



# LAND OF PROMISE

---

ROBERT BURNABY'S LETTERS  
FROM COLONIAL  
BRITISH COLUMBIA  
1858 ~ 1863

# LAND OF PROMISE

ROBERT BURNABY'S LETTERS  
FROM COLONIAL BRITISH COLUMBIA  
1858 ~ 1863



*I have the honor to be  
Your humble Servant  
Robert Burnaby.*

Robert Burnaby, c.1868

Portrait taken in Victoria by Frederick Dally, photographer.

BC ARCHIVES HP2403

# LAND OF PROMISE

ROBERT BURNABY'S LETTERS  
FROM COLONIAL BRITISH COLUMBIA  
1858 ~ 1863

*Anne Burnaby McLeod*

*Pixie McGeachie*

Copyright 2002





City of Burnaby

"Burnaby in British Columbia 1858-1873" reproduced with the permission of author Pixie McGeachie.

Letters of Robert Burnaby, Numbers: 1-23, 25-28, 30-38, and 41-50 and related writing reproduced with permission of Anne Burnaby McLeod, who reserves all rights for reproduction.

Letters of Robert Burnaby, Numbers: 24, 29, 39 and 40 reproduced with permission of Pat Burnaby and Meg Kennedy Shaw.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

National Library of Canada Cataloguing in Publication Data

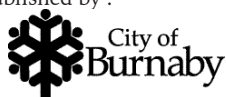
Burnaby, Robert, 1828-1878  
Land of Promise

Includes biographical references and index.  
ISBN 0-9692828-5-0

I. Burnaby, Robert –Correspondence. I. McGeachie, Pixie  
II. McLeod, Anne Burnaby. III. Burnaby, B.C.  
FC3822.1.B87A4 2001 971.1'02'092 C2001-911260-2  
F1089.5.B87B87 2002

Cover Image: Composite image created by R.C. Nevison  
Robert Burnaby, c.1861  
Dully Photo, BCARS HP99046

Published by :



4949 Canada Way  
Burnaby, B.C.  
Canada V5G 1M2

*Dedicated in memory of*  
*Robert Burnaby*  
*1828-1878*

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

This project could not have been possible without a partnership that brought together author Anne Burnaby McLeod, historian and author Pixie McGeachie and the City of Burnaby. The story of the making of this book began when Robert Burnaby's family faithfully retained his letters, passing them down through generations as a document of his travels and adventures. It was Anne B. McLeod, who inherited this valuable family record some thirty years ago from her father, who first recognized that these historic documents should be shared with British Columbia. In her quest she contacted Pixie McGeachie who had long been active writing about Burnaby's history and Robert Burnaby, having recently published his letters in the possession of Burnaby family descendants Meg Shaw and Pat Burnaby.

The book project was championed by Pixie McGeachie to the City of Burnaby's Community Heritage Commission (CHC) in 1999 which recognized the historic value of the project not only to celebrate our city's namesake but also to publish a valuable record for British Columbians. Special thanks is extended to Community Heritage Commission Members Harry Pride and Ben Bradley who provided support and guidance as a sub-committee. Burnaby Council and in particular: CHC Chair (1999-2000), Councillor Doreen Lawson; CHC Vice-Chair (1999) and Chair (2000-2001), Councillor Celeste Redman; and CHC Vice-Chair (2000-2001), Councillor Dan Johnston, supported the project on behalf of the citizens of Burnaby.

The City of Burnaby provided valuable staff support through the Planning Department and Heritage Planner, Bill Rapanos. It was Jim Wolf, Heritage Planning Assistant, who guided the book project to its final publication. Additional staff support was provided by Heather Inglis-Baron and Hildie Richter. Thanks is also due to Christopher J.P. Hanna for providing valuable documentary and photographic research material. Kathryn Bridge and Kelly Nolin of the B.C. Archives provided excellent reference service to provide many of the historic photographs in this book. The book's graphic design and cover came from the City's Graphic Artist - Roderick C. Nevison, who gave much of his talent and experience to the project.

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS FROM THE AUTHORS:

Acknowledgements are especially due to the City of Burnaby for publishing this book, for Jim Wolf for his hard work tying it all together, and to my husband, Captain Hamish McLeod, O.B.E., R.N. for his sound advice and support in my labours.

*A.B. McLeod*

The existence of this book is possible through the foresight of members of Robert Burnaby 's family who preserved his letters, the recorded history of the Burnaby family, and the permission of Pat Burnaby, Meg Kennedy Shaw and Anne McLeod to publish the letters. The Burnaby Heritage Commission and the City of Burnaby are to be commended for providing the means of producing a book of considerable worth for those interested in the history of British Columbia.

*Pixie McGeachie*

# CONTENTS

Acknowledgements .....	6
Contents .....	8
List of Illustrations .....	9
Land of Promise Quote .....	10
Preface by Mayor D.P. Drummond.....	11
Introduction by Anne Burnaby McLeod.....	13
<i>Burnaby in British Columbia</i> by Pixie McGeachie .....	15
<i>The Letters of Robert Burnaby</i> by Anne Burnaby McLeod	
Introduction .....	40
A Voyage Unequalled (Letters 1~7) .....	42
Secretary and Confidential (Letters 8~15).....	58
Illustrations .....	81
Coaling (Letters 16~19) .....	100
Yankees are a Jolly Lot (Letters 20-23).....	115
To Burnaby and Blankets (Letters 24~29) .....	126
Colonial Stumping (Letters 30~38) .....	137
The Maiden is Bashful and Coy (Letters 39~46).....	158
Never Better or Happier (Letters 47~50) .....	172
Appendices	
I Letters Index .....	176
II Burnaby Family Lineage .....	178
III Burnaby Family Coat of Arms .....	180
IV Robert Burnaby's Descent .....	182
V Burnaby family members.....	184
VI Biographical Notes .....	185
VII Bibliography for <i>Burnaby in British Columbia</i> .....	190
Index .....	191
About the Authors.....	199



## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

<i>Robert Burnaby, c.1868</i> .....	2
<i>Sketch of Fraser River stern-wheel boat, 1859</i> .....	80
<i>Portrait of Rev. Thomas Burnaby</i> .....	81
<i>Church and Rectory of Misterton, Leicestshire</i> .....	81
<i>Letter written by Robert Burnaby, 26 December 1858</i> .....	82
<i>Robert Burnaby, c. 1863</i> .....	83
<i>Colonel Moody, c.1863</i> .....	83
<i>Royal Engineers Camp, Sapperton, c.1864</i> .....	83
<i>1860 Hydrographic Chart with Burnaby Lake</i> .....	84
<i>City of New Westminster, c.1861</i> .....	84
<i>New Westminster, Government Buildings, c.1862</i> .....	85
<i>New Westminster, Columbia Street, c.1862</i> .....	85
<i>Map of British Columbia, 1860</i> .....	86
<i>S.S. Onward at Emory's Bar, Fraser River, c. 1868</i> .....	86
<i>Wharf Street, Victoria, c. 1865</i> .....	87
<i>Robert Burnaby, James Lowe &amp; Stahlschmidt, c. 1867</i> .....	87
<i>Henderson &amp; Burnaby Advertisement, 1864</i> .....	88
<i>Ross Bay Farms, Vancouver Island, c. 1870</i> .....	89
<i>Robert Burnaby and Kenneth McKenzie, c. 1861</i> .....	89
<i>Robert Burnaby, c. 1866</i> .....	90
<i>Election Card, 1860</i> .....	90
<i>Sketch of Crease in House of Assembly, c. 1863</i> .....	90
<i>Craigflower Farm, c. 1860</i> .....	91
<i>Agnes McKenzie, c. 1865</i> .....	91
<i>Robert Burnaby's Grave, Emmanuel Church, Loughborough, England</i> .....	92
<i>Woodthorpe Grange, near Loughborough, England</i> .....	92
<i>Sketch of Fraser River and Burrard Inlet by "Chief Taintans", 1859</i> .....	106
<i>Sketch of Robert Burnaby' Camp at Burrard Inlet, 1859</i> .....	113
<i>Burnaby Family Coat of Arms</i> .....	181

*You will I know be very anxious to hear about prospects, but in that I must wait patiently. Everyone here is quietly lying by, a few people are investing money, but no real business ... or money being made. But I am most confident as to the great results of the spring and summer when the weather is favorable. ...Meanwhile I like the climate on this island and its scenery is lovely, nothing can be more splendid on a clear day than the view we get of the snow-streaked mountains on the mainland, the “land of promise”.*

Robert Burnaby  
Victoria V.I.  
January 22, 1859

Quotation from Letter 9 ~ see page 63

## PREFACE

It is a pleasure to present this book to the citizens of Burnaby and, indeed, to all those interested in the biography of our city's namesake, Robert Burnaby.

For many years Robert Burnaby existed in our history books as a man without personality. It was indeed a surprise to read Burnaby's beautifully written letters of the early days of colonial British Columbia and especially his account of the exploration of the lake in the City that would bear his name. His prose provides a beautiful example of the lost art of letter writing. Perhaps for the first time, Robert Burnaby is brought to life for us as a dynamic personality through his own words. His writings convey his impressions of the "land of promise" and offer new interpretations of historic events that will be of interest to many.

I would like to thank Anne B. McLeod on her vision to see these family letters published and to Pixie McGeachie for her insights into Burnaby's life beyond the letters. Congratulations is also due to members of our Community Heritage Commission for championing the project and for their dedication to produce a handsome book.

Douglas P. Drummond  
Mayor,  
City of Burnaby

***Note to readers:***

*This book contains transcriptions of the private correspondence of Robert Burnaby. In the interests of providing readers and historians with the most complete reference work possible, these letters are presented with minimal editing. Robert Burnaby's descriptions of persons and cultures reflect the attitudes of the period, which differ from accepted social attitudes of today.*

*The City of Burnaby does not necessarily share or condone the opinions expressed in this publication.*

## INTRODUCTION

Robert Burnaby was born at Misterton, Leicestershire on November 30<sup>th</sup> 1828, the fourth son of the Reverend Thomas Burnaby and his wife Sarah. The Burnaby family is a very old one; the name appears in the records of Northamptonshire and Leicestershire from the twelfth century onwards. Burnabys were prominent in both county and national affairs, being Members of Parliament in several reigns. Family legend has it that they acquired wealth by offering hospitality to drovers taking huge flocks of sheep from the north for sale in London: overnight the drivers disappeared leaving the Burnabys in possession of the sheep. By the middle of the seventeenth century the elder branch of the family who had held lands at Watford in Northamptonshire had died out. The younger branch, from whom Robert was descended, held the estate and advowson of Asfordby in Leicestershire, as well as other property in the county and had become clergymen in the Church of England. Thus they became “squarsons” - part squire, part parson, and as was the fashion of the day, held other livings in plurality. Several of them were also Prebends of Lincoln, Vicars of St. Margaret’s Leicester, and Rectors of Misterton.

From the mid 1600s the Burnabys could also claim a drop of Royal blood, when Hugh Burnaby, Fellow of St. John’s College Cambridge married Elizabeth Burton, who traced her descent from Edward I’s granddaughter, Margaret de Bohun. They also claimed the occasional eccentric amongst their number, such as the Andrew Burnaby who is supposed to have melted the lead from his family’s coffins and from his church roof when lead for bullets was in short supply during the Marlborough wars in the early 1700s - not from motives of patriotism but from those of profit!

By the time Robert of British Columbia was born, the family wealth was much diluted. His great-grandfather had been only a second son. The property which had come to him had been sold off by Robert’s grandfather, and by the time Robert and his brothers and sisters were born, their parents were far from wealthy. Each of the five sons was obliged to make his own way in the world. Thomas, the eldest, followed family tradition by entering the Church; Richard (my great grandfather) went to the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich and became an officer in the Royal Engineers; Hugo and George became officers in the Royal Navy. George was drowned off the West Coast of Africa in 1853. Robert was educated at St. Paul’s school in London and entered on a career in the Comptroller’s Office of the Customs and Excise Department, where he remained leading an exemplary if somewhat uninteresting life until 1858. There were also five sisters - Harriet, Mary, Sarah, Lucy and Rose. The last three were unmarried, and with their mother made their home



with brother Tom in Leicestershire after their father's death in 1851. The evidence of the letters supports the belief that the Burnabys were a close and devoted family, united in their care for each other and their surviving parent.

What a difficult decision it must have been then, when gold was found on the banks of the Fraser River in 1858, to cut the ties of home and family and set off halfway across the world in hopes of making his fortune ("The Pile" as he called it). Setting out with enthusiasm and high hopes, his letters give a fascinating account of life in the emerging colonies as he endeavoured to build up the firm of Henderson and Burnaby, Commission Merchants, with financial backing from Edward Henderson, a wealthy school friend based in London. After a difficult few years trade began to improve, as the last of these letters show. Unfortunately no letters survive from his last years in British Columbia. Because they were written to different members of the family not everything he wrote home has been preserved, and there are gaps which tantalise the reader.

Robert continued to play a full part in the life of the Province in many spheres, until ill-health forced him to give up all his activities and return to England in 1873, suffering increasingly from paralysis. He made his final home at Woodthorpe, near Loughborough in Leicestershire, where his mother had lived since the death of brother Tom in 1870. He became totally paralysed, and died on January 10<sup>th</sup> 1878 aged forty-nine. He is buried in the churchyard of Emmanuel Church, Loughborough together with his mother who outlived him by only a few months, and his dear sister Sally.

Robert's predictions, made 17 years earlier of the future importance of the colony he was helping to found, were more than justified. He would find it hard to recognise today in the city that bears his name the wild and beautiful country his letters describe. How fitting though that the memory of this man of modesty, integrity and humour should still be honoured in the land to which he gave his youth and strength.

*Anne Burnaby McLeod*

# BURNABY IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

## 1858~1874

*Pixie McGeachie*

It was Nicolai Schou, who proposed that the heavily timbered area between Vancouver and New Westminster be named "Burnaby." Mr. Schou, Burnaby's first elected reeve, thought the name fitting since the larger of the two lakes within the proposed municipality had already, in 1859, been named Burnaby Lake, after Robert Burnaby. His motion was accepted by the gathering of property owners seeking a municipal charter in 1892 and Burnaby officially became a place in September of that year.

The name Burnaby may have its origin in a village named Burnby which is two and a half miles southeast of Pocklington in the East Riding of Yorkshire. It is not known whether the family originated from the Norman invaders or from the previous Viking settlers in that part of England. The Normans took lands from the local inhabitants after the Conquest, and later sometimes intermarried with local heiresses in the years after 1066, taking surnames from the manors which came with them. So Robert of Burnby Manor may have become Robert de Bernaby.

The recorded history of the Burnaby family who settled in Leicestershire began about 1200 AD. when they founded both the Priory of Bradley, in the parish of Medbourne, and the English family line into which the Robert Burnaby, about whom this book is written, was born six centuries later.

Robert Burnaby has not come down in history as a great contributor to the development of British Columbia and yet, in his time, he played several important roles.

He was born on November 30, 1828, at Misterton, Leicester, a small parish approximately 12 miles south of Loughborough in northern Leicestershire, in England, and was the fourth son of the Reverend Thomas Burnaby and the former Sarah Meares. He came from a scholarly line with many of his ancestors and contemporary relations being prominent Anglican clergy or high-ranking military men.

Robert Burnaby was educated at St. Paul's School and Christ's Hospital until he was about 14 years of age. He then entered the civil service in the Comptroller's Office of the Customs Department of Her Majesty's Government in London where he was employed for 17 years. In his work he would have had plenty of opportunity to get firsthand

reports of world commerce and geographical development. News of the 1858 Fraser River gold discovery must have excited his imagination. At the same time, he probably heard his brother in the Royal Engineers discussing the imminent departure of parties of Engineers who were going across an ocean to open a new land of great promise.

At any rate, he decided to seek opportunities in the Pacific Colonies and entered into a partnership with Edward Henderson, an old school friend from Christ's Hospital and a man of means. They founded the firm of Henderson and Burnaby, commission merchants, with Edward Henderson running the London office and Robert Burnaby taking care of the firm's interests from Victoria which was, for steamers, the only port of call at that time on the British Pacific coast. It was a precarious venture at best because of the distance from source of supply and the risks that had to be taken in the transportation of goods. There was also the tendency to over trade and speculate excessively, especially in real estate. When Henderson died in 1865 and a general economic depression hit Vancouver Island, the firm closed out and Robert Burnaby started up a real estate and insurance business of his own. Prior to this, however, he had managed not only to fill his life with many interesting ventures but also to gain a reputation as a level-headed legislator.

Robert Burnaby started his long journey from England in early October, 1858. His first stop was New York and here, quite by chance, he met up with Arthur Thomas Bushby, 23, who later became son-in-law to Governor James Douglas, and Charles John Riland, who was to become a magistrate at Langley and also lessee of the Hudson's Bay Company farm there. The three young men decided to travel on together and boarded the *Moses Taylor* for Aspinwall joining Colonel R.C. Moody, officer commanding the detachment of Royal Engineers sent out from England to assist Governor Douglas, Captain W. Driscoll Gosset, treasurer of the new colony, and the Reverend W. Burton Crickmer, appointed as "a missionary chaplain for the goldfields of British Columbia."

Travelling conditions were much less than attractive on the *Moses Taylor*. Bushby, in his journal, wrote that he shared a cabin with some 21 men, women and children. There was one common washing place for all, salt water to wash in and a lone towel that was changed every three days. Burnaby travelled first class and had a stateroom to himself. As the ship passed Cuba the heat became so intense in the second class cabin that Bushby could no longer stand it but rather spent the night in a chair on the deck. He recorded, "We had a long chat - Burnaby and myself last night..."

From Aspinwall the Vancouver Island bound travellers proceeded by way of the Panama Railroad to Panama City. Here they boarded the *Sonora* and sailed for San Francisco, reaching that city on December

15, 1858. Bushby records that he boarded the 3000 ton steamer *Sonora* along with “Col. Moody, Mrs. Moody; nurse; James man servant; four children; Dick, Jeffie, Charly and baby; Capt. Gosset and wife, nurse and child; Rev. Mr. Crickmer, wife and child; Mr. Cochrane and wife; Bedford, Burnaby and Elwyn.”

Conditions on the *Sonora* were better than those on the *Moses Taylor* - but not much better. Bushby wrote: “The rats are so numerous that you not only hear them but see them constantly. Bedford has his boots eaten away.”

After the *Sonora* set sail, Bushby was taken ill. He remembered, “Burnaby called the ship’s doctor and insisted upon my occupying his state room while he slept upon a sofa... it is a dangerous thing to get fever in this country - they told me to-day that in some of the trips of this very vessel ‘the *Sonora*’ they had thrown as many as 200 bodies overboard in one day - no wonder for they pack them so close there are some 1000 on board now - and they have carried 1700...”

After disembarking at Esquimalt the passengers travelled into Fort Victoria which, at that time, was 15 years old and had between one and two thousand inhabitants. Some of the travellers, including Burnaby, decided, on arriving at their hotel, to have a good dinner which they enjoyed.

The next day Burnaby and Bushby went to church in the Victoria District Church which had been built between 1853-56. After church they set about searching for lodgings and found a room which they could share for \$5.00 a month or \$4.00 a month each if bedding was supplied.

On December 29 they “called on Begbie [Matthew Begbie] and we stuck on our revolvers and started forth into the back wood to see if we could get any fun...”

They were invited back to Begbie’s the following evening and went there after paying a visit to the *Satellite*, in Esquimalt, earlier in the day. The evening’s enjoyment was enhanced by the fact that they ended it by playing cards with Agnes Douglas, daughter of Governor James Douglas.

Apparently young Bushby was casting about for a gainful occupation when Colonel Moody suggested he start a steam sawmill at Langley in which he could serve as manager. Robert Burnaby was to be part of the firm as “the Victoria man and capitalist.” John J. Cochrane was designated as engineer. On January 4, Bushby, Burnaby, and Cochrane set out for Esquimalt with the idea of looking over the setup of a new sawmill. There they were invited to partake of beans, potatoes, bread and molasses. Leaving there they called at the farm of Kenneth McKenzie [in charge of Craigflower farm] where they were heartily welcomed and served with whiskey and shortbread. From there they hiked to Thomas James Skinner’s farm at Constance Cove where it was insisted that they stay

for dinner. After dinner their host drove them by cart back to Victoria.

Since Cochrane had already made plans to leave for Langley the next day, Bushby decided to go with him to seek a site for the proposed mill. Later, however, he returned to Victoria without finding a suitable site. Still with the possibility of starting a mill in mind, Burnaby and Bushby visited a Mr. Donahue who served them dinner and then showed them around his mill which was situated near Victoria.

The next day being Sunday, they went to church where they heard the Reverend Mr. Cridge preach on "Evil communications corrupting good manners," and then were joined by Henry Crease for a long walk along the seashore.

On Monday, January 17, Burnaby and Bushby called at Government House to discuss the proposed Langley steam mill with Governor Douglas who pledged his support of the scheme. The next evening they both dined at the French Hotel and then adjourned to the "Hall" where they were joined by Crease, Benjamin William Pearse and Columbus Bartlett, for a musical evening complete with cigars and whiskey.

On Friday, January 21, they continued their social round by having tea and a musical evening at home of Reverend and Mrs. Cridge. The next day they were dinner guests of Captain Prevost of the *Satellite*. Reciprocating his hospitality they invited members from the *Satellite* along with some other friends, to share a social evening on Monday, February 11, in their room at the "Mad House" (as they called their lodging house). Apparently a lady resident took a dim view of the resulting noise and ordered her husband to send for a policeman. The next morning, Burnaby and Bushby received a summons for "indecent and riotous conduct" and Bushby was accused of being drunk. "These accusations all gross falsehoods", according to Bushby. They appeared in court at the appointed time but when the complainant failed to arrive the case was dismissed.

When Robert Burnaby first arrived in Victoria he had presented a letter of introduction from the British Colonial Secretary, Lord Edward Bulwer-Lytton, to Governor James Douglas. It read, in part, "In granting this introduction it has been explained to Mr. Burnaby that it will confer upon him no claim to Public Employment in the Colony and that it is only intended to serve as a Voucher for his respectability and for the character and position which he held in this Country."

Lord Bulwer-Lytton had supplied this introduction after receiving a letter of request which described Burnaby as "Brother-in-law of Col. Dickson Adjutant Gl. in Ireland C.B., V.C. (of Inkerman) Nephew to Col. Burnaby R.A." and went on to say he was "educated at St. Paul's, is a good scholar, a literary man and a perfect gentleman well connected."

On February 22, 1859, Colonel Moody, now in what became known as Queensborough and later New Westminster, wrote to Governor



Douglas requesting the appointment of "...some gentleman of ability and experience qualified to take charge of such duties as I may assign to him in the office..."

Burnaby, with his business experience, was thought most suitable for the job and on February 28 the Governor approved his appointment at a salary not exceeding £250 per annum. He moved to the Royal Engineers' camp which, at that time, contained only two log huts, one for Colonel Moody and the other for the men. As private secretary to the Colonel, who was designated as Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works, Robert Burnaby was virtually head of staff and he became involved specifically with the planning and laying out of New Westminster.

Although he was mainly involved in secretarial duties for Moody, he also managed to see the local countryside - although not always under the best of conditions. A letter written by Moody on March 17, 1859, reveals some of the pioneer discomfort Burnaby endured at times - "I now learn from the Indians that a lake does exist there. Burnaby and Blake immediately volunteered their services to explore and also trace the route to Burrard's Inlet and to report generally on the country north of town. After considerable reluctance on account of the weather I have let them go with four days' provision in light marching order...They have been away now three days in the most deplorable weather...nothing would gladden my eyes more then to see them back..."

One of Burnaby's first jobs was to prepare lists of lots to be sold by the government in Yale, Hope, Douglas [at the head of Harrison Lake] and New Westminster. On May 4, 1859, notices of sale of lots in New Westminster were issued, signed by Burnaby in Victoria where, on June 1<sup>st</sup> and 2<sup>nd</sup> the sale took place. Prior to the sale an announcement was made that proceeds would be used in the opening and improving of the streets of New Westminster. The auctioneer made this announcement at the insistence of Robert Burnaby and Colonel Moody but, because Governor Douglas did not approve, the agreement was not honoured. So annoyed by this was the auctioneer that, when the second sale was held in the spring of 1860, he refused to carry on the sale and was replaced.

At the first sale in June, Robert Burnaby, in the name of Henderson and Burnaby, bought two lots in New Westminster - Lot 10, Block 5, for \$1700 and Lot 2, Block 5 for \$1500 (later became the site of the B.C. Electric Railway Company's station and office at Columbia and Eighth Streets.) Later, in his own name, he purchased two lots in the vicinity of North Road and the Brunette River (Now a portion of District Lot 1 on the original survey map, today part of Hume Park, New Westminster).

By August 1859, finances in the Colonies were strained and Douglas called for the dismissal of all civilians working for Moody. Distressed by the thought of losing his secretary, Moody wrote to Douglas:

With reference to Mr. Burnaby's services I considered and consider the assistance of a gentleman of his qualifications an essential aid to me, and I regret the decision at which your Excellency has arrived ... It is possible I may be under the necessity of requesting an officer may be selected in England to carry on some of the duties that have hitherto been conducted by Mr. Burnaby.

His pleas were to no avail, however, and Robert Burnaby, no longer in the government employ, requested, at first, that the amount of wages owing to him (£108.18), be granted in land at the upset price. Later, he decided to take the money and look around a little longer for property.

Also on Moody's staff at the time was Walter Moberly (of future C.P.R. fame) who served as Foreman of Public Works. When the civilians were released from government employ in August, 1859, Burnaby and Moberly teamed up to form an exploratory party with the idea of examining and developing coal deposits around Burrard Inlet. The fact that the Indians had found coal in this area had been investigated by Captain Richards, of H.M.S. *Plumper*, who had asked his senior engineer, Mr. F. Brockton, to investigate.

Mr. Brockton had reported: "Apparently an extensive vein occurred on the southern side of the Harbour about a mile and a half within the First Narrows."

Also taking a look was Dr. Charles B. Wood who, of all the *Plumper's* crew, was best informed on geological matters. He wrote: "...two seams, the upper seam cropping out for a distance embracing the two points of high and low water, some four or five inches in thickness" and a lower seam "commencing with a thickness of seven inches, increasing to a thickness of fifteen inches in seven feet horizontally, dipping at an angle of 15 ½ degrees to the southward."

He continued, "I imagine that sufficient evidences were thus far obtained to prove the probability of an extensive coal deposit." (Dr. Wood's report is in the Provincial Archives.)

In a talk given in 1910 to the local Society of Londoners, Walter Moberly, then 78 years of age, remembered the venture he partnered with Burnaby:

Having completed the work placed in my charge at New Westminster I proceeded, accompanied by Mr. Robert Burnaby and some miners we engaged, to Burrard Inlet (so named by Captain George Vancouver, R.N., after Sir Harry Burrard of the Royal Navy). We proposed to sink some shafts to see if we could find coal. When we were at work sinking some shafts in the vicinity of the north end of Bute Street,

the surveying sloop of war, H.M.S. *Plumper*, commanded by Captain Richards, R.N., came into the harbour and Captain Richards gave the name of Coal Harbour to the cove, which it bears to this day.

During the time our men were at work sinking the above mentioned shafts Mr. Burnaby and myself made an exploratory trip up the valleys of the Squamish and Cheakamus Rivers as I wished to ascertain if a more favourable route for a wagon road or railway could be obtained to the interior of the country than by the routes previously explored by me and shortly after my return I pre-empted the land on which the city of Vancouver now stands, as I saw the many and great natural advantages it possessed for a future city...

It was on August 10, 1859, that Burnaby and Moberly set their men to work and then continued to paddle on further. That night they spent out in the open, an adventure about which Moberly later wrote:

We camped on a rocky point, and tied our canoe to a tree, only partially hauling her on the rock. Toward morning, I awoke with an unpleasant feeling, finding my feet were much higher than my head. I could not understand the situation at all, but could see Burnaby fast asleep in the front of the canoe, which would apparently soon be standing on end. Satisfying myself that I was not dreaming, I crawled carefully to the other end, when the canoe suddenly resumed its horizontal position, and Burnaby awoke. We found that when we went to bed the tide was in, but as it ran out of course the canoe kept tilting over, and we but narrowly escaped a bath a little before the usual hour.

On their return to Coal Harbour, Burnaby and Moberly found, along the shores of the Inlet, a large gathering of Indians in an unfriendly mood. Moberly dashed off a letter to Magistrate Spaulding in New Westminster and entrusted its delivery to a Frenchman who was going that way. It read:

Burrard Inlet, August 13<sup>th</sup>, 1859.

Dear Spaulding:

We have been in a state of siege here. The Indians say the soldiers have taken two Squamish Indians, and are going to hang them right off for killing the man at O'Donahue's mill, and yesterday, when we proposed to go to Queensborough, the beggars wanted three of us to remain as hostages, I suppose. Will you kindly write a few lines and let me know what the real state of affairs is, for if there is any intention of doing anything to any of them, we will be in a devil of a fix unless we can beat a retreat before it takes place.

If you will send the letter by an Indian or other person to the end of the trail leading from the camp to the Inlet and tell the carrier to stick it in a conspicuous place, I will send for it or go myself on Monday. We expected to have had a brush with the beggars yesterday but I have managed to keep things alright. There are several hundreds of them all around the Inlet.

Many thanks for the powder you sent; it is invaluable at present. From what I have been able to make out, I believe the Indian who killed the man is a Musquiam, and is generally known as Musquiam Joe. He is a bad Indian, and was up to my house the evening before the murder. He went to the Indian House at Kirk's, and left after dark to go down the river, but returned the same night, most likely after having shot the man.

Yours truly,  
W. Moberly.

The murdered man, a watchman in a small mill, had been shot twice and then savagely stabbed. Five Indians had been arrested and sent to the Langley jail built by the Royal Engineers. The Indians gathered near Burnaby's and Moberly's camp were demanding the release of their brethren. Moberly's letter prompted officials to send the *Plumper* to intervene but things had quieted down before the ship arrived. Robert Burnaby, apparently was not too worried by the events since later, in a letter to Governor Douglas, he treated the matter in light-hearted manner.

A few months after their coal-seeking expedition, the Land Act of B.C. was passed on January 4, 1860, and Burnaby with Moberly staked a claim that was never legally theirs. In 1862, John Morton filed his claim for the same land and established his residence. Burnaby continued to press his claim to the coal seam but never did get legal rights although he did secure title, in 1863, to Lot 181. In January of 1868, he was the plaintiff in a court case against Messrs. W. Ross and E. Husson whom he charged with illegally cutting spars off his Burrard Inlet property. After two days of investigation by the magistrate, Hon. H.M. Ball, the case was dismissed.

When Burnaby's coal mining venture with Moberly came to naught, the two men parted company and Burnaby returned to live in Victoria. Despite his business acumen he invariably seemed to be attracted to the wrong ventures. He cannot be faulted for this because the country was new and untried. At least he had the courage to try new ventures and foresight to see development possibilities. In February, he helped organize and became chairman of the British Columbia and Victoria Navigation Company which lasted until 1863, and then ceased to oper-

ate. In that year he also formed the Queen Charlotte Islands Mining Company but so many supplies and tools were stolen from the site the venture could not survive.

In 1863, along with other businessmen, he started the Antler Bedrock Flume Company with operations in the Cariboo. The company paid the government a rental of £120 a year and agreed to lay 600 feet of flume the first year and not less than 1500 feet each year thereafter for 10 years. No gold was forthcoming the first year and only \$307.50 worth the second year. After sinking \$68,000 into the unprofitable scheme the company disbanded in 1866.

Although not officially part of the government of Vancouver Island in the early 1860s, Robert Burnaby found himself in demand as chairman at a gathering of citizens who opposed the current mule tax. The British Colonist of March 6, 1860, reported the event:

“The meeting was called to order at 7 o’clock, (a large number of persons being present) and Mr. Robert Burnaby was called to preside, who stated that he would throw himself upon the meeting for support, as he felt inadequate to perform the duties, and recommend that a paper be drawn up and signed by the people asking that some other way be adopted by the Government to meet the end desired by the levying of the mule tax. The mines being taxed for a road which is not even commenced ... Mr. Waddington proposed a resolution to the following effect. Mr. W. spoke well and to the point, and stated that many men had been deterred from returning to the country on account of the mule tax: - That the Proclamation was unjust in principle, because it imposed a tax upon people to build a road which they might never use, and impolitic because it has diverted immigrants to other mines. The resolution was adopted ... a vote of thanks was tendered the Chairman for the able manner in which he performed his duties.

Legislating and banking were two of the areas in which Robert Burnaby became active during his years in Victoria. From 1861 to 1865 he was an elected member of the House of Assembly of Vancouver Island and in October, 1869, he was appointed a Commissioner of the Savings Bank in the Colony.

After moving back to Victoria from the mainland, he became intensely interested in the development of the Colonies of Vancouver Island and British Columbia and worked for stable economic conditions. He did not run as a candidate in the election of 1860 but did participate in the nominations for the Esquimalt district. The British Colonist of August 11, 1860, reported the event:



Yesterday was quite a lively day at Esquimalt. Early in the morning the *Oregon* arrived and took her departure; and immediately after Sheriff Baylor held his court for the nomination of a fit person to represent Esquimalt Town at the present Assembly. A few Obstructives appeared on the ground, and a strong guard, composed of the veterans of the Reform party, surrounded the hustings. When the Sheriff announced himself ready to receive the nominations, Robert Burnaby, Esq., came forward and moved that Captain Gordon be a candidate. The nomination he somewhat fluently supported by an eulogy on his candidate, which was very tamely received, none but a few office-holders or office-seekers applauding. H.P. Pellow Crease, Esq., then seconded the nomination. He also saw extraordinary merits in Mr. Gordon, although no one else, perhaps but an astute legal gentleman could. He objected to Mr. DeCosmos, because he was an editor of a newspaper, and stated that editors should not sit in the Assembly. Fine liberal is he not?

Nevertheless, DeCosmos was nominated and after giving a speech in which he “passed some biting strictures on Mr. Burnaby for his dubious political manoeuver”, he won the nomination by an almost unanimous show of hands.

After the ballots were counted the successful candidates for the second parliament celebrated their victory. Dr. John Sebastian Helmcken, who had beaten out his opponent recalled:

After the election Mrs. McKenzie [of Craigflower] gave us a jolly good dinner - i.e. self and Burnaby and friends. The men regaled themselves in the kitchen and after a while came in to congratulate us - Burnaby sang some comic songs - in fact there was a feast of reason and a flow of soul till midnight.

The Burnabys had been noted for some time for their support of and participation in musical art. In her “Glimpses of Ancient Leicester”, Mrs. T. Fielding Johnson writes:

The Burnaby family was a very musical one, and their enthusiasm and influence did much to promote the love of music in Leicester at this time (1785) and for a long time afterwards. The Reverend Robert Burnaby, Vicar of St. Margaret’s, Leicester, and his son the Reverend Thomas Burnaby joined the movement ... to promote Subscription Concerts.

In September of 1860, Robert Burnaby was again called upon to chair a meeting which had been scheduled to discuss the construction of a new road between Esquimalt and Victoria.

With the resignation of James Cooper from the Assembly in October, 1860, Burnaby was persuaded to contest for the vacant seat of representative for Esquimalt. His letter to the electors appeared in The British Colonist of November 16, 1860:

Gentlemen: - In consequence of the retirement of Captain Cooper, I have been requested by several electors to offer myself as a candidate to represent you in the House of Assembly.

If elected to that responsible post it will be my consistent care to support all liberal and progressive measures.

Being entirely independent of Government and party influence, I am prepared to give every question my honest consideration and vote and to further as much as possible the transaction of public business.

I have the honour to be, Gentlemen,

Your obedient servant,

Robert Burnaby.

Before the by-election took place, Amor DeCosmos, editor of The British Colonist, gave Burnaby's intentions a blast:

We have no hesitation in saying Mr. Burnaby has not the confidence of the people of this town! Whatever he may be as a private citizen, as a politician he is nothing but the tool of the Cary faction. He has supported the party which has done everything to damage the interests of the country: the party that registers false votes; the party that has ridden roughshod over the interests of the poor but industrious farmer. Burnaby is allied with the men who libelled Mr. Langford. Mark that, men of Esquimalt. Don't forget it. If returned he will aid in rivetting the bands of a corrupt party still stronger. Repudiate him. Hear him not. Turn away from him as your worst enemy, as the enemy of your liberties and your property. When in office he was snubbed by Governor Douglas, and yet he licks the hand that snubbed him. Do you want such unmanly representatives? We don't want him in Victoria: neither do you in Esquimalt. Dr. Trimble is a Reformer. He is a straightforward, manly, independent man. Vote for him; give him your support; return him, and your interests will be well attended to, and you'll have no cause to regret your choice. Return Dr. Trimble.

In another editorial DeCosmos again aimed loaded exclamation marks in Burnaby's direction:

Looking at the man as regards talent, where is it if it is not in feathering his own nest at the public expense! We warn the public against Burnaby! He is politically unfit for the office of representative, and should be treated so! Trimble will defeat him two to one, and he ought to!

At one point during the election, Burnaby, no doubt tired of being baited, managed to rile DeCosmos by telling him that he was only fit to be a bootblack.

Election day turned out to be dismally wet with nothing but mud underfoot. Nevertheless, 33 voters made their way to Craigflower to dutifully cast their ballots. When the final count was complete the tally showed that Robert Burnaby had won the seat with a majority of five votes. Amor DeCosmos finally gave up the fight and offered grudging approval:

At the conclusion, Mr. Burnaby, in a neat speech, reiterates his determination to act independently as the representative of the district: and Dr. Trimble followed by thanking those who had honoured him by voting for him. Three cheers were given for the successful and defeated candidates, when the electors retired as some parties were firing a salute.

As far as Mr. Burnaby is concerned, were we to judge him from his speech, he evidently is a man of some ability - an article very scarce in Obstructive ranks. Should he carry out the opinions he has expressed, we may have occasion to congratulate the country on his election.

In July, 1863, Robert Burnaby stood for re-election and succeeded in keeping his seat. The event was reported in The Daily British Colonist July 22, 1863:

The election of two members to serve for this District took place yesterday at Craigflower, the residence of the returning officer, Kenneth McKenzie, Esq.

The proceedings commenced at 12 o'clock, with the usual formalities and after the returning officer had asked if any elector had a candidate to propose, Mr. Pete stepped forward and proposed Dr. Helmcken as a fit and proper person to represent the United Districts in the coming Parliament. The nomination was seconded by Mr. Reid.

Mr. Smithgate then proposed Mr. Robert Burnaby. Mr. Wear seconded ... The Doctor's address was listened to with marked

attention and received with loudcheers. Mr. Burnaby then came forward and expounded his political creed in a masterly manner. He concluded his address by a complimentary reference to the efficient services rendered by his worthy colleague, while filling the office of Speaker of the last House of Assembly, which position he again hoped to see him occupy. Mr. Burnaby was also warmly applauded. The returning officer having declared Dr. Helmcken and Mr. Burnaby duly elected, the proceedings terminated. The members and their friends adjourned to partake of a collation at the residence of the hospitable officer.

The year 1863 was a busy one for Burnaby. Along with his legislative duties and various business ventures, he also applied for land on the North Branch of the Nass River with the idea of developing a fisheries and oil trade. His request could not be granted, however, since the lands he wanted were Indian Reserves and fishing grounds. It would appear that he did not pursue the matter further.

In January of the following year, Burnaby travelling on the steamer *Oregon*, went to England for 10 months. He returned to Vancouver Island November 8 aboard the *Sierra Nevada*. During his absence Amor DeCosmos sold The British Colonist to Walford A. Harris who lost no time in taking an editorial crack at Robert Burnaby only seven weeks after his return to Victoria:

Mr. Burnaby, although with less Parliamentary experience, is a much more practical representative than Mr. Franklin, and shows a greater aptitude for Colonial politics. Unlike most of the Members, who draw most of their political inspiration from the Mother country, Mr. Burnaby is to a great extent free from that serious defection of striving to adapt the cumbrous and complicated system of things in England to a country in its infancy ... On general matters Mr. Burnaby is disposed to be much more liberal than his commercial confreres, and is, if not one of the most frequent, at least one of the most lucid speakers in the House. He is not punctual in his attendance, nor so industrious as Mr. Franklin, but he is nevertheless a much more useful member. His principle defect is, however, like that of Mr. Franklin, a want of force. He goes into politics much too lightly. a little more serious attention to the business of the country and a wider study of political science would make a vast improvement in him as a representative.

During his years in Victoria, Burnaby, who never married, found his social outlets in the organization of Freemasons and in participation in

theatrics. He had been initiated into the Freemason Lodge of Unity, No. 661, at Croyden, near London, England, on May 30, 1854, and appears to have served as Master of the Lodge in 1858, just before he came to Canada. On January 22, 1856, he joined the Royal Somerset House and Inverness Lodge. He was also, at one time, P.P.G.D.C. for the county of Surrey, England.

Freemasonry had not yet been introduced to the Pacific Colonies when Robert Burnaby arrived and it was he who instigated the founding of the First Victoria Lodge which came into existence on Monday, August 20, 1860. He was also instrumental in the formation of B.C.'s second Lodge which was inaugurated in New Westminster, with Burnaby as Installing Master on June 24, 1862, under the name of Union Lodge.

He was Master in Victoria Lodge in 1863 and again in 1865. During his first term in this office he took part in the laying of the corner stone for the Jewish Synagogue in Victoria. For his part in the ceremony he was presented with a silver trowel.

In March of 1864, when Burnaby was in England, the Victoria Lodge petitioned the Grand Lodge of England to form a Provincial Grand Lodge. The plea ended with:

"We would at the same time beg to present Brother P.M. Robert Burnaby, Member of Parliament, to your lordship's notice as a fit and worthy Brother to be invested with the highest honours that is in the power of our Ancient Order to bestow. He has exerted himself greatly in our Lodge, and our present prosperity is chiefly owing to his indefatigable exertions and his bright Freemasonry."

Burnaby's love of drama led him to join Victoria's Amateur Dramatic Association and he was chosen president of this group for the year 1863. And, as if the foregoing activities were not enough, he also was involved in the founding of the Victoria Chamber of Commerce. He was presiding chairman at the first meeting of this group which was held on February 9, 1863, and was elected to be the first president.

Just over a month after its formation, the Victoria Chamber of Commerce sent a petition, signed by Burnaby, to Governor Douglas asking for the establishment of a Gold Escort from the Cariboo. The firm of Henderson and Burnaby was on the list of petitioners who felt that, "...if an efficient Gold Escort were established, the amount of commerce of Victoria would increase fourfold, because merchants will not now send goods to the Upper Country till former supplies are paid for."

Henderson and Burnaby also put up \$500 as one of the firms and individuals guaranteeing "...the Government against any loss that may be incurred in the Establishment of a Gold Escort Corps - pro rata - to an amount not exceeding the sum set against each of their names."

At the end of the following year, the Chamber appointed Burnaby

to a committee set up to petition the Governor for the installation of a light at the entrance to Victoria harbour.

He was a member of the Church of England and attended St. John's Church in Victoria. In January, 1861, when Bishop Hills called a general meeting of all Anglicans to organize the governing circles of parishes in the newly formed Diocese, it was Robert Burnaby who gave "a clear and concise speech" and then proposed, "That it is expedient that the constitution of a fully organized Parish should consist of Rector, Churchwardens, Church Committee and Vestry."

The following month he was one of a large gathering of gentlemen who met in the Supreme Court Room to formulate plans for the Pacific Colonies to be represented at the Industrial Exhibition which was to be held in London during the month of May, 1862. Such important men as Governor Douglas, Bishop Hills, Bishop Demers and Chief Justice Begbie of British Columbia, were also in attendance.

At one point Burnaby proposed the appointment of a Committee on Minerals. "Minerals", he said, "were the mainstay of the sister colonies. It was owing to the discovery of minerals that we first came into existence. Let specimens of our mineral wealth be sent to the exhibition. Nothing will advance our interests as much as sending home palpable, unmistakable lumps of truth (Laughter). It is to minerals that we are indebted for our present prosperity."

He then proposed a resolution, "That a Sub-Committee be appointed, consisting of the following members of the General Committee for the purpose of collecting specimens of minerals: Dr. Forbes, Capt. Gosset, Mr. Justice Begbie, C.J. Nicol, Esq., C.C. Pendergrast, Esq., R. Burnaby, Esq.," The resolution was adopted.

Again in demand as a level-headed moderator, Robert Burnaby was nominated in March, 1861, to chair a meeting set up in the Colonial Theatre to discuss the advisability of placing a steamer on the route between Victoria and San Francisco. About 300 people considered this meeting important enough to attend.

Burnaby spoke briefly saying that everything depended upon a direct communication by steamer with San Francisco. He mentioned that a committee had been appointed to confer with the Hudson's Bay Company and they had met with a favourable reception. He concluded by offering the following resolution: "That the existing state of steam communication between Victoria and San Francisco, calls for immediate action on the part of the colony."

Another meeting on the same matter was called on March 19 at Moore's Musical Hall and, again, Robert Burnaby was asked to take the chair.

Seemingly into all matters of social conscience in the community,

Burnaby was involved in the London Emigration Society's project of sending out young women from England so that they might find respectable employment in the Pacific Colonies. Apparently taking umbrage at a Sunday sermon that was subsequently reported in The British Colonist, Robert Burnaby and Gilbert M. Sproat penned the following letter which appeared in that newspaper under the heading "Refutation". It read:

Editors British Colonist - As members of the sub-committee for providing accommodation for the young women ex. Tynemouth, we desire a small space in your respectable journal for the purpose of informing the public that the paragraph on that subject in yesterday's Daily Press is an absurd, wicked and flagitious libel.

Gilbert M. Sproat

Robert Burnaby

Victoria, September 23, 1862.

A different kind of matter took Robert Burnaby's interest when he attended a meeting called by the Mayor of Victoria in the Victoria Theatre on October 31, 1862, to consider the best way of celebrating the day on which the Prince of Wales was to attain his majority. The press dutifully reported:

About 150 persons were present on the occasion, and the proceedings throughout unanimous ... Mr. Burnaby, M.P., proposed the first resolution ... Resolved: That being loyal and patriotic subjects of Her most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, it is the spontaneous and unanimous opinion of this meeting, that a public demonstration should take place on Monday the 10<sup>th</sup> day of November to celebrate the auspicious event of the coming of age of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales...The mover said he believed the sentiment of the resolution must commend itself to the heart of every one present. He hoped they would all, as jolly Englishmen, make up their minds to eat plenty of roast beef, and thoroughly enjoy themselves on the coming occasion ... Mr. S. Southgate seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously.

During his time in the House of Assembly, Burnaby seems to have gained nothing but respect for his gentlemanly conduct, both in and out of the House, and his ability to express himself diplomatically even when roused. On one occasion his politely restrained way of handling his annoyance over a particular matter was used to create editorial comment in the Daily British Colonist of February 15, 1865:



Mr. Burnaby, like Louis Napoleon, is no admirer of newspapers when they go contrary to his inclinations. Unlike the Emperor of the French, however, he cannot muzzle the press. He can stop his advertisements and even crush the carrier by decreasing the weekly subscription returns by the large amount of two bits, but he cannot suppress the journal. All this is exceedingly fortunate, otherwise the readers of the Colonist would have gone this morning without their usual paper. Mr. Burnaby is nettled at our recent action in connection with the Union and Tariff question, but much more nettled at its final success; and, therefore, like a strong-minded man he is, writes the following good-tempered and prudent document:

Victoria, V.I., Feb. 14, 1865.

Messrs. Harris and Co., British Colonist Office.

Dear Sirs - Please to discontinue from this date the insertion in the British Colonist of our advertisement of Goudry's Pale Ale and the London and Lancashire Fire Insurance; and further to take notice that our subscription to your paper is withdrawn from this date.

We are, dear sir, yours truly,  
Henderson and Burnaby.

Now we have no desire to interfere in the slightest with Mr. Burnaby's private pique or resentment; nor would we publish his communication were it not that similar actions have been resorted to by some of the less sensible of the free port party in their dealings with Union and Tariff supporters; but we would ask him, a man not entirely demented, if he thinks he or any other person in business can alter the course of the Colonist by withdrawing his patronage? Probably he might perceive that his action, like many others, may be cut both ways - that if childish spite is to enter into business matters as a counteract for political defeat, it may be necessary on the part of the general public to teach such individuals the expensive lesson of restrictive dealing. Mr. Burnaby, like many other important personages in Victoria, is not a Rothchild, and cannot conduct business unless he finds a customer. We would advise him, along with some of his defeated and vindictive companies, to take friendly hint.

Despite the slur on his mentality in the foregoing editorial, Burnaby continued to take his legislating duties seriously. In 1865, when on the Ways and Means Committee in the House of Assembly, he discussed in length his resolution that a tax of two per cent be levied on the yearly income of every person or corporation earning over \$500. After a great



deal of discussion by other members of the Committee and particularly by Amor DeCosmos, who always seemed to oppose Burnaby, the motion was postponed for one week.

At the end of June, 1865, Robert Burnaby and a Mr. Reinhart travelled from Victoria to the Cariboo, possibly to look into mining matters. On July 1<sup>st</sup> the Cariboo Sentinel reported that they have arrived in Williams Lake.

Shortly after that Burnaby's business partner, Edward Henderson, died suddenly in Algiers and Burnaby found it necessary to return to England. Expecting to be absent from Victoria for some time, he resigned his seat for Esquimalt and was replaced in the House by Dr. John Ash. Before he left Victoria he was entertained at a farewell dinner in the Colonial Hotel by the Masonic fraternity.

