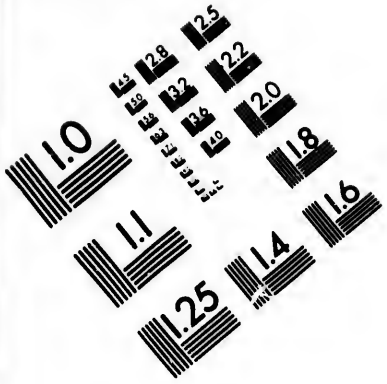

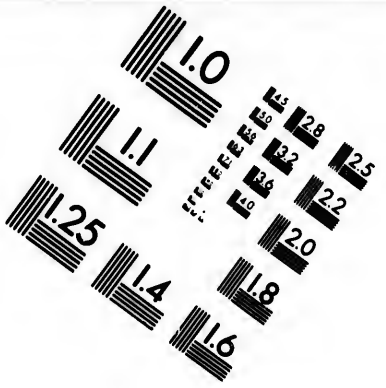

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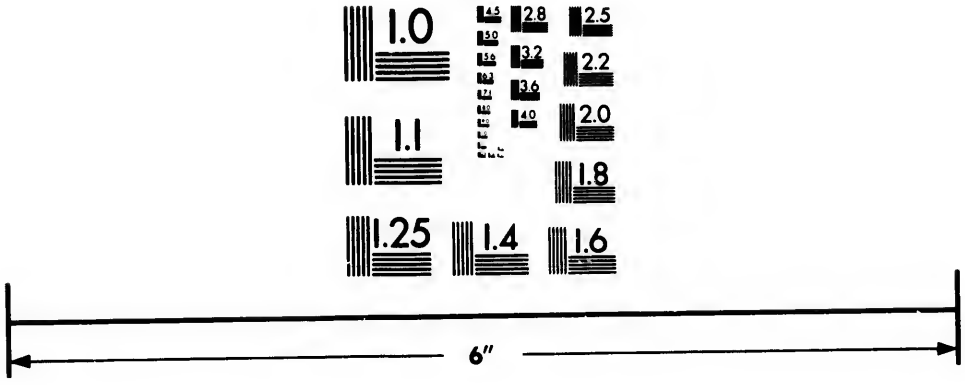

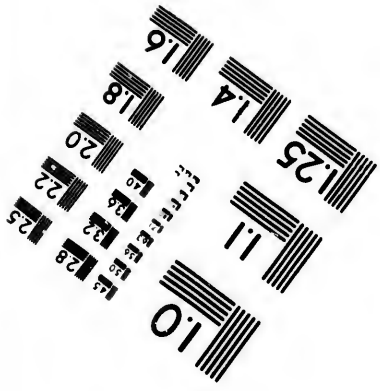

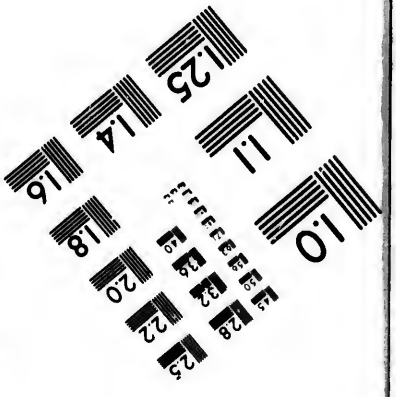

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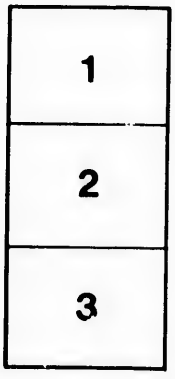

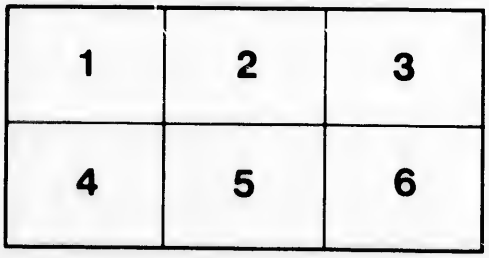

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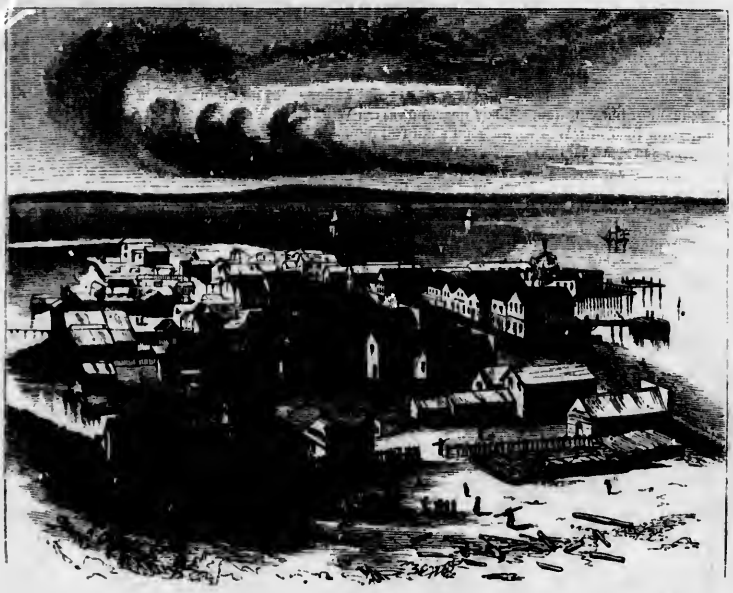
NO. CCXLIV.—SEPTEMBER, 1870.—VOL. XLI.

THE MEDITERRANEAN OF THE PACIFIC.



PORT TOWNSEND.

IT is only a few years ago since the "Great Northwest" indicated the States of Minnesota, Illinois, Michigan, and the States between New England and the Rocky Mountains. Since that time the cry of gold has led thousands of our population across the Rocky Mountains and the glistening peaks of the Nevada range, to the sunny slopes and verdant valleys of the Pacific. Thriving cities have arisen on the plains where roamed huge herds of buffalo. The regions where half-savage Indians reared cattle, and where the traders and trappers of the Hudson Bay held almost undisputed sway, are now organized portions of the republic, with recognized laws and promising institutions. California is now a rich and settled State of the Union, with a future the greatness of which we can only conjecture. The river banks of Idaho and Montana are dotted with camps of gold and silver miners—the hardy pioneers of a great and prosperous country. The broad prairies and the beautiful valleys of Oregon are filled with a sturdy race of agriculturists; the cars creep along the fastnesses where the Indian could scarce find a trail; and the steamers ply for nearly a thousand miles from the mouth of the Columbia—that Achilles of rivers. In Washington Territory, so long the debatable ground, and the scene of Indian massacres, the lumbermen are cutting their way into the old forests; and fleets of trading vessels are lying at anchor in its harbors. Nay, far north, beyond where the Nootka savage strings his shells, and the hardy Hydah shapes his canoe, Alaska is heard knocking at the gate of the republic, seeking entrance where so many others have entered in. "Westward

the star of empire takes its way." Illinois is no longer in the far West. Minnesota and Nebraska are only frontier States on the way to the "true Northwest."

The railway linking the far West to the far East was opened in July last. The full significance of that important announcement can scarcely be estimated. It will change the aspect of a great and productive region. The Indian already stands aghast as he sees the line of cars—that greatest of all great "medicines"—rattling along the plains where he hunted the buffalo, and withdraws to the northward. He hears in the whistle of the engine the death-knell of all his race. The trapper hears it, and hurriedly gathers up his traps and little "fixins," and, with his squaw and half-breed brood, retreats before the surging flood of immigration. They hear, not afar off, "the rush of waves where soon shall roll a human sea"—a sea that shall sweep them before it.

