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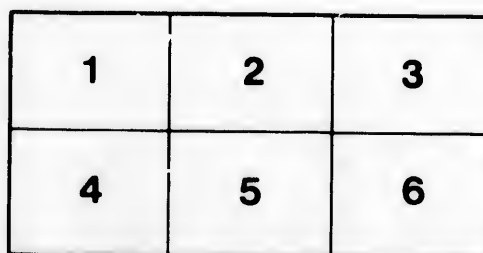
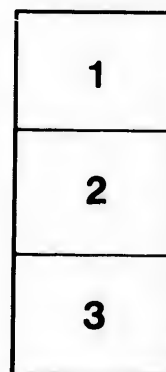
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FROM THE FRASER TO THE COLUMBIA.

First Paper.

SHIPS approaching Washington Territory or British Columbia find their natural entrance to the great range of land-locked waters penetrating this northwestern coast through the inlet separating Cape Flattery and Vancouver Island. If the weather be clear, the mariner sees at a great distance the beacons that guide him, for mountains clothed in snow rise almost from the beach into a grandeur well termed Olympic. Besides those fronting the southern shore, and the lesser heights of Vancouver, the far greater peaks of the Cascade range stud the horizon with vivid points of white, where not many decades ago might have been seen the flaming torches of active volcanoes. Approaching more closely, one notes that on the northern shore of the inlet a heavy forest covers all the great undulations of the elevated interior, like grass in an uneven meadow, sinking down gradually to an abrupt but not greatly broken shore.

On the southern side of the inlet the great mass of the Olympic Mountains breaks down into the bold terminus of Cape Flattery, with its breakwaters Flattery Rocks and Tatóche Island. The scenery here, as one sails past, is perceived to be of the wildest description. "Imagine a hill of gravel or an ocean beach," writes Mr. J. G. Swan,* who knows it well in every aspect, "converted into a solid rock of adamantite hardness, and you have the appearance of the rocky cliff at Cape Flattery. In some places the rock shelves down to the water, presenting in regular layers the sand and pebbles of a beach, so natural in appearance that on stepping on it one expects to feel his feet slip on the crumbling mass, and wonders how such fragile, crumbling materials can stand the violence of a winter's storm; but once examined the rock is found cemented together as hard as flint. If any one wishes to get a good idea of chaos, I know no better place than Cape Flattery, viewed on a calm still day while winding through its caverns and arches in boat or canoe. Im-

mense detached blocks of a gigantic size stand like solid and eternal bodies riven from the adjacent cliff by some convulsion of nature. Some are suspended on their angles, and sustained by the pressure of unseen rocks, forming sharp-pointed arches, and appearing as if they were yet falling and rolling."

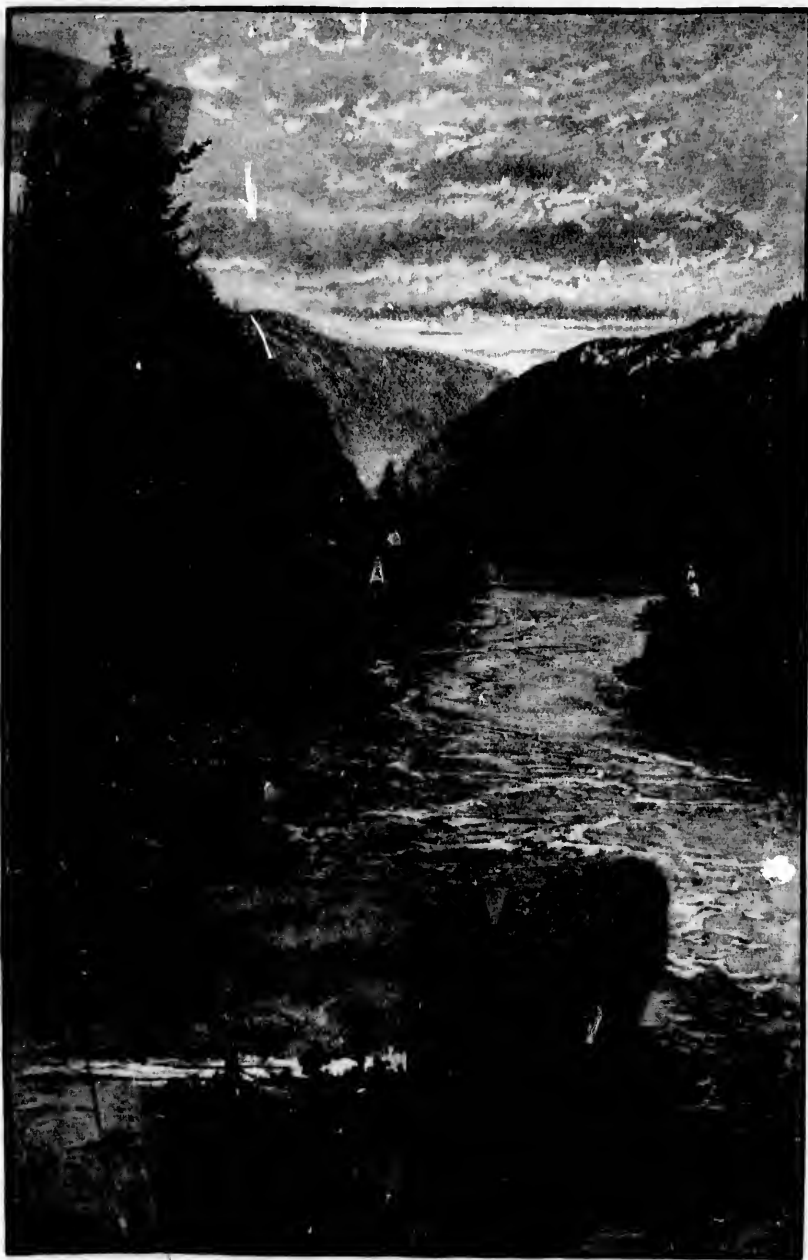
A little south of the point of the cape stands a huge obelisk-like pillar, slightly leaning to the northwest, and fully one hundred feet high. This pillar is called by the Indians Tsar-tsar-dárk, and has this legend connected with it: Many years ago an Indian climbed to its summit in search of young gulls and cormorants, both of which abound. He managed the ascent easily enough, but when he gazed down from the dizzy height upon the boiling waves below, his courage failed him, and he dared not attempt descending. He could be seen and heard distinctly, and his friends resorted to every expedient they could devise for his safety, but without success. They tied strings to their arrows, but could not make them ascend to the great height. They caught gulls, and tried to make them carry kelp lines, but all was of no avail. Six days were wasted in this vain attempt, and on the seventh he laid himself down and died. His spirit, say the Indians, still lives, and gives them warning when a storm is coming which will make it unsafe for them to go out to sea.

In the caverns of the cliffs, extending unbroken to Neeah Bay, hundreds of seals find rest, but not in quiet, for the Indian, watching the opportunity of a calm, boldly ventures in as far as his canoe can be managed; then, with a torch in one hand and a knife in the other, he dashes into the water, and kills his canoe full before they can escape even in the nimbleness of their own element. The craggy sides of the almost vertical walls afford resting-places to myriads of sea-fowl. The violet-crested cormorant builds its nest wherever it can find a cranny, or can burrow into a pocket of loose soil. Harlequin-ducks of the gayest plumage, gulls, murrees, guillemots, petrels, and sandpipers also abound, and during the breeding season the air is filled with shrill cries.