Some time after arriving in London aboard the steamer *Orozaba*, Burnaby attended a meeting of prominent merchants and officials. The group strongly favoured the union of the two Pacific Colonies and discussed measures they felt would develop and improve the economic prospects of these virtually untouched lands. They took their resolutions to the secretary of the state for the colonies and could well have created a strong influence in the subsequent decision to bring about the union.

This meeting, reported in the London Weekly Chronicle and picked up by The Daily British Colonist, received this coverage, in part:

Mr. Selim Franklin moved: That the interest of the Colonies of British Columbia and Vancouver Island will be best consulted by a Union, based upon such items as shall appear just to the Imperial Government. (Cheers) Mr. Burnaby, who had recently arrived from Vancouver's Island, seconded the resolution, and fully supported everything which had fallen from the chairman with regard to the depressed state of the colony. But he did not believe that the depression was without a remedy, and that remedy ought immediately to be applied in order to restore anything like prosperity in the colony. (Hear) The union of the two colonies was most essential. Four months ago he was at the mines at Cariboo, but the population had considerably decreased there to what it was - After dilating at the wealth of the colonies at some length, Mr. Burnaby concluded by stating that throughout the mining population the feeling was for union with a sound practical government, in the most economical shape in which it could be obtained. (Hear)

Robert Burnaby arrived back in Victoria aboard the steamer *Del Norte* on March 26, 1866, with authorization to make a proposition on behalf of the Royal West India Mail Company for placing direct steamer service between Panama and Victoria calling at intermediate ports. Two months

later he was appointed Foreman of the Grand Jury at the Assizes. A letter from him to the Chief Justice is a good example of his practice of speaking up when he considered the situation warranted it. The Colonist picked up the item:

Robert Burnaby, Esq. foreman of the Grand Jury, yesterday presented to His Honour the following presentment:

The Grand Jury assembled May 8, 1866, respectfully present to the Court, that great inconvenience has arisen from the fact that the proper deposition not having been laid before them in the case of Regina v. Charley and they regret that it should have been considered necessary to send such a case before them at all.

The Grand Jury further deem it their duty to express the great apprehension they feel at the present filthy and disgraceful state of the streets of the town of Victoria as dangerous to the public health and safety.

Robert Burnaby  
Foreman.

After his return to Victoria in 1866, Burnaby again plunged into a scheme to make his fortune by joining a new company which secured 20,000 acres of land on Moresby Island for mining purposes. Again, he was disappointed when the venture failed.

On January 8<sup>th</sup> of the next year at a mass meeting held in connection with the touchy question as to where the capital of the now united colonies of Vancouver Island and British Columbia should be, Robert Burnaby gave a good example of his ability to speak with clarity and humour. The Colonist reported:

Mr. Robert Burnaby moved the second resolution as follows:

Resolved - That in the opinion of the meeting, Victoria is the most suitable place that can be selected for the Seat of Government, and that its selection for that purpose would meet with the concurrence of the majority of the inhabitants of the Colony, whether they reside on the mainland, or on the Island.

Mr. Burnaby continued that His Excellency had stated that he could only be governed by the well understood wishes of the people and he, (Mr. Burnaby) was sure that the voice of the whole people from Cariboo to Victoria would be brought to bear upon this question. The discussion should be temperate but forcible. He was opposed to political agitation - it had been the curse of the Colony in the

past. But popular views would always be expressed in a determined and forcible manner. Capital had been invested here because it was believed that Victoria was the natural place for the capital, and the place at which the commerce of the country would virtually centre. He maintained that all whom he saw around him had invested their means here with that understanding (applause). Every interest - mercantile, manufacturing and church - had centered here as the natural point for commerce and the seat of government. Of course the capital could not be removed without some interests being inconvenienced but it was the interests of the many of Victoria and Vancouver Island that must be studied and preserved, even at some loss to the smaller communities elsewhere. The interests of the largest numbers of people and the greatest amount of capital must be considered in dealing with the question. If injustice be done in any section, let the compensation be made to the people complaining, if it can be shown that they have suffered any injury. There was scarcely room for two large seaport cities on the coast of British North America. If New Westminster and Victoria continued to pull on opposite directions, they would be like the two men who went to law about a cow. The man who lost it appealed and won it in a higher court; it was carried to a higher tribunal, and finally the litigants lost all their money, and the cow was sold for costs (laughter). A very funny print was got out to illustrate the case; there were two men - one pulling at the tail, and the other at the head of the animal, and a lawyer sitting down milking the cow (laughter). If the two cities went on pulling against each other, the colony would be the cow, and Brother Jonathan would milk it (great laughter). If the business of the Colony was to be carried on there must be convenient offices; we have them here and they have none at New Westminster. The colony could not afford to build new ones and the government should not be allowed to let the buildings here go to rack and ruin and expend money in erecting others elsewhere. It had been said that the capital was fixed by law at New Westminster. But it was located there when a different state of affairs existed. Before Union it was necessary that a place should be chosen for the seat of government on the mainland; but there was no engagement or obligation given that it should remain there after Union. If it is continued at that point the policy would be unjust, unequal and foolish, and would bring both sections to grief (applause). The people should express their opinion that the matter should be left to the untrammelled and unfettered authority of the Councillors. If that were done he was sure that the intelligence of the people would be satisfied and their sense of justice also (applause). He called on Mr. Robertson to speak as to the feeling on the

mainland. Let the people hold firm and fast. Trust the government as long as they will carry out the wishes of the people. If they fail, let the people unite and oppose them (prolonged applause).

At the end of the meeting, Burnaby, along with Messrs. Rhodes, Shepherd, Drake and McKenzie, was appointed to a committee on petition to request that Governor Seymour declare Victoria the capital of the united colonies.

After his return to Victoria, Burnaby again became involved in Masonic activities. On September 10, 1867 a patent was issued authorizing him to form a District Grand Lodge. Before the Charter arrived the following March, the Brethren of Victoria, Union and Nanaimo Lodges petitioned the Grand Lodge of England for the appointment of District Grand Master. The last two paragraphs of this petition revealed the esteem in which Burnaby was held :

We therefore having implicit confidence in the skill and integrity of our esteemed Brother Robert Burnaby, P.M., No. 661, P.J.W. No. 4, P.P.G.D.C Surrey, would humbly pray that your Lordship may be pleased to appoint Brother Past Master Burnaby as Provincial Grand Master for the Colony of British Columbia and delegate to him the requisite powers as are provided for in the Book of Constitutions. In this presenting Bro. Past Master Burnaby to your Lordship's highest honours that it is in the power of our Ancient order to bestow we most sincerely hope that this Petition may receive your Lordship's most favourable consideration.

In September, 1867, a District Grand Lodge was formed and Robert Burnaby was chosen to be District Grand Master. When the Grand Lodge of British Columbia was formed four years later, Dr. I.W. Powell was elected Grand Master with Burnaby as Immediate Past Grand Master. Shortly before this event the D.G. Secretary sent letters to the various English chartered Lodges suggesting that the opportunity should not be allowed to pass without presenting Burnaby with the Past District Grand Master's jewel accompanied by a suitable address engrossed on vellum.

The suggestion was acted upon and The Daily Colonist for December 28, 1871, reported:

The handsome and costly Past Master's Jewel presented on behalf of the Craft to Robert Burnaby by Grand Master Powell bears the following inscription: Presented to M.W. Robert Burnaby, Esq. POM of the Grand Lodge of F.A.M. of British Columbia, by his brethren, as a token of respect for long and distinguished service to the Craft.

- Victoria, BC Dec. 27<sup>th</sup>, A.L. 1871. The jewel comprises the square and compass surmounted by the emblem of the first principle R.A. and having in the centre a five-plated star and valuable diamond. The jewel was made in this city.

During his term as District Grand Master, Robert Burnaby found himself involved with various social functions such as the one described in The Colonist on January 3, 1869:

The Masonic ball on Monday night was one of the largest and most respectably attended public entertainments we can call to mind. The 'brotherhood of the mystic tie' appeared in full regalia, the bright colours of which blending with the chaste and lovely dresses worn by the fair sex presented a pleasing appearance. Governor Seymour and Mrs. Seymour, Admiral Hastings and Mrs. Hastings, Captain Dawkins and Lieutenant Brookes of the flagship *Zealous*, Chief Justice Needham and Miss Needham, Chief Justice Begbie and many other persons of distinction added to the pleasures of the participants by their presence and example. The ball was opened by District Grand Master Robert Burnaby, Esq., and Mrs. Seymour ...

Still interested in politics, Robert Burnaby attended a nomination meeting on November 2, 1868, The Daily British Colonist reported:

Mr. W.J. McDonald proposed Mr. Drake. Mr. Drake was untried in politics, but he was sure he would carry out what he stated in his addresses and speeches. He, Mr. Drake, would be best for the country at large. Mr. Burnaby seconded the nomination of Mr. Drake who he stated was long known to all of the community as an able and upright citizen; if untried it was well to put in to the political cart a fresh and spirited highstepper, and it would be found to the interests of the people to send to grass the old and worn out political hack, Mr. DeCosmos, till Confederation came to comfort him.

A show of hands at the end of the speeches gave Dr. Helmcken and Mr. Drake the nomination.

Every so often it seemed the press goaded Burnaby into planning a well-worded reply. To the editor of The British Columbian in New Westminster went the following letter which appeared on the January 28, 1867, edition of The Daily British Colonist, under the heading "A Slander Refuted":

To the editor of the British Columbian – Sir, - My attention has been

called to a passage in a leading article published in your paper of the 16<sup>th</sup> inst. ... in which it is stated that I gratuitously presumed to advise Governor Seymour as to how he should administer the affairs of the colony a couple of years ago and subsequently, it is said, insulted him in London. Any one dealing with public matters must expect his share of abuse, which it is wise to take for what it is worth, and so let it pass. I do not therefore make any allusions to your remarks in so far as they affect myself alone. But when you inform the public, on what authority I know not, that I insulted Governor Seymour in London, permit me to state the I never to my knowledge wilfully insulted anyone, much less His Excellency the Governor, and if word or act of mine has been construed by anyone no one can more truly regret it than I do. Whatever your opinions and habits may be, I shall always endeavor, whatever differences of opinion exist, to observe the rules of courtesy and good breeding.

Yours truly

Robert Burnaby

Victoria, V.I., Jan'y 22<sup>nd</sup>, 1867.

Robert Burnaby took another role in September, 1867, when he was appointed one of the trustees of the Oppenheimer and Company's estate. The Cariboo Sentinel, of September 19, printed "Notice is hereby given, that the business heretofore carried on under the style of Oppenheimer and Co., at Yale, Harkerville and Fisherville will henceforth be carried on by the undersigned, to whom an assignment was executed, on the 18<sup>th</sup> day of October, 1866, for the benefit of the creditors of David Oppenheimer and Isaac Oppenheimer, under and by virtue of the said business, and the said David Oppenheimer and Isaac Oppenheimer are not any longer authorized to act in the management thereof.

Dated this Seventh day of September, A.D., 1867.

Robert Burnaby, David Lenvue, F. Weissenburger

Trustees of Oppenheimer and Co.'s Estate.

In 1872 officials in Victoria began to think about the necessity of creating a new cemetery. Robert Burnaby offered to sell them the parcel of land, slightly more than 12 acres, which he owned at Ross Bay. Since the land, already cleared and easy to drain, would incur less expense to develop than other sites, his offer was accepted.

Also that year, Burnaby reached the decision that he would like to have his own home built for him. The Colonist deemed this important enough to note on its pages: "A Very Large and Substantial Villa is being

constructed for Mr. R. Burnaby by Messrs. Hayward and Jenkinson, on a lot near the corner of Fort and Moss streets. The outward appearance and style of the building are remarkably pretty."

He was not to enjoy his new home for long. Perhaps it was the continuous strain of his business endeavours that finally overwhelmed him or perhaps he suffered some progressive affliction, but in any case, his health began to fail and by 1873 it had deteriorated to the point where he had to retire from all his activities.

His friend and former political colleague, Dr. Helmcken, wrote: "Burnaby, my former brother, had become paralyzed. Poor fellow what a change - from a pleasant mirthful active honest pleasant little fellow - talented and full of business, he suddenly became a crying weeping child pitiful to behold, whenever anyone went to see him. He improved a little and then was sent to England by his friends."

These friends in Victoria arranged for him to travel to England in the Hudson's Bay Company's bark *Lady Lampson*. So kind was Captain James Gaudin to his ailing passenger that these same people presented him with a generous purse containing \$300 in gratitude for the attention he had paid to Robert Burnaby's needs.

Before Burnaby left, in 1874, to return to England and his mother who was still living and residing in Woodthorpe, the Freemason's Lodge in Victoria planned to give him a public farewell. Burnaby, hearing of this honour, asked a friend to write a letter for him regretting that his health would not permit him to make a personal appearance to say good-bye. He signed the letter in shaky script and followed it by two notes in even shakier writing saying, "I will take my Regalia Home." and "Give my Candelabra to No. 1."

The massive candelabra to which Burnaby referred had been given to him, on his first trip to England, by an old friend, John Wright. Of the two inscriptions on the candelabra, the first read: "Presented by the Board of Grand Stewards to Brother John Wright of the Royal Somerset House and Inverness Lodge, No. 4, as a Mark of their sense of zeal and attention as Honorary Secretary to the Board, 1859." The second inscriptions recorded: Presented by R.M.P.G.M. Robt. Burnaby to Victoria Lodge, No. 1, B.C.R., in memory of his lengthened and pleasant connections with the Lodge. Victoria, BC, 27<sup>th</sup> February, 1874.

His departure for England was noted in the press with what appeared to be a great deal of sincerity: "We regret to hear that the health of the amiable and popular gentleman is so greatly impaired that his physicians have recommended a sea-voyage, and that he will take his departure on the *Lady Lampson* next week for England. Mr. Burnaby has been a resident of this Province since 1859, and has been prominently connected with the mercantile and productive interests of our country. As a member of the



Legislature he was noted as one of our clearest-headed public men, and as a citizen he is respected and beloved by all. We wish Mr. Burnaby an early restoration to health and a speedy return to the Province.”

For the next four years, after reaching England, Burnaby became progressively paralyzed until he was completely helpless. Then, in January 1878, The London Times printed the following obituary: “On the 10<sup>th</sup> instant, at Woodthorpe, Loughborough Robert Burnaby, formerly of Victoria, British Columbia, and fourth son of the late Reverend Thomas Burnaby, Vicar of Blakesley, Northamptonshire, aged 49 years.”

The following month The Colonist reported: “Letters received from England yesterday announce the demise of Mr. Robert Burnaby, a prominent and much respected merchant of this province from 1859 to 1874 ... ” He was buried in Emmanuel Church cemetery, Loughborough.

His passing was also noted in the Freemasons’ Grand Lodge report for 1878: “In Knowledge of the English Ritual, Burnaby has never been surpassed by any Brother in the Craft of this Province. His kind and courteous bearing whilst presiding over the Craft and his liberality and goodness of heart, endeared him to all who came in contact with him. May he rest in peace.”

It is strange that, although Robert Burnaby is not a well-known historical figure, his memory seems to have been geographically perpetuated more than any other person in British Columbia’s history. A lake, an island, a strait, a mountain range, a street in Vancouver, a shoal in Vancouver’s harbour, a park, the mountain on which Simon Fraser University sits, and a City that now embraces a population of approximately 180,000, all share the name of this intelligent, highly-imaginative and well-liked man.



# THE LETTERS OF ROBERT BURNABY

*Transcribed and edited by Anne Burnaby McLeod*

In the middle of 1858 gold was discovered on the banks of the Fraser River in British Columbia on the western seaboard of Canada. Towards the end of that year Robert Burnaby gave up his post in the Customs Department in London to go to the emerging Pacific Colonies to embark on a business venture financed by friends in England, who hoped to make their fortunes by supplying the needs of a growing population, as the Colonies expanded.

Robert sailed from Liverpool on October 30<sup>th</sup> 1858. In a letter to their mother Sarah Burnaby his sister Mary Marshall describes his departure:

I shall begin a letter this afternoon, giving the latest news of our dear brother, whose departure yesterday was as favourable in every respect as it could have been. He arrived here at eleven on Friday night, enjoyed a cold partridge and some bitter beer, and had I was glad to hear, an excellent night, never awaking till the boy went in at 8 o'clock. After breakfast he wrote his letters, then I went up with him and arranged his portmanteau, saw all the nice things you had made for him, Sally's housewife<sup>1</sup> was quite a triumph, and he said he should have a go at it as soon as he was able, for there was a hole in his waistcoat pocket ... At eleven Mr. Henderson and Beaumont who had come down with him, came up ... and all went on board the Satellite, which is the tender that takes the passengers on board. The Asia was lying up the river, almost opposite Rock Ferry. There was a great many passengers, and a very nice looking set they were ... Col. Moodie was on board too with his wife and children. Mr. Henderson met his friend Mr. Campbell who introduced Bob to Captain Lott, and he gave him a place at his own table next to Col. Moodie, so he was fortunate to the last. The Satellite left within 5 minutes of our being on board and we soon reached the Asia. She is a splendid ship ... and everything so beautifully clean. He had a comfortable little berth, his bed in a box, looking glass, stool and corner wash-stand; we could not make out who his companion was. We stayed with him about an hour when the bell rang for friends to go on board the Satellite, and at ten minutes past two, we on board her and he on the Asia travelled in company a few yards, then she cast us off and steamed slowly down the river. The dear old boy bore up manfully. He looked very pale, and we could distinguish him in his white cap leaning over the side for some time. I think he left in

<sup>1</sup> a sewing box

very good heart, and hope and trust he may prosper.

From the time of his departure from England in 1858 Robert Burnaby wrote regularly to his family at home describing his experiences on passage and in North America in great detail. The whole value of the letters lies in the fact that they bring alive the exact flavour of life as it was in the 1850s and 1860s. For this reason they are reproduced as he wrote them without correction of spelling or usage.

“A VOYAGE UNEQUALLED”

~LETTER NO. 1 ~

Liverpool  
October 30 1858

My dearest Mother,

A last goodbye to you before I go on board. I pray God to bless and keep you in health and happiness, and that I may return to you before long, all the better for my trip. I start full of hope and confidence, and with sincere desire to do what is upright and good; and I pray that God will bless my endeavours. Kiss the girls for me, and ever remember, dearest Mother that “If I take the wings of the morning and remain in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there also His Hand will lead me and His right Hand uphold me.”

God bless you, dearest Mother, now and always, prays your

Truly affec. son,  
Rob. Burnaby.

~LETTER NO. 2 ~

Clarendon Hotel,  
New York  
November 12 1858

My dearest Mother,

The Asia brought us in safely at ten o'clock yesterday morning, after a voyage unequalled at this time of year for calm seas and favouring winds. After parting with Mary and all of them and straining my eyes longingly at the dear old shores, I got your letter which was real comfort to me, for I felt a little down. It was so good of you to think of writing to me on board. The trip across has been most pleasant. I was at the same table with Col. Moody and his wife, Capt. Gossett and do., Mr Crickmer the chaplain and do., all en route for Vancouver, and very excellent friends I am with them all. Gossett is an old Marplot of Dick's, and promises to keep up his character. I think there will be a row between him and Moody before they have been in Columbia very long; but he may get better, tho' at present he is queer. I soon levelled him, he was rather high and mighty at starting, but we came to an understanding very shortly and no doubt shall pull along. The rest of our party was Yankee, consisting of Mr Tiffany, niece and nephew, a great heiress Miss Hutchison, Gourdin, John Julius Pringle Smith, and Harlestone, a very pleasant batch of intelligent

men, all Southerners, talking of rice plantations, negroes and cotton.

Now to describe my sensations. I dined in mortal fear, but the sea was quiet and the Asia gently passing over it. So all through the afternoon and all Sunday, though every mouthful was a source of inward dread. Monday morn I got out of my berth sick at heart, dressed with an effort, result a few preliminary symptoms, up on deck without breakfast but advised to try some, so down to it. No sooner seen the tea and toast than my spirit (residing in my stomach) rose and I fled away. However, I struggled on deck again and by 12 o'clock was so far recovered as to venture successfully on lunch, from which time till I left the ship yesterday, I kept steadily well, tho' we had some gales and a little pitching and tossing now and then so that beyond a few hours nausea I was all right, and Mary's chloroform remains untapped. So far as I can see things, I am in hopes they promise well: Col. Moody and all the officials are most friendly and disposed to assist me in every way; and he has already thrown out hints about my being on the Executive Council, as representing commercial matters, etc. which will give me a position at once.

The news in this place from Frazer River confirms the good discoveries, but speaks of much difficulty in working it, but this we shall see. I have made a most valuable acquaintance in a man named Trutch a civil engineer in the United States service, and who served and surveyed for them for many years in Oregon. He is to come out as chief of the survey and to have the allotment, etc. of land, and is my thorough friend, ready to serve me in any manner. He has given me a letter to his brother, also in the same service and now out at Victoria, so I shall get on I really believe, with the help of a little patience and discretion.

On the evening we left, we passed the "Canada" on her way home and exchanged signals, rockets, etc. and many were the thoughts and wishes that flew over the water to her on her homeward course. I often thought about you all, wondering what you might be doing and shutting my eyes, fancied the rushing of the waves in the ship's wake was the wind through the avenue at home.

From what I see of New York and the Yankees I think them and it eminently practical in every thought and action, but there is very much more to dislike than to like as I at present think but this will be a matter for more details. My health is and has been most excellent, thank God, and tho' I let stubble grow for ten days I was sick of it and am now clean shorn again. We leave this for Panama per the Moses Taylor on Saturday the 20<sup>th</sup>, all going together.

Dearest Mother give my best and loving remembrances to one and all and look out for another epistle in a day or two. Till when, believe me always and everywhere, your very loving son,

Rob. Burnaby.

~ LETTER NO. 3 ~

Clarendon Hotel.  
New York  
November 15 1858

My dearest Sisters,

According to promise I will now try to tell you a little about our trip across, and what this place is like. The Asia was described to me by an old Yankee who knew her well, as "never brilliant, but always respectable", a worthy character for a ship or any other "she". In her saloon 146 passengers dined and amused themselves with plenty of room to spare. My berth consisted in possession of half an area of about 7 ft. by 6, and the sole occupation of a shelf 6 ft. by 3, in which I was supposed to sleep, or to lie and heave if Nature gave way. The Captain Lott is a fat jolly chap about Tom's size, dark, with a double chin and a cut of face Jewish, but something of the Napoleon type, I mean the old Napoleon. He presided over our table, a man not very communicative but quite pleasant, strict in attention to his duties, and rather short if questioned about the ship or his business. At his right, Master Tiffany, a sallow faced nephew of old Tiffany next but one to him, Miss T. intervening. He is a nice youth, educated at Geneva, 14 years old, sharp in his ideas and brisk in his replies as all Yankee boys are. He was very sick for 5 days, and was very scarce at meal times, but he picked up his crumbs at last. Miss Tiffany, his sister, is a southern heiress, crossed in love it was whispered, and probably true, for she is now somewhat stale for an heiress, and her charms are in the fall, as they say here. She is dark, with a large mouth and coal black eyes; and though not absolutely passé, for you can see she has been handsome, is pretty far gone. She was very chatty and lively, far too tough to be sick; and her manners left a favorable impression of American ladies, tho' rather free and easy contrasted with ours. Uncle Tiffany, grey headed, iron grey, bald forehead, piercing eyes, red face, long iron grey moustaches and imperial, no whiskers, the picture of a wiry captain of French Dragoons for which we all mistook him, a man who had travelled much and consequently very wide-awake, the life of our table for fun and apropos remarks. To his right sat Mr. Hutcheson, a Southern merchant, for all the world like Uncle Beaumont stepped out of his grave, a man of the old American school, always polite and attentive, inquisitive and opinionated, full of information about Queen, Lords, commons, and military matters that we Englishmen were quite misinformed about! His neighbour Mr. Gourdin was the pleasantest man at the table, so kind and quiet, and with a clear head, discoursing simply and with ease on the most elaborate questions. He is dark just streaking white, with hook nose and heavy features; to crown all he (as all the Yankees at our table) is a slave owner. O Beecher Stowe, retire

for the nonce! I had a good deal of conversation with him on the subject of slaves, and he quite confirmed my old views that Uncle Tom is about as reliable a picture of slave life as the Police and Criminal reports are of London manners. Passing on we come to a thoro' Yankee in name and nature, John Julius Pringle Smith, the usual type, lank hair, hairy mouth and chin, soapy face and hook nose. He is taciturn and listens to nothing that is not founded on fact or logically demonstrable, yet he is a kind-hearted nice fellow, and has the sterling qualities of a real man in him. That is one side of our table. At the bottom at the other side sat Mr. Harlestone, a tall red faced man from Carolina with little to say, but at all times amiable, who was sick two days, squeamish three, and commonplace all the rest. Next to him your affectionate brother, and to his right, Capt. Gossett, who is to my mind an odious man, full of self conceit and irritability, and who, in my opinion has got "a tile off". His first greeting to me was queer. He said something to somebody about Ceylon, so I knew my man and introduced myself. "Ah", he said, "I know your brother. He and I are not very good friends." "Sorry to hear that", I answered, "But that's no reason you and I should not be", and so we gradually got on, he reserved and bearish, I quiet and civil. When he swaggered and talked as tho' he would patronize me in the new country I made a point of showing that Govt. business was bad and we didn't care for it; but if I could do anything to give him a lift in the way of getting stores over for him I would. So bye and bye we got to understand each other, and are now very fair friends. He is a very clever man, but he was queer when Dick knew him and Ceylon has finished him off. Mrs Gossett is a very tall young woman, coarse as a cook maid, tolerably pleasant now she is not sick, which she was from Holyhead to Sandy Hook. They have as fine a boy as ever was seen, who has been in the four quarters of the globe before he is a year old. If he doesn't turn out to be a traveller, who should? Col. Moody, her neighbour, is a very delightful amiable good man, and his wife a sensible, handy, cheerful, lady like woman, both of the right sort in every respect. He is a very religious man, but does not go in a canter, views low and somewhat methody, but sincere and practical and therefore of course respectable. From all I see I do not think he has quite enough energy and go in him to settle the colony off hand as it ought to be done, he is timid and rather uncertain as to the extent of the power entrusted to him, but you will find that what he does will be well done and will not need mending. He has been most kind to me and will assist me in every possible way, I feel certain. He and Gosset will have a difficulty evidently. He told me the other day how grieved he was at Gossett's manner during the whole voyage. He quite ignored or else talked down the Col. and you would have thought, as everyone did, that he had got his appt. solely by his own merits, and that it was a very grand one, whereas he followed

Moody from place to place begging to be taken in any capacity, and it was contrary to the wish of the Govt. that he got his berth, which after all is nothing much. The last pair at our table are the chaplain and his wife. He is a pet preacher of Marylebone, with a ready patter of twaddle always at his tongue's end, a man of some parts and imagination but all diluted with this conceited smirking stuff. He has got all the formulas of the low church and Methodist school, and introduces them into his sermons freely, and each of the Sundays before the sermon on the Asia he gave us an extempore prayer in the approved verbose style. However he, like most, means well, and the diggers will take the nonsense out of him. His wife is Spanish, tolerably good looking but weak in the head. She will never make a colonist, and when I tell you that tho' when she came to England a few years back she could speak nothing but Spanish scarcely, she has now quite forgotten it and does not care for it, you will see the sort of folk she belongs to. This completes our table. Besides these we have on board Mr Cochrane, a Scotch civil engineer and his wife, a raw Highland woman with Highlands in her cheekbones, he a shrewd practical man and now a great ally of mine. Mr Trutch, a man of Devonshire family but now at Chicago in the service of the U.S., who will soon be with us to superintend the survey. I am better friends with him than with any of the others as he is quiet, smart and very clever, and altogether just a man after my own heart. A young chap named Etroyn, son of a colonel in the artillery, who was in the line but overstepped it and is going to remodel himself in Columbia, makes the last of our party and a very united and happy one we are I assure you. We leave here for Panama by "Moses Taylor" on the 20<sup>th</sup>.

Now to tell you of our life on the Asia. Exactly at 8 o'clock every morning a knock at the door of the berth, and a steward's head looks in. "8 o'clock, Gents". So we up. My companion, a Yankee Jew of the Sam Slick school, guessing and calculating vastly, but we agreed well enough all along. Breakfast going on in the saloon from half past 8 till half past 9. Everything you could want and a little more, then a short walk on deck till 12. Lunch, soups and nicknacks, and some excellent Devil every day. More walking, talking and reading, etc. till 4, dinner. A large bill of fare including all sorts of entrees, etc. (N.B. Things getting stale from the 10<sup>th</sup> day). A moonlight stroll on deck, gossips clustering round the funnel and ventilating every possible subject. Tea at half past 7, reading, cards, etc. and bed as you pleased. Every day alike, with the unwearied iron arm thrashing the sea, and the sky and waves always in one's mind. You saw them, changing it is true and full of grand varieties, but yet ever there haunting one's dreams even as the water dashed against the sides of the ship. The only breaks were a sail now and then, and signals, porpoises, the daily observations for the ship's course, and such like. We had a newspaper one day got up by a Mr. Smith of Staf-



fordshire, his father the owner of Shenstone Hall. He was acquainted with the Dyotts and Tennants, and asked me to see him on my return home which I hope I may live to do. We had also on board Sir Francis Sykes and his brothers going to shoot bears, etc. Trutch whom I spoke of knew Leicester well and used to visit the Douglas' of Harboro'. I shall not soon forget the thrill of delight on getting up last Thursday morning and seeing Sandy Hook, blue and quiet in the morning mist. It was real luxury to look again on something substantial, just as a man goes at a mutton chop after a course of slops and stuff. New York harbour is very fine, a broad bold entrance, then a passage through a strait called the Narrows, and you open into a splendid charming bay with wooded banks on each side, dotted over with villas and queer-looking houses, all shapes, colors and sizes, but exactly like pasteboard or toymshop villages. Not a substantial look about any of them, save here and there an occasional stack of red bricks with holes in it for windows. Passing the forts and giving the usual salutes, we were in time landed on the great continent in a dirty shed, the first printed notice that met my eyes in the Land of Liberty being "Beware of Pickpockets." After getting my baggage thro' the Custom House (congenial and suggestive process) Trutch and I passed thro' a crowd of "rowdies", i.e. waiters, chiefly Irish, and per carriage to this place, crossing the water, carriage and all, on a huge steam ferry. After refreshing, we strolled down Broadway. He sent a telegram to his wife 1000 miles off for 8/2. We had a gin cocktail, sublime compound of gin bitters, brown sugar and ice, and then he showed me a few of the New York sights. Now time and paper alike forbid that I should go along about New York with you this post. My next despatch will embrace that much. But I will just say that from the specimens seen on board and here, I like the Southerners better than these Northern men, in spite of their slaves. They are more polished and enlightened and less "smart", which is an American name for selfishness and over reaching. Yet from all I encounter from every side, here are evidently all the elements of a very great and prosperous people, who will go on advancing, quite capable of holding their own and everybody else's if they can get it. In short they will go straight ahead and pile on till they bust, and they won't bust yet, depend on it. I continue well and hopeful for the future. News is not quite so good, but that is to be looked for. This must be taken as an "all-rounder" and embraces all the love to everybody that I can put in for the postage. My next will be to Tom, when you shall hear about New York and hotel life, with particulars of prospects etc.

Ever, dear Sisters all,

Your fondly loving brother,

Robert Burnaby.



~ LETTER NO. 4 ~

Steamer "Moses Taylor"  
otherwise "The Rolling Moses"  
Caribbean Sea, one day's  
steaming from Panama  
November 27 1858

My Dear Mother,

Perspiring in the tropics and this vile vessel rolling to and fro, if I write legibly it will be a miracle; do not look therefore for an intelligible despatch. I purposed in my last to make this a catalogue raisonnee of New York and its inhabitants; but as I cannot do justice to that abode of the blissful Yankee now, it must be held off till dry land and steady head favor the attempt; and while in full suffering of the miseries of this floating abomination, let me tell you how we have undergone every species of inconvenience and discomfort since we steamed in her down New York harbour on the 20<sup>th</sup> of this month. Our cargo consists of a large company of strong U.S. Soldiers and poor emigrants forward, separated from us happily by a wooden barrier, but from whom balmy breezes occasionally penetrate, seldom indeed but mighty strong; then we have a motley lot of second class passengers male and female, chiefly bound for San Francisco, but among them two additions to the B. Columbians, one Mr. Bushby, a young chap going out on spec, who was introduced to me before I left, and one Mr. Bedford, formerly in the 92<sup>nd</sup>, a man of good family and very fast habit cricketer and sportsman knows Finnie well. I dare say you know him or find out about him. He is going to the West to subside, and is uncommonly amusing and droll, but very go-ahead in all his ideas. I fancy he will take to a hunting life. Our first class companions are all sorts, Jews plenty, Spaniards going South, Yankee men and "gals" in heaps. The latter is a curious style of being, loud in dress and in talk and very free and easy in manners and ideas. One Yankee here has been delighting us; he carries a 7 shot revolver in his breeches pocket and has about 3000 dollars about him all in gold. He brings out the rouleaus and shews them. I said "You have lots of money about you". "Why yes" said he, "Dam! I'm quite lousy with gold". "I'd like to scratch you", I said. "Would you" said he, and out came his pocket friend which he clicked 7 times in my face.

This is a horrid tub of a boat, the fare high, and everything screwed down to the meanest. Dinner and feeding filthy, meat fat cold and raw, water yellow, coffee mud, tea thin, liquors bad dear and scarce to be got, servants uncivil and inattentive, berths confined and ill found. I share one with Col. Moody and so am in luck, for the vessel is overcrowded, and some people are put into places to which the veriest dog-hole would

be a palace.

I was very sick on Sunday, not getting up all day, but I mended on Monday and have been jolly ever since. We had a splendid passage down to the Bahamas and on Thursday passed Cuba, which looked magnificent. We steamed by it at the Eastern end for four hours, and I shall never forget the sunset. We were within a mile of the shore, the evening rays lighting up the rich luxuriance, not a cloud in the sky which was of every lovely hue, the dark blue overhead ripening into the richest and most transparent violet, out of which, even before the sun touched the sea, the evening star shone like a gem; then the sun himself all in a blaze of red and gold gradually dipped down into the sea, blue as the sky but white with foam, leaving as it went the most gorgeous streaks of vermilion and purple. I am writing this letter to save the mail from Panama which we shall reach to-morrow. Everything goes on well and I have the confidence and friendship of Col. Moody, who is a real good sort.

I never was better, am hopeful and happy, although believe me, dear Mother, I often think with longing of the happy home and dear faces I am leaving. I hope and pray to revisit ere long, and to find happier and dearer. Fancy in November we are sweltering, every now and then driven from the deck by sudden storms and tremendous rain which clears up and dries as quickly as it came. As we near our El Dorado we hear conflicting stories, not very encouraging ones, but we learn from all we hear that the capabilities are immense if properly brought out.

Love to all.

Your ever affec.

Rob. Burnaby.

~ LETTER NO. 5 ~

Bay of Panama  
November 29 1858

My Dear Tom,

I wrote from "Moses" in anguish, as it was thought we should start from this at once, so there was no help for it; but as we are delayed, waiting for another steamer and are likely to broil and stew here till tomorrow night, we will return to New York, though my pen itches to go on about the beauty of these tropics.

My memory has suffered from "Rolling Moses", past and present seems curled up together; but I can remember enough to assure you that after all the swagger of the Yankees, New York and Broadway are not up to a Londoner's notions; the shops are fine here and there, and

the West (fashionable and sunny) side of the street crowded with smart folks, but the whole affair is just what it looks, a medley and a mess; a fine house with grand white marble front elbows a seedy iron one, and nothing about looks substantial or real, all showy and extempore, men and women especially. The horses are small and tremendously dear, and I did not see one really good turn-out in the streets the whole time. Now and then you might see a genuine Yankee trotter in a light hickory trap going over the ground at the rate of knots, but there is none of the good style of turn-out you meet in Regent Street nor anything like the ghost of a Barclay and Perkins dray horse.

Everything has a bustling look as much as to say "House run up in a brace of shakes, never mind Posterity, it won't bring us in cents, look smart, do and don't be done, it pays to be showy but it don't to be solid, get out of my way or I'll tread on your corns" etc, etc. Broadway itself is well paved, but all the other streets are villainous, some full of ruts even, and yet the rates for roads and paving and the machinery for conducting matters are heavy and elaborate; but all the money goes into the pockets of the executors, and all the citizens are aware of the fact, but they are powerless to prevent it. In this free country there are plenty of laws but it is next to impossible to put them into effect. As to the vote by ballot and freedom of election about which John Bright talks so glibly, there is no place on earth where there is so much corruption bribery and intimidation. There are 50,000 Irish Catholics in New York, every one of these rowdies has his vote, and the President is more afraid of priestly opposition than of anything else. You may fancy the state of things when I tell you that every Govt. office changes hands each election, and it has been known even that all the lamp-lighters went out with the ministry, so great is the jobbery and scheming for places. You get from place to place in the town by omnibus or car, no cabs, only carriage and pair at exorbitant rates. The buses are very fairly horsed and the fares very low. You may go from one end of the town to the other for 2½d. You pay as you go in. A strap attached to the door and fastened to the driver's arm warns him of every introit or exit, and he looks out for his cents accordingly. The cars run along the principal streets or rather avenues on iron tramroads. The plan of New York is that all the principal streets running from North to south of which Broadway is the central, are called avenues, and numbered 1<sup>st</sup> Av. 2<sup>nd</sup> Av. etc; and the streets at right angles to these running E. and W. are called streets, 1<sup>st</sup> St. W., 2<sup>nd</sup> St. E. and so on. So that if you want any given house on being told it is in 27<sup>th</sup> St. E. 5<sup>th</sup> Av., you can find it at once by going up the Av. and coming to it in regular course. These trams run along the Avenues, and you pick the one you happen to want. A great convenience is that these trams connect with all the railroads, which run thro' the streets and across all the chief thoroughfares without being in the least fenced off. The brief notice

“Look out for the Locomotive” keeping all the world on their guard. The “Engine” as they call it is smaller than ours, and the whistle is a bellow like a bull’s, and as they go along a bell on the top sways to and fro to give travellers warning. There is no waste of money in fine stations or conveniences of any sort, a simple wooded shed answers for the purpose.

We all put up at the Clarendon Hotel. I got a fair bedroom with bath Hot and cold, etc. out of it. At half past 7 a man goes all about the house, a huge place, ringing a bell. You get up and make your way as soon as you can to the dining-room, a long room covered with floor-cloth, white walls in panels, and iron roof, painted in white and violet, looking like a handsome moulded ceiling; long tables with small arm chairs, something short in the back and all-rounders. People dropping in and going out continually. Irish waiters in white jackets, one to every 3 or 4 chairs. You sit and peruse bill of fare, plenty of variety, 5 or 6 sorts of fish, do. of made dishes, hominy mush, buckwheat cakes, and all the rest. You order what you fancy, say some smelts, mutton cutlets, fried oysters, hominy, buckwheat cakes, hot rolls and tea, all these appear each on a small white dish, all the service of white; just like those coffee cups of the Potters. You fall to and eat till Nature gives in. Hominy is pleasant, Indian corn boiled seemingly with milk, eats something like rice, but rather shorter. Buckwheat cakes thin, like a pancake and a trifle smaller than a muffin, eaten with butter and molasses and decidedly good. Everybody eats in a hurry and gets out as quick as possible. Only at our hotel folks are more civilized than at most, and behave decently. There is a reading room in which are piles of all the papers. A bar in the corner consisting of a small counter and with half a dozen black bottles, some tumblers, a filter of cold and an urn for hot water. If you want to liquor, you touch the bell lying on the counter, and in comes the barman. You order your cocktail, which is nothing but a dram with a bit of ice and a dash of bitters in it, bolt it, and cut. There is a nice drawing-room for the ladies, well furnished with handsome piano, etc. and a room for gentlemen to lounge in also. If you like to come in for lunch you find the table spread with lots of little dishes of cold meat, etc. and you go in for bitter beer which is very good, but costs 1/6 the pint bottle. Dinner at ½ past 5, served exactly like the other meals. The Yankee women after feeding gather up fruit, etc. and bear it all off to eat by themselves in their own rooms. Tea at ½ past 7, and supper if you want it til 12 o’clock. Altho’ you live well and get plenty, there is no sort of comfort and nothing like a home notion from first to last. The charge for bed and board is 10/6 a day, but they threw in a load of extras. My 9 days stay cost me as many pounds. Of course the national institution of the spittoon appeared in every room, but the majority of the operators preferred being independent of it unless it happened to be quite handy. You may perceive how far the habit prevails when I tell you that on board “Moses

Taylor" it was the business of one boy with mop and swab to clear the deck of results. The entertainments are few and not over good, nigger minstrels tolerably amusing but rather monotonous. Theatres pretty fair, at two of them pieces by Tom Taylor, one called the Yankee Cousin, full of good hits. You pay  $\frac{1}{2}$  a dollar and have the run of the pit and boxes, the only reserved places being the reserved boxes and the stalls. There are concert rooms where all the waiters are women, and the chief patrons Germans who drink Lager beer and smoke stale pipes for hours; a stage at one end, niggers, dancers, comic singers and sentimental Do. and all the entertainment for 5d.

To give you a general summary of what I thought of the New Yorkers – the men are of a decidedly mongrel breed, and consequently nothing to boast of; their manners at home and at hotels is based on the continental plan, a mixture of French and German habits grafted on to Anglo-Saxon ideas, and resulting in anything but satisfactory ways. In business they are straight forward and very quick, but quite ready to get a cut out of you by all possible means. Doing a deal in credit, a vast lot of the currency is the dollar note on every imaginable bank, all as black as ink and soft as tinder. The ladies dress outrageously and their crinoline passes belief. The commonest children in the street are perfect balloons, and as the ladies whisk along they make extraordinary revelations now and then, and it is whispered, not unintentionally. They are good looking certainly-but the children are precocious, faded and are quite passee for the most part before they are 30. They look brazen faced all of them, and reminded me very much of the questionable habituées of Regent Street and Haymarket, and I find I was not singular in that idea. Rumour also gives them a very free and easy character. They are prudish no doubt, but all of them are flirts and a vast number of them go-ahead.

My opinions on the whole are against New York itself and its inhabitants all; and as one fellow remarked, it makes one sick to think they speak English. Still there are all the elements of a very powerful people, which will never be great in the real sense of the word. Every boy is trained as a marksman, and they form themselves into target clubs, while at school. Their standing army is the laughing stock of the people, but on emergency they would muster a million of irregular troops, and all good shots, in no time. The Secretary of State at Washington told Col. Moody that he did not know one public servant whom he could trust, and when you talk to the people you find all have the same low ideas of public morality. Mr. Rutherford's letter was of good service to me. The Messrs Cochrane were civility itself, introduced me to California merchants, cashed my notes and did all my commercial errands for me most satisfactorily.

I ought to have told you that the churches and chapels in New York are all very fine as a rule, and numerous. I went to the old Parish church

(Trinity) on Sunday morn. The Liturgy is based on our own with here and there a verbal alteration, sometimes for the better. The Lord's Prayer is not so frequently repeated and the Anthanasian Creed omitted. In the Apostle's Creed "He descended into Hell" is omitted at the discretion of minister and congregation. In the communion office the Scotch form is used with the Prayer of Oblation etc. before Consecration. We went into a variety of fine edifices expecting to find our service or the Roman, but the general result was a sort of rostrum at the extreme end from which a Presbyterian or Methodist was haranguing or preaching a prayer. Most of the sermons are political or metaphysical they say. The other day a preacher was fired at for denouncing slavery. I had the luck to hear a good and sound sermon. I feel how imperfect my account is, and how uninteresting a use I must have made of my materials; but I am obliged to throw in whatever comes upper most. I still continue well and am going to try and write to Mary. The heat is terrific, and we are being detained for a New Orleans boat. Everyone is grumbling, for the climate is trying.

As we near the goal we hear hopeful accounts. All love to everybody. I am thinking of you all today 30<sup>th</sup>, and you no doubt of me.

Ever, dearest brother, your loving

Rob. Burnaby.

~ LETTER NO. 6 ~

P.M.S.S. "Sonora"  
Acapulco  
December 7<sup>th</sup> 1858

My Dear Sally,

We steamed out of the Bay on the 1<sup>st</sup> of Dec. at half past 1, all of us most thankful to leave and to feel that we were making way again, for even in this intense heat where one can scarce lift a finger or summon an idea, you have the comfort of knowing that the steam arm is at work bearing you on towards the goal. And we are nearing it now as we skim over the calm Pacific so lovely as its deep blue waves just ripple in the hot sunshine, with occasional glimpses of porpoises, flying-fish, and numbers of strange birds. We speculate each to the other on the probabilities and promises of the land we are seeking, and from all we hear our hopes do not diminish in the least. You will have seen the accounts of all our party which I have already sent. We have had some additions at Panama. Mr. Cooper, the oldest colonist of Vancouver, whose evidence was taken by the House of Commons committee, and who has now been



appointed harbour-master, with a wife and four small children. He is a jolly, vulgar, farmer-like man, formerly a skipper, his wife a fat red-faced pleasant woman, having I should say plenty of the woman's weapon, tongue, well spiced, at her command. Mr Defries is another, a keen Jew on the look-out, the sight of whom gives me hope for the Colony, for where the business is thither will the hooknoses be gathered together; he is an essential snob, and thrusts himself forward in the most inveterate manner, much to the disgust of Col. Moody. As you leave Panama, the vessel threads its way through a cluster of islands called the Pearl Islands, all most exquisitely covered with green foliage down to the very water's edge. We coast the shores of Central America, occasionally getting sight of land. All Sunday we were crossing the Gulf of Tehuantepec, and a poor fellow died and was thrown overboard in the grey morning. Yesterday we were moving along the coast of Mexico all day and could see the high mountains in the distance with clouds resting on them, but it was hazy from heat and the view rather obscure in consequence. We are now reaching Acapulco, where we stay to coal, but as this must be posted before we land, I can tell you nothing about the place till the next letter. We are better off in this ship than on "Rolling Moses". We have a large dining-saloon on deck, larger than the Asia's, with a high deck over that on which we can sit or lie under the awning. We rise at 7:30, breakfast 8:30, lunch at 12, dine at 4:30. Grub indifferent, wine dear and bad, and ice which is an actual necessary of life is [one shilling]. Still we were so wretched on board the other ship that this is a Paradise. We have a strange medley on board, farmers for Oregon and the West, but chiefly the passengers are migrating to, or on return to California, or Cal. as they always write it. They are a busy bustling inquisitive lot, and you cannot be in any group for five minutes without the conversation turning on money. If they want to emphasize any reply they say "Yes Sir" with tremendous emphasis, but if they want to be more than usually impressive, they say "Yes Sir-ree". Shoals of babies and children on board, all spoilt and brought up in absurd notions of vanity. You can see children not 4 years old with gold rings on, even among the steerage passengers. We had service on board twice last Sunday morning in the saloon and afternoon forward, a fair congregation. Our chaplain Crickmer officiated. He does not improve in preaching or praying on acquaintance, being too fond of extempore empty nonsense, and of introducing very wordy prayers before and after his sermons. It was most interesting in the afternoon, the reading desk was a small table covered with the Stars and Stripes, and grouped around on the deck, sitting or standing in every sort of attitude, was the most fantastic collection of creatures, rough sailors, emigrant women and small children, foreigners, Germans and Spaniards, and a number of specimens of the genuine digger, with his scarlet shirt open at the throat and his open manly hairy face, and

his loose fitting clothes with his large boots and his trousers tucked into them. They all paid the greatest attention to the service, which was the more impressive as one of their companions had died in the night. We reached this place while I was writing in the early morning, and are now lying in the harbour, the sun just rising behind the hills. It looks pretty, and is noted for sharks which swarm in the bay. In my next I shall send full accounts of the town and so on, and shall hope to be able to say something of San Francisco. Thank God, my health is the best. I have escaped the fever altogether so far, and the only inconvenience I feel from the heat is a number of small boils that break out in my whiskers and eyebrows, on my forehead, in my ears and other uncomfortable places.

This must go the rounds. It bears my best and dearest love to you and all in the dear old country.

Ever, my dear Sally, your truly loving and affectionate,  
Robert

~ LETTER NO. 7 ~

International Hotel,  
San Francisco  
December 19<sup>th</sup> 1858

My Dearest Mother,

This will be the last post before Christmas, and it brings you all the fondest thoughts and the heartiest prayers my love for you all can suggest. It is most probable that we shall spend next Saturday on the Pacific in the Panama steamer, which ought to sail tomorrow but is not yet in harbour but expected hourly with news from Victoria. We all keep in the most excellent spirits and continue a very united party, the only difficulties being the Gossetts who hold themselves aloof from everybody, are proud, disagreeable and trying to make mischief. Happily he is most unpopular with everybody he meets, and any hopes he may have of injuring Col. Moody or thwarting his plans will very certainly be disappointed.

