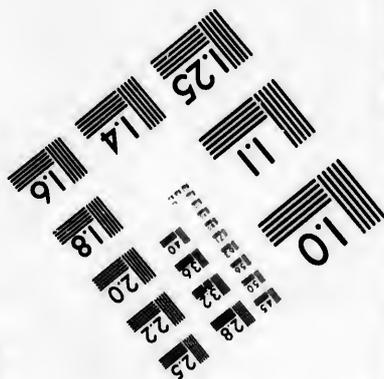
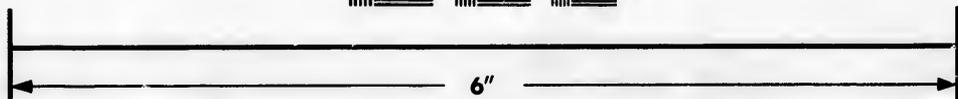
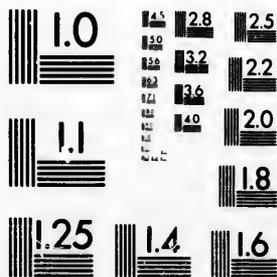


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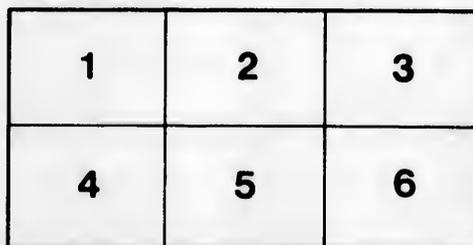
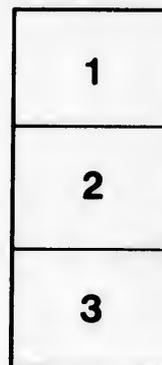
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A TRIP
— TO —
ALASKA:

— BEING —
A REPORT OF A LECTURE

Given, with Stereopticon Illustrations,

— BY —
MR. C. C. HINE,
EDITOR OF THE "INSURANCE MONITOR," NEW YORK,

— BEFORE THE —
Fire Underwriters' Association of the Northwest,

*At the Twentieth Annual Meeting, in Chicago,
September 17th, 1889.*

[COPIED FROM THE PROCEEDINGS.]

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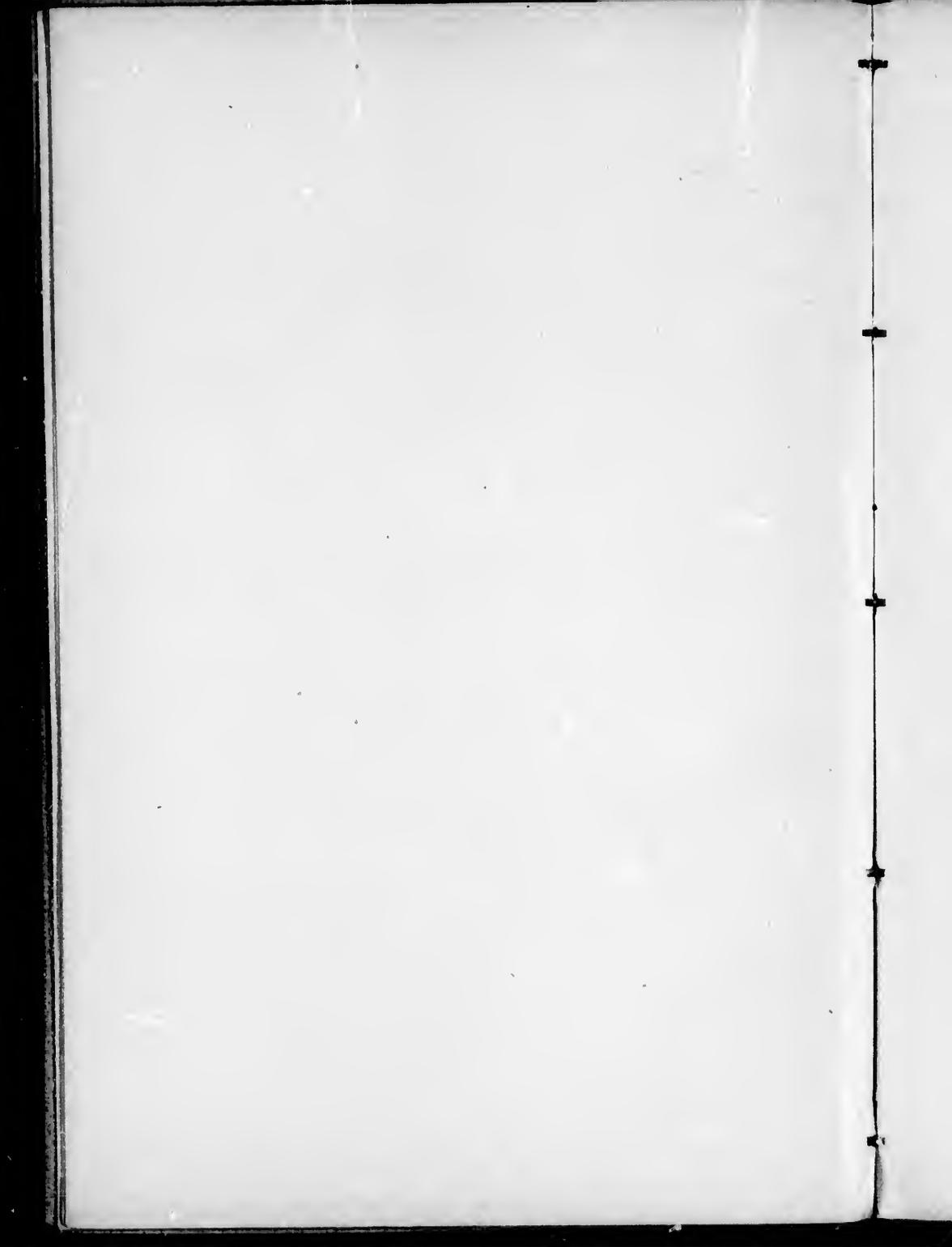
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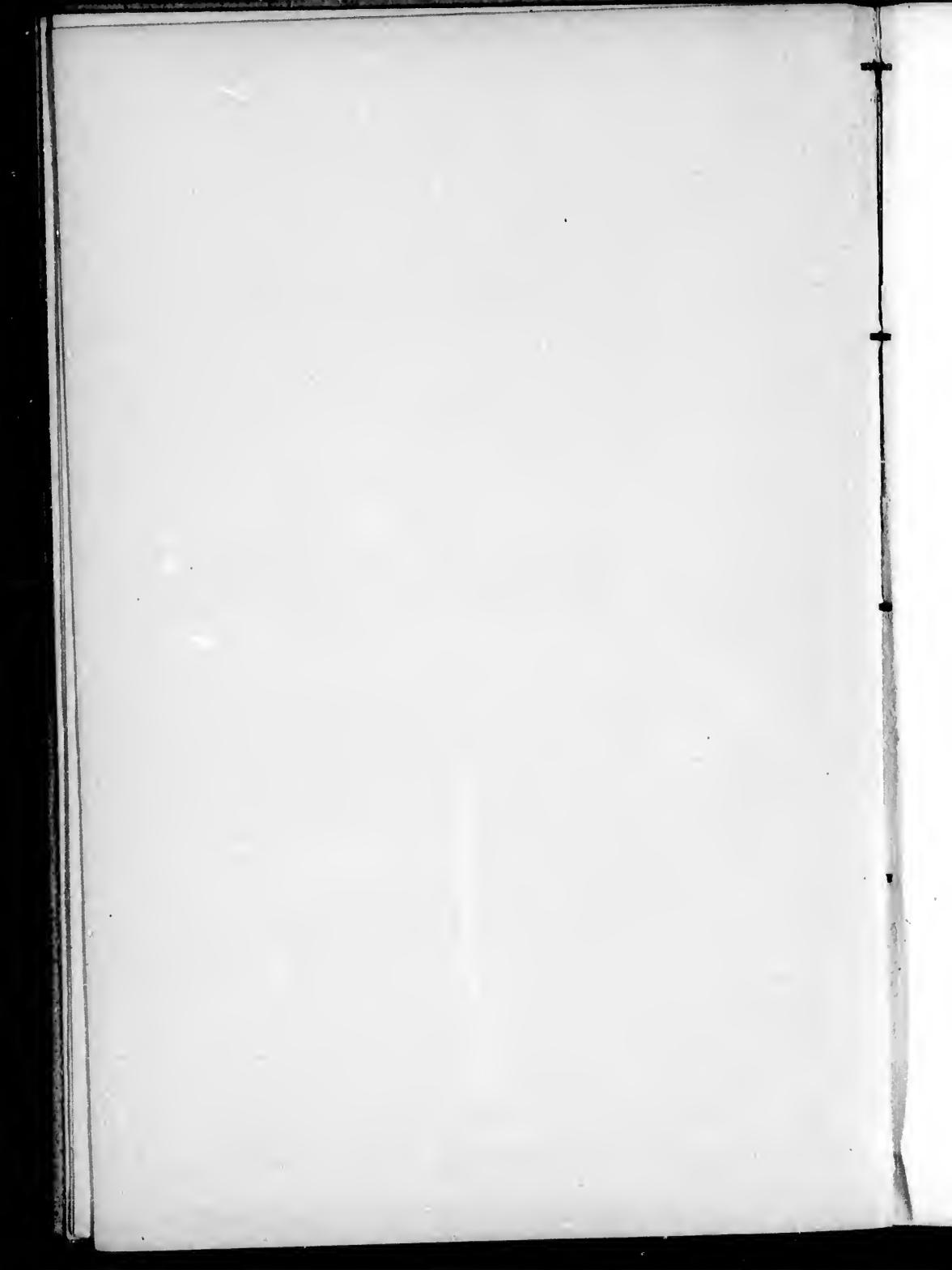
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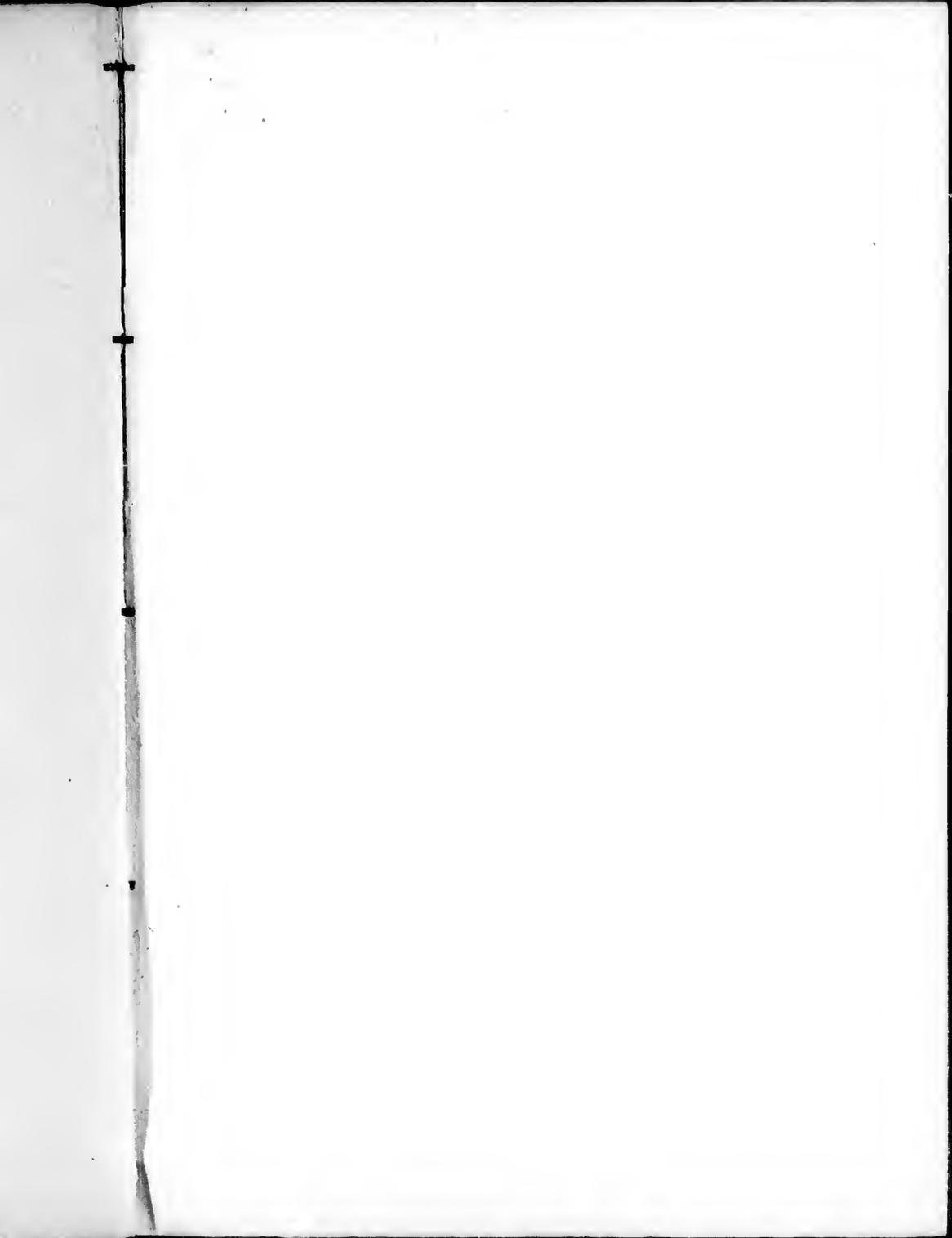
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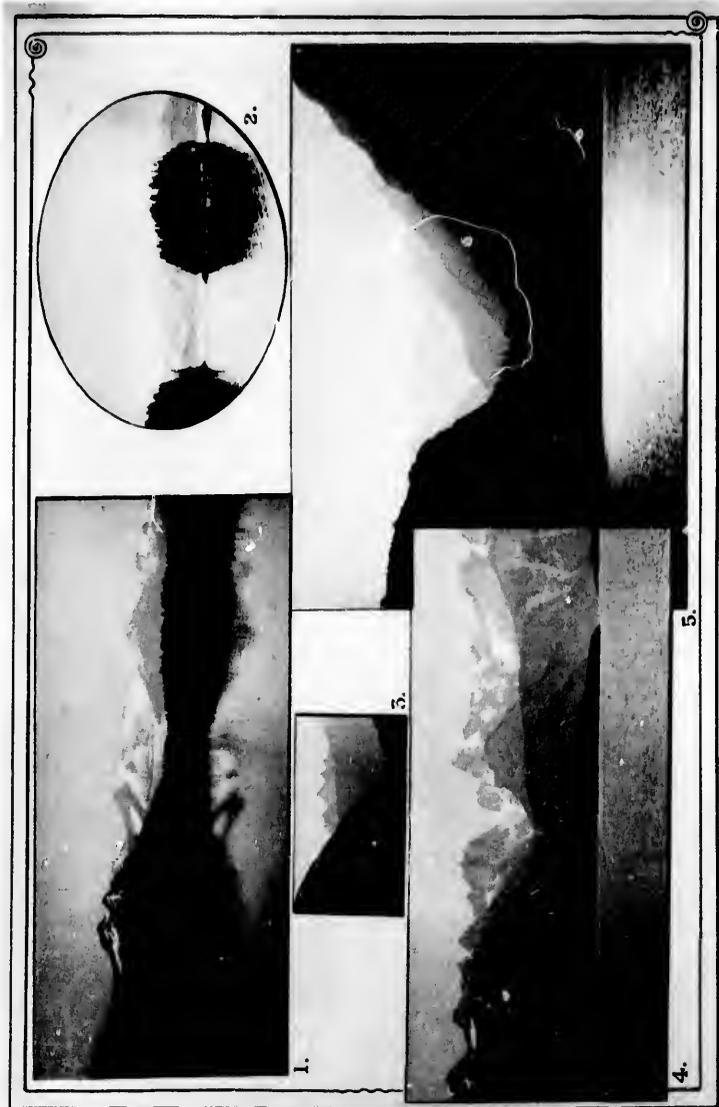
THE twentieth anniversary was regarded as a somewhat festive occasion, and the Association thought it wise to have an evening's entertainment altogether freed from shop-talk, and Mr. Hine, of the *Monitor*, was invited to tell the members about his Alaska tour, and to show them the numerous pictures which he had secured in that far-away region. With the aid of a fine stereopticon this was done, and the patriarch exhibited about one hundred and thirty views and spoke for two hours and more to an audience which listened with silent attention, except when they signified their approval of some particular picture with a round of applause. No attempt was made to secure a stenographic report of the lecture, but this was in substance and in part what Mr. Hine said:

We shipped for Alaska at Seattle on the good steamer "Geo. W. Elder," Capt. J. C. Hunter, on the 17th of July a year ago, a company of a hundred and fifteen men, women and children, bent on enjoying the trip and getting out of it all that it would yield—and we succeeded. In a gathering of that size it is not an uncommon thing to find a quota of grumblers, and kickers, and fault-finders, but we were exceptionally fortunate, for there did not seem to be a single conspirator against the public peace on board the vessel. Our captain was kindness itself,





1 MTS. NORTH OF AUK GLACIER 2. ISLETS, SLEKA HARBOR 3 CHILCAT PEAKS 4. WHITE MFS
5. CHILCAT GORGE.



PHOTOGRAPH.

CHARACTERISTIC SCENERY



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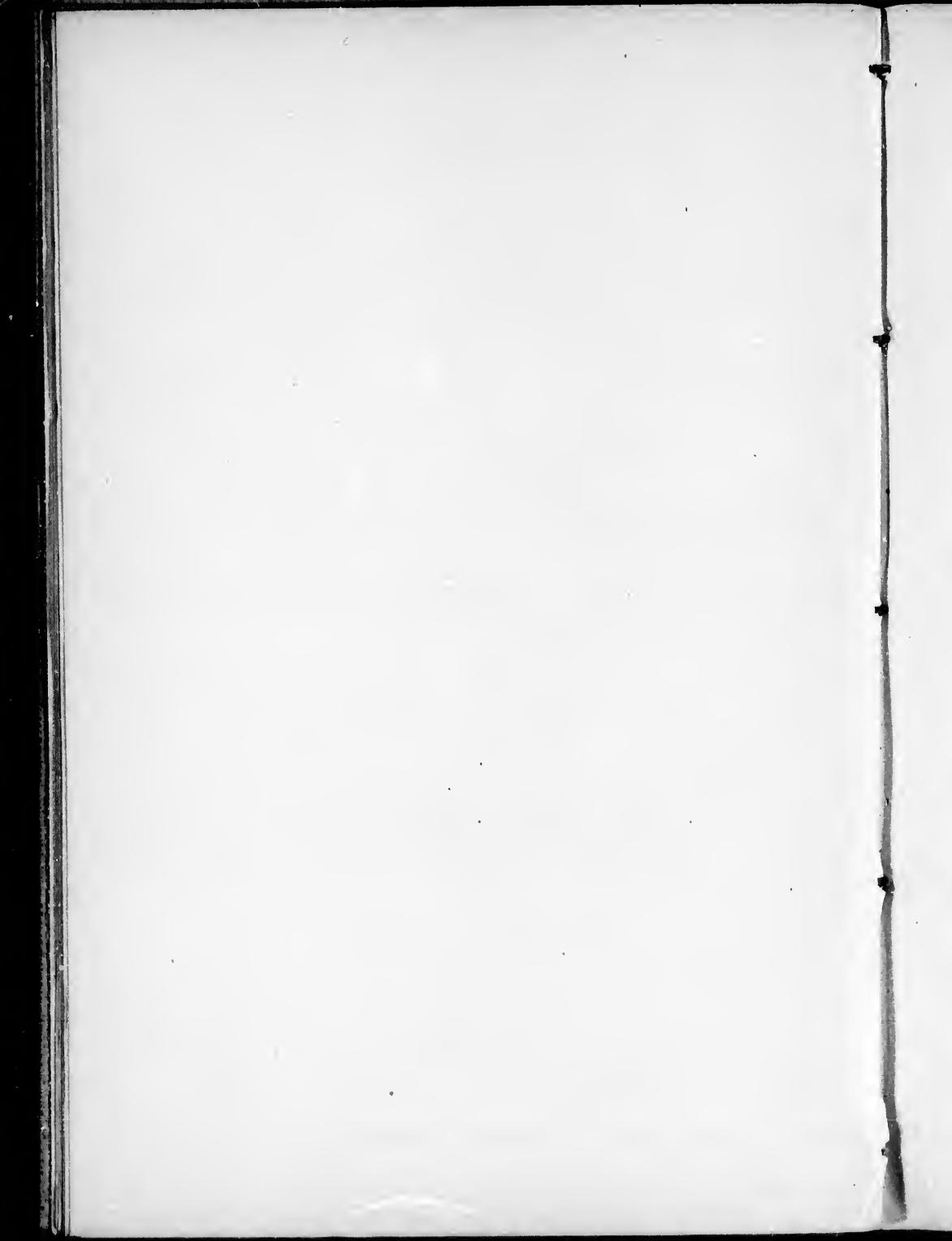
CHARACTERISTIC SCENERY

4.

and the weather was phenomenal for that rainy country. Out of seventeen days consumed on the trip, fifteen were fair and many of them were sunny. While we were at the Glaciers we had some cold winds, but most of the time the weather was all that could be desired. The water was smooth, the air bracing, the wooded hills along the shore and the snow mountains inland were constantly in sight, and we sailed in a panorama of beauty all the time, and in one of grandeur much of the time, from the hour we left the Seattle wharf until the hour when we moored at it again seventeen days later.

I will not stop to tell you about Puget Sound and the thriving cities of Tacoma, Seattle, Port Townsend, Victoria, etc., whose growing commerce is rapidly giving life to those beautiful waters, but, leaving the Sound, over which magnificent old snow-crowned Mt. Baker stands guard, we will sail along the shores of Vancouver Island in the waters of the Georgian Gulf, stop at Nanimo for coal, and then speed away six hundred miles or more along the coast of British Columbia until we touch American soil again in Alaska, stop to let off mails and freight at Loring, and then run across into Kasaan Bay, where we make our first stop of any considerable moment.

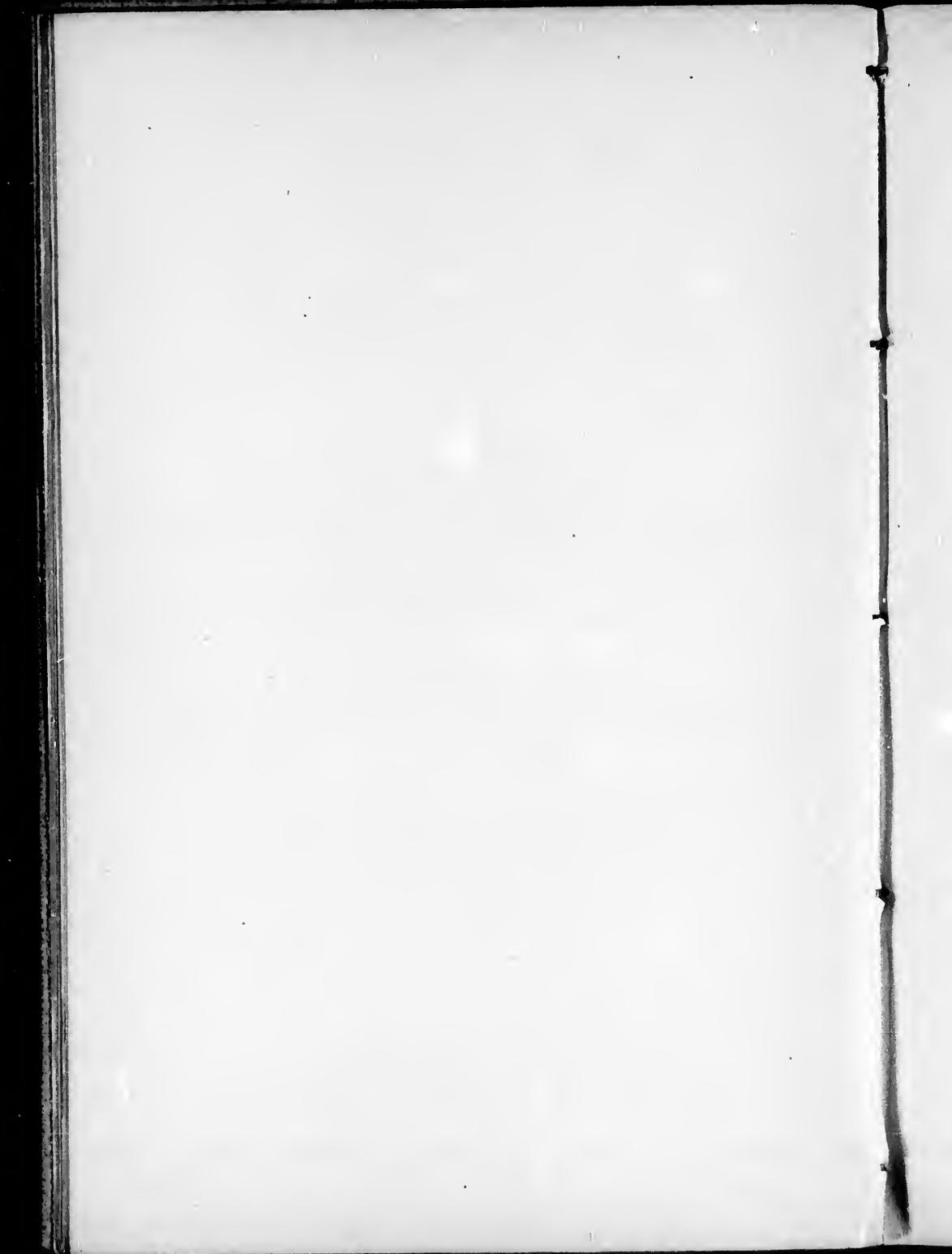
Before we proceed further, let us look at a map and observe the thousands of islands (if any one should tell me there were ten thousand of them I should be prepared to believe him; they have never been counted) which make this route an inside one, so that we sail through waters that seem like the Hudson River or Long Island Sound. Sometimes we were in narrow reaches where a pistol-shot would strike the shore on either side; sometimes the water widened out so that we seemed to be in a beautiful inland lake; always the water was still, and often it was glassy, reflecting with mirror-like fidelity the wooded hills that lined it. We traveled, going and coming, 2,500 miles on the waters of the Pacific Ocean, and we never lost a meal or suffered a single qualm of sea-sickness. Oh! it was a land-lubber's paradise in which to go to sea. One of Josh Billings' san-



itary regulations runs, I think, something like this: "If you're compelled to travel afore breakfast, git some breakfast afore you go," and I paraphrase this good advice to all landmen: If you are compelled to travel on the ocean, always take the inside route.