These regions, of which many knew little, save by the tales that came floating back of the exploits of Jed Smith and Kit Carson, the hardy pioneers; of Skipper Gray, who first breasted the breakers on the bar of the Columbia; of Captain Bonneville, who made his way to them by land; of Sutter, who found a bank of gold in his millrace; of old Downie, ycleped "Major," who always "struck it" where he slept—these regions have all been brought near by the railway. Thousands have left their homes in the East for a month's vacation and a trip to California during the last summer. They have been to see us and gone away again, to tell of our snow-tipped mountains, and giant forests, and rocky gulches, with the glittering gold, and pleasant corn-covered valleys and vine-clad hills. To us in the West it seemed as if New York and Philadelphia and Chicago had gone out "on the tramp." In August the writer met an authoress from New York in the Willamette Valley, a professor from Iowa away up at the Cascade Falls of the Columbia, a couple of Senators from Washington staging it through an Oregon forest, the Governor of Illinois at a social gathering in Portland, dined with the Vice-President on board one of the Oregon Steamship Company's vessels, near to the 49th parallel, had a drink with an Eastern editor in one of the ice-caves of Washington Territory, and spent three of the happiest days of his existence with Seward and his party, on the pleasant waters of the Puget Sound.

MAP OF PUGET SOUND.

And no sooner has one railway been opened than another is proposed. The engineers have already been out and made the survey. The Northern Pacific is spoken of as a rival to the Central Pacific, and the landholders and lot-holders of the Puget Sound are discussing the location of the great terminal city. The eyes of all are turned to a spot which is destined to play no mean part in the history of our national progress and civilization. Bills may be proposed and defeated, particular schemes may be discussed and delayed; but let any one take a look at the position and contour of the northwestern corner of our country, and he will be

convinced of its importance, and foresee its manifest destiny. *There* is a great inland sea stretching up 200 miles from Cape Flattery, studded with fertile islands, surrounded by pine-covered heights, and nearer, by 800 miles, to China than San Francisco—and nearer, also, to New York. Instead of sage-bush desert and salt plains, there is a fertile belt, under which lies a bed of miocene coal, stretching all the way from Illinois to Washington Territory. Let any one consider the increasing commerce with China, of which we have merely tasted the first-fruits, and acquaint himself with the character of the country behind it, and he will perceive why so much attention has been directed to this part of the republic; he will be satisfied of the wisdom manifested in preserving intact the boundary line which terminates so near it, and discern a reason for the present anxiety to push through the Northern Pacific Railway.

If ocean steam is ever to become on the Pacific what it has been on the Atlantic—if our relations with Eastern Asia are ever to be what they have been with Western Europe (and why should they not?)—the Puget Sound must become one of the centres of the world's commerce. Ship-building lags in the East, through the difficulty and expense of importing lumber. The United States have never taken the proper position of a great commercial country in this industry. Survey all their coasts, and say where is its natural home. Where can safe harbors be most easily found? Where is timber the most abundant and of easiest access? The eye will at once rest upon the Puget Sound, with its endless windings and openings into the land—with its sheltering islands, and numerous natural harbors, where land, covered by the finest spars of the world, can still be had for the mere pre-emption. The writer has often passed up and down on its unruffled surface, and never did his eye sweep along its bays and pine-clad hills without his feeling something of its coming glory, and wishing to be spared for ten or twenty years to perceive the ships at anchor where now the whir of the duck alone breaks in upon the silence of the bay—to see the wretched "rancheree," where these Indians wallow in filth and lust, transformed into a smiling village—to realize that these shanties of the lumbermen and whisky saloons have become large cities. This impression was greatly confirmed last summer, when he accompanied the Hon. Mr. Seward and his family along the sound. The citizens at all the lumbering-mills and small cities gave right royal welcome to the "old man eloquent," and called for an address. He appeared to have looked through the present, and seized only upon the future. His mind was filled with *that*—the issue of what he saw; for he never addressed them as lumbermen or saw-drivers—he addressed them uniformly as ship-builders. He saw in their saw-dust streets and rude cabins the beginnings of the things that were to be. For as yet but few vessels have been built on the sound, and, at the time, there was not one on the stocks any where.

That there will be a Northern Pacific Railway terminating somewhere at or near the Puget Sound is certain. The only question is, whether it will be on American or British Territory. The English are not blind to the advantages of the northern route, and are anxious to gain them for themselves. The imperial policy is to unite the North British possessions into one confederation before the feeling of annexation becomes stronger. British Columbia, the colony on the Pacific, insists upon a railway as one of the conditions. Already a company has been formed, and application made at Ottawa for a grant of alternate sections of land along the route proposed. There can be but one northern railway: which shall it be? One that will stretch through the more fertile northern belt, leading up a population to settle on the boundaries, and consolidating American interests, or a railway supported by British capital, and managed in British interests, building up a rival domain on the continent?

On the supposition that it will be American, we give this sketch of the region around the terminal point. We do not propose to discuss the merits of rival claimants, and having neither lot nor plot in any of the proposed locations for the "big cities of the future," give the result of observations during four years' residence near this Mediterranean of the Pacific, but more particularly during a holiday trip last summer with the "Seward party."

In July last Allan Francis, Esq., United States Consul at Victoria, Vancouver Island, a beautiful little British city that looks across to the Puget Sound, gave out that "Seward will be here on his way to Alaska." We hurried up, and prepared a suit of rooms and a reception for him. British and American citizens vied with each other in doing him honor. At last the big ship made its appearance in Esquimaux Harbor, near the city, having on board the Hon. W. H. Seward, F. W. Seward, Esq., and Mrs. Seward; A. Fitch, Esq., William Von Smythe, and Judge S. C. Hastings. This harbor is reckoned the third best in the world, the first being Rio Janeiro, and the second San Francisco. To greet him there was a good Western rush. If he could have eaten a hundred dinners, or drank a thousand drinks, they were ready for him. As it was, in the evening he spoke a few words on the recent "ice purchase," which he was going up to look at and lay quietly by. Captain Blinn and a few other proprietors of the lumber-mills on the sound were in Victoria, and proposed a "trip up the sound." They chartered the steamer *Wilson G. Hunt*, and we started from Victoria on one of the loveliest July mornings. For you must understand that the climate of this region is equaled only by the richness and beauty of the scenery. From April till October there are clear skies and sunny days. The

VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

earth is preserved soft and verdant by occasional showers that fall during the night, and the heat of summer tempered by the gentle breezes that are cooled as they pass across the snowy summits of the neighboring range, and play perpetually around the brow and cheeks. The winter is mild as an Eastern spring. Snow seldom visits, and never lies long on the ground. The rose-buds may be plucked in the open air at Christmas, and geraniums gathered at the New-Year. A singularly healthy and delightful climate has been reserved for the outlying corner of our land. No sweltering heats of summer cause sleepless nights. No savage winter frosts pinch and cramp the feeble frame. Never any where have we seen children so healthy and beautiful as within the limits of Washington Territory.

This morning, on which the *Hunt* started from Victoria, was a fair specimen—rich in suffused light, a feeling of refreshing softness in the air—the waters beaming as a silver sea. In the run across the Strait of Fuca the scenery disclosed was worth a journey from Washington to behold. Behind us were the blue heights of Vancouver Island; on our left numerous green islands; and behind them the snowy ridges of the Cascade range, topped by Mount Baker rising in solitary grandeur, and spreading his white breast to the sunlight. We had some pleasure in reflecting that the Stars and Stripes now floated from his highest peak, having been placed there by three adventurous mountaineers the summer before, who ascertained his height to be 10,781 feet. But to what are we forcing our way? There rises up before us a huge wall of rock and ice—a solid, snowy ridge stretching away down to Cape Flattery. The waters seem to flow into its very base. Apparently it would take a myriad giants to force a passage for us.