My last was sent from Acapulco, a small hot Mexican town where we stayed for about eight hours to coal. The bay most lovely, with green isles and groves of cocoa-nut trees down to the water's edge, the place itself small and dirty, very picturesque at a distance, basking in the sun, but smelly and disagreeable on closer acquaintance. The natives swarmed round our ship in canoes selling fruit, pines, oranges, bananas, etc. and you would have laughed to see about a dozen of them in the water diving for money thrown in, the copper-coloured wretches showing the soles of their feet perfectly white as they went head foremost down. Shoals



of all sorts of fish swimming about them, occasionally a shark or two who has the good taste to leave the natives alone, having a weakness for the flesh of white men only. The town lies close to the sea, a portion of it hidden by a projecting point of land, and as you row to shore you gradually round this and see the houses stretched round the little inner bay. To the right there is an old Spanish fort of considerable size but now dilapidated and used as a prison. On all sides the mountains are covered with low brown bushes. We walked up one ravine above the town expecting to get a view of the country, when suddenly we came upon a precipice and beyond it the blue Pacific as far as one could see. The inhabitants are a curious mixture of Spaniard and native, for the most part a degraded and idle people. Some day or other their land will fall into Yankee hands and will not run to waste as it does now.

Our passage from thence to this place was along the coast, a bold rocky ridge of mountains the whole way. We put in at Manzanilla, a little quiet place where the Mexicans ship dollars to San Francisco, across the Gulf of California and not a sight of land for three days. On Tuesday morning we were coasting again and ran more or less near to land till on Wednesday morning we reached the "Golden Gate". The whole coast was wild and volcanic looking unrelieved by verdure, but parched and covered with these brown looking shrubs. But when we steamed through the Gate and up the Bay of San Francisco all the grandeur of these rocky shores appeared to us for the first time. The bay is broad, and the smooth sea ripples in the sunshine, while of either side great mountains tower up with every possible variety of light and shade playing over them. We particularly noticed one bright in the sunshine, whilst its summit was wrapped in cloud gradually drawing up. So you steam up, the shore being broken up into fine sweeps and little bays. You pass two islands each very strongly fortified, and at last, turning a point, you see the whole city of San Francisco dotting the hill sides and extending far into the sea. The town is an extraordinary mixture of wealth and neglect, tumble-down houses and magnificent interiors, streets nothing but wooden platforms rotting with damp and deep with mud. All the pavements with few exceptions, and the carriage ways also, are of wooden planking. It gives you just an impression of what is the fact, a city where none of the residents have any permanent interest, who are there to make all they can out of it and do as little as possible for it. You find large stone buildings and handsome shops, but as in New York, they are jostled by rubbish on every side. In this hotel we are fairly comfortable. You live as well as in New York with every luxury for about 12 shillings a day exclusive of wine. I have made plenty of friends and receive the greatest kindness from everybody. There is Mr. Vidal, an old Etonian at school with Tom Burnaby, up here, who has been most civil to me; he leaves for England soon and talks of going into Leicestershire; I shall

give him Tom's address and ask him to see you all, as you will like him, and to hear of me. Mr Daniel Gibb to whom I had business letters has been most hospitable, he has a wife, sisters and a mother living with him, all of them very nice good Scotch people. I fraternise vastly with the Yankees and have made sworn friends of many of them, and am already bound to one of the editors of a paper here to send him letters, etc. I dined with him yesterday at a restaurant and we had as good a dinner as the best London house could turn out.

To tell you about myself. I never had better health and am not one atom altered. You would not see even the slightest difference between my appearance now and when we said good-bye. I am clean shorn and look as mild as ever. One man on board the Sonora, looking old enough to be my father, proved on enquiry to be two years my junior! As to prospects – Frazer River excitement was such a mania that it could not do otherwise than react. I have conversed with numbers of intelligent men from there, who all agree that the whole country is rich in gold and every mineral, and will make a great start in the spring. I am sanguine of ultimate success tho' prepared for a rebuff or two. Some of our party are thinking of returning before seeing the place; they have no grounds for such absurdity and should never have started. Col. Moody continues to take me very closely into his confidence, and to consult me on a variety of questions. I am going to write him a paper on the tariff for the colony. If we succeed commercially, I hope to take a good standing directly. Darling Mother, may you and all I love so well realize the many blessings of this happy season, and it comforts me to feel that on Christmas Day I shall be thought of at more than one fireside at home. God knows how fondly I shall remember you all, and how my heart will yearn to be with you. This will be when I return, as I mean to do, with God's blessing, successful.

Ever, dearest Mother  
your fond and loving son,  
Rob. Burnaby.

“SECRETARY AND CONFIDENTIAL”

~ LETTER NO. 8 ~

Hotel de France,  
Victoria, V.I.  
26<sup>th</sup> December 1858

My dearest Mother and all,

For this must be a general epistle briefly to announce our safe arrival here on Christmas Day, a happy omen we unanimously agree. Although prospects are dull for the present, wintry weather driving the diggers from the mines where they are unable to obtain any provisions or necessities of any kind. We had a very stormy passage up from San Francisco, leaving on Tuesday at ½ past 4 and getting into Esquimault Harbour at ½ past 10 yesterday morning.

The whole of our Christmas day till ½ past 6 in the evening was spent on a wharf, cold and wet, waiting for the steamer to arrive which was to bring us on here, so we had plenty of time to examine the far-famed harbour, which agrees very well with the descriptions you have in those books about this place. As you approach the island you see a broken hilly country, covered with pines and very Scotch looking. To the right lies the entrance to Victoria harbour, and to the left that of Esquimault, neither of them visible to uneducated eyes till you are almost in them, rocky and pinous like the rest. You go through a somewhat narrow channel, and then the bay appears stretching round and breaking up into inlets here and there, dotted with white wooden houses. It seems however that we have not seen the whole of the harbour yet, but that it stretches inland to a long distance, round a point that we did not get to. As we entered we bore round to the right, on our left lay the Satellite and the Plumper, and a joyful sight it was to see the dear old flag again; and pleasant as the day drew on to hear the drums and fifes and the hearty cheers of the crew keeping their Christmas. The vessels were both topmast down, and had bunches of green on the masthead. All our thoughts travelled home, you may well believe, and I pictured to myself your own happy circle, where I know I was well remembered and talked about. They landed us in a wooden stage or wharf made of the finest pine logs, such monsters; on one of the rocks lying bare in the water near the shore, was the name of the Trincomalee, the ship Beaumont's brother was in here. The only buildings near the shore were 2 or 3 unpainted wooden ones, a storage, a liquor shop, and one or two small huts.

The road through the pines more than ankle deep in mud, weather tolerably mild, occasionally a very heavy shower, than sunshine again,

but nothing to be called inclement though the hills are streaked with snow. It is decidedly milder than it would be in England at this time. Col. Moody and Captain Gossett started to see the Governor, Mrs Moody, Crickmer the chaplain and others going on board the Man-of-War, while we bachelors were to wait till the steamer came for us; and so we did, as I have told you, occupying the time in occasional visits to the liquor store, seeing after luggage, and short, very short trips into the roads, where the mud and filth soon defeated us. Bedford got a Rosinante, a return hack, to Victoria and rode on to secure quarters for us. He started at 1, expecting to see us in an hour. A few squalid Indians paddled about in canoes, and we saw some fine salmon in them, and since then we have tested and can safely say that its fame is justly great. At last the steamer grunted alongside, it is a small brown-paper sort of affair, knocked up to meet the excitement last season, the engine a railway locomotive set afloat, and turning paddles instead of wheels. The captain, a thoro' going Yankee skipper, all smartness and pluck. The passengers many of them diggers from Frazer River, frozen out now but going back again in the spring, such picturesque looking fellows with fine manly faces, bearded, with red and blue shirts, etc. just as you see the drawings of them. A chap was selling apples which they were buying at a "bit" or 6d. a piece. You can get nothing under a bit which is the smallest recognised coin, all the reckoning is in dollars or bits even here as yet. After a deal of clatter and having once to set the engine going by heaving it up with a wooden lever, we were jolted into this. It was pitch dark when we arrived, but it was cheering to see lights and symptoms of habitations, for up to now our minds were ill at ease and dull as we would allow ourselves to feel, but we were becoming jolly under the circumstances. Bedford was waiting for us on the wharf, and each of us shouldering his light baggage we picked up our way up to the street. Turning a short way along it to the right, we came into Yates street, quite lively looking, wooden stores, and fair looking wooden houses on each side. The streets an excellent width, about as wide as the Strand at Temple Bar, if not wider, roads in course of Macadamisation and in some places terribly deep in concentrated mud, footways of good plank and clean, but difficult at the crossings. Up this street about 250 yds. passing a veritable doctor's shop, blue bottles, etc. and all, turning around again to the right and a little way along, here we are. Expecting to find a horrible mess we come to a very decent comfortable restaurant, which if it were not of planks and generally of fragile character, would do very well in Les'ter Square or Soho. Before long we were hard at our Xmas dinner, consisting of good soup, salmon, boiled turkey, steaks, mutton, fried potatoes, apple fritters, rhubarb tart, apples, nuts, etc. lots of bitter beer, and "cafe noir" to wind up, and all for 5/6 a head. Our sleeping costs us a dollar a night, more of that anon. I could dilate on the glories of that dinner, but time

and space being valuable you must imagine it all. We did not forget all friends at home, depend upon that. After this we sallied forth because we could get no decent liquor wherewith to brew our Xmas punch and we soon got to one of the regular mining grog shops, full of fellows in broad brimmed hats and every imaginable shape, and in the usual digger dress. We all round a stove piled with logs, drinking toddy, good Scotch Whisky too, and smoking. I have indulged in that luxury to a very small degree as yet, but I quite expect soon to go in for it, this damp climate sets it going beyond a doubt. We had a deal of talk with the digging rowdies, the chief topic they delighted to hear about was prize-fighting and Bedford was well able to enlighten them on that point. Back to our Hotel, we looked out for our bunks. Mine fell to be on a table in the coffee-room where I slept most happily and soundly all night long. Four of the others were in a small room, two on the floor and two in beds, this arrangement will hold good, for this night also, after which we hope to find some quarters or other where we can establish a bachelor's hall. Up this morning in decent time, we got a first rate breakfast and then to church. Bushby and I paddled through the mud to it. It is built on a hill a short way removed from the town at present, on a very fine site overlooking the town and the bay. It was most comforting to hear the service once again on terra firma, and I believe we all uttered our earnest thanks for our arrival here in health and safety. The church straight up and down, wood without a whitewash within, lancet shaped windows of the country methody chapel style. At present business here is all at a standstill, nothing doing whatever; there is not therefore any immediate prospect of making money, but people here and all along are expecting things to turn again in the spring, and there is yet no call at all for despondency. The rush of last year will be succeeded by a steady movement this next, and the gold is there beyond shadow of doubt if it can only be got at, and that will be done soon. Everything has been delayed on the mainland, but now that Col. Moody has come, things will progress if they are to do so at all. I shall tell you all about Victoria and the people here in my next letter. I have seen so much and so many new faces since leaving, and my brain is still so addled with the steamboat's motions that I fear my letters are vague and unsatisfactory, indeed I feel that so far I have not in the least realised what I wished to tell you; but it is difficult work writing as I now am with a load of folks talking, laughing and drinking all around, and not an instant to be got for quiet reflection. Rest assured that up to this I am well satisfied with my trip which has opened up my ideas, and I trust will tend eventually in many ways to improve and sharpen the wits. As yet the prospects of substantial results is rather distant, but there has not yet been time enough to look about well to form much opinion as to that. If anything seems more extraordinary to me than another it is, that notwithstanding this vast

distance and the strange folks one sees and things one does, I cannot find as yet any change in my ideas, but can shut my eyes and think and recall everything as I left it at home, and act here in the same impulses and in the same manner. Of course it is only natural, but before leaving once fancied that all this change of clime would entirely alter one's self, which it seems is a fallacy, and bears out the old poet's saying that you change the sky but not the mind.

Many happy New Years to you, my dearest Mother, and to all, and may it please Him to keep you in health and to reunite us, who alone can order our coming and going. Ever dear Mother with all the love I can think of and which I cannot express,

your truly affec. son,

Rob. Burnaby.

~ LETTER NO. 9 ~

Victoria, V.I.  
Jan. 22<sup>nd</sup> 1859

My dearest Mother,

I was delighted to get your letter of the 12<sup>th</sup> Nov. with such good accounts of everybody, and I trust that mine have reached you by every post, as I have not failed in writing. Before finishing this I hope to get some more as the mail is just in two days earlier than was looked for, and they only give you about two hours to write before they leave, so I am now going it rather in a hurry. Everything continues at a standstill, very few arrivals and no bustle, all expectation as to what the spring will bring forth, Col. Moody is up Fraser River, partly to settle as to the town, and also to quell a riot going on amongst the miners. He is most kind and friendly to me, and I hope eventually to reap something from his advice, but as yet I have not been able to make one penny. I am now on the look out for investments, and hope to turn up trumps in a month or two. I have for the past fortnight been in close bargaining with a Yankee to buy a steam sawmill from him, Col. Moody having recommended that as a paying affair. He tried hard to hook me but I was as deep as he was, and we could not come to terms. I found out that his engine was a poor one, and luckily did not make a hasty bargain. This mill is beautifully situated up the arm of the sea past the town here some two miles. You row along past no end of pine trees, beautifully grouped, interspersed with Indian huts, and now and then a squatter tent with the blue smoke curling amongst the dark green trees, past a most picturesque little island, an Indian burying ground, lots of canoes gliding about, and



Indians fishing and dredging up oysters, etc., the oysters very small and hard to open but sweet and good. We paid two visits to this mill which was sawing up great logs at a great rate, the circular saw eating into the solid mass in the cleanest and quickest manner. The owner, one Mr Donahue, treated us liberally, taking us into a log house and feasting us on salt pork and beans and good coffee. I spent a week trying to get the best of him, but although he tried his hardest to get over me, he couldn't do it. Tell Tom I have done nothing in the fishing way yet, it being too soon for fly and there being no ground bait to be got. I have been quite gay since last letter, two or three times to the Governor's where they are most civil and hospitable. The young ladies are queer specimens, not the least feminine in their ideas, but lively and fond of larking with propriety. They tell a capital story of Agnes the eldest, now about 17 but looking 22; the admiral came here, having only one eye. When she went on board to see him he said, "Well, is an English admiral what you expected, or did you look to see a monster with two heads?" "No," she said "but I thought he would have two eyes". We have round games at cards and singing, etc., plenty of fun and no restraint. I have met Col. Hawkins of the Engineers who knows Dick and Hugo well, and was very glad to see me. I shall go and dine with him next week. Our party is gradually being dispersed, most of the men who came out with us are gone up the river, some as Special Constables, and Bedford as Justice of the Peace for Langley. We miss him excessively, and our evenings round the stove here lose a great deal of their fun now he is gone, but we are very jolly still. We have had one new arrival, a Mr Heaton, some connexion of Lord Derby's, who has just been appointed sheriff. Curiously the first thing he had to do officially was to sit upon the corpse of his predecessor who was superseded for drunkenness, and died the day after very suddenly. I mentioned in my last that Mrs Skinner, a farmer's wife out here, was Miss Lowdham, niece of old Mr Lowdham of Leicester, of whom I had often heard. I dined with them the other day. People in their way live most comfortably, but he does a good deal in the whisky toddy line. We dined at three, our party consisting of the purser of the Satellite (Mr Hill), Heaton the sheriff, and one other. After tea at 9 we adjourned to toddy, and about 11 out goes old Skinner rather the worse for wear, and brings in a bottle of champagne and a huge demijohn of whisky to our amazement; we are forced to finish the champagne, and it is hard work to go to bed without a go at the big bottle, but we finally get him to retire. This however is an exceptional case, as we have generally had very rational and quiet evenings. The other night at Mr Cridge's, the parson, we had some good violincello playing and glee singing in which you may be sure I took a part ferociously. Last night Bushby and I dined on board the Satellite with Captain Prevost, and a very pleasant evg. we spent, sleeping on board and returning this morning. I cannot tell you



how very lovely Esquimalt Harbour looked in the moonlight last night, with the sharp points of the trees against the clear frosty sky, dark shadows on the deep waters of the bay, and lights twinkling here and there on the shore. I got a better idea than before of the size of the harbour, which I told you was disappointing at first sight. I hope by next mail to tell you that I have got some land there, as I am now in treaty for two very eligible waterside lots.

You will I know be very anxious to hear about prospects, but in that I must wait patiently. Everyone here is quietly lying by, a few people are investing money, but no real business on the stir or money being made. But I am most confident as to the great results of the spring and summer when the weather is favorable. One arrival of miners 80 in number from Australia, and others on the road. Meanwhile I like the climate on this island and its scenery is lovely, nothing can be more splendid on a clear day than the view we get of the snow-streaked mountains on the mainland, the land of promise.

This post brings me a letter from Mary dated the 18<sup>th</sup> November, with good accounts. You cannot believe how welcome it is to get even a line, nor how we eat up every atom of news in the papers.

I have business letters to finish, and so dearest Mother, must think of ending this. It leaves me well, thoroughly well, happy and full of hope and energy, and although at present I have not been able to do much, I am getting experience and see the way the cat is going to jump. I want to write to Harriet if I can, and to Beaumont also, but they are wickedly quick at closing the post.

Dearest Mother, with every fond wish and loving prayer for your health and happiness and with love to all and everybody.

Believe me always,  
Your ever loving son,  
Rob. Burnaby.

~ LETTER NO. 10 ~

Victoria, V.I.  
22<sup>nd</sup> February, 1859

My dear Tom,

Since my last letter a fortnight ago things have been much as usual, excepting the publication of the long looked for Proclamation with reference to the chief town on Fraser River, a copy of which I send you by this post. News of a very cheering character reaches us continually from the mines, and there can be no doubt that, with the spring, there

will be an immense yield of gold. At present a few people arrive and none go away, so that altho' nearly stationary the action is in the right direction. I continue in a state of idleness as far as actual work goes, but am making plenty of friends and gradually getting at the bottom of the prospects and politics of these diggings, which is a complicated and hard task, requiring much patience and care. Col. Moody takes me altogether into his confidence and now that business is so slack and likely to be so for awhile, he wants me to be his private secretary, and has made application to the Governor for it. All the men at present surrounding him are the nominees of Douglas, and take care to watch him closely and report all they see and hear, and Moody is afraid that they will try to oust me and to put in another of the Governor's creatures which he is determined not to stand. Begbie the Judge is a thorough courtier, and works the crooked policy against Moody, and like the rest is doing all in his power to retard B. Columbia and to build up this place, which is the stronghold of Hudson's Bay interests, and where all the old set, from the Governor downwards, have a great landed stake. Probably before I finish this, all will have been settled. But I won't bore you with politics any more, better to say something about general topics. Last mail took home a very nice fellow named Lennard, brother of Sir Thomas Lennard. I sent a parcel containing three silver bracelets for the girls home by him. Before he left he gave me a splendid single barrel rifle made by Piper of Cambridge, with which I hope to become expert one of these days. He will perhaps tell you of a most amusing escapade of Bushby and me, how we were summoned to a Police Court and so on. Lest he should miss it I will tell the tale.

You know the description of house we are living in: bachelor's quarters with a common corridor, having a stove in the middle round which we gathered at night, smoking and singing; the place being the resort of the naval officers and all the best people in the place. About six weeks ago our sanctum was invaded by the arrival of a Mr Copland, who is what the Yankees call a Sydney Duck, i.e. an emigrant from Australia to the States, gives out that he is a barrister and lawyer, hangs out his flag and brings a virago whom he calls his wife to live here. She is a tough, coarse-featured, juvenile-old woman, brazen faced and loud voiced. Of course our entertainments went on as yore. She soon began to show fight, pushed him out into the passage and made him send for a policeman, after which, as of course the Police could not interfere, we sang more songs and sturdier choruses. Next morning the chief constable comes to me, "Good morning, Sir, will you take a drink?" "With pleasure", said I, wondering what this could mean. After our drink he produced a summons, and gave it me with many apologies, saying he could not serve it without some token that he was only doing his duty, and sorry for it. Half an hour after, I get an invite from the Magistrate who granted the

summons, asking me to lunch, where we talk matters over and have a laugh at the whole affair. It soon gets abroad. The whole bar and roll of attorneys volunteer their gratuitous services, and everybody in town offers to come and swear to character if they can't to fact. Morning arrives and the court is crowded, with a "crowd of witnesses" a select audience, to whose and our excessive disgust, Copland declines the fight, and does not appear to support his charges, others of a heavier sort he has to pay in the shape of considerable costs.

The Yankee custom of Drinks is a curious one. A chap meets you and after a short pause "Well! Take a drink?" or "Let's liquor". In we go to a bar, for it's not manners to refuse. A bottle is given you and you take as little or as much as you like. You wait till all glasses are filled, then he says "Well! My respects!", or "My regards", according to degree of familiarity, and off you go again. Liquors here are good but dear, all 6d. a glass, 3s. a bottle, very good whisky for 4s. a bottle, bad brandy, and all wine but champagne which is excellent at 12s. a bottle. Breakfast consisting of fish, toast, coffee and buckwheat cakes and molasses 2s. dinner from 2s. to 4s. very good. We yesterday had Mock Turtle, smelts, beef and bread pudding for 2s. Everybody here is most kind and attentive to me and I have quite as many friends as I want, and those the pick of the place. Still continue free to go to the Governor's any night I choose. The other evening I had a rubber with the old boy and he played well. But our general amusement is a round game with the young ladies with whom I get on very well. Mrs Dallas the Governor's daughter has just got a little girl and I am going in a few minutes to enquire after her and it. There was a Ball or Assembly here the other evening. In a wooden shantie they call the assembly rooms, just in the rear of our house. The approach to it being by means of friendly planks laid down in the mud. The proportion of ladies to gentlemen was as the plums to flour in a workhouse pudding, consequently the Naval and Military men had things all their own way. It certainly is astonishing to see how well the native young ladies have picked up style and so forth. They dance elaborate dances, Redorvas, Mazurkas, etc. The toilettes varied, in some few instances tolerable but for the most part independent of modern fashion. The majority of the belles are belles sauvages, and you can detect in their black eyes, high cheek bones, and flattened head whence they came. However they are very pleasant companions and certainly better than none. We have been blessed with some new arrivals in the Tribune and Pylades, both from China. Harvey, the doctor of the Tribune, is an old messmate of Hugo's and so is Owen of the Marines. Of the latter detachment of 150 came in the Tribune with eight officers, Magin, Blake, Bazalgette, Owen, Cooper and three others I have not seen yet. I might go out every night if I liked, but unless under special inducements it is not pleasant to make trips into the country, having to return at night. Our last affair of that sort

was with Lennard. He and I, armed with lanterns, dined at Esquimalt with Hawkins and the other fellows of the Boundary Commission. It was pitch dark when we left, lanterns lit, and clad in big boots. We had to find the trail thro' the bush, which was only to be done by keeping the light close to the ground and following the beaten track step by step. Of course we soon lost it, but knowing the bearings we foundered thro' the forest, over pinelogs, thro' brushwood, across swamps, till we found ourselves in the open road and got home thoro' mudlarks. You would fancy that wading thus thro' the wilds we should come across Indians and animals, but we never saw or heard a living thing, nothing to break the silence of the woods but the rustling of the pine trees, and the sound of our own passage thro' the dry leaves, sticks and underwood. The sound of the wind thro' the fir forests is very curious, just like the roaring of a heavy sea upon a reefy shore. It is very peculiar also how suddenly the wind rises here. The night I spoke of just now, we lit our lucifers in the open air at 12 o'clock, not a breath stirring, and in half an hour it was blowing hard enough to bring the house down.

It is astonishing how many people one meets in this out of the way spot who know places and folk you know. The other morning at breakfast I got into conversation with one of the recent arrivals and he said he came from Liverpool. I asked if he knew H. Marshall. "I should think I did", said he, "for I am Henry Marshall also and he is continually getting my things and I his, as we live in adjacent terraces". He talks of going home a short time in the autumn and coming out again, so I shall have opportunities of sending things by him. Another great friend of mine, George Heaton whom I have spoken of before, who has been appointed Sheriff of Vancouver Is., was some years at the Collegiate Leicester, and afterwards at Sydney Col. Oxford. Begbie was at college with you, and so was Crease a Cornishman, a thickset black haired man getting plenty of practice here as a barrister. I often think of you as I go into court here and listen to the "ould ram" who sits devoid of wool or other judicial raiment, with a smiling red face and a pair of good spectacles. His name is David Cameron, brother-in-law of governor Douglas. He was bred to anything but the law, and was pitchforked into the judgement seat in the days of yore when no one dreamt of gold excitements. By dint of patience and calf-skin he has picked up a tolerable smattering of law, and does quite as well in his way, if not better, than a chairman of Quarter Sessions at home. We are expecting spring with anxious longing, but the weather here is of the most changeable sort. It has never been severely cold but much the same as at home. One peculiarity is that the rain and storms generally come on at night. The sun is very warm even now but the wind is chilly. We started yesterday afternoon for some riflshooting on the shore in the most splendid sunshine. We had only time for two shots when a most tremendous squall of snow and wind swept upon us from

the sea, and we had to make the best of our way home, not without a bit of a ducking.

We have a Philharmonic Society which meets in the assembly rooms aforesaid. We are practising three choruses, the phantom chorus from Sonanbula, one from the Siege of Rochelle, and a German song. Last night we had a practise, after which they played a polka or two and quadrille, upon which we had a vigorous "stag-dance", which was great fun. There are all sorts of rumours afloat as to the future, and people are divided in opinion as to whether the Head Quarters of Government and Commerce will be here or at the new town on the Fraser. Moody of course is all for the latter, and so am I and all the English merchants who have come out since the rush; but I have got two bits of waterside at Esquimalt which I shall eventually use if the tide sets that way, or sell in the Spring if I see the reverse if likely to take place. We have got a Canadian Indian from far away up the country now staying in our rooms, he is a fine fellow with raven black hair and such eyes, speaks broken French, and tells marvels about quartz and gold in the upper country. I should like to keep him as a servant and bring him to England with me one of these days.

I never was better in health nor happier save when I sometimes think of you all, but I am borne up with the hope that tho' as yet I have made only small progress, the good times are on the road to reward me for the deprivation of seeing and being with you. You must give all sorts of love in every degree to everybody. I have just been in with Col. Moody who tells me he has made application for me to the Governor, telling him that I am the only person in the colony in whom he feels sufficient confidence to entrust with all his private correspondence, etc. The Governor is holding back his reply, and if he refuses I intend for a short time to take the berth for nothing, persuaded that it will eventually prove of the greatest advantage. It will at any rate give me the opportunity of seeing the country and being thoroughly behind the scenes. No fishing yet, and shooting not to be had near here. Roads still vile, and excursions into the country quite out of the question.

Ever, dear Tom, with fondest love to dearest Mother and all,  
your truly loving and affec. brother,

Rob. Burnaby.

Moody has just seen the Governor, and "things promise well" but nothing yet decided. I got Sally's letter after the last post closed. Thank her for it.

## ~ LETTER NO. 11 ~

Queenborough<sup>2</sup>  
10<sup>th</sup> March 1859

My dearest Mother,

I have actually at last exchanged the semi-civilised state of life in Victoria for thorough forest life in camp on the shores of the Fraser River. The mercantile prospects of this part of the world did not promise immediate opportunities, and I could only remain quiet for some months with an occasional speculative dab, so when Col. Moody offered me the post of his Private Secretary giving me £250 per annum, free travelling with him about the Colony, and board and lodging the greater part of my time, you may be sure I was pleased enough to take it, especially as it gives me the means of all sorts of information which I could not otherwise be in possession of. I shall therefore I hope be able to send you more interesting letters of excursions up the country among the miners and all about. Our party consisting of Col. Moody, Lieut. Blake of the Marine Artillery his aide de camp, Mr Nichol, Sheriff of British Columbia, and myself, left Victoria on Wednesday March 2<sup>nd</sup> for Langley in the Hudson Bay Co.'s steamer "Beaver". Among the passengers were two Wesleyan missionaries going up amongst the miners, and a great lot of the miners themselves. You will see by the map our route from Victoria to the Fraser, through the islands, very pretty the islands are, all covered as usual with thick pines and cedars. About 2 o'clock in the afternoon we anchored in the heart of the islands, just where there is a channel into the Gulf of Georgia, and we went on shore and had a long walk through the wood over Saturna Island. Just down on the beach was a small group of Indians squatting round a fire, dirty as usual, and in red and blue blankets, in their canoes some fine codfish and oysters. We struck out into the forest, and for the first time got an impression of the real wilderness of the N. American solitudes. Occasional tracks of deer but no game of any sort in sight. We got back to the ship about 5 o'clock. It was very curious as the darkness came on to see the miners settling down for the night, arranging themselves into groups on deck under the tarpaulin, heaping together under their blankets on every side. By eight o'clock they were all fast asleep busy dreaming of the land of gold. Most of them are fine manly looking fellows, swarthy and well bearded. In the morning it was great fun to see them at breakfast, all catering for themselves and bringing out cases of sardines, biscuits and coffee from hidden stores. It was wet and wretched and very misty when we crossed the Gulf of Georgia and first entered the renowned "Fraser", so that all the magnificent range of mountains and uplands was lost to us. On either side of the mouth the land is low, open and swampy, but it

<sup>2</sup>Original unofficial name of the City of New Westminster



gradually rises and becomes densely wooded. You can scarcely conceive it, but what we in England would reckon the most sublime combination of mountain, wood and water become actually tiresome and pall on the taste, so monotonous and endless are they. It is quite refreshing to think of a green field and a glimpse of Salisbury plain or the great Sahara would be a relief, but in spite of this there is a great charm in the novelty of everything about one, and something stupendous in the unexplored magnificence of these Northern regions. The river varies in width from  $\frac{1}{4}$  to nearly  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile, and you see the Indians silently paddling along it, or sitting patiently in their canoes fishing for sturgeon. They have a pole about 20 or 25 feet long, forked at the end, and over each fork is fixed a movable barb with a long line attached, they cautiously poke this along the bottom of the river till they feel a fish, then they run the barbs into it and draw the pole out of the shank of the barb which remains in the fish, who rushes away drawing the line out and whirling the canoe along, always making for the shore where he eventually falls prey to the destroyer. It is early for them yet but the natives are on the look-out.

Our first destination was the new town of Langley, where Capt. Grant and a Detachment of Engineers are stationed. It is a desolate looking spot, swampy and partly cleared. We occupied rooms in the new barracks which are not yet finished, the Colonel and I in one small room, Nicol, Blake and Crease, a barrister, in another, all in the rough of course, just a wooden house, trestle bedstead, and some blankets. We messed<sup>3</sup> in the large barrack room, a long place with an open roof, much like a (church) schoolroom in the rough. At one end a huge fireplace without grate, where great logs of wood were continually consumed. Capt. Grant is a very good, rough and ready, go ahead fellow, very kind to me and altogether pleasant. I ought to tell you a little about this town of Langley as it is possible that eventually there will be a talk about it in England. The Hudson Bay co. have got a lot of ten miles of land near the site of this place, so when they heard that the Colonel was coming to lay out a town, they hurried on a survey of their own and laid one out before he came. We first hear of it at San Francisco, and Col. Moody was very much vexed. Soon after he came he began to attack it, not only on account of its situation being indifferent but because it is on the wrong side of the river and too near the frontier for political and military considerations. The Governor and everybody stood out against him because, they, with all the world, had speculated in lots. However, after an expedition up the river Col. Moody returned and after a deal of hardfighting wrung from the Governor and his crew an unwilling proclamation fixing Queenborough, as the future capital of the country and allowing all the holders of lots in Langley to exchange them if they like. The consequence is that in spite of all the kicking and scheming of Gov. Douglas and his crew, Langley is fast "caving in", to use a Californian idiom. They called this

<sup>3</sup>Dined



in derision the "Phantom City", I retort by dubbing Langley the "skel-ton town". So you have all that long story. We stayed at Langley till Tuesday. On Sunday we had service in the barracks in the morning and then pulled up to the Hudson Bay Fort. These forts were for years the only civilised spots in the country, from which the Co.'s officers traded with the Indians, and where they lived and kept their stores. Their way is, each officer has his bedroom, and there is one common room where they mess, etc. All their days are of a most methodical and old fashioned sort, and you meet strange fellows there. One old captain, the queerest fish, swears by the "ghost of Homer", and when excited says "dash my rags Sir!" My friend Bedford who is a magistrate up here, lives at the Fort and likes it. I send you for Tom's edification the copy of a letter he received from a woman living at a man's house in Langley, whom he wanted to get out of the place.

"To Judge Bedford, Fort Langley: Sir, I understand that you wished Mr Bolton to get clear of me, and that there would be Pease in the house. I would like to know how you can proove that. Maryan Pacey". (In America they always call a Magistrate a Judge).

In the afternoon we had a sort of service from the Wesleyans who really are most earnest and devoted men; they will be the first ministers up among the miners. They went paddling off in a canoe on Monday morning last. It is vexing, especially as we have an English clergyman who came out with us, but he is fond of popular preaching and that sort of thing, and has been bothering about being Rector of Langley and all that sort of thing, and so the dissenters got the pull, altho' he is more than half that himself. Now that I am more with Colonel Moody I like him better and better every day. He is an excellent good man, exceedingly religious, but without the least cant, very evangelical in his views but liberal and kind-hearted to all the world. I think we shall get on famously together, and it is more than probable if he should leave here, that he would try to take me with him. It is very nice to have this occupation to fall back on because it confirms one's position in the place, and as I before said, will give me very advantageous opportunities as regards business eventually. We came from Langley here on Tuesday and are now living in the most picturesque al fresco manner. But stop, before I go further I must introduce to you our factotum and general manager, Corporal Brown of the Sappers, the handiest man and the best servant ever seen. He keeps us all straight, makes our blankets, cooks, carpenters, mends clothes, and is always handy whenever you want him; you may think what a veneration we have for him. He is moreover slim and tall, upwards of 6 ft. high, extremely handsome and very good tempered. We are in a log hut on the bank of the Fraser, out of the window we can see Capt. Parsons' tent, he is the officer in charge of the survey, a very scientific fellow and most agreeable. Our living room is about 16 ft. square and

eight ft. high, very roughly built, an open hearth on which are burning monster logs fresh from the forest, on one side of it is my trestle and blankets, on the other, Blake's. Col. Moody has a small room to himself. We have capital grub cooked by Brown with the assistance of one of the Sappers. We have a stock of bottled beer, sherry and whisky, and so we go on famously. The back of the fireplace is a mass of mud studded with boulders of granite, at the present moment there are two cross logs four feet long and two feet thick, with 6 others of longer dimensions lying across them crackling furiously and giving out a good heat, not too much however, for the snow lies thick outside and the winds are very cold. It is difficult to believe that we are on the site of what will one day be a famous city, but so we all believe, and the Colonel is laying it out accordingly. Beyond ourselves and a straggling squatter or two there is not a soul about. The woods are all uncleared and densely thick, almost impassable, noble cedars and firs, maples, wild cherries, hemlock and dogwood, gooseberries, raspberries, and currants tangled together, such mosses, ferns and lichens, and underneath the snow already bursting forth, the tender shoots of the spring flowers. We row in a boat in front of the bank, and from time to time the Colonel lands some of us and in we go axe in hand, to see what character the land presents. Sometimes we come upon a deep ravine, its sides covered with tall trees, and lying on its banks a mass of decaying trees and new growth. At the bottom a little rivulet rushes along almost obscured by the tangled masses of branches and rubbish that have been falling into it for ages, but singing merrily under it all. Other times we stop at a swampy spot where there is thick undergrowth of rose trees and gooseberries through which we tear our way slowly and come upon a gently rising bank. Everywhere still the same huge trees rising up to heaven as straight as a line. The mind is continually on the stretch involuntarily. You can't help feeling as you look on these everlasting groves such a desire to know what lies beyond and within them. Since we have been here we have had plenty of snow and wretched weather, but in spite of it all we like it, and I am sure the climate must be healthy, for I never was in better health. It is an inexpressible feeling of delight to me as I write in this lonely spot and so far away from you, dearest Mother, to feel that affection can overstep distance and outlive time, for now my heart is warming to you as really and lovingly as if I were sitting by your side by the little fire at home. I often at night, as I lie in bed, just take a little skip across the continent and over the Atlantic, and making due allowance for the difference of time, just to join you all in what I fancy you are likely to be doing. Which is all a digression when I ought to tell you more about our doings.

Fancy the curious things that occur! Only last night after the Col. was in bed and we just getting ready, we hear two knocks at the door. "Come in" says Parsons. No answer, only a mysterious fumbling up

and down. After patient waiting in comes an aged Indian and a youth, a small Chinook dialogue goes on, finally the old' un brings from under his blanket a letter carefully wrapped in whitey brown paper, which turns out to be a hasty Summons from Crease the barrister for an axeman of Parsons to go up to Langley tomorrow as witness in a murder case. The Indians squat before the fire, get bread and tobacco, and talk to the "King George men" as they call us, tell us they have "kloosh tum-tum", meaning "good hearts", and finally go off to camp outside meaning to start in their canoe by day break in the morning. From our hut we look upon a broad long reach of the river  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile broad and five miles up. It looks as placid as a lake, and the wooded banks are reflected clearly back, behind are snow covered mountains called the "Golden Ears" and further back long and lofty mountain ranges, probably the Cascades. It is beyond these hills that the great diggings are. News comes down of rich discoveries and everything tends to prove that there is gold without end. This summer that will be fully set forth to all the world, as it is without doubt now to us who are on the spot.

I am longing for more letters from home with news of everybody and all that is going on. You must take care to remember me to all friends in Le'ster, Derbyshire, London and everywhere. I hope you have seen something of Beaumont. I have had 2 letters from him since I left but neither of them with much news, only business matters. I hope to get a letter from him full of London news, as also from Uncle Wright. I shall not forget Harriet, Rose and Mary on their respective days this month tho' it is rather far to send presents off in time. All my presents turn out invaluable. Tom's knife cuts away marvellously and I had your comforter round my neck today, muffities on my wrists, Sally's factotum and Mary's dressing case in my bag, and Kitty Dalby's pen my secretarial ally. You would laugh to see me in bright India rubber Jack boots ploughing thro' the snow at such a rate! Each time I bring my letter to an end I wish I could have said more and better, but this must do till I come home, which I hope to do ere very many years to find you, my darling Mother, and all I love, well and happy! which wherever and always I am, dearest Mother,

Your ever fond and loving son,

Robert Burnaby.

~ LETTER NO. 12 ~

Queenborough  
B. Columbia

20<sup>th</sup> March 1859

My dear Sisters,

Every day has added to the interest of the place, excepting the weather which has been unbearably wet and snowy. I send you with this a sketch of our log hut as it appeared a few evenings back<sup>4</sup>. It is drawn by my friend Crease the barrister. I do not know if I explained to you that I generally go by the name of John, Little John, or John Burnaby. Origin: Heaton the sheriff of Vancouver knew somebody in Yorkshire queer in her mind, and when she got excited she would rub her hands and say "John Burnaby's coming to dinner", which has passed quite into a proverb among my friends all about, as the moment he was introduced to me he set it going. Now to explain the picture. On the left between the long pair of waterproof boots is my Vade Mecum of Sally's make, the admiration of all hands. At the table with his back to you sits Crease, grog bottle between him and Dr. Mitchell, the surgeon of the detachment, sitting opposite. Blake, aide camp in red jacket, lolling on my bed, Parsons R.E. sitting before him. In centre at table, prog behind him, your loving brother. By the side of the fire scratching his head, Mr. Moberly a Canadian, clerk of the works. Sitting of Blake's bed, Col. Moody, the Hyass Taitu, in Indian jargon "the great chief". Next to him is his trusty henchman Corporal Brown of the Sappers. Altogether a very truthful sketch. Spite of wind and weather which is just now at the rainy change, we flounder over logs and through snow sometimes middle deep, looking over the site of the vast city which is to be, tracing ravines, through which swift mountain streams already swollen with the melting snow, rush down, and across which huge cedars and firs are lying, so that some conclusion may be formed as to the shape of the town and the run of the streets. All around us is the densest forest, and before us runs the mighty Fraser fed by innumerable tributaries. One of these we explored at the request of the Colonel last week, Blake of the Marines with Corporal Brown going off in a light canoe with one Indian, Crease and myself going in a larger one with baggage and provisions, having one Presse, an old Canadian Voyageur, and two Indians to manage the canoe. We took enough provisions for four days and started with a lovely day before us. It was hard work getting up the stream which was very strong against us, deep, brown coloured water rushing along as usual between banks most beautifully wooded. The debris of whole woods lying scattered across and on each bank. I suggested the name of the "Brunette" for the

<sup>4</sup>This sketch has not been located.

river which was instantly adopted. The motion of the canoe is very light and graceful, you must sit very still and in the centre, otherwise the frail affair rocks about and threatens to upset. My department was to take the bearings of the river by compass so that it might be mapped down afterwards. Our first stoppage, or portage to speak properly, was a monster tree all across the stream. Out we get. In doing so Crease jumps into the water up to his waist at which we laugh and he feels cold awhile; things are taken out of canoe and it is hauled bodily over the tree, we meanwhile cutting long poles for the stream has now become too rapid to admit of paddling. In we get and pole our way along. It was most interesting to see an unexplored river opening up gradually, turning tortuously round about, with most exquisite vistas formed by the sloping banks. The Indians push the canoes through the narrowest and most unpromising spots where you must bend your head low down as you pass under logs not an inch from your nose, in through rough branches overhanging the rapids. By and bye we stop to lunch, and pay attention to cold pork, biscuits and whisky, "Muck-a-Muck" as the Indians call it. This was about  $\frac{1}{2}$  past one. We started at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 8 and had got up to about  $2\frac{1}{4}$  miles, so you may conceive it was tedious work. Starting again after a quiet pipe we got over some  $1\frac{3}{4}$  miles more, when we camped for the night. Just before we stopped however my turn came. A mighty tree across our way, – out we get and stand upon it while the Indians and Presse struggle hard to get the canoe over it. Crease standing beyond me wishes to pass to lend a hand, but the log was snow covered and slippery and no room for a capacious man like him to pass me. However he tried and in I go into deep swift water holding on by twigs, and after a few stern struggles regaining the log, rather chilly for a bit but all in the day's work. Now we landed and set about choosing and forming our first camp, climb through the snow to a nice high point where we find a grove of cedars and firs, their centre being a natural amphitheatre. This is immediately fixed upon, Indians bring up the blankets and provisions and we all set to work. Now old Presse the Voyageur comes into full play. Before we have looked about us he has found a burned tree from which he strips great masses of dry bark, and in five minutes he has kindled a fire which the Indians adroitly feed by piling the fuel all round it in a conical form. Some of us cut branches from the trees which we strew all over the ground a foot thick, the nicest tree for this is the arbor vite<sup>5</sup>, of which I dare say you remember there were some nice trees round the grass plot at Quorn, only here they grow to a tremendous size. The leaves of all these trees are most fragrant and make the most luxurious bed a mortal could desire. Soon the tea is made and more pork and biscuit going the round again. Drinking utensils are scarce, one tin noggin, a canteen and lid of ditto, and the silver cup of a flask. Out come

<sup>5</sup>Cypress

pipes and with lengths laid all along our leafy bed we sing round the camp fire, pile up log upon log, and are quite jolly. A cold clear starlight night, over us the dark foliage with a young moon silvering the whole, the Great Bear quite overhead, and every star clear as crystal. Nothing to break the stillness of the forest but the rippling of the river below us, the rustling of the breeze in the pine tops above, and the occasional note of a lonely owl somewhere near us. In good time the blankets are produced, waterproof sheets underneath them, and we turn in just as we are, caps and all, and have a laugh at the good housewives at home who would shudder at the thoughts of putting us into damp sheets. My thoughts certainly wandered home as I lay gazing at the blue sky overhead, but the day's work soon asserted it's right and chased remembrance into dreamland. Once or twice in the night one of us gets out and heaps on logs, so that in the morning we find a fair foundation for a good blaze. The Indians have their camp near the canoes on the water side, whither we go for an *al fresco* toilette. Mary's dressing case was my constant companion, does its work to perfection and is not in the least the worse for wear. Breakfast done, roll up blankets, pack away traps, stow into canoes, and off we go, a heavy snow storm starting us, which fines down by degrees into heavy rain. Our cruise gets more difficult, water deepens and rapids increase, we have to get over several logs, by 12 o'clock we find the water deepening, widening and more still, and we gradually enter a noble lake about 3 miles long and more than a mile broad, all surrounded by hills and wooded down to the margin. On its surface quantities of wild swans and ducks, which scared at our approach, fled hastily off. Now prepare your minds for a dose of Vanity, for your name is immortalised in the Colony. The Colonel has decided on calling the lake "Burnaby Lake" and so it will figure in the map. It is possible that it will be an important place hereafter, as it is not above four miles from here across country, and may be the reservoir for supplying the town with water. All the day it poured and Blake and Corp. Brown were dying with cold, having had to struggle against the stream in a crazy canoe that leaked awfully and wetted them through and through. Hastily we chose a camping ground in rather a swampy spot, too near the bank of the lake, but no time was to be lost for the fire was much wanted. Presse and Brown were soon at work on likely trees, and the fire blazed forth in spite of rain and damp. The day before was well enough, and camping an easy affair, but now we had to pile the cut branches for every step we took the damp oozed up through the swamp. Besides we were in an exposed spot and the wind was keen, so forth we go and cut down piles of trees that a nurseryman would have given his ears for, and these we lug thro' the snow and lay all around our camp, heap upon heap, to keep us snug. Presse rigs up a slant on which we spread our waterproofs, we beneath it with our feet to the fire listen to the rain beating on top and



think ourselves well off. All about us vegetation is rich, cranberries, rhododendrons, wild raspberries and all sorts of fruits, looking dreary enough now but prolific no doubt a month or two hence. About 5 o'clock, we all sitting and growling at the rain, our Indians prick up their ears and we listen. Soon a sound, something like the barking of a pack of hounds, and we see overhead a flock of wild swans, about 100, who pass without noticing us, and alight at the far end of the lake. Of course we took out guns and are ready to go on a wild goose chase, hopeful of a savoury change from salt pork. Our scout looks abroad and sees the whole flock sailing like a fleet in full line down the middle of the lake, suddenly they come in a line with our camp – the blaze of the fire through the trees and the crackling of the logs startle them off, they rise with a yell, fly away and we see them no more. Not to be done, we sally forth, paddle along the edge of the lake in our canoe, and fire at the ducks, but luck is against the Pot, and we only get a small teal and a thorough wetting. So we return and dry our clothes as well as we can, some sitting in blankets, others in a more primitive attire, all jolly nevertheless, and the lonely silence of the forest echoed our songs till 10 o'clock. During our duck hunt, Presse the Voyageur had got at the grog, which made him funny and communicative. He is one of a singular class of men who have lived all their lives in this rough camp fashion, seems as if an iron constitution were united with a mind full of resources. Sallow complexion, dark piercing eyes, hook nose, long raven hair, a care worn expression in his face, spare in body, very quiet and always doing something. He has been many times over the Rocky Mountains, and seen forest woodman's life in every place. Soon after we came back he asked for the bear we had shot, as he would cook some of the paws for supper, and when the small teal was produced he very gravely pronounced it to be a very fine bear indeed. In the morning Brown had shot a woodpecker, so he began at him and said "Oh yes! No wonder to see the bear in the evening when Monsieur Brown had shot such a fine beaver on the top of the tree". This joke lasted us all night and the next day too, poor as it seems. He sang us some of the Canadian French songs, *Bella Fontaine*, and *Rosa Blanc*, and others which I shall some of these happy days to come, sing to you perhaps. Every night we had a good dose of hot grog with our pipes and songs and this night in the rain be sure we did not miss. Our fire crackled and blazed when we got to bed, it was at least four feet high and five feet long. All through the night the rain pattered down and I had a thoroughly damp bed of it, the drip from the tarpaulin trickling nicely into my back. This went on all thro' another day, vainly as we looked for a patch of blue sky there was not as much as would cover a flea. We went out duck hunting twice and got nothing and went to bed happy enough but disgusted with the turn of things. Next morning we packed up, pulled up stakes and made tracks, having got a partridge



before starting, which we fried with the bear and the beaver and had a lovely breakfast. Now our troubles were to begin, for the rain and melting snow had swollen the Brunette till she was a strapping wench and threatened to bring Blake and Brown in their rattle trap canoe to grief. We glided in ours beautifully down the stream, swiftly and easily, the Indians directing her with the utmost skill just as she seemed at a critical moment about to run on a snag or against a rock. Over rapids and under trees, down we went. Blake and Brown of more reckless stamp than us, hurried in their canoe over every rapid with only one Indian to help them. On a sudden we heard a shout, saw Brown on the bank, and learned that they were upset; lost two Lancaster rifles belonging to the Sappers a lot of traps, axes and so forth, the canoe quietly sinking under them. Luckily they were all safe on shore, and beyond the cold which they felt severely, were all right. An hour afterwards we were all home here again, had a huge feed of fresh meat and a horn, and a good laugh over all our adventures. We hope to have another very soon. There is no game much near here, but when you get far away, that is a mile or two, which as a long way through the forest, you may find deer, wild dogs and cats, and even a bear sometimes. So far as the Colony goes I do not think there will be much opportunity for great things for a year or two, after that for plenty, so I am well pleased to have my present pleasant position promising far better things if I like, and giving me all sorts of means for knowing what is going on. No letter for me by this Post much to my disappointment, more by the next no doubt. I hope very soon to go round the diggings and all up the country. As it is, the scenery is noble and very lovely, but it certainly palls on the taste, being monotonous in the extreme. But there are all sorts of amusements in store, and a happy and I hope a profitable time.

Write me letters as long and often as can conveniently and comfortably be done, as I know you all will do. God bless you all, and my dearest Mother; Tom, Dick, and all friends and relatives everywhere about - and so ends

Your loving Brother,  
Rob. Burnaby.

