding in striking on the right place for the precious deposit. Hundreds have sunk their "bottom dollar" before reaching the golden ore. Altogether, the experience of gold-mining in British Columbia hitherto has been some brilliant success, but much, very much disheartening failure, and the latter far preponderating over the former.

For ourselves, we "prospected" about Antler and its neighbourhood for a fortnight, but to no profit. Gold was evidently around and beneath us, abundantly; but there seemed little or no hope of our being more fortunate in obtaining it than the majority of other miners. So at length, after mutual deliberation and calculation, we resolved to do what multitudes had done before us—turn back again. Sorely disappointed, but yet not utterly cast down, we began to retrace our steps over the same fatiguing route by which we had arrived; and on July 18th we had already returned to Keithleys, where it was a real consolation to feel that we had finally left behind us the worst twenty-five miles in the country.

XIV.—LOST ON A NEW TRAIL.

Our next backward stage was Beaver Lake again, where we came upon a small camping party of three of

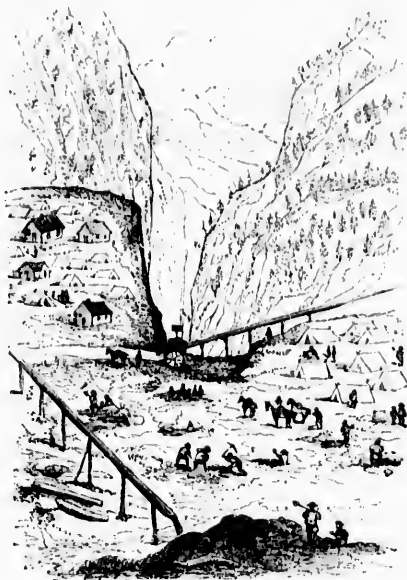
our fellow-shipmates by the "Jay Plata," bound for the mines, but taking it very leisurely; far too much so, as it seemed to us, for they were letting slip the best part of the year for mining, and, indeed, the only three months in which much work can be done, viz., July, August, and September. Like ourselves, they had met with many vicissitudes of travel. They had packed with only two horses, which were often missing in the mornings, and so involved many an hour's delay. Our friends were surprised to see us returning; as, knowing that so many others had done so, they had concluded that we, at any rate, were amongst the fortunate ones. Their small party had got on better than many other larger companies, through their great unanimity and willingness to oblige one another. Many parties have been broken up and greatly delayed by grumblers and unreasonable members. Yet, truly, there is ample palliation for grumbling, as the mosquitoes alone are here plague enough to try the patience of the firmest; but it is positively worse than useless to yield to the discouragements, or complain of the privations, as all have to share and share alike. Every one must be willing to take any share of the toil, whether it appears his allotted portion or not; on no other terms can pleasant companionship be maintained.

A new trail had just been explored from Beaver Lake to Bridge Creek, below Spring Valley, thus missing William's Lake entirely, and so shortening the route by thirty miles, and reducing it to seventy instead of a hundred. This was an important consideration for us, as carrying packs on our shoulders, and the weather being here again extremely hot. We calculated that we could walk the distance in four days, and provisioned ourselves accordingly, not taking more than we considered necessary for the time, as we knew that further down the country prices were much lower; whereas here, at Beaver Lake, flour was now more than half-a-crown a pound.

We missed our way more than once for short distances on this trail, and then lost our bearings altogether. We did not meet a creature for days, and scarcely saw even a bird. But the mosquitoes on this route surpassed in numbers and annoyance all that we had previously met with or heard of. Neither fire nor smoke appeared to avail us against their multitudinous swarms.

On the fourth evening from Beaver Lake we had consumed all our stock of provisions except tea, of which we had brought a good supply. We were now weary, anxious, hungry, without food, and irritated to desperation by the mosquitoes. After making tea, which was some refreshment, although unaccompanied by any solid nourishment, we tried to sleep, but could not, in consequence of our blood-sucking tormentors. Long before morning we arose, lighted fires around ourselves in all directions, lay down again, and, covering heads and faces with our blankets, obtained some measure of repose. By-and-by, after another recourse to our milkless, sugarless tea, we again started on our uncertain track, and must have walked nearly twenty miles on this the fifth day, when evening again overtook us. For the fourth or fifth time since morning we took tea, and then succeeded another wretched night, followed by another purely liquid breakfast; soon after which we were startled by a distant noise, which we found to proceed from two runaway horses stampeded by the mosquitoes. So ravenously hungry were we, that we sallied after them with gun and pistol, hoping to be able to shoot one, and secure some steaks, but failed in this attempt. The latter food would now have

seemed more delicious to us than any good English beef had ever been. It was now the sixth morning; the sun shone brightly, and the face of nature was outstretched before us in summer splendour; but we were intensely anxious and careworn. At this juncture most welcome relief met us in a thicket of bushes, bearing abundance of ripe fruit, here called the "service-berry,"