We sailed between these islands and the mainland going and coming, and if there could be such a thing as a surfeit of the picturesque we had ample opportunity to experience it. After touching at Loring and Kasaan, we stopped at Wrangel, where the totem posts are; at Juneau, where the Yukon miners start into the interior; at Douglass Island, where the great Treadwell gold mine is located; at Killesnoo, at New Metlakahtla, and at Tongas. We spent a day at the great Muir Glacier, we visited Sitka, went up to Pyramid Harbor in the Chilcat country, and then retraced our way, sometimes passing through the same waters, at other times seeing new beauties as we struck a different route.

The resources of the country are few, but those few are large. All the coast line is covered with timber, and the 2,500 miles are multiplied many times by the lines of shore created by the innumerable islands. The warm Japan current which tones the temperature of all that coast, brings with it the most abundant moisture, which is precipitated in rain as it strikes the coast range mountains. One result is a redundant vegetation; the ground is covered with vines, and mosses, and ferns, and these are constantly soaked like a universal sponge, so that fire cannot travel through them, and although the forests of Puget Sound appear to be burning continually in one direction or another, those of the far north have never been devastated by fire, and apparently that catastrophe is impossible. Just what an investigation of the interior might reveal I am not prepared to say, but to the casual observer there appears to be timber enough in that region to last the whole country for ages, until the forests of Maine, Michigan and Wisconsin shall grow again. The transportation question is of

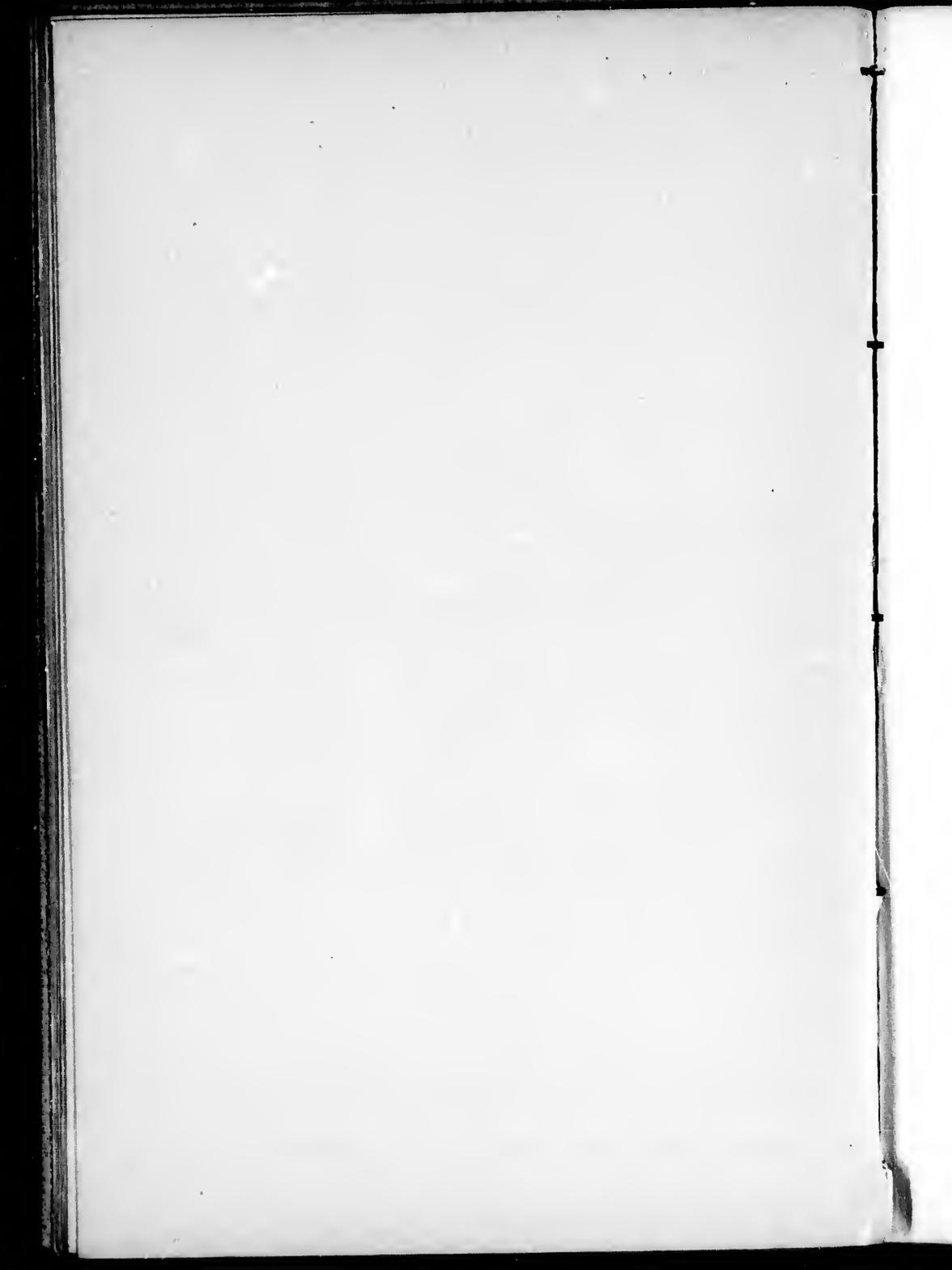


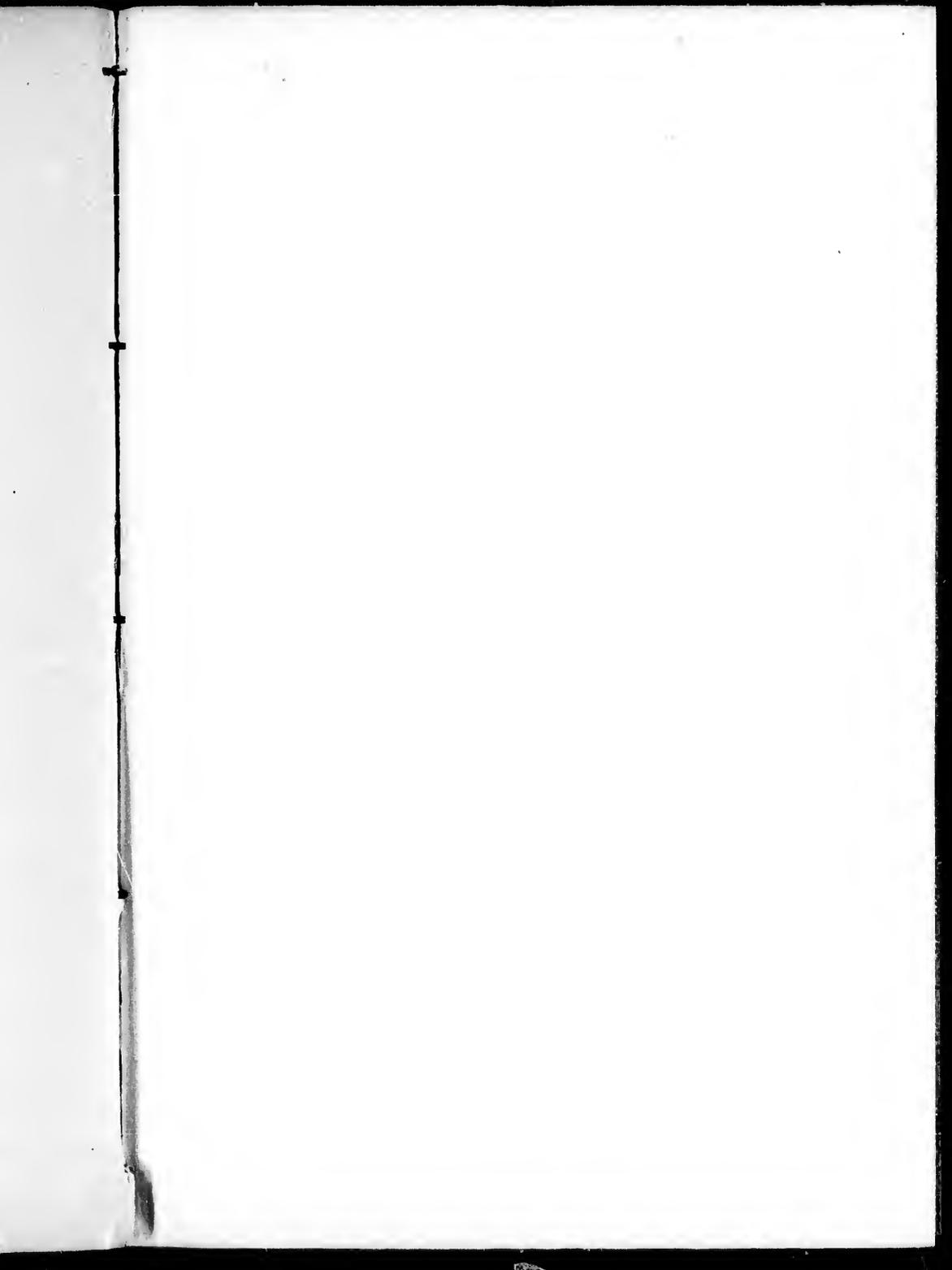
course an important one, but that will adjust itself when the necessity arises for using Alaska lumber in the States.

All along the Alaskan shores canneries have been established, and an immense product of canned salmon is sent down every year for domestic and export use. I will say something more in detail about these canneries further along. The cod-fish banks of Alaska contain a source of undeveloped wealth from which we shall doubtless hear large results in the future; they are estimated to be more than four times greater in area than those of Newfoundland; and the halibut fisheries are reputed to be proportionally extensive. Every now and then we would see a whale spouting at a little distance as we sailed along, and here and there a lonely seal would go swimming by, but we did not go within a good many hundred miles of the famous seal islands, and so I can say nothing from personal observation in regard to the production of furs therefrom.

The mineral resources of Alaska are as yet pretty much confined to the gold mines, the only one of which we visited was the famous Treadwell mine on Douglass Island. This is a large and well-equipped concern; it is said to have the biggest stamp-mill in the world, and I think it highly probable that the assumption is a correct one. We spent part of a day examining the premises, penetrating the mine and looking at the operation of reducing the ore. Nobody will give any figures to outsiders in regard to the output, but from the quietness of parties interested it is safe to conclude that the mine is a very rich and profitable one. Douglass Island, on which it is located, is said to be a mountain of gold ore ten miles long by one-half as wide, and other mines will doubtless be in operation there ere long.

Our stop at the Kasaan fishing village was brief, but full of interest. It was the first native settlement that we had had an opportunity to inspect, and the passengers scattered in every direction looking for souvenirs, which were purchased from the natives in the form of carved horn spoons, bangles, baskets, furs, etc. There is a cannery here,





1 KASAM FISHING VILLAGE. 2. CANNERY, KASAM. 3. OLD PAUL JONES, KASAM. 4. IND. VILLAGE, JUNEAU.



PHOTOGRAPHY

INDIAN VILLAGES CANNERY.

which appeared to be doing a thriving business. One of the celebrities of the village is old Paul Jones, known formerly as a famous Indian hunter, or perhaps I should say pirate, who lost both his eyes thirty years ago and has lived in darkness ever since. He says he lost his sight on account of the small-pox, but the old scamp has got a pack of lies on him, and another story which was related concerning him is a more tragic and quite as probable, and so I prefer to adopt it. It says that years ago while pretending to pilot vessels through the ice waters he wrecked two of them for plunder. The sailors of the second one detected him in his villainy, caught him, and gouged his eyes out of his head, remarking that he was a more cruel and more forcible than cultured, that he would not have been able to see very soon.

The village of Kasaan is inland a few miles. It is a small place and was the scene of the operations of the late Captain Wrangel, a Russian named Baronovich, of whom my informant says that his operations were conducted so secretly as to draw the attention of the American officers, who would visit his place and demand to see his papers. He refused and a free invitation to search his place was given. The American officers searched the whole region and found nothing. They were invited to dinner and before they had finished their meal the host presented wine or liquor in front of some of the guests.

From Kasaan through the forest we went to the house of an old chief on the bank of the river. At Wrangel's house we saw many well-preserved examples of these devices. A large number of them is used, and from top to bottom, are carved and painted with figures illustrating the crests and family history of the owner. One of these, in front of an old chief's house, had been broken down and who now is buried in the ground.

Boston family, a hip root and bay wind (two)



INDIAN VILLAGES CANAL

which appeared to be doing a thriving business. One of the celebrities of the village is old Paul Jones, known formerly as a famous Indian pilot, or perhaps I should say pirate, who lost both his eyes thirty years ago and has lived in darkness ever since. He says he lost his sight on account of the small-pox, but the old scamp has not a pock-mark on him, and another story which was related concerning him was far more tragic and quite as probable, and so I prefer to adopt it. It seems that years ago while pretending to pilot vessels through Alaskan waters he wrecked two of them for plunder. The sailors on board the second one detected him in his villainy, caught him, tied him and gouged his eyes out of his head, remarking to him in language more forcible than cultured, that he would not wreck any more Alaska vessels very soon.