~ LETTER NO. 13 ~

Queenborough.  
B. Columbia

24<sup>th</sup> April 1859  
Easter Sunday

My dear Tom,

The last I wrote was so hurried and on ... a topic to me that I shall try to give you a long yarn, something more interesting and congenial. When we were last here, snow lay on the ground four ft. deep; leaden skies and continual rains were the order of the day, and a vile fog shut out the view. Now in the most delicious sunshine as warm and bright as the finest day in June, the broad river before us lies as placid as a lake. I am looking straight up a wide reach, and can see nearly 5 miles, starting at the base of the reach about 3 miles wide and narrowing up to little more than a mile wide. Four tiny boats with their white sails are on their way up to the diggings, in the extreme distance a little island called Tree Island, stands out in the middle of the stream and behind all the old mountains I wrote you of still sheathed with snow and clearly, sharply defined in every outline, rising peak above peak in the blue distance. In the woods the wild flowers spring up in thousands, the delicious "ribes" growing 7 and 8 feet high, full of bloom, wild raspberry with its bright pink flowers, mimulus, pansy, lily, some exquisite specimens all in trefoil, three leaves and trefoil flower growing between, perfectly white, dogtooth violets, purple flowers of the crocus tribe. The air is alive with the hum of bees, and humming birds chase each other in the sunshine; and as one walks through the thick woods, little squirrels run up the stately cedars and peer at you with enquiring eyes, and you hear now then the sharp tap of the woodpecker, a lovely bird brown and red. But there is always as you know a dash of qualification, so I must not fail to tell you of the mosquitos which buzz in thousands about one in the spring time, but take to biting when they come to years, I should say weeks of discretion. Poor insect! indeed!! Poor victim rather.

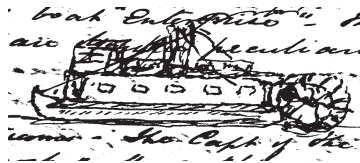
Being now in the midst of camp life and on the future site of a great city, I must try and convey to you some idea of our situation. Imagine yourself on a bank sloping down to the broad river, standing in front of a small wooden shanty. On your left a log hut, a little to your right a marquee (Capt. Parsons R.E. a delightful scientific man, the head of the survey, delicate and fond of blue pills and henbane); below you, its foundation cut into the bank, a wooden store house where the things from the "Thames City" have all been put. Behind you, stretching up into the woods and bearing to your right as you look on the Fraser, tent

after tent dot the ground, groups of Sappers around them, and sitting in the open air at their rude tables eating and drinking, camp fires sparkling here and there, and a lot of dogs about of course. The ground is fine sandy soil, everywhere little projecting snags threaten to trip you up. These are the remains of the thick underbush through which ... we pushed and tore ourselves six weeks ago. On every side huge logs and rotten trees lie about, being gradually consumed for firewood, and on week days the crash of falling timber resounds through the hills. You hear a slight rustle, then a louder crackle, then a tearing crash, and at last a dull bump as the monster reaches the ground. They have a plan of firing the trees, lighting the bark and letting it gradually burn. A few evenings ago we were dining on the "Plumper" with Cap. Richards, when we returned in his gig, one of these tall fellows was on fire from root to crown, and blazed out in the pitch dark night a great pillar of fire. Any one walking on a windy day is liable to get a knock, for these half charred pines are ready to tumble at any moment.

Beyond the camp two or three wooden houses for officers etc. are building, and on the space beyond Col. Moody's house is to be. Further on, still following the river, there is a deep broad ravine, with a swift shallow stream running through it. Across this, after climbing up the other side, we come to the Marine camp, where 130 men and 6 officers are stationed. This is an echo of the other camp, our bugles sound and straightaway you hear the Marines take it up, and they follow suit in all the little dodges etc. contrived in our camp. It is very pretty to hear early in the morning and the last thing at night, the calls ringing through the air, and making long echoes in the woods. I shall say more about echoes by and by. Leaving the Marines in their camp for the present, come along through the "trail" to the town. This has been chiefly cut by the Marines, it is a winding path through cedars and pine groves, over logs across small streams for about a mile. All the way we go the axe resounds on every side, and high fires are burning up the heaps of brushwood. So – there lies "the town" on the river bank, we wind down a slope to it, and behold about two dozen wooden shanties, with a sprinkling of tents and marquees, and here and there a canvas house, for all the world like Greenwich Fair. Here is the "Hotel de Paris", where the guests sleep under the tables at night, where they cook you *recherché* dinners in the back yard. Next to it a small "store", where you may buy hams, axes, beans, pork and flour, quicksilver, "gum boots" (India rubber), and all the mining luxuries. A little further the "Pioneer Saloon", where they dispense liquors, cocktails and beer, and around which you see the miners in their red, white and blue toggery, lounging and lazy, wondering over the "prospects", and some disappointed ones coming back full of wrath and growling. A nigger barber has a shop about 6 feet square, his chair made of a barrel covered with chintz, and his pole

a branch cut from a neighbouring tree with some red and white paper twisted round it. Custom House and Treasury are rising a little lower down, both wooden but very pretty places, all around them lie the great trunks of timber like corpses on a battlefield, and you clamber over them continually ere you reach the "public offices". Now there's a ringing of a fine toned bell tolling across the river, and you see a steamer, the "Eliza Anderson", bringing goods and passengers from Victoria, few passengers, most of them bound for the upper country. She lands them at a rough pier extemporised out of logs and projecting some 40 feet into the river. The mechanics of the pier are simple and rough, a great lot of rough logs just hewn down, fastened together into a sort of basket, floated far enough out into the river; then filled with big stones till it sinks. This forms a buttress upon which long trees are laid, and so in a couple of days you extemporize a strong pier out of the "raw material". It is astounding the way they run up wooden houses they are nothing more than exaggerated packing cases with doors and windows cut in them. One character, Mr. Miles Marcus Titus, a regular back woods man, makes us laugh all day with his queer sayings and doings. He has one eye only by day, the other never opens till night. He must by metempsychosis have a bit of the owl in him. He said the other day "Yas! I'll do it for you Sir, as soon as I've fixed a bite", meaning, got his dinner. And another job he was after he said he'd make quite an upright job of it. ...

Turn to the map of the Fraser river and you will see on the North or right bank the entrance of the Pitt River. Up this we had an excursion the other day, on board the stern-wheel boat "Enterprise". These stern-wheel boats are quite the peculiarities, something like this: and are built for the purpose of navigating swift streams. The Capt. of the Enterprise, one Wright, is the most coolly reckless man in the Colony. He steams along at more than "full pressure" on, suddenly a snag goes clean through the ship's bottom. "Mr. Doane Blankets" is all he says, and straightway the hole is plugged up with blankets and on she goes again. Mr Doane is the attendant sprite, always on the look out for these little emergencies. The other day when the Enterprise was "turned up", she had 15 big holes in her bottom, all more or less assuaged with blankets. The entrance of the Pitt is broad and deep, flat meadows on either side and the high hills rising suddenly on all sides. We pursue a winding course between the flats, and soon come to an advance guard of two little rocky islands. On every side lots of wild geese, ducks and divers. Now and then a canoe lying silently on the water with one or two Indians fishing, after about 8 miles we begin to get among the hills, and thence on to the head of the river and the



Rev. Thomas Burnaby  
(1786-1851), father of  
Robert Burnaby, c.1840s,  
artist unknown.

PRIVATE COLLECTION OF  
A.B. MCLEOD



Church and Rectory of Misterton, Leicestershire, England; birthplace of Robert Burnaby, c. 1800s, artist unknown.

PRIVATE COLLECTION OF A.B. MCLEOD

No. 5.

Hotel De France  
Victoria V.I.  
26<sup>th</sup> December 1858.

My dear Mother & all. In this  
must be a personal epistle highly  
to announce our safe arrival  
here on Christmas day. a happy  
omen or unanimously agreed.  
although prospects are dull for  
the present. Mining matters being  
the differs from the mines where  
they are unable to obtain any  
provisions or necessaries of any  
kind. We had a very stormy  
passage up from San Francisco.  
leaving on Tuesday at 1/2 past 10  
and getting into Esquimaux  
harbour at 1/2 past 10 yesterday  
morning. The whole of our time  
day till 1/2 past 6 in the evening  
was spent on a wharf cold  
and wet - waiting for the steamer  
to arrive which was to bring us

Example of a letter from Robert Burnaby to his mother, written from the Hotel De France, Victoria, V.I., 26 December 1858.

This was the first letter sent home from British Columbia. Note the addition of "No. 5" added by his family as they organized the letters as a record of his travels and adventures.

PRIVATE COLLECTION OF A.B. MCLEOD





Robert Burnaby, c.1863

*Colonel Moody chose him for his Private Secretary as he was "... the only person in the colony in whom he feels sufficient confidence to entrust with his private correspondence..."*

BC ARCHIVES HP3423



*"Colonel Moody appears to go lower and lower down, fails to fulfill all the promises he made, as to policy and action, and subsides into a mere listless ill-used non entity."*

BC ARCHIVES HP4059



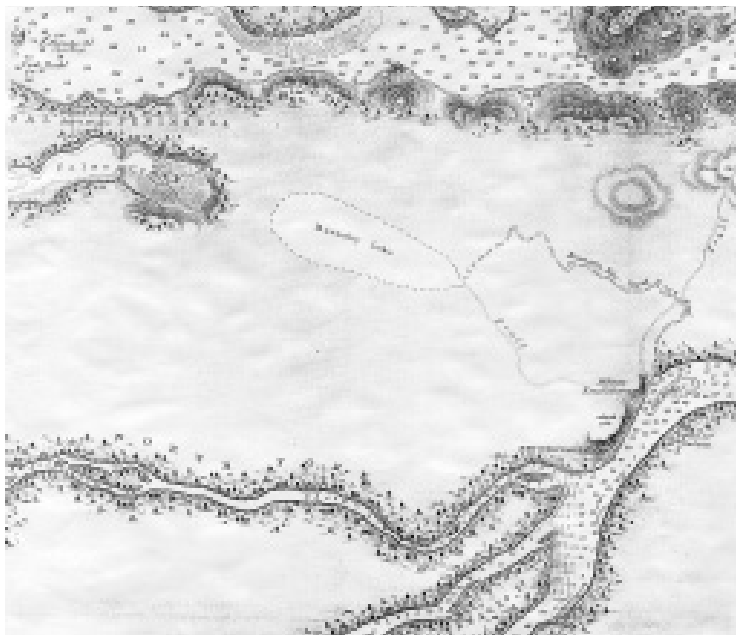
Colonel Moody, c.1863

Royal Engineers Camp, New Westminster (Sapperton) c.1864.

*Colonel Moody's house, later known as Government House is the large building on the bluff (left side of photograph).*

BC ARCHIVES HP9324





1860 Hydrographic Chart of Fraser River and Burrard Inlet shows the newly discovered, but not yet surveyed, Burnaby Lake and the Brunette River, and Burnaby Shoal in Coal Harbour.

*"Now prepare your minds for a dose of Vanity, for your name is immortalised in the Colony. The Colonel has decided on calling the lake 'Burnaby Lake' and so it will figure in the map. It is possible that it will be an important place hereafter..."*

VANCOUVER PUBLIC LIBRARY - SPECIAL COLLECTIONS



View of the City of New Westminster from the Fraser River, c.1860.

*"We hear this town is to be renamed New Westminster which we all think is absurd. If they had called it Canoe Westminster we could better understand."*

BC ARCHIVES HP33689



New Westminster, Government Buildings, c. 1862.

*Burnaby described these buildings as "...wooden but very pretty places, all around them lie the great trunks of timber, like corpses on a battlefield ..."*

BC ARCHIVES HP33683



New Westminster, Columbia Street looking east from Eighth Street, c.1861.

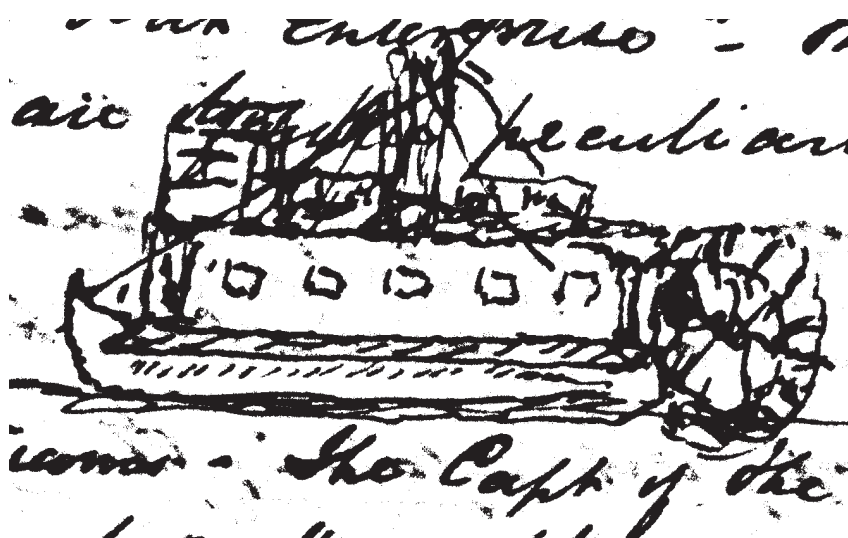
*"It almost passes belief to look at the site of our new city , just a burnt hole in the forest, as if a party of giants had been to a picnic and made a monster fire, all the twigs and firewood being left littering about"*

NEW WESTMINSTER PUBLIC LIBRARY #271



Map of southwestern British Columbia, 1860.

BURNABY COMMUNITY ARCHIVES



The stern-wheeler S.S. Onward, docked at Emory's Bar, Fraser River, c.1868

"The journey up river is tedious; the current is so steady that paddle steamers cannot steam against it , and stern wheelers make very slow time, but they feed and treat you well on board."

NEW WESTMINSTER PUBLIC LIBRARY #920



View of Wharf Street, north from Fort Street, Victoria, c.1865. Note Henderson & Burnaby's store and second storey warehouse addition as indicated.

*"We are in the midst of bricks and Mortar at our store, where there is a second storey being added to receive the various goods coming out in our ships."*

BC ARCHIVES HP8738



Robert Burnaby, with business associates James Lowe & Mr. Stahlschmidt, c. 1867.

*"I find Stahlschmidt such assistance to me and so good and high principled a fellow I have seldom met."*

BC ARCHIVES HP30004

Henderson & Burnaby.

# Ex "KINNAIRD," FROM LONDON, HENDERSON & BURNABY

Are now landing, ex "Kinnaird," the following Goods, which they offer at low rates :

## Clothing, Hosiery, Dry Goods, &c.

Men's Cheviot and Scotch Tanned Trowsers.  
" Black and Fancy Doeskin do  
" Blue Beaver do  
" " Costa and Vests.  
" Watney and German Flw. Bows and Dress-  
suits.  
" Black Cloth Frock Coats.  
" " " Walking Coats.  
" Fancy Cassin Suits.  
" Faint Knitting Jackets.  
" Blue and Scarlet Serge Over Shirts (dou-  
ble back).  
" White and Shetland Lambewool Knicker  
Shirts and Drawers.  
" Ribbed Shetland do do  
" Scarlet do do  
" White and Shetland Merino do do  
" White and Coloured Merino and Lambewool  
and Heavy, a large assortment.  
" Woollen Comforters and Quilts.  
" Cottonized Jackets.  
" and Youths **Orthosian** Shirts with  
**Gullars**, new patterns.  
" and Women's White Pocket Handkerchiefs, hem  
and  
" Woollen and Kid Gloves, various kinds  
" Hat and Caps, fashionable shapes  
" Fine Red, Brown and Fawnish Green  
Collars, Ruffs, &c.  
" Black and Fancy Silk Neck Ties and  
Scarves  
Ladies Black Felt and Straw Trimmed Hats  
" Velvet and Terry Millinery Bonnets  
" Tricot Clothing (Merino and Flannel)  
" White Cotton and Woollen Hosiery, a  
large assortment  
Krauch Merinos, Alpaca and Colours  
Winners and other Dress Goods, new kinds for  
Winter  
Flannels, Hatters, Harknack, &c.  
Linen Damask Table Cloths and Napkins  
Turkish and Muslin Towels  
28 and 49 inch Grey Calicoes  
5-4 Waxed Damask  
Fancy Wool Shirts, new kinds  
Belgoral Petticoats, Slips, &c.

Shedkin and Cloth Mended  
27 and 30 inch Cotton Sew. Ties  
Women's Esmail Elastic Side Boots  
" Kid do do  
" Corseton Taro Boots  
" Dresser and Trussel Carpet Slippers  
" and Girl's Leather Taro Boots  
Men's Grain Slippers and Oxford Shoes  
Girl's Elastic Bottom Boots

**BLANKETS.**—3, 4 and 4 point White  
3 and 4 point Indigo  
3 point Scarlet  
3 and 4 point Green

## Oilmen's Stores, &c.

Grease & Blackwells Pickles, in pints and quarts.  
do do Vinegar, in 3 doz cases  
do do 1 pint Sauce, assorted  
do do Superior London Mustard  
do do Juice and Jelly, assorted  
do do Red Currant Jelly  
do do Orange Marmalade  
do do Currant Seeds  
do do Lemon and Citron Peel  
Caramels, Biscuits and Almonds  
Peas, Peas & Co's Rice, in 2 ft tins  
Bath Bricks, &c., &c.

## Hardware, Cutlery, &c.

Speer & Jackson's Saws and Files  
James' Glazier's pointed Screws,  
Griffin's Horse Shoe Nails  
Horse and Nails  
Fender's Best Brackets and Screws  
Tinned Sheet-iron and Corrugated  
" Oval Pots and Covers  
Plates, various kinds  
Ivory handled Table and Dessert Knives  
Glass-Plated Tea, Dessert and Table Spoons  
do do do Forks  
German Silver Forks and Spoons  
Iron, round, square and flat  
Iron Boiler Plates—8 1/2 x 20 x 1/2  
" " " 8 1/2 x 30 x 1/2  
Saw's Belows and Vices  
Sand Paper, Black Lead, Knife Boards, &c.

## Wines, Beers & Spirits.

Pale Sherry, in bulk and bottle  
Port Wine, low to very superior, in bulk  
do do " " in cases of 1 doz. each  
Champagne, in cases of 1 doz.  
Pale and dark **J. Hennessy** Brandy, in bbls  
and qr casks  
Pale's pale Brandy in bbls and qr casks  
General Society of Vineyard Proprietors, in  
bbls and qr casks  
Pale Bordeaux Brandy, in cases  
Fine Brandy, from 1845, in over proof  
Quarts, in qr casks  
Old Tom (Bromley's) in bbls and quinquina  
**Sauvage** Brandy and **Crom's** Old Tom in  
cases, copperen bottles  
Savage Brandy's Orange Brandy, in cases of one  
doz.  
**Dunlop's** celebrated Mountain Dew Whiskey  
in cases  
Fine old Malt and Campbell's Whiskey, in  
bottle  
Speckle Red Wine, in pipes  
Guiney, Brown & Co's East India Pale Ale,  
bottled by White.  
Dorley's Porter in bulk and bottle  
Fehner's do do

## Sundries.

Kirkman's celebrated Penknives and Har-  
moniums  
Saddlery—Men's and Ladies' Saddles, Bridles  
and Whips  
**Gumpwiler** Curries & Harvey's Blasting  
and Spouting  
Looking Glasses, various sizes, for Indian  
trade  
Writing and Packing Paper  
Foreign Window Glass, in boxes of 100 feet  
Plaster of Paris  
" Fatigue's" Young Salmon Matches  
Bell & Stock's Wax Matches, in boxes of 60,  
120, 175, and 250  
Patent Taped Safety Fuse  
4-4 and 5-4 Cotton Mating  
Lined Oil (boiled), in cans of 5 galls, each  
Guaranteed Corrugated Tiles and Gutters,  
etc., etc.

Henderson & Burnaby Advertisement from: *The Victoria Daily Chronicle*,  
October 8, 1864.

BURNABY VILLAGE MUSEUM COLLECTION



View of farms at Ross Bay Vancouver Island, c. 1870. Homes have been marked with numbers and include: 1 - Isabella Ross house; 2 - Robert Burnaby cottage; 3 - Frank Roscoe house and 4 - Thomas Lett house.

*"I am very busy getting the land round the Cottage cleared and the stumps out, it will all be done this winter, and then I shall begin planting and ornamenting."*

BC ARCHIVES HP7043



A young Robert Burnaby poses in this photograph beside his friend and owner of Craigflower Farm, Kenneth McKenzie, (seated) and son Kenneth McKenzie (standing in kilt), with two others unidentified, c. 1861.

BC ARCHIVES HP99046



In this mature portrait, taken on his return visit home in 1866, Robert Burnaby shows his status as a successful merchant and colonial legislator.

*Portrait taken in London by Maull & Polyblank.*

BC ARCHIVES HP19024

**To the Electors of Esquimalt and Metchoin District.**

GENTLEMEN:—In consequence of the retirement of Captain Cooper, I have been requested by several electors to offer myself as a candidate to represent you in the House of Assembly.

If elected to that responsible post it will be my constant care to support all liberal and progressive measures.

Being entirely independent of Government and party influence, I am prepared to give every question my honest consideration and vote, and to further as much as possible the transaction of public business.

I have the honor to be, Gentlemen,  
Your obedient servant,

ROBERT BURNABY.

Election Card, 1860

PRIVATE COLLECTION OF  
A.B. MCLEOD



Robert Burnaby sketched this portrait of his friend Henry Crease "concocting his great speech on the industrial" and noted "The way Mr. Burnaby attends to his duties in the House!"

BC ARCHIVES PDP01412





Craigflower Farm c. 1865.

*"I have been in this hospitable house for a week, with my good friends the McKenzies, lapping cream and paying strict attention to all the good things that a farm house brings forth, and the result is manifested in rosier and plumper cheeks..."*

BC ARCHIVES HP3351



Agnes McKenzie, c. 1865.

*"A simple, unaffected and pure hearted girl...As for looks - nothing to speak of - to tell of her defects, she has not good teeth; but dark black eyes and an honest face, and better than all, a noble heart."*

BC ARCHIVES HP6401



In 1874 Robert Burnaby returned to live at his mother's house, Woodthorpe Grange, near Loughborough, Leicestershire, England, where he died in 1878.

BURNABY HISTORICAL SOCIETY COLLECTION



Robert Burnaby died January 19, 1878 and was buried at Emmanuel Parish Church, 46 Forest Road, Loughborough, England.

This photograph was taken in 1959 after his grave site was rediscovered by Miss B. Choate of the Burnaby Historical Society. She would later lead a campaign to preserve the monument, when the rest of the churchyard was cleared of headstones. Today, Loughborough is the City of Burnaby's "sister city" and a memorial plaque was presented to the church by the City.

BURNABY HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
COLLECTION

lake from which it rises, about 22 miles more in all, we make our way through masses of rock, mountains, rising quite abruptly from the deep bosom of the lake, so much so that for miles you could hardly find a place to land with safety, remains of snow in deep patches; and most curious, leaping cascades hiding in the snow and leaping out again, then hidden and coming forth some fifty feet below till they poured at last into the water. These barren mountains were dotted over with a few pine trees, but in every part you could see the cold rocks beautifully tinted with red and yellow lichens, and with the fresh young ferns just budding forth. I was to tell you of echoes; on sounding the whistle of the steamer, (and bye the bye, the whistles are not sharp and shrill like ours, but a sort of bellow), the noise was repeated once or twice, distinctly; and then after a silence of some seconds was taken up again in the distant hills and died away by degrees in the "far off". There was something most interesting in this trip, because it is quite thought that soon the highway to the mines will be up this river and lake. You wonder in looking, how it's possible to find any exit from this nest of mountains, but as you proceed, you can see a valley between two ranges, through which a little stream steals shyly into the main channel, and it is here that expectation points. If it should so turn out, the importance is not to be estimated. We got back from our excursion about 10 o'clock at night. The Yankee Captain all the way most amusing, very learned in "drinks" of course, and one of his chief panaceas before dinner was a raw egg dropped into a glass of sherry and bolted in the lump, very pleasant too, for I tried it.

We have some nice Sundays up at the camp. The Colonel reads the service, and on Easter Sunday, when I began this, we had a frantic effort to get up the Easter hymn, but it all ended in a poor duet between the Doctor and myself. The Doctor (Seddall) is a fat jovial chap, and plays the harmonium. We had it for the first time last Sunday, and with a first rate Sapper choir got on famously, even to chants.

You must now hear a little about my own prospects and those of the country. Merchant work is a poorish spec. just yet. California has spoiled the market for that, so that salaries for clerks and so forth and house rent is most exorbitant, and there is no room, so far, for any extent of work to pay for it. I have made for the firm one or two investments in land, which ought in about a year to yield a handsome profit; but are doing little at present, and it is most fortunate that I am in really a good position as Colonel Moody's Secretary and confidential man. I have more work and anxiety than ever in my life before, and as yet very trifling pay; but no one stands better, and I am pretty well known in the Colony; if all goes well I am to have a tip-top berth when the country opens; besides the opportunities for observation etc. which result from being behind the scenes. So I do not despair, in a year or two, of doing something and sitting over the fire in your rectory house that you are going to get,

before I get back again, and talk over old times together. Just now matters are dull. Miners coming down disgusted because provisions are dear and so forth, but on the first of June, the town of Queenborough is to be sold and the great battle that has been going on between it and Langley, the Governor's pet, will be over. Then off we go all round the interior to spy the land, project roads, organise matters of government, and all that which I hope will make subject matter for a jolly long letter. Fishing poor as yet, and shooting not much better, but I hope to delude some trout salmon before I finish.

I am to have a house in Queenborough, and have got a soldier's boy named "Flux" for a servant; but I call him Frank for euphony's sake. I have seen young "Stowes", who is a very nice fellow indeed, and tho' not like his brother in face, very like him in manner.

The politics of this place are not interesting to you but you have no conception of the quantity of jobbery and rascality there has been going on, and which peeps up every now and then: Governor Douglas has all the shrewdness of a savage, coupled with the caution of a Scot and the selfishness of a Jew; he has no manners and is as pompous as King Artaxominous, but is very hospitable and knows how to use soft soap. I do not think he will be long where he is, certainly he ought not to be; if they would but make Moody [Governor] I should be all right and it would be all the better for the Colony. I began my letter at the camp, and am ending it at Victoria, am sitting over the fire in my office, a rough and ready place but comfortable enough, on Yates Street, the High Street of this town. But it is only a temporary affair as our head-quarters will be up the river and in B. Columbia.

You must spread around on every side dear Tom, my kindest love and best wishes to everyone I should like to remember; and tell my dearest Mother that night and morn my prayers are for her and for you all and I feel, as I trust she does, that the little space of earth is nothing between us when I look overhead at the sky which covers both it and us. That lovely sky here full of sunshine and beauty, cloudless for weeks and even months together - to me the promise of brighter times and the certain pledge of a future summer in store for us all. Dear Tom, God bless you, the girls, Mama, Dick, Hugo, each and all. A wish from the "Far West" out of the innermost heart of your loving brother,

R. Burnaby.

~ LETTER NO. 14 ~

Queenborough,  
B. Columbia

June 23<sup>rd</sup> 1859

My dearest Lue,

Now that I am Secretary etc. and have a “Department” under me, to say nothing of turning advertiser general, auctioneer and public land agent, I have indeed but little time on my hands to write to female relations! My relations are with the public at large and I am dodged by duns, wanting money from Govt., pestered by place hunters, and people “wanting to know” - and have to act as general Filter to all the nonsense roguery and intrigue that comes before Colonel Moody. He and I get on famously. He is not quite energetic enough in business, nor sufficiently master of details to make office work under him easy or pleasant; but his every thought and act is so good and kind that all the inconveniences fade away and I have been for some time quite one of the family, and until like Solomon I have built me a house, as all good Masons are bound to do, he insisted on my living with them taking meals etc. and I sleep in and have to myself a jolly marquee – with two beds in it – in one of which a stranger is now and then buried. Mrs. Moody was Miss Hawkes of Newcastle and knew all the Collinsons well, their four little children youngest 17 months old – eldest 5 years are the sweetest pets – the sight of them quite makes me sigh for the holy estate – but you know that there are no eligible young ladies of the right sort here; and if it is not my fate to return for a year or two, I think my sisters must look out for me - and I will send a photograph of myself and my house to guide the choice of the beauty. What think you of that. I must thank you and my dearest Mother for letters dated 30<sup>th</sup> March, and Sally for one April 28<sup>th</sup>, also from Hugo and yourself on the 15<sup>th</sup>, all of which delighted me. To read of you all so far away, going on as happily as usual, and everything seemingly as well promising as could be, seems to lessen the distance and to carry me home. I can never tire of writing to you about the exquisite scenery which changes day after day. The snow gradually leaving the mountains, which become a deep distant blue – the vast forests, piled in layers one over the other, with the most inimitable effects of distances, and presenting endless varieties of green tints, now that the summer shoots are out on the pines, the green leaves of the Maple and other deciduous trees are in all their glory. The big river, swollen with melted snow, rolls swiftly and muddily past – bearing great trees some 250 and 300 feet long, fantastic roots, and every variety of stick and snag on its bosom. The great want is, more life! A few birds and a number of but-

terflies fine and beautifully colored, lots of beetles, flies, sandflies and mosquitoes, the two latter horrible torments – making bumps and sores over face and hands, and keeping us all in a state of continual itch and scratch. But the woods are not alive with songsters and animals, but quiet and still with only an occasional twitter and the solemn rustling of the forest trees; the ferns and wildflowers and fruits are abundant everywhere, roses, lupins, guelder roses, syringas, maidenhair fern, and variety on variety, salmonberry like monster raspberries with the flavor of blackberries, blue berries and whortle berries and now forming the brambleberry and cranberry. It almost passes belief to look at the site of our new city, just a burnt hole in the forest as if a party of giants had been to a picnic, and made a monster fire, all the twigs and firewood being left littering about. Some of these “twigs are 200 feet long 15, 16 and 17 ft. in diameter, and lie provokingly across the lots and the streets, in spite of all this here in five years we shall have a flourishing city, with no end of elegant structures.

On the glorious 1<sup>st</sup> June, when our Sale came off there was I in the Auctioneer’s office taking in dollars by crowds, the auctioneer was out of doors with all the population of Victoria around him, eager to speculate in town lots – He, perched on a chair, holding an umbrella over his head to keep off the sun, descanted on the future glories of the “phantom city” and when any lucky buyer got a lot he stepped up on an empty box to an open window and paid in his money like a man. This lasted two days, and was the hardest work almost I ever had. The Firm bought six lots all good ones; which we fondly hope will prove a little fortune some fine day.

Last Saturday I started on a short exploring expedition if you will look at a map of the Fraser, you will see a point where it forks, one arm running northwards directly to the sea – just above this fork our town is built or rather building; Mr. Skinner of Vancouver Island and a merchant here named Holbrook took a canoe with me about 5 o’clock in the evening. My boy the immortal Flux; a young Canadian boy as interpreter and four Indians, one the great chief or Tyhee of the river, whose going with me was a delicate compliment; off we went paddling down stream at a famous pace; for the river is very high with floods and extremely rapid now – the usual scenery that never palls all the way down – about  $\frac{1}{4}$  to 8 having gone about 12 miles we camped for the night in an old Indian village long deserted, where had been a potato patch, now growing nettles 4 feet high, and wild roses, berries and rank vegetation of all kinds.

We soon got a site for a camp and pitched our tent, but the mosquitoes and sandflies had it all their own way and went at it well till our fire was alight when the smoke soon dispersed them. We soon form our camp – kettle boils – bacon frizzles, out come the tin plates and mugs, we squat on a log and make a capital tea, take a smoke and a chat then a long snooze between the blankets. Sheets are luxuries unknown to



me now; and I quite expect an uncomfortable sensation the first time of turning in. Next morn up early and away – past a small island covered with roses named after Colonel Moody's little girl “Zaffies Isle” – and on to a fine piece of open meadow where we saw some deer; and which was covered with fine grass, tares and clover ready to cut. Dropping further down the river we came to another prairie and a deserted Indian village, we wandered from Lodge to Lodge under the guidance of our Indians who showed us some very curious pieces of carving – representing bears – Indians – bats, alligators etc., all well cut and coarsely colored. Out on the grass lay a large stone for which they had a great reverence – you could just discern it had been rudely cut sometime or other into the shape of a head, and our natives said it was done “long time ago”. They now lead us through an intricate trail, thick with underbrush, brambles and sticks about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile down to the sea where a great chief named Kapeland an “ole man Tyhee” has a village. He received us gravely, ushered us into his Lodge where his squaws were making mats, cooking fish or doing nothing; one was rocking a baby in a novel sort of cradle, a pliant stick fastened into the ground and the cradle hanging from it by a string, at the bottom of the cradle a string which the woman held, and by giving an occasional pull, the brat was comfortably bobbed up and down. Seated on his mats the dirty old chief solemnly opened a box, and took out a roll of rags, which he unfolded in long lengths one after another till he disclosed a paper package, this was only the first of a series of covers, at last he came to a series of scraps of paper which he handed out one by one for our perusal nor would he be satisfied till we had seen all. They were testimonials from Tom Dick and Harry of no value religiously preserved, some dating back nearly 30 years. We got some gull's eggs for a few charges of powder and back to our canoe en route home. Coming back we found another great tract of finer land, and a cranberry marsh of many miles extent worthless, except for the berries which are very good and fine and easily preserved by keeping them in water. Colonel Moody is up in the country, returning in a week and then we start together. Meantime I am hoping to take an expedition to Howe Sound and Burrards Inlet in a day or two. In the latter place they have found Coal, and it is only  $5\frac{1}{2}$  miles across from here - by land. I never was better and happier in all my life, now and then thoughts of home flit across me and set me longing, but I hope on. I shall be glad when the country takes a start, which it will not do this year but probably next. The present work tho' responsible and important, is too much like the old office work at home to be quite pleasant, occupies one's time too much and no chance for exercise. But you would stare to see how fat I am, and altogether in good condition.

Tell my dearest Mother I will write to her soon, and thank her with my love for her letters. Please write to Lizzie Lee and Lucy Oliver my



warmest congratulations and best wishes. I would do so myself but time will not allow. To Hugo and "Uncle John" I shall write as soon as possible, and also by next mail to Aunt Percival in reply to her most kind letter. We all long to see the Bishop and to undeceive him as to the men he as to deal with, the country not quite so rough nor the men such ruffians as painted. We hear this town is to be renamed New Westminster which we all think absurd. If they had called it Canoe Westminster we could better understand.

And now dear Lue with all my love to every one believe me

Your always affectionate Brother

Rbt. Burnaby.

~ LETTER NO. 15 ~

Queenborough,  
N. Westminster

June 25<sup>th</sup> 1859

My dear old Hugo,

Thanks for your welcome letter, oh that I may give them to you personally on board of your own craft. You can't tell how I long for the news one way or the other, hanging on half way is horrid. I think you will like this country, though it is so wild and what the Yankees call "hard", but the scenery is grand, the seas and rivers fine, and society generally of a pleasant cast. I have written a long line to Lue so have not much to tell you, save that I am just as usual in health and looks, and though not making money yet hoping so to do when the tide turns. To hear of old home, Wright, the chambers and all the rest going on as of yore is pretty news, and old Beaumont too, keeps up jolly I hope; and about the same as usual.

The stern wheel steamer is in sight. Old Govr. Douglas has just been overhauling my office and accounts and giving me "Molasses" whereby a story. Once one of the H. Bay Co.'s servants came to him armed to the teeth, to say that some Indians were in the store and would not "Clat-tawa", i.e. go, and asking for assistance to force them out. "Oh!" said the old Governor "use no force Sir, use no force – Give them some Molasses, Mr Mackay!" So when anyone is buttered up we call it Molasses.

I am off in a day or two on an exploration expedition and hope to find some minerals. Country rich in gold, but poor for agriculture as yet, bound however to go on. What pipes we will smoke, and yarns have if only you come which I do most earnestly wish for. If you do, forget not to bring me a few London necessities, i.e. boots and clothes etc., for

which I will □ [square] with you all right.

The steamer whistles and I must adieu -

So no more now but soon

from Your truly affec. Br.

R. Burnaby.

My very kindest love to Tom and Dick. R, Marshall and H. Ditto  
and all round as usual.

## “COALING”

~ LETTER NO. 16 ~

Victoria, V.I.

July 21<sup>st</sup> 1859

Dear Tom,

My correspondence has for some time been of the straggling order owing to the multiplicity of affairs on my hands; now I hope to do better as orders have been given for great retrenchment in the Military Department. Colonel Moody is to work without any Civilian aid at all, and I do not think he will remain here very long, for he has been baffled and worsted, and certainly when the time came for action, belied all the hopes his friends had formed as to his character and abilities. He promised to do great things, and affected to be playing a very deep game, and till tried there was nothing to lead one to doubt otherwise, but Gosset has been working against him, well knowing his man, and has bowled him over on some serious points. First came expenditure; Moody building up houses, and laying out towns, employing Civilians to chop and clear etc. but in spite of all entreaties, never doing the least thing to organize his materials and to work with method. Consequence! great outlay of money and not much to show for it. All the difficulties of accounts etc. thrown on my shoulders, with no manner of assistance or regulation to get them into shape. Next he made an excellent and extensive contract with one Mr. Trutch, who left England with us in the “Asia” – for the survey of the rural lands of B. Columbia – This with the Governor’s sanction verbally given, subsequent investigations into the pecuniary state of the Colony, and letters from home about Finance induce old Douglas to back out of his word, and to condemn the whole affair as a gross indiscretion; result, Moody induces Trutch to waive his rights and forego the Contract for the sake of getting him out of the mess, this after declaring in the most indignant way that he would hold to the matter through thick and thin.

Then my case, of course, I was included in the suck of Civilians, and instead of making a fight for me, as being an insult to remove a man’s confidential Secretary, he “caves in” as before and lets them snub him as they please. He shows so little desire to give me a big lift either, that it really looks as though he only cared about himself and his own reputation, and I almost believe what I hear on all sides, that he has been noted for getting hold of men to do his work, and pull him through with credit and leaving them in the lurch. It is painful to feel or write this, as I have really a personal liking for him and he for me, but it is always the case

with these Methodistical men, I fear, though I had always taken him for a bright example the other way. We part the best of friends, and all the folks here are well with me but Gossett, who is a fiend incarnate, and hates me for Dick's sake I verily think, as well as for my own. He is the most unpopular man here, but certainly an able one.

It is after all a real relief to be quit of all the Govt. drudgery once again! and I don't intend to do any more it. My eyes are open to some of the little doings behind the scenes and the six months labour will not be without fruit. After all this grumbling and stuff I will now tell you of a jaunt I had a fortnight back to Burrards Inlet<sup>6</sup> and which I hope is about to result in something very promising.

Look at the map for Burrards Inlet and underneath that Queenborough or New Westminster lies about 5 miles South of the East arm at the top, when it shapes like the heel of a boot, the North arm running up like the foot and toes. H.M.S. Plumper sent over a specimen of Coal found there. So with Moody's consent off I went one fine afternoon to look into the matter, taking with me Cochrane the Civil Engineer, a Cornish miner named Oliver, my boy Flux and three Indians; stores of bacon, bread, flour, tea, sugar, whiskey etc. We were stowed into two canoes and left about six o'clock one glorious evening, paddling down the North channel of the Fraser, which glides through numerous islands, and runs at this season very swiftly; in two hours we encamped for the night about sixteen miles down, under a fine cedar tree, ferns underneath us. Our tents pitched, tea made and bacon hot, as jolly as you can believe, stars beautifully bright and the rippling water close at our feet, our camping ground an Indian one most artfully hidden, a little cove with thick underbrush through which the canoes slid noiselessly, then a great branch of a tree felled across the entrance; lying as naturally as though it had fallen there, but so skilfully placed as to leave room for the canoe to pass under without danger. Our Indians feasted themselves on sturgeon's head "Hyass Kloosh muck a muck" as they call it, and curled themselves up in their blankets betimes in the most compact form; nestling one against the other and so close that you could not distinguish their forms. A quiet smoke and chat, a growl at the mosquitoes and sandflies, and then Blankets. Sandflies must have been the plague of Egypt, little specs of mischief not larger than that • ; which burrow into your flesh and raise the most tormenting blisters. Trifles: but very annoying and worthy the notice and lash of the talented author of "Little Things". Next morn pull up stakes and make tracks and soon arrive at the Indian village on the sea coast I spoke of before. Here we leave our small canoes and hire one large one, being afraid to tempt the briny in a fragile bark. Indians never do anything without a deal of haggling hesitation and palaver. So it took us at least an hour to hire the Canoe and to settle the price and half an hour more to get the Chief's son to go with us. Meantime we pressed a

<sup>6</sup>Now known as Burrard Inlet.

German named Voigt living among them with a squaw wife, and doing an extensive lot of gardening in the potato cabbage and watermelon line. It seemed so strange to find a fellow foregoing all civilisation and retiring into savage life. I have a shrewd suspicion there is a taste of smuggling in the arrangements.

Baggage stowed away in Canoe off we go, I have never spoken as to packing and manning one of these vessels, in the bows an Indian; before him some of the larger matters, sticks, tent poles, etc. and dead weights like pots, pans etc. next to him two sitters, Oliver and Flux, side by side seated on blankets, with various stores stowed around them, next the tent and all the heavy things in centre of canoe. Then two Indians, then a pile of brush and cedar boughs, mats over that, and the two Tyhees, Cochrane and self lollying in lordly state on mats and blankets, more traps and stores behind and the most experienced native to steer, a delicate process often requiring much skill and tact.

We rounded Point Grey passing over the noted sturgeon bank, and astonished with the salmon stakes driven by the Indians into the sands and extending best part of a mile into the sea and were soon fairly into Burrards Inlet coasting along the Southern shore, which is sandy and covered with pine trees; every here and there an Indian hut or two is dotted on the Beach. Here the Squamish and other tribes come to fish during the season, lay up stores of salted and dried fish to last through the winter and then return into the rocky inland regions. We landed near one camp to feed, bought some fish and ate in the presence of a crowd of natives, who sat about us and looked on, never moving a muscle of their faces during the whole time. The sand on the shore was a mass of minute particles of iron, of the purest kind and quite black. We were visited by an Indian named Supple Jack, who used occasionally to come with messages from the "Plumper", he was anxious to accompany us, but as he belonged to another tribe, and was noted for his partiality to whiskey, we managed to convince him, after hard feeding, that we could get on without him.

About 6 the young chief clad in a red blanket with a silk bandana round his head, suddenly got out of the Canoe and returned with a very fair specimen of lignite. We examined the place and found sand stone and seams of this jet like looking stuff, but no genuine Coal. A little further on we found a stream rushing out, and here we saw very clear indications of coal formation. Camped for the night on a lovely spot: high above the sea, and pushed our way along the stream while the bacon was frying. Without seeing, you could hardly conceive the rough natural tumble down and overgrown aspect of these streams. You push your way over timber or under it, through briars, brambles and the loveliest ferns, every tree covered with moss, but few sounds of life either bird or beast. We got along about half a mile and so back. Shoals of small fish were

on the shore, a kind of smelt, and our Indians caught some, enough for supper, with a pocket handkerchief. Just as we were retiring "down the rain fell" in torrents, and the natives made vain efforts to penetrate our tent for shelter, but as they are noted for liveliness as to their persons, we kept them away and rigged them up a temporary affair with mats and twigs. They are a lazy and helpless set. It rained so all night, and ditto next day, we paddling about and looking for coal, wet and dreary but all jolly. Early camp, much as before. Next morning early on we went, and called at an Indian village or two. The scenery so far up the Inlet is very pretty, timbered and sloping the S., mountainous and barren in the N., the rocks granite and basalt chiefly. We hunted for limestone but found it not. Up at the end of the E. arm i.e. going straight on from the sea as far as you can, a trail is being cut across to Queenborough, and will be a great achievement. I think I have before told you of Mr. Marcus Miles Titus the one eyed trail cutter, who says the woods grow as thick as the hairs on a dog's back, and he goes this 'em end ways, and then he has to be greased to do it. Just where the trail comes out the view is superb. Across the water out of which the little rocky islands with stunted pines rise, the mountains rise on every side, snow covered monsters with dark green sides, looming in light and shade, as valley after valley occurs, far away. Clouds float halfway down sometimes leaving the tops disclosed. I thought of you and our trip to the Peak and how you would enjoy the sight of this and yet with all the grandeur, you can hardly believe how the thought of one of your green fields and a prospect however circumscribed of English scenery, comes over me like a dream of something exquisite. In this monotony of view, sky, hills, pines, underbrush, rocks and water - no vistas - no openings - climate lovely never the less and wild flowers beyond belief.

Up the North arm is dreary and sterile, where we camped by the side of a mountain torrent rushing impetuously down, and which we could trace half a mile away, falling quite perpendicularly down the side of a rock, was about as desolate and weird a spot as could well be chosen. Here an Indian man and woman, outcasts from their tribe, had taken up their abode, living on fish and berries, more like beasts than human beings. On the whole of this shore you could hear torrents rushing down from the very summits of the hills, and tearing at last into the Inlet. Shot at lots of ducks without success having nothing but a rifle with us, expecting to find deer, now and then a great porpoise tossed over and over close to us, and a seal would lift up its black head, look at us and dive down again. I never realized such a conception of solitude and barrenness as this spot, made more so by the presence of those two lonely creatures. We returned next day and found the spot where the "Plumper" took out the coal, cropping out on the shore at low water but completely hidden at high water. We of course took trowels and dips

and all that sort of thing, and dug an experimental pit of about 8 feet deep without arriving at anything satisfactory. We took away about "a sack" of fair coal, and some very nice specimens of fossil leaves in a fine sandstone lying just above the coal.

Our return was much the same as our progress, the Indians laughing, talking and singing like children, stopping the Canoe to gather berries "oleally" as they call them, fine wild raspberries, blackberries and blue berries like a very large bilberry. On my return to camp, such a dirty brute, of course; unshaven and half washed, the first thing was a go in for a Tub, and while I was revelling in full splash of luxury, a voice outside the Tent called on me by name, and began setting forth how that its owner had discovered a fine seam of Coal "somewhere", and wanted the privilege of working the same. When I asked "where?" "Ah!" said he, "that's my business, and not yours nor nobody elses' till I choose". So I saw my friend was a Yankee and tackled him by a bold stroke. "If you won't tell me I must tell you" said I. "Wall! Go ahead and do it if you please!" So I did, making a broad guess, I chanced to hit on his spot within a mile or two. "Now yew're well posted in the country anyhow" said he, and opening his heart, told me all about it and how he wanted to get the land and work the seam.

At that time I had no intentions about it, but recent events have altered my plans, and so I am now joined with three or four of the merchants here, and we are going to prospect the whole spot, and to work the mines if things look well. It may turn out a most promising affair, as we have the monopoly if we choose, and the only bit of land probably in the outer Harbor of Burrards Inlet, where by steamers can go, and if ever the great Railroad comes near this way, we shall be in possession of the most commanding position in the country! A few years may do this, probably will not in the present stagnant condition of things, but anyhow the Coal will pay if worth anything.

Now I must thank you for your excellent letter of May 12<sup>th</sup> and the welcome lines from my darling Mother, last Mail was bountiful, for I also got letters from Sally and Mary, and a long one from Beaumont and the Co.

I do not yet know what to make of this country, that money will be made I am stark sure of sooner or later, but it is being mismanaged and played with. Gold is found continually but people are wanted, new diggings are said to have been found up far away near Fort Alexander, very rich, a party is fitting for Queen Charlotte's Island, which is said to teem with gold and there is not a feeling of despondency though things are so dull. No chance for English merchants yet, they are losing on most things as far as I can learn, all that is done being chiefly at San Francisco and by Yankee Merchants; or English Agents.

Still I would not retrace one step, and do not abate one jot of the confidence I have always felt, I am rather disappointed at Moody certainly,



for a vast deal depended on his policy with reference to the country. However one thing fails, must try another on, and we come right at last in spite of cavillers and mischief. This climate now is perfection, hot, cloudless, rather dusty perhaps, evening cool and clear, Morning the same. No fishing, all a myth so far, and shooting very indifferent, wild ducks on the river and bays, but the Bush too thick for shooting birds or deer ashore. I heard from Lennard who had stayed in Barbados. Probably he is returned by now and has sent the package down. Steamer just in from S. Francisco, no mail to our utter rage. Papers to the 5<sup>th</sup> June with the war news, and all that stirring us up. "What a peety" said a German just now to me, holding up his white umbrella – "they kill all dose men, ven we could make them so comfortable here eh!"

We hear rumors of the Ministry being out and Pam and Lord John Brethren in iniquity, and I fear me it is true. That little wretch is to have a finger in the Foreign pie they say, and backed by Lord Pam, he will "have a heavy hand with the pepper". The news comes so fresh and exciting tho' nearly two months old.

I send you a sketch drawn by "Taintans" the Indian chief, who went with me to Burrards Inlet, he was describing all the geographical features of the country, he is pretty right in his outlines, tho' all adrift in his proportion etc.<sup>7</sup>

I was at an evening party here the other night, reminding me exactly of those little affairs that come off semi annually at the villas and boxes just out of town; it was at Mr. Anderson's the late Collector of Customs, some really nice and well dressed girls, and the usual collection of ladies, men and louts. A very pretty house just in the outskirts of the town built on a rock.

We have had very few arrivals, Major De Courcy, who comes out well recommended, seems to be a blasé fast man, very shrewd and clever. A Mr. G.F. Gordon, who comes from near Retford and knew old Mason well, he is rather notorious in Mrs. Barry's case and made a bolt for it, I believe. In fact most folks here have some sort of little "reason why" in the background I expect. One of the latest comers is the Attorney General Mr. Carey a conceited prig of a chap, young and rheumatic with a wife who says "she never was so 'igh up a tree before".