We sail on, and in time discover several little harbors amidst the clefts in its huge side, and an opening at its

eastern extremity. The nearest of these harbors, called Port Discovery by Vancouver, because it was the first in these parts he entered in the *Discovery*. It is guarded by a small island, called also by him Protection Island, because of its position. Our thoughts roverted to that Sabbath morning in May, 1792, when he cast anchor there, and landed with his officers on the island, surprised and delighted with its scenery. "On landing," he wrote in his journal, "on the island, and ascending its eminence, which was nearly a perpendicular cliff, our attention was immediately called to a landscape almost as enchantingly beautiful as the most elegantly finished pleasure-grounds in Europe. There was an extensive lawn covered with luxuriant grass and diversified with an abundance of flowers. To the northwestward was a coppice of pine-trees and shrubs of various sorts that seemed as if it had been planted for the sole purpose of protecting from the northwest winds this delightful meadow, over which were promiscuously scattered a few clumps of trees that would have puzzled the most ingenious designers of pleasure-grounds to have arranged more agreeably. While we stopped to contemplate these several beauties of nature in a prospect no less pleasing than unexpected, we gathered some gooseberries and roses in a state of considerable forwardness." While the features of the scenery are still the same as when Vancouver wrote, the scene has so far changed that where there was silence is now the hum of driving machinery. Man has been here "wi' his kittle o' steam;" and when we passed, the lumber-mills of C. E. P. Wood and Co. were giving employment to 300 hands, and turning out 70,000 feet of lumber per day.

Port Discovery is one of the expectants for the big city, so we mark its position and keep it in mind. The eastern end of the Coast range runs out into a long spit termed Point Wilson. We round this, and come in sight of Port Townsend. "What flag is that?" asks one. Mr. Seward was within hearing, and sharply answered: "That flag, Sir, is the custom-house flag of the United States. This must be the port of entry." And he was right.

Port Townsend is a city of two parts, differing widely from each other. One part is on the sands, and the other on the bluff that overlooks them. We may regard these as Port Townsend the Ancient and Port Townsend the Modern. Port Townsend the Ancient may again be divided into the East and the West. The East contains the "rancheree" of the Duke of York and his vassals. The West includes the Custom-house, the Masonic Hall, the Good Templars' Hall, the hotel, several whisky saloons, and other places of business. In Port Townsend the Modern are the Marine Hospital, the school-house, the church, and neat residences of the more prominent citizens. As we approached, the big cannon which they have lately secured vigorously blazed away, and the wharf was covered with the citizens, old and young, white and red. The boys called lustily for a speech from the old man. He did not see it at first; but, with a little coaxing, at last mounted the rostrum—the deck of the steamer—and said something like this: "You have got a splendid country here. What you need is population. Now don't be foolish and send any from your gate. Take all you can get—Boston man and Irishman, white man and black man, and John Chinaman, if he will come. You have room for all. You can make something of them,

THE DUKE OF YORK.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

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.

INDIAN GIRLS AND CANOE.

We saw amidst the throng an old friend of theirs formerly sketched in this Magazine—the Duke of York—the chief of the Clallam Indians. The Duke appeared also to have mended his ways, and to have renounced "potlum." Not drunk, he was out with the earliest to give welcome to one of Uncle Sam's "Tyas Tayees," or big chiefs. Instead of having his feet dangling from under the "plessisy" or blankets, he was rigged in veritable pants, and sported a Tyrolese hat with a red feather. "Halo tenas Tayee" (no small chief is he), and he lords it over his fishy vassals with despotic sway. No canoe can here 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.

CHINOOK WOMAN AND CHILD.

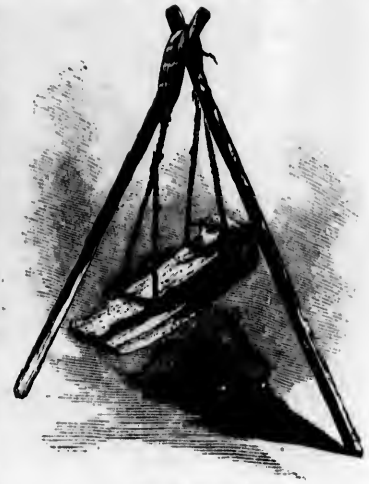
Here, as elsewhere on this coast, we perceive the last of the red man side by side with the first of the white men—the dying race and the growing race strangely intermingled. At Victoria we saw the residence of the Governor and officials on one side of the harbor, and the "rancheree" of King Frisi and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

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 "potlatch," when, with wild screams and savage joy, the tribal crew mounted the roof of their "rancheree," 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 Teekalet! 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 Teekalet, 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.

THE "MEMOLOOSE HOUSE," OR CEMETERY.

Church, who for twenty years has been their great "Sacra Tayee," and whose influence has been powerful for good. Even there they are decreasing at the rate of ten per cent., while here they are perishing speedily by disease and drunkenness. It is all very well to say that these scattered tribes, such as the Teekalet, preserve their ancient liberty. It is no blessing to them, and they are a bane to the white settlers around. Better drive them off to the reservations. These squalid creatures have little of the spirit of the old braves. They are singularly dull and uninteresting. Few of their customs have any romance about them, and all their arts are of the rudest kind. Their highest efforts are exhibited in their ranch-poles and grave-yards—the "Memoloose," or dead-houses, as they call them. We present a sketch of one near to this.

Leaving Port Gamble, or Teeknlet, as we prefer to call it, we continue a winding course for sixteen miles, and reach a beautiful settlement named Port Madison, in the forest around the mills of Meigs and Co. This is a model establishment. The men, instead of burrowing in mean shanties, with their squaws hanging around, appear to have settled down in decent homes. There are all the pleasing manifestations of family life, and by the stringent regulation of the proprietors, not a drop of liquor can be sold in the place. Consequently all the drunk and disorderlies soon clear out, and those who remain call it the mint, as they can save money. The ordinary wages are from $40 to $100 per month, with board and house rent, here and elsewhere on the sound. At Port Madison there are two hundred hands employed, and they can turn out 40,000 feet of lumber per day.

