

For hundreds of miles lineally the Northern Pacific Railroad's main line and branch will run through it and near it. The world has never seen such a trade in lumber outward by sea or inward by rail, as will be witnessed at the gateway of Puget Sound and on the western end of this railroad. That trade seaward was enormous in 1869. Fourteen huge saw-mills on Puget Sound alone supplied it. Some of these mills cut 150,000 feet a day. They are run night and day. To one of them is attached, as its machinery of foreign transportation, 17 ships. It gives constant employment to 1,000 men. It holds the fee-simple of over 100,000 acres of most carefully selected timber land. The entire product of the mills of Puget Sound in 1869 was over 170,000,000 feet.

These trees—these forests of these trees—so enchain the sense of the grand and so enchant the sense of the beautiful that I linger with the theme and am loth to depart. The waters of Puget Sound evoke wonder and reverence. Its islands and channels are an archipelago of beauty and majesty. Its waters in summer mirror the loveliness of the most augustly lovely things on earth—snow-clad mountains skirted and girdled with green. In winter they refuse to freeze, and give to December, January and February an autumnal mildness, garlanded oft with flowers, and softened with the breath of the tropics. But of all the marvels, and all the beauties, and all the majesties of this region, these forests of giant trees are chief. With a single exception of treeless interval, they tower on and near the land grant of the Northern Pacific Railroad from the Pacific Ocean to the Rocky Mountains. Forests in which you cannot ride a horse—in which you cannot possibly recover game that you have shot without the help of a good retriever—forests into which you cannot see, and which are almost dark under a bright midday sun—such forests, containing firs of three varieties, cedars of two varieties, and pine, spruce, hemlock, cypress, ash, curled maple, and black and white oak, envelop Puget Sound and cover a large part of Washington Territory; surpassing the woods of all the rest of the globe in the size, quantity, and quality of the timber. The firs in innumerable localities will cut 120,000 feet to the acre. Trees are common whose circumferences range from 20 to 50 feet, and whose heights vary from 200 to upward of 300 feet. The paradox of firs too large to be profitably cut into timber is to be seen all over Western Washington. These are rejected by the choppers, and trees having diameters ranging only from 30 to 50 inches are selected, and yield from 70 to 200 feet in length of solid trunk free from limbs and knots. The cedars of Washington are as thick through as the firs, but not as tall. So prodigal is nature in this region, and so wastefully fastidious as man, that lands yielding only 30,000 feet of lumber to the acre