Well dear Tom if I have time I will also write to some of the girls if not next post must suffice. My dearest love to Mamma and every one, my thoughts day and night are with you all always. I never was better or more comfortable, and have only got the Universal complaint, epidemic here as well as at home, want to make some money and make tracks home.

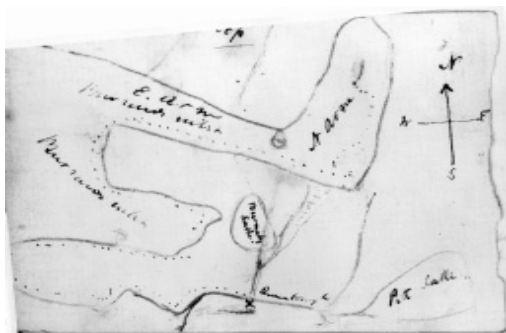
Now dear Tom with fondest love and remembrance of June and the other July days,

Your truly attached Br.

<sup>7</sup> See next page for this sketch.

R. Burnaby.

~ LETTER NO. 17 ~



In camp,  
Burrards Inlet

11th August 1859

My dearest Mother and Sisters,

Here I am under canvas, lying on a mat with a pair of folded blankets for a table, writing to thank you for your welcome letters and most acceptable "souvenirs". How the pipe lights have come in when the wind has vanquished match after match, and the pouch has kept the tobacco at a proper moisture, when the sea dashing over our canoe was wetting one through. It is quite true that while here in the rough, I do not disport on pretty kerchiefs and pearl studs, but I have already told Sally what powerful artillery they are down in Victoria.

We left New Westminster for this about 12 o'clock on Saturday last, our party consisting of Cochrane, the Engineer whom I have engaged to superintend the digging, Moberley a Canadian lately under Col. Moody, an excellent fellow coming for amusement, two men to dig, and one to cook, a dog to keep watch. The usual stores of grub – flour, bacon, tea, sugar etc. and a good supply of arms and ammunition, most necessary, for we are going amongst a tribe of Indians rather treacherously inclined, and who are now at war with a neighbouring tribe. They have little shooting and killing matches occasionally, and when one tribe has any of its members killed it is quite a point of honour with them to kill (at some time or other, years often elapse) one of the offending tribe of exactly the same rank and sex. We were also on the alert more than usual, as a watchman at the saw mill just below the town (the very mill I thought

of buying) was killed in the night by the Indians and the inquest was held only the day before. Our passage round from the west into the inlet was rough, and as our canoe had a good load, we were obliged to put back for an hour or two or all our grub would have been soaked. You would have laughed to see us looking up and down the shore for a quiet place to land, and at last fixing on one less surfy than the rest, dashing on shore sideways all safe. We made our first camp in the outer harbor and stayed there a night and a day, nothing particular there, crowds of Indians all about us sitting as usual looking on, cadging for "muck a muck" and sleeping. We are obliged to keep a sharp look out on them as they are incorrigible thieves.

Next Morn: Tuesday. We started off for this camp at day break, and when the tide ran down, set to work, sinking two shafts on the beach. We breakfasted and dined on the sands, and sat in the afternoon watching the tide and wondering whether it would come and wash us out. It came suspiciously close so we made an effort, swarmed up a bank with all our bags and baggage, and are now in as pretty and comfortable a camping ground as could be wished for.

About twenty-five feet above the sea in a natural garden of wild fruits, raspberries, whortle berries, blue and bright crimson, and a species of wild grape, huge logs lie on the shore like great skeletons, and big trees shut us out from the bay, one large cedar just before the door of our tent is hanging over the bank as if it would fall every instant, behind us a thick forest, as usual, and on the opposite of the bay, a range of lofty mountains. They have just brought news of a find of Coal in an experimental shaft just sunk; if it turns out well, we shall I hope make a good affair of it, but it remains very doubtful.

As I am now writing (in the most uncomfortable of positions without table, lying on the mats and leaning on a roll of Blankets, a whim of "My Novel" for a Desk) there is a group of the "Siwash" as they call the natives, round the door of the tent, an old man munching some clams (a species of scallop) which he has just cooked at our fire on a stick like "Kabobs", his mate a dirty wrinkled old hag, smoking a pipe and five small "Klootchmen" or girls squatted about, they have great strings of glass and brass beads round their necks, are exceedingly dirty, a dab or two of red paint on their cheek and just down the parting of the hair, old shawls and print dresses that might have lain by in a rag shop for years without getting their present musty appearance. Two of them are busily engaged, one actively the other passively, in an entomological hunt of a peculiar nature and evidently with great success securing I am sure a fine bag of game.

Canoes are continually coming and going all day bringing fish, berries etc. which we buy or barter as the case may be, sometimes for dollars, sometimes for flour, soap or tobacco.

The Indians behave most handsomely, they know that I am a Tyhee who was with the "horse soldiers", Tyhee "Conomody" as they called him, and are on the best behaviour, they promise to shew us gold, but I do not yet know whether to go or not, as it is a wilder and more unsettled place even than this, and here they could quietly dispose of us and take themselves off very quickly.

I had a hard days work yesterday, we started in a canoe at 10 o'clock, two Indians, Moberley and myself, determined to get to the very head of the Inlet, and not quite knowing how far it was. We only took a small supply of "muck a muck", as we made up our minds to return at night.

Up the Inlet, and round to the North in the same direction I went before, between rocky steeps covered with wild looking pines, and said to abound in deer and bears, wild ducks in abundance, at which we shot enough, but they were too wild to hit, seals and porpoises, the one showing his black bullet head above water, the other curving round and showing his dorsal fins with a snort and down again, in numbers, according to the Indians. I "Mamelooosed" one of each; i.e. killed but as the creatures always sink to the bottom unless mortally and instantaneously shot, the fact is unsatisfactory if not problematical also; on we went, paddle, paddle, staying for half an hour to lunch at 1 o'clock, on a nice patch of grass by the side of a stream rushing from the rocks. We did not reach the head of the inlet till five o'clock, a fine broad deep river, as clear as crystal, runs in; through a wide valley; lying between the ranges of mountains – this is a great place for salmon when they begin to run. We went up it about a mile and a half, and very beautiful it was. The banks fringed with beautiful ferns, the greenest of trees, the river itself was very like a Scotch stream, clear, deep and swift, shallow in the streams etc. It was 5 when we started back and we paddled steadily on till 20 minutes past 10, when we got home well tired, a most lovely paddle it was in the moonlight, shoals of salmon running down in the clear depths, nothing stirring but a duck or two, and occasionally the guttural greeting of a Siwash across the water when the light of his fire was gleaming in the distance.

We have been quiet today, I never was better and continue as hopeful as ever. This Coal we are trying for will I trust answer, it is one of the few chances for a good opening just now. You heard all about Colonel Moody, we are best of friends and tho' he has officially failed, he will be here and be influential for some time yet. Just as I am in my gossip I hear that a messenger is going off to Victoria, so lest I miss post I must close with fondest love to everyone, and remain always your loving

Robert Burnaby.

~ LETTER NO. 18 ~

Engineer Camp,  
New Westminster

Aug. 25<sup>th</sup> 1859

My dearest Mother,

The day after my last letter from Burrard Inlet, we had a little scene with the Indians, who heard a rumour that some of their tribe were to be hung for the murders of the men at the saw-mill which I wrote about.

We sent express over here to learn the facts, and this gave rise to all sorts of rumours that we were prisoners and had been killed etc. etc. etc.

I have now only ten minutes to say that thank God all is well and no difficulty likely to occur with the natives, who are most friendly, and if you see any reports in the papers you are not to believe a word of it.

I have struggled with the authorities to delay the posts sufficiently long to enable one to scribble off this just to set your mind at rest, and will continue my narrative next Mail.

The country is dull and the prospects far from lively, but next year it is hoped will clear all up and set us well afloat.

Meanwhile I am well, happy and perfectly safe, continually thinking of you all, and longing for a sight of the old home and a kiss all round.

Ever my darling Mother with love to each and all

Your truly affect. Son,

Rbt. Burnaby.

~ LETTER NO. 19 ~

Coal Hole,  
Burrards Inlet

August 31<sup>st</sup> 1859

My dearest Mother and Sisters,

Here I am again at the old spot, and ready to go on with the story I left off telling. ... After my last letter we went on as before, dipping and delving down, stopped by water and bad tools. The latter I replaced to some extent when over at the Camp, the former still trouble me. We have three wells sunk, about 18, 23 and 24 feet deep, have found some Coal, but not enough yet are still prospecting for more.

Our party now consists of Moberley the Canadian, who is with me as a Companion, and three men, two Bills and Mike, all excellent fellows, Yankee Bill cooks and makes fine preparations of Pork and beans in various forms with an occasional stew of wild duck when we are lucky enough to get one. The Indians fetch us any amount of Salmon, but tell Tom (who must of course consider these letters addressed to him also, as indeed they are to all the family) they do not rise at all to a fly and will not be caught with rod line.

The few lines I sent to tell you of our being all safe were hurried off as a paragraph was in the papers that we were in the custody of the natives etc. which happened on this wise. –

The day after my last letter, we started off in a small canoe with two Indians on an exploring trip, leaving two men in the Camp, and about 40 Indians about, all more or less armed. When we were in the middle of the bay about 2 miles or so from shore, our natives left off paddling and began a solemn “wa – wa” saying the crowd of Indians about were very vexed, that the soldiers had taken two of their tribe and were going to hang them for killing the man at the Mill, of which they were guiltless, and they were not in a state of “Kloosh tum-tum” with us, i.e. good heart. You must know that every thing is ascribed to the “tum tum”; if a “Siwash” dies it is of a sick tum tum – if he is in love ditto – if he is friendly his tum tum is good to you and the reverse if otherwise.

Now the native creed is a simple one, if one of them is unjustly killed by a white man, all they want is another white man’s life to square the account, it often happens that their grief may be assuaged by an equivalent in blankets, but that is as it happens. The observations made were therefore far from pleasant, so we told them to put about and take us back, after some demur they did this. When we landed one of the men came up, said he had been obliged to quit working, as the Indians were crowding round him with stones etc. and wanted to take his shirt, and the cook also had found a difficulty to keep them in order. They scowled a bit at us, but we chaffed them and took no notice. After another long “wa – wa” or palaver, we at last came to terms, by taking one man to their camp at the mouth of the River, and sending up to the Camp to learn news. So we struck Camp and went off. We soon found that the report about the hanging etc. was all a myth, spread by another tribe with whom they are at war, and by whom the murder was really committed, so we sent a letter to Queenborough stating the case, and asking for an answer to be sent across, returned to our diggings, appeased the natives and Peace was restored. The letter sent, however, alarmed the authorities; who all alive about the Indians since the said mill murder, put the worst construction on the letter and sent for assistance. So one fine day in steamed the “Plumper” opposite our Camp with Colonel Moody and a host of folk on board to make sure of our safety. There was it seems

quite a commotion in Victoria about us. However all were glad enough to find we still had our scalps, had a good laugh over our adventure and so ended the dreadful affair.

It is most interesting to watch the habits and ways of these Indians. Light hearted and lazy they paddle themselves about most leisurely; shouting out the mildest and most unmusical songs which have a curious effect in the stillness of the forest, echoing across the waters amongst the hills. Their Klootchmen or squaws gather them berries and do a good deal of the hard work. None of them seem to have an idea of any improvement or advancement, in their trails thro' the woods they will not remove a twig or bough they can pass under or step over, their houses are miserable huts, just a few boards and sticks laid together with a slanting roof, fire on the floor and all the place full of smoke, dirty and wretched. The men gamble with great zest. I saw one the other day lose his blanket, cap, breeches and shirt, leaving him only the remnants of a ragged guernsey fluttering about his lordly person. This is their game, sitting opposite each other, they break 10 sticks and put them in as a Pool, agreeing what they are to play for them, one takes a small stick and holding his hands one above the other, swinging his body about and singing a sort of chant, he moves his hands quickly about some what as a cobbler draws his pelts, and the other guesses in which hand the stick is, if right he takes a stick, if wrong his adversary does, and so on till one gets all and wins the game.

They are now busy catching Salmon, and it is as pretty a sight as you can well conceive to see at midnight from our Camp 10 and twelve fires on the water in regular order, they have pitch wood in the bows of the canoe and spear the fish. I am going out some night soon. There was a magnificent Aurora Borealis a few nights since, and I never beheld any sight more exquisite. At our feet the sea calm and quiet, in the distance the lights of the Indians fishing, overhead bright pencils of light rising from behind the mountains to the North, and spreading round from the horizon till they converged at a point behind us, and the great blue hills looked so solemn in this light, and their forms were reflected in the water behind. The light, white at its starting point, deepened in colour as it ascended till it became a deep rose tint, and then faded down again to its original colour, in some places having the bright glare of the electric light. These colours seemed to shoot up and change places as it were, at times. The effect was much heightened by the intense silence all around, you could now and then hear a salmon pass, or see the ripple made by a duck swimming in the distance.

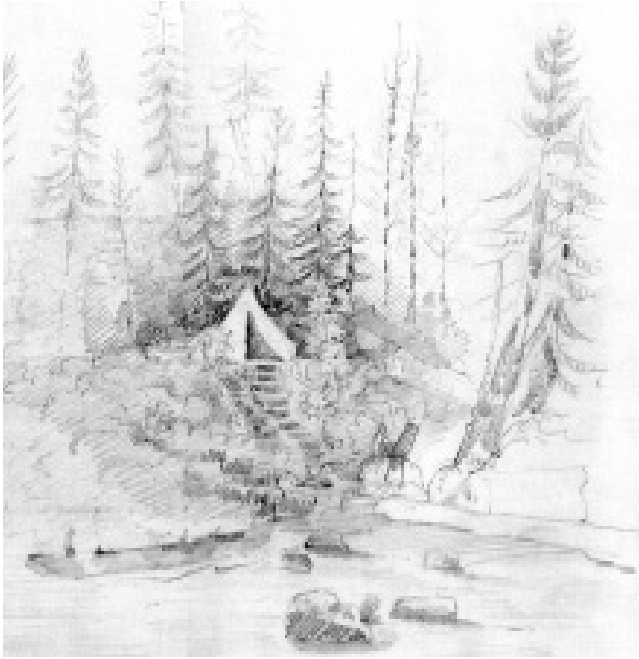
Our time has been occupied in exploring all the ins and outs of this Inlet, which I prophesy will be one of the greatest naval rendezvous and centres of commerce on this side of the world. All the presents are coming into use, the Tobacco pouch and pipe lights are in great request,



and if you could only have seen us the other day after penetrating where a white man had never been before! up a raging mountain torrent that tore through great chasms in the rocks, making every two or three hundred yards quite a fine cascade, lying in the mid stream on the top of a monster boulder of granite (large enough to fit the dining room at Galby, which had been torn from its bed and carried down in the spring floods) – smoking our pipes and resting after our fatigues. That was a walk! or rather hop, skip and jump and first we clambered about 250 feet up the mountain, and then on to the bed of the stream, ascending by leaps from crag to crag, along fallen trees, and sometimes in the stream itself, the water almost carrying us off our legs. At last to our great chagrin we were stopped by a wall of rocks over which the water tumbled gloriously, we vainly tried to find a way to mount, but the rocks rose on either side impenetrable, so back we went and home again. Our reason for this trip was the Indians pointed out the water as not good to drink that it had killed Indians etc. so we thought we might find Minerals but we found them not ! and I drank some of the water to the horror and astonishment of our guides, who said “King George Tah! Skookum tum tum” i.e. English chief, strong heart! You, Tom, would groan over the absence of sport, glorious streams, just like the Scotch clear and swift, but no fish, no game on the Bush to be got at, tho’ there are plenty of bears, deer, coons etc. in the depths of the forest. We now have a “Young Raccoon” (not the old one “on a rail”) in our camp. I bought it of a native, and am going to take it to Queenborough for the Camp. It is lively but rather vicious, and I should say that the song which says a racoon “gave a roar” (as I remember) is quite unmindful of natural history.

The wild flowers are over, the leaves beginning to fall and the berries hang dead ripe on the boughs. I never saw such a country for berries, which the natives consume in vast quantities, they are most delicious. There are four sorts ripe just now, by walking 100 yards, I could gather millions. The nicest are a pink, bright clear berry, something in shape like a bilberry, but larger and growing on a shrub something like a broom. Some of these days when all trades fail, I shall take to making preserves here. Now for a little personal gossip: and you must excuse the character of this, and previous letters, as it is written on a roll of blankets, as before, I lying in the tent and doing the best I can sans table and c., and with damp paper and bad pen. The enclosed sketch of our Camp is done by a young friend of mine who is camping about 10 miles off.

All the kind letters I get are welcome indeed, and kindle up many a warm thought in my heart. The last news of you, dear Mary, and the



little one was delightful, and I pray that your own accounts to me may prove their continuance. ... Best and kindest love to Henry, kisses to the chickies and an extra share to my Godson, tell him how much I think of him and wish for him.

Sally, indefatigably corresponding; you send me so much news, and so happily and prettily written, that I look upon it as yeast to lighten the Dough of the business letter in which it travels.

Lue, if you do not tell me all about your London trip and the Handel festival, I will never come back!

Harry and Rose, redolent of Dublin gaiety and choice with flowers from the Lord Mayor's Ball, your fashionable and lively intelligence sets me up, and makes me proud of my sisters.

As for dear old Hugo, I shan't write to him yet, because I mean to tell him everything when he comes, and to write him such a yarn if he doesn't. Thank you dear brother for your letters, and I pray that you may be snug in your gun boat half way here while I write.

I have much to write about to Dick Hall son of the Messenger in the office at Quebec, whom I took into our office, was started with the rest of the Civilians and has gone to S. Francisco in disgust, he always speaks of you in the most affectionate manner.

Tom and Mamma - never out of my mind, how happy it makes me to think that you are prospering and well, nearly a year has gone since I left,

and still thank God, I hear of happiness at home, and though perhaps the bright ideas of this place have not as yet assumed all their golden reality, there has been enough to promise well, and nothing to excite regret at the step I then took, saving always that absence, but even that you know "makes the heart grow fonder".

I am every day better pleased at getting rid of the official position; Col. Moody is more than kind to me and I have a room at his house whenever I like etc. and the Governor is equally civil, but the Colony is and has been quite "hard up" for money. I was being continually "dunned" for public money which was not forthcoming, and the dear old Colonel who promised so well, was such a woman in performing that nothing satisfactory could come of it. My friend Gossett grins as things go, and makes enemies on all sides, being bilious and ill-natured in all things.

B. Columbia is done for this year but the Gold is not worked out yet and its time will come.

With every fond remembrance that love can prompt,  
I pray that I may ever remain as I have been always

Your loving and affect

Robert Burnaby.

“YANKEES ARE A JOLLY LOT”

~ LETTER NO. 20 ~

San Francisco

October 13<sup>th</sup> 1859

My dear Tom,

After spending some seven weeks on Burrards Inlet “Coaling” sinking pits at low water mark, and above high tide, following up seams to which (unlike Hamlets) I was compelled to say “Nay it is’nt” we struck our camp and came away.

I do not yet despair of the ultimate finding of a good Coal field, but the experiments made would not justify us in expending, on a doubtful enterprise, the amount of capital required by the Governor, he wanted us as a condition of sale to buy 5000 acres of land at 10/- the acre and to pay cash down.

But we had a really pleasant time, out on the Bay in our Canoe, potting at ducks which are very difficult to hit, so wild and so thickly feathered, trying for Salmon, and catching with salmon roe some very good trout, real speckly chaps, from  $\frac{3}{4}$  to  $1\frac{1}{4}$  lb, up the most splendid streams tearing from the Hills and falling into the Inlet. We had no more trouble with the Indians although I dare say you saw from the papers the exaggerated accounts of our little affair with them. I hope the letter I wrote to my Mother, and home, arrived in time to prevent any uneasiness.

And now I have to thank you for a letter dated Feb. 17<sup>th</sup> 1859, received by me about the 1<sup>st</sup> October, with a full account of your Xmas in London. The delay in its arrival caused by its being short stamped, and coming in a ship round the Horn.

You have wondered I dare say at my silence regarding it. By same Post a letter from Lucy dated the 25<sup>th</sup> July, chronicling her London visit with Aunt Anne. How she must have enjoyed that glorious Handel Festival!

I am here for a week to look after our Blankets, which I am forwarding on to Victoria, as they will not sell here and may there arrived here last Monday the 10<sup>th</sup>.

In the Club yesterday I took up the Times and the very first thing I set eyes on was Mr. Haynes death, oh how my heart started, and I have been ever since thinking, hoping and dreading, oh that a speedy Mail may bring me the happy news of good fortune for you.

I return to that quiet happy home, and cannot disserve you from it, yet if it is to be so, dearest Brother, you will I know make another Home as happy, with equal goodness and industry.

So far I have enjoyed the best health, the climate is lovely, but I fancy relaxing, for everyone seems more or less disposed to be lazy. This year has not done much towards that Fortune that was to be, and the prospects do not brighten so much as they might, but I do think that another year will make a change and open out some means of laying the first beginnings of the pile.

You can have no idea of the reckless extravagance of the whole of this Coast, no coin in circulation less than a "bit" i.e. sixpence. Living excellent but a dollar 4/- a meal. Such fruit, pears and apples that Covent Garden never dreamt of, and peaches, tomatoes and grapes of splendid sorts.

A cattle and fruit show just across the Bay here, very good stock and capital horses, no sheep, and fruit pile upon pile. But this place and people are tumble down shaky and showy.

Half the population is Hebrew, but oh swindling, you see Hook noses, Hawk's eyes, and Sardonic smiles at every corner and in every shop.

The extravagance of the other sex in crinoline and coverments is something insane, silks and satins blown up barred out hugely. The women are pretty, showy that is, with pretty feet, (almost without exception) "bien champeès" - but the children are girls, the girls young women, and the women yellow and seedy when they should be in their prime.

They all look more or less like Dames Galantes, and as I have said before if report say true, they do not look it only.

I hate this town and I shall be glad to get back to old Victoria, dull as it is. There the Yankee element exists and is making some impression, but there is a fine leaven of healthy old English blood to keep it in check.

More and more as I see all this, my feelings warm to the old land, and all her purity and goodness, and I do verily believe that she is the best and happiest of all nations under the Sun.

We have had an importation of the Parson kind since I last wrote Pringle I have not seen, he has gone up the Fraser to Fort Hope. Sheep-shanks takes New Westminster he is a handsome chap and a good churchman, his father had one of the Coventry churches. He was astonished and slightly disgusted I think when he saw the "City" of New Westminster and I heard him make sundry severe allusions to the smiling city of Eden etc. Certainly if he had any preconceived notions of the size and importance of our capital, the log cabins, wooden grog shops, wooden warehouses, and stumpy forest, all up and down, with great charred sticks averaging about 170 feet long by 7 feet through, lying scree about, must have laughed them considerably to scorn.

But we know that thus all cities rise. This year old Douglas has done all in his power to retard it, for the sake of his pet Victoria V.I. but next year "nous verrons".

As it is now extremes meet! One of our lots which only cost £340 is

actually let to a good tenant at £120 per ann., which is thought a nominal rent to suit the dull times.

Emigration has stopped for the present, but the gold is not failing up to this, and tho' I have as yet made no hits, and things work downstairs, my pluck keeps good and I don't mean to jib it up so.

I certainly was disappointed in Moody, he had fair game before him, and might have kicked old Douglas into nine pence, and so he would have done had he listened to advice, but he refused, and ever refused and put his trust in Downing Street and diplomacy, so the old boy and Gossett gave him rope, and got him into a financial fix, and now they fling piles of dirt at him, which he eats all up, and Downing St. does not come to his aid.

I hope to get in shape of Salary for my services, a slice of land at the Coal fields; and if so you will hear something more of it.

The Engineer officers are a set of real good fellows. Of them all I like Parsons and Luard the best, the latter is a son of an old Leamington physician, whom I dare say Mamma remembers. They make me free of their Mess whenever I like to go and stay.

On my return after I have sold my Blankets, I hope to go up the Fraser, when I shall have plenty to tell about the gold diggings. I have been an excursion on the Coast, an account of which will go to Aunt Lucy, and you will be sure to see it.

Thank Sally for her constant communications all so good. I have a grievous tale to tell her. The omnium gatherum, my pride and the admiration of all beholders was stolen from my tent at the Camp where I thought it most secure. It is the only thing I have lost since I came out, and many things I should have sooner spared, none that I part from with such regret.

God bless my dearest Mother and you all, I shall write to Hugo, whose Appt. to Nile I rejoice to see, tho' hoping to see him here.

Post after post I shall go on looking for news from you, and every night my prayer will be that God will give you, dearest Brother the Home and comfort that you have earned so well.

Your ever affect. And fondly loving Brother

Rbt. Burnaby

A Yankee said he managed to get an egg when the whole ship's crew were on rice and water allowance –

How so?

Why the Capen' made the ship lay to and gev me one!"

~ LETTER NO. 21 ~

San Francisco

October 19<sup>th</sup> 1859

Dear old Hugo,

How long I owe you a letter I blush with shame to record. Never mind let me now congratulate you on your appointment hoping that the "Nile" will suit you, and the skipper prove all right.

I wish you could have gun boated out here, but you are I dare say better off as you are; long life and promotion to you! Here I am hunting up my Blankets in the wondrous city, quite a change after the wilds of the forest and the quiet proprieties of Victoria.

Fancy a town of 80,000 inhabitants, built half on piles into the Bay, and the rest on sand-hills, thrice burnt down to the ground, and yet what it is in ten years. Oh the mounds of dollars that are made, lost and squandered here!

The population is more than half Jewish, and there is swindling and knavery, or smartness as they call it, on every side of one, lots of amusements, theatres, circus, nigger singing shops, Billiards and "demoiselles de compagnie" – luxury in everything and laxity also.

Two clubs, the Union or quiet place, and the Pacific rather rowdy, more drinking and larks. This Coast is a mighty spot for taking drinks, it is quite a bore, every third person you meet wants you to take a drink and is offended if you refuse. Many of the liquors are vile, rank poison. Miniè, warranted to kill at 100 yards. But again other stuffs are good and some of the compounds, cocktails, smashes and ticklers are very lively and pleasant.

I have plenty of friends, and can be out every night if so disposed, hospitality abounds and the Yankees in spite of their peculiarities are a jolly lot. You remember my old prejudices! how they are softened down and changed by intercourse, why I believe nowhere on earth can a man be better "straightened out" than on this Pacific coast; whether it's going to be California or B. Columbia, this side of the world is going to make a great noise and to influence the destiny of nations.

Nautical! At Esquimalt are the "Ganges" Adml. Baynes, the Pylades, Satellite, Tribune, and Plumper, all full of right good chaps, many of them your friends. Peel of the Satellite often talks of you, a brick and brisk at Cricket as usual. Blake of the Marines from China a fastish fellow, but a good chap old DeCourcy commanding Pylades a prime old salt, Hornby of the Tribune capital, son of Admiral formerly of Coast Guard, fancy the change, here I am writing and puffing at my weed like a Trojan. This town noted for good Havannas. When shall we smoke one together



and dive after a dozen oysters and a pen' north of Gin? B. Columbia prospect not quite so golden as they were, but "vive l'esperance", and hurrah for better times. Genl. Scott an old Yankee general passed thru' here en route to the seat of "difficulty", gave him an oration, procession, triumphal arches, speeches and all the rest, a fine old boy to look at ...

I am in for a roving and varied life now; and shall not return home, dearly as I love it and the thoughts of all there, until I have tried to "make a mark" somewhere.

God bless you dear old boy, always from my childhood up, in my heart. Keep your own powder well dry and ready. Your chances are yet to come perhaps. Write to me as often as you can, and if I don't write so often as before, remember the lot I have to write.

Your very loving Brother,  
Robt. Burnaby.

~ LETTER NO. 22 ~

Steamer Northerner  
en route to Victoria

Nov. 9<sup>th</sup> 1859

My dear Tom,

... Let me tell you of my trip to the Californian mines.

A great steam boat, holding some 1500 folks and any quantity of freight, leaves San. Fran. every afternoon at four o'clock.

You get a splendid dinner on board and a capital sleeping room, travel all night long, and get to Sacramento a town up the river about 150 miles in the early morning.

My companion was Captain Lock of the Forward, and a very good one he proved.

Couldn't see much of the scenery, smoked our cigars on deck, every now and then to the Bar, a regular Tap on board for a drink. I told you before the queer phrases people have drinking with each other, some new ones.

Fellow taking his glass looks round, says How?! and down it goes, another - "Well" "drink hearty" and so on.

Up early and on shore, Sacramento a Dutch looking town, all straight lines and angles, large and bustling, take "cars" for Fulsom at 7 o'clock, get there at eight, and here begins the mining region.

The Sacramento river runs at the bottom of a deep gully, part sand,

part bed rock, which has been seamed through and through with diggings, now deserted.

We got on a four horse stage, good team, coach like very old fashioned Mail Coach, and off we go, over a suspension bridge, hanging above the river which rolls at a fearful depth below us, continually rising we pass through a fine park-like country, all covered with evergreen oaks, the whole appearance now dun brown, not a vestige of green visible, but a fine rolling scenery; great boulders of rock peeping up on every side, and whenever we come to a valley, then you see the whole place, cut up, tunnelled, burrowed through and through, traces of water, and dry mud flats where gold diggings have been.

Our companions are two or three "hard" diggers, two Chinese, highly and vilely odoriferous, two females, and one old fellow who as been on the travel for the past nine months.

The dust you could not conceive.

Every two hours we stop to change horses, at a wayside inn, where we get "drinks" all round.

Our first great stage is Auburn, here we dine, get a capital feed, turn off the stage into a covered place, just like an old Coach office, with a Bar at one end.

Into a side shed, where we find basins, jack towels and water, and a lot of miners, come in from the diggings to dine, all dusty and rough, the queerest looking fellows ever seen.

We sit alongside them at dinner, and a deuced good dinner they get, Soup, fowls, roast beef and mutton and corned beef, peas pudding and any quantity of vegetables.

"All aboard" sings the driver, and in we get again, through Auburn, just burnt down; even while the fire was burning, carts were sent off to bring in new lumber to rebuild.

Still on through the same style of country, only it is more hilly and barren, and we begin to see the miners at work, chiefly Chinese, who take up poor diggings when the white miners desert them. It is dusk when the stage reaches "Grass Valley" the head quarters of Quartz crushing of which more anon. Drinks again and ice creams if we like.

I should have told you that all these luxuries are brought up by Teams from Fulsom, we passed any quantity of them on the road, some with as many as twelve oxen, dragging drearily on, dusty and footsore, their tongues hanging out, and their eyes dull.

It was half past seven and quite dark, when we got into "Nevada", the head quarters of the Northern mines, where we saw mining life in every phase.

A capital supper, tête a tête with miners as before, very good and comfortable, then out we go for a stroll in the town, which is built down in a deep valley, and has simply resulted from the richness of the neigh-

bouring digging, here are America Hill and some of the best gold fields that have just been found.

The streets are all laid with wooden planks, and so are the side walks.

The principal shops “dry goods stores”, where you see every article of clothing, the most conspicuous being red and blue shirts, blankets, boots etc.; cigar shops, bars, restaurants and saloons, in the latter gambling goes on in the most extensive way.

Two brazen faced women and two villainous looking men, each presiding at a table and surrounded by a crowd of the roughest diggers, at one they play vingt-un; at another rouge et noir, a third faro and a fourth montè.

You hear the monotonous “Come now make your game”, the man turns up his sleeve, and carefully cuts and deals round, down go the dollars, and the rake is soon in requisition pulling it all in.

Strange contrasts too! close by a Methodist preacher was bawling and raving to half a dozen or so of the same class of diggers.

Fancy here in the heart of the mountains, we get fresh oysters excellently good at 2/- a dish, this between two and three hundred miles from San Francisco.

Next morning we took a buggy (Yes Sirree! horse and buggy!! as they say when they want to emphasise) and drove all over the mines. All round about as before the entire surface of the earth has been dried out, and washed out, and now looked thoroughly desolate. At one place “Young America” Mining Company is digging into the heart of a hill as long as Billesden Copland, the shaft goes down some 200 feet; and they shovel up the dirt, out of which they wash as much as £3 and 400 a day.

We next went down to Grass Valley to look at the Quartz crushing Mills. The chief of these is called the Alison lead, out of which fabulous quantities of gold have been taken.

Down the shaft we went, by a perpendicular ladder, some 200 feet, and then on an incline like the galleries at the Peak, about 5 feet high by 6 feet wide, along this the quartz lead ran, and as we wind through and through, we came at last to the spot where Cornishmen are splitting out the hard quartz, one holds a pick in his hand, which the other strikes with a big sledge (hammer), threatening, as it looks, to smash his hand any moment, but always hitting true.

In looking at the quartz, you cannot detect a trace of gold, although the whole mass is impregnated with it, now and then you come to a fine specimen, but this is only occasional. Now we hold tight and mount the ladder again, all the time, and down below, the panting and din of the steam pump half deafening us; we doff our miners shirt, put out our tallow candle (no! far too rich here to use tallow, best compo:) and overlook the machine itself.

Outside is the quartz heap as sent from below, two or three men are breaking it smaller – stamp, stamp, goes the mill, they shovel in

the lumps of stone, and these with water are brought under the crushers, great iron pestles that steadily move up and down, and smash and crush the rock till it finally flows out liquid mud, this passes over blankets cut into strips, and is carried over by a quick stream of water, all the heavy metallic matter is caught in the thick wool, which is taken off every few minutes, and rinsed in a tub, the stuff from this tub is taken to another sluice, and carried, by water, through a box hugely padlocked, containing a quantity of quicksilver, the moment gold and quicksilver come into contact they amalgamate, and the proceeds of this box are the chief yield of the mine. We saw the same thing going on at two or three other Mills. Met some very nice Englishmen, who showed us a great deal of attention and gave me some good specimens.

Our journey back commenced in the dead of night at ¼ to 1, and we drove at a rattling pace, along our perilous and stumpy track, in the most wondrous manner without check or accident, arriving at Fulsom at ½ past 11 next day, and back at San Francisco at 10.30 p.m. We had great fun on board the steamer playing “euchre and poker” two great round games, all the way down in a snug little room of the Captain’s, the stakes being “drinks all round” after every rubber, and I came out square and did not lose a single drink.

Now to recount a few anecdotes on the road –

At Grass Valley we saw the Cottage where Lola Montez had lived, but she didn’t go down with the miners anyhow.

En route, by the stage, I saw a young lady working at a window, and her work box in which were all her materials, consisted of a new spittoon.

Speaking of which great institution, I must tell you what I hear one first class gentleman say to another in a Club at San Francisco; they were playing cards at night – Gent. No. 1 expectorates over the Boot of Gent No. 2 – Gent No. 1 remarks “Guess you’ll have your boots shined tomorrow, so no harm anyhow.”

Man in stage describing evening party near the Mines – a strange female noticed in the room, asks for an introduction. Reply – “Guess I don’t know her myself, believe she’s introduced by the lady that keeps the apple stand”.

Some of the remarks most whimsical!

Man playing at cards looks at his hand – “Well! I’ve no more show, this time, than a cat in hell with a straw blanket on.” Another talking of a big drink he had been at says “No Sir! I wasn’t tight! I drank such a sight of brandy that I guess I might as well have been pouring drink down a rat-hole.”

Well, I could go on gossiping for a long time, but I must desist. You must thank Sally and Harriet for their letters, and to them I shall quickly write, but as the letters go the round, why its all the same in the end!

I think some of my letters must have missed fire, as I wrote pretty

steadily from Fraser River, but the post was very irregular. Prospects much as before, but I think a year will show us better openings.

The trip from San Francisco has been an interesting one, and I shall find materials for another letter in describing Oregon and Washington Territory.

Piles of love and most affectionate fond wishes to every one; and thanks for all kind letters and newspapers. Best love to my dearest Mother, and dear Tom, every fervent wish and prayer of mine, that may help to waft you to prosperity and success. Health never better! I'm as strong as a tiger!

Your loving Brother,  
Rbt. Burnaby.

~ LETTER NO. 23 ~

Victoria  
November 27<sup>th</sup> 1859

My dearest Sister,

Your frequent, regular, budgets deserve a reply long overdue. My last was to Tom written on board the "Northerner", on which I returned from San Francisco after a pleasant sojourn ... Our Boat took us a very pleasant cruise up the Columbia river, the Bar at the entrance of which is rough and always dangerous: and over which for about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an hour, we had a most tremendous tossing.

Columbia River is something like the Fraser as regards scenery, but the country is in places more open and the river wider: we passed Astoria, where Jacob Astor made all the money which has since rendered his family so powerful in New York and about which you will remember Washington Irving's Book.

Portland the Capital of Oregon is a small place rather larger and more substantial looking than Victoria; but built on much the same plan, we stayed there two days, the whole time being in an Oregon mist, which means pretty heavy straight down rain, what a storm of rain must be I fear to imagine.

Here I met a Mr. Brocklehurst a young Englishman who has been travelling in the States for 18 months, he is now here, stays for a fortnight more and then starts for China, round to Australia and home via India and over land. He comes from somewhere near Macclesfield, I believe their place is called The Fence. He is a very intelligent dapper little fellow and we are great allies.

At last there seems some hope of the Gold mines yielding better results, and again enticing a population here. The town everywhere just now is better than I ever remember it, they are finding gold in large quantities and the country is rapidly settling down.

I have taken permanent quarters for the winter in Wharf St. here; and as I write, am sitting surrounded by Bales of Blankets; with samples all marked and ready for inspection lying around me.

As yet the sale has been indifferent; but after the steamer leaves I hope for better success.

We had a great feature here last Monday evening; Mrs. Murray a married lady (English) from San Francisco staying with her brother a Merchant here, had the pluck, the week before to give a large Ball, so the Victoria folks not to be outdone, formed a committee of five (your brother being one) to make all arrangements for giving one before the departure of the lady.

It was to have been given in the New Court House, a fine room just right for the purpose. But when old Douglas was asked he withheld his consent, wishing he said to inaugurate the room himself (another Ball eh!). What to be done! no room fit for the purpose, the only hope a Hall just commenced, with scarce one plank on another. However, the Contractor was sought, pushed on with a Bribe of £10 and by Saturday night (Wednesday night the arrangement made) lo! a fine room was ready for us.

Flags from the men of war, scratch chandeliers rigged up with pink tarletan, festoons of evergreens, paper rosettes, half a dozen large looking glasses borrowed in the town, a well bees waxed floor, good supper, and a very fair band, sent 150 folks to bed at the small end of Monday night with a very lively ideas of a pleasant affair: better in point of taste and proprieties than anything that had hitherto been seen on the Island.

The Govr. and all the Royal Family were there as well as the Nobility, gentry, officers and residents of Victoria and its vicinity. Dancing commenced at 9 and did not end till ½ past four, when the Band being nearly drunk, and very tired, struck for more liquor.

You will be glad to hear that I have made the acquaintance of Messrs. Pringle and Dundas, Rev. Gents of energy and zeal, the former talks much about you, and of Leicester, he is stationed at Fort Hope up the Fraser, and is doing a great deal in the way of reading rooms: schools and genuine work. I read him extracts from your letter with which he was well pleased. Dundas is here, he wishes me to become his churchwarden, and it is probable I may do so: but am taking a little time to deliberate on the matter. You cannot tell just now how much I think of home matters. The Post is so irregular that I am writing before the mail arrives; and shall keep my letters often till the last to say a few words in reply to any I may get ...

Col. Moody appears to go lower and lower down, fails to fulfil all the promises he made, as to policy and action, and subsides into a mere listless ill-used non-entity.

When I got back I found about 6 letters about 9 months old, which having been insufficiently stamped, were sent by ship, among them letters from Lue, Harriet and Rose, nevertheless old as they were, they were eagerly devoured and as good as new. But it is a special caution with this part of the world to fully prepaying letters before sending.

Your accounts of your trip to Ashburn and of all the Leicester folks are as good a Court circular, so short and graphic. I do hope Mr. D'Vaughan may come to Leicester, his work and sermons in London marked him as a man of just that intellect and character you would be likely to appreciate and from whose earnestness you would derive much comfort.

My letter this time is rather barren of incident, but you will learn from it of my well being, and of the hopeful state of affairs just now. Next time I shall endeavour to send something more generally interesting.

This of course will bear my love, and good thoughts all round the family, to Dick and all at Kelso, and to Harry and the Col. with theirs. I am rejoiced to see Collgwd.. so actively in demand for the public service and feel sure some day, please God, to see Harry "My lady". May and Henry I was glad to hear such good accts. of, last at Llandudno, I hope my godson is well now.

Well, dear Sally, to wind up with all the love I can bring to bear on you, and the dear old Galby home for I must still call it so, and wishing you to give my kindest remembrances to all at Leicester, Ashbourne, and elsewhere.

Ever your truly loving Brother,  
Rbt. Burnaby.



“TO BURNABY AND BLANKETS”

~ LETTER NO. 24 ~

Victoria V.I.  
December 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1859

My dearest Harriet -

It is your turn, I am sure, to have a letter, as it is on my mind to thank you for two or three giving me full accounts of all your Dublin gaieties. Something has happened to the Mail, and we are kept out of our regular budget, as well as unable to send on mail we had ready; but the steamer, just in, brings me two letters from Sally dated Sept. 22 and Oct. 6<sup>th</sup>. She mentions not hearing from me: but there must be some irregularity in the Post, since with the exception of the short time I was out in Burrard Inlet, and thereabouts, I have never failed writing every Mail.

I never was better; and since leaving England, have not known an hour's real illness; and there can be no doubt about the healthiness of this climate.

I am now actually in business harness; have got a couple of good rooms in “the City” - and at this instant am sitting, by the side of a good wood fire on the open hearth, amidst my household Gods, or rather Goods, to wit Bales of Blankets.

Amongst my visitors are many gentlemen of the Hebrew faith and of German extraction: who are reputed to be the keenest traders, and most slippery customers in the world: but as they bring dollars in their pockets we soon contrive to come to an understanding. So far my efforts have been as successful as was to be expected, and a good number of red white and blue Bales have been born away for Native adornment - the Indians are very particular about the style of their Blanket and its quality; quite as much so, indeed, as ladies are about the fashion of their attire - We shall soon have the great Blanket feast coming off: at which magnanimous proprietors tear up all their Blankets into shreds before the tribe, to show how rich they are and how utterly they despise the possession of wealth after all.

We are all amused here to see what a sensation Genl Harney's move on San Juan caused at home: such leaders<sup>8</sup> in the papers and indignation all round: Here it is not regarded as more than a nine day wonder, although had it not been for admiral Baynes the hot headedness of Gov. Douglas might have risked a collision. He is a curious man: full of craft and tack - a diplomatist of the first order, which art he has acquired by constant intercourse with Indians - in treating with whom you must

<sup>8</sup>Editorials

always conceal your real object and work round to it in an indifferent way: otherwise, the moment they see you want something they double their demands.

He has taken Colonel Moody, and crumpled him up small: never was there a man so well armed for the fight - sent out on purpose to out manoeuvre the old Hudson's Bay factor - he talked a great deal of all his intended moves: while the old Boy, who had measured his man, let him go on and on: muddling his work, and doubling his expenditure; and then when the time came for it quietly sat upon him, which the gallant Colonel allowed. At one time from his talk I thought him an exception to the rule that all members of the Canting school are weak and wishy washy - but he has proved true to the Colours of the faithful and of course was writing slip slop to Missionary meetings when he ought to have been hard at work on the country. He will probably return home in the Spring - after waiting Mrs. Moody's convenience in regard to an increase in the population.

The news from the gold fields is very encouraging - at this time of year the Miners come down to winter here or in San Francisco - they all bring plenty of money and mean to return in the Spring; and everybody looks for a rush of Miners this way when the weather breaks. As a proof of their earnings fancy an Irishman going up there six weeks ago "dead broke" as they say: and coming down again after paying all his expenses with between £80 and 90 in his pocket. Some men have made as much as £10 in a day. But the country has been neglected and mismanaged - B. Columbia on the mainland has been snubbed for the sake of forwarding Victoria V.I. and all Govt. officials sent from home for the former, and paid out its Revenues are absentees kicking their heels here. There is a Mr. Drake come out, who lived at Shepperton - he knew the Potters there and Mrs. P. he tells me was some Italian Baroness. You allude to the Marge in a ship letter, which being insufficiently stamped was sent here round the Horn: and with many others arrived welcome enough but very stale. Please send me all particulars about it - My faith in the Potter was never very extensive: and it was considerably shaken by the attitude he took to Tom, with regard to the index of his horrible magnum opus: about which I spent a world of useful time and much pains. I was so glad to hear of Collingwood being on the Armstrong Gun Committee. He will never be forgotten or overlooked where more than ordinary talent and knowledge are required - Give him my very kindest love, and good wishes. I see Dick is promoted: which is pleasant news - it will I suppose interfere with his Survey appointment. We have plenty of gaiety: the ships are Ganges, Plumper, Tribune, Satellite and till lately Pylades - all offers nice fellows - many of the friends of Hugh. We had a Ball here the other night which rather astonished the old resident Big-wigs; got up by a Committee of Gentlemen in the place: your brother being one: it was done

in "tip top" style - and every one was there, to the dire wrath of several nobodies who had hitherto allowed themselves into affairs of the kind. The room was decorated with bunting from the fleet - and looked lovely.

All festivities are just now at a halt: owing to the death of Mrs. Cameron the judge's wife and the Governor's sister - the Colonial Secretary's Mother-in-law and the Speaker's Aunt-in-law. /Happy family!/  
there was a grand funeral the day before yesterday: at which everybody was present: and where I, with many more, caught a cold in the head. I hope by this time, that Tom has got settled. But I don't like to think of it. Kindest love to all at home, L'pool. Kelso and Leicester - not forgetting sweet Dublin city.

Your loving Bro  
R. Burnaby

~ LETTER NO. 25 ~

Victoria  
23<sup>rd</sup> December 1859

My dearest Mother,

Christmas comes and with it, as you can well conceive, many thoughts of the dear Home firesides; and the longings of one's heart warm up into loving wishes and prayers for the health and happiness of all around them.

We shall be gay and cheerful here too. I am to spend Xmas Eve and day with the Mackenzie family about whom I have written you and a jolly time we shall have, he is the very soul of jovial hospitality and his house is a regular specimen of a Colonial Farm House, a large family; the eldest about 18, two pretty daughters, and one fine boy about 13; all handy and always hard at work, in dairy, kitchen and house; waiting at table etc. for servants excepting Indians are rare to get and too expensive.

The day after Xmas I dine with the Skinners; old settlers also; and in all probability the whole week will be a round of jollification; so you must not think that because I am a waif and stray on the Pacific that a dull lonely Xmas is inevitable e.g. just as I am writing in comes Lirick Peile (an old Messmate of Hugo's) and engages me for Tuesday on board the "Satellite", and one of the old H.B. Co's officers (Mr. Anderson) has this instant fixed me for tomorrow to meet Capt. Palliser the celebrated Rocky Mountain Ranger who has just come across after a three years expedition. He is a noble energetic fellow; and reports very favorably of the route he has traversed; and from all he says, we hope that the long thought of road will be actually made some day after all.

At the end of my first year's sojourn here, on looking back I see nothing to regret altho' as yet the golden heap is not making much way.

Prospects certainly appear to be brightening, and the news from the Gold Mines gets better day after day. We get down some fine solid nuggets, some of them worth £10 each, and I was offered a bet of a suit of new clothes, that this next year we should see lumps worth £100 each.

Poor Colonel Moody gets more sat upon every day; and we all expect he will go home in the spring. He has been very much ill used but he never had the pluck to stand up for himself and take his own part.

It is very difficult now one is settled down to a sort of monotonous life to find wherewith to fill a letter.

I get up between 8 and 9 and have some tea and bread and butter at my office table surrounded as usual by my Bales of Blankets which are falling off by slow degrees. Fritz, my boy, a smiling fresh faced blue eyed German comes in to clean up; do boots and general tidying, and I write,figure and wait upon Providence for Customers.

Visitors are more frequent, one drops in after another for a gossip and a smoke. Perhaps a German Jew or Yankee dealer looks in and fingers the Blankets; departing without "doing mischief" at 12 or 1, a knock on the door, and a grinning nigger pieman produces a delicious mutton or oyster pie for 1 Bit (or 6d), this devoured, more writing, visitors etc. many from the Fleet of course, at 5 or so I stroll out, find someone to dine, most probably Crease (my old friend) and Alston the son of a Derbyshire parson and an old Pauline, tell Tom, as also are Carey the Att. Genl. and Elliot, another Barrister they were all at Paul's with Beaumont Burnaby. We get some fish or soup, joint and coffee for dinner, with very good bottled beer for 4/- or 5/-, and then adjourn to one or another fire, where we chat, sing, play a rubber, and take a horn of toddy; and flounder along the wooden side walks and oft into the deep mire, to our Blankets, sheets being a luxury we all despise as cold; as well as expensive to wash.

So you see, my dearest Mother, our life is not particularly hard, saving for the distance and the cruel oceans that roll between us, which please God to allow it, we will yet traverse, and enjoy with you all again a Merry Xmas time; for which now, comes across them to all and every one of those I love, the fond affection of

Your ever attached Son,

Rbt. Burnaby.