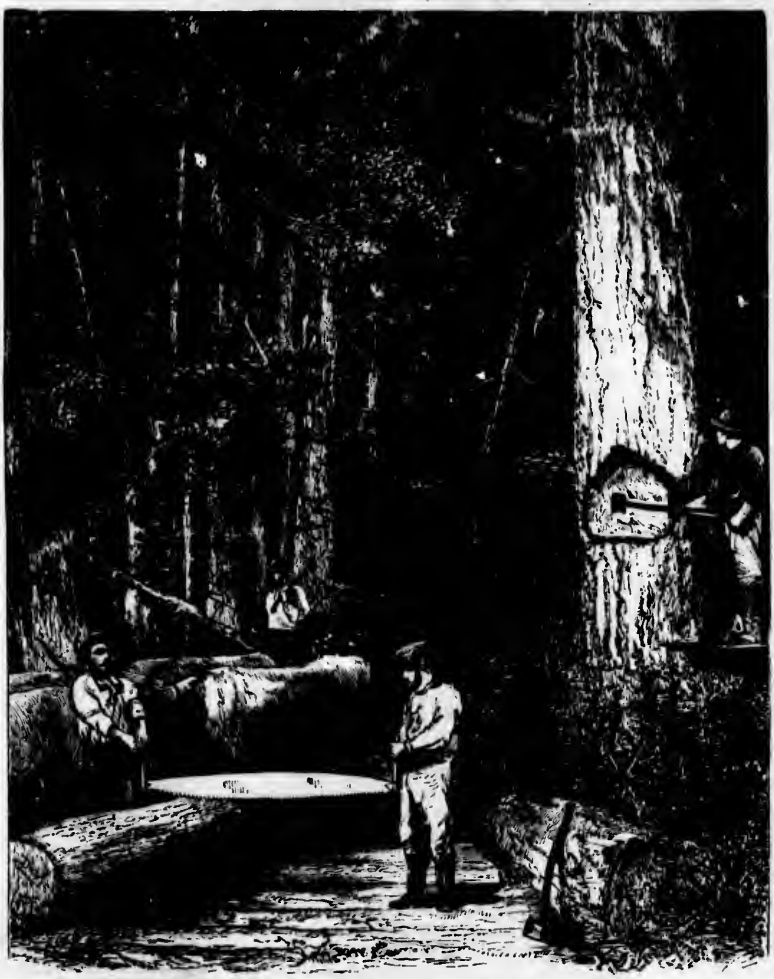
"Lumbering on the sound" is the staple employment of the floating population. There have drifted hither men of all kinds, from all parts. Some from the shores of Maine and New Brunswick, able to build a ship and sail her; and hardy wood-choppers from Canada and Nova Scotia generally make some of the mills their resting-place. The majority, however, merely seek in them the opportunity of recruiting for other schemes. "Big Larry" owns an interest in a claim in Cariboo, and winters here to prepare himself for future assessments. "Chipps" has failed in some more ambitious attempt, and settled down at a saw till he has money enough to try another. "California Peter" has been roving over the land, fluming a gulch at one time and trapping furs at another, and has turned in among "the boys;" but six months hence will turn up on board a cruiser on the coast of Mexico. In a few months the hands will be increased by an influx from Montana and the Blackfoot country, from British Columbia and the Saskatchewan. A roving, restless race, they are gathered only to be scattered. At each station there are two bands—those engaged at lumbering in the woods and those at the mills. The lumbering is usually done by contract. The leader, or "boss" of the band, makes an arrangement to deliver logs at so much per thousand feet. Forthwith he leads his men to a spot in the forest where the best logs may be found. This is not difficult to find, where the trees (the *Abies douglasii*) are from two hundred and fifty to three hundred and fifty feet high. The giant tree having been felled, is then cut into lengths, which are hauled by oxen to the water's edge, and piled together to form a boom. In course of time a tug comes along and bears away the booms to the saw-mill, where they are soon cut up into boards, and dispatched to San Francisco, Valparaiso, Honolulu, China, and Australia. The demand for Puget Sound lumber has been steady, and is annually increasing. Several vessels may be descried at any time in the strait, either entering for or leaving with lumber.

We now have a longer stretch to Seattle, the next stopping-place. The conversation sustained made the way seem short. Men from Washington and men of the West regaled each other with their "experiences." Judge Hastings gave stories of early California days,

and the last from Rome, which he recently visited. We had received on board, at Port Townsend, J. G. Swan, Esq., long identified with Washington Territory, and one of the best informed in regard to its history. For several years he resided on the Querquelin River, near Shoalwater Bay, and thus described

"OUR FIRST ELECTION.

"We had reached that point in the history of the Territory when we were called upon to elect our officers for the Territory and the county. This was looked upon by the boys as a farce (what did we want of laws? we were a law unto ourselves); so among other officers they elected John W. Champ justice of the peace, and Charles W. Denter constable. Now Champ was a *character* to serve as justice—sixty-five years of age, tall, wiry, and muscular, with an iron constitution that had withstood the rough and tumble of a long border life. He was fond of old rye, and was occasionally noisy and rough, though generally kindly and sensible. The constable, or 'Big Charley,' was a good-natured, lazy fellow, who had begun life as a lumberman in Maine, had then shipped on board a whaler, and like some old spar had been washed up into the bay without exactly knowing when, where, or how. Clever and handy, he yet preferred his ease and



LUMBERING IN WASHINGTON TERRITORY—PREPARING LOGS.

a bottle of whisky to any thing else. We thought justice and constable would do very well. Formerly we had been very peaceable, any little 'trouble' that arose being easily settled with a fist fight. But now that we had a Squire, every one seemed anxious to bring him some business, and it was not long before the justice held his first court.

"A man left in charge of a store was found to have stolen a small sum of money. Charley was ordered to proceed at once and arrest him. Charley started; but, afraid of resistance, did it in his own way. Walking in where the chap was sitting he asked him for a drink. Bowman said he had nothing. 'Well,' said Charley, 'old Champ has just got a demijohn of first-rate whisky. S'pose we walk down there and get some.' The other at once consented, and the pair went down to the Squire's. The boys began to collect, and at last the Squire, who had been out feeding his chickens and wetting his whistle, came in and took a seat.

"'Order in the court!' said he; then, facing the prisoner, he addressed him thus:

"'Well, this is a pretty how-d'ye-do; what have you been about, hey?'

"'What have I been about?' asked Bowman, with surprise; 'nothing in particular that I know of. Where's your whisky, Squire?'

"'Where's my whisky?' said the Squire, now getting into a rage—'where's my whisky? Don't you know you're 'rested? And do you think to throw contempt on my court by asking for whisky?'

"'I did not know I was 'rested; pray, what is the charge?'

"'Why, you big loafer,' said Champ to the constable, 'didn't you show that paper to Bowman?'

"'Yes, I did,' said Charley.

"'I never saw it,' said Bowman.

"Champ then, expressing his disgust at Charley, ordered him to arrest Bowman forthwith, which he did, and produced the paper (which after all was simply a notice to quit, supplied by the sheriff by way of a ruse).

"Bowman read it, and remarked that it was not a warrant, and then inquired of what he was accused.

"'What are you 'cused of?' said the Squire; 'why, you're 'cused of stealing money.'

"'I should like to know who accuses me, and who are the witnesses against me?'

"'See here, Bowman,' says the Squire, 'I don't want any witnesses; and as for who accuses you, why, I accuse you, and every body on the beach accuses you, and you know you are guilty as well as I do. There is no use of wasting time over the matter. I am bound to sentence you, and my sentence is, that you leave the bay in twenty-four hours, or receive fifty lashes if you are here after that time.'