HUTS AND STORES AT AMELIE'S CREEK.

the flavour of which is a mixture of that of the sloe and the grape. Having eagerly satiated ourselves with them, our spirits rose considerably, and we regarded this timely succour as a mark of Providential care for our preservation. After several tea-drinkings, another night found us still lost in the wilderness. But for our tea we must have utterly broken down. We could not have believed, except from our experience, that this beverage had such power to support exhausted nature. At length, on the next day, the seventh from our last start, and the third of our last, we re-entered a well-beaten trail, and the same evening arrived at Spring Valley, where, at a solitary road-side house, we found both the food and rest of which we now stood so urgently in need.

XV.—SPRING VALLEY.

The district in which we had now arrived was a fine rolling country, not very hilly, and covered at this season with luxuriant natural grass, fit for the scythe, and yielding about a load and a half per acre. It is intermixed with good tares. Many parts hereabouts are of rich flat meadow-land, suitable for a race-course or a cricket-ground; but cattle could hardly exist here at present in summer, one may presume, on account of the intolerable pest of mosquitoes. Not all the gold in British Columbia would have tempted us to take up our residence in such a beplagued spot. Although, in many

respects, this district is (unlike other parts of the country) eminently adapted for agriculture, yet its distance from the mines, the absence of roads, and the intervening mountains all around, preclude the probability of successful farming operations until after a period of many years.

More wild animals are observed hereabouts than in other parts of British Columbia; such as the bear, deer, lynx, and wolf. The loud deep noise of the drumming grouse, and the sharp tap of the small golden-winged woodpecker, often fall upon the ear; whilst the beaver and the otter prey on the numerous fish of the clear valley streams. In the forests, and on the mountains, the eagle and the large-horned owl are the chief amongst the feathered tribes; but there is an almost total absence of singing-birds. There is a characteristic abundance of waterfowl on lake and river. One misses, too, the numerous flowers of California, England, and other lands; for here are very few native blossoms of any kind. Heavy, sombre, lofty pine and oak, together with mountain and gorge, are the chief features in the Columbian landscape; but whatever of the picturesque is here to be found can nowhere be seen to greater advantage than in the vicinity of Spring Valley and Bridge Creek (a small settlement seven miles further down the trail). At the latter place we stopped a day or two, and re-provisioned for a fresh start. The owner of some cows here furnished us with abundance of milk and good coffee during our stay—a welcome change after our late style of living.

On conversing about our torments by mosquitoes, we were informed of a recent incident, which strikingly exemplifies the ferocious cruelty of the Indians. One of the natives, having in some way given offence to the chiefs of his tribe, was by them ordered to be stripped naked and bound hand and foot to a tree in a valley, and so left to be killed by the mosquitoes. In fifteen hours his life was extinct; but he had become quite mad soon after being tied up. A white man must have expired much sooner.

In this part of our journey we again fell in with small parties of Indians. Their squaws (called by them "clootemen") were heavily burdened by their lords, some of whom have three wives. Woman is universally regarded as a slave by these savages, as by those of other wild regions.

The bodies of the native tribes in British Columbia appear very thick-set, powerfully built, and well adapted to the arduous and rugged nature of their land. Their feet are peculiarly thick-skinned, and their toes very short and strong. They entertain a decided aversion to the Americans, whom they term Boston men, but are favourably disposed toward King George men, as the English are still termed amongst the wild tribes of the north-west.

Having recruited after our three days' fast, we proceeded on our downward route; passing near Axe Lake, and along the shores of Green Lake, thence over the mountains to Loon Lake, and then by Scotty's Rancho into the valley of the Thompson River. We resolved to take no more short cuts by unknown trails, having now learnt, by fresh and impressive experience, the truth of the old motto that "a known road is always the nearest." We continued to fall in with parties of unsuccessful miners. Near Bridge Creek we passed one who looked as if he had lain down to die, being pale emaciated, worn out, and without a blanket or any covering but a few old rags. We were ourselves so scantily furnished with provisions that we were unable to render him much service. He made no complaint, and asked

no relief; does, that more than they are a generous observing

Every reckon u successful bed for m blanket under a to to this as time, to blanket at rest in su latter mu miles' wa an excell food. It carved o underdon more part serving. when sta with a la man at th lucan an pudding. expense,

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no relief; knowing well, as every one in this country does, that, as a rule, travelling miners are unable to do more than grapple with their own troubles. But, where they are able to help one another, the miners are a very generous set of men, as we had many opportunities of observing.