## ~ LETTER NO. 26 ~

Victoria  
Jan. 6<sup>th</sup> 1860

My dear Rose,

... We have had a right merry Xmas and New Year; for even so far away, the memory of Home customs, and jollifications is kept up all right well. On Xmas Eve there was a bachelor dinner at the "French Hotel", none of your wretched half-starved Colony affairs, but a real good dinner with mock turtle soup and delectable entrees, turkey, plum pudding and "half and half".

Then we had singing, hot punch and a round game, to all our great contentment. Next morning I walked down to Esquimalt, intending service on board the "Ganges", but no boat was to be had, so we missed what was afterwards described to us as a very pretty sight, viz. the men at their Xmas feast. Every Mess was decorated with evergreens, flowers, and lights, and the old Admiral with all his officers went in procession round, to the tune of "Oh the Roast Beef", and stuffed himself with duff, at every other mess taking a little bit, so much for his Xmas dinner. Ours was a very lively one with the Mackenzies of Craigflower, Crease was there, some of the Ganges officers and with two or three other fellows from Victoria and, what at this time is best of all, his own family of eight young children, we made up a respectable table, to a huge sirloin, a noble turkey, plum pudding and mince pies, just like the Xmas dinner of old home. Our first and best toast was absent friends, and my heart bounded right away over mountain and wave into your very midst.

I am ashamed to say that with the connivance of the young ladies, we put the clocks and watches on about 2 hours, so that when midnight came, with songs and fluting, even dancing also, and we kept the morn alive till 4 o'clock. All my old songs came in to the rescue not forgetting "Alonzo".

Next day I went out shooting with Major Foster; with no sport, he is a nice fellow, very peculiar; was in the Crimea and in Italy with Radetsky, he has a very pretty and amiable wife; who comes somewhere out of Staffordshire. In the evening I dined with Skinners; she you remember was Mrs. Lowdham's niece, we had a quiet family feed.

Next day I rode to Victoria for business; and back to Skinners, dressed and on board the "Satellite" to meet Capt. Palliser. I have already told how jolly a fellow he is, and what pleasant stories and good songs he always has about him. We had some songs from the Crew, some of whom sing well in harmony together, and fancy my singing "Alonzo" and some of the nigger songs before the whole ships company to their delight. They always turn round with a nod when they see me in the streets.

Wednesday, I was on board the Tribune, and after dinner we went to private theatricals of the Crew on board the “Satellite”, great fun, specially to see the red cheeked boys as ladies, one of them goes by the name of Lawyer from his having once been in a Lawyer’s office. Thursday we had a dance in Victoria, the half breed young ladies (Sitcums as they are called) are very noisy: even to romping: they dance pretty well and exhibit all the accomplishments of their betters; they know very well how to shuffle off a partner they don’t care for, and secure the attention of a favorite, and it is astonishing how they are “quite engaged” when some people ask, and “only too happy” a moment after.

It is quite an effort to get to these parties; nights pitch dark probably raining hard; struggle into big boots, trousers inside, light lantern, take stick and off, along planks laid in mud, into which a step aside will plunge you 10 inches at least, getting out of town we leave friendly planks and flounder our way by degrees, occasionally meeting with a dog who does no more harm than growling a little: when we get to our spot, it is quite a little task to get out of our boots and into our dandies. This once done, no more care till time to go, and then we go reckless through the mud, those who clean their own boots going a little more gingerly perhaps than the others.

On New Years Eve I was at Mackenzies again, and we had if possible a jollier night than ever, negro melodies in character, charades, songs etc. and at midnight a salute of 21 6 pounder guns to the New Year.

On Sunday Dundas the Bishop’s Chaplain opened his new church at Esquimalt, and with great success. He collected nearly £50 in that small place. He is the nicest fellow in the world. Pringle is equally so, but not so much common sense. He is more of the Sampson White style, with better stuff in him.

At our sing-songs Crease has introduced a new idea – taking the tune of Kathleen O’More, he improvises in this fashion:

When I started from England oh! sorrowful day,  
I was tossed on the Billows a waif and a stray,  
Till I came to Vancouver  
This fine clad Vancouver – Vancouver oh lor!

and so on for half an hour, the last with the most intense emphasis, being sung by disappointed men, who came out expecting to make the little pile in an instant.

Business is dull. Burnaby and Blankets is a favourite toast. But things look very well for the future.

Oh 1860! may it bring to you all and their home and days happier even than the past, and if it does not see me set foot there, it will every morning and evening find my thoughts dwelling there, and my wishes and prayers for you all there, as fond and earnest as though I were in your midst, which, please God, may soon again be.

Your ever loving and affect. Br.  
R. Burnaby.

~ LETTER NO. 27 ~

January 24 1860

My dearest Mother,

... You must not in the least think we are suffering under any sort of privation or discomfort, we have every luxury here a man can want and are only on the look out for money which has not come in so speedily as it might have done. But we are on tiptoe for better times this year, and there is every prospect of much better success.

I have had several interviews with the Bishop, and he has done me the honor to consult with me on several topics as to church matters. We shall find it a great comfort when we get a new church; and a peal of Bells as Lucy says, will drive away the Varmint and bring us good fortune.

The present church here, which stands on a rock in the most commanding position, is a wretched wooden affair, with a methodistical general look about which they have attempted to disguise by a pepper pot tower, villainous painted windows and wooden ornaments in the Swiss Cottage style, the parson Mr. Cridge is a sleepy drone, who tires every one; and wants to be well poked up by the Episcopal Crook.

There is talk of all the N. Westminster and B.C. absentee officials being at once started to their proper destination. I sincerely hope this may be true, as the jobbery and rascality have been very glaring, and have very much retarded the Colony.

I am going to pay a short visit partly on business to Colonel Moody at N. Westminster; start tomorrow morning, accompanied by Major Foster and Capt. Palliser. Major Foster I have before mentioned as a great friend of mine, his wife a very charming person. Tell Tom he knew the Franklins at Florence: brother of that man at the Club; and two of whose Brothers are now here, and he says they were always known there, as men with no visible means of subsistence against whom nothing could be said, tho' a generally uncomfortable feeling was current about them. They edged in good society without being part of it; and were noted for pecuniary success at whist in connection with picture dealing and works of art. Capt. Palliser has arrived here after three years real hard work and privations in the Rocky Mountains.

He reports pretty well on the feasibility of a road across: and has been through some splendid country, a glorious fellow, who sings and tells stories capitally. I send two or three little scraps for Tom.



This is written very hurriedly just to let you know I am well and truly happy to hear that you all continue so: which please God may you remain till we meet once more, dearest Mother, you are never out of my thoughts. I wish I had brought your picture with me and a general family group.

Ever believe me,  
Your fondly affect. Son,  
Robt. Burnaby

~ LETTER NO. 28 ~

Victoria

February 10<sup>th</sup> 1860

My dearest Mother

The mail only leaves me half an hour to tell your that I still continue, thankfully, in the best health and spirits. ...We are passing through our usual winter season and full of hope, as before, for the coming spring. it is a matter of doubt whether we shall do much this year: the Government is very unpopular, and the Colony is being needlessly retarded.

I wrote long letters to Sally and Tom by last mail, since when I have been up to N. Westminster to pay a visit to Colonel Moody, and all my good friends at the Engineer Camp, where I always meet with the warmest and kindest welcome. Tell Dick with my love his friend Gosset is as obnoxious as ever, making mischief everywhere and thrusting himself into all the prominence he can. I wish you could have seen the lovely view we had entering the Fraser the other day. It is usually very foggy, but by great good luck it was the clearest day and the whole level land of the great valley of the Fraser was visible, backed by the lofty range of the Cascades in all their "blue and silver beauty". Capt. Palliser who was with me made a sketch of it and said he had seen nothing more splendid in all his travels. Tell Sally Rev. Pringle is come out as a great political agitator; writing in papers in true church Militant style. One of his most salient points of attack is Gosset aforesaid. We had our chimney on fire here last week: a serious matter in a wooden town that would be only a heap of ashes. It was soon put out however and no harm done.

I am dying for home news and hold out for a large budget next steamer to atone for present deficiencies. In haste, dearest Mother, with my truest love to you, and every one at Home and "all round":

Believe me  
Your always fondly affect.  
Rbt. Burnaby.

~ LETTER NO. 29 ~

Victoria

February 28, 1860

My Dearest Harriet

I owe you one in answer to your last long letter and must rub and scrub up all the odds and ends of news that I can muster in order to make up a budget from this fag end of the Earth.

After the first novelty is over however, we subside into a chronic state of rocks, pine trees and natives, and anything but a wooden street with plank sidewalks, and vast seas of mud beyond, a population with Yankee cut and Hebrew phiz, and restless mass of Miners always talking and thinking about diggings and nuggets, rockers and sluices, would now appear to us quite beside the order of things.

We had a small excitement the other night though; just in the middle of a rubber we heard a row amongst the Indians, and on going out found their village (on the other side of the Harbour) in flames. Across the Bridge we went to be sure, and you cannot fancy a stranger sight: these houses are all cedar wood: thoroughly dry from having constant fires and no chimney; they are mere uprights with boards against them thus- and of course once in flames impossible to put out: to see the poor wretches streaming out with their Blankets, pots and pans and other property and crawling about the roof of the next Lodge ready to give the alarm on the least symptom of danger: others pouring pans of water down the sides which were smoking with the heat, talking and chattering to themselves all the while: and looking with amazement when the Hook and Ladder Company (of which more anon) came up, and cut off the communication by at once demolishing the next Lodge. The old woman, such hags all wrinkles and dirt, stood by wringing their hands and constantly repeating "clar how yer" - "clar how yer" which means "How do you do" - as a token of their gratitude.

The Hook and Ladder Co: is a volunteer Fire Brigade: a custom borrowed from our neighbours in the States. In San Francisco the city was several times utterly consumed, and the people prosperous before were ruined in an hour. So they combined and formed these Fire Companies: Have handsome houses for their Engines ie, reading rooms and so forth; and every member is bound to attend, or be fined, whenever the Bell of the Engine house warns him.

The Hook is for pulling down houses to prevent the Fire from spreading: and the Ladder for mounting: the uniform of the Co: Black pants, a leather belt - red shirt and Blue cap -; along the hook are running rings for ropes and when the foreman hooks hold of a beam the whole force

try and tug at the rope till the piece comes down and so on to another. We have not an Engine yet: but the Company, as it is, is very useful in an tinder-box like this, where we might all be combusted before we could wink twice.

We had a fire in my chimney not long since and the HandL co. turned out in style - but it was soon quenched with a dose of cold water down its back.

Capt. Palliser the explorer of the Rocky Mountains is here and will shortly leave for home, he is Irish and will be much in Dublin. He will call on you: and tell you all about this and more. You will find him one of the kindest hearted eccentric, and most perfect "ladies' man" you could meet. A good musician and capital story teller - It is so strange to see him devoted to "the sex" so gallantly, after the rough time he has had for the last three years. Collingwood will like him very much and will find him a man of great attainments and practical knowledge.

You will wonder to hear what our prospects here are and may be. We are jogging on, and always hoping for better times - it is always so in gold country. - Where, there is more or less of the gambling spirit constantly at work. I am living as comfortably as man could wish and certainly, so far, not losing money, and having a fair chance in view of making it - But though plenty of the precious stuff is to be found, and will be taken out of the country, things do not progress as they might. Fancy my paying a boy to come and clean my boots, make my bed, sweep out the office (occupies him one hour every morning) at the rate of £50 per ann. And cannot get a clerk for mere office work under about £200 -. We have no coin here less than 6d and are not likely to have yet a while. I am now "doing business": sit at home and sell Blankets and other matters day after day: It is not so pleasant as roaming about and prospecting the country, and variety is out of the question. But it promises to pay in the end, and will. I do not at all regret the change, and as to health and so forth never was better: only now and then come longing thoughts of Home and all there which it is impossible to repress. Our Gov't is anything but popular. Old Douglas is a selfish, scheming fellow, who has not even the polish and external show of a gentleman to hide his true character. Consequently amidst a Yankee population, who have no respect for dignities his position carries no weight and he himself quite the reverse, and so we lose the advantage of a head. - Talking of Yankee respect for dignities did I ever send you the story of an English Noble in a train in the States: and a genuine Yankee asking him several rude questions - At last "Do you know fellow that I'm Lord \_\_\_\_\_?" "It's nothing to me stranger if you're Lord G-D" was the reply. It is impossible to crowd into a small space dear Harry, all I want to say and tell. You will gather that I am well, and contented, hoping for good times and not yet down on my luck. You must not only take your full

share of Love but extend it to the whole family and to the good folks at South'ton, New Forest and elsewhere. When the mail comes in I may have time for a line in reply to letters I hope to get-. Isn't Aleck growing a big and fine fellow. Give him my very best love - and kiss Godson for me, and Believe me, my ever dear sister.

Your fondly affn Bro

R. Burnaby.

## “COLONIAL STUMPING”

~ LETTER NO. 30 ~

Victoria, V.I.

March 14<sup>th</sup> 1860

My dearest Rose

... Your illustrious brother has now assumed a new phase, Chairman of a Public Meeting! to discuss Governor Douglas and his ideas of Taxation. The gathering took place in an “upper room” the largest available one in the place, and was composed of all the most influential Merchants and people here, backed by a goodly body of miners and roughs. Subject of meeting “The Mule Tax” a few words will explain everything. The best Mines in B. Columbia are situated far away in the interior and the only means of access to them is a mule track through mountain passes, and wild forests. Everything in the shape of food or supplies is conveyed to the Miners by Mules, and the consequence is that the cost of the coarsest provisions has been immense. To remedy this we want good roads, and Douglas insanely thought to get the money for that purpose by additional taxes on the Mules to the extent of £1 every journey, meaning to apply the money so got, to road making. Instead of the result he expected, he has frightened the Miners away by prospects of more taxes, and we are still waiting for the coming crowd. So we got up a meeting, plenty of Speechifying and “Colonial Stumping” which was very good fun: and your Brother informs you, in all modesty, that he was afterwards complimented as the best Chairman they had yet seen. One unlucky wretch who would persist in jaw and chatter, interrupting the proceedings, was finally seized by six brawny fellows, and bodily ejected. We carried our resolutions, and two days afterward a “deputation” waited on “His Excellency” who received us as usual with words of promise which have as yet brought forth no fruit.

March 23<sup>rd</sup>. The sudden arrival of the Mail, and its too speedy departure only left me time to scribble a few hasty lines to Mamma: catching me in the middle of yours without time to bring it to an end. After Post was closed I got all the letters, and then learned the good news of Tom’s fortunate appointment which smoothed my rumpled mind.

What can I tell you: so little now is our life diversified by any variety of incidents, oh! a little love episode. Yes, just the thing for my Rose-bud. You must know then that amongst the charmers of this place are a family named “Work” consisting amongst the smaller members of three young ladies, tolerable to looks but ‘half-breeds’ of course. Now as it fell between

the Sons of God and the daughters of men: so also between the Sons of Toil and the daughters of Work, many were the "lovyers" and assiduous the Naval Brigade, but the ladies were flirty and flighty: and refused to say Yea! But the High Sheriff of the Island, G.W. Heaton by name (knew the Collinsons and comes from their Durham neighbourhood I think) is a prancing man, who loves to ride on a capering steed, to utter haw haw speeches and subdue the sex. And so he too is attentive especially to Young Lady No. 1 -; day after day does he present himself, heedless of hints innumerable that he is not wanted. At last one fine morning, he waxes bold, but instead of proposing to Lady No.1, invites Lady No.2, who with a quiet smile leaves the room without reply, and sends No.1 to keep the ardent lover company: first informing her of the state of affairs. While he is in this very delightful position Lady No.2 sends No.3 to "tell Papa", and meantime goes to the gate, unlooses his capering steed, gives it a smart spank with a stick and away it goes home. Now the ladies retire and the stern parent, who has an old grudge against the Sheriff, tackles him on the spot, and shows him the door. Nymph No.2 with wreathed smiles sees him out, and when he asks for his horse, tells him that "it has cantered home as a hint that the sooner he gets there the better", and so ended the serious comedy at which we have been laughing for some days. It is quite true that my friend Bushby about whom I have written before is going to marry one of the Miss Douglass': which I am really sorry for: as though amiable enough she is mild and queer, and can never get rid of the taint of Indian Blood; poor fellow it will be long before he gets home again as he has made up his mind that he couldn't take her with him: so he says at least now.

There was a grand Indian wedding here the other morning, about 15 canoes, each cram full came into the harbour; all the Indians chanting a wild sort of song and knocking their paddles against the sides of the canoes, then one canoe left the rest; and approached the shore to the Indian village: when the occupants were received by a crowd and apparently a "talk" went on, with an exchange of presents, Blankets, Canoes etc. Afterwards the other Canoes ranged themselves in a sort of semicircle and recommenced chanting and ended by all going on shore, where they were to have a huge feast, and they did too with plenty of whiskey if we may judge of the noise they made at night.

"Spring delights are now returning" and the bushes are sprouting, mosses and ferns springing up: and we shall soon have abundance of wild flowers. The white and pink ribes are already in bloom and the dogtooth violets in bud. I only wish we had some of the real violets here. ...

Ever charming Sister with my admiring love

Your fond Brother,

Rbt. Burnaby.

Victoria, V.I.  
March 26<sup>th</sup> 1860

My dear Rector

For I do believe you are the only rector in the family; accept my warmest congratulations dear Brother on your long looked for, and well earned preferment, and tho' it is small, small beginnings make big results, and it is a blessing to know that you are no longer a clerical "lodger" but a bona fide incumbent under your own fig tree.

I have often of late sat and looked wistfully at the sketch of Galby hanging over the fireplace, and wondering whether you would have to go, and what to do; and tho' uneasy from the mere uncertainty, I never somehow felt really uncomfortable about you. So when I plunged my beak into a glass of Bass to Lord Cardigan's health, I felt it was a very "Kyind" of him to step in and fulfil my presentiments.

I long for further Mails with ample particulars of the house, parish and neighbourhood, whether any fishing and so forth. You will at least have 98 acres to keep your gun from rusting.

You cannot tell how vexatious the Postal arrangements are here. The Mail comes in, closes and goes out again actually before we receive the letters it brings, so that we have no chance of writing again for a fortnight.

We are just at the end of our rainy and cheerless winter and shall have a succession of the most delicious weather now for months. Just at this time though the changes of temperature are so sudden that everything suffers more or less: and I, with the ruck, have just gone through the process of eliminating Bile and Influenza by a steady cannonade of "antibilious and Blue" Pill and a full charge of Black Draught, with the happiest results. Now is the time when we look for that emigration that is to make our fortunes. But beyond a crowd of chinamen few have come as yet. An excitement has arisen in California about some wonderful Silver and other Mines in a place called "Washoe" in Utah territory over the Sierra Nevada, and people are now rushing there in thousands. Our turn has yet to come: and it will. I shall certainly wait for it, patiently and hopefully, for we have plenty of Gold, and a good country, but the Governor and all his officials from end to end are retarding the place in every way by their incapacity and selfishness.

You will like to hear about your "Cloth" now that we have the Bishop and staff, to say nothing of his iron church, bodily in our midst. A church Committee has been organised and Dundas (Bishop's Chaplain) and self named Hon. Secs., the object of this Society is to find funds to build the church and repay the Bishop two thirds of what he has expended upon it. It seems to me that when in England His Lordship extracted coin from



everybody on the grounds that he was off to a wild and barbarous land where they knew nothing of churches and so forth; and when he gets here, he sets to work to get more money and says that what he collected at home was for other objects: and that we must pay our own expenses etc. etc. for a church which at present we don't actually stand in need of. We all of course wish to strengthen his hands very much if we can, but it is vexing when we go round for money to be taunted with the ugliness of the iron church: and the absurdity of bringing such an affair out, when for three fourths of the sum this has cost, we might have built here from our own designs, a much more beautiful and useful one. To tell you the truth, the Bishop and his Chaplain are eminently of the "Public meeting" "Special Society" and "General Committee" style. They can't go about anything without a fuss of that sort, and never seem to be in their element except when collecting money or investing it for the church. He has not come out very strongly in public yet, beyond preaching a few sermons; and no doubt is waiting for laying foundation stones, consecrations, and that kind of thing for which he seems specially adapted. However a few months in the Colony will set all these little matters straight, and develop the genius for work which from all accounts he undoubtedly possesses.

He tells a capital story of being at N. Westminster and seeing a couple of sturdy miners hard at work felling trees and clearing stumps, where the church is to be there. On enquiring what they were about "Well" they said "We've got no Dollars just now to give to the church, so guess we thought we'd do a little bit of clearing instead", and on they went chopping away like mad.

I have been pretty well a fixture here for some time now: as it does not do to leave "the business" small as it is at present. I shall go up to Westminster next week for the Sale of more town lots.

Moody and the officers at the Camp are always glad to see me and give me bed and Board, most hospitably as long as I like to stay.

We have a "theatre" here now; regular Colonial and great fun, a Yankee delineator and a young lady with a mouth from here to the Atlantic (more or less) and a dummy company. They play the usual heavy dramas to go off with; and scrape their toes, roll their r rs, mouth their adjectives and stagger off the stage in most approved style. Perhaps the most amusing thing of all is to see the natives in a gallery specially set apart for them, and which is always crowded (admittance 1/-) they sit, without moving a muscle either to laugh, or shew astonishment, chewing apples or sweetmeats the whole evening. We are to have an amateur performance for the Hook and Ladder (fire Company) in a short time. I am to take the part of Cox in Box and Cox. Pieces to be John Jones. B and C and Two in the morning. There was a Benefit for the same purpose the other evening, under the patronage of His Excellency, from which I was prevented attending by Bile aforesaid.

Tell my dearest Mother, I shall write to her next Mail. Give my best love to all friends, and tell them of my well being.

Bye the Bye how astonished the Bishop of all Leicester must have been to find that you actually were not thrown upon the Parish (but rather into one) without his mighty aid.

With all the love I have, ever believe me, Dear Tom,

Your fondly affec. Br.

Rbt. Burnaby

~ LETTER NO. 32 ~

Victoria, V.I.

May 10<sup>th</sup> 1860

My dearest Mother,

... I have not time for a very long letter, but you will be glad to hear that I continue, thank God, in most excellent health, and as brisk as ever. Prospects look brighter although at present matters near dullish looks as to emigration, still the gold Mines "go it" better than ever. We have little to vary our dull times. This season brings with it all the most lovely spring flowers many of them old favourites which I fancy you cultivating and watching. The rocks are one painted map of beautiful color, most of the flowers however are scentless, the woods are full of wild sweet briar and the scent of the rose is something delicious.

I sent you before an account of the Fire Companies of America: all composed of volunteers. We have three such now established here; and on the 1<sup>st</sup> May they had a grand celebration and procession, paraded before the Governor, who made them a speech; bands of music, flags and all the usual apparatus of such affairs, the engines and trucks etc. all decked out with flowers, wreaths, evergreens, ribbons and devices. The uniform of the Firemen is rather picturesque, a bright red shirt, black "pants" a broad brown leather belt with the name of the Company in Gilt letters, a big leather helmet, and either an axe, saw, or some article requisite in case of fire. They number about 180, and had a really good effect, throwing too a little stimulus of excitement into our stagnation state. As usual with our vagrant populace, the days sport ended in a general "drunk", and the whole town was in a state of fever and worse till past midnight.

We have arranged some very pleasant trips from Saturday to Monday when the weather is fine, starting some 6 of us in a canoe, with our

Blankets and some "grub" and guns etc. down the Coast, till we hit on some pretty spot when we haul up for the night. Build a big fire, round which after tea we sit, sing songs and chat, finally rolling ourselves up in our Blankets, and sleeping under the open sky as soundly and snugly as ever did Alderman in feather bed, after a city feed.

I suppose you are now thinking about moving into the "Rectory"; how I fidget with the wish to see it and you there. Sally has sent me her usual full budgets with all the news, and I owe her a long letter, which I shall do my utmost to send by next Mail. Tell Rose I have not forgotten her "nuggets" but there is no coarse gold much to be got just now, what is coming down the River is either part silver amalgam, or the very fine flour gold.

All our expected wish this season has been cut short by the excitement in California about silver mines in "Washoe", a wild country close to the Mormon State of Utah! Here they have been finding silver ore of faultless richness, and the whole of San Francisco is mad with excitement about it. Until seen it is quite impossible to conceive the curious frame of mind that exists in the whole of the mining population. They like nothing so well as rushing to and fro in search of better diggings and hoping to light on large strikes. It is in fact all the excitement of a gambler's life.

The Bishop and his clergy are working hard, and doing all they can; but the members of the flock are not quite so extensive as they expected to find, and it requires some exercise of ingenuity to find work enough for them all to do. We all agree that from the Bishop down, they are capital hands at "begging". I like Pringle the best of the lot, he is the most single minded and enthusiastic. My old friend Crickmer has been "roused out" of his snug rectory at Langley and sent by the Bishop to rough it amongst the Miners at Yale. ...

With kindest love to all, and to you dearest Mother my fondest affection and fervent prayers for your health and comfort.

Ever your truly loving Son,

Rbt. Burnaby.

Victoria, V.I.

June 8<sup>th</sup> 1860

My dear Tom,

... Firstly, bulletin of health – very good – an occasional snatch of spring bile and so forth, soon over; next – business report – “middling that is but so so”. Pile still looming in the future – Gold by no means giving in, but country “hard to travel” and taking time. So wait a little longer; and “so we go on”. For all else still jolly, happy and well up to my work, not in the least disposed to give in, and only looking homewards with eager eyes, and trying to make believe that its only a little way across, and soon to be got over. Sally complains that my despatches are not so lively nor full of incident as formerly – As Lewin used to say “I’ll tell you for why”. Because we stagnate in a sort of monotonous round, and after describing what seemed new, and telling you all about our daily life and so forth, although doubtless one might hourly pick up phrases and anecdotes to amuse you hugely, one gets deadened by the common-place and has no heart to record what comes day after day and ever the same. However after such a hint, I may as well try a new line of country and so I will devote this letter to some account of the Indian tribes, who are now visiting us from the N. W. Coast including Queen Charlotte Island. Once a year they come down to Victoria in large parties 20 to 40 large canoes each holding about 15. They coast the whole way and are well supplied with mats, provisions, Blankets etc. These tribes, “the Stickeens, Hyders, Bella Bella’s” etc. are more hardy and warlike than the Indians round these parts, muscular and tall, and all being more industrious, skilful in carving and metal work and shewing greater capabilities for self government and civilisation. As a rule however it is to be regretted that their contact with white folks has taught them all the vices and positively none of the virtues of the superior race. Their infatuation for drink is something dreadful, and they madden themselves with the most poisonous compounds of alcohol, strychnine, and Tobacco juice till they become absolutely mad. They bring their “klootchmen” (women) whom they used formerly to kill as unprofitable, and sell them out and out, or traffic with them as they would with a lot of sheep; let us now take a walk over the Bridge to the other side of the Harbor where a rocky promontory has been set apart for them, and to which their houses are restricted. We can tell where their Lodges are by the smoke that hangs over the spot: and now we are getting near for we see skulking dogs, (all Indian dogs are the greatest cowards in the world) and a few Klootchmen scattered here and there in the Bush; their gaudy Blankets and showy

silk handkerchiefs etc. shewing gaily in the dark green foliage. Now for the smells! horrible and filthy, and mind you pick your way. So we arrive at last amongst the huts. The rudest possible structures, uprights and lean-tos of "sticks" – lined with mats; in some instances plastered with mud, but this seldom. Now you see groups lazily lying round their doors, wrapped in their Blankets and basking in the sun. Now and then a pair of the brightest eyes, the only feature really beautiful in the native female physiognomy may be traced peering through the chinks of the hut. Come in a fire in the centre, a small charred heap of smoking wood, which blinds you as you enter and pots, pans round about, with rice, seaweed, tea, or fish cooking, as the case may be, blinking dogs, and sitting round in a pile of rags, blankets, boxes, mats, bundles of dried fish, and miscellaneous rubbish, males and females, crosslegged, or lying in a deep sleep, on their heaps of Blankets, some smoking others eating out of the cooking-pots, others chatting or doing nothing; occasionally but this is very rare, you see a woman sewing or a man busy carving some wooden ornament or working in metal. Here is a large semi-circle gravely squatting on their hips, before each a bucket or pail, wash hand basin or tin pot, into which the attendant Siwashes pour huge quantities of rice and molasses which are steadily devoured. This turns out to be a feast in honor of a successful expedition against a hostile tribe, in which two enemies were slain. The next group is composed of five men on one side, and an equal number opposite, gambling, surrounded by an excited crowd, who take one side or the other, the game is played by guessing in which hand your opponent has got a small piece of stick, all accompanied by knocking sticks on long poles and humming a monotonous chant, swaying the body to and fro; they will play this way for their clothes, shirts, blankets, muskets, etc. till they are sometimes almost naked. Further on another ceremony is going on, a chief who has been for some time "hyon sollocks" i.e. (very angry) owing to some of his relations having been killed, consents to smother his resentment, to the satisfaction of his kindred, and is willing to go through a great dancing ceremony... to prove that his resentment is no more, he is attended by two "bottle holders", who sing with him and sprinkle him with swan's down, which is flying about in all directions, at his side lie the Blankets, sheets and other presents he has received, now a woman gets up, and goes out, returning with a colored shirt, whereupon the chief and his chums dance and howl, and he is stripped of his old shirt, and dons the new, waving about and "asking for more". This kind of thing lasts for hours until the dancer is thoroughly exhausted and the liberality of the contributors also.

At the water's edge is the house of the great Chief "Captain John" distinguished by a flagstaff, and also by its being more elaborate than any of the rest, having a door, window with glass, and a gable roof. We

could not see him at a better time for he is at deadly war with a chief of another tribe and dare not show his nose out of doors for fear of being shot, as he probably will be before he leaves this. He has sunk the floor of his house which is at least four feet below the level of the ground, so that he has a sort of entrenched camp with earthworks all round. He is sitting on a box, crunched up in the smallest possible size, with nothing on him but a shirt, a musket ready to his hand, five or six of his warriors are with him, and two women, these are continually on the watch; the sides of his house are pierced with bullets in every direction, it seems the quarrel is all about "John" having been beaten by some neighbours with sticks, and one of his slaves having resented the insult by shooting the aggressor. The walls of his house are covered with muskets etc. amongst which is an old fashioned Blunderbuss, of the real "Hogarth" type, upon which he sets great value. The firing always begins in the evening and goes on in a sort of desultory way the greater part of the night. The end of it all will probably be that he will pay over a stated quantity of Blankets, and give a Rice feed, which will close all hostilities. I have had a long chat since commencing this letter with a Mr Duncan, Wesleyan Missionary, at Fort Simpson some way further north, and he says the Swan's down is a token of Peace, and that they blow it over a person, or persons, to shew that their heart is one with Jesus.

We have established a Cricket club and had a match with the Fleet the other day, thrashing them with ease. I did not play in the match being out of sorts that day.

My chief amusement is going about with two or three others in my canoe, and paddling about the harbor etc. it is the most pleasant work. She slips through the water with so much ease, and noiselessly, and is very good under canvas.

Tell the girls with my love that Lennard's Brother is now out here: and I have sent messages home about the Bracelets and etc.; it is unaccountable that he never delivered them. The Brother out here was formerly in the 5<sup>th</sup> Dragoon Guards, and has got a small yacht here, which he brought out on board the "Athelstan". I often go on trips with him about the Coast. He proposes very shortly going up to the North amongst the Tribes and wants to take me with him: but I shan't be able to leave business I fear.

The next trip I have in mind is up the Fraser, to the Douglas Trail where my friend Trutch is making a road for the Govt. and has asked me to go and stay a week or so with him in camp. This will give me something new to write about. I intend to direct this to your Rectory in which dear Brother I suppose you are now safely housed, please God, may it be for many happy and comfortable years, unless something fatter and better turns up for you, which I never despair of. ...

And for this long yarn I must find an end, with love to everyone, and assurances that I never was better, and am even making an effort to grow fat.

Ever dear Brother,  
Your truly affec.  
Rbt. Burnaby.

~ LETTER NO. 34 ~

Victoria, V.I.

July 14<sup>th</sup> 1860

My dearest Mother,

... For about a week I have been laid up in bed with a pretty sharp attack of Fever and Bile: but am now, thank God, up and about again: and all that remains to be done is to recruit lost weight and strength... It is impossible to explain to you the kindness and good nature of everyone here to me, and day after day my bedside was a perfect levee of friends. Mrs Crease (wife of my old friend) made sundry Beef teas, jellies and so forth. It has left me very weak however and as yet I can only walk short distances; but every day increases my strength and the Doctor says in a few days I shall be able to go away for a change.

He is a capital Young Canadian Medico: named Rumsey; and has attended me with the utmost care and skill. We are now so well supplied in this town that we have every convenience, any luxury, quite handy: and I have only to send out my faithful Irishman "Jem" and he brings me from a French Cook anything I fancy. This old "Jem" used to wait on me before I was with Col. Moody; and left me in hopes of finding something better. He came back to me about two months back, begging to be employed and is now always about me. It would make you laugh to see him. He is a grey headed fresh colored old man with a slight stoop and a great brogue, and one of the most incessant talkers I ever met. He gets about his work muttering in a low monotonous voice all sorts of opinions and recollections about health, smoking, physic, my friends, anything that chances uppermost in his mind. I never talk back at him, if so he would never stop I do believe.

We have just got the "Termagant" and two Gun Boats the "Grappler" and "Forward" arrived, and the "Satellite" is to go home which everyone regrets, as she has been here more than three years and all her officers are great favorites. Peile her First Lieut. is an old friend and Messmate of Hugo's and a great friend of mine. Captain Prevost is a very good man, and takes great interest in the Indians: he brought out a Missionary to them a Mr Duncan who has been for three years living amidst a tribe farther north, has learnt their language, and done much good specially



with children. He is one of the most intelligent and persevering men I ever saw and free from the usual cant and rubbish of his days.

We are likely to have trouble in a small way with these Northern Indians, they are flocking here in large numbers, and setting up their houses near the town, it is difficult to reduce them to order and to keep them from drink. Two chiefs the other day who were taken up by the Police, when in the Prison drew their knives and slashed about right and left, till they were both shot dead which was very soon, they luckily did no damage of any moment to the officers.

I will write a longer letter next Mail with accounts of my complete restoration to strength; as it is I feel to have got through as much as can well be managed at this time, except to send to you dearest Mother, to Tom, Sally, and all dear Sisters, Brothers and friends the fondest love of

Your truly affec. Son,  
Rbt. Burnaby.

~ LETTER NO. 35 ~

Craigflower, V.I.

August 6<sup>th</sup> 1860

My dearest Mother,

Since my last to Sally I have been gradually picking up, and am now quite myself again and only remember the Doctor so far as a little attention to diet is concerned. I have been in this hospitable house for a week, with my good friends the McKenzies, lapping cream and paying strict attention to all the good things that a farm house brings forth, and the result is manifested in rosier and plumper cheeks, and in a general state of antibilious enjoyment. This is a pleasant change after subsisting four clear days on nothing but 2 doz. of Soda water and ice, which threatened to blow me up bodily and tended very much to reduce the substance of my legs. We have a few constant visitors here and a number of stragglers chiefly from the ships: amongst the former are Capt. Shute of the Marines a very old friend of Hugo's, served him all through the Phaeton commission, and who always enquires after, and sends kind remembrance to him; a Mr Scaife formerly paymaster of the Queen's yacht, Lascelles brother of the present Earl of Harewood, and less frequently Cap. Spencer, all of the "Topaze", a splendid frigate lately come out. We went on board yesterday to church, and afterwards all over the ship. Her engines are most stupendous in size, and so scrupulously clean and bright! We are all regretting the departure of the "Satellite" ... This

Farm is about 3½ miles from Victoria, very picturesquely situated on the Bank of the "Avon" that runs up from Victoria Harbour, and winds round till it nearly joins Esquimalt Harbour – it is just now harvest time and immediately under the windows are two fields of barley cut and standing in shock, the sight of which whirls one away from pine forests and rocks, to the old Home in all its beauty, across these fields are the rick yard and Farm buildings; two fine fields of potatoes and behind all the pine trees and brown rocks, a little to the left the labourers cottages all of wood, the doors and windows picked out with green all the rest whitewashed, behind these again the forest, through openings in which can be seen the golden wave of the Oat fields and the bright green of a splendid crop of tares.

The whole of this land under cultivation has been chopped out of the forest, was formerly covered with big trees which have been entirely cleared out stumps and all, still looking round you can see the road to Victoria winding into the wood in the depth of which you soon lose sight of it. Looking out of another window you get sight of the Flour Mill (Steam) and two rows of Cottages, offices, workshops etc. Here is baked the whole supply of Biscuit for the Fleet, for which Mr McKenzie has the Contract, everything done by machinery excepting the actual Baking. Sometimes as at present, when there are a number of ships in, the ovens are going day and night. Flour is to be had very good and cheap here, about 19/6 for 200 lbs. All this scene is bounded on the other side by the Arm of the Sea which stretches down in a beautiful reach about 1/8 of a mile and round a projecting point, the Cottages and fields of new settlers peep out where the process of chopping, clearing and stumping is going on in its early stages. There is a more beautiful sheet of water up the stream, backed at the end by fine rising ground studded with small houses: behind this stretches a fine plain with excellent open pasture land. The Family consist of Pater and Mater, jolly Scotch folks from Haddingtonshire; where his father was a Physician; two pretty lassies, one fine boy about 14, and some 5 small fry boys and girls. All the family have a strong Scotch accent, which sounds so curious this far away, and more so in those children who have been born here.

I suppose long ere this dear Mother you have had the pleasure of settling in Tom's own Home. Ah! How I long to see the dear good fellow sitting under the shadow of his vine and fig tree. But when is that to be? Two weary years waiting upon Fortune and living upon Hope, a little nearer the Pile perhaps, but still some way yet, unless another of those exciting convulsions should come.

These last nine months have been very tiresome and monotonous; sitting day by day from 9 till 5 waiting for customers who come but slowly and seldom, and are very little good after all. However, it's all part of the Battle that is to be fought, and so we go on, ready to fight it

out. The Gold is not failing but only a few miners comparatively come after it. Our chief immigrants this year have been crowds of Chinese, who are more likely to become a pest to the country than any advantage. Another year we hope (always hope) will do wonders. As it is we have not I think lost anything and have been able to subsist for the two years into the bargain and so if there is no cause for extreme satisfaction, there is no immediate reason for being down in the mouth.

Do you see dear Mother, I am writing on straw paper, which at once reminds me of you, it is a strange thing but the greater the distance that separates us from Home, the more are we reminded of it by the smallest trifles, and in the same way a letter full of the most trivial family matters is the most highly prized. I certainly have no reason to complain of my correspondents at home. I must try and squeeze into this small space, all the love I wish to send to everybody.

How I long for those portraits which are to come! They will be my greatest Treasures.

Ever, darling Mother,  
Your fondly loving Son,  
Rbt.. Burnaby.

~ ~ LETTER NO. 36 ~ ~

Victoria V.I.

November 9<sup>th</sup> 1860

My dearest Mother

My last, written in Sept. will have prepared you all for a period of silence, during my stay in B.Columbia. As I forgot whose turn it is to be written to, I go at once to head quarters, being sure by that means to reach all. I was away from here more than five weeks, and returned all the better in health and spirits from the trip; and am now in capital health, not over strong, but sound at bottom. You may depend upon receiving at all times an actually true statement of my health and etc: in proof of which I now tell you that the only result remaining of my old "bout" is a tendency to headaches, and those are getting better every day, and so no more on that subject.

Thank God I get such good reports of you and all at home. I must acknowledge letters from yourself, Lue, Rose, Tom, Mary and three from Sally, and tell you how charmed I am to hear of your stay and happy home at Stonton, and how I yearn to see it, it must be a charming spot.

I hope there is some fishing and sport for Tom.

I left for New Westminster on the 25<sup>th</sup> Sept. by Steamer in the evening, played a rubber on board and to bed awaking next morning well up the Fraser and within an hour of Westminster. There the "City" with its gardens, markets, terraces and pleasure grounds, on paper, is a little more "logged out" than it was: but still presents the Eden like appearance of wooden shanties, stumpy streets, half burned trees and everlasting woods behind, in fact a mere notch in the forest: and yet strange to say a few years will render it a handsome and flourishing maritime town. Stayed here only about 8 hours: just time to go and see Colonel Moody and all my old friends in the Engineer Camp, where I always find a hearty welcome as long as I choose to stay. So on board the stern wheel steamer "Colonel Moody", of which your unworthy Son is a Director, and travels free and stately, en route to Fort Hope some 60 miles up the Fraser. The valley of the river and the mountain scenery have been already spoken of, but the beauty of both was much enhanced by the lovely tints of the maple and cotton trees, varying from pale primrose to the brightest red, and the first light sprinkling of the early snow, on the deep green sides of the Mountains.

Some pleasant travelling companions among whom a Mr Glennie, who has lately brought out his wife and family to settle, two daughters a beauty and a beast, the former already far on the way that leads to a lord and master. George Gompertz one of the party, he is already somewhat the better for Colonial experience, but he will have to rough it a good deal before he cleans off the dandy gloss. We amused ourselves on the passage up, variously: playing "poker", a Yankee edition of Brag, and the elder Glennie inebriated himself by slow degrees on bad sherry. I can not better describe this worthy than in the words of Luard of the Engineers that he looks like a "retired Jew". The journey up river is tedious; the current is so heavy that paddle steamers cannot steam against it, and the stern wheelers make very slow time, but they feed and treat you well on board. A few miles below "Hope" the mining grounds begin: the "Bars" which in '58 were crowded with diggers are now quite deserted, seamed up with trenches and heaps of "dirt" here and there, an occasional Chinaman may be seen rewashing the leavings, but the majority of those are higher up, and it is there that I shall speak of them. At "Hope" I was at once taken in, fed and housed by O'Reilly the Magistrate and chief official, a capital warm hearted hospitable "pal". I have already told you of "Hope" how beautifully it stands on a plateau above the Fraser just in a bend, where the river sweeps in front of it with fearful force and how it is surrounded on all sides with splendid mountains.

We saw a great "Mâche passissi" or Blanket feast and dance to which immense numbers of Indians had come from distant parts up and down the river. We first visited the Lodges where they were preparing the

Banquet in long narrow troughs (about 8 feet long and in shape something like a Butcher's wooden tray) the females prepared a mess of cold boiled potatoes and fish: the whole extent of the Lodge might be some 200 feet: and at intervals there were small fires around which a few Indians were crouched, the majority being seated on mats round the wall of the Lodge waiting the signal to fall to. They eat prodigious quantities, and then fall into a torpid state till digestion has done its worst. Then they rise on the morrow ready for the more important business, outside the Lodge a rough tent is erected, the native green-room, near this in a double row are some twelve or eighteen damsels with painted faces, their black tresses sprinkled with swan's down. Each has a stick with which she knocks on a large log that lies in front of the row, and is the "Indian drum" of the moment, and they chant a monotonous sing-song, presently four figures emerge from the tent leading as many maidens, the men's dresses most elaborate: huge masks as grotesque as can be conceived, with staring eyes and open mouths, gorgeously painted in blue and scarlet and yellow and white, cover their faces, these surrounded by rays of feathers like a glory, arms, legs and breast covered with the whitest swan's down, cloaks of feathers and skins, altogether a most interesting costume, and very much resembling the figures in "Central America"... some of the masks were like birds heads, the ladies costume less pretending, consisting of a blanket, a face daubed with bright red, and artificial tresses of white wool long and shaggy. The native quadrille was plain and without the excitement usual in savage dances. This done, a chief appeared on the roof of the lodge, and assisted by his wife and others placed a young lady in a prominent position, seated sideways; she was covered with beads and had all her finery on; presently Blankets were brought and piled around her: and the "pater" harangued the crowd: and then began throwing the Blankets amongst them; for which there was a regular "scramble"; the most ingenious had provided long poles, with which they caught the Blanket waving in the air before it fell, and by dint of extreme skill sometimes succeeded in carrying one off, despite the efforts of a whole crowd of opponents to prevent it. Sometimes three or four got hold of one blanket, out came the knives and it was in as many bits directly, each carrying off his strip in triumph. Occasionally a musket was thrown down: we watched one group of about 10 or 12 each of whom had got some slight hold of the prize, and they were swaying to and fro contending for it for at least  $\frac{1}{2}$  and hour, and we left them hard at it. The object of these feasts appears to be to cultivate "friendly relations" with neighbouring tribes, and to prove the chiefs or "Tyhees" to be justly so, by the wealth they have been able to collect; and they wish to shew their contempt for the same, by distributing it lavishly amongst all comers. You must bear in mind that the Indian esteems a Blanket much as we do a Banknote and would sooner speak of his riches in hav-

ing so many Blankets than in possessing Dollars.

The Fraser is very rapid between Fort Hope and Fort Yale the next turn up the river; you make the trip in canoe and though only 15 miles it takes you 6 hours to get there. The scenery becomes more rocky and wilder: and shortly after leaving Hope, we come into the places that caused all the excitement in '58, Union Bar, Mosquito Bar, Emery's Bar, and so on, out of which immense sums have been dug, these Bars are accumulations of gravel and so on in the bends of the river chiefly: covered at high water but left high and dry again as the river falls: whenever the Miners find a good "prospect" of gold they settle down, christen the Bar by some name, often the most fantastic as "Shirt Tail Bar", "Whip-saw" Creek and some names not quite so pretty to write. Now we hear the peculiar sound made by the "rockers" which the Chinese are working on the river banks. These rockers are boxes of wood, worked to and fro on a frame like a cradle, you rock with one hand, and with the other pour water upon the dirt in the Box, the coarse gravel and sand are carried through with the water, the finer particles with the gold fall through an iron sieve and pass over copper plates quicksilvered over, which attracts all the gold. Specimen of conversation with Chinaman: "Aha! John? plenty Gold – plenty Dollars eh John!". Chinaman: "Ah yah! No goodee! four bittee, six bittee – all same, no goodee!", and he grins and goes on rocking away as before. They are a most patient and industrious class, and as you go through the mountain passes, you occasionally come upon a little patch of green, where a hardworking "Johnny" has planted a market garden, and grows beautiful vegetables for his countrymen. While on the subject of Chinaman, I send you a curiosity - my last washing bill. The last Bar before reaching Yale is called Hills Bar and this has been as productive of Gold as any place, not only in B. Columbia, but even in California. This used to be the headquarters of the Yankee rowdies - and early in 1859 there was a serious disturbance there, it used to be quite a town, with half a dozen bars two or three Billiard tables etc., but now it is no more than a heap of gravel, and all its wealth is taken away.

Yale is most splendidly situated in a bend of the river, which takes a semicircular sweep below the town: above it disappears between two walls of rock, and huge mountains shut you in on all sides. This being a good resting place I shall defer further account of my trip till next letter and fill up the other side with a little gossip and so forth.

As far as prospects go, I think by patience for a year or two, we shall come out very well, if we have not made the Pile we have not actually lost, which in our present state of things is saying a good deal. My letters from Henderson state that he is perfectly satisfied with all I have done, in his last he says "in what position should we be now, if it were not for the forethought and judgement you have displayed out there and I say it with all sincerity. If I had ten times as much I would have placed



it all in your hands”.

I do not think we shall do any real good here under five years, but who knows I may be able some day ere long to run across and see you all and back again. That is what I long for indeed. You must not in the least fidget about my health. I have my horse to ride, tho' it is now too muddy and wet to be any pleasure, and a country house building on the sea shore of which more in my next. My position here personally is you will like to hear second to none, in my own sphere, and they are continually at me to go into the House! This I am not anxious for as party feeling runs high, and it would interfere with business.

I just mention these things, dear Mother, to shew that barring absence from you all, I have every reason to be satisfied and happy and that you may feel that so far away there are plenty of friends to look after me. Thank Sally for her steady dispatches always so welcome; love to all, Tom Dick, Harry, Mary and the girls and all to yourself dearest Mother always from

Your ever affec. Son,  
Rbt. Burnaby

~ LETTER NO. 37 ~

Victoria, V.I.

8<sup>th</sup> December 1860

My dearest Mother

In comes the Mail and out it goes in half an hour instead of leaving us two days to answer our letters. I have only just time to say last Mail I did not write as I have been busy canvassing for my election as M.P. which grand result after a struggle came off with great success on the 29<sup>th</sup> Nov. It was only at the request of the most influential men amongst the Gov. party and old settlers that I presumed to come forward. You will be proud to hear that the paper which began by giving me the utmost abuse (only because I opposed its Nominee) ended after the election by a flourish of praise and commendation; and that mine has been the only election yet unembittered by ill feeling and party strife. This great feat has taken up all my time and energy, so you must not think I have forgotten you all. My next budget will contain the finale of my trip in B. Columbia, and a full account of my electioneering experience.

Enclosed is my “Card” and the favor I wore on the polling day, made by Mrs. McKenzie, Mr. M. being the most influential of my supporters.

I never was in better health than now: and certainly never more



hopeful nor in better spirits. Tom's letter of Oct. 4<sup>th</sup> just put into my hand, with a scrap from Rose also. I heard from Henderson by last Mail how very ill Beaumont had been and off to Brighton, he was then better. Glad to hear such good accounts of all at home. Poor Mr. Finnie how sad his end! It is very gratifying to find that Tom's name was amongst his remembered friends.

Well dearest Mother I must end this with love to all and every one  
From you most affec. Son,  
Rbt. Burnaby  
M.P.P. Esquimalt Dist.

~ LETTER NO. 38 ~

Victoria,V.