The true village of Kasaan is inland a few miles. We did not visit it, but it was the scene of the operations of a notable old Russian smuggler named Baronovich, of whom many stories are told, whose operations were conducted so secretly as to defy detection by the government officers, who would visit his place and be received with open hospitality and a free invitation to search to their heart's content. After they had scoured the whole region and found nothing, Baronovich would invite them to dinner and before they got through would set a bottle of smuggled wine or liquor in front of each man!

Sailing away from Kasaan through the beautiful bay of the same name, we passed the house of an old chief on the shore, and there had our first sight of a totem post. At Wrangel the next day we had the pleasure of examining and photographing a number of well-carved and well-preserved specimens of these devices. A large yellow cedar tree is used, and on this, from top to bottom, are carved conventional figures illustrative of the crests and family history of the owners. Two of these posts, standing in front of an old chief's place (whose former house has been pulled down and who now is building a new abode, "Boston fashion," with hip roof and bay windows), were the





1 TOTEM POSTS, WRANGEL. 2 SIDE VIEW, SAME. 3 TOTEM ON GRAVE, WRANGEL. 4 AT WRANGEL WHARF. 5 MORNING CLOUD EFFECT.

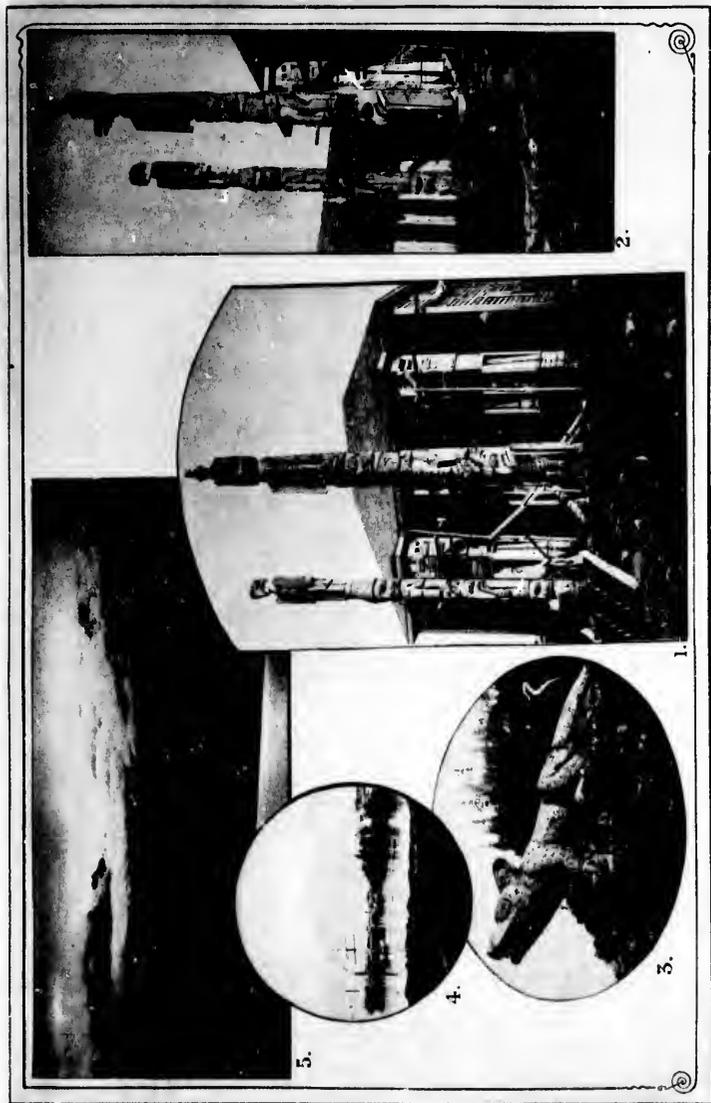


PHOTO GEORGE

TOTEMS.

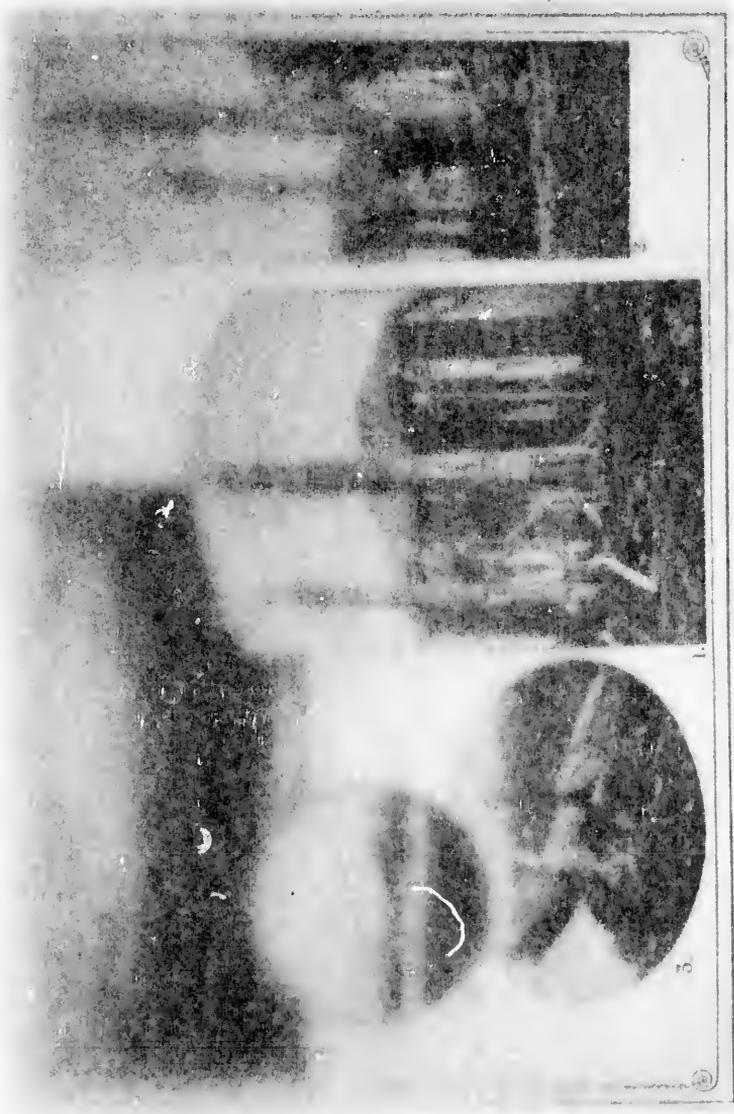
finest specimens in Wrangell. The first is the totem of his wife, and consists of two crows, eagles, frogs, beavers, and a fish. The photograph is the man's totem, which is topped off by a tall hat. Next to it is his crest, next the figure of a bear, and at the bottom an eagle, which is the crest of the village. It is altogether sure that the totem appears to start out with the bear, the native Alaskans, who are the bear people.

The totem at the left begins with the eagle, and then comes the figure of a fish, and at the base more fish. All these figures are to the eye of the Alaskans, who can be understood to a great deal that is common to the life of these people. It is simply remark that the totem is at the age of twelve, and heirs they become, and then they, and as intermarriage takes place, one singular result is that sometimes find themselves in office. Arrangements of inheritance of family wealth are made, and they go to the nephew.

PHOTO GRAVURE

TOTEMS.





POST-GARDNER

TOTEMS.

70

finest specimens in Wrangel. One was his own totem and the other the totem of his wife, and they were covered with figures of alleged crows, eagles, frogs, beavers, etc. The one shown at the right of the photograph is the man's totem, and is surmounted by his own image, topped off by a tall hat; next below is the crow which appears to be his crest, next the figure of a child, then some frogs, and at the base an eagle, which is the crest or great totem of the man's mother. I am not altogether sure that I have got the nomenclature just right, because I think a man's crest is the same as his mother's, and this one appears to start out with the crow, which is the highest caste among the native Alaskans, while his mother's seems to be an eagle.

The totem at the left is supposed to be that of the wife of this chief, and begins with the eagle, which is the crest of her family; next below comes the figure of a child, then a beaver, then a frog, then an eagle, and at the base more frogs, all of which represent the genealogy of the wife. All these figures are conventional, and while they are mere monsters to the eye of a stranger, they are as readily recognizable among the Alaskans, who understand them, as our heraldic figures would be understood by experts among us.

A great deal that is interesting concerning the home life (if that term can be properly used in connection with the Indians) and the folk-lore of these people, might be introduced if there were time. I will simply remark that the boys, instead of being raised by their parents, are at the age of twelve or thirteen years given to their uncles, whose heirs they become, and I think they always go to the family of the mother, and as intermarriages are common among different tribes or castes, one singular result of these arrangements is that father and son sometimes find themselves on opposite sides in the tribal quarrels and conflicts. Arrangements which are strange to us, also occur in the descent of family wealth. A boy does not inherit his father's goods, they go to the nephews, while his own sons receive the legacies

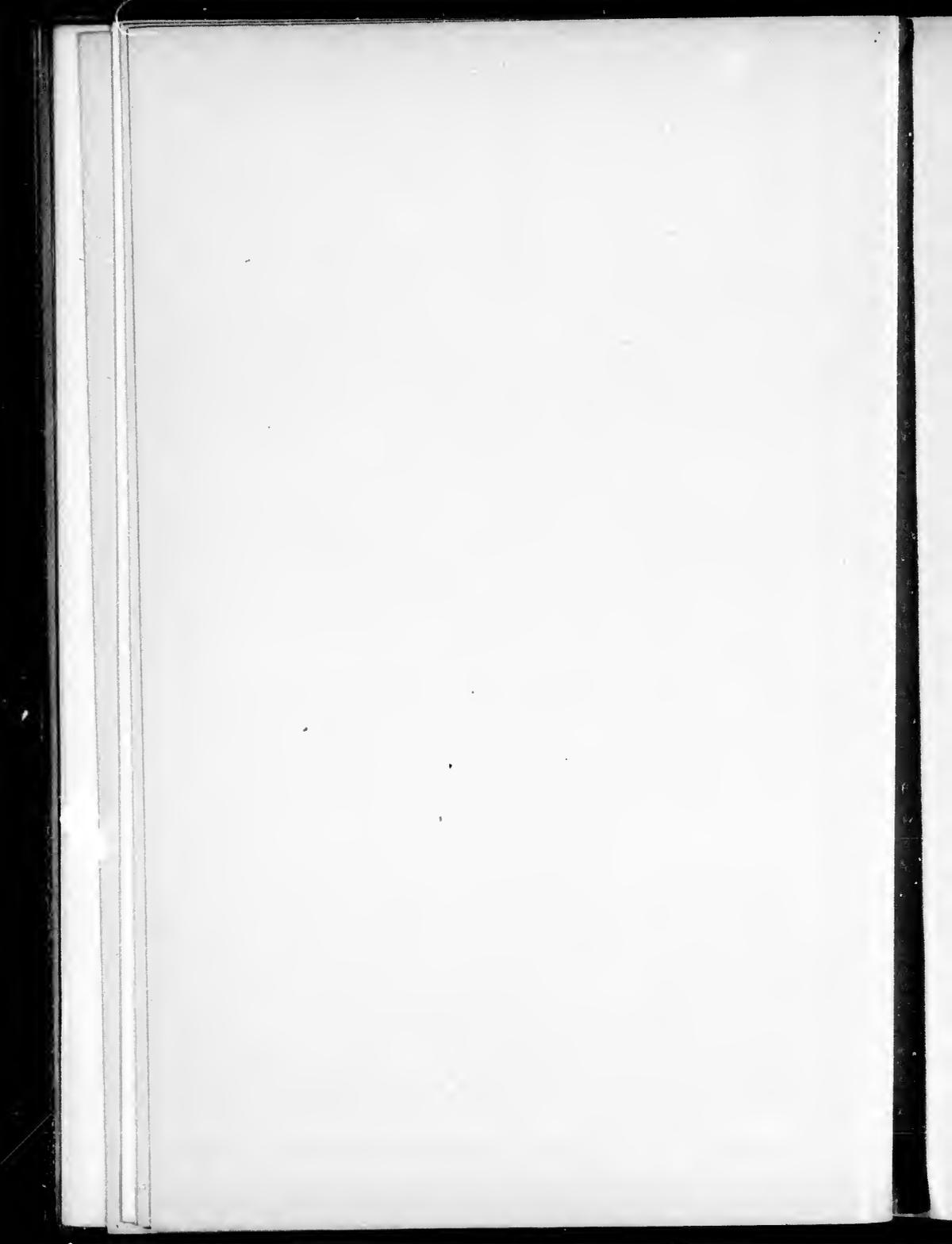


of their uncles, and, as remarked, I think these "uncles" are always the mothers' sisters' husbands!

There appear to be three kinds of totems—the heraldic, about which I have just been speaking; the historical, which would answer in some sense to our own monumental structures, recording as they do events in the history of a tribe; and the monumental or memorial, which are erected upon the graves. One notable example of this last sort is exhibited in one of the pictures, which crudely represents a wolf carved from a large cedar log.

The totem is also sometimes eloquent in the way of caricature, and its use in this direction is illustrated by an incident which was related to me by Sheldon Jackson, of Sitka. An old Indian chief had been down to Victoria on a trading excursion, and had imbibed too freely of the white man's fire-water; the consequence was that he became roaring drunk and created a disturbance, and was brought up before the magistrate, who sentenced him to a fine and imprisonment. This was a degradation to the old chief, and on his return home he "got even" with the judge by carving a totem which represented the magistrate in some contemptuous way or other, which he and his fellow Indians could understand, and which to them was a genuine humiliation of the judge and an adequate revenge for the old chief. I suppose that the same kind of idea must obtain in connection with this sort of proceeding as that which we formerly associated with burning in effigy. While a man cannot really be damaged in soul, body or estate by burning him in effigy, yet there inheres in the popular mind in connection with a man so treated a sense of humiliation and injury.