Every one who comes to British Columbia must reckon upon hardship as inevitable, even to the most successful gold-seeker. The miner never sleeps in a bed for months, or even years, but wraps himself in a blanket, and lays himself on the bare ground, or at best under a tent or log-hut. Many become so accustomed to this as afterwards to prefer such repose, at least for a time, to that in the softest bed. Then, again, one's blanket and clothes are often wet through, and a night's rest in such imparts less of repose than of stiffness. The latter must then be "taken out" by a twelve or fifteen miles' walk. One thing to be safely counted on here is an excellent appetite. We had no murmuring at our food. It was always done to our liking. No portion carved or helped was refused as being overdone, or underdone, or not the part preferred; nor were we more particular about the incidentals of the cooking and serving. Soon after our arrival in this country, and when starting upward for the mines, we were dining with a large party at a boarding-house, when a young man at the table, having disposed of his first course of bacon and beans, asked for a clean plate and some pudding. This request produced a general laugh at his expense, as it clearly proclaimed him a "new chum."

dinner. A prospecting-pan forms a first-rate dish for beans and bacon. It is one of the most useful articles one can bring here, and is light of carriage—a very important consideration.

XVI.—TO SCOTTY'S BANCRE.

We were reluctant to leave Bridge Creek, for it was one of the most pleasant and least foreign-like of our stopping-places. Its open meadow-land and small lakes abounded in wild-fowl; but scarcely any of the latter fell to our lot, although we had revolvers and a double-barrelled gun with us. The latter is one of the most useless articles a miner can bring with him to this country. It is of scarcely any value for protection, but may, on the other hand, provoke assault and robbery. It forms a heavy and burdensome encumbrance, which may be carried up and down the country for seven or eight hundred miles, with very rare opportunities of procuring its owner even a scanty meal. Some miners who brought guns here were sensible enough to throw them away after carrying them in vain for fifty or a hundred miles up the rocky valleys and precipitous trails.

The total amount of gump bagged by our party during our long journey up and down was two grouse, three ducks, and two squirrels. We much regretted that we had brought no fish-hooks with us. They would have been truly valuable, especially when at the lakes; and they are very light to carry. The smaller sizes are most useful here, as trout are the most abundant inland fish. They are generally from half a pound to four pounds weight. There are also many salmon in some of the rivers.

We were delighted with the picturesque scenery of Green Lake. Its glassy waters, scarcely ruffled by a ripple, were dotted with small islands covered with clusters of pine-trees. Large water-fowl, especially wild geese, were gliding over its plato-glass-like surface. We could only look at them, for they were far beyond the reach of our double-barrel, and, could we have shot them, we were unable to lay hold of them unless a strong wind had blown them towards us. So, in the absence of game and fish from our reach, we were content at evening to strike a fire, boil our pot of tea, and fry some beans, bacon, and slap-jacks (or pancakes) of flour and water with a little fat—a sumptuous feast to us after our day's march, and followed by a quiet, dreamy, pleasant meerschaum before turning in for the night's sound repose.

Next day we had again very mountainous tracks and fatiguing climbing. We were visited at our next encampment by a rattlesnake, which we killed. It had fifteen rings in its rattle, and was therefore seventeen years old; its length was about three feet and a half. They move but slowly. The one here killed was evidently trying to get into our tent. They are fond of warmth, and will readily creep into blankets and folded clothes.

Four miles of our route herabouts was through a peculiarly tenacious mud, which clung to us like bird-lime, and rendered our transit most wearisome. Having passed this, we soon reached the narrow but romantic Loon Lake. It seemed alive with fish; but here, again, we were only tantalized by the sight, having no hooks to catch any. The remainder of the distance to Scotty's was made by a comparatively easy trail.

On our arrival there, we found it a single wooden house with one small window. It is a much frequented place for rest and refreshment, being on one of the main



TO THE DIGGINGS AND FROM THE DIGGINGS.

The landlord good-humouredly remarked, "If I give you a clean plate, it will certainly be the last you will have in this country—at any rate for a long time." The young man was often afterwards joyfully reminded of his unmineralike fastidiousness; all of which he took in very good part, and soon learned to eat, like his comrades, with hearty relish out of the lid of an old tin saucepan. A shovel is often used as a plate at a digger's

trails to and from the diggings. Its surrounding scenery is of the grandest description: mountains and precipices are piled together in magnificent ruggedness and confusion.