Bright flowers, colored lichens, and feathery grasses are seen on the seamy face

* I am indebted to this gentleman not only for much hospitality at Port Townsend, but for the most valuable assistance drawn from his long experience in this region—assistance without which all that part of this article relating to the almost unexplored region west of Puget Sound must have lacked many interesting and valuable details.

Fraser River



ON THE FRASER RIVER.

of the crags, and everywhere above the direct action of the waves

"the gray rock's rugged cheek
The soft lips of the mosses seek."

In the weedy recesses between these surf-catching boulders are to be found extraordinary star-fishes, anemones, crustacea, and hydroids, with hosts of shells, left in natural aquaria as each tide goes out—a rich and almost untouched field

for the marine naturalist. Down from the brink of the cliffs, at various points, water-falls, fed by distant snows, plunge into the ocean, and the entrance to certain small coves lie under arches worn out by the water.

Such is the northern or inner side of Cape Flattery. To the southward, abrupt cliffs, margined beneath by a rocky beach or by reefs splintered into fantastic ruin, receive the onslaught of an ocean that

never ceases to thunder at their gates. The only harbor or even anchorage in immoderate weather is at the mouth of the Kwilleute River.

The Kwilleute and Kwéniault rivers, emptying here—swift, pure streams, where the salmon is plentiful and is easy to catch at the rapids—have always sustained an Indian population. Off the mouth of the Kwilleute lie several small, precipitous islets, the largest of which, Alékistet, was used in the old days as a stronghold, being accessible only on one side, and there by a difficult landing. The path to the summit is steep and slippery, not only with moisture, but with the slime of the myriads of slugs making the cliff their home—slugs, too, of a giant stature never seen in the Eastern States—while nettles and ready to



MAP OF VANCOUVER AND THE WESTERN PORTION OF WASHINGTON TERRITORY.



A HIT OF VICTORIA HARBOR.

sting the unwary at every step. Arrived on the summit, a space some ten acres in breadth is found, only partly timbered, so that by planting a few potatoes a small company of people could withstand a year's siege very well. Hither the Kwilleutes retired when attacked by enemies, not to be conquered, defending themselves against assault by rolling short, heavy logs down the steep path, a magazine of these missiles being kept ready.

To this coast European explorers were slow in coming. It is only three hundred and seventy years since Balboa first gazed at the Pacific,

"Sit on, upon a peak in Darien."

It was not until 1520 Magellan found his way through the channels that are a monument to his name; only 1528 that ships were built on the western shore of Mexico, and in 1542 that Cabrillo was sent thence to explore the Californian coast. Perhaps Sir Francis Drake had a glimpse of Mount Olympus, but it is doubtful, and the first foreign eyes that we can be at all sure of

to be guided by its snows to the discovery of this coast were those of Juan de Fuca, who sailed in search of that mythical "Strait of Anian" supposed to connect the Atlantic and Pacific somewhere in the north. His account is meagre and confused, but it seems a fact that he came and learned the coast pretty thoroughly. This was in 1592, and decades passed before any further light was thrown upon this corner of the world. So unknown and visionary did it seem, that it was seized upon by the romancers of Europe as the locality for the extraordinary adventures of the heroes of their pens, whenever restraint from known facts of geography or natural history was undesirable. "Bacon," we are assured, "there placed his Atlantis; and Brobdingnag, agreeably to the very precise description of its locality furnished by its discoverer, the accomplished and veracious Captain Lemuel Gulliver, must have been situated near the Strait of Fuca." Three-quarters of a century passed, indeed, before any European flag was again seen by the natives of this coast. Then Perez discovered

the Queen Charlotte's Islands, perhaps landed on Vancouver, sighted Mount Olympus, which he called Sierra de Santa Rosalina (it is a pity the name has been lost), and sailed home with a rich cargo of furs. After him, in 1775, Heceta and Bodega went northward in two ships, which finally became separated in a storm, Heceta returning to Monterey, after entering the mouth of the Columbia River—an honor which has been forgotten in the subsequent achievement of Gray—while Bodega pushed on to Alaska, where he joined the part explored by the Russians from Siberia, and saw Edgcomb—

"Burning yet cold, drear and lone,
A fir-mountain in a frozen zone."

Just as these daring voyagers were returning home to be honored by their king, there was starting from England the famous expedition of Captain Cook. By the time it reached this part of the world, in March, 1778, Spain and Great Britain were deep in war, and no Spanish flag was visible north of Acapulco. Cook, unaware of Perez, Heceta, and Bodega, or ignoring their work, gave new English names to all the coast points, making a very thorough survey. Although, like his predecessors, he was sharply on the lookout for the strait John de Fuca had reported, he missed it, yet only by a hair's-breadth, as it were, for he not only saw Cape Flattery, but himself gave it that name, "in token of an improvement in his prospects."

Nine years passed, when another English captain, Berkeley, commanding the ship *Imperial Eagle*, found the opening to a broad arm of the sea, which he rightly concluded to be the one so much vain search had been expended upon. He did not enter it, however, but kept down along the coast. Just south of the Kwilente River there is an island of some size. Here, twenty-three years before, Bodega had sent out his long-boat to the land; but, alas! it never came back; all the men were murdered, and the boat destroyed. Bodega called it Isla de Dolores, and sailed sadly homeward. Probably Berkeley did not know this, for he too sent a boat's crew ashore there, and saw them massacred. He named the place Destruction Island, and the name still stands upon our charts.

The very next year (1788) Lieutenant John Meares, coming from China on a

fur-bringing trip, sailed past Cape Flattery, and passed into the broad inlet where Berkeley had been before him. "From the mast-head," he records in his *Voyages*, "it was observed to stretch to the east by north, and a clear and unbounded horizon was seen in this direction as far as the eye could reach. We frequently sounded, but could procure no ground with one hundred fathoms of line. . . . The strongest curiosity impelled us to enter this strait, which we shall call by the name of its original discoverer, John de Fuca." Thus, almost at the centennial of his voyage, the name and work of the old Greek pilot were rescued from oblivion.

But Meares ventured only within the gates of the strait, and then sailed away. A year later there came from Boston, in the business of the Pacific Fur Company, two ships, the *Columbia*, Captain John Kendrick, and the *Washington*, Captain Robert Gray. They remained on this coast a few weeks, exploring the region of the Queen Charlotte's Islands, after which Gray sailed for China in the *Columbia*—the same ship which three years later left its name to endless memory in the great river of Oregon. In 1790 Spain sent Lieutenant Quimper, in the *Eliza*, to explore the strait, and he left the Spanish names dotting the map there, with many more, superseded two years later by the English designations of Vancouver.

Thus the waters of Juan de Fuca became well known, and as the trade between our northwest coast and China rapidly grew, advancing explorations soon taught geographers that the strait led to a great inland sea, to the branches of which, little by little, the names Admiralty Inlet, Hood's Canal, Puget Sound, Archipelago de Haro, Bellingham Bay, Gulf of Georgia, and others, were attached.

This "Mediterranean of America," as it has been styled, gives access to an enormous area of well-wooded shores and fertile islands, possesses a charming climate, and has become the seat of an incipient civilization and commercial activity, whose destinies are surely high. The present paper deals with the northern half only of this interesting region, within a circle revolved, say, fifty miles distant from Victoria on British Columbia, which is its metropolis.

