

and they will help you to cut down the forest, and enable this to become a great and prosperous place. God bless you, my boys, and keep you all honest and loyal!"

Port Townsend has hitherto enjoyed no enviable notoriety for smuggling and whisky drinking through the humorous descriptions of Ross Browne, and T. Winthrop. If they were here now they would find occasion to change their opinions. No better society can be found any where than here in the Ultima Thule of Uncle Sam's dominion, and no more enterprising band of citizens.

We saw amidst the throng an old friend of theirs formerly sketched in this Magazine—the Duke of York—the chief of the Chillum Indians. The Duke appeared also to have mended his ways, and to have renounced "potlun." Not drunk, he was out with the earliest to give



INDIAN GIRLS AND CANOE.

welcome to one of Uncle Sam's "Tyns Tayees," or big chiefs. Instead of having his feet dangling from under the "plissisy" or blankets, he was rigged in veritable pants, and sported a Tyrole-e hat with a red feather. "Halo tenas Tayeo" (no small chief is he), and he lords it over his fishy vassals with despotic sway. No canoe can hero be secured without a reference to the Duke of York and arrangement of terms with him. We present the portrait of him and family in their last stage of development. It is gratifying to know that his wives, Queen Victoria and Jenny Lind, still survive and are well. Queen Victoria does washing for the lieges, and is deemed honest and careful by her patrons. Jenny Lind, though long the court favorite, is both drunken and lazy.

Here, as elsewhere on this coast, we perceive the last of the red man side by side with the first of the white men—the dying race and the growing race strangely intermingled. At Victoria we saw the residence of the Governor and officials on one side of the harbor, and the "rancheree" of King Frisi and the dilapidated remnant of the Songhish tribe on the other. As we look over the side of



CHINOOK WOMAN AND CHILD.