Scotty's is a noted mining rendezvous. Small as it is, for a tavern, a large quantity of "cobblers," "streaks of lightning," and other drinks are here called for. Most of the up-country whiskey is well vitrioled, and almost makes one's throat raw. Here "a drink" costs from one to two shillings. Each person helps himself to as much as he pleases, without measure, but merely pouring into a tumbler from the spirit-bottle at the bar. There is a great deal of "standing treat" amongst the miners, and very expensive work it often proves, in more ways than one. A member of our small party allowed himself to be persuaded into accepting two such gratuitous proffers from a miner who entered the tavern with fifty-two dollars of hard-earned money, all of which he spent in drinking here, and treating the company present. Our friend was rendered unfit for travel for days, through the two draughts of the mixture. It completely upset him; and much rest, fresh air, and exercise were found needful to restore him to his previous vigorous health. Whilst staying here we were very crowded, as the small building was filled with miners by day and night, sleeping under the table and benches as well as on top of them, and all over the floor. Miners, in these parts and elsewhere, become so accustomed to their rough way of life, as to prefer sleeping on a floor, or even on the bare ground, if only dry, rather than in a soft bed.

Drinking and gambling are the greatest bane of the miner. The former ruins his constitution rapidly, owing to the vile stuff with which the liquors here sold are drugged. At the capital of British Columbia (New Westminster) a man is now under sentence of imprisonment for life, for a murder committed when overcome by the maddening influence of drink. He was, in general, a remarkably civil and quiet man, but on this occasion, having drunk too much whiskey, shot one of his comrades with scarcely any provocation, and, on coming to his sober consciousness, was astounded at what he had done, and at finding himself under arrest for a capital crime. It was expected that he would be hung; but the jury took a merciful view of the case, and brought in a verdict of manslaughter. This, however, involved chains and confinement for life—a terrible prospect for a vigorous and usually steady young man of thirty-five. It is a sad but striking warning for his companions.

After leaving Scotty's we only proceeded four miles further down, when we reached McLeson's Station, the best farm in the colony. The enterprising and industrious proprietor has a valuable stock of cattle, especially some fine short-horns. Here we replenished our exhausted stock of flour at the comparatively low price of two shillings per pound. Fine turnips, cabbages, and sorrel-runners were growing hereabouts—a sight by no means common in British Columbia. This district, including Gavin's Creek, is a very good one for agriculture and for breeding cattle and horses. The water is excellent, and the climate very favourable.

THE AWDRIES AND THEIR FRIENDS.

CHAPTER XXII.—WINDING ON.

"*Ans non habet inimicum præter ignorantem*," which means, Mrs. Hedwig, Learning hath no enemies but the ignorant: an indisputable truth," said the Professor.

"Yes, love," replied his wife, who at that moment was otherwise occupied than with learning and its enemies.

"And I think we may say also—but I won't put it into Latin, since it will be but to translate it into the vernacular, 'Virtus hath no enemies but the vicious!'"

"Yes, love, I believe the worse people are, the more bitter they are against good people," said Mrs. Hedwig, with ready assent.

"After all," said the Professor, shifting his position and working at his button, "it is but the law of antagonism between contraries; to contend with it is to wage war against the necessity of things."

"I don't see any excuse for it," said Mrs. Hedwig, whose eye was peculiarly animated, while a slight blush on her cheek betrayed an excitement very strange to her placid nature.

"For what?" asked the Professor, interrupted by her matter-of-fact speech in the train of thought opened to him by the hypothesis he had started.

His wife knoed by the tone she had transgressed, but was too deeply moved to be nervous or subside.

"No excuse for making up such wicked stories, love," she answered, her eye kindling.

"The way of the world," said the Professor, who, not being personally affected by the slander in question, viewed it in a grand philosophical light.

"Keep me from the world that can do such things, and choose such ways; but 'tis a wicked, wicked world, I know that."

The Professor looked at her with some astonishment; she was not in the habit of indulging in such long sentiments, delivered, too, in so fervid a tone and manner; but, as her eyes were bent again upon her work, and she remained silent, he began, for her edification and his own pleasure, to recite,

"The world's a bubble, and the life of man;
Less than a span;
In his conception wretched, from the womb
So to the tomb;
Curst from his cradle, and brought up to years
With cares and fears,
Who, then, to frail mortality shall trust,
But limps on water, or but writes on dust!"

"You allow that?" he said, seeing his wife's eyes still bent downward.

"I wouldn't allow such things to be said of Mr. Fairfax, before me," she said, reluctantly, not seeing the relevance of Lord Bacon's verse. "He was so kind to Martin," added Mrs. Hedwig, with a sigh.

"Where is Martin?" asked the Professor, suddenly recalled to the remembrance that it was past the usual hour of his return from the High School.

Mrs. Hedwig was usually on the alert to answer such a question with explanation; but she merely replied she did not know.