20<sup>th</sup> December 1860

My dear Tom,

In my last to Sally was a hurried account of my trip to the Similkameen country: in this, according to promise I propose giving you an account of a Colonial Election. I had been often asked to stand as a candidate and as often refused, for it seemed to me that business and Politics would not amalgamate; this time however, the retirement of Capt. Cooper an old settler here, who made himself notorious by the evidence he gave before a select Committee of the House of Commons (as per Blue Book) made it a matter of great importance that a gentleman should be elected, instead of a "rowdy", and men of all parties were at me day after day. The last trick was given by a letter from Henderson hoping, some day, to see me a Member, so I took the dive and published my "address". Be it known unto you, that the Editor of the only paper here, the Colonist, owed me a grudge; chiefly because when he stood for election I always opposed him tooth and nail, as the leader and mouthpiece of the scum of "rowdyism"; so you will not wonder at the virulence of his attacks on me as contained in the papers I sent home. When I met him and taxed him with his abuse "Oh" said he, "that's nothing; wait till we get you on the stump". "Now Mr. De Cosmos" I replied "I mean to go on the stump, and if you'll only be up to time, I'm there", of which you will hear anon.

My best and most influential backer was McKenzie of Craigflower, an old settler well known to all the voters: and we soon began to arrange our campaign, the Government people though wishing to see me in, hesitated

about backing me too openly, as I had publicly disclaimed their influence: so all that was left to be done was to canvass all the outlying electors. My opponent, backed with money and men, by the little-big tradesmen and would be leaders of this town, had been some months before in the field; you could not find a more likely man to succeed than Dr Trimble: his views much the same as mine, moderate reform - a man who tho' taken up by the Colonist and his party, had always been among them but not of them, selected in fact as the best and safest name on their list to carry the day. You can fancy therefore that it was no safe thing to enter the Lists so late in the day, and that it was not all plain sailing in.

However at it we went, escorted by McKenzie, I mounted "Charlie" a splendid grey horse, rode forth, along very muddy and very holey roads: turning off by small and stumpy by ways through the bush, till we come to a rough boarded shanty, with dogs and pigs about, a few agricultural implements, a vegetable garden and a few acres of clearing, knock at the door, a shaggy haired wild eyed man opens and thus the colloquy - McK. - "Good Morning Gowdie" (mem. Gowdie a voter with some influence amongst the squatters round about) - "a beautiful place you have here, much improved since I saw it last". Gowdie - "Well t'ain't much account anyhow" - McK. - "Oh! Gowdie I know better than that, and how's Mrs Gowdie and the family, I needn't ask after yourself - you're looking better than I ever remember." G. - "She's well enough and I've no cause to grumble." McK. (still continually soaping) "No! you're a thriving man and its to such men as you we must look to keep the Colony right. (Mem: Gowdie goes in for a big drink on "tangle-leg" once a month or so for a week together) and we must be careful you and I and all who have a stake in the country, that we only get good men to represent us. Now my friend Burnaby here (allow me to introduce him to you) etc. etc. etc., and I hope Gowdie you'll give him your support." Gowdie (shifting uneasily and looking anywhere else but at us) "Well I shall see when the day comes; perhaps I shall, perhaps I shan't - Dr. Trimble's a very good man and I don't know Mr. Burnaby, what we want is Roads, and I sha'nt say nothing about it till the right time." McK. - "Why not be a little more independent? make up your mind and have done with it. No use shilly-shallying?" G. "I know my own mind when the time comes and don't want you or any one else to make it up for me, so if I mean to vote at all you'll see me on the day, and then you'll know, but not you nor no one else before that." So he screws his mouth firmly down, lights his short pipe and looks attentively into vacancy. We indulge in a few harmless remarks about things in general, shake him affectionately by the hand, and go on our way to his neighbours, at all we get the same reception: and a like comfortable assurance that we shall know when the day comes. In one or two cases a positive pledge, but this only from men we had already booked as safe. This kind of fun goes on for some

days, as there are many men to see, and scattered far and wide. The farthest outlying voter is some fifteen miles from McKenzie's along a road dreadful in parts, and in some places most lovely: passing over open plains dotted with oaks, close along the sea shore, but high above it, and with a splendid view of Victoria in the distance and the mountains of the mainland across the straits. Here lay quite a little nest of voters, who being more removed from town were less likely to be prejudiced: and upon them we exercised our persuasive tongues, not without success as it eventually proved. We continued thus day by day covering the ground, and counting our chances till the 28th Nov. Nomination Day. The proceedings were mild: a knot of some dozen electors, a few of the rowdy radicals from town including my friend Mr. De Cosmos, and about 15 or 20 outside spectators. The Candidates were proposed and seconded in the usual way, and then I made my first stump speech from the door steps of a flour-mill. All the usual stuff of course about honesty, independence, the people's rights and the like, then turning to my friend Mr. De C. who had expressed such an anxiety to meet me on the stump, after turning his politics and party inside out, I finished by saying that some men in this life sought their living and gained it for a time by blackening people's characters, to such a one a word of advice I would say that if instead of blackening characters, they took to blackening boots, we should respect the man and the occupation a great deal more. (N.B. The profession of Boot-black is reckoned the very lowest in the scale here). You never saw a man more set down, and after this he got it from my opponent, Dr. Trimble also; and then from others, so that by the time we got up to town every one was talking about the dressing the Newspaper Bully had got for the first time in his life, at least here. The next morning, cold and drizzly with a fog hanging about. Poll opened at 8 o'clock, in one of McKenzie's offices, he was the first to poll for me, and until 12 o'clock we ran neck and neck all the time. Now the rowdies began to play, and the Boys from the country round, who had no votes came to kick up a row and intimidate such of their chums who had, coming round the polling Booth, mad with drink, yelling and speechifying and offering to fight any opposition voter. Our old friends Gowdie and Co. made it all right with McKenzie, came and drank beer and ate lunch in his house, being brought thereto in a waggon specially sent for them, put on my colors in the house, came straight to the Booth like men and voted for – Dr. Trimble.

This brought things closer than we wished, and we had to whip in our every man, and to exhort the wavering who came from the distant "nest", after needless trouble we got them in and all right, which made the game secure, so that after every manoeuvre that could be tried, and spending money on all sides, calculating on a majority of four at least, we came in with five, when all was done there was nothing but good humour and

feeling, and in our speeches we candidates rubbed each other smoothly down. Then McKenzie asked Trimble up to “the feast”, and having me on his right and t’other on his left, with all our supporters some 30 in all about us, we went in for a good dinner and jollification, speechifying and toasting, to say nothing of singing! There was a party of the rougher kind regaling in the kitchen, and to them we went, drinking their beer, and smoking their tobacco, making them great speeches and promising them all sorts of good things. And so back again to the parlor, to cigars and “a tumbler”, said tumbler being multiplied by powerful numbers, till the glasses sparkled on the board with unusual lustre, and in duplex movement, and we to bed, towards morning, all serene. So ended our fight, and next morning’s paper “took back” all it had previously said, and paid some neat and well merited compliments to the newly returned member for Esquimalt, who woke next morning, St. Andrew’s day, to commence another year in a new capacity, and who certainly felt that all his blushing honors, had rushed into his head and were trying to wind their way out again!

... I send forth all the good wishes and kind thoughts of the coming season. How I long to be spared and spend it again with you all God knows. May your first Xmas in you new home, dear brother, be happier than any you have yet known, and only the first of a long and equally happy series; with best love to every one

Ever dear Tom,  
Your truly affec. Brother,  
Robt. Burnaby.

“THE MAIDEN IS BASHFUL AND COY”

~ LETTER NO. 39 ~

Victoria V. I.  
26th Jan. 1861

My Dearest Harriet

I am on tenderhooks of desire: two mails in and yet no box - these exchange people seem expressly made to retard the arrival of what you want. Your welcome letter of 23rd Nov. has been followed by one from Sally of 29th. The mail leaves provokingly earlier than usual, and I have much to do being busy taking up the last years matters so my dispatch must be briefer than usual. I am so thankful, mail by mail to get good accounts of all, and in nothing, believe me do I more rejoice than to see the continual advance of Collingwd. and appreciation of his many and rare talents which you know better than I, he richly merits. As to health here, we are in the best of spirits and pluck, a bit shakey after the fever and troubled with rhumatiz : but that is a healthy and reviving complaint as you are aware, and takes itself off when spring comes in. You will have seen my letter to Sally with account of our Bachelor Hall on the sea shore: we are very comfortable I can tell you and our man Balasam is a miracle in the cooking line, I think if you could only get one of our “hashes” in Clan William place your cook would die of spleen - we have had some gaiety lately - a grand Masonic Ball on St. Johns day and a Fireman’s Ball last Thursday on which same day our Lodge held its annual feed and festival. Some of these Balls, as the Firemans, are not for such a mixture of all sorts; with a heavy balance of the Hebrew race. There is a “floor” conductor with stentorian lungs who shouts every figure in the dances, “ladies chain” set “to partners” turn “from partners” etc. etc. indefatigably all the night - then nothing can be done without committees - reception Committees, floor Committees, supper Committees etc. Another amusing arrangement you pay for what you drink so that after a dance if the fair one is athirst you treat her and “pay up looking pleasant before her face!”

Our Masonic dinner was a great success and it would astonish you who fancy us poor fellows living in the wilds of the far-west to see the splendid turn out of our “chef” who was once upon a time cook to Louis Napoleon and is a great artiste. Last Wednesday was an exciting day here; and a kind of thing you can only see in new countries and those gold producing - a large sale of town-lots in the centre of town, belonging to the Hudson’s Bay Co: a chilly day, frost and snow; nevertheless two or three hundred men stood steadfastly in the open air three hours bidding

large sums for small sized building lots - the average price of a piece 25 feet by 70 was £500 - and some of the rather larger ones, with corners brought £1600 to £2100 each. We got one small one for £520 - and I hope to build on it in the Spring - although the "fortune" is not yet made, we promise pretty fairly for the future tho' longer than I thought for! Then my time is taken up with Parliamentary duties: and I rise in my place and harangue the senatorial wisdom of V.I. - we are now in our small way having a shuffle with the Lords (like the Commons on the paper bill) about the rights of taxation. I get lots of nice books - and am now deep in the midst of Brickles History of Civilization and like it much - you would not care about it but Colld. has no doubt read it - We get lots of light reading too and are now expecting a visit from "The Woman in White" - I do hope you will see Palliser as I was very intimate with him here. He has just sent me out a lovely little meerchaum pipe for which I write him this Mail. How I long to see all your brood. And fancy Alex growing up and taking after his father. Give him my best love, and tell him Uncle Bob has not forgotten him in the far away corner. I daresay he remembers my story of the Bears and old Guy! There are lots of bears in these diggings and a few "old guys" too. Well dearest Harry, I must adieu. all love to everyone at Home and pray do not forget my very kindest love to the Clarence House circle and a special benediction to Granny.

Ever your fondly afft Bro

Robt. Burnaby

~ LETTER NO. 40 ~

Victoria V. I.

April 15th 1861

My Dear Harriet

I am out of my run or regular order in writing, but your turn must be somewhere about here; and I have to thank you for two or three capital letters - I am still on the rack of expectation about the box, which tho' not yet turned up, has sent forth "prevenient" symptoms in the shape of advice from Panama, and will be here very shortly - and then what a feast I shall have, and how much to write about.

We are now on the turning point of spring - when the island is most lovely - all the rocks, plains and woods turning with the prettiest wild flowers and flowering shrubs - such quantities of the scarlet "ribes" and of a lily something like the dogtooth violet - With these flowers and sun-

shine our usual hopeful season arrives - In a "gold country" everything is at a standstill during the winter; the Miners cease working, come into town to "loaf" and spend their earnings - there is much talk of the past and hope for the future which bursts forth in a sort of excitement, when the start for the upper country begins. We have already been favoured with tremendous reports from the "Cariboo" country - a tract far up in B. Columbia - so named after a big species of elk found there. Everything is calculated by the "wages" a hand can make in a day, so we have four dollars, five dollars, and up to twenty and fifty dollar "diggings" - Meaning that a miner can get that much in a day - running from say 10/- up to £4 and £10 -: average in B.C. is about £1 - 30/- : but the last news gives us seventy five follars of £15 to the pay - and as a man can pan out some 200 pans a day, we don't yet believe it - if it be so we shall have good times this Summer! and the pile will rise - all the slang phrases here, are more or less based on mining experience - for instance if anything turned out badly, it is usual to say "it didn't pan out well".

Admiral Maitland arrived in the *Bacchanto* the other day. I have not yet made the acquaintance of any on board - We shall miss the "Topaze" - which is order to Valparaiso, and leaves in about two days. There are lots of capital fellows on board her. The Capt. Horatio JWS Spencer, and Lascelles brother of Lord Harewood - a nephew of Dr. Pusegs - two or three old chums of Hugo's. I was often on board and we had heaps of fun with a first rate band of Ethiopian Grenadiers - She is to come back in September, and the admiral leaves for the South - rumor says, the Government will very soon commence Docks to be on a large scale in Esquimalt.

I wish you could see this cottage with its extended sea view, and the Coast range of mountains on the opposite shore of the straits - I have now about 14 acres "grounds" rough and stumpy some, but being drained: and which in a year or two will be a valuable investment for the given. My chum is a most excellent chap - Registrar Genl. of the Colony - Alston by name - father a Dorsetshire parson - we agree famously. Our servant rejoices in the name of Jerome - an old Miner but sick of that - it will give you an insight into expenses here when I tell you we give him £72 per annum: besides board and lodging and all he wants! We have fifteen fowls - which are laying two to one almost now - and are shortly going to set some hens - also to cattle to pigs a horse etc. etc. - so think in a while we should be quite in the agricultural line.

Our House of Parliament is prorogued till next month - so there are no senatorial duties just now to give me opportunity to air one's English - You will gather from this, that after all, except for the distance, there are no particular hardships to be endured - We get our bottled beer and sherry - live capitally and have as snug and cosy a fireside as we could at home. But the cruel sea, so wide and troublesome that must be crossed



again to make life worth having!!

I am glad to hear of Collingwoods continued prestige - he is evidently "much sought after", and as we say in this country "When he's wanted he's there" - Give him my best love. I often wonder whether I shall ever experience those Dublin gaieties you write me about - at any rate I shall be old, passe and Colonial! I am reading the Essays and Reviews - and like them so far as they go: and think that it is a fine thing the parsons should get a good "rouse up" at last - We get all the new books periodicals etc., printed in the States, very cheap, and quickly too - so my paper pulls me up and leaves one room for the usual amount of love to be distributed over the family from

Your truly loving and afft Bro

Robt. Burnaby

~ LETTER NO. 41 ~

Victoria, V.I.

July 14th 1861

My dearest Mother,

You must not be surprised at my irregularities in correspondence just now; as we can scarcely get a mail at all. They come and go at uncertain times and bring us no letters. This is a Mail now, a month or more at S. Francisco, and sent up here by sailing ship, not yet arrived, oh the horror of waiting for Home news. Thank God, Mary's letter from Hoylake dated 21 may 1861, brings me good accounts of her, as well as of my dear Sally. I am going to write to both in time for next mail, and only send this at the last moment to say I am thoroughly well, very busy at Parliamentary work. I sent Tom the papers and hope you will see all the speeches and business therein. Our prospects are not at all unfavourable and if the country will only progress, we shall do excellently well, as no one stands better here than we do. So you must not be at all anxious dearest Mother about me, because a fortune is not made in a day. It is far better than moping in that vile Custom House, always with the everlonging exception of distance from you all. But every day and night my thoughts and prayers go home to you every one and I long and pray for the time when I may see the happy faces once more and the new ones also.

I am longing so to hear from dear Lue, and how she likes her Prussian home. There is no denying the fact that in this hot weather, and after a day's work "in the city" and "at the House" I am lazily inclined and

have let my letters fall into arrear. But I promise a long budget without delay. If I wanted to write at length now I could not do so as the mail is going to close and this is Sunday night. I have just come up from my friend McKenzie's at Craigflower on hearing that the mail was in and going out again at once.

With every love to all,  
Dearest Mother,  
Your ever loving Son  
Rbt. Burnaby

~ LETTER NO. 42 ~

Victoria, V.I.

October 6th 1861

My dearest Mother,

We are just on the verge of our wet season: how I wish you could have seen the loveliness of the past month ... Today all has been changed, and I have got a wet Sunday at home, with a gale out at sea, and the Mail expected in every hour, which I hope will bring in good accounts of you all. ... You will be glad to hear that the news from the goldfields is as wonderful as I always said it would be. We have men coming down, daily almost now, who have gone up, without a penny, and bring back £500 to £1200, the result of six weeks or two months work. If this does not bring us some emigrants next season I suppose nothing will. During the past three weeks my time has been pretty well occupied, in receiving the first instalments of the "Sanatorium", a collection of wooden huts and barracks from "the Cape", sent out to us here by the Home Govt.; a thorough job, involving a ridiculous outlay of some £20,000 for mere freight and storage of what is quite useless when it gets here. However, they have appointed our House agents to receive and store the stuff, and it will bring us in £200 or £300 at least before we have done.

If we could only grow a little better and faster, there would be no reason at all to feel anything but the most sanguine hopes, for all the people here, I am happy to say, look up to and have great confidence in our House, and it is only this past week, that one of the chief fur traders in town, and he a Jew, came without asking, and made arrangements for leaving in our hands for sale in London, a valuable collection of furs. So dearest Mother, although the Pile is not yet made, you must not think it is all uphill and unsatisfactory work, or that my time is being altogether

thrown away in this out of the way corner. It is as I wrote Sally, very lonely work, and I should not mind now foregoing all my Bachelor views, and settling down, if I could only see the right person, which at present I have failed to find.

I am very busy round about my cottage, with two Indians hard at work taking out the "stumps. and pretty difficult it is too, they dig a pit round them to expose the roots: chop down and then burn, it takes them from 3 to 4 days to get rid of one. But round about the House, and very soon now down to the sea, there will be a tolerably clear and level piece, and I hope something like a garden too.

This last week I have had young Douglass of the Topaze (James Douglass' Brother) of Market Harborough, staying with me. The poor boy has met with a most melancholy accident, having accidentally shot a messmate named Charlton the assistant Engineer. They had been on a shooting excursion, and coming home along the trail Douglass, who like all boys is not careful with fire arms, and had left his gun at full cock, caught it against a twig, it went off and killed his friend instantaneously. He was fearfully affected by it, and I thought the best thing to do was to get him out of the ship: so the Captain let him come to me, and during the past week he has mended in every way, and will soon I hope get over it. I had only made his acquaintance two days before, when I was dining on board. There is another capital fellow, a brother of Mrs. Hildebrand, Prattent by name, 1st Lieut. of the Bacchante, we are thick friends and have a deal of Leicestershire gossip you may well believe. They leave here for the S. Pacific in two or three days, and will not return again till the spring. The Admiral Sir Thomas Maitland is a most disagreeable martinet, and makes the ship very uncomfortable for his officers. My time has been pretty well occupied also of late with Parliamentary duties; in which I have taken some part, having to a great extent disarmed my ancient adversaries, and made them give me credit for good intentions at least.

... We had a grand Agricultural and Horticultural show the other day, a first attempt and as such most successful, my friend McKenzie was the chief prize taker, having got the first prize for nearly everything he exhibited. We had some splendid fruit and flowers, and as for cabbages I don't believe you could beat them anywhere. We expect next year to have a very good show indeed, at the first start everyone holds back.

Our summer and autumn have been very quiet: free from any excitement at all, a few riding parties and picnics, and one or two little dances, but nothing except in the mildest country village kind of way. Here now everybody knows every soul he meets, and the appearance of a decent stranger is quite an event! However we look for thousands in our streets "next spring". ...

As I am writing the "equinoctial" is blowing and singing round the

House, as if ready to tear it down, and I can hear it shaking the tall pine trees a little way off, we shall have plenty of this, for a week or two and then steady steady wet. My health never was better. Rheumatism quite gone, and in a general way everything in order.

Oct. 7<sup>th</sup>. By waiting I am just able to say Tom's letter of 7<sup>th</sup> Aug. with the jolly acct. of his wet Welsh trip, has just come in. Thank God it brings good news of you all. Every Mail I am on tenter hooks till the good letters come with the welcome tidings.

Now I am "neck up" in business, and as the steamer only gives us about 6 hours for writing as usual, I must "hurry up" as our neighbours say.

Always remaining, dearest Mother, with fondest love to all,

Your ever affec. Son,

Rbt. Burnaby.

~ LETTER NO. 43 ~

Victoria, VI

December 26<sup>th</sup> 1861

My dearest Mother

At this time I must send a general family epistle charged with all the fondest love and best wishes that this season evokes. It seems scarcely credible that this is the fourth Xmas passed in absence from you all: and that only yesterday three years we landed on this island! With much to be thankful for, and everything to hope, the future promises brightly enough, and warrants a probability if all goes well, of my spending a Christmas with you yet, if God spares us all to meet again. Ah! how I thought of you, and the happy family rings of brothers and sisters, nephews and nieces, that will have gathered at Liverpool, and London, Stonton and wherever dear Harry may be: and I felt sure that at each there would be a kind remembrance of me, as you may be sure there was of every one of you when my kind old friend McKenzie gave us the toast of "absent friends". I must tell you how I spent the day, started from home at day-break 7 o'clock on my pony to town, a bright clear frosty morning, the peaks of the mountains glowing with the first rays of the coming sun. Breakfast in town, and a brisk walk of an hour through the snow, with one of my best friends, Watson, of the Bank of B.N. America (who is to be our new Treasurer) down to Craigflower, where as you know I have spent my Xmas and New Year for the past two years; after usual greetings, and gossiping and the proper amount of attention to the young

ladies, we started off to lunch with the "Topaze" ward room mess, and a hearty party we got, several of Hugo's old chums and companions there, including Shute of the old Phaeton and Lascelles also.

Several of the officers occupy a cottage on the banks of Esquimalt harbor, belonging to McKenzie, and there we adjourned for a smoke and a chat, and all wondered what the good folks at home were after, not forgetting that you are 8 hours and a quarter ahead of us. Then back to Craigflower, and out to shoot ducks till dinner time, sport slender and no game bagged for want of a punt or canoe. Dinner at 6, such a merry party, the old couple with their eight children, my old travelling companion and friend from the first, Cochrane with his wife and two children, three of the officers of the Topaze, a Mr. Reinhart and his wife (Germans) young Kersey who came to me from old Wright and others, two dinners in rooms side by side, with folding door between open, one for the little folks, the other for the old stagers, regular English fare, like our own Xmas dinner, roast beef, turkey, plum pudding and mince pies! After dinner all kinds of games for the children including an exhibition of the Gorilla in which I did the growling department, charades, Box and Cox and songs; and we kept it up till past two in the morning, very sore was my head all today and drowsy are my eyes this evening as I write. Tomorrow night we have a grand Masonic Ball at which we shall have a merry gathering and of which I will send you an account, and I shall spend the New Year's day, also according to ancient custom at Craigflower if all goes well. So you can see we contrive to keep up the times and seasons, and to be as happy as we can be under our expatriation. One circumstance has damped our pleasure, the Treasurer of the Colony, G. Tomline Gordon about whom I have written before who had a place near Retford, and was notorious some time back in a scandalous affair with Mrs. Baring; has proved a defaulter and is now back in prison committed for trial. We all feel this: as he was a man of gentlemanly manners and apparently kind heart, and we all hoped and believed that he was retrieving his character in every way, specially as his wife (a charming and good woman) and children, five had come out to him from home. The discovery was only made on the 23<sup>rd</sup>. One good turn comes of it. Watson was about to leave us for Canada, but the Governor has offered him the Treasury and to my great joy he has accepted it and will remain amongst us; he is one of the finest and best young fellows I ever knew, although his father is a celebrated Dissenting Minister in Edinburgh, his brother is curate of St. Ann's Belfast.

And now dearest old Mother, from whom I have concealed nothing of moment affecting my career in life, I must tell you that my old Bachelor heart is softened and that I am really smitten with a settler's daughter. Whether or not I may be fortunate enough to win her I cannot yet say, women are contrary creatures, and my first advances were not particularly

successful. But my heart is in it, and I feel confident that a little patience and attention will bring matters round. You will probably guess that Craigflower has something to do with all this, and Agnes McKenzie the eldest daughter the executioner! A simple, unaffected and pure hearted girl, well brought up and exactly fitted for a settler's wife, one whose character I have been studying and watching anxiously for two years past, and who I am sure will win and keep all your love, whenever you know her, and you know my sentiments sufficiently well, dearest Mother, to be certain that I should never choose one that I could not present to you with confidence as worthy and good. As for looks – nothing to speak of – to tell of her defects, first she has not good teeth; but dark black eyes, and an honest face, and better than all a noble heart. When I can get it, I will send you her portrait; and I now reverently dearest Mother ask for your prayers and blessing for both of us if I am happy enough to succeed, and I am certain of your motherly sympathies if I fail. Having touched on this I shall write you more at length shortly, when better equal to it, but on such a subject and at this particular time with the memories and thoughts that cluster around it, I can not trust myself to write more.

You will rejoice to hear that there is every prospect of our business being successful, it is very steadily growing, and now my hands are very full of work. The “Prince of the Seas”, the first vessel to our consignment is busy discharging: I hope and pray that I may be able to visit home, perhaps not alone, before very long: but there is every indication that duty and business will tie me here at headquarters for some years to come.

God bless you and all my darling Mother, and pray let me hear from you all your mind, believing as I do that without your approbation and blessing which have always been my stay and comfort in life, I never could be really happy, and God bless you all dear brothers and sisters and surround you with all the comfort and happiness you can desire and find in the society of your children and each other.

Your fondly loving  
Robert Burnaby.

## ~ LETTER NO. 44 ~

Victoria, V.I.

March 31<sup>st</sup> 1862

My dearest Mother,

I had a letter all ready written for you, a fortnight back, waiting for the Mail, and it has unfortunately got mislaid, so I must repeat what was then so vivid in my mind after a long chat with my good old chum Stahlschmidt who has told me so much, and spoken so kindly about you all, How I would have enjoyed being at Home with him: next to that it is real happiness to hear of everything going on so prosperously and happily there ... And now to thank you and Tom and Sally for your very kind and thoughtful present of the Suit, than which nothing could be more useful, and in these latitudes ornamental also. I have already sported it on several occasions and first of all at a wedding - not my own - but when I was the "best man". The victim a lawyer named "Drake", his mother Mrs Tyrwhite Drake living somewhere in Belgravia, the Bride a Miss Tolmie niece of one of the H.B. Co. factors. A quiet cosy little wedding, the Governor and all the elite there, out in the country, at a jolly farm house, looking down on orchards and fields reclaimed from the forest wilds. The bridesmaid was Agnes McKenzie so I was not displeased. Respecting what I wrote you previously on that subject, my wishes and hopes have undergone no change, excepting that I really think matters look well for me. I do not however like to urge things on as I did at first too precipitately, for the Maiden is bashful and coy. A short time hence I trust to be able to write you more positively and may be she may write to you herself. You may however rest certain of this, that I shall do nothing rash or imprudent, and that she is one who will make me very happy here and anywhere, and in every way worthy of all your love and esteem.

I am glad to hear from Stahlschmidt that all I have hitherto done has been thought very satisfactory and that we have every prospect of a brisk and busy time. You must none of you think dearest Mother that because I have not written so frequently of late that you have been out of my thoughts, God knows you never are: but we have had plenty to do: and after a hard day's work and getting home in the evening (this winter no joke believe me) through two miles of fearful roads, one feels often indisposed for anything and yet we have to walk there too.

We have indeed had a fearful winter, Fraser river frozen up for more than two months, and in front of New Westminster where the river is  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile wide and runs at the rate of  $4\frac{1}{2}$  knots they have had ice 2 feet thick and bullock teams driving across it. All our farmers have suffered severely except McKenzie who had his stock well housed and plenty of



fodder, two feet of snow on the ground for nine weeks, cattle horses and hogs dying by hundreds. Now however spring is coming fast, shrubs are budding forth and the flowers beginning to peep up. We are now all right and snug in our Brick Warehouse of which when finally completed I will send you a photograph. We are looking for more ships and merchandise and the "firm" bids fair to make its mark. I find Stahlschmidt such assistance to me and so good and high principled a fellow I have seldom met. A short note from Harriet speaks of some terrible accident in the village, without saying what, it makes me very fidgetty, but I gather you are all well. Long may you so remain, and please God we may be spared for a happy meeting yet again prays

your ever loving Son

Rbt. Burnaby.

~ LETTER NO. 45 ~

Victoria, V.I.

May 22<sup>nd</sup> 1862

My darling Mother,

How can I thank you for your kind and loving letter? which I really think gave me more pleasure to receive than anything that has happened to me since we parted. I only wish that I could now answer it definitely and say all that I should so much like to say, but to speak the truth things are just as much in suspense as ever. I cannot arrive at any definite conclusion, at times matters look to be very favourable and then they change, and when I press for a final answer I get none. For all this you must not for a single moment judge harshly of her, it no doubt is in the first place my want of tact in these matters and secondly her very strong love of Home and everything there that intervenes, only the state of suspense is very trying to me and is a matter that makes me defer writing in the constant hope that it may be in my power to send you positive news. But you must bear in mind that I am always well cheerful and hopeful and if it should chance that I am disappointed it is no more than happens to some men many times before they are as old as I am, and they all survive it. Not that I am so desponding yet as all that comes to, but I would not have you fret for me, under an imaginary apprehension. In a Mail or two I shall send you something more conclusive. The wedding of the Governor's daughter with my good little friend Bushby came off very satisfactorily on the 8<sup>th</sup>, there were 8 bridesmaids, and as many groomsmen, Agnes McKenzie the chief bridesmaid, and I the best

man, it was a pretty wedding, ½ the bridesmaids in white trimmed with Magenta and the rest with light Blue. Among the groomsmen we had three of the Engineers in Uniform so that it was gay enough. A splendid breakfast, you would be astonished indeed to see how well they do those things in these wild parts, as good and as ornamental as you could see it done in London. Some speechifying, my duty to return thanks for the bridesmaids, a small extempore hop, and so home by sunset.

We are getting a great number of immigrants by every steamer and at the present moment there is every prospect of more coming than we shall be able to feed. It is too early yet to arrive at any idea as to the Mining success, but we all expect it will be enormous. As far as our own business is concerned it is gradually expanding out and bids fair to attain some extensive growth if the Colony prospers. We shall have plenty to do with all this autumn and after that. It has been an anxious and trying time to me who have so little knowledge of these things, but so far we appear to have gone along all well and are now certainly well over the worst of it. Spring is on us again with all its glorious flowers, the Bush is a perfect garden of roses, lilies and violets, lupins and larkspurs will follow on. We have just received and despatched a vessel from London the "Speedy" and it has been a part of my business to take the Captain about and show him all the Lions. We have ridden through all the prettiest parts of the country and he has departed in ecstasy.

You may rely upon hearing from me again, and to the purpose very soon and remember that while I write I am very happy and in the best of health.

Ever your fondly loving and affec. Son,  
Rbt. Burnaby.

~ LETTER NO. 46 ~

Victoria, V.I.

July 22<sup>nd</sup> 1862

My dearest Mother,

What a budget of kind and loving letters I have to answer: many of which reached me up in the mountains of B.C. where I have been to refresh for a month, and the good effects of which are most unmistakable. ... We are going through a peculiar stage in the history of a hard and rough gold country like ours. The wonderful reports in the papers of the Gold fields, all perfectly true, have created an excitement at home, and induced numbers of men of every condition to rush here, all without

settled purpose, and quite ignorant of what they were undertaking. The result is that we have any number of able bodied men, most of them unused to hard work, waiting in the streets for any kind of work that may turn up, with a hope of reaching the Gold fields this year, which are some hundreds of miles away, through the most difficult mountainous country, and to reach which requires the possession of some money, at least £100. There is much disappointment consequently but it is one of the lessons newcomers have to learn, and will in no serious way diminish the ultimate advance of the country, tho' it is very painful to see so much disappointment.

Young Bell who brought a letter from Tom and Sir A. Heselrigge has started today in good spirits and pluck for the Stickeen River away North near Sitka where new Mines have been lately found. He is likely to do well I think, and has certainly got the right kind of stuff in him to get on in a new county. Mr. A. Cooper, Mary Dale's friend is a rough and ready sort of fellow, with a vulgar wife and sister-in-law, and seems to be settling down to things as he finds them and will also do very fairly I think. A Mr. Monckton who married Miss Stevens of Belgrave has been here, and, happily, has gone away again, a thoroughly bad fellow apparently, who has victimized all his fellow passengers, and bolted off in debt.

In spite of all the drawbacks however the general prospects look very well, and we have enough on our hands to keep me very busy and leave me little time for long letter writing. You may be anxious sometimes to know how my prospects look: just now dearest Mother they look excellent: up till this time I have had every comfort and convenience to be reasonably wished for and hold a good social position here. In a business like ours it is not to be expected at first, that anything in the shape of hard savings has yet been made, but it offers the steady prospect of a reasonable annual income i.e. enough to keep one here in every luxury as a bachelor and in every comfort as married, but not promising any certainty of accumulating money till after a year or two's hard labor and good luck. Things look very well even for this also, and I am satisfied in every way so far.

And now my darling Mother to thank you for your affectionate and good counsel on my personal affairs, which none could give me as you have done: and which by a blessed provision reached me when it was most bitterly needed. A month of quiet and rest have enabled me to look back upon the day-dreams I wrote you about, as a pleasant illusion too happy to be true, and I must ask you, and all, to think as kindly as you ever did of the dear girl respecting whom I wrote to you, although she may not be destined to be any nearer or dearer to you or me. You may rely upon it dearest Mother that it must be and is better as it falls out altho' it is hard to deem it so. But reflection comes to aid, with the

growth of years, and renders what might have been much more severely felt in the glow of youth, a means of more effectually endeavouring to discharge one's duties and responsibilities. There is no need to enter into any details: it is enough to say that all kind friendship notwithstanding the more exalted feeling was not mutual, as I had so fondly and hopefully, too hopefully believed.

My writing to you has been somewhat deferred in hopes that it might have been my lot to write in a different strain, and the evil day was postponed with that hope, but as it is you must not trouble in the least about me dearest Mother but believe me fully when I apprise you that I am now quite reconciled and happy at least in the certain conviction that all is for the best. Already new faces and friends are about me and my business labors have received much relief in the arrival while I was absent of Mr. Findlay who is a great friend of Henderson's and comes out to join our Bachelor circle, and my "staff" in the office. He is a gentlemanly fellow and I like him very much indeed.

Stahlschmidt enquires very much after you all and is as kind, cheerful, and pleasant a companion and friend as ever, so that I have indeed every reason to be contented and cheerful. How pleased I was to hear of good old Dick's promotion, I must write to him soon. This mail however will only carry off this letter to you, and the next I hope to take up my old chain of correspondence and write my ordinary budget of gossip "all round", what long debts I owe in that department! It is quite a luxury to look forward to paying them off.

We are in the midst of Bricks and Mortar at our store, where there is a second storey being added to receive the various goods coming out in our ships. The first of them the "Lockett" is expected very early in September and after her arrival we shall be as busy as Bees.

I hope next Mail to hear favorable news of all the Invalids, and will endeavour to send a good budget of news and chat. Meantime darling Mother with love to all and every one

Believe me, always  
Your fondly loving and affec. Son,  
Rbt. Burnaby.

“NEVER BETTER OR HAPPIER”

~ LETTER NO. 47 ~

Victoria, V.I.

4<sup>th</sup> November 1862

My dear Tom,

What with comings and goings of ships and merchandise, my time seems so eaten into all day that when the evening comes, I am too lazy almost to write. Your last chatty long letter with such flourishing accounts of yourself and all at home has stirred me up a little bit, and I will try to have a gossip with you. ... We have been going through a very anxious season here, not knowing how far the results of Cariboo would justify the excitement about it in England. As is always the case a great many hopeful young fellows have been disappointed at the outset. We have been overdone with clerks and all that useful kind of middle class going men, that are in the way at home and of no use here until they take off their coats and go in for hard work and roughing it. Many of them are fine young fellows and are sure in the long run to do well. Barber and Fry from Leicester have had a very rough summer of it, they started on a gold chase to the Stickeen river in the Russian possessions near Sitka, rumours came down that they and all their party were drowned but I would not write about it, till more exact details came down, very fortunately however they have turned up safe, and tho' not richer in pocket as yet, have gained a good deal of experience, and will be able to go at it next season to better advantage they are going to winter it out here, but what they will do does not seem very definite as yet. Young Bell is doing nothing, and is pretty well tired of the country I fancy; he does not seem to have much energy, and is not suited for a place like this. We are getting on as well as I could wish, and laying the foundations of a very prosperous and thriving business if we go on with decent luck. My staff consists now of Stahlschmidt who keeps the Books, Findlay who does the selling part, Simpson a very nice young fellow who one day will be a partner, and now makes himself generally useful, and young Kenneth McKenzie who is a lad in the office learning the business. We get through a good deal of work, and I suppose this winter some £60,000 of goods will pass through our hands. It is a new kind of responsibility for me, and grows more heavy every month; but I manage to get on very fairly, and certainly never regret leaving the Customs.

All our staff live with me, excepting Kenneth, at the Cottage, and a very jolly time we have of it, generally on a Saturday we entertain, and

have a sing song and a “smoke”. I am still very busy getting the land round the Cottage cleared and the stumps out, it will all be done this winter, and then I shall begin planting and ornamenting.

We are to have a great demonstrations on the 10<sup>th</sup> in honor of the Prince of Wales coming of age; a dinner and bonfire and the Governor gives a Ball on the 11<sup>th</sup> of which you shall have full details. My health never was better, and all I want and care for is a peep at you all once again. I want a regular family collection of carte de visites, and when they arrive will send the money for them. I have two albums one of them quite full. Young Douglas of the Mutine who is all right again tells me his brother is going to be married.

Cariboo has turned out wonderfully well, and many men this year, as last, have made fortunes in a few months, while others have them in prospect next year, it generally takes one year to open “a claim” and another to realise it.

I owe a letter to Rose so shall try and send her a line with this.

With love to all  
Ever dear Tom  
Your always affec. Brother  
Rbt. Burnaby.

~ LETTER NO. 48 ~

Victoria, V.I.

Jan. 5<sup>th</sup> 1863

My darling Mother,

To you and all a happy Xmas and oh! how many many happy new years. I can only write you a hurried letter as I have had trouble and work on hand since the 12<sup>th</sup> of Dec. in the shipwreck of the “Rosedale” one of our vessels which actually came and lay on shore under my very window not 200 yards from our house at Ross Bay.

The first leisure time and rest I can get, you shall have a long report of all that has been done. This is only to say that I am well in health and spirits and as happy as may be. You must not fidget and think this wreck is a loss to us, because the loss if any will be trifling so far as we are concerned, but it is great toil and a very heavy responsibility involving as it does the charge and management under difficult circumstance of property about £60,000.

I shall write you a long letter next mail. I am rather troubled as it is some time I heard from home and am anxious about dear Sally. You will rejoice to hear that now thank God everything seems to be likely to

thrive with us, and I hope ere long to be able to send home some tangible proof of it, even if I do not bring it myself.

Again with love to everyone and all,

Your fondly affec. Son,

Rob. Burnaby.

I have been hard at work writing and figuring since 2 o'clock.  
9 p.m.

~ LETTER NO. 49 ~

Victoria

June 15<sup>th</sup> 1863

My dearest Mother,

I got your kind and delightful letter yesterday, Sunday, and was busy working all night till midnight, and back again this morning at ½ past 7 o'clock, it is now past 9 and the Mail closes at 10, so you will know I have not time to say much but I know you like to have a line just to say that I am well and happy and busy and so far satisfied: only wanting a peep at you all once again. It is so cheering to hear good accounts of every one. My very best love to Sally, and tell her I will send her next Mail an account of a grand Ceremonial at which I presided as Grand Master of the Freemasons laying the foundation stone of a Synagogue. I wish it had been a church: but we cannot pick and choose as Masons: they gave me a very handsome silver trowel.

The Sutley, admiral Kingcombe (who is an uncle of Henderson's and a great friend of Hugo's) came in on Friday last: she will be a very great acquisition to us, as they are all nice fellows. Connolly the Captain was 1<sup>st</sup> Lieut. Of the Phaeton when Hugo was serving in her. I am so glad to hear such good accounts of him - what is his address, because one of these fine days I should like to write to him, if time permits.

There is no doubt, I think now that we are doing and likely to do very well indeed; Simpson whom I have written about is one of the nicest and most lovable young men I ever met, and no one I would sooner have for a partner than he. He likes me and the business and the place, and will most likely be taken into "the firm" at the end of the year. You can judge what the prospects are, for the future, though not now actually in hand, when I tell you that he will have to bring in at least £8,000 to take one third interest in the business.

I am going on very quietly, my garden very weedy, no flowers to speak



of. I have had some fine strawberries a week ago and we gathered our first dish of peas on Saturday. My old "flame" that I thought died out flickers up every now and then, and I sometimes fancy it may actually kindle after all, but it is perhaps a fancy although one that I cannot help sometimes indulging in.

Best love to everybody - how I am longing for those photographs and what changes I shall see. I still cling to the hope of a trip home this winter.

Ever my darling Mother,  
Your fondly loving Son,  
Robert Burnaby.

~ LETTER NO. 50 ~

Victoria

Sept. 21<sup>st</sup> 1863

My dearest Mother,

Here I am at 4 o'clock p.m. after being at work from 7 a.m. just finding time to scribble you six lines, and to thank you and Rose for your kind letters. I have got two ships come in today in addition to its being Mail day so it is all hurry scurry. I never was better or happier, specially in the thought that at the end of the year, say about the 14<sup>th</sup> Dec., if nothing prevents, I shall leave this for HOME and be with you please God by the end of Jan. Oh how I look forward to that time. I shall try between now and next Mail to get ready for a long letter to send you, as I have a little chat to give you about a short trip for three days I had up to B. Columbia, my first holiday for 14 months, but time will not permit today.

Thank Tom for the photographs of Mary, Henry and the children; most welcome they were. My fondest love to Harriet, how greatly she must have suffered, tho' I have not written I have thought of her a great deal. Rose's last letter is nothing but good news, and better accounts of Sally too, to my great delight. I was shocked but not surprised to hear of poor Uncle Robert's death. I write a few lines to Bob by this mail, enclosed - please address and forward to him. No more now, but lots next Mail and more than all in 1864 if we all live and are well.

With fondest love to all,  
Your ever loving son  
ROBT. BURNABY

# APPENDIX I

## LETTERS INDEX

### “A VOYAGE UNEQUALLED”

1	Oct. 30 <sup>th</sup> 1858	His mother SARAH BURNABY
2	Nov 12 <sup>th</sup> 1858	His mother SARAH BURNABY
3	Nov 15 <sup>th</sup> 1858	His sisters
4	Nov 27 <sup>th</sup> 1858	His mother
5	Nov 29 <sup>th</sup> 1858	His brother TOM
6	Dec 7 <sup>th</sup> 1858	His sister SALLY
7	Dec 19 <sup>th</sup> 1858	His mother

### “SECRETARY AND CONFIDENTIAL”

8	Dec 26th 1858	His mother “and all”
9	Jan 22nd 1859	His mother
10	Feb 22nd 1859	His brother TOM
11	March 10th 1859	His mother
12	March 20th 1859	His sisters
13	April 24th 1859	His brother TOM
14	June 23rd 1859	His sister LUCY
15	June 25th 1859	His brother HUGO

### “COALING”

16	July 21st 1859	His brother TOM
17	Aug 11th 1859	His mother and sisters
18	Aug 25th 1859	His mother and sisters
19	Aug 31st 1859	His mother and sisters

### “YANKEES ARE A JOLLY LOT”

20	Oct 13th 1859	His brother TOM
21	Oct 19th 1859	His brother HUGO
22	Nov 9th 1859	His brother TOM
23	Nov 27th 1859	His sister SALLY

“TO BURNABY AND BLANKETS”

24	Dec 3rd 1859	His sister HARRIET
25	Dec 23rd 1859	His mother
26	Jan 6th 1860	His sister ROSE
27	Jan 24th 1860	His mother
28	Feb 10th 1860	His mother
29	Feb 28th 1860	His sister HARRIET

“COLONIAL STUMPING”

30	March 14th 1860	His sister ROSE
31	March 26th 1860	His brother TOM
32	May 10th 1860	His mother
33	June 8th 1860	His brother TOM
34	July 14th 1860	His mother
35	Aug 6th 1860	His mother
36	Nov 9th 1860	His mother
37	Dec 8th 1860	His mother
38	Dec 20th 1860	His brother TOM

“THE MAIDEN IS BASHFUL AND COY”

39	Jan 26th 1861	His sister HARRIET
40	April 15th 1861	His sister HARRIET
41	July 14th 1861	His mother
42	Oct 6th 1861	His mother
43	Dec 26th 1861	His mother
44	March 31st 1862	His mother
45	May 22nd 1862	His mother
46	July 22nd 1862	His mother

“NEVER BETTER OR HAPPIER”

47	Nov 4th 1862	His brother TOM
48	Jan 5th 1863	His mother
49	June 15th 1863	His mother
50	Sept 21st 1863	His mother

## APPENDIX II

### BURNABY FAMILY LINEAGE

Robert de Bernaby founded the Priory of St. Austin at Bradley Leicestershire in 1199. This Priory, which included 500 acres of land, was eventually taken over by the Order of Augustine Regular Canons. However, falling under the ban at the Dissolution of Monasteries in the reign of Henry VIII, it was granted to Humphrey Neville in 1535.

Up until his death in 1302, William de Kirkby, whose brother, John, was Treasurer of England and Bishop of Ely, held the advowson of the Priory of Bradley. By this it is surmised that he had the wardship of the heiresses of John de Burnaby who had been Patron of the Priory which had become a seat of education. John de Burnaby of Medbourne and Holt, Leicestershire (c. 1240-1310) married Sarah, daughter and co-heir of Eustace Arden of Watford Northamptonshire. John had also possessed 1500 acres of land along with the manor of Holt which was described by a historian in 1875 as "Beautifully situated on a high hill." Watford, in the county of Northampton is recorded as the headquarters of the "ancienne familie of de Buranbi who hold landes at Holte and founded Bradleie Priory." John's heir, Eustace de Burnaby of Watford represented the county in the Parliament at York in 1327. He was also High Sheriff of Northampton in the reigns of Edward II and Edward III. Eustace's son Nicholas, Lord of Watford, represented the county in three successive Parliaments at Westminster in the reign of Edward III. Nicholas' son George succeeded his father at Watford.

It is interesting to note that in ancient deeds and references the name of Burnaby or Burneby appeared in many forms according to, no doubt, how the name was pronounced and how well each scribe could spell. The earliest records have it "Robert Bundy" and also "Buoneby". In 1279 the name of Sir John de Burnebu is written while in 1290 his son is recorded as John de Beryonby. A knight, Sir Nicolas Burneby and an archer, Thomas de Burneby as recorded as having served in the army of the Earl of Warwick in 1340.

Watford Court, which came into the Burnaby family in approximately 1277 through the marriage of John de Burnaby with the daughter of Eustace Arden of Watford, was sold in 1641. The family also held lands in Leicestershire and Huntingdon. One branch of the family settled in Manton, Rutland, and it was from this branch that Robert of British Columbia descends. (See Appendix IV - Robert Burnaby's Descent)

Thomas de Burnaby of Watford Court, born 1470, died 25 March 1535. Married 1518 Elizabeth, daughter and co-heir of John Taylor. They had three sons, Richard, William and Hugh. Hugh Burnaby, the

youngest son, (1525-1591), lived at Manton, Rutland with his wife Jane whom he married in 1576.

Their third son (fifth child) was Robert Burnaby (1577-1643). Although the name of his bride is not known, their second son was the Rev. Hugh Burnaby, born in Gretton, Rutland in 1620, and died in 1699 at Asfordby. He was a Fellow of St. John's College Cambridge, Patron and Rector of Asfordby, Leicestershire, and Rector of Stainbury, Hunts. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Thomas Burton 1<sup>st</sup> Bt. Of Stockerston, Leics. Their son Andrew was also a Prebendary of Lincoln and Vicar of St. Margaret's Leicester, as well as succeeding his father as Rector of Asfordby. There were three sons of his marriage to Hannah, daughter of George Beaumont of Chapelthorpe, Yorkshire.

The eldest son was Andrew Burnaby of Baggrave Hall, (born at Asfordby in 1734 and died 1812), distinguished himself by attaining his B.A. at Queen's College, Cambridge, at the age of 20 and his M.A. three years later. He inherited Baggrave hall through his wife, Anna, daughter and heiress of John Edwyn of Baggrave Hall Leicestershire, and their numerous descendants include H.M. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother. He became Vicar of Greenwich and Archdeacon of Leicester and was, undoubtedly, the first Burnaby to cross the Atlantic when, in 1759, he came to North America to tour through the 'middle settlement'. Under the title "Observations on the State of the Colonies", a account of his travels was published in 1775. A third and enlarged edition came out three years later. Further travels took him to Italy where he served as proconsul.

The youngest son Thomas Beaumont (1737 - 1823) was the Vicar of Ashley Folville, and Patron and Rector of Asfordby. His children all died without issue.