It was in the evening I arrived there, by steamer direct from San Francisco, and everything was dull and dark. But what

was this before my eyes when I looked out of my window southward next morning—this marvellous picture in whites and blues? The sky was filled with torn, shapeless, sun-lit masses of woolly vapor. The sea, where a space of it appeared, was grayish, luminous white like a gull's breast, its horizon line swept with a brushful of very pale indigo. But the sea lay off at my right hand, and in front of me stood a high rank of black firs, their point-

moss, flowers, and foliage, closing the view at each successive turn. It is much like Gloucester Harbor, Massachusetts, but on a smaller scale; and the "Norman's Woe" is here occupied by a square-towered light-house, whose roof is a vivid dot of red in the sombre picture. This harbor is deep enough for all but the very largest ships to enter safely. The government's vessels of war anchor three miles below, at Esquimault, where there is a



SOME INDIAN GRAVES NEAR YALE, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

ed tops and ragged limbs sharp against a broad bank of dazzling white mist rolled up from the water. Presently the clouds resting upon this bank lifted up, and were broken adrift, so that with the suddenness of a stage scene stood forth the magnificent front of the Olympic Mountains, all their precipices, slopes, and forest edge intensely blue, all their summits and plateaus and ledges that would hold the snow as coldly white as marble.

But there were beauties nearer at hand not so easily obscured. The little T-shaped harbor is not only land-locked but rock-bound, its crooked entrance winding between low promontories of solid granite clothed in bright tints of polished rock,

dock-yard and ordnance station, but no garrison. When the Canadian Pacific Railway brings hither a large commerce with China and the East Indies, it is there that the huge steamers will make their port.

Victoria seems to me a very pleasant sort of place, though not so thoroughly English as one might expect it to be. You will see certain infallible signs that you are away from home, but life goes on there much as it does in Portland. The town is widely scattered, the citizens giving themselves land enough around their houses to grow an abundance of flowers; while the gas lamps and the telephone lines extend so far that wheat fields are illuminated,

and the electric messages fly from house-keeper to market-man over wide cow pastures and truck gardens. The houses, too, are well built, and have an air of long residence about them; they are not merely houses, they are *homes*. Some of those in the suburbs, surrounded by grain fields, orchards, and by noble groves of oaks, are as attractive as you will find in all America, and bespeak not only culture, but wealth, and an intention to stay here and found a provincial aristocracy.

Commercially it is to derive great benefit from the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and from the development of the mineral resources of the coast north of it. The railway has pushed its line a good distance from the coast to meet the line from Lake Superior. It follows up the Fraser River from New Westminster, on the mainland, or, more exactly, from the lumber port of Burrard Inlet.

British Columbia, it must be remembered, is a very large province. It extends eastward along the northern boundary of the United States to the summit of the Rocky Mountains, northward to Alaska, and westward to the ocean, including Vancouver and a multitude of lesser islands. The interior is settled only very sparsely, and is scarcely adapted for a large population, since its surface is broken by mountains on the west, while east of the Cascade Range, which divides the territory north and south, lie dry sagebrush plains capable of little use except for cattle-raising, because of the difficulty in getting water, and also the likelihood of summer frosts. The upper part of the province is too far north to make agricultural pursuits profitable, though the Hudson Bay people raise precarious crops at their distant posts; and the off-shore islands are very rough, affording little chance for farming, except, perhaps, on Queen Charlotte's, where various sea-industries will in time, no doubt, support a large settlement. The really available part of the province, therefore, seems to be confined to the valley of the Fraser, which, after 1840, became the great channel of commerce, since canoes could be paddled four or five hundred miles up its course, with few portages. Upon the discovery of gold on the western slope of the Rockies in 1858 there was a great rush thither of men who went into mining all along the upper Fraser and its tributaries. The placers were worked out, or nearly so,

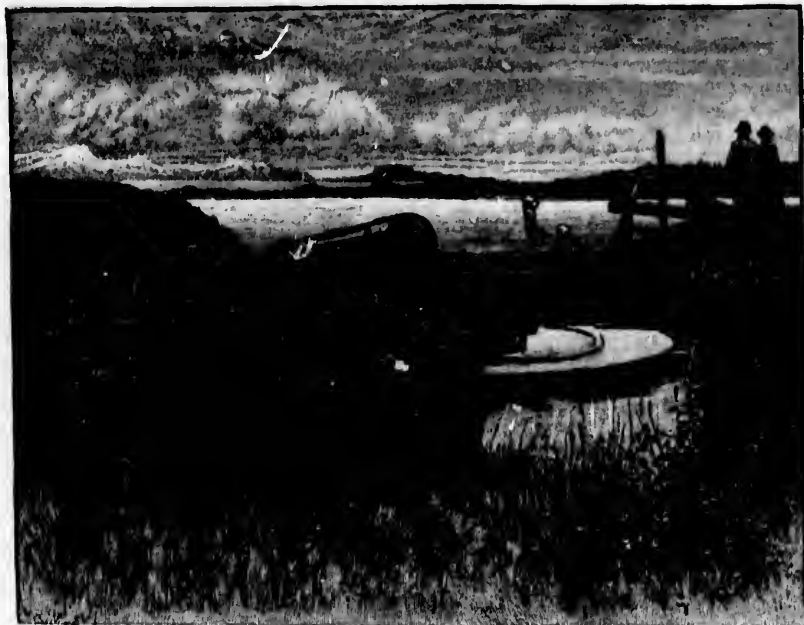
very speedily, and the region became almost deserted, yet about \$20,000,000 in dust is said to have been exported during the first ten years.

The permanent effect of the gold rush was the settlement of a considerable farming population along the bottoms of the Fraser and its tributaries, and the opening of a large region to immigration by good wagon roads and by lines of steamboats which ascend the Fraser nearly two hundred miles twice a week, and are passing up and down the coast and into all the smaller rivers as frequently as business demands. The western end of the Canadian Pacific Railway is completed from the Cascade Mountains to the ocean, and there are young settlements all along its line.

Mining for gold and silver has come to take a less prominent place in British Columbia than at first, and one hears now far more of the fine farms and cattle ranches, of the great lumber mills and coal fields, of the fishing and ship-building, than of quartz and placers.

The interior of the island of Vancouver is little understood, but it is very mountainous, some of the peaks rising far above timber line. Vast quantities of available timber exist, though not of such great size as that which grows on the mainland, and also much agricultural land; but at present there are no settlements or roads at any considerable distance from the shore.

After the settlement between Great Britain and the United States, fixing upon the forty-ninth parallel as the boundary line (but conceding Vancouver to the British), the Hudson Bay Company retreated from Oregon and Puget Sound. On the island of San Juan, however, it continued to have a farm and pasture a herd of sheep, out of which nearly came a war. In 1854 this property was assessed on the tax list of Whatcom County, Washington Territory, but the Hudson Bay Company's agent refused to pay. The sheriff, therefore advertised the sheep for sale, and went to seize them, whereupon he was resisted, and his deputy only escaped arrest by facing the company's *posse* with a six-shooter. Nevertheless the sheep were seized, though Governor Sir James Douglas himself came over from Victoria to enforce his pretended "rights." Peace reigned until 1859, the frontier being busy in repressing an Indian uprising, when a conflict about an old bear again brought



A RELIC OF SAN JUAN.

up the question of authority on San Juan. The offender, being an "American," called upon the commandant of the military post at Bellingham Bay for protection. This officer sent word to General Harney at Fort Vancouver, near Portland, who with incredible dispatch shipped troops to the island, threw up breastworks, and expelled or arrested all the Hudson Bay people who resisted. This prompt action raised a great breeze between the governments represented, and General Winfield Scott was sent out by President Buchanan in 1860 to negotiate. The only result was a joint occupancy of San Juan Island by agreement between British Columbia and the United States, which arrangement continued, breeding endless petty dissension, until 1874, when the matter was submitted to the arbitration of the German Emperor, whose decision gave the whole of the island to the United States.