"He is growing absent, thoughtful—too thoughtful," said the Professor; "have you noticed it?"

"Noticed his being thoughtful, love! When was he anything else?" asked the mother.

"No; you are right there; but 't' h' he has exceeded; he is too thoughtful for——"

"His health?" asked Mrs. Hedwig, anxiously.

"Health? ah, it may be so; but I was going to say for good companionship. I had some difficulty last night in keeping his attention fixed to anything, even to a short poem of mine, not more than three cantos, after the manner of— Was that a knock at the door?"

"No, love; it was only Eliza breaking coal."

"Shocking noise! it jurs on my nerves, and often breaks the brittle thread of imagination. Whole wobs,

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

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A FARMSTEAD IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

TO CARIBOO AND BACK.

AN EMIGRANT'S JOURNEY TO THE GOLD-FIELDS IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

XVII.—THE LAKES—A HALT.

Our next stage was to another thriving farm—"The Lakes," so named from several picturesque sheets of water near it. The owner of the estate was urgently in need of assistance in several ways, and made our small party of three an offer for our services. As our funds were now all but totally exhausted, we gladly fell in with the proposal, and remained here three months,

rendering assistance in various departments of labour. Thus, we first cut some reed and thatched the hay-stacks (a practice not usual in America); then we felled some trees, and erected a smith's shop and forge. Our stay here was mutually pleasant, and all the time the weather was beautifully clear—scarcely even a cloud across the bright blue expanse of the heavens. That quiet autumn in British Columbia will long be remembered by us, especially from its contrast with the previous two months of weary toil, disappointment, and hardships.

On the approach of winter we deemed it time to secure our retreat to the coast, took leave of our friends

at "The Lakes," and resumed the changing scenes of pedestrian travel. Our first night out was spent on a narrow rocky ledge on the steep declivity of a mountain overlooking the Thompson River, which flowed more than a thousand feet beneath us; and, as the darkness had overtaken us whilst mid-way in this dangerous pass, we were necessitated to remain in this most uncomfortable position till day-break. We may here remark that there is but little twilight in British Columbia. Night succeeds the day more rapidly than at home. Thus we found it to our cost on this occasion. A more miserable night we never spent; crumpled in our lofty post of danger, the rain beating heavily upon us, drenched and shivering, yet afraid to stir, our thoughts turned with lively interest to memories of our English comfort, before we had been thus beguiled into crossing ocean and mountain, for the unattainable treasures of this vama-d El Dorado of the West. At five o'clock in the morning we gladly moved forwards, and soon reached the ferry across the Thompson, ten miles from "The Lakes."

The means here adopted for crossing is only suitable for streams where there is a strong current; but with such it succeeds very well, as on the Trent, between Nottingham and Wilford. A strong cable is stretched permanently across the river. With this the flat ferry-boat is connected by two ropes running in blocks, from each end of the latter, to a single block sliding along the main cable. By keeping the boat in a diagonal position athwart the stream, the strength of the current impels the former along, as the blocks are successively shifted by a pull from the helmsman.

The ferry is the starting-point for the well-known dépot of the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Kamloops or Thompson, sixty miles eastward, to which place a trail starts hence across the mountains. Our route, however, was still southward, down the river. Twelve miles farther brought us to Nicomin. From this point a good wagon-road extends to Yale.

On our way hither from the ferry we witnessed a curious spectacle. Some men were engaged in blasting the rocks beneath a tremendous precipice, for a continuation of the new wagon route on level ground instead of the present trail over the lofty mountain, two thousand feet above them. Whilst we were watching the work awhile, we heard a rushing noise, and, looking up, saw a large body coming down headlong from the elevated trail. It proved to be a splendid mule, which had made a false step and so fallen headlong. Of course the poor beast was killed instantaneously. A small encampment of Indians near by immediately came hastening in to secure the tempting prize as a feast. Men and women,

paposes, all clustered around the carcass, which they speedily cut up and carried off in pieces. Their delight found expression in loud cries of "Muck-muck," *i. e.* something good to eat. They cook the flesh by holding it on a stick over a fire, warm the outside a little, and then greedily devour and gnaw it, as dogs with a bone.

The blasting party engaged here consisted of twenty-five or thirty miners, all of whom had been to Cariboo, but had returned down country, disappointed. Yet so thoroughly convinced were they of the existence of a large quantity of the precious metal at the diggings, that all were resolved to try their success once more next spring. They declared "the gold is there, sure enough; and we're bound to have some of it before we go home." Several of them had already secured claims at the mines, which they worked on till the rain and frost compelled their abandonment for the season; but they looked forward with confidence to the resumption

of operations there. We heartily wished them success, for they were a fine lot of men, true Britons to the core, bold as lions, and almost as hardy and weather-proof as the rocks they were now quarrying.

