

a bottle of whisky to any thing else. We thought justice and constable would do very well. Formerly we had been very peaceable, any little 'trouble' that arose being easily settled with a fist fight. But now that we had a Squire, every one seemed anxious to bring him some business, and it was not long before the justice held his first court.

"A man left in charge of a store was found to have stolen a small sum of money. Charley was ordered to proceed at once and arrest him. Charley started; but, afraid of resistance, did it in his own way. Walking in where the chap was sitting he asked him for a drink. Bowman said he had nothing. 'Well,' said Charley, 'old Champ has just got a demijohn of first-rate whisky. S'pose we walk down there and get some.' The other at once consented, and the pair went down to the Squire's. The boys began to collect, and at last the Squire, who had been out feeding his chickens and wetting his whistle, came in and took a seat.

"Order in the court!" said he; then, facing the prisoner, he addressed him thus:

"Well, this is a pretty how-d'ye-do; what have you been about, hey?"

"What have I been about?" asked Bowman, with surprise; "nothing in particular that I know of. Where's your whisky, Squire?"

"Where's my whisky?" said the Squire, now getting into a rage—"where's my whisky? Don't you know you're 'rested? And do you think to throw contempt on my court by asking for whisky?"

"I did not know I was 'rested; pray, what is the charge?"

"Why, you big loafer," said Champ to the constable, "didn't you show that paper to Bowman?"

"Yes, I did," said Charley.

"I never saw it," said Bowman.

"Champ then, expressing his disgust at Charley, ordered him to arrest Bowman forthwith, which he did, and produced the paper (which after all was simply a notice to quit, supplied by the sheriff by way of a ruse).

"Bowman read it, and remarked that it was not a warrant, and then inquired of what he was accused.

"What are you 'cused of?" said the Squire; "why, you're 'cused of stealing money."

"I should like to know who accuses me, and who are the witnesses against me?"

"See here, Bowman," says the Squire, "I don't want any witnesses; and as for who accuses you, why, I accense you, and every body on the beach accuses you, and you know you are guilty as well as I do. There is no use of wasting time over the matter. I am bound to sentence you, and my sentence is, that you leave the bay in twenty-four hours, or receive fifty lashes if you are here after that time."

"He started for Astoria and was seen no more. The ends of justice were fully satisfied.

"Joe's case was the next. He was accused of setting a boat adrift. He protested that he

was innocent. It was suggested that it might have been taken by Jake for a day's fishing, and better confine the prisoner till Jake returned. This was agreed to, but where were they to confine him? Champ's hen-house was proposed, and into it Joe was thrust. Now Champ's hen-house was no slim affair, but a solid log-house as strong as a fort. In the afternoon Jake and the boat returned, so they went to liberate Joe. But here another case was presented, for they found him very quietly engaged in sucking eggs. This new felony enraged Champ more than the other. He was for flogging him immediately, but the boys put him on board a boat going out. Thus we rid ourselves of two thieves." Mr. Swan's description is true to the life of our Territorial beginnings.

Thus pleasantly the time passed, and we reach Seattle, sixty miles from Port Townsend. Seattle, the seat of a former tribe called by that name, has been a place of some importance since 1853. It acquired additional vitality through the discovery of coal a few years ago, and still more during the last few months by the popular belief that it is the place—the great terminus. The lands for miles around have been bought by speculators, divided into lots, and auctioned off in Victoria, through the Willamette Valley, and even in San Francisco. Nine months ago there were not more than 500 people in it, now there are 1000. The inhabitants had scarcely got over the excitement of a visit from the directors and officials of the North Pacific Railway, accompanied by George Francis Train, who had been with them a few days before. The two combined had been evidently too much for them. Train had given a lecture. Subject—George Francis Train. He described his orphanage in the city of New Orleans, his pious education by a Puritan aunt, his labors in the house of his uncle, Enoch Train and Co., Boston; his speculation in Melbourne, by which he cleared \$140,000; his wife's speculation in Omaha, which gives her half of all the lots in that city; and his palatial mansion in Rhode Island. He also spoke very freely of his election to the Presidency in 1872, and gave an invitation to come and see him at the White House. I do not know what else he can do, but assuredly he can lecture. The visit of the directors, much as the lieges were interested in the railway, was nothing to that of Train. His lecture was the theme of the day. They had just bade him good-by *en masse*, when they were called upon to welcome Seward. This they also did with a will. Having had one lecture, they were sure of another from Seward. The evening had come, and they pressed him hard to stay over. He would not do it, and got off from the speech by promising to shake hands all round. This was done in returning, and every man, woman, and child had been prepared for the ceremony. As the apparently endless circle swept past, his affability and gracefulness to each were very no-