Down from the Cascade Mountains flow many small streams, while several large ones make their way through from sources behind. The largest of these is the Fraser, in British Columbia, below which, in regular order, come the Nooksack, the Whatcom (draining Whatecom Lake, a fine body

of fresh-water, capable of supplying a large city), the Swinomish, the Skagit (pronounced with the *g* soft), the Stilignamish, the Snohomish, and other streams of lesser note, in each of which occurs a rapid fall giving good water-power. If you ascend these rivers, or climb the hills that divide and overlook their courses, you find only a continuous forest of hemlock, spruce, cedar, and fir—a forest solid and almost impenetrable even on foot, through which all trails must be chopped, where no glades or prairie lands whatever are to be found, and the best one can hope is to hit upon little nooks in the river-bottoms or along the sound shore where the growth is small and more easily cleared off than elsewhere. It is probable that nowhere in the world, unless it be in parts of Siberia, exists such a forest as this, uniting the two qualities of trees of the greatest size and the densest crowding.

The light which the gold prospectors let in by their explorations upon the foothills of the Cascade Range, and the establishment of saw-mills at the mouth of the Skagit, at Utsalady, Tulalip, and Mukiltéo, have induced a slight settlement all along this coast, so that now you may find farms

at various points near the shore, and along the banks of the larger rivers, particularly the Skagit and Stillaguamish, for many miles back; yet they are widely scattered, and the population is very scant compared to the square miles of territory over which it is dispersed. The crops raised are wheat, oats, rye, and pease almost wholly; but of these the yield to the acre is very large. No immigration of consequence has gone there for several years, nor is it likely to, until the Northern Pacific or some other line has made it easily accessible by rail, and placed inducements before immigrants. At present communication is had with Seattle, the metropolis of the Puget Sound region, by a weekly steamer touching at the points I have mentioned, and at several islands. Another little steamer makes a weekly trip from Port Townsend to the archipelago and Whatcom by a slightly different course, and there is a ferry between Port Townsend and Whidby Island. Beyond this the people travel almost wholly by canoes and sail-boats, since overland roads and trails are few and very rough.

The channels of this archipelago and the approaches to the mainland are very intricate, and in bad weather even dangerous, there being little good ground for anchoring, and many hidden rocks. The great difficulty to be dreaded is the tremendous force of the tides which sweep down Rosario Strait, "producing," in the words of the coast pilot, "a roar like the sound of a gale of wind through a forest." The light winds of summer are often ineffective in keeping a vessel under the guidance of her rudder in the midst of these swirling currents; and as fogs are then most liable to occur, the navigation in Bellingham Bay is hazardous and often delayed. Once behind Elisa Island, however, a fine spacious harbor is found, with shores having many advantages; but the danger of sail navigation in reaching there, the expense of towage as the other alternative, and its distance from the sea, will prevent its ever taking front rank as a port among the many harbors so much easier and quicker of access to ocean-going ships.

South of Rosario Straits and the archipelago stretches north and south the long narrow strip of Whidby Island, distinguished by having no elevations to amount to anything, by being to a large extent unwooded, and by bearing several groves

of hard-wood trees, chiefly oaks. Here, since the earliest occupation, farming has been carried on with great success, and the island has several little hamlets, such as Coupeville and Crescent Bay.

Port Townsend is an old point of settlement, the site impressing its favorable features upon the minds of the early voyagers. Here the Strait of Fuca turns southward into Admiralty Inlet, out of the western shore of which opens Port Townsend Bay, a piece of sheltered water affording fifty square miles of good anchorage, protected from every storm except the southeasters. The shores of this bay are precipitous and solidly wooded, but at its entrance the high bluffs of the northern side are separated from the water by a flat broad enough to accommodate the business part of a large town. On this flat and on the level bluff behind it Port Townsend is built, a situation combining many advantages, and having the single disadvantage of lack of fresh-water. This, however, is easily procured by wells, and can be brought without great expense from the distance of half a dozen miles when it shall be needed. The people of Port Townsend were originally from New England, and a very comfortable, cleanly air pervades the place, which lacks that brash, temporary appearance so common in Californian villages and so offensive to an Eastern man. It is evident that the people here have "come to stay," and take an interest in local advancement beyond the mere desire to sell to some half-deluded immigrant on the strength of wild puffing. This is apparent not only in what one sees from the street, but in the refinement which betrays itself in the dress and manners of the people, exhibiting a degree of mental cultivation quite remarkable in a frontier village.

The quiet of the streets and the lack of country wagons causes the stranger to wonder how the many well-stocked shops and warehouses are able to live, until he reflects that they get their support largely from the surrounding settlements, some of which are fifty miles away, and from the ships making this their harbor. All these customers (of whom the Indians form by no means a small or unprofitable part) come and go in boats, making no stir, but carrying away "a heap of goods," as I heard one merchant express it.

This being the port of entry, all steam-

ers and sailing vessels must pause here, so that the wharves are lively. Recently the importation of several hundred raw Chinese has become a daily nuisance to the officers of the custom-house; and their enforced vaccination has become one of the most prominent industries of the town, where physicians find the healthfulness of the climate a serious bar to their financial success.

As a rule, ships come to these waters in ballast, not knowing what their outward cargo is to consist of. At Port Townsend they find orders awaiting them, or telegraph the owners and wait for direction.

canoes of picturesque Indians from Kwileute, Neeah Bay, Clyokwot, Nootka, and away beyond.

Four miles up the bay, occupying one of the pleasantest sites of any fort in the United States, is Fort Townsend, where two companies of infantry are stationed.