XVIII.—LYTTON.

Twelve miles below Nicomin is Lytton, named after Sir E. B. Lytton Bulwer, when sometime Secretary for the Colonies. It is situated at the point where the Thompson unites with the Fraser. Here we received a kind invitation to spend the night in front of a blazing fire in a strong iron store. After our usual devotions to the "weed," we especially enjoyed our warm stretch-out in such comfortable quarters, so secure from wind, rain, and cold; for winter was now fairly commencing.

The Indians here, who were daily expecting the snow, had completed their winter huts. We descended into one of these, and may describe their nature. A circular hole is first excavated in the ground to the depth of seven feet, and having a diameter of twenty feet. This forms the body of the dwelling, or temporary cellar. The top is covered with a conical roof, elevated three feet above the surface of the ground, and having a hole in its centre for egress and entrance, and for the outlet of smoke. A tree notched at the side (resembling the bear-pole in the Regent's Park Zoological Gardens) serves alike for the central prop of the roof and for the staircase of admission to the subterranean premises. A fire is lighted on the ground, immediately under the central hole at the top. Men, women, and children (the latter perfectly destitute of clothing) are here huddled together, as each hut is inhabited by three or four families. We descended, and met with a civil, though grave reception on our being announced as "King George men." We were glad to re-emerge into the cold, but fresh, pure atmosphere above, as the foul air of these oven-like dens is most oppressive to a stranger. Whilst thus hibernating, the Indians subsist on dried fish, berries, and roots, and often on all three together formed into a heterogeneous compound or soup. The roofs of these abodes are formed of strong logs thickly intertwined with brushwood, which, being well slanted and covered with earth, become almost impervious to rain and snow. The opening at the top is nearly closed; thus their condition is most unfavourable to health, and, as a consequence, many of them die of diseases thus contracted or aggravated. Last season was a very fatal one to them: numbers were swept away by the small-pox. When once seized with this malady they scarcely ever recover.

When staying at "The Lakes," we had seen a spot where about twelve wretched Indians had been buried by some of the settlers in the neighbourhood. All had been seized with small-pox, and, immediately on the appearance of the disease amongst them, their fellow-countrymen had abandoned them to their inevitable fate. The dread of disease by the Indians far surpasses their fear of violent or sudden death. The manner in which the sick and dying are thus forsaken by their companions is merely one amongst numerous illustrations of the degradation and depravity of human nature when not enlightened by the blessed influences of the Gospel, prompting it self-risk to seek the good of others. A beautiful contrast is afforded by the abundant instances where pestilence and death have been fearlessly braved even by tender and delicate Christian women, under the beneficent impulses of their holy religion. In the case of the abandoned Indians just referred to, they all died one after another, and remained unburied for days, until their bodies attracted the attention of some white neigh-

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hours, who, by means of long poles and rakes, managed to thrust the remains of the poor wretches into one common grave, dug for them hard by the scene of their desolate death.

The miners' vice of gambling has been eagerly adopted by the poor Indians, who have learnt, in a manner of their own, to play at cards. Horses, blankets, and even their last garment are staked on the game. We have met them thus literally stripped, after their losses in this way amongst themselves.

NIX.—FORT YALE AND THE COAST.

For the remainder of our journey coastward we were able to dispense with the use of a tent, as we found houses tolerably frequent along the line of route; and it was a double advantage to be thus sheltered at night, instead of in a leaky and frail tent, and also to be lightened of the burden of carrying the latter, which we now bestowed as a present upon some of our Indian acquaintances. The roads here were also a vast improvement upon the trails farther inland; so that in less than three days from Lytton we reached Fort Yale, where we entirely divested ourselves of our packs, the heavy burdens which we had borne up and down the land for eight hundred miles.

Yale is a thriving town, likely to become an important emporium for up-country traffic. One of the wealthiest men and principal owners of land in the place was a rough but honest Yankee collier, popularly known as "Old York." He left the coal-mines in the States some years ago for those in Vancouver's Island, and then, on the discovery of gold in British Columbia, emigrated hither, and, shrewdly judging that Yale must necessarily, from its position, become a prosperous state, opened a store here, and invested all his earnings in the purchase of land in the most likely positions. His clever anticipations are rapidly being realized, and his fortune is already secured. Yet he continues to wear the same style of dress as when a poor collier—still the open-necked buttonless blue shirt without cuffs, the thick boots, bare head, and tight moleskin pants, reaching far short of the ankles. It may be safely presumed that his descendants will be less anxious to manifest in so unmistakable a manner the lowly origin of their fortunes.