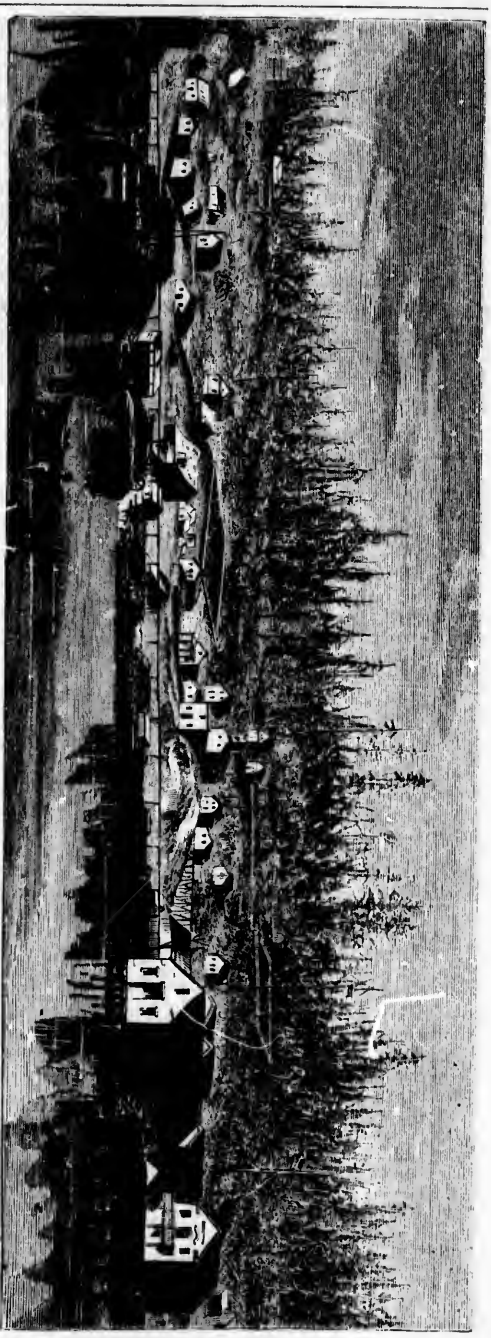
"He started for Astoria and was seen no more. The ends of justice were fully satisfied.

"Joe's case was the next. He was accused of setting a boat adrift. He protested that he was innocent. It was suggested that it might have been taken by Jake for a day's fishing, and better confine the prisoner till Jake returned. This was agreed to, but where were they to confine him? Champ's hen-house was proposed, and into it Joe was thrust. Now Champ's hen-house was no slim affair, but a solid log-house as strong as a fort. In the afternoon Jake and the boat returned, so they went to liberate Joe. But here another case was presented, for they found him very quietly engaged in sucking eggs. This new felony enraged Champ more than the other. He was for flogging him immediately, but the boys put him on board a boat going out. Thus we rid ourselves of two thieves." Mr. Swan's description is true to the life of our Territorial beginnings.

Thus pleasantly the time passed, and we reach Seattle, sixty miles from Port Townsend. Seattle, the seat of a former tribe called by that name, has been a place of some importance since 1853. It acquired additional vitality through the discovery of coal a few years ago, and still more during the last few months by the popular belief that it is *the* place—the great terminus. The lands for miles around have been bought by speculators, divided into lots, and auctioned off in Victoria, through the Willamette Valley, and even in San Francisco. Nine months ago there were not more than 500 people in it, now there are 1000. The inhabitants had scarcely got over the excitement of a visit from the directors and officials of the North Pacific Railway, accompanied by George Francis Train, who had been with them a few days before. The two combined had been evidently too much for them. Train had given a lecture. Subject—George Francis Train. He described his orphanage in the city of New Orleans, his pious education by a Puritan aunt, his labors in the house of his uncle, Enoch Train and Co., Boston; his speculation in Melbourne, by which he cleared $140,000; his wife's speculation in Omaha, which gives her half of all the lots in that city; and his palatial mansion in Rhode Island. He also spoke very freely of his election to the Presidency in 1872, and gave an invitation to come and see him at the White House. I do not know what else he can do, but assuredly he can lecture. The visit of the directors, much as the lieges were interested in the railway, was nothing to that of Train. His lecture was the theme of the day. They had just bade him good-by *en masse*, when they were called upon to welcome Seward. This they also did with a will. Having had one lecture, they were sure of another from Seward. The evening had come, and they pressed him hard to stay over. He would not do it, and got off from the speech by promising to shake hands all round. This was done in returning, and every man, woman, and child had been prepared for the ceremony. As the apparently endless circle swept past, his affability and gracefulness to each were very no-

ticeable. He told the writer afterward that he always calculated on doing this at the rate of *ten in a minute*. As it took him nearly an hour to do Seattle, he must have seen nearly the entire population.

The most prominent building in Seattle is the Territorial University, which occupies a commanding site upon the hill. Its site here was secured by the politic management of a few citizens, and the subject is rather a sore one to their brethren in some of the other towns, especially in Olympia, the capital. The University is a pretentious edifice, but boasts at present of only one professor and a limited number of pupils. They have discovered coal of good quality about ten miles from the city, near Washington Lake. It is a tertiary lignite of the miocene age. The analysis gives: carbon, 47.63; bitumen, 50.22; ash, 2.15. It is part of the great tertiary bed which extends from California northward through Oregon, Washington Territory, to the southern end of British Columbia and Vancouver Island, and which has already been wrought at Monte Diabolo in California, Coose Bay in Oregon, and Bellingham Bay in Washington Territory. The seam, which pitches at an angle of 45°, crops out in several places around Washington Lake, and is about two feet thick. A company has already made two tunnels into it—one 170 feet long, and the other about 50 feet. Certainly, if Seattle were made the terminus of the proposed railway, King County could supply plenty of good coal and fresh water; but we shall see. The harbor is not quite so large as it seems, the half of it being a mud-flat; but this could be built over, and beyond there is good anchorage. Seattle has the invariable sawdust wharf and lumber-mill of the sound cities. They can turn out at the mill 30,000 feet of lumber per day. At Freeport, on the opposite side of the harbor, there is a mill of equal capacity. Seattle has considerably exercised the



SEATTLE, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

"TACOMA," OR MOUNT RAINIER, FROM OUR CAMP 120 MILES AWAY.

land speculators in these parts. "Seattle lots" are offered for sale all the way to San Francisco at prices varying from $50 to $500. From this to Olympia, at the head of the sound, all the eligible lands have been taken up. This has been occasioned in great part by the fact that the "Snowqualmie Pass" is comparatively near—about eighty miles from Seattle. The old military road from Walla Walla (such as it was) came over the Natchez Pass further north; but it is now generally abandoned for that by the Snowqualmie. To reach the sound from the east the railway must cross the Cascade range, which is from 6000 to 10,000 feet high, and very steep. Much depends upon the pass. Although there had long been an Indian trail over the Snowqualmie, yet it was not thought much of till recently. A few years ago an enterprising band from Seattle went up and discovered that it was gentler in ascent, and the summit lower, than any of the passes previously in use. More recent explorations have established the fact that it is only 3700 feet high; and already the immigrant wagons—the prairie schooners—make their way through it in preference to the Natchez, which is 5000 feet high. The "Yakima," the long, rich valley of the Klickatats, leads up to it from Walla Walla, to which the line will probably come on the other side. This is also in favor of the Snowqualmie Pass being chosen; for it is in the region around the Cascades, and not at the Rocky Mountains, that engineering difficulties will be encountered. Great interest has thus been attached to the Snowqualmie, and the people of Seattle regard it as their hope and boast. There is an interesting waterfall 270 feet high on the river about sixty miles from town, and with great enthusiasm they treat their friends with a trip to the "Snowqualmie Falls." The trip is worth staying even a week to make.

We left Seattle late in the evening. The sound now presented the grandest of her scenery. The forests were on fire, and the flames glimmered and danced on the hills around. The clear moonlight fell upon the waters and lent an air of witchery to the picture. We had now turned the corner of the Olympic range, which rises up in bold outline behind us. An opening in the woods here reveals Mount Rainier, ninety miles off on our left. This is the queen of the Cascade range, the fairest, stateliest, and purest of all its peaks. It has no rugged shoulders like Mount Baker, but rises up in a clean-cut sugar-loaf shape to a height of 14,000 feet. In its silence and solitariness it speaks to the innermost depths of our nature. But, my reader,

> "If you would see Rainier aright,
> Go view it by the witching moonlight."

This was *our* good fortune, when all its transcendent loveliness was full disclosed. The impression created by its snowy gracefulness, its calm majesty, can never be effaced. We may wander to the farthest corner of the earth, but the *image*, the *look*, of that mountain in the moonlight will not wear away. All eyes were spell-bound by its beauty until the woods intervened and shut it out from sight.

