

besides we are providing for the future, by educating the taste." Here surely is the "substance of things hoped for the evidence of things not seen." The shops are all on the edge of the Sound, but a very lofty flight of steps, or rather, three flights, separated by narrow platforms, furnishes a footway to the upper town. We could not bring our minds to climb them, though with regret we gave up seeing the residences of the city. A walk, however, of a few blocks brought us to a wooden incline that zig-zagged up the hill, and this we concluded to try. We found at the summit a pleasant, quiet village. Frame houses, with little attempt at architecture, surrounded by small gardens; several churches, and a new hotel in course of erection.

A good many Indians were in town with their wares, consisting mostly of baskets and bead work. They seemed to anticipate our movements and were generally before us whichever way we went.

Port Townsend lies at the entrance to