Having now reached the navigable portion of Fraser's River again, we embarked on the steamer "Reliance," on the 15th of December, for New Westminster, and, after a run of ten hours, reached it the same evening. Here we observed that little alteration had taken place since our former visit. Next day we re-embarked on another steamer for Vancouver's Island, and reached Victoria the same night. The latter place had undergone considerable and rapid changes during the past half-year. A whole street had sprung up, and also many large buildings. We were pleased to find that Christmas festivities were not forgone, but were busily being prepared for, as was indicated by the evergreen decorations and feasts in various parts of the town.

XX.—CONCLUDING GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE COLONY.

Before concluding our reminiscences of British Columbia, we will make a few general observations, and a particular respecting the class of emigrants most likely to succeed there.

Of all our colonies there is none where physical strength, patience, and good temper are more essentially indispensable than here. It is utterly useless for persons of weak constitution, or feeble powers of endurance, to attempt the expedition to the up-country mines of

Cariboo and the Creeks. Again, we would strongly dissuade any of our city friends from emigrating hither. Men accustomed to agricultural and other hard manual labour, to mining and quarrying, and to ordinary skilled mechanical labour—such, and such only, are the class, in general, whom we would invite to British Columbia for the present. The high prices of provisions and stores have already seen their maximum, and will probably steadily decrease as the roads become more developed, the traffic directed into regular channels, and the agricultural resources of the country rendered more available.

The development of good roads is being carried on with the most laudable energy and promptitude by the Colonial Government, and, whilst laying a firm basis for the increased prosperity of the country, is affording most valuable and timely employment to numbers of emigrants who have been unable to reach the mines, or have been disappointed on their arrival there. These facilities of transit will obviate the excessively arduous, expensive, and hazardous trails over lofty mountains and along fertile precipices.

We would not recommend intending emigrants to burden themselves with a large and expensive outfit for their land journey to Cariboo. Considering that much, if not all, of what they take may have to be carried on their own shoulders, for at least a portion of the way, they will do well to restrict their wardrobe to the following articles, in addition to the suit of clothes they have in wear:—viz., one pair of thick blankets; two woollen shirts; two pairs of worsted stockings; one stout pair of pants ("Bedford cord" is recommended); and, in particular, strong high-laced-up shoes of well-seasoned leather, and with wide heels. No tent should be brought from England, and no mining tools, as they will be obtained on reasonable terms in the colony, and even at the upper mines.

Very many emigrants attribute their want of success to their having come out with a too small supply of money, wholly inadequate to their expenses up to the mines, or to their maintenance and perseverance there until able to reach the gold. Considering the many numerous and inevitable expenses to be incurred, two hundred pounds may be mentioned as being almost the lowest sum of money to bear the new comer with comfort through all the preliminary difficulties and delays inseparable from a fair start to and at the Cariboo diggings.

The miners' rights and claims are clearly defined and protected in this colony. The law is administered promptly and equitably, and to the general satisfaction of all concerned. It was far otherwise in the early days of Californian gold-mining, where the owner of a fortunate claim was never safe for a day from the pistol or bowie-knife of cowardly or bullying neighbours. Nor did the law there render any certain assistance. Provided the assailant possessed wealth, it was, in general, an easy matter to obtain a verdict or decision of "justifiable homicide in self-defence," followed by impunity and absolute acquittal, in the most flagrant and atrocious cases of murderous robbery or assassination. But such a state of things does not exist in British Columbia. Law and personal protection are no mere dead letters under the broad folds of the British flag, even in these distant regions of the empire. Throughout the entire breadth of the continent, from the Bay of Fundy to the Gulf of Georgia and the Straits of Juan de Fuca, the blessings of British constitutionalism, in combining reverence for law with the utmost personal freedom and security, are presented in favourable contrast with the

"liberty" claimed by the ultra-democracy of Brother Jonathan "over the border."

As we have already stated, the climate of British Columbia is, on the whole, very favourable to English emigrants. A clear atmosphere, pure water, generally cloudless skies, and a varied landscape of mountain and forest, are general characteristics of the colony.

The existence of vast deposits of the precious metal in this colony is placed beyond a doubt; and long-continued success in their exploration may be confidently anticipated, after the preliminary difficulties of establishing good access and moderate facilities for traffic shall have been overcome. Whilst we thus write, news is brought of a "rush" of miners to gold-fields in the extreme east of British Columbia, in the Kootanie region, near the Rocky Mountain Pass of that name, and not many miles north of the boundary line of latitude 49 degrees, which separates the colony from the United States.