Now another and different object becomes the centre of attraction. We are called out from the cabin to view a Western city in its infancy—the fledgeling of a summer, that is to rise and spread its wings with railway speed. It is well that the world should know the name of this future New York of the West. "Ta-cŏm-ah" they call it now, though, before Governor Stevens and his "Memoloose" men came along, the Indians said Tac'-o-mah'. The Tacomites argue in this way: "It is almost certain that the railway must cross the Cascade range by the Snowqualmie Pass—now *if*," and on this hang the fortunes of the Tacomites—"if the railway come through this pass, Tacoma is the nearest point on the sea. From the pass to the water's edge there is much level prairie land; the grades would be easy on either side; the country is open, fertile, and full of coal; the line will be twelve miles shorter than the Seattle." The difficulty of ships going further up the sound is very much increased by the "Narrows" immediately beyond. The tides rush very rapidly through these, and impede the navigation. The harbor is spacious, and the anchorage, though deep, is good. The land is taken up all around. Tacoma on paper boasts of streets, and squares, and wharves, yet one sees merely a clearing in the forest—a few piles of lumber, one hotel, one store, two whisky saloons, and several un-

finished buildings. The hotel has been established by a Cariboo miner, H. N. Steele, one of the first that "struck it rich." He lost his luck there, but believes that here fortune will smile upon him, and that the "Steele Claim" in Tacomah will rival the old "Steele Claim" of Cariboo. Another enthusiast has established a saw-mill, which is driving away, and turning out plenty of lumber for the buildings that are to be.

After midnight we arrive at Steilacoom and cast anchor. The good folks have evidently given up hope of our arrival, and have all retired. Fort Steilacoom may be termed the modern ancient among the settlements. It formerly enjoyed some importance, being near to the fort of the Hudson Bay Company at Nisqually, and finally as a military post of the United States. The Hudson Bay fort at Nisqually, six miles from the city, was built by Dr. Johnil in 1846, and is still represented by a chief-trader and his staff—some old Scotchmen, a retinue of half-breeds, and an extensive vassalage of "Siwashes." It is an inclosure 240 feet square, surmounted by the ordinary bastions at the four corners, and boasts of three guns, a blacksmith's shop, a store, etc. The troops were removed from this post in 1866, and taken to Sitka, so the inhabitants are left to dream of future prosperity through the coming railway. Lots are going up.

We get away in the morning before the lieges are aroused. As we near a spot half-way between Steilacoom and Olympia, we hear a voice saying, "There it is—that's the place." "What place?" we ask. "*The place*—New Jerusalem—the site of the big city." We gaze, but we can discern nothing but wood and water. "That's it," reiterate several who appear particularly interested, and forthwith the captain of the surveying vessel takes out of his pocket the neatly engrossed plan of a large city, with wharves, squares, and streets marked on it—"New Jerusalem" being printed in luminous letters over it. And this will be the place, if eloquence and interest can make it. "New Jerusalem" is the nest-egg laid by several of the government officials and other knowing ones. They will have it here if they can. The view of New Jerusalem is not, however, very interesting at present, except on the map. Not even a hunter's shanty breaks its monotony.

Before breakfast we approach Olympia. The name may seem ambitious, but it is in no way inappropriate. Nestling among the hills, it looks out upon the snowy Olympus—the highest and most beautiful peak of the Olympic range. The harbor is peculiar. The tides rise and fall twenty feet; so that every day an extensive mud-flat is disclosed. While at certain periods some of the streets are under water, at others ocean steamers can not approach within four miles of the city. Still, the Olympians are calmly confident, and look with contempt on the claims of the other bantling cities to rival it. They think in this wise: "Olympia fuit," ergo "Olympia fuerit." It *has* been the capital, the seat of government; it is the head of navigation; it is nearest to Portland, to or from which there must be a branch; it is the readiest opening to the sea; it has an extensive agricultural country behind it; therefore, "Floreat Olympia." These mud-flats where the Klootchmen gather clams shall yet be built up into spacious streets; these quiet waters in which the Clallam darts his fish-spear shall yet be covered with fleets from "Cathay, Cipango, and the Indies." If the directors can be won by beauty, they will plant here the mighty city. Already they have made the most of their site. The streets are delightfully shaded by rows of poplar and maple, and the trim dwellings look out from teeming orchards. Old Horace speaks about cutting off a pleasant half of the day in a shady place. Commend me to Olympia for this operation. Sitting in front of the "Tacomah," under the cooling shade of the trees, with a sherry-cobbler in hand, looking out upon the bay between the rising hills, one is "king o'er a' the ills o' life." Its attractions have secured better society than can be found in towns of its size any where. Houses are at a premium, and sleeping-room scarcely to be had. Blessings on thee, gem of the West! When we get old we shall seek in thee a resting-place!

If Athens had its Mars' Hill, Olympia has its equal in the shoulder that stretches two miles beyond, overlooking the extension of the bay, and filled with all goodly groves, and sheltering shady pools, where the silvery salmon grab the flies on the summer day. At the end of this shoulder the lively Tumwater leaps in with a sort of hop, skip, and jump, forming a series of three beautiful waterfalls, as a final effort before losing itself forever in the sea.

"A speech—a speech!" cries the deputation of citizens—said deputation backed by the citizens themselves. "To Tumwater!" roars Seward. A compromise was made: "Tumwater Falls first, a speech after." We made for the falls. No great roaring, brawling avalanche of waters are these. They are comely, picturesque, unique. From pool to pool they flow, their spray dancing on the sentinel pines around. The road passes down by a bridge beneath them, from which you can look up and see them all at once above you. But no time for poetry now; lunch and the speech are before us. The lunch was like other lunches—rather better; the speech an easy, kindly flow of good feeling, as from a father speaking to his children; and then the shaking of hands—hard hands and soft ones, hard ones preponderating.

When evening comes we return to the steamer, and start back. As morning breaks we are again at Port Townsend. We now sail northward, and all at once pass Muckleteo—also a candidate for future greatness—and next Whidby Island, another candidate. The harbor on the inside of the island has been strongly recommended in former surveys made by General M'Clellan and Governor Stevens for the

STREET IN OLYMPIA, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

North Pacific Railway. It is separated from the main land—but only by the Swinomish Slough, a broad marshy tract, which settlers are now dyking and draining, and turning into fertile land—and by a narrow channel, which can be easily bridged.

The island, fifty miles in length, is fertile, and, in great part, cultivated by a hardy, happy race of Good Templars, who deserve all the good fortune that may come to them. Further on we pass Fidalgo Island, having similar claims. It is right in the teeth of vessels coming up the strait. Away on our right is Bellingham Bay, another candidate, and the last. The bay is a semicircle, six miles in length. Here there is a large coal-mine, skillfully worked, and already a small railway from the mine to the harbor. According to the Superintendent, and to others also, this railway is the extreme end of "The Great Northern." Bellingham Bay is the Liverpool of the West, and its proprietors the luckiest men of the continent. Before making up among the numerous islands, and over the line to the British possessions, let us settle the question of the city's site. We have had with us Von Smythe, one of the great engineers of the coast; at each stopping-place we have received on board interested advocates of the several sites; so surely we will be able to make it out. Port Discovery, Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Steilacoom, New Jerusalem, Olympia, Muckleteo, Whidby Island, Fidalgo Island, Bellingham Bay—which shall it be?