Mr. Hine then proceeded to show a number of pictures illustrating the general scenery of the coast, calling particular attention to the wooded character of the hills and the rank growth of vegetation resulting from the excessive rain-fall. To those of us who are accustomed to think of Alaska as an arctic region, these pictures were a



great surprise, revealing as they did an exuberance of foliage which one would scarcely expect to find outside the tropics.

Without any attempt at geographical sequence, pictures were exhibited giving views along the coast. The visit to Juneau was interesting, as that town is a depot for the miners who enter the upper Yukon country, and contains a number of stores where furs can be purchased and other articles secured as souvenirs of an Alaskan visit. Great quantities of garnets are offered by the Indians, and a handful can be bought for a dime. Specimens embedded in the rock in which they are found were interesting, and a great many of these were secured by the passengers of the "Elder."

Douglass Island is just across a mile-wide of water from Juneau, where the great Treadwell gold mine, before alluded to, is located. Having experienced much difficulty in getting pictures of the faces of Alaska women, a little strategy was resorted to at this point. Wherever a steamer lands the women come out with their merchandise, baskets, bangles, furs, etc., and sit on the ground with their backs to the sun and their goods spread out in front of them for sale. They have already become familiar with the tourist's camera, and when anyone undertakes to set up a tripod in front of them they turn away, or run away, or pull their blankets over their heads. There appears to be an idea among them that in having their pictures taken they lose something of vitality, or of life, or of something else, nobody knows what, but an ill-defined, intangible notion of hurt or loss appears to be associated in their minds with the camera. However, the little harmless-looking detective which I carried resembled a satchel as much as anything else and excited no suspicion, and whenever I found a group facing the sun I could manage to get a picture very readily. On the wharf at Douglass Island a great number of these women were seated, but their faces were all away from the light. As I came along the wharf I sat down on the railing at a proper distance, and after the instrument was focused and all ready for its instantaneous snap, I





1. METLAKAHTLA CHILDREN. 2. ON DOUGLASS WHARF. 3 AND 6. GIRLS AT JUSEAC. 4 AND 5. AMORP AND
AETOOT, PYRAMID HARBOR.

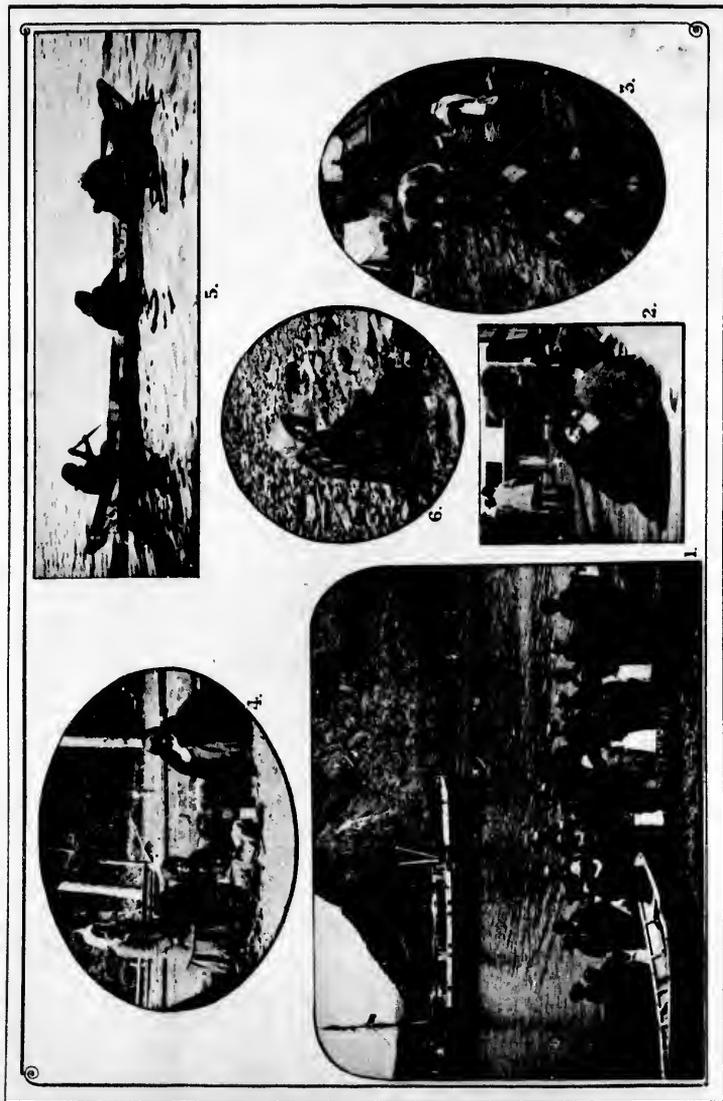


PHOTO-GRAPHER

GROUPS OF NATIVES.

GROUPS OF NATIVES.

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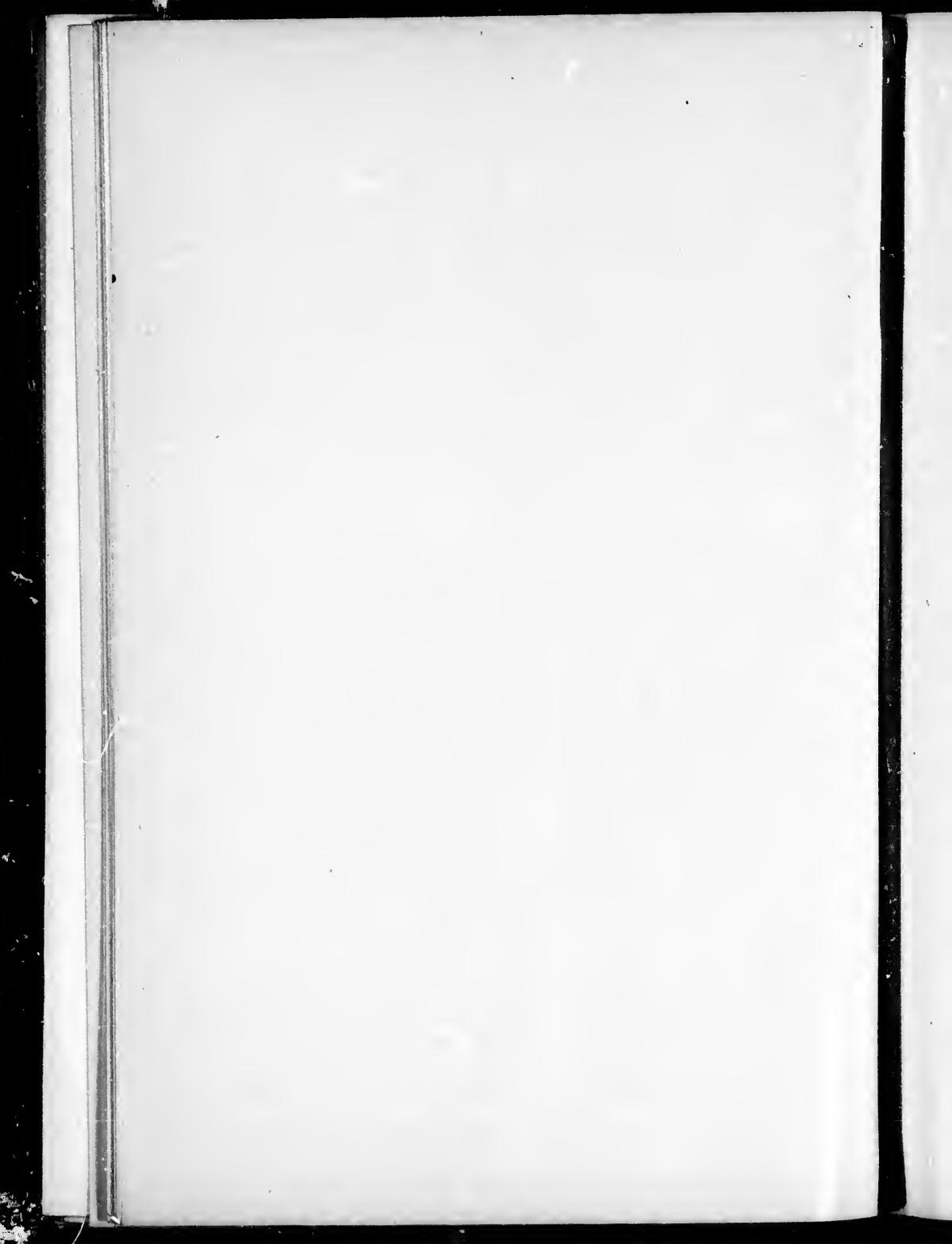
1911

screamed at the top of my voice. Of course everybody turned around to see what the matter was, bringing their faces to the sun, and at the opportune instant the little instrument clicked and a picture was secured with the faces of a dozen women plainly visible. At other points more or less generalship had to be exercised to catch the faces of these native women, but, as the screen shows, I was fairly successful in a number of my experiments in that direction.

At Juneau we got very good groups. After buying some trinkets from a girl we got her and two others to sit on a big stone by paying them twenty-five cents apiece, and one of our party engaged them with palaver while posturing them, and the wily detective did its instantaneous work unawares.

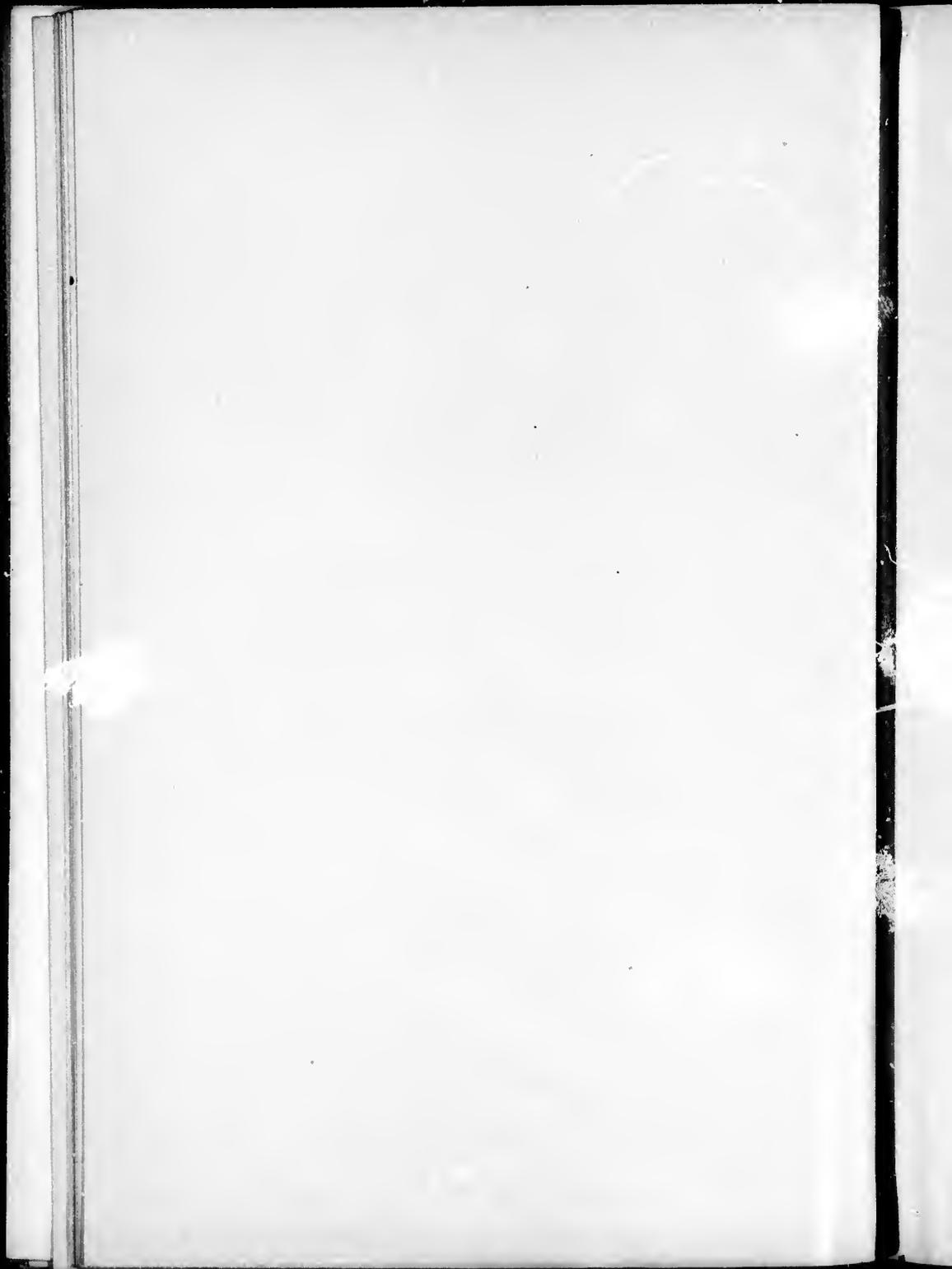
I was much interested in an illustration of the pertinacity with which these Alaskan women insist upon sitting on the ground, contained in a letter from one of our missionaries who had gathered a lot of them to teach them how to sew and read, and learn various desirable things. She insisted upon their occupying chairs, and they were so grateful for her kindness that they did their utmost to be polite, but every now and then one and another weary soul would slide off onto the floor for a rest! In some of the houses of the white people, where Alaska women called while we were visiting, they would invariably pop down onto the floor instead of taking a proffered chair. I observed, however, that all these experiments were tried with the ordinary chair; nobody knows what success might be attained with the rocker.

