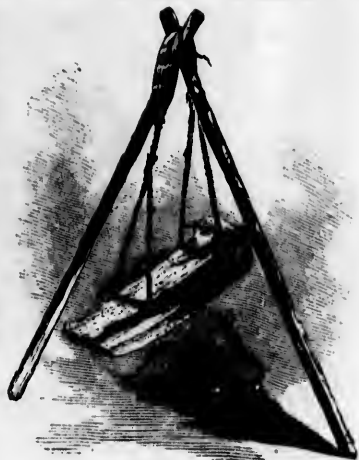


our vessel at Port Townsend we see two Clallam girls in their Chinook canoe sitting at ease. Thus have the Duke of York and such as he sat at ease for centuries in their salmon-scented halls. In the midst of good opportunities, in one of the best fields of the world, they have lived out their time in idleness and sensuality, their industries never rising higher than skulking round the forest and shooting the elk, or sleepily dozing in their canoes, and spearing the salmon as he darted along; their pleasures never ranging beyond the hideous "pottatch," when, with wild screams and savage joy, the tribal crew mounted the roof of their "rancheroe," and flung their long-stored blankets to maddened "tillcums" (companions) beneath. Their time has come, and their portion is another's. Even now they have lost the enthusiasm of the savage, without gaining the wisdom of the white man. They are letting their time-cherished customs drop as things of death. In this country of the Flatheads, where for centuries the Clallam belle has been rated according to the taper of her "caput," we find comparatively few mothers thus preparing their offspring for social position. Occasionally we see a Clallam conservative, some frowsy old crone from the Chehalis or the Querquelin, sitting with the instruments of torture applied to the hope of the family. Down at Cape Flattery, where they hunt the seal and gather the dog-fish oil, they preserve this ancient feature of their race. Our sketch shows the means applied. Some of them boast that the chignon is only an attempt on the part of other belles to copy their native graces. More than one have we seen with a piece of solid bark rolled up in their hair in imitation of the fashionable chignon.

On the whole, these dusky mothers take but little trouble with their offspring. The "tenas man" (small man), when born, is wrapped in a piece of old four-point blanket, covered over with the soft bark of the willow or dog-wood, laced up tightly in his cradle of wicker-work, and left to take care of himself. Kick or sprawl he can not, and his bawling pleases himself and hurts no one. Generally he is a contented little animal as he is tossed around in his basket, or swings from his pole or the branch of a tree in the great forest.

Port Townsend is another of the aspirants for future greatness. Its claims are: 1. Easy access from the sea. 2. The possession of a commodious and well-sheltered harbor. 3. The proposal by the Federal Government to erect fortifications around on Port Marrowstone, Port Wilson, Admiralty Head, and Port Partridge on Whidby Island.

Here we received on board an addition to our party, and steamed further up the sound between high sand-clay bluffs that rise on either side. Nine miles up we came to a city built on saw-dust foundations. Out here we name every place a city from a log shanty and an old horse upward. This city is named Port Ludlow. At the lumber-mill there are one



THE "TENAS MAN."

hundred hands employed, and they can turn out 40,000 feet of lumber per day. After other nine miles we touched at another city—the fac-simile of the former, named Port Gamble. What a pity they did not keep the old Indian name Teekelet! Here they have from 300 to 400 hands employed, and can turn out 100,000 feet in twelve hours.\* The "boys" had no cannon; but they had loaded up a couple of anvils, and made them do duty instead. They also brought out their pet to show to "the Governor"—said pet being a two-year-old elk which they had caught and tamed. The pet is already a lusty animal weighing 400 pounds, and it took four men to bring him down—two at his head and two at his heels.

Near to the mills is the real Teekelet, a lodge of Indians who are fast dying out. Indeed, all the race are fast dying out except those collected on the reservations. After all the talk that has been made about the Indian policy, it is the only humane policy with these helpless creatures. It may not save them, but it protects them for a time from ills with which they are ill-fitted to cope. For instance, there are about 3000 Indians, representing twenty-five tribes, gathered on the Talalip Reservations across the country, forty miles from this. There they are under the constraint of the Superintendent. The youths are taught to be useful by resident carpenters, blacksmiths, etc. The girls are gathered into schools, and taught the arts of reading, writing, and arithmetic, as well as the common processes of the household. Some of them can even play the piano and the melodeon. Among them there labors Father Chirouse, a missionary of the Roman Catholic

\* This mill, owned by Pope, Talbot, and Co., has recently been greatly enlarged. They have a fleet of twenty-two vessels in constant service.