In scanning the line of the proposed route, we are sure of several points far eastward. It will cross the Rocky Mountains at Cadott's Pass, and run thence to Pend-O-Reille. By recent legislation in Congress, it is brought to a point on the Columbia River, where it will connect with the line of river and railway communication already established by the Oregon Steamship Company. But this can be only a temporary, not the final termination. The route by Portland is circuitous, and, what is of more importance, no harbor can be found on that part of the coast unattended by serious obstacles to navigation. The mouth of the Columbia is barred by dreadful breakers. Shoalwater Bay and Gray's Harbor can not be entered by vessels of ordinary tonnage. It is therefore a necessity that the line of railway be completed to some point on the Puget Sound, where many desirable sites and harbors are presented, combining the varied advantages of good anchorage and shelter, easy access and defense, and plenty of wood, coal, and water. Where all are so good, it may be difficult to make the best possible selection. All the places within Port Wilson—Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Steilacoom, New Jerusalem, and Olympia—will be well defended by the proposed fortifications around the point. Of these, Port Townsend and Seattle have the best anchorage—from fifteen to twenty fathoms. From the fact that there must be a branch to Portland, Olympia, at the head of this inland sea, would appear to be the nearest and most convenient dépôt; but this advantage is balanced by the consideration that it is beyond the "Narrows," which adds to the difficulty and expense of bringing vessels to its harbor. Seattle, Tacoma, and Port Townsend have an advantage in this respect. If we look at the harbors beyond Port Wilson, we see, that while Whidby Island, Fidalgo Island, and Bellingham Bay can not be so thoroughly defended, they are of

easier access from the sea. This whole matter —the selection of the city's site and railway dépôt—depends really upon the pass chosen through the Cascade range. In these northern parts the passage through the Rocky Mountains is comparatively easy to that through the range nearer the coast. This range, as stated, rises steeply to from 6000 to 10,000 feet, and is a dividing wall. It seems decided that the route will be through Cadott's Pass, in the Rocky Mountains, near the Kostanie country, close to the 49th parallel. But whither after that? This depends upon the pass up the Cascades deemed most practicable. Now there are five to choose from: 1. The Cowlitz Pass, supposed to be 5000 feet high. 2. The Snowqualmie Pass, known to be 3700 feet high. 3. The Natchez Pass, 5000 feet high. 4. Cady's Pass, 5000 feet high. 5. The Skatchet Pass, near Mount Baker, supposed to be 3000 feet high. Now, if the railway be brought direct from the Kostanie, through the Spokane country, and over the Skatchet Pass (both deemed practicable, though not thoroughly explored and surveyed), then assuredly it must terminate at or near Bellingham Bay; and if brought through the Snowqualmie Pass (the best so far as surely ascertained), Tacoma is the nearest point on the sound, distant about sixty-five miles—Seattle, about seventy-five miles, being next.

And if it be determined to put the main line to Olympia, in order to let the branch to Portland strike off there, then in course of time an extension will be made up the west side of the sound along Hood's Canal to Port Townsend or Port Discovery.

This, my reader, is all that is known about either the passes or ports, and the probabilities soon to be realities, on this Mediterranean of the Pacific. And with this we dismiss a question that is exercising all the inhabitants of the Territory, and all the land speculators on the coast. Pity to spoil such a summer day with so much that savors of dollars and cents. We leave the railway and the city to come along when and where they like best, and plunge in amidst the numerous islands before us on our way to Nanaimo, where the good ship *Active* has taken in coal, and is waiting for Seward and his party *en route* for Alaska. We are threading our way through the Western Cyclades—islands every where, and yonder San Juan itself.

What *is* the San Juan question? This, my reader, is a red flag, which, with another called "the *Alabama* claims," is shaken occasionally in the face of John Bull to rouse his choler. Serious enough, for more than once it has been nearly the occasion of war between two great countries. In 1859, General Harney, on the part of the United States, planted on the island Captain George Pickett and a company of infantry. Governor Douglas, who resided in Victoria, and represented her Britannic Majesty, dispatched the *Satellite* and the *Tribune*, with instructions to drive them from the island. The Americans in British Columbia threatened to organize as volunteers for the assistance of Captain Pickett, and to hoist the Stars and Stripes over the town of Victoria. Then there would have been war to the knife. Strange to say, just as the *Tribune* had left the harbor of Esquimaux, the commander, Captain Hornby, discovered in the Strait of Fuca the flag of Admiral Baynes, arriving to command the British fleet in the Pacific. He therefore waited for the instructions of his superior officer. The Admiral, seeing that the policy of Governor Douglas would bring about a collision which might result in war, at once countermanded the orders, stating that it was a question to be settled by the home governments.

After all—would the reader believe it?—the "San Juan Difficulty," as it is gracefully termed in these parts, has arisen from the mere scrape of a pen. Great Britain claimed Oregon north of the Columbia River; the United States claimed all south of latitude 54° 40′. In 1846 that grand compromise called the Ashburton Treaty accepted the 49th parallel as the boundary line. But this line, if drawn across, would have cut off the tail end of Vancouver Island. It was therefore stated in the treaty that, after leaving the main land, it shall go southward, *through the middle of the channel*, to the Strait of Fuca. The treaty appears to have been made under the erroneous impression that there was only one channel between the main land and Vancouver Island. At the time, the *Rosario Strait* was the best known, and the most commonly used; the Haro Strait has since been surveyed, and is the most direct and best channel. Now the island, or rather the islands, for there are thirty of them, lie between these two straits; so, *if the line passing through the middle of the channel* means the Rosario Strait, they belong to Britain; but if through the Haro Strait, they belong to the United States. *The channel?* Are we to understand the channel best known in 1845-46, while they were discussing terms, or the *main channel*, as now ascertained by survey? The mere insertion of the four letters H A R O would have prevented the "difficulty." More has been made of the question than it really deserves. San Juan, Orcas, and Lopez islands (each about ten miles long, and from one to three miles wide) are fertile; but, where land is so plentiful, we need not take their gain or loss as a matter of life and death; and we beg very respectfully to settle the whole difficulty, and submit the following proposal to all concerned: During the survey in 1858 a middle channel was discovered, called the Douglas Channel. If it were taken as the boundary, San Juan and a few islands would fall to the English; Orcas, Lopez, and all the others to the United States. San Juan is of more importance to the English than to the United States; for, though it does not command the harbor of Victoria, as was ignorantly stated by the British Foreign Secretary, yet it

NANAIMO, VANCOUVER ISLAND.

is distant only six miles from Vancouver Island, and commands the strait by which ships would pass from Victoria into British Columbia. At present the Americans have a garrison at one end, and the English at the other. There they are, ready to blow each other off at a signal from their chiefs, yet enjoying the most friendly intercourse—assisting each other to hunt the deer and fish the salmon.

"San Juan in sight, Sir," says the pilot, touching his cap to Mr. Seward; "shall I take the Haro or the Rosario channel?" "Take the English channel—I know all about our own." So we enter the Rosario Strait.

Anxious to get his opinion about the matter, I say, "What should be done with the San Juan question?" "Nothing should be done with it, Sir. Let it stand by. Our men will settle up the place, and the question will settle itself." "Cute old man!" I observe; and adjourn to the pilot-box to see how the pilot—a great brawny Kentuckian—would dispose of it. "How would you settle the San Juan question?" "That there island is ours—no doubt about it, Sir; and if the Britishers won't keep to the boundary line that they agreed on I would just begin where we left off, and bring up the old one. 'Fifty-four forty, or fight!' Them's my terms."