Pictures were shown of an Indian village at Kasaan, and another at Juneau, giving a very good idea of the common sort of huts occupied by the Alaskans, but the buildings at both these places were quite inferior to those at Sitka and Wrangel, where a very fair sort of frame, clapboarded house is in common use. Chimneys, however, are as yet an unknown luxury among the untutored natives. They build their fires in the middle of the floor on a place prepared for that purpose, and the smoke escapes through a hole in the roof. Dogs form a very



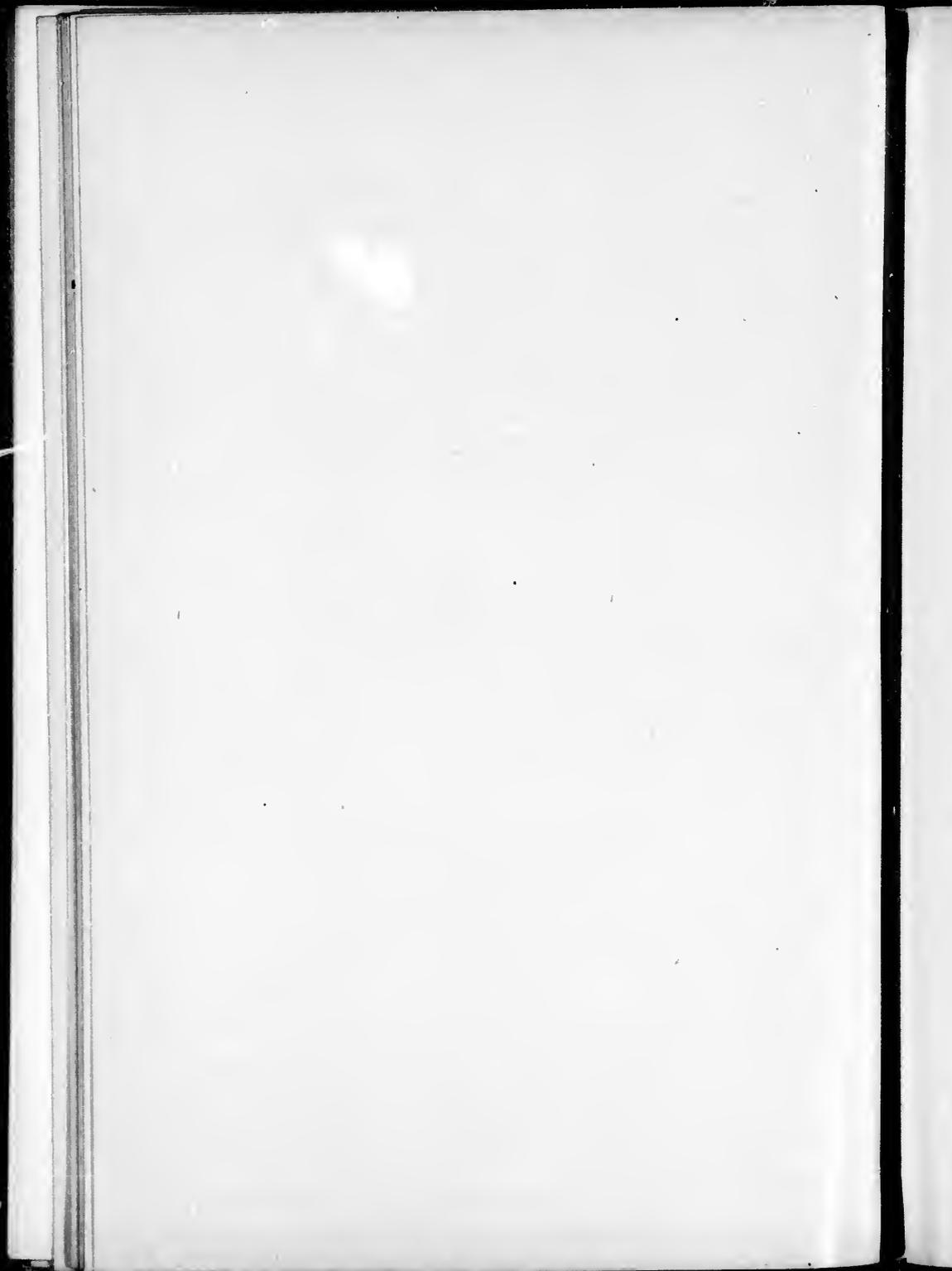
important part of the Indian household ; at some places they appeared to be in droves, and their daily experiences were not unmixed with those infelicities which are apt to accompany savage life ; the biggest dog always got the best fish and the little fellow not unfrequently got nothing at all—except a shaking up.

One of the most interesting incidents of the whole tour was our visit at New Metlakahtla—"new," because the *old* Metlakahtla was in British Columbia, where Mr. Duncan, nearly forty years ago, started a mission among the Indians, who at that time were fierce and war-like ; they were cannibals, eating their captives taken in war, and indulging in all the most horrible and beastly ceremonies known to the vilest of barbarians—devil dances, dog dances, and every manner of heathenish practice that was ever heard of among the savagest savages. He came out under the auspices of the London Missionary Society, and took refuge at one of the trading posts of the Hudson Bay Company until he learned enough of the Indian language to enable him to make himself understood, and then, contrary to the advice and exhortations of friends, who assured him that he would be murdered within twenty-four hours, he went out among these people, telling them the simple story of the Cross, and convincing them finally that there was at least one white man who had come among them for some other purpose than to make profit out of them. The story is too extended for relation here, but I will state in brief that he selected a spot, built up a village, established mills and stores, erected a church and school-house and organized a civilized Christian community out of this unpromising material. He made his reports to London at intervals, where, by and by, the work attracted so much attention and was regarded as of so much importance that a Bishop of Metlakahtla was duly sent out to take charge of the enterprise. It is a long story. Antagonisms arose, the great bulk of the natives adhering to Mr. Duncan. The narrative reveals an instance of religious persecution such as is hardly credible among Christian people in this enlightened



nineteenth century. The outcome of it was that Mr. Duncan sought refuge on American soil with his Metlakahla Indians, and they have commenced the building of a new town and the erecting of new industries under the protection of the stars and stripes. Their former property was withheld, the State siding with the church, and the Indians were not permitted to remove their houses; even Mr. Duncan's private library was confiscated, and their new beginning in that wild country is almost literally with nothing in hand. They have prospered fairly, however, many friends in the States sending them means, and it is not unlikely that they will reach and in time surpass the prosperity which they attained in their old home in British Columbia. The pictures show groups of cleanly children, and one of them is interesting as revealing the belle of the village, a very pretty, well-dressed Indian girl, dickering with our passengers for the sale of bracelets, of which she had both her wrists full. No less than five cameras went ashore here, and the aggregate of amateur photographing that was done in the few short hours spent at Metlakahla was very considerable.

At Killesnoo we found a cannery which had been shut down, the enterprise for some reason not having proved profitable. Several families of whites live here in very comfortable houses, but *the* character of the place is an Indian whom they call Saginaw Jake. He had been a pretty hard case in his time, but had been down to the States and had acquired some notions of the white man's superiority, and as he was a person of considerable influence in his tribe he was encouraged to take on white man's ways, and he came back clothed not only with a naval uniform of blue broadcloth and gilt buttons, etc., but (formally or informally, or jocosely, as the case may be viewed by those who look at it,) with authority to keep the peace and regulate things generally among the Killesnoo people. Some wag had procured the painting of a large sign for Jake, which was duly nailed



on the gable of his substantial dwelling. I copied the inscription and it read in this wise:

By the governor's commission
And the company's permission
I am made the great Tyhee
Of all this Illahee.

(KITCHEENAULT)

Prominent in song and story
I've attained the top of glory.
As Saginaw I'm known to fame,
Jake is but my common name.

At Tongas we made a critical and detailed examination of the cannery which was in operation there, and the result is that we give our verdict in favor of Alaska salmon. We watched the operation from the time the fish was alive and flopping on the end of the wharf until he was sealed up in the cans ready for shipment within an hour after he left the water. The fishes were wheeled in barrow-loads to the place of execution, where a Chinaman at one end of a table whacked off the head, tail and back fins, and disemboweling him, slid him across to where he fell into a tank of running water. Here he was washed, taken out, scraped and shoved along again into another tank, from the further end of which he was fished out and chopped into three or four pieces, and slid along a platform to the canning machine, whose claws drew him down into what in many respects looked like a large old-fashioned sausage-stuffer, to which the cans were rapidly fed on an inclined plane. As each came opposite the proper place it was stuffed full and shoved along to where a man put it under a press and forced hot water into it. From here it went onto a table around which a half-dozen Chinamen and Indians were engaged with little wooden mallets hammering on the tin tops. When covered, the cans were run through a trough of melted solder, rolling along at an angle so that only the rim of the top passed through the

metal, and when a can came out at the further end it was hermetically sealed. A pin-hole was then made in the top and the cans were packed on an iron platform on wheels, about twelve dozen at a time, and rolled into an oven where they were kept until sufficiently cooked. As they were taken out of the oven a drop of solder was put upon each pin-hole and the cans were then ready to be labeled and boxed. The whole process appeared to be cleanly and it was so expeditious that the fish in the cans were certainly fresh, not having been out of their native element more than an hour or two when they were transformed into articles of commerce.

It was at Tongas that I came across an illustration of the naval architecture of the country. They were building canoes, and this is the way they did it. The pictures show a canoe in process, and several finished boats. A log of the required size and length is selected and a regular dug-out is made, with this improvement, however, that it is well shaped outside as well as thoroughly excavated inside. When the carving and digging have been finished, the boat is braced up and filled with water, the water is filled with red-hot stones, and the whole covered with tent-cloths and left to steam and boil until the wood is soft and pliable. Then the thwarts are put in and the sides of the boat spread out, so that a four-foot canoe is made out of a two-foot log. The spreading out of the sides tilts up the ends, and the result is the graceful shape shown in the pictures. These boats are, many of them, among the most symmetrical that I ever saw.

One great objective point in the Alaska trip is the visit to the Glaciers. As we approach Glacier Bay, we come into a region where the United States surveys tell us there is "a glacier in every ravine," and this is true, and the truth becomes more and more emphatic as we proceed, for those who have explored the country say that between Glacier Bay and Mt. St. Elias there is a sheet of ice from 1,000 to 3,000 feet in thickness, big enough to cover the whole of Switzerland,





1 ANCHORING, GLACIER BAY. 2. GENERAL VIEW, MUIR GLACIER. 3. NEARER VIEW, SAME. 4. AUK GLACIER.
5. DAVIDSON GLACIER.



PHOTO-GALVTYPE

THE GLACIERS



PHOTOGRAPH

THE GLACIERS

with its mountains and its valleys, and all the rest of its domain, glaciers included. It is probable that the glaciers of this region are the largest, as they certainly are—when you get there—the most accessible, of any yet known to the tourist world.

As we bore to the north we began to meet the "icebergs." They were a disappointment. The largest one we saw stood about thirty feet out of the water, and we encountered few that need turn a vessel out of her course. Usually they appeared to be masses of mushy ice, standing a few inches or a few feet above the surface, floating away with the tide or the glacial currents. As we sailed up Glacier Bay, the distant line of white which was pointed out to us as the Muir, was not impressive. We had been looking at snow mountains 5,000, 10,000 and in some instances 15,000 feet high. Compared with the magnitude and the grandeur of the things at which we had been gazing, Muir Glacier was at first simply a pretty, sparkling thing, interesting from a scientific rather than a scenic standpoint, but as the day wore on and we became better acquainted with it, our interest increased, and when the afternoon grew late and the time arrived for us to leave, I would have been glad to stay another day—and perhaps another.

I shall not attempt to make you any scientific dissertation upon Glaciers, but will give simple descriptions and personal experiences. The Muir is about 300 feet in height, and extends clear across that arm of the bay which it fills, say two and a half to three miles. Masses of ice are constantly falling from the face of the glacier. The water is continually cutting away the base and so the front is as continually falling off, leaving the face almost perpendicular, and broken in ten thousand glistening fractures, fresh, clean and continually bright. Much of the surface looks like frozen snow, but here and there are large masses of clear ice of an opaline, greenish-blue color. I walked up the shore close under the southerly moraine as near to the cliff as I dared, taking pictures here and there. While I was within perhaps



500 feet of the precipice, an immense fall of ice occurred; I do not think I exaggerate when I say that it was as large in bulk as this great building, the Grand Pacific Hotel, in which we are sitting to-night. The crash was like the discharge of a park of artillery, and the water flew into the air nearly to the top of the cliff, more than 200 feet high. The curler which came ashore was more than six feet in height. I observed it, luckily, in time to run up the bank and escape it, but half a mile further down the beach it caught some members of our party, and one young lady got an ice-water bath up to her waist. Standing at the nearest point to the ice-cliff and looking up at my right, the moraine seemed to be formed of millions of tons of half-rotted ice, intermingled with mud and stones and *débris* of all sorts, apparently ready to fall at any instant and crush and bury all intruders. My curiosity was very soon satisfied, my camera fired off two or three times at the most noticeable points, and I retreated in good order. Afterwards we made our way, partly on and partly around the southerly moraine, up on to the top of the glacier. Here we stood on ice 1,000 feet or more in thickness, and half a mile back from the edge of the precipice we found a "beacon" or tripod of slender timbers, which our captain had set up a couple of trips before. On one of the sticks a box was nailed and in the box was a memorandum book and pencil. Everybody who visited the spot was expected to register his name with the date of his visit. Being followers of the fashion, we recorded ours for the future admiration of those who might be followers of us.