It is, perhaps, no presumptuous conclusion to express a belief that these timely discoveries of gold in these countries, and in such successive directions across the continent, may be ordered by Divine wisdom to draw to those uttermost parts of the earth an enterprising and industrious population, who at no distant period will probably unite by railway and telegraph the commerce, the civilization, and the religion of the Atlantic and European communities with the hitherto neglected and undeveloped regions of the far North Pacific. Christian civilization, being thus securely established throughout the whole breadth of North America, from ocean to ocean, will be in a position to make direct and auspicious advances, from a firmly settled basis of operations, still further westward, to the shores of China, Japan, and Asiatic Russia—thus miting the utmost west and farthest east in one comprehensive union of enlightened intercourse and prosperity, both temporal and spiritual.

THE CROWN PRINCESS OF PRUSSIA.

It is more than seven years now since Victoria, the Princess Royal of England, left her home and her native land, where she will be always remembered with respect and affection. Scarcely ever has a royal alliance been hailed with so much joy and anticipation of happiness as was the marriage of the English Princess Royal with the heir presumptive of the Prussian monarchy. Apart from its being a union of the heart, and not of mere political expediency, it was a token of good for the future generation that the two greatest Protestant nations were thus united by family ties. There are blessings which can be expected only in countries where evangelical religion is known, and where God is worshipped according to his word. May England and Prussia be ever closely united, and in both countries may there be increase of that righteousness which alone exalteth a people!

In the social and domestic life of a nation nothing is of more importance and influence than the moral tone of the Court. History is full of illustrations of the power for good or for evil that goes forth from the chamber of kings and queens. The moral and domestic life of the palace tells directly or indirectly upon the homes of the people of all ranks and conditions. The influence of the Crown Princess, since her residence in Prussia, we are told by a well-known minister in Berlin, has been very great. Her sweetness of disposition and gentleness of manner, the simplicity of her domestic life and household arrangements, even at one of the most

powerful courts of Europe, have been felt through the length and breadth of the land of her adoption. At the beginning of her residence the lords and ladies in waiting, and the directors of court ceremonies, were often shocked at her disregard of the long-established stiff forms in vogue. The Princess always followed more the dictates of her heart than the prescribed routine of ceremonials. It is said that she once had to hear a lecture from a court official on the impropriety of speaking in public of the Crown Prince as her husband, instead of giving him his due title. She at once went to the king, and asked him whether it was unbecoming in her to call the Crown Prince her husband. The king, pressing her to his heart, told her certainly to call him always her husband, wherever and whenever she pleased.

The Princess seeks and finds her happiness in her family circle. Her riches are her children; and lovely and beloved children they are all four. Her eldest, Frederic William Victor Albert, was born 27th January, 1859; the second, Victoria Elizabeth Augusta Charlotte, born 24th July, 1860; Albert William Henry, born 14th August, 1862; and the fourth, Francis Frederic Sigismund, born 15th September, 1864. The eldest, a nice-tempered boy, now six years of age, lively and full of spirit, rides his pony well; and it is a pleasant sight when he is seen with his sister running about and playing in the royal garden. With the greatest motherly care the Princess watches over the training of her children. The Crown Prince also finds it his delight to occupy himself with his family, especially with the eldest boy, encouraging him in his work, and joining in his sports. It will interest mothers to mention also that when the Princess, much against her own wish, was obliged to give up nursing her first three children, she took care that the wet-nurse was close to her own apartments in the palace, so that she could herself watch over her children. She also insisted that the nurse should at least, once during the day, nurse her own child. After having given way so much, she carried her point in regard to the fourth child, and she had permission to exercise the duty and privilege of a mother, to nurse her own child. In order to avoid all the excitement and anxieties at the time attending the troubled political state of the country, she went to Italy, where she enjoyed quiet and retirement for her family duties. In her whole domestic life she is indeed a pattern to mothers, all the more exemplary for the hindrances of her exalted station. After tiresome though necessary State ceremonies or duties, her first visit is to the nursery. Once she surprised a large party, on a public occasion, by taking up her children, who came rushing to her, in her arms, and embracing them, and allowing them to caress her before the company.

The unobtrusive benevolence of the Princess is well known to all at Berlin. The writer knows it as a fact that she is in the habit of sending to make inquiries as to character and mode of life, and then rendering substantial help, when she hears of cases of distress. She was solicited to become patroness of a temporary asylum for governesses out of employ. She desired that the committee should lay before her an estimate of the cost of the institution, and twice the estimate was returned, as not being sufficiently explicit and clear in details; and only after everything had been fully and satisfactorily explained did she express her approval, and consent to become the patroness. On visiting the institution she minutely inspected all the arrangements, and directed several improvements to be made, in accordance with her English ideas of comfort.

In her leisure hours she zealously improves her mind,

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