From Port Townsend Bay westward to the Pacific Ocean it is seventy-five miles in a straight line—though I would like to see anything without wings follow that line. This coast region southward to the Columbia is known in local parlance as "Western Washington," that surrounding the great inland waters being "the

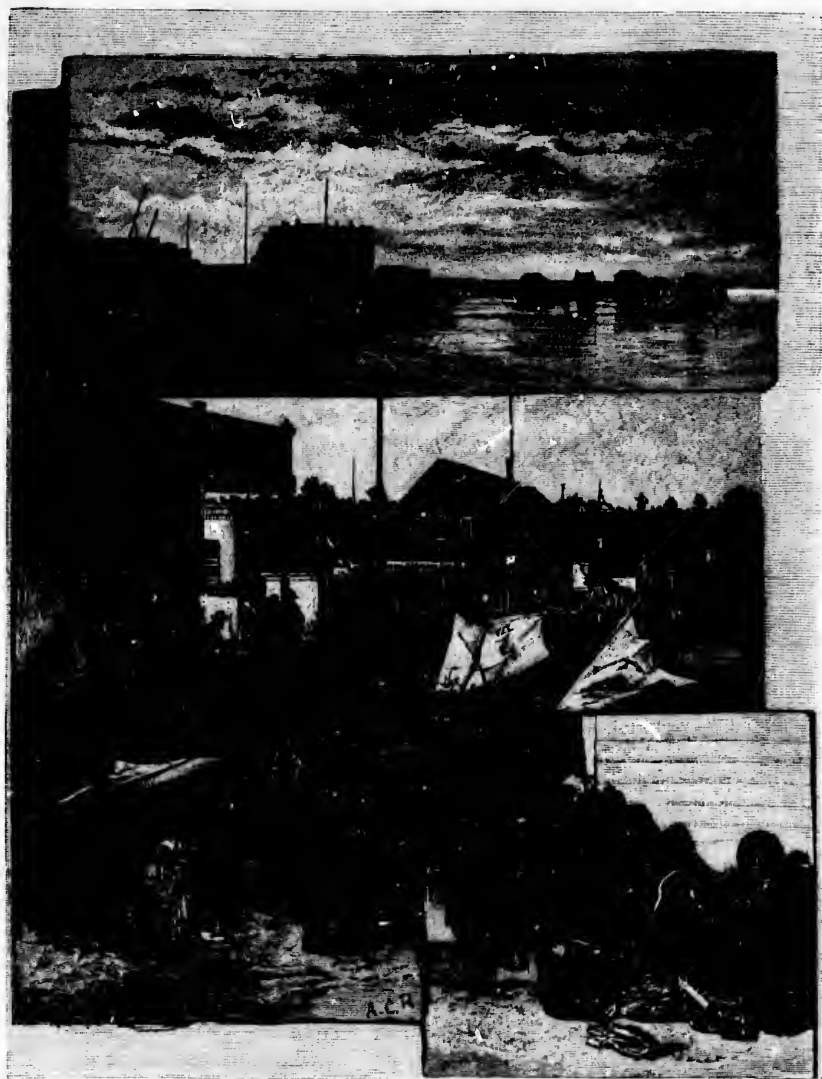


FORT TOWNSEND FROM THE PORT.

when they depart for lumber, or grain, or coal, or lime, all of which are conveniently accessible from this point. The flags of a long list of maritime powers are unfurled here in the course of a year. As I write, a first-class bark is heading for Nagasaki with fir lumber, a ship of two thousand tons has just arrived with railway iron and Pullman sleeping-cars from Philadelphia, and a schooner and a steamer are loading for Alaska. Back and forth through this shipping go the bark-sailed

Sound," and the country beyond the Cascade Mountains "Eastern Washington."

Though the southern half of the coast is well known and somewhat occupied, of this upper half of Western Washington we are almost totally ignorant, except in respect to the immediate shore, which presents few points of approach from the ocean or from the strait, there being no safe anchorage of any consequence all the way from Gray's Harbor around to the eastern end of the strait—a distance of one



IN AND ABOUT PORT TOWNSEND.

hundred and fifty miles. From every point of view the land shows itself covered with dense forests of evergreen trees, out of the midst of which rises a tumult of mountains so lofty that their jagged and sharp-edged peaks show broad masses of snow all summer long, and from September to May are hidden under coverings of almost unbroken white. Such are the Olympic

Mountains—the northern terminus of the Coast Range, whose southern end, Tualpais, overlooks San Francisco Bay.

Mount Olympus and Constance are the culminating peaks of the range, and are both in the eastern part of the uplift, which, westward of the Elwha River, sinks into a mass of high rugged hills, covered to their very tops with the fire

jungle, and terminates in the broken headlands of Cape Flattery. We are told that within the circle of the loftiest peaks is a great plateau, during three or four months of summer clear from snow and covered with rich grass; but above this rise the cold and desolate cliffs—a desert of lava and snow—and below stretches the boundless wilderness of forest. It is the home of the mountain goat, the big-horn, the elk, and deer; of the bear, the cougar, and of *choo-choo-hu-wistl*, the savage wolf. Nobody goes there but the restless explorer, and he shakes his head ominously when he comes back.

Though this Alpine wilderness was uninhabitable, and the high, rocky, forest-clad country continues all the way to the Columbia, the coast region has always been populous with Indians, and is so still. They belong to many separate bands or "tribes," but can be united into two philological families, which, nevertheless, are mixed geographically. One of these is the Nootkas, including the Indians of the south and west of Vancouver Island, those of Cape Flattery (Makáhs), those along a part of the Gulf of Georgia and Johnston Strait. The Chehalis, Kweniaults, and Kwilleutes, on the coast of Washington Territory south of the cape, the Clallams and Chemakums, on the southern shore of the Strait of Fuca, and the Songish Indians, around Victoria, belong to the Selish family. In general they all possess characteristics very different from the Haidas, or northern Indians, and go under the general name of Flatheads, from the habit many of them had formerly (and still continue somewhat) of flattening backward the foreheads of their children, or by compression of the whole head shaping the top of the skull into a conical form far from beautiful to civilized notions.

These Indians are of small stature, often not attaining to five feet in height, but are noticeable for the bigness of their heads, which their bushy hair exaggerates. Their shoulders are broad, though bent, and their arms long and muscular, but their bodies weak, and their legs shrunken and crooked. These characteristics come naturally from their constant sitting and paddling in a canoe rather than undergoing the exercise of walking and horsemanship, which gives to our mountain and plains Indians their tall, well-developed physique. Their faces, too, are noticeably different from

the countenances of the Indians of the interior, except that they strongly suggest the village tribes of the Rio Grande and Gila valleys, to which the habit of wearing a turban-like scarf or cincture twisted about the head adds great force. The complexion is rather light and decidedly coppery; the eyes with slightly Mongolian slant, and small; the nose likely to be well overhung by the brow, and broadened at the bridge, giving an expression of good-nature; the lines under the high cheek-bones are strongly marked; the jaws are strong, often protruding, and the mouth large and depressed at the corners. The younger ones are often very handsome.

They have suffered little reduction in numbers, were long ago taught the methods of trade, and have adjusted themselves to the gradual settlement of the coast by whites in a way rarely seen elsewhere.

Though these Indians still occupy their ancient village sites along the coast, they also make frequent visits to the towns and farming regions of the whites, and many of them have taken up their residence in civilized fashion in all the settlements.

The Indian, then, is as common a sight everywhere in this region as the Paddy in New York or the negro in Savannah, and he takes about the same place, everywhere working hard for white employers and for himself. Labor is a scarce commodity in this region, where there is so much chance for a man of energy, and the Indian finds himself in demand as a laborer, in which capacity, if in no other, he is a social factor of no small importance. In all the farming districts he is the "hand" who helps in every kind of work. At the saw-mills, in the ship-yards, in all sorts of rough manufacturing, he finds employment and gives satisfaction. Indians constitute the crews of the river steamboats and coasting vessels, are long-shoremen on the wharves, and teamsters in town, while the women are extensively employed as domestic servants.

The dwellings of the Indians of this region are not at all like the conical wigwams or lodges, made of cloth, bark, or skins, seen among all the Indians of the mountains or plains. They are square, flat-roofed, and supported upon posts of great size firmly fixed in the ground, perpetuating the type of "long house" aft-

er which the Six Nations of New York State called themselves *Hodenosaunee*. The planks are split by means of yew wedges from big cedar logs; and as these do not grow to any great size on Cape Flattery, the Makahs buy them from the Vancouver Indians, paying in seal or whale oil, blankets, or dried fish. Now they have nails, but in the old houses the parts were lashed or pegged together.