The Auk Glacier, which we saw at considerable distance, impressed me as being a very fine one, and the mountains north of the Auk were, I think, among the most beautiful, both in outline and color, of any of the snow mountains that we saw.

The Davidson Glacier and the Paterson, both of which we saw only a mile or two away as we sailed past them, were pronounced by members of our party who had traveled much abroad, to be finer than anything they had seen in Switzerland.





1, 2 AND 3. PANORAMIC VIEW OF SITKA. 4. BLOCK-HOUSES, SITKA. 5. Mt. Edgecumbe.

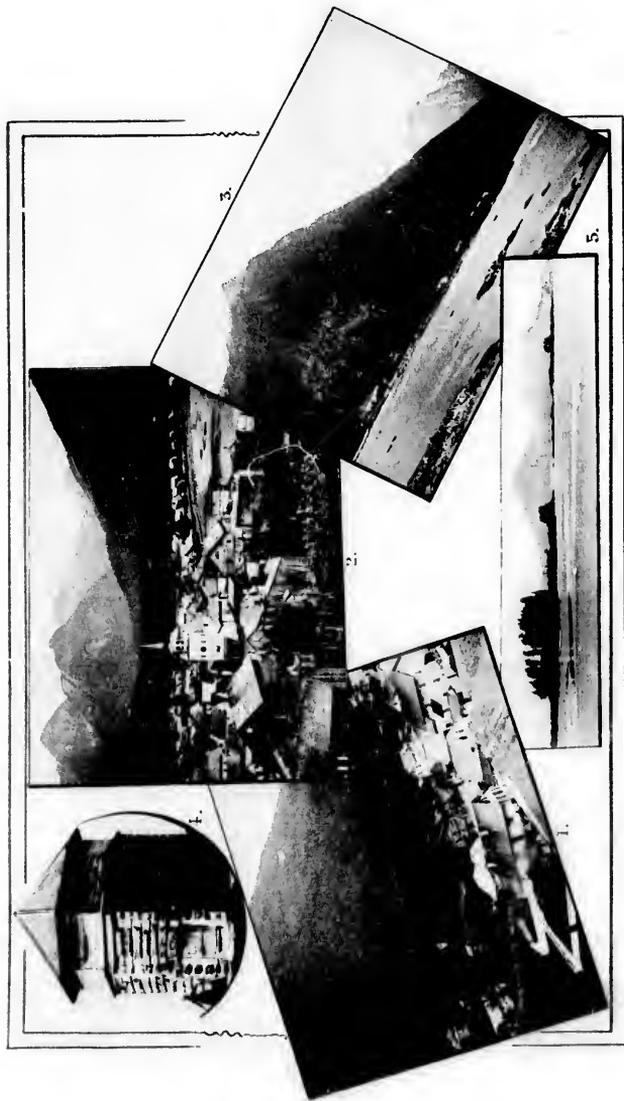


PHOTO-GRAVURE

SITKA.

ALASKA, 1911

After leaving Glacier Bay, we saw no mountains in no part of our journey did we see a mountain in this neighborhood. The water was full of ice, one of the western end of the St. Lawrence. School picnics—*ad infinitum*. Our route as we simply charming. Out towards the sea was an extinct volcano whose crater is now occupied by a conical mountain, although not a very high one. In Vestovia there was a distinctly-formed snow mountain which the snow had not yet all melted at a conical shape.

One of the first things that attract attention on the lands at Sitka is the old castle on the wharf. It is the spot where old Baranof and perhaps the present structure—a large building which was occupied by the Russian government is the same old house. It was the scene of the time the country was under Russian rule. Sometimes fifteen or more, of the Russian squadron would spend all or a part of the winter. Officers of these with their families made away to the coast and they created lively. From the top of the old building I could see the bay and other, present a complete picture of the capital. It is really nothing but a small village. At the moment were there about 300 creoles and breeds before 1800 900 Indians or native Alaskans. The general business carried on mainly by excursion steamers, from which little either of population or activity.

Sitka is the location of the

SITKA.



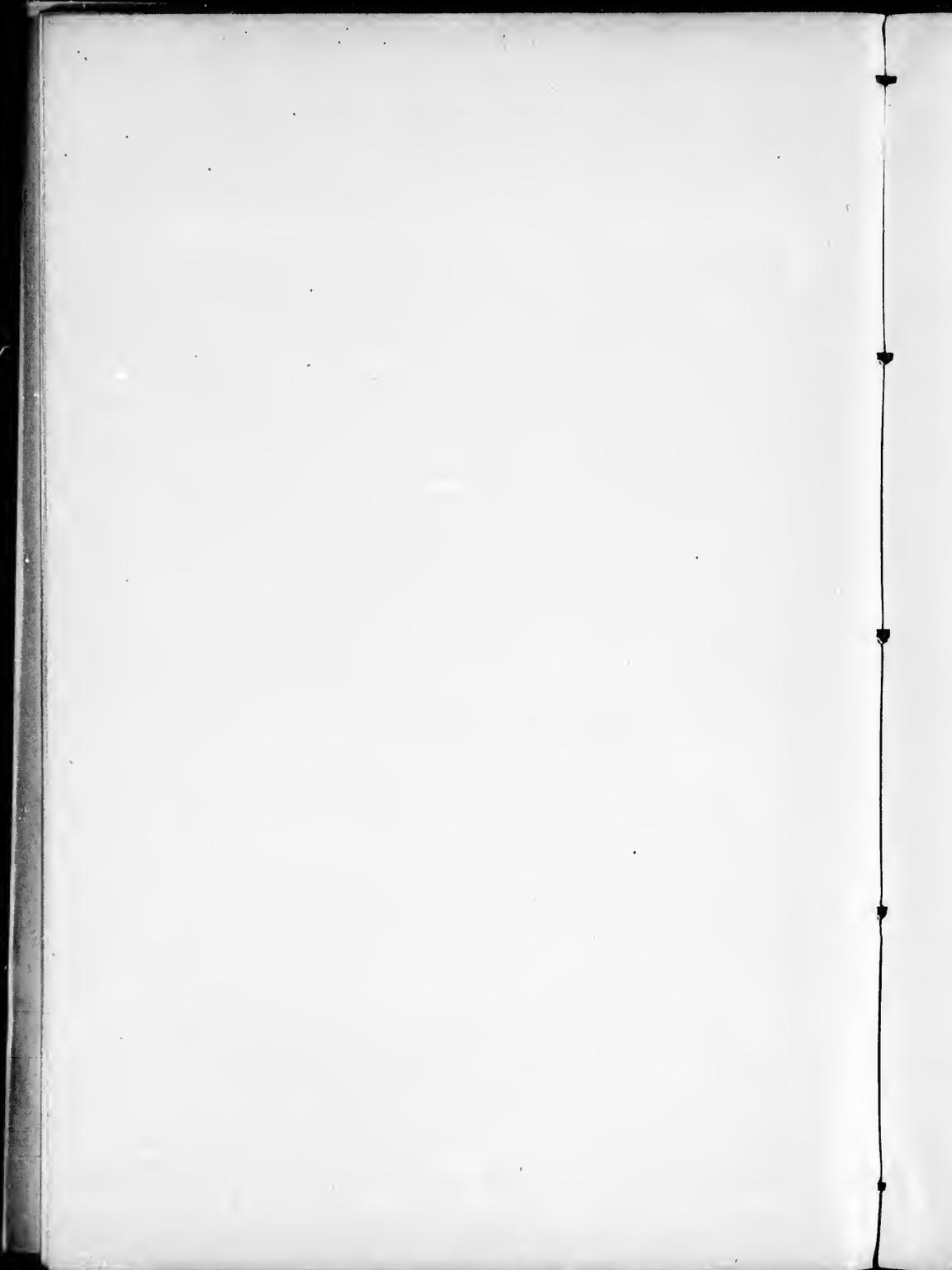
PHOTOGRAPHY

SITKA.

After leaving Glacier Bay, we steamed rapidly towards Sitka, and in no part of our journey did we see more attractive scenery than in this neighborhood. The water was full of little islets which reminded one of the western end of the St. Lawrence River—and of Sunday-school picnics—*ad infinitum*. Our route as we sailed among them was simply charming. Out towards the sea was old Mt. Edgecumbe, an extinct volcano whose crater is now occupied by a lake—a very symmetrical mountain, although not a very high one. On one side of Mt. Vestovia there was a distinctly-formed snow-anchor, the ravines, from which the snow had not yet all melted away, furnishing the necessary shape.

One of the first things that attracts the attention of the visitor as he lands at Sitka, is the "old castle," situated on a great rock near the wharf. It is the spot where old Baronoff built his citadel in 1799, and perhaps the present structure—a large two-story frame building, which was occupied by the Russian government for its headquarters—is the same old house. It was the scene of many a gay revel during the time the country was under Russian control. A large number, sometimes fifteen or more, of the Russian warships of the Pacific squadron would spend all or a part of the winter at Sitka. The officers of these with their families made a gay company in that far-away metropolis, and they created livelier times than the present ones. From the top of this old building I took three pictures, which, laid beside each other, present a complete panoramic view of the Alaskan capital. It is really nothing but a straggling, irregular, wooden village. At the time we were there there were about 100 whites, about 300 creoles or half-breeds belonging to the Greek church, and 900 Indians or native Alaskans. It is the seat of government, but the general business carried on must be very light as, aside from the excursion steamers, communication is unfrequent and there is very little either of population or activity inland to create trade.

Sitka is the location, however, of one notable institution, and that

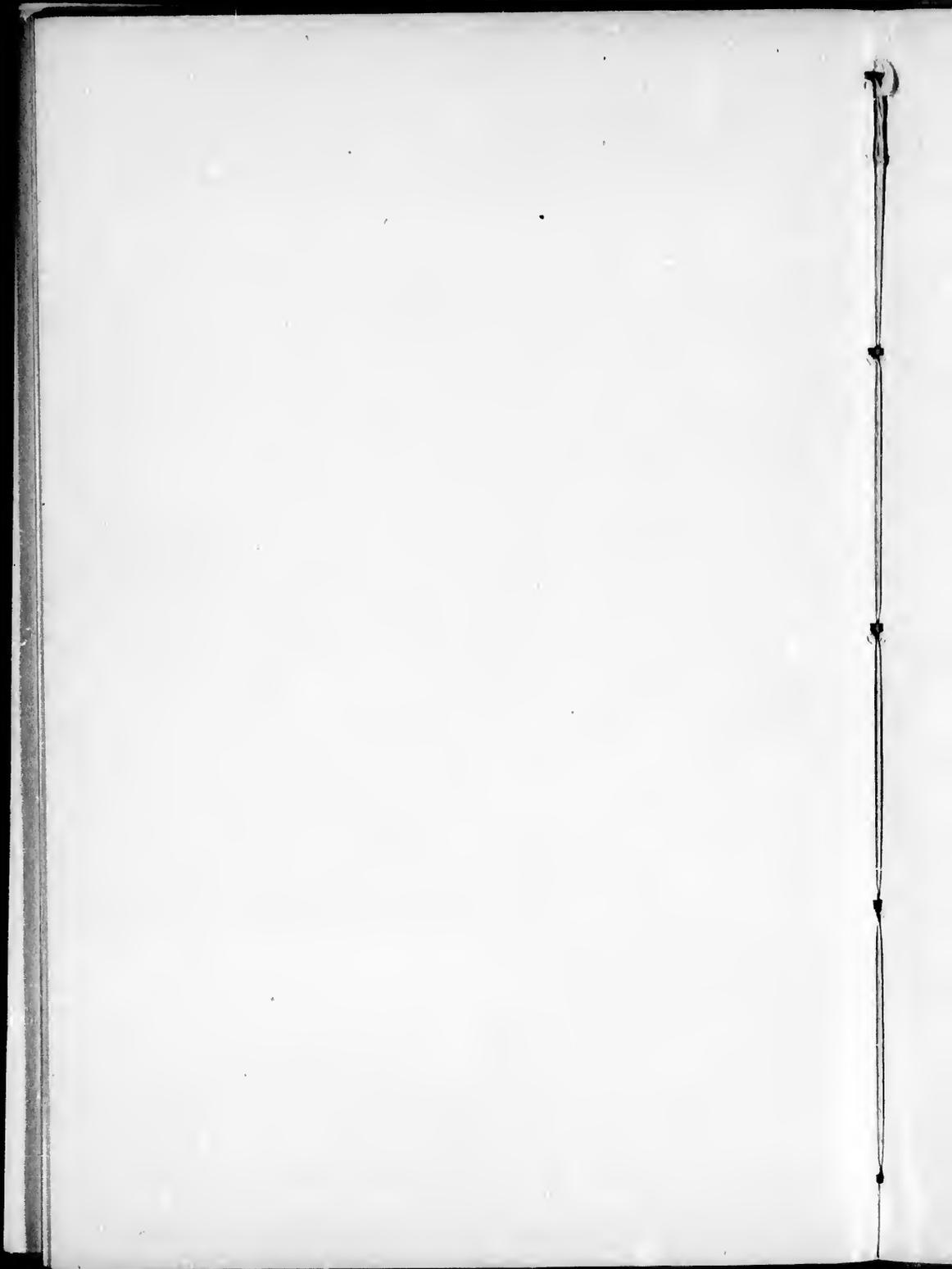


is the government industrial training school, our visit to which was full of interest, and we carried away pleasant memories of what we saw and heard, and exalted ideas of the possibilities which exist in connection with these natives. We attended an evening exhibition at the school, in which there was not a single word spoken by a white man. With the sound of fife and drum a squad of uniformed boys marched in with their guns on their shoulders, and at the word of command from an Indian sergeant went through a squad drill, carry arms, present arms, etc., after which they stood their guns in a corner and sat down with the rest of the pupils, 167 of them, all cleanly, well-dressed and fairly intelligent in appearance. An Indian boy stepped on to the platform as master of ceremonies, and another presided at the organ. We had solos, duets, quartettes, and choruses, declamations, dialogues, little children's pieces and other exercises, conducted exclusively by the native pupils, and the performance, both musical and oratorical, was of about the same grade as would be furnished by children of the same age in our primary and grammar schools here in the States.