The middle or second son, Robert (1735-1807), became Rector of Misterton, Vicar of St. Margaret's and Prebendary of Lincoln Cathedral. He married Catherine Gee and they had two sons: Robert, who entered Holy Orders, and the eldest son Thomas (1761-1830) who also became the Rector of Misterton and Vicar of St. Margaret's Leicester. He married Lucy Dyott, youngest daughter of Richard Dyott Esq. of Freeford, Staffordshire. Their eldest son Thomas (1786-1851), Rector of Misterton and Vicar of Blakesley, Northants, married Sarah Meares. Robert the letter writer was their 4<sup>th</sup> son and born at Misterton on November 30 1828. In addition they had 4 sons and 5 daughters - Thomas, Rector of Stanton Wyville, Leicestershire; Richard who became a Lieutenant General in the Royal Engineers; Hugo who became a Captain in the Royal Navy; George Herrick, also a Naval officer who drowned in 1853. The daughters were Sarah, Harriet, Mary, Lucy and Rose.

*Compiled by Anne Burnaby McLeod and Pixie McGeachie*

## APPENDIX III

### BURNABY COAT OF ARMS AND CREST

A Coat of Arms and Crest are heraldic devices used in the age of chivalry to identify families in English society at a time when the power of the State depended fundamentally on the network of relationships between English families. The Burnaby Coat of Arms and Crest have a long, complex history, much of which remains unrecorded.

The earliest known reference appears in 1555 when Sir Richard Burnaby was granted the use of the original Burnaby coat of arms. In part the declaration read:

...and to my office of Clarencieux Kynge of Armes by express wordes under the most great Seale, have ordeyned, assigned and set forth to the said Richard Burneby, Gentillman, and to his posteritye in manner hereafter followeth, that is to say upon a Healme on Torse, Silver and Geules, a demye Moryon Boye Tawney. Through his ear a double ring silver, about his neck a flat Chaine hered of the same holding in his hand a bourage plant flowered Azure, slathed and leved Vert, mantelled Geules dobled silver and more plainly depicted in the Margent. To have and to Holde of the said Richard Gentill, and to his posterity, to use and enjoy for evermore..... granted in London the 27<sup>th</sup> day of October in the first and second yeres of the reigne of our sovereynes Philip and Mary, by the Grace of God Kynge and Quene of England, france Naples, Jerusalem and Irelande, defendours of the faith, Archdukes of Austye, Dukes of Bretagne, Burgundy, and Brabant, Countries of Haspurg, flanders and Tyroll.

Par moi Clarencieux  
Roy d'Armes

In 1875, the Arms and Crest ascribed to the Burnaby family by Reverend John Harwood Hill, F.S.A., of the Royal Archeological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland and the Leicester Archaeological Society were described as:

Arms - Argent, two bars: a lion passant guardant, in chief Gules  
Crest - A demi-man, Sable, in the dexter hand a branch of Columbine flowers, p.p.v. around the neck a rope, or, with the end hand down on the sinister side.



Motto - Pro Rege (For the King)

The Arms and Crest were further changed by the main line of the Burnaby family of Baggrave Hall, Leicestershire. Burke's Landed Gentry lists their Arms and Crest as:

Arms - fess	Argent, a lion passant guardant between two bars, in another lion passant-guardant.
Crest - neck a down on the sinister side.	Upon a mount vert, a demi-man sable, holding in the dexter hand a bunch of bluebells ppr, round the rope or, with the end hanging

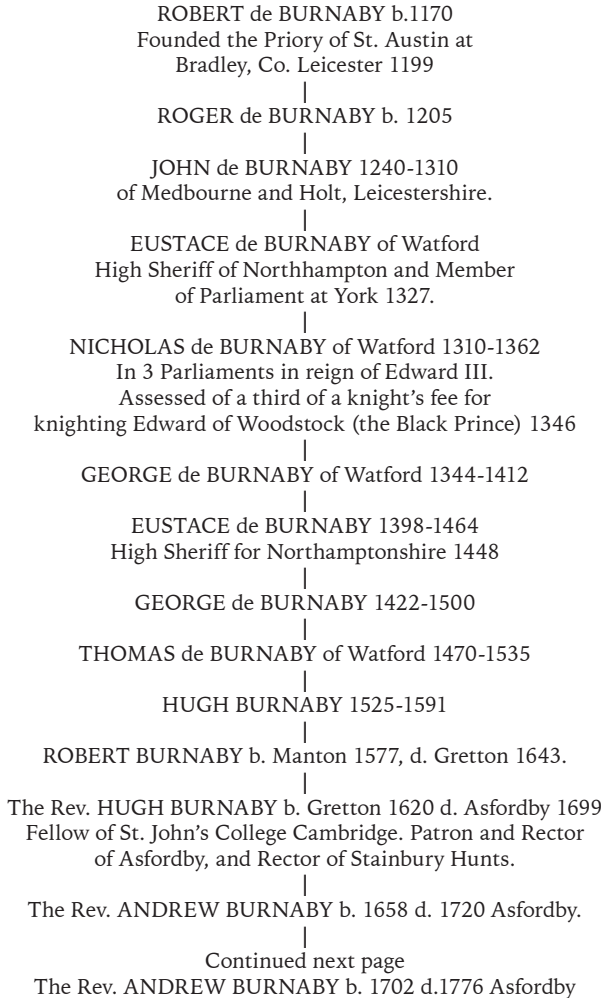
Motto- Pro Rege (For the King)

*Appended from "A Grant to Richard Burneby" by Walter MacKay Draycot in Museum and Art Notes Volume 1 No. 1, September 1949, Published by the Vancouver Art, Historical and Scientific Association.*

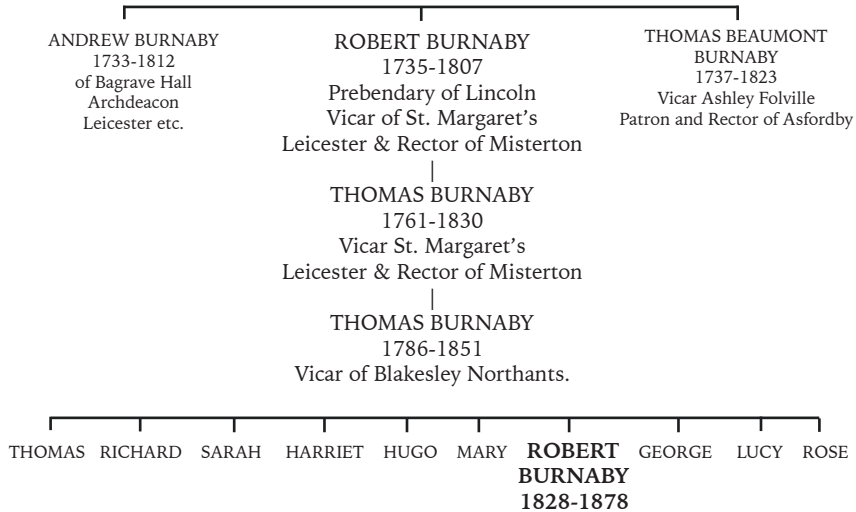


## APPENDIX IV

### ROBERT BURNABY'S DESCENT



Predendary of Lincoln, Vicar of St. Margaret's Leicester  
and Rector of Asfordby.



Sources: Burnaby Family Records

The History of the Commoners of Great Britain and Northern Ireland, Vol. IV  
published 1838 by John Burke

*Compiled by Anne Burnaby McLeod*

## APPENDIX V

### MEMBERS OF BURNABY'S FAMILY MENTIONED IN THIS BOOK

SARAH Nee Meares. Mother of Robert, wife of the Rev.  
Thomas Burnaby. Died 1878.

Children of Rev. Thomas and Sarah Burnaby:

THOMAS Curate of Gaulby and Rector of Stanton Wyville.  
Died 1870.

RICHARD Lieutenant General and Colonel Commandant,  
Royal Engineers. Name later changed by Royal  
Licence to Dyott on inheriting an estate in  
Staffordshire from a cousin. Died 1903.

HUGO Captain, Royal Navy.

ROBERT Writer of the letters.

GEORGE HERRICK Lieutenant Royal Navy. Drowned at Fernando Po,  
West Africa, 1853.

SARAH Died unmarried 1873.

HARRIET Married General Sir Collingwood Dickson, V.C.,  
G.C.B. etc. Died 1894.

MARY Married Henry Marshall, a solicitor. Died 1914.

LUCY Died unmarried before 1873.

ROSE Unmarried. Still alive in 1897.

COLLINGWOOD DICKSON - General Sir Collingwood Dickson, V.C.,  
G.C.B. Awarded his V.C. for heroism under fire at the siege of Sevastopol on  
17<sup>th</sup> October 1854. Holder of numerous Turkish and Spanish decorations.  
Died 1904.

RICHARD BEAUMONT BURNABY - Colonel Royal Artillery. Born 1793,  
died 1871. Married a sister of General Sir Collingwood Dickson. He was,  
therefore, both uncle and brother-in-law to Robert Burnaby.

FREDERICK GUSTAVUS BURNABY - Lieutenant Colonel, the Royal Horse  
Guards (The Blues). Killed at the Battle of Abu Klea 1885. Robert's third  
cousin. Noted traveller, writer and balloonist.

BEAUMONT BURNABY - First cousin of Robert, Son of his uncle Lt. General  
Charles Herrick Burnaby.

## APPENDIX VI

### BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

The following are biographies of significant personalities who play a key role in the correspondence of Robert Burnaby.

#### COLONEL RICHARD CLEMENT MOODY

Born 1813 Barbados. Educated Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, England. Commissioned in the Royal Engineers 1830. Colonel 1858. First Governor of the Falkland Islands 1841-49. Later C.R.E., Newcastle on Tyne. Holding a dormant commission as Lieutenant Governor, was sent to British Columbia in 1858 as Head of the Detachment of Royal Engineers, to act as Commissioner of Lands and Public Works in British Columbia. Took office early in 1859. He selected the site of the new colony's first capital, New Westminster, which was cleared by the Sappers under his direction. He spent five years in the colony supervising exploration, mapping, surveying and locating the building of roads, the printing of Government documents, the design of schools, churches and postage stamps. Port Moody was named after him. He returned to England in November 1863 and was promoted Major General on retirement in 1866. He died at Bournemouth on March 31<sup>st</sup> 1887.

#### SIR JOSEPH WILLIAM TRUTCH

Born Ashcot, Somerset, England, 1826, son of William Trutch, afterwards Clerk of the Peace, St. Thomas, Jamaica. Educated Exeter; became a civil engineer. In 1849 went to America and practised his profession in California, Oregon and Illinois. Moved to British Columbia in 1859, settling in Victoria. Built the road from Yale to the Cariboo, and the Alexandria Suspension Bridge over the Fraser River. In 1864 appointed Commissioner for Lands and Works in succession to Colonel Moody, and subsequently became Surveyor General for British Columbia and a member of the Executive Council. In 1870 was one of the delegates from the Province who went to Ottawa to arrange the terms of the union with Canada. From 1871-1876 was Lieutenant Governor of the Province. Knighted in 1889. Married Julia Elizabeth, daughter of Louis Hyde of New York. Died March 4<sup>th</sup> 1904.

JOHN BRIGHT

Born 1811. Radical reforming British Member of Parliament who advocated free trade and non-intervention abroad. Died 1889.

SIR JAMES DOUGLAS

Born Demerara, British Guiana 1803, son of a Jamaican mother and a Scottish father. Entered the Hudson's Bay Company employment in 1821. Became Governor of Vancouver Island in August 1851. In 1858 the British government established direct rule over the mainland colony of British Columbia and Douglas was offered the Governorship. He was inaugurated at Fort Langley in November 1858. Sometimes called the "Father of British Columbia", he was considered by his contemporaries to be aloof, pompous and despotic. Retired as Governor of Vancouver Island in 1863 and as Governor of British Columbia in 1864. Knighted on retirement. He died in Victoria on August 22<sup>nd</sup> 1877.

SIR MATTHEW BAILLIE BEGBIE

Born Edinburgh 1819, eldest son of Colonel T.S. Begbie, 44<sup>th</sup> Foot. Educated St. Peter's College, Cambridge (B.A. 1841, M.A. 1844). Called to the Bar, Lincoln's Inn 1844. In 1858 appointed Judge in Crown Colony of British Columbia. Preserved law and order on the mainland during the gold rush. In 1866 became Chief Justice of the mainland of British Columbia, and in 1870 Chief Justice of the whole Province, a position which he held until his death on June 11<sup>th</sup> 1894. Knighted 1875.

DAVID CAMERON

Born Perth Scotland 1804. Began life as a Cloth Merchant. In 1830 emigrated to Demerara after some difficulties with creditors, and became the overseer of a sugar plantation. In 1838 bought a small property on Essequibo River but the business failed in 1851. Offered the post of Superintendent of Coal Mines at Nanaimo, Vancouver Island, by the Hudson's Bay Company. Arrived Vancouver July 1853. Became a Justice of the Peace in September 1853, and a Judge of the Supreme Court in December 1853. As he was a brother-in-law of Governor Douglas, this appointment resulted in an outcry of protest, with demands for an enquiry into his appointment. After two years of petition and counter-petition, Douglas was authorized to appoint him Chief Justice of Vancouver Island, a position he retained until 1858. He retired from the Bench in 1864 and died in 1872.

### SIR HENRY PERING PELLEW CREASE

Born 1825 in England, eldest son of Captain Henry Crease, R.N. Educated Clare College Cambridge (B.A. 1847). Called to the Bar at the Middle Temple in 1849. Went to British Columbia in 1858 and became the first practising barrister in Vancouver Island. In 1860 elected to represent Victoria in the Legislative Assembly of Vancouver Island. In 1864 he was appointed the first Attorney General of British Columbia, and held this position until 1870 when he was appointed Judge of the Supreme Court of British Columbia. Knighted on retirement in 1896. In 1853 he married Sarah, daughter of John Ludley, F.R.S., and died on February 27<sup>th</sup> 1905.

### ALEXANDER CAULFIELD ANDERSON

Born Calcutta 1814. Entered the service of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1831, and from 1832 to 1858 was engaged in the fur trade. Appointed first Collector of Customs for British Columbia in 1858, and first Postmaster at Victoria. Subsequently became Commissioner of Fisheries for British Columbia. Wrote "The Dominion of the West" (1872), "Notes on North Western America" (1876) and an unpublished "History of the North West Coast". Died in Victoria May 9<sup>th</sup> 1884.

### WALTER MOBERLY

Born Oxfordshire 1832, 2<sup>nd</sup> son of Captain John Moberly R.N. Came to Canada as a child, was educated in Barrie, Ontario. Studied engineering. Appointed Superintendent of Public Works in British Columbia in 1859. From 1862-63 was engaged in the construction of the Yale-Cariboo wagon road. From 1864-66 was Assistant Surveyor-General of British Columbia, and in 1864 elected to the Legislative Council of the colony. In 1866 went to the United States and was employed in exploration and the building of railways. Returned to Canada in 1871 to take charge of the Rocky Mountain and British Columbia surveys for the Canadian Pacific Railway, and was employed by them as an engineer in Manitoba. He was the author of "Rocks and Rivers of British Columbia" (1885), "History of the Cariboo Wagon Road" (1908), and "The Early History of the Canadian Pacific Railway" (1909). He died in Vancouver, B.C. on May 14<sup>th</sup> 1915.

### JOHN SHEEPSHANKS

Born England 1834. Educated Cambridge, and took Holy Orders in the Church of England. From 1859 to 1867 was the first Rector of Holy

Trinity Church, New Westminster. He returned to England and became Bishop of Norwich in 1893. Published "A Bishop in the Rough" (1909), a journal of his time in British Columbia. Died on June 3<sup>rd</sup> 1913.

### LOLA MONTEZ

Born Limerick, Ireland, her real name was Marie Dolores Eliza Rosanna Gilbert. Decided to become a Spanish dancer and took the name of Lola Montez. Her career as a dancer was mediocre but her great beauty captivated audiences. Her lovers included Franz Liszt the composer, Alexandre Dumas the writer, and King Louis I of Bavaria. In 1848 she was forced to flee to America and Australia before settling in New York City where she died on January 17<sup>th</sup> 1861.

### JOHN PALLISER

Born 1807 in County Waterford, Ireland. In 1847 set out on a hunting expedition in North West America; he described his experiences in "Solitary Rambles and Adventures of a Hunter in the Prairies" (1853). In 1857 he was appointed by the British Government to command an expedition to explore British North America between the Parallels 49 and 50 degrees north, and 100 and 115 degrees west. The expedition took four years, and the report was issued in British Parliamentary Papers of 1863. Appointed C.M.G. in 1877. Died unmarried in Ireland on August 10<sup>th</sup> 1887.

### ANDREW CHARLES ELLIOTT

Born and educated in Ireland. Called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn 1854. Emigrated to British Columbia in 1859, and in 1860 was appointed a County Court Judge. In 1867 became Police Magistrate of Victoria. Elected to represent Victoria in the Legislative Assembly of British Columbia in 1875. He was Premier of the Province from 1876 to 1878, with the portfolios of Attorney General and Provincial Secretary. Defeated in the elections of 1878 and retired from political life. Died in San Francisco on April 9<sup>th</sup> 1889.

### AMOR DE COSMOS

Born Windsor, Nova Scotia 1825, his real name was William Alexander Smith. Went to California in 1852 and changed his name by Act of Legislature to Amor de Cosmos which he thought meant "Lover of



the World". An amendment narrowly escaped adoption which would have changed his name to "Amor de Bacchus". Went to British Columbia in 1858 and founded his newspaper "British Colonist" in Victoria. Represented Victoria in the Legislative Assembly of Vancouver Island from 1863-66, and from 1867-71 in the Legislative Assembly of British Columbia. During this period he was the leader in the battle for responsible government in the Colony and for confederation with the Dominion of Canada. From 1871 he represented Victoria as a Liberal in the Canadian House of Commons, and in the Legislative Assembly of British Columbia. From 1872-74 he was Premier of British Columbia. Retired from the provincial legislature in 1874 when a new law against dual representation was introduced. He continued as member for Victoria in the House of Commons until defeated in 1882. Retired from politics, and died unmarried in Victoria on July 4<sup>th</sup> 1897.

#### EDWARD GRAHAM ALSTON

A lawyer who arrived in Victoria on May 26, 1859, he was admitted to the bar of Vancouver Island on June 15, 1859 and was appointed Registrar of Title for Vancouver Island on February 14, 1861. On June 1, 1870 he became Registrar General of British Columbia.

#### SOURCES

Encyclopedia Canadiana.  
The Canadian Encyclopedia.  
MacMillan Dictionary of Canadian Biography.  
Encyclopedia Americana.  
Dictionary of National Biography.

*Compiled by Anne Burnaby McLeod*

## APPENDIX VII

### BIBLIOGRAPHY FOR BURNABY IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

#### BOOKS AND ARTICLES

*Canadian Dictionary of Biography*, Vol. X

Draycott, W.M. "Early History of the Burnaby Family"; "Robert Burnaby and Municipality"; "A Grant to Richard Burnaby"; Art, Historical and Scientific Association of Vancouver, B.C. Museum and Art Notes, September, 1949.

Green, George and G.H. Slater "The Biography of Robert Burnaby": The Burnaby Advertiser, August 21, 24, and September 4, 1947.

Green, George *History of Burnaby and Vicinity*: Shoemaker McLean & Veitch, North Vancouver, 1947.

Howay, F.W. *British Columbia From the Earliest Times to the Present: Biographical* Vol.III Vancouver, S.J. Clarke Pub. Co., 1914.

Reid, R.L. *Grand Lodge of British Columbia A.F. and A.M Historical Notes and Biographical Sketches 1848-1935*.

Slater, G.H. "Robert Burnaby" Proceedings of the Most Worshipful Grand Lodge of B.C., 1944, pp37-53.

Smith, D.B. ed. *The Journal of Arthur Bushby*

Smith, D.B. ed. *The Reminiscences of Doctor Sebastian Helmcken*

#### ARCHIVAL MATERIAL

Provincial Archives of British Columbia

Robert Burnaby Correspondence.

Edward Bulwer Lytton to Governor Douglas, Letter of Introduction, October 8, 1858, Testamonial to Robert Burnaby

# INDEX

- Acapulco 53, 54, 55-56  
 African-Canadians 79, 129  
 Agriculture 98, 102, 148, 152, 155, 160, 163, 167-168, 175  
 Alston, Edward Graham 129, 160, 189  
 America Hill 121  
 Americans 42-43, 44-45, 48-54, 57, 65, 93, 98, 104, 116-122, 135, 152  
 Anderson, Alexander Caufield (1814-1884) 105, 128, 187  
 Antler Bedrock Flume Co. 22-23  
 Anglican Church see Church of England  
 Ash, Dr. John 32  
 Aspinwall 16  
 Astor, Jacob 123  
 Astoria 123  
 Auburn 120  
 Australia 63, 64, 123  
 Aurora Borealis 111
- Ball, Captain Henry Maynard 22  
 Bank, Savings 23  
 Barber, Mr. 172  
 Barbers 79  
 Baring, Mrs. 165  
 Barry, Mrs. 105  
 Bartell, Columbus 18  
 Baylor, Sheriff 23  
 Baynes, Admiral Robert Lambert (1796-1869) 118, 126  
 Bazalgette, Captain George 65  
 Bedford, Charles J.R. 17, 48, 59, 60, 70  
 Begbie, Chief Justice Matthew (1819-1894) 17, 29, 36, 64, 66, 186  
 Bell, Mr. 170, 172  
 Birds: ducks 75, 76, 80, 105, 108, 111, 115; geese (wild) 80; humming birds 78; partridge 77; swans 75, 76; woodpecker 76, 78  
 Blake, Lieutenant 65, 68, 69, 71, 73, 75, 77, 118  
 Blankets 68, 115, 117, 118, 124, 126, 129, 131, 135  
 Boundary Commission 66, 71  
 Bright, John (1811-1889) 50, 186  
 British Colonist (Victoria) 23, 25, 26, 27, 29-30, 31, 32, 33, 35, 36, 37, 38, 154, 155  
 British Columbia 95, 100, 114, 119, 127, 132  
 British Columbia: Executive Council 43; government finances 19; land act 22; rural land survey 100; sheriff 68; taxation 137  
 British Columbia and Victoria Navigation Co. 22  
 British Columbian (New Westminster) 36  
 Brocklehurst, Mr. 123-124  
 Brockton, F. 20,  
 Brookes, Lieutenant 36  
 Brown, Corporal 70, 73, 75, 76, 77  
 Brunette River 19, 73-75, 77  
 Burnaby Family History 13-14, 15, 178-181  
 Burnaby, Andrew 13  
 Burnaby, Beaumont 40, 44, 58, 63, 72, 98, 104, 129, 154, 184  
 Burnaby, Elizabeth 13  
 Burnaby, Frederick Gustavus 184  
 Burnaby, George Herrick 13, 179, 184  
 Burnaby, Harriet ("Harry") 14, 63, 72, 113, 123, 125, 126, 134, 153, 158, 159, 164, 168, 175, 179, 184  
 Burnaby, Hugh ("Hugo") 13, 62, 94, 95, 98, 113, 117, 118, 128, 146, 160, 165, 174, 179, 184  
 Burnaby, Lucy ("Lue") 14, 95, 98, 113, 114, 125, 132, 150, 162, 179, 184  
 Burnaby, Mary Marshall 14, 40, 63, 72, 75, 104, 113, 150, 153, 161, 175, 179, 184  
 Burnaby, Richard ("Dick") 13, 62, 77, 94, 99, 100, 125, 127, 133, 153, 171, 179 184  
 Burnaby, Rev. Robert 24, 179, 184  
 Burnaby, Robert appointment as Private Secretary 67, 68; death 14, 37-38, 92; farm at Ross Bay 160, 163, 172-173, 175, (illustration 89); grave (illustration 92); illness 37,  
 Burnaby, Robert (continued) 146; land purchases 63, 67, 117; letter of introduction 18 (illustration 2, 83, 87, 89, 90)

- Burnaby, Rose 14, 72, 113, 125, 137,  
142, 150, 173, 175, 179, 184
- Burnaby, Sarah ("Sally") 14, 38, 53, 55, 67,  
72, 73, 95, 104, 106, 113, 117, 123, 125,  
126, 133, 142, 143, 147, 150, 153, 154,  
158, 161, 163, 167, 174, 179, 184
- Burnaby, Sarah Meares ("Mother") 13, 14,  
40, 42, 48-49, 55, 57, 58, 61, 63, 68, 71,  
72, 77, 94, 95, 97, 104, 105, 106, 109,  
114, 115, 117, 123, 128, 129, 132, 133,  
141, 142, 147, 148, 149, 153, 154, 161,  
164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171,  
173, 174, 175, 179, 184
- Burnaby, Rev. Thomas (Jr.) ("Tom") 13, 14,  
24, 38, 49, 57, 62, 63, 67, 70, 72, 77, 94,  
99, 100, 105, 112, 114, 115, 123, 127,  
129, 132, 133, 139, 141, 143, 147, 148,  
150, 153, 157, 164, 167, 170, 171, 172,  
173, 175, 179, 184
- Burnaby, Rev. Thomas (Sr.) 13, 15, 183  
(*illustration 81*)
- Burnaby, City of 15, 39
- Burnaby Island 39
- Burnaby Lake 19, 39, 75-76  
(*illustration 84*)
- Burnaby Mountain 39
- Burnaby Range 39
- Burnaby Shoal 39
- Burnaby Street 39
- Burrard, Sir Harry 20
- Burrard Inlet 19, 20, 21, 22, 97, 101, 102-  
103, 104, 105, 106, 107-108, 109, 111,  
115, 126
- Bushby, Arthur Thomas (1835-1875) 16,  
17, 48, 60, 62, 64, 138, 168
- Bushby, Mrs. A.T. (see: Agnes Douglas)
- California 52, 54, 56, 93, 118, 139, 142, 152
- Cameron, David (1804-1872) 66, 128, 186
- Cameron, Mrs. 128
- Campbell, Mr. 40
- Canadian Voyageur 73
- Canoes 21, 59, 61, 68, 69, 70, 73-75, 77, 80,  
97, 101-102, 106, 107, 115, 142, 152
- Capital of the United Colonies 33-34
- Carey, Mr. (Attorney general) 105, 129
- Carey, Mrs. 105
- Cariboo 22, 28, 31, 32, 33, 160, 172, 173  
*Cariboo Sentinel* 32
- Cascade mountains 72, 133
- Charlton, Mr. 163
- Cheakamus River 21
- China 65, 123
- Chinese 120, 139, 149, 150, 152
- Chinook Jargon 72, 73, 74, 96, 97, 98, 101,  
107, 108, 110, 112, 134, 143, 144, 151
- Choate, Bessie (*illustration caption 92*)
- Christmas 55, 57, 58-61, 128, 129,  
130-131, 157, 164, 165, 173
- Church of England (Diocese of B.C.) 28-29
- Coal 20, 22, 97, 101, 102, 103, 104, 107,  
108, 109, 115, 117
- Coal Harbour 20, 21, 109, 117
- Cochrane, John James (1827-1867) 17, 18,  
46, 101, 102, 106, 165
- Cochrane, Mrs. 46, 165
- Cochrane, Messrs. 52
- Collingwood, Dickson 158, 161, 184
- Colonial Hotel 32
- Colonial Theatre 29
- Columbia River 123
- Columbia Street 79
- Committee on Minerals 29
- Confederation 36,
- Connelly, Captain 174
- Constance Cove 17,
- Cooper, Capt. James 24-25, 154
- Cooper, Mr. 53-54
- Cooper, Mr. (R.M.) 65
- Cooper, Mr. A. 170
- Cooper, Mrs. 54
- Copland, John 64
- Copland, Mrs. 64
- Craigflower Farm 17, 24, 26-27, 128,  
130, 131, 147-148, 155, 157, 162,  
163, 165, 166 (*illustration 91*)
- Cranberries 97
- Crease, Henry P.P. (1825-1905) 18, 24,  
66, 69, 72, 73, 74, 129, 131, 146,  
187 (*illustration 90*)
- Crease, Mrs. 146
- Crickmer, Rev. William B. (1830-1905) 16,  
17, 42, 46, 54, 59, 70, 142
- Crickmer, Mrs. W.B. 46
- Cridge, Rev. Edward (1817-1913) 18, 62,  
132
- Cridge, Mary Hills 18
- Customs Collector (Vancouver Island) 105
- Customs Department (London) 13, 15, 40
- Cypress 74

Dalby, Kitty 72  
 Dale, Mary 170  
 Dallas, Mrs. 65  
 Dancing (see also: Victoria-balls) 67, 158, 163  
 Dawkins, Captain 36  
 DeCosmos, Amor (1825-1897) 24, 25, 26, 27, 31, 36, 154, 156, 188-189  
 DeCourcy, Major Michael 105, 118  
 Defries, Mr. 54  
 Demers, Bishop Modeste 29  
 Doane, Mr. 80  
 Donahue, Mr. 18, 62  
 Douglas (town) 19  
 Douglas, Governor James (1803-1877) 16, 17, 18, 19, 22, 25, 28, 29, 62, 64, 65, 66, 67, 70, 94, 98, 100, 114, 115, 116-117, 124, 126-127, 128, 135, 137, 138, 139, 141, 165, 168, 173, 186  
 Douglas, Agnes (1841-1928) 62, 138, 168-169  
 Douglas Trail 145  
 Douglas, Mr. 173  
 Douglass, Mr. 163  
 Drake, Mr. 34, 36, 127, 167  
 Drake, Mrs. Tyrwhite 167  
 Duncan, William (1832-1918) 145, 147  
 Dundas, Rev. Robert James (1832-1904) 124, 131, 139-140  
  
 Easter 93  
 Elliot, Andrew Charles (1854-1889) 129, 188  
 Emery's Bar 152  
 Esquimalt 13, 17, 23-24, 32, 58, 63, 66, 67, 118, 130, 131, 148, 154, 157, 160, 165  
 Ethiopian Grenadiers 160  
 Etroyn, Mr. 46  
 Emmanuel Church Cemetary, Loughborough (England) 39  
  
 Findlay, Mr. 170  
 Finnie, Mr. 154  
 First Narrows 20  
 Fish: codfish 68; salmon 59, 110; smelt 103; sturgeon 69, 101; trout 115  
 Flux, James (R.E.) 94  
 Flux (Son of James Flux and Burnaby's servant) 94, 96, 101, 102  
 Forbes, Dr. 29  
 Fort Alexander 104  
 Fort Hope 19, 116, 124, 150-151, 152  
 Fort Langley 70  
 Fort Simpson 145  
 Fort Street 37  
 Fossils 104  
 Foster, Major George (?-1887) 130, 132  
 Foster, Mrs.  
 Franklin, Mr. 27  
 Fraser River 43, 57, 61, 67, 68-69, 71, 72, 73, 78, 80, 95, 96-97, 101, 116, 123, 124, 133, 135, 150, 152, 167 (*illustration* 83, 84, 86)  
 Fraser River - North Arm 96-97, 101  
 Fraser Valley native vegetation 71, 76, 95-96, 112,  
 Freemasons, 27-28, 32, 35, 36, 38, 63, 95, 158, 165, 173; District Grand Lodge 35; First Victoria Lodge 28, 35, 38; Nanaimo Lodge 35; Union Lodge, New Westminster 28, 35  
 French Hotel 18, 130  
 Fritz, Mr. 129  
 Fry, Mr. 172  
 Fulsom 122  
  
 Gaudin, Capt. James 38  
 Gibb, Daniel 57  
 Glennie, Mr. 150  
 Gold Escourt 28  
 Gold Mines Fraser River 57, 60, 63-64, 67, 72, 98, 104, 114, 117, 124, 127, 129, 137, 139, 142, 143, 149, 150, 152, 160, 162, 169, 170, 173  
 Gold Mines California/Nevada 120-122  
 Gold Miners 54-55, 59, 60, 61, 62, 68, 94, 120-121, 127, 134, 137, 142, 149, 150, 152, 160, 162, 170  
 Gold Mining 23, 121-122, 152  
 Golden Ears Mountains 72  
 Golden Gate 56  
 Gompertz, George 150  
 Gordon, Capt. 24  
 Gordon, G.F. 105  
 Gordon, G.T. 165  
 Gosset, Captain W. Driscoll (1822-1899) 16, 29, 42, 45-46, 55, 59, 100, 101, 114, 117, 133  
 Gosset, Mrs. 45, 55  
 Goudry's Pale Ale 31  
 Gourdin, Mr. 42, 44

Gowdie, Mr. 155, 156  
 Gowdie, Mrs. 155  
 Grand Jury 32  
 Grant, Capt. John M. (1822-1902) 69  
 Grass Valley 120, 121, 122  
 Gulf Islands 68  
 Gulf of Georgia 68  
 Guns 64, 76, 77

Hall, Dick 113  
 Harewood, Lord 160  
 Harlestone, Mr. 42, 45  
 Harney, General 126  
 Harris, Walford A. 27  
 Harris and Company 30  
 Harrison Lake 19  
 Harvey, Dr. 65  
 Hastings, Admiral 36  
 Hastings, Mrs. 36  
 Hawkins, Colonel 62, 66  
 Hayward & Jenkinson 37  
 Heaton, George W. (1833-1909) 62, 66, 73, 138  
 Helmcken, Dr. J.S. 24, 26-27, 36, 37  
 Henderson, Edward (?-1865) 14, 16, 31-32, 40, 153, 170, 174  
 Henderson & Burnaby 14, 19, 28, 31-32, 94, 96, 115, 117, 126, 135, 149, 153, 154, 159, 162, 166, 168, 169, 171, 173, 174;  
 Henderson & Burnaby (*continued*)  
   Construction of Warehouse 168, 171 (*illustration* 87, 88)  
 Heselrigge, Sir A. 170  
 Hildebrand, Mrs. 163  
 Hill, Mr. 62  
 Hills Bar 152  
 Hills, Bishop George (1816-1895) 28, 29, 98, 132, 139-140, 142  
 Holbrook, Henry (1818-1902) 96  
 Hope see Fort Hope  
 Hornby Mr. 118  
 Hotels 17, 58, 79, 130

Hotel de France 58  
 Hotel de Paris 79  
 Howe Sound 97  
 Hudson's Bay Company 16, 29, 38, 64, 68, 69, 70, 98, 127, 128, 158, 167  
 Hume Park 19  
 Hunting 66-67, 76, 103, 105, 108, 115, 130, 165

Husson, E. 22  
 Hutchenson, Mr. 44  
 Hutchinson, Miss. 42

India 124  
 Indians 19, 20, 21, 22, 27, 59, 61-62, 66, 67, 68, 69, 72, 73, 74, 75, 77, 80, 96, 97, 98, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 115, 127, 134, 140, 143-145, 146-147, 151-152, 163;  
   berry picking 104;  
   Bella Bella 143;  
   blankets 110, 126, 138, 151-152;  
   burying ground 61;  
   canoes 138, 143;  
   children 97, 107, 147;  
   dancing 151,  
   feast 151-152;  
   fishing 27, 111;  
   gambling 111;  
   Haida 143;  
   houses 111, 134, 144-143, 147;  
   language (see Chinook Jargon);  
   masks 151;  
   outcasts 103;  
   reserves 27;  
   Squamish 102;  
   Stickeen 143;  
   stone carving 97;  
 Indians (*continued*)  
   trails 97, 111;  
   villages 96, 97, 101, 103, 134;  
   wars 106, 144-145;  
   wedding 138;  
   women 65, 97, 102, 107, 111, 137, 138, 144, 145, 151;  
   wood carving 97, 143, 144

Indian Arm 103  
 Industrial Exhibition (London) 29  
 Insects: beetles 96; butterflies 95; flies 96, 101; mosquitos 78, 96, 101

Jewish Synagogue (Victoria) 28, 174  
 Jews 116, 118, 126, 129, 158, 162  
 Johnson, Mrs. T. Fielding 24  
 Justice of Peace 62

Kapeland, Chief 97  
 Kersey, Mr. 165  
 Kingcombe, Admiral 174

- Kirk, James 22
- Langford, Edward E. 25
- Langley 17, 18, 22, 61, 62, 68, 69-70, 72, 94, 142
- Land Sales 19, 22
- Lascelles, Mr 160, 165
- Lee, Lizzie 97
- Lennard, Mr. 64, 66, 105, 145
- Lennard, Sir Thomas 64
- Lenvue, David 37
- Lett, Thomas (*illustration* 89)
- Lighthouses 28
- Liquor 60, 62, 64, 65, 71, 76, 81, 118, 119, 150, 160-161
- Lock, Capt. 119
- London and Lancashire Fire Insurance 31
- London Emigration Society 29
- London Times* 38
- London Weekly Chronicle* 32
- Lott, Capt. 40, 44
- Lowdham, Miss. 62, 130
- Lowe, James (*illustration* 87)
- Luard, Captain Henry Reynolds (1829-1870) 117
- Lytton, Lord Edward B. 18
- Maitland, Admiral 160, 163
- Mail 61, 63, 105, 109, 115, 123, 125, 126, 137, 139, 153, 158, 161, 162
- Magin, Mr. (R.M.) 65
- Manzanilla 56
- Marshall, Henry 66
- Marshall, R. 99
- Masons: see Freemasons
- Mitchell, Dr. 73
- Merchants 67, 93, 104, 137
- Mexico 54, 55, 56
- McDonald, W.J. 36
- MacKay, Mr. 98
- McKenzie, Agnes 166, 167, 168-169, 170-171, 175 (*illustration* 91)
- McKenzie, Kenneth (1812-1874) 17, 26, 34, 148, 164, 165 (*illustration* 89)
- McKenzie, Kenneth (Jr.) 172 (*illustration* 89)
- McKenzie, Mrs. Kenneth 24, 148, 154, 155, 156, 157, 163, 165
- McKenzie family 128, 130, 131, 147, 148, 165
- Moberly, Walter (1832-1915) 20, 21, 73, 106, 108, 110, 187
- Monckton, Mr. 170
- Montez, Lola (?-1861) 122, 188
- Moody, Colonel Richard Clement (1813-1887) 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 40, 42-43, 45, 48, 49, 52, 54, 55, 57, 59, 60, 61, 64, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 75, 79, 93, 94, 95, 97, 100-101, 105, 106, 108, 110, 114, 117, 125, 127, 129, 132, 133, 140, 146, 150, 185 (*illustration* 83)
- Moody Children, 17, 40, 95, 97, 127
- Moody, Mrs. R.C 17, 40, 43, 45, 59, 95, 127
- Moore's Musical Hall 29
- Moresby Island 33
- Morton, John 22
- Mosquito Bar 152
- Moss Street 37
- Mule tax 23, 137
- Murder 72, 106, 109, 110
- Murray, Mr. 124
- Murray, Mrs. 124
- Music 62, 67, 76, 79, 93, 130, 131, 140, 141
- Musqueam 22,
- Musqueam Joe 22
- Nass River 27
- Naval Officers 64, 65
- Nevada 120-121
- New Westminster 19, 21, 34, 61, 63, 67, 69, 71, 73, 78-80, 94-98, 101, 103, 106, 109, 110, 112, 116, 132, 140, 150, 167; church 140; clearing the land 71, 79, 96; Custom House 80; harbour 80; hotels 79; houses 80; (*illustration* 83, 84, 85) land sales 96, 140; name of city 98; provisions 79; roads 79, Treasury 80; shops 79; water reservoir 75; women 95
- New Years Eve. 131
- New York 42-43, 47, 49-53, 56
- Needham, Chief Justice 36
- Needham, Miss. 36
- Nichol, C.J. 29
- Nichol, Charles S. 68, 69
- North Road 19, 103



North Vancouver 108, 112

O'Donahue's Mill 21

Oliver, Lucy 97

Oliver, Mr. 101, 102

Oppenheimer and Company 37

Oppenheimer, David 37

Oppenheimer, Issac 37

O'Reilly, Mr. 150

Oregon 43, 54, 123

Owen, Mr. (R.M.) 65

Pacey, Maryan

Palliser, Captain John (1807-1887) 128,  
132, 133, 135, 159, 188

Panama 16, 43, 48-49, 54

Parsons, Captain Robert Mann (? -1897)  
71, 72, 73, 78, 117

Pearse, Benjamin William 18

Peel, Mr 118

Peile, Lirick (Lieut) 128, 146

Pendergrast, C.C. 29

Pete, Mr. 26

Pioneer Saloon (New Westminster) 79

Pitt Lake 80-93

Pitt River 80

Point Grey 102

Politics see Vancouver Island -  
Government Elections

Porpoise 103, 108

Portland 123

Port Moody 103

Powell, Dr. I.W. 35

Prattent, Mr.

Presse, Mr. 73, 74, 75, 76

Prevost, Captain James C. (1810-1891) 18,  
62, 146

Pringle, Rev. David (1828-1908) 124, 131,  
133, 142

Prostitution 122

Pusegs, Dr. 160

Quebec 113

Queen Charlotte Islands 104, 143

Queen Charlotte Islands Mining Co. 22

Queensborough see New Westminster

Railroad 104

Reid, Mr. 26

Reinhart, Mr. 31, 165

Rhodes, Mr. 34

Rocky Mountains 135

Robert Burnaby Park 39

Roscoe, Frank (*illustration* 89)

Ross Bay 37, 160, 173 (*illustration* 89)

Ross Bay Cemetary 37

Ross, Isabella (*illustration* 89)

Ross, W. 22

Royal Engineers 19, 22, 62, 69, 70-71, 77,  
78-79, 93, 94, 117

Royal Engineers Camp (New  
Westminster) 78-79, 93, 94, 95,  
109, 112, 117, 133, 140, 150, 168  
(*illustration* 83)

Royal Engineers Barracks (Langley) 69

Royal Marines 65

Royal Marines Camp (New Westminster)  
79

Royal West India Mail Company 3

Richards, Captain George Henry (1820-  
1896) 20, 79

Riland, Charles John 16

Rumsey, Dr. 146

Sacramento 119

Sacramento River 120

San Francisco 29, 55, 56, 104, 105, 113,  
115-116, 118-119, 121, 122, 123, 124,  
127, 134, 142, 161

San Juan Islands 126

Sappers see Royal Engineers

Sapperton see Royal Engineers Camp

Saturna Island 68

Sawmill 17, 22, 61-62, 106, 109

Seddall, Dr. John Vernon 93

Seymour, Governor Frederick 34, 36-37

Seymour, Mrs. 36

Scaife, Mr. 147

Schou, Nicolai 15

Scott, General 119

Similkameen 154

Sheepshanks, Rev. John (1834-1912) 116,  
187-188

Shepherd, Mr. 34

Ships:

*Athelstan* 145

*Asia* 40, 42-43, 44-47, 54, 100

*Bacchanto* 160

*Bacchante* 163

*Beaver* 68

*Canada* 43

*Colonel Moody* 150

*Del Norte* 32

*Eliza Anderson* 80

- Enterprise* 80  
*Forward* 119, 146  
*Lady Lampson* 38  
*Ganges* 118, 127, 130  
*Grapppler* 146  
*Lockett* 171  
*Moses Taylor* 16,17,43, 46, 48-49, 51-52, 54  
*Mutine* 173  
*Northerner* 119, 123  
*Onward (illustration 86)*  
*Oregon* 23, 27  
*Orozaba* 32  
*Phaeton* 165, 174  
*Plumper* 20, 22, 58, 79, 101, 102, 103, 110, 118, 127  
*Prince of the Seas* 166  
*Pylades* 65, 118, 127  
*Rosedale* 173  
*Satellite* 17, 18, 40, 58, 62, 118, 127,128, 130, 131, 146, 148  
*Ships (continued)*  
*Sierra Nevada* 27  
*Sonora* 16,17, 53-54, 57  
*Speedy* 169  
*Sutley* 174  
*Termagent* 146  
*Thames City* 78  
*Topaze* 147, 160, 163, 165  
*Tribune* 65, 118, 127, 131  
*Trincomalee* 58  
*Tynemouth* 30  
*Zealous* 36  
  
*Shipwreck* 173  
*Shirt Tail Bar* 152  
*Shute, Capt. (R.M.)* 147, 165  
*Sierra Nevada* 139  
*Simon Fraser University* 39  
*Simpson, Mr.* 172, 174  
*Sitka* 170, 172  
*Skinner, Thomas James (1812-1889)* 17, 62, 96, 128, 130  
*Skinner, Mrs.* 62  
*Smith, John Julius Pringle* 42, 45  
*Smith, Mr.* 46  
*Smithgate, Mr.* 26  
*Smuggling* 102  
*Southgate, Mr. S.* 30  
*Spaulding, Captain Warner Reeve (?-1889)*  
*Magistrate* 21,  
*Spencer, Captain John Wellbourne S.*  
  
(1816-1888) 147, 160  
*Sproat, Gilbert Malcolm.* 29-30  
*Stahlschmidt, Mr.* 167, 168, 171, 172  
*(illustration 87)*  
*St. Andrews Day* 157  
*St. Johns Day* 158  
*Stevens, Miss.* 170  
*Stickeen River* 170, 172  
*Stowes, Mr.* 94  
*Squamish River* 21  
*"Supple Jack"* 102  
*Sykes, Sir Francis* 47  
  
*Taintans (Chief)*  
*Tiffany, Mr.* 42  
*Titus, Miles Marcus* 80, 103  
*Tolmie, Miss.* 167  
*Tree Island* 78  
*Trimble, Dr.* 25, 155, 156, 157,  
*Trutch, Joseph William (1826-1904)* 43,46, 47, 100, 145, 185  
*Union Bar* 152  
*Union of the Colonies* 31, 32, 33-34  
*Utah* 139, 142,  
  
*Vancouver, Captain George* 20  
*Vancouver, City* 21, 104  
*Vancouver Island* 23, 63, 159-160;  
Government Elections 26, 153-154, 154-157, 159;  
House of Assembly 23, 24-26, 30, 31, 160;  
Sheriff 62, 66, 73, 138;  
Treasury 165  
*Victoria* 17, 24, 25, 28, 30, 33-34, 37, 38, 59-63,68,80,94,96,100,105,106,108, 111, 116, 118, 119, 123, 124, 126, 127, 130-131, 132, 134, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 146, 148, 156, 158-159, 161, 162, 164, 167, 168-169, 171, 172, 173, 174;  
Agriculture and Horticultural Show 163, balls 36, 65, 124, 127-128, 158, 165, 173; celebration 141;  
cemetery 37;  
churches 13, 17, 28, 60, 132, 139-140;  
court 18, 23-24, 32, 64-65, 66;  
Court House 29, 124;  
fires 133, 134, 135;  
harbour 28, 58, 148;  
Harbour Master 54;  
hotels 59, 60,  
*(illustration 87)*

land sales 158-159;  
 Mayor 30;  
 police 18;  
 provisions 59;  
 restaurants 59, 65, 158;  
 roads 58-59, 66, 131, 134, 155;  
 Sanatorium 162;  
 shops 59;  
 theatre 140-141;  
 wages 135;  
 weddings 167, 168-169;  
 women 29-30, 62, 65, 105, 137, 138,  
 158  
 Victoria Amateur Dramatic Association 28  
 Victoria Chamber of Commerce 28  
 Victoria Chronicle (*illustration* 88)  
 Victoria Cricket Club 145  
 Victoria Hook and Ladder Company 133-  
 134, 140, 141, 158  
 Victoria Philharmonic Society 67  
 Victoria Theatre 30  
 Vidal, Mr. 56-57  
 Voigt, Mr. 102  
  
 Waddington, Mr. 23  
 Washington 123  
 Washoe 139, 142  
 Watson, Mr. 165  
 Wear, Mr. 26  
 Weissenburger, F. 37  
 Wesleyan missionaries 68, 70, 145  
 Wharf Street 124  
 Whip-saw Creek 152  
 Wildlife: bear 76, 77, 108, 112; cats (wild)  
 77; deer 68, 97, 103, 105, 108, 112;  
 dogs (wild) 77; elk 160; racoon 112; seal  
 103, 108; squirrels 78  
 Williams Lake 31  
 Wood, Dr. Charles B. 20  
 Woodthorpe, Loughborough, (England) 38  
 Wright, Capt. 80-93  
 Wright, John 38  
 Wright, Mr. 165  
  
 Yale 19, 142, 152  
 Yates Street 59, 94,  
 Young America Mining Co. 121  
  
 Zaffies Isle 97

## ABOUT THE AUTHORS:

Anne Burnaby Mcleod is the great great niece of Robert Burnaby and is descended from his elder brother Richard. Born in Devon, England, in 1930, she is the daughter and wife of Royal Navy officers and she herself served in the Women's Royal Navy Service for several years in the 1950s. She has lived in Australia, Malaysia and the Middle East, visited Burnaby in 1993, and continues to travel extensively in many other parts of the world. She has two children and one grandchild and currently lives in Surrey, England.

Pixie McGeachie, an author, columnist and a former editor of the Burnaby Examiner, has written for such publications as the Vancouver Book, Westworld and Pioneer News. She has authored: *Bygones of Burnaby*, *Adventures in Canada*, *Archdeacon on Horseback*, and co-authored *Burnaby: A Proud Century* and *A History of the Credit Union Deposit Insurance Corporation of British Columbia*. She is a past President of the Burnaby Historical Society, a former member of the Burnaby Heritage Commission and is currently President of the Friends of Interurban #1223, a group involved in the restoration of Burnaby's historic 1912 interurban tram.



Robert Burnaby, a true Victorian English gentleman, took a chance to travel to the new colony of British Columbia in 1858 to seek fortune and adventure. Here in the "Land of Promise" he found a home among government administrators, gold seekers, settlers and aboriginal peoples. As the Private Secretary to Colonel Richard Clement Moody, Burnaby led exciting exploration expeditions into the wilds of modern-day Vancouver and Burnaby, the city which was to bear his name. Burnaby became a prominent member of Victoria's society and a successful merchant and legislator. Amid the dancing parties and gossip, he even found time to court a "bashful and coy maiden". Now, through never before published letters, Robert Burnaby comes to life as a dynamic personality of colonial British Columbia.