The Songish have a village on the opposite side of the harbor from Victoria, and an Indian boy paddled us across there one afternoon. The men were away, except some aged fellows, but the women were home. The houses varied in size, some being only twenty feet or so square, while others were three or four times as big. There were no partitions, but each family seemed to have its own corner, a low bench of planks around the side serving as a general place of deposit for everything that could not be hung up, and also as a bedstead for the whole family, the furs and cedar-bark robes of old days having given place to mattresses, sheets, comforters, and woollen blankets—all very dirty and torn. The floor of the house was earth, patted hard, but by no means smooth. In the small houses the fire was built right in the centre, and the smoke found its way out through a hole in the roof, which was covered by a loose stack of boards to shed the bulk of the rain. From a beam hung a chain with a hook at the end supporting a kettle or tin pail. In the larger houses three or four family fires smouldered in various corners; and these generally had their kettles suspended upon a bent iron rod stuck in the ground at an angle. The beams, poles, roof-boards, chains, and everything else over the fires were clothed in a smoke-velvet, and were draped by long festoons of greasy soot threatening to fall down upon our heads. When meal-time comes—and this has no great regularity—the whole family squat about this fire, and pick their boiled fish out of a common plate, dipping it in seal oil.

The life of these people, in fact, is spent upon the water. By means of it they move from place to place, any land travel being very rare, and from it they get all their subsistence. Their canoes, then, are to them what the horse is to the Sioux, or the reindeer to the Lapps. In satisfying this supreme want has been invented one of the best boats known to savage history.

It is a canoe dug out of a single log, and of a type quite unique, characterized by the long protruding bow and the high straight stern, so that to our eyes it seems all the time as though the craft were going wrong end foremost. The largest of these canoes are more than sixty feet in length, and are well represented by the great one from Vancouver Island which was shown at the Centennial Exhibition, and is now in the National Museum at Washington. From this size they decrease to those used by one man, or as a boy's plaything.

In primitive days fleets of large canoes went far out into the sea in pursuit of whales, attacking the monster with their bone spears, and subduing him in his native element. Then he was towed in with great honors. Among the Makahs at Cape Flattery the first whale of the season was greeted with ceremonial honors. A portion of the blubber taken off just behind the whale's head, and shaped like a great saddle, was placed across a stout pole elevated upon two posts set in the lodge of some man distinguished for prowess in this pursuit. This saddle was called *ubutsk*. It was stuck full of feathers, and various devices were marked in the black skin by means of white geese down. Underneath was placed a large wooden trough to catch the oil which dropped slowly from the blubber through the smoke and heat of the lodge fire. This was considered the choice oil for eating, and was reserved for the chief and head men and their friends. After the *ubutsk* had hung up a certain length of time—till it was ripe—a grand feast was given, and the blubber was boiled and devoured.

The whaling has been abandoned of late years, however—not because of the disappearance of the great cetaceans, for you may see them spouting in the offing almost any day, but because another industry occupies the native hunters, and gives better profits. This is the fursealing, which is of great importance to both white men and Indians on both sides of the Strait of Fuca.

Whether the fur seal of this coast is the same species as that of the Pribylov Islands (*Callorhinus ursinus*), naturalists are disagreed. It is generally believed that they are the same. In their annual migration northward these seals approach the coast between Point Grenville, Washington Territory, and Vancouver in vast

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VANCOUVER INDIAN FAMILY.

herds (varying with different years), and occasionally penetrate far into the strait. Curiously enough this approach did not seem to be known even half a century ago; but with the disappearance of the sea-otter the seals have come, and are increasing steadily. The van-guard of the herd is seen late in January, but "the season" rarely begins before March, the females appearing first; and it is proved that

young are born off the strait—one of several new facts for which naturalists are indebted to the labors of Mr. Swan. During the spring the Indians from the Kwemialt to Nootka devote themselves wholly to the capture of these animals, and secure a large revenue. Formerly they went after them in their canoes, starting at daylight; but now they put their canoes aboard schooners, and are trans-



MAKAI FISHING CAMP.

ported to the sealing grounds, the schooners—of which about twenty were engaged during the past season—receiving one-third of the skins.

The blubber of the seals is tried out by the women in the lodges, and the oil, when cold, is stowed in various receptacles, chiefly large pouches made from the paunches of seals and sea-lions. The poorest and the surplus oil is sold, but the best is kept for winter cooking. The skins are traded off, statistics showing that the present annual catch is something over 20,000, worth nearly \$200,000, a fourth of which is to be credited to Washington Territory, averaging nearly \$200 to each Indian engaged for five or six months' work.

At the conclusion of this season the Indian has his pockets full of money, and takes this time to make long journeys in his canoe with his whole family, and a provision of dried fish, visiting Victoria, Port Townsend, Seattle, and so on, until his funds are pretty well exhausted, and his boat loaded with shop goods, half of which are more fine than useful. These trips afford an opportunity to the squaws to find a market for their wares also, at which time desirable bric-à-brac and articles of use can be got very cheap. Thus I bought a fine large blanket of cedar

bark trimmed with sea-otter fur for two dollars once, when much inferior specimens were held by most Indians at five and six dollars.

A question all important in respect to this region, of course, is the navigation of its inland waters. In respect to the strait, it is simply to be said that there is nothing like a bar at its entrance, and no obstructions whatever throughout its whole length, except two well-marked rocks near Cape Flattery, upon which no wreck has ever yet occurred. Tatoóche Island bears a first-class light, visible twenty miles in clear weather. The tides are strong, and the currents they make among the islands very baffling, and, if not understood, somewhat dangerous; these, together with head-winds, often make serious delays for vessels, frequently making it profitable to pay from two to seven hundred dollars for towage up the strait, where the great depth of water affords small opportunity for anchorage. The ebb tide is much stronger than the inflow, owing to the great amount of water discharged into the sounds by the rivers. It is this which makes that phenomenon at Skagit Head, of the tide always running one way, which forms one of the stock wonders of this region.

The prevailing winds come very regularly in summer from the south and eastward of south. A curious phenomenon results: blowing up the Strait of Fuca is one current of air, and blowing down Admiralty Inlet comes another, which have been divided by the mountains, and find themselves squarely opposed to one another off the Race Islands. It is the wind coming up through the strait that brings the copious rain-fall of the Gulf of Georgia. The thick weather and storm gales come chiefly from the southeast, having a long stretch over which to gain accelerated force before striking Port Townsend and Vancouver. On the south shore of the strait it is the occasional nor'westers which are dreaded, and against these there is only a single harbor of value—Port Angeles.

Port Angeles lies directly opposite Victoria, with which it is about to be connected by a cable, the terminus of the local telegraph line west of the sound. In

front of the plateau, through which a trout creek comes down from the mountains, a curving spit of sand reaching out from the shore incloses an oval harbor some three miles long, which is sufficiently deep for the use of any vessel, and thoroughly protected; the only possible objection to the harbor—which is now very often used as a refuge—is that to enter it a ship must face the trade-winds for a short distance, and therefore would often need towage, whereas she can go to her anchorage off Port Townsend without handling a sheet. The steeply dropping shores are admirable for wharfage purposes, and the country behind the port abounds in splendid timber, and in soils valuable for agriculture. At present Port Angeles has only a score of inhabitants and a light-house. The shore is reserved as a town site and for naval purposes by the government. Many persons regard it as certain that one of the chief sea-ports of this region will ultimately grow up there.