Mr. Hine gave pictures and extended descriptions of the notable things to be seen in and about Sitka: the luxuriant vegetation at Indian River, the old block-houses which formed a portion of the Russian system of fortifications, the old mill, the Greek church, the Indian ranch, etc., which need not be inserted here in full detail.

From Sitka our vessel turned again to the north and we threaded the great archipelago several hundred miles up into the Chilcat country, our farthest point north being Pyramid Harbor, where there is an important cannery, and beyond which, on another arm of the water, is located the Haines mission, where a work similar to the ones alluded to at Metlakahtla and Sitka is being carried on.

The morning that we went up Lynn Canal we encountered one of the most magnificent atmospheric displays that it has ever been my good fortune to witness. The night had been foggy and a westerly

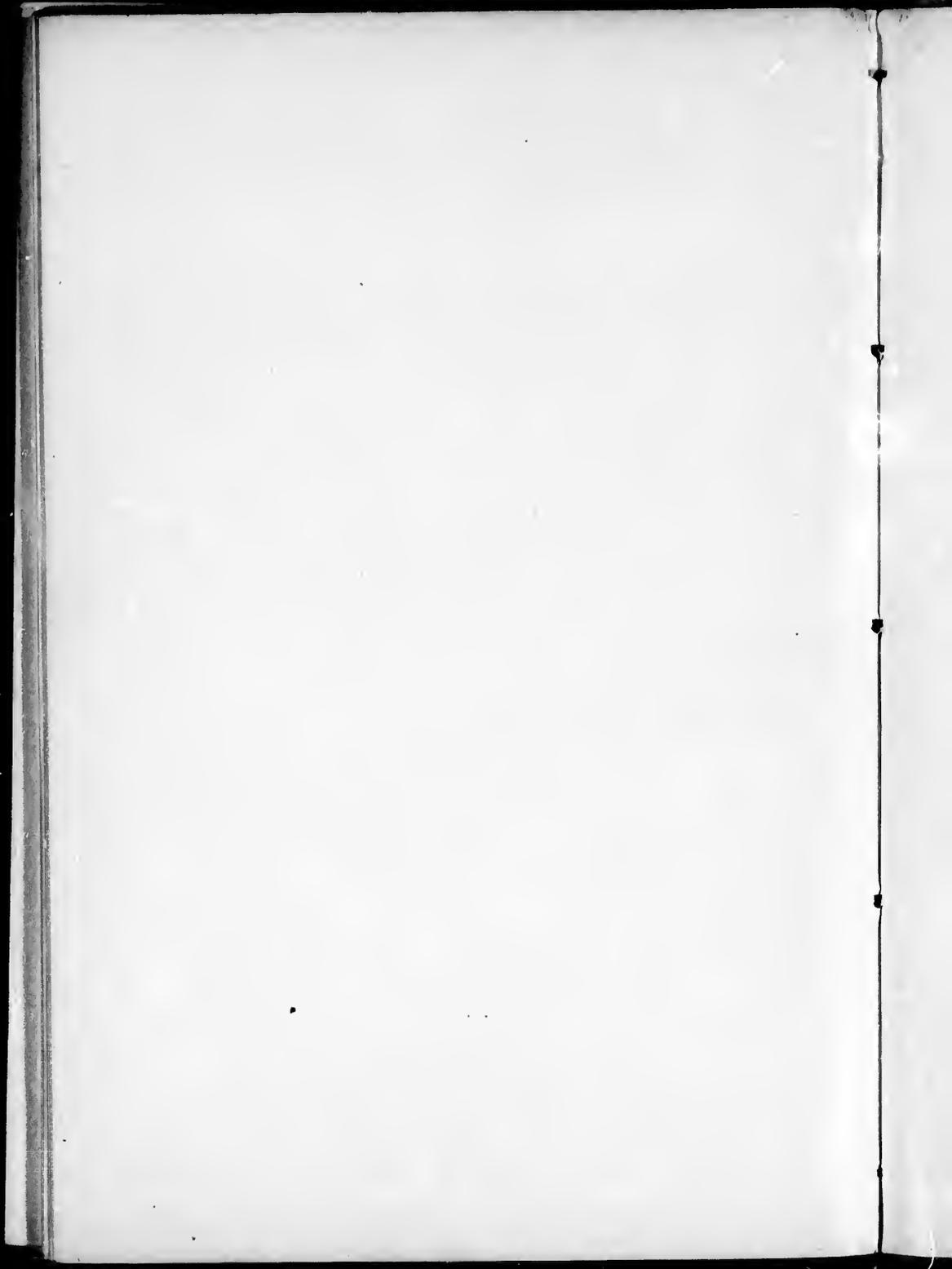


breeze was driving the vapor off from the water against the dark mountains, over whose jagged peaks it was rolling as the morning sun from the opposite direction was striving to fight its way through. The artist, Healy, who was one of our passengers, was on deck bright and early that morning enjoying the magnificent scenery, and was standing by my side as I took the three pictures which are here exhibited to you. The battle between sun and cloud was stupendous. Great masses of vapor rolled slowly up the mountain sides, pierced here and there by the ragged Chilcat peaks, and penetrated from the east by the strong beams of the rising sun. It seemed impossible that such a gigantic struggle could progress amid the profound silence which reigned. It was impressive beyond all description; neither words nor delineation can convey any adequate idea of the grandeur of the scene that was before us. It was one of those pictures which stamp themselves upon memory, never to be effaced.

The scenery of all this region is very rugged, the mountain peaks are sharp and jagged, and even in late July when we were there, many of them were wholly or partially covered with snow. The pictures shown of the White mountains, the Chilcat range, etc., give a very fair notion of the general appearance of this picturesque but inhospitable region.

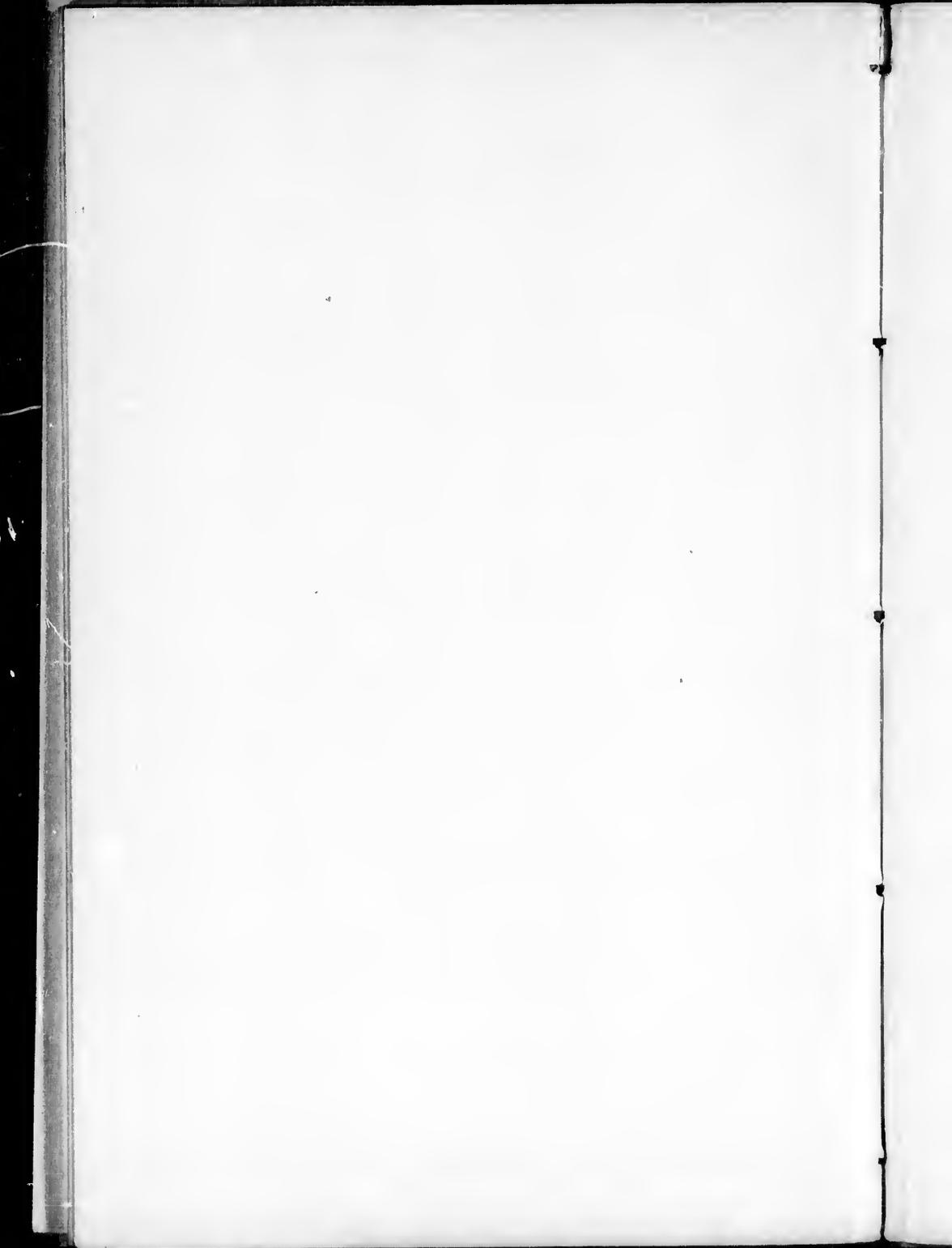
The Chilcat Gorge presented an opening of singular beauty. Snowy mountains were in the distance, between which and the passing vessel from which the picture was taken, seven intervening ranges of hills overlapped each other, affording that number of gradations of color and shade. As we came to views like this it seemed a pity that we must pass them by with the rapidity of steam travel. There are times when one longs for rapid transit, but there are others when more leisurely movement with *ad libitum* pauses would be welcome.

At Pyramid Harbor there is quite a thriving settlement, the business basis of which is an extensive cannery. I was so fortunate as to secure pictures of several groups of natives here, with less noisy



strategy, however, than that adopted at Douglass Island. I would approach the squatting figures to within the proper distance, which I would measure with my eye, and then innocently have my attention called in some other direction, when I would turn my back upon them, focus the instrument, set the shutter, etc., and then, turning slowly around, would bring them into the field, touch the spring and secure my picture without having them suspect what I was about.

I cannot consent to close this account of our Alaska voyage without a brief allusion to our life on the vessel. Among so large and intelligent a company there was a variety of talent. Some of the ladies were exquisite performers upon the piano and we had a fine instrument on board. Then there were banjoists and violinists, and we had concerts and tableaux, and one day we had no end of noisy fun in building living totems out on deck, up a ladder that led to the roof of the "house." One young fellow would sit on the deck, another would get astride of his shoulders, another on top of him, and so on as high as we could build, all hanging on to the ladder, when some sudden infirmity of the foundation would bring the whole structure into hilarious ruin. There were four clergymen on board and we had delightful services on the two Sabbaths which were included in our seventeen days' sail. One peculiarity of the deck furniture was the substitution of rocking-chairs for the ordinary steamer chair. There were perhaps forty rockers on deck and during our whole trip there was scarcely an hour when there was motion enough to interfere with the easy occupation of these comfortable seats. One pleasant incident was the raising of a purse among the gratified passengers for the purpose of procuring a handsome piece of silver for Captain Hunter. This we afterwards had manufactured at San Francisco. There were a good many children on board who enjoyed the journey as thoroughly as their elders. The beautiful groups which they would form as they sat on deck were, some of them, perpetuated by the cameras which were on board.



Further space cannot well be spared for even a sketch of Mr. Hine's following remarks. Pictures were exhibited and descriptions given of the scenery on the Columbia River, and of a week's jaunt through the Yellowstone Park with its boiling springs, its geysers, its wonderful yellow cañon, the Obsidion Cliffs, and so forth, and so forth, and the evening's entertainment closed with a few miscellaneous pictures: the Lick Observatory on Mt. Hamilton, California; some scenes in Colorado, including Helen Hunt Jackson's lonely grave on the Cheyenne mountain, and a couple of views of magnificent old snow-capped Shasta.