The time passed pleasantly while we made our way up through scenery which rivals that of the Hudson River for beauty. The islands come so quickly after each other, and so close to each other, that it seems as if we were sailing on some magnificent inland river. Galiano, in particular, impressed us. It rises like a high perpendicular wall, 280 feet high, its basaltic columns cut and carved in every variety of form. At 4 o'clock we reach Nanaimo, and find the *Active* in waiting. This place has acquired some importance as the head-quarters of the Vancouver Coal Company. It is a village of five hundred inhabitants, including seventy or eighty miners. Last year the Company exported 50,000 tons, and declared a dividend of fifteen per cent. It is used all over the coast for steaming and domestic purposes. An analysis gives: carbon, 63.93; hydrogen, 5.32; nitrogen, 1.02; sulphur, 2.20; oxygen, 8.70; ash, 15.83. It was discovered in early days, by an old Indian, who has since budded into wonderful respectability, and been made a "Tayee," or big chief of his tribe. It was wrought for many years by the Hudson Bay Company, who transferred it, ten years ago, to the present Company. We took a stroll round the place, visited the mine, the school for Indians, and gathered a few fossils, which are very plentiful around.

In the preceding part of our journey we had seen the native tribes in their hovels near to the abodes of the white man. Although we

INDIAN SCHOOL AT NANAIMO.

had heard of the reservations, and the schools in more inland places, we had not seen the Indian under the guiding influence of the Saxon until we reached Nanaimo. The tribe is only a ragged fragment of the Cowichans, destined to fade away like all their fellows; bnt the camp is preserved in excellent order. Every man has his post and something to do.

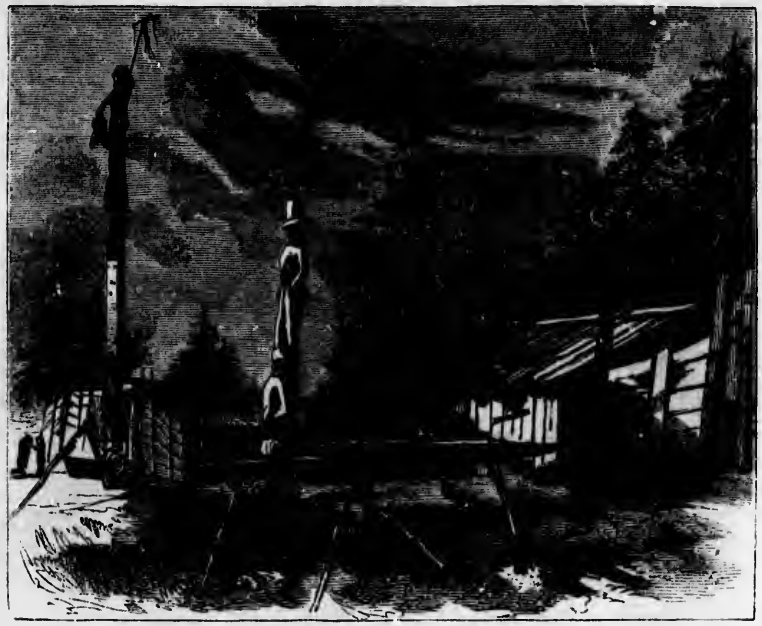
At this place we saw, over the camp of the chief, the enormous roof-trees noticed on the west coast by Vancouver with much surprise. We can not understand how they managed to hoist these huge spars into their places. Two of the largest pines are felled for the uprights, and the roof-tree is stretched on them. The chief's camp is also distinguished by the carved pole in front. This is sometimes nearly 150 feet high, and marked with many a strange device. The entrance to the "rancheree" is usually an elliptic circle burned or cut in the lower end of the pole. In the sketch given of the camp of the Cape Midge Indians—the tribe next to the Nanaimoes—these roof-trees and poles are conspicuous.

After an afternoon thus spent, we returned on board the *Wilson G. Hunt* for our last dinner in her spacious saloon. Our San Francisco friends were to return from this point, so Mr. Seward determined to make an occasion of the dinner. Traveling in the West exhilarates the spirits and sharpens the appetite, so we were thoroughly prepared. There were dispensed soups made of the clams from the shores of the Territory, where they can be raked out at any season, and of oysters from Olympin, where they can be shoveled out like potatoes from a heap; salmon, clear, bright, sparkling, which Von Smythe had engineered from their briny homes on the journey; mutton—the mutton of Vancouver Island, richest and best of all we know; venison from Juan, almost worth fighting for; peaches, luscious and fresh, from California the golden, and Champagne all the way from Auburn, the home of our gallant leader. The company, now scattered, will be ever worth remembering. The old Governor at the head; Frederick Seward at the foot, flanked by Judge Hastings, a pioneer and millionaire of California; Dr. Franklin, one of her Majesty's officers, who had fallen into the rank at Salt Lake; Consul Francis, the representative of his Majesty Uncle Sam in these parts; Dodge, Mayor of Sitka, who had come down to escort his chief to the field; Fitz, of Auburn, a friend of sixty years' standing; Von Smythe, of San Francisco; some officers of the Federal army; several ladies, blooming and beautiful; and the writer. What a "good time" we had away in this remote harbor!

"The Queen!" said the Governor, "in whose dominions we now are. Of all the queens I know, Isabella of Spain, Emma of Sandwich Islands, or her of Madagascar, the noblest and the best!"

"The President, and his representative Consul Francis."

Others followed; the "Star-spangled Banner" not omitted; and each gave some an-



INDIAN CAMP AT CAPE MUDGE, VANCOUVER ISLAND.

ecdote of former life. The Governor's was called for.

"I remember in old times, when a Universalist preacher first came to Auburn, there was some commotion among the evangelicals. The ministers met, and agreed to preach strongly on the subject on the following Sunday. The Presbyterian, being minister of a leading denomination, prepared himself accordingly. 'My friends,' said he, 'one has entered our midst with heresy. An enemy is scattering tares, by teaching that *all will be saved.* But, my friends, we of this congregation *hope for better things.*' So," continued the Governor, "we have seen that magnificent sheet of water, the Puget Sound, we have seen the little clearings in the great forest, and I think this must be the sentiment formed by all we have seen and heard: *We hope for better things.* We feel the shadow of the great future that is coming along to our people out here."

Vale! Vale! old chief. May you live to see it! The time came for parting; and the Governor, when we last saw him, wrapped in a huge camel's-hair robe, fur gloves reaching to the elbow, surmounted by a shaggy bear-skin cap, from under which peeped and glowed an enormous Havana, was stretched at his ease on the stern of the *Active*—

ON THE WAY TO ALASKA.

A SUNSET MEMORY.

ONCE, as fell the shades of evening,
At the close of the long day,
Sat we, in the lengthening shadows,
In the old time, far away—
Sat we, till the stars came gleaming
Through the twilight soft and gray.

We had watched the golden sunset
Fading in the crimson west,
While upon the glowing hill-tops
Clouds of amber seemed to rest,
Till the twilight closed around them,
In her hazy mantle dressed.

Then I listened to the story
That his lips so fondly told;
Words of passionate devotion,
Words of love that ne'er grow cold·
Filling all my heart with lightness,
Threading all my life with gold.

Always, when the sunset glory
Trails above the western hills,
All the music of that story
Through my inmost being thrills—
Tunes my sad heart to rejoicing,
And with peace n.. spirit fills.

Since I first Love's nectar tasted
Years have swept to Time's abyss—
All Life's choicest hopes been wasted;
But my visions now of bliss
In that other Life are founded
On the one glad hour in this.

Years may roll and tempests gather,
Storms may cloud youth's azure sky,
Brightest locks may blanch to silver,
Frosts of Time may dim the eye,
But a pure heart's first devotion
Always lives—it can not die.

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