

only a repetition, in a mild form, of that exquisite blending of land and water-scape which we had enjoyed for the past week.

At Port Townsend we rested for a few hours until the custom-house officials had satisfied themselves that we had not smuggled any thing from British Columbia; and here I discovered one or two of my fellow-passengers, rather unseasonably clad in fur overcoats, purchased in Victoria. They were evidently wearing them from a sense of *duty* to their government.

We reached the wharf at Tacoma on the morning of Saturday, June 14th, having made the round trip in just twelve days, and I do not hesitate to say that there were no passengers who would not gladly have turned round and faced again to the northward, if their several engagements would have permitted. As for myself, I was bound for the Yosemite, and so little had my Alaska trip fatigued me that I remained in Tacoma for a few hours only, and then started for San Francisco.

These pages I have written at Saratoga Springs, in the midst of the gayest season within my memory. I am surrounded by many dear friends and by acquaintances whom it is a privilege to know. They have given me a most attentive and interested hearing whenever I have taken occasion to speak of my trip to Alaska, and it is a satisfaction to feel that they really want to see my impressions and my photographs published between two covers. What I have seen, you and they may see. Three