

at various points near the shore, and along the banks of the larger rivers, particularly the Skagit and Stillaguamish, for many miles back; yet they are widely scattered, and the population is very scant compared to the square miles of territory over which it is dispersed. The crops raised are wheat, oats, rye, and pease almost wholly; but of these the yield to the acre is very large. No immigration of consequence has gone there for several years, nor is it likely to, until the Northern Pacific or some other line has made it easily accessible by rail, and placed inducements before immigrants. At present communication is had with Seattle, the metropolis of the Puget Sound region, by a weekly steamer touching at the points I have mentioned, and at several islands. Another little steamer makes a weekly trip from Port Townsend to the archipelago and Whatcom by a slightly different course, and there is a ferry between Port Townsend and Whidby Island. Beyond this the people travel almost wholly by canoes and sail-boats, since overland roads and trails are few and very rough.

The channels of this archipelago and the approaches to the mainland are very intricate, and in bad weather even dangerous, there being little good ground for anchoring, and many hidden rocks. The great difficulty to be dreaded is the tremendous force of the tides which sweep down Rosario Strait, "producing," in the words of the coast pilot, "a roar like the sound of a gale of wind through a forest." The light winds of summer are often ineffective in keeping a vessel under the guidance of her rudder in the midst of these swirling currents; and as fogs are then most liable to occur, the navigation in Bellingham Bay is hazardous and often delayed. Once behind Elisa Island, however, a fine spacious harbor is found, with shores having many advantages; but the danger of sail navigation in reaching there, the expense of towage as the other alternative, and its distance from the sea, will prevent its ever taking front rank as a port among the many harbors so much easier and quicker of access to ocean-going ships.

South of Rosario Straits and the archipelago stretches north and south the long narrow strip of Whidby Island, distinguished by having no elevations to amount to anything, by being to a large extent unwooded, and by bearing several groves

of hard-wood trees, chiefly oaks. Here, since the earliest occupation, farming has been carried on with great success, and the island has several little hamlets, such as Coupeville and Crescent Bay.

Port Townsend is an old point of settlement, the site impressing its favorable features upon the minds of the early voyagers. Here the Strait of Fuca turns southward into Admiralty Inlet, out of the western shore of which opens Port Townsend Bay, a piece of sheltered water affording fifty square miles of good anchorage, protected from every storm except the southeasters. The shores of this bay are precipitous and solidly wooded, but at its entrance the high bluffs of the northern side are separated from the water by a flat broad enough to accommodate the business part of a large town. On this flat and on the level bluff behind it Port Townsend is built, a situation combining many advantages, and having the single disadvantage of lack of fresh-water. This, however, is easily procured by wells, and can be brought without great expense from the distance of half a dozen miles when it shall be needed. The people of Port Townsend were originally from New England, and a very comfortable, cleanly air pervades the place, which lacks that brash, temporary appearance so common in Californian villages and so offensive to an Eastern man. It is evident that the people here have "come to stay," and take an interest in local advancement beyond the mere desire to sell to some half-deluded immigrant on the strength of wild puffing. This is apparent not only in what one sees from the street, but in the refinement which betrays itself in the dress and manners of the people, exhibiting a degree of mental cultivation quite remarkable in a frontier village.

The quiet of the streets and the lack of country wagons causes the stranger to wonder how the many well-stocked shops and warehouses are able to live, until he reflects that they get their support largely from the surrounding settlements, some of which are fifty miles away, and from the ships making this their harbor. All these customers (of whom the Indians form by no means a small or unprofitable part) come and go in boats, making no stir, but carrying away "a heap of goods," as I heard one merchant express it.

This being the port of entry, all steam-