OLD INDIAN VILLAGE, NOOTKA.



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MOUNT RAINIER.

FROM THE FRASER TO THE COLUMBIA.

Second Paper.

FROM Port Townsend one can take a steamer every morning for the ports "up the sound." It is a very delightful trip in pleasant weather. The bay is seldom so wide that from the middle you can not plainly distinguish objects on both shores, while the course of the steamer often brings one or the other beach within a few rods. The shores are irregular, the green forest everywhere coming down to the very water's edge, or held back only by a yellow bluff and narrow pebbly beach. When the clouds and mists hang low, as they are likely to do the greater part of the year, this tells the whole story of the scenery, and one looks for its beauty in the changing effects of light and shadow; but on clear days there is displayed on the western horizon such a picture as Whittier imagined:

"The hill range stood
Transfigured in the silver flood,
Its blown snows flashing cold and keen,
Dead white, save where some sharp ravine
Took shadow, or the sombre green
Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black
Against the whiteness at their back."

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Eastward, fir-clothed foot-hills bound the view, except that the alabaster cones of Baker in the north and kingly Rainier in the south are reared far above the dark green of the wide waste of forests.

Vessels are almost constantly in sight, usually full-rigged foreign ships, or ocean-going steamers, with black hulls and enormous banners of coal smoke. Porpoises leaping now and then, the black dot of a guillemot, the watchful swimming of a sooty shag, the swift flight of ducks close along the gray water, or the circling of a fish-hawk overhead, diversify the scene; but any signs of humanity on shore are rare, except at the red-capped light-houses terminating the locally characteristic sand spits that here and there reach out from the shore, and lie dangerously low in the water.

At the entrance to Hood's Canal lies the little mill village of Port Ludlow, remembered particularly for an old water tank supported on a trestle, and become a hanging garden of the most luxuriant mosses, ferns, and richly flowering weeds



SHORES OF PUGET SOUND.

that had rooted themselves over the whole of its black and oozy exterior.

At Port Gamble, a few miles above, is a somewhat larger settlement. Here also are saw-mills, and at the wharf lie several ships loading for foreign ports or for our own Atlantic cities. Opposite Port Gamble stands an Indian village and mission of old date, its church and houses appearing quite as habitable, as far as could be seen at a distance, as most of those on the white side of the channel. These Indians are nearly all employed about the mill or in the logging camps, and offer few signs of savagery. Crossing the inlet, the next stop is at Port Madison—a very pleasant place, upon a little bay wrapped in foliage, amid which gleam home-like white houses, orchards, and pretty gardens. Port Madison forms a supply point for considerable agricultural and shore country, and is largely engaged in boat-building. Here, too, Indians have a village, occupying a sandy peninsula, behind which is a lagoon where they beach their canoes, modded after a style a trifle different from those seen in the strait.

Three o'clock in the afternoon (Port Townsend is left at 9 A.M.) finds one at Seattle, the metropolis of the sound. Its site is well chosen, the town occupying a crescent hill-side, with a level shore giv-

ing room for wharves. It is a pity to spoil this imposing effect by closer inspection.

Begun almost half a century ago, when old chief Seatl was alive, the settlement had no growth until the recent impetus given it by the introduction of efficient transportation into the Territory, and the opening of coal seams. Immigrants and speculators fed the town after that, until now it numbers perhaps five thousand population, and has the conveniences of a city—gas-light, water-works, police, daily newspapers, etc. But as yet everything at Seattle is in a scattered, half-baked condition. The town has grown too fast to look well or healthy. Everybody has been in so great haste to get there and get a roof over his head that he has not minded much how it looked, or pulled many of the stumps out of his door-yard. Exceptions to this ragged, flimsy aspect show what possibility the future holds of making pleasant homes there; and I have no doubt that when the frontier spirit shall have ripened into a better tone, Seattle will become a beautiful city, rising like a well-filled amphitheatre, and looking out upon a magnificent water-front populous with commerce.

The streets are filled with bustling crowds, while the wharves swarm with

shipping and lumber rafts: I saw four ocean steamers loading at one time. The shops all prosper, and merchants, manufacturers, and builders are overworked. This condition of things, together with the fact that the population has increased twenty per cent. during the past twelve-month, causes property to be held at a high price; nevertheless, it is constantly changing hands, showing self-confidence in the minds of the citizens. The magnitude of Seattle's commerce is more easily accounted for when we remember how much distant outside trade comes to this largest town, especially from the logging camps, and how much shipping is supplied with stores for long voyages and with refitting work. But the appearance of excessive activity is partly owing to the great number of persons who are constantly coming and going. Three large hotels and countless little ones open their doors, yet it is often difficult to get a bed.

This floating crowd is not all of it new to the country, however, and the majority hails from Oregon and California, for as yet little of the forth-coming tide of East-

ern and foreign immigration has reached these parts; but the people of the Pacific coast are strangely nomadic—a fact especially true of the unmarried. You can hardly enter into conversation with a working-man who can not give you some account of almost any settled district west of the Rocky Mountains, often including the Sandwich Islands, Australia, and the Chinese ports. It is one of the great drawbacks to large industrial enterprises that steady labor can not be counted upon. Partly because of their feeling of independence, partly the vagabondish spirit engendered by their long and gradually progressive journey hither from the Atlantic States, men are likely to forsake their employers at very short notice, and go somewhere else with ill-defined purpose. It is largely in attempting to protect themselves against this annoyance, which is fatal to success in many commercial schemes, that the Chinese have been encouraged by capitalists.

The greatest source of wealth to Seattle and all this half of Washington Territory is the lumbering.



PORT LUDLOW.

The only escape from the unbroken forest anywhere west of the mountains is to go out upon the water. As this forest is the main feature of the scenery, so is it the chief factor in local wealth. Yet it was not until 1853 that the first saw-mill was built here. It had a daily capacity of eight to ten thousand feet of lumber. Now the aggregate cutting of the mills is over a million feet every day. The area of these vast woods—counting nothing in the passes or east of the Cascades—is nearly as large as the State of Iowa, and is estimated to hold 160,000,000,000 feet of timber, not more than three per cent. of which has been sawed or destroyed during the past twenty-five years.

This great timber tract is so penetrated by the ramifications of Puget Sound (as all these waters south of the Strait of Fuca are popularly termed, though originally the name was applied to only a portion) as to make more than 1500 miles of coast-line, at almost any point of which ships may approach very close to the land to be loaded. Through it, also, flow many navigable rivers, whose banks are not too abrupt to prevent easy handling of logs, which are often chuted down from the lofty ridges directly into the water, and rafted from far inland at trifling expense.

The principal growths are, fir of two kinds, three sorts of spruce, cedar of two species, larch, and hemlock; in addition to which, white oak, maple, cottonwood, ash, alder, etc., occur. The yellow or Douglas fir, a stately tree often 250 feet in height, exceeds in value and quantity all the others combined, the cedar ranking second. Then comes the pine, 120 to 160 feet in height; the silver-fir, 150 feet; white cedar (cypress), 100 feet; and black spruce, 150 feet. Cedars are known of 63 feet girth and 120 feet height.

The best timber flourishes somewhat back from the mixed forest of the shore, where the foothills begin. In such localities the tall and vertically tapering firs, unsurpassed in all the world for size, length, toughness, and durability, are peculiarly fitted for naval construction, equalling the Eastern white oak. Hence this wood is used exclusively for ship-building on the Pacific coast, and is exported for the same purpose to an increasing extent. This is true not of hull material only, for the largest and finest masts and yards carried by the ships of England, France, Germany, China, South America,

and to a growing degree of the Eastern United States, come out of these forests. At Port Gamble the visitor is shown the base of the tree that nourished the spars of the *Great Eastern*; and he is told of the flag-staff, 185 feet in length, and straight as a plummet, which would have been sent to the Boston Peace Jubilee had not a crooked road prevented getting it out in time.

Spars and ship timbers, however, form only a fraction of the business of the mills. The principal demand is for building material of all kinds; and to supply this a vast capital is invested in securing the right to the forest, in cutting the trees, transporting the logs, and sawing the bright, fragrant planks and scantling.

The cutting and hauling out of the logs are usually committed to contractors, who receive about \$6 a thousand feet for logs delivered in navigable waters, the mills always buying logs in preference to encroaching on their own property. A contractor's method is to hire six or eight men, and provide several yoke of oxen. He builds a rude camp in the place chosen for chopping, and boards his crew, who are paid from three to five dollars a day, and will produce perhaps 30,000 feet of logs daily. These are hauled out of the woods by the ox teams, or by windlasses, or (in a few localities) by short railways, and are slid into the water of river or sound, where they are made up into rafts, and towed by powerful tug-boats to the mill. The general length of the logs is twenty-four and thirty-two feet; but sometimes logs of one hundred feet are prepared for special purposes.

As fast as needed, the logs in the boom at the mill are seized by the iron grappling-dogs of an endless chain, and drawn up an incline into the mill, where cross-cut, rotary, circular, and gang saws, planing and lath machines, convert it into every variety of lumber. The slabs are utilized somewhat in making fence pickets for that sort of small palisade called in Louisiana *pieu*; the sawdust and refuse, beyond what the engine furnaces can make away with, are burned, or stacked solidly at the water's edge, and underneath wharves as "filling."

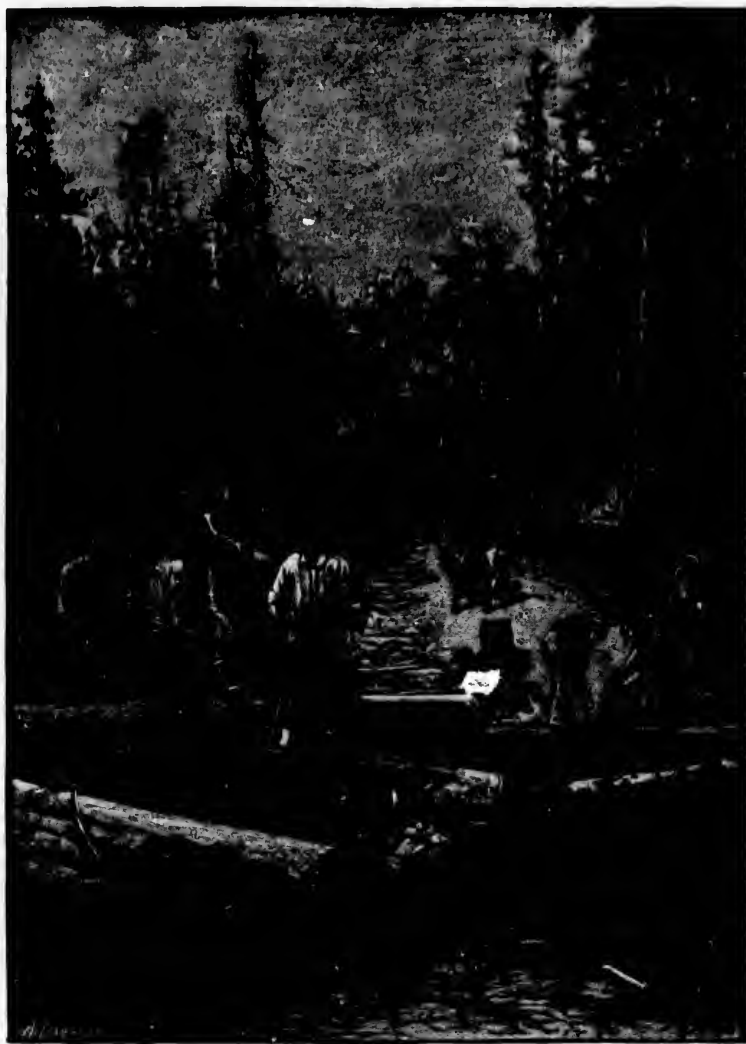
The lumber that enters into the commerce of Puget Sound is mainly the product of eight mills, exclusive of those at Burrard Inlet, British Columbia, which saw enough to load fifty vessels a year,

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LOGGING ON PUGET SOUND.

their cargoes aggregating over thirty millions of feet. Since the great depression in the lumber business a few years ago a powerful combination has closed many mills by subsidies. Of the largest, however, Port Discovery, Utsaladdy, Port Madison, Port Blakeley, Seabee, and Tacoma are all in operation. At Port Ludlow we found nearly ready for work a mill larger than any of the foregoing, or,

for that matter, of any on the Pacific coast, since by the time this article meets the reader's eye it will be able to turn out 250,000 feet of lumber daily.

All these mills are on tide-water, and own fleets of steam and sail vessels for the carriage of their surplus product, while also supplying the cargoes of vessels sent hither. The largest of them will employ 150 or more men in and about the mill, and

perhaps 250 in the logging camps, their combined patronage giving a livelihood to several thousand persons, and sustaining half a dozen villages, which otherwise would not exist, where trade thrives, agriculture centres, schools and churches arise, and the roots of a civilized community are planted.

In the case of Ports Discovery, Ludlow, Gamble, Seabee, Madison, and Blakeley, the villages are literally owned by the mill companies. The land was bought before the saws were set up, and houses built for the families of the force, with offices, shops, hotel, etc. These houses are rented, or else are furnished free, and less wages paid. The supply stores, too, are managed by the mill owners, who thus control everything in the settlement.

Only second in importance to the lumber interest in the western half of Washington is the coal interest, about 200,000 tons having been sent to San Francisco in 1881. The main fields lie in the outer foot-hills of the Cascades, centring at Newcastle, twenty miles east of Seattle, the present terminus of the Columbia and Puget Sound Railway, projected to run from Seattle to Walla Walla. Both the road and the coal fields are now a part of the Northern Pacific monopoly—a monopoly which Mr. Henry Villard happily styles "benevolent," and which is popular here.

The rough little railway makes its path through solid forest, and after leaving the valley of Cedar River it crosses some exceedingly broken country, deep cuts alternating with remarkably high curved trestles in quick succession. There is here and there a cabin along its course, but no clearing until Renton, on Cedar River, is reached. The bottoms along this rapid stream give about one farm's width of valley space, easily cleared and suitable for cultivation; and they are thinly settled for twenty miles up from Seattle, the land proving very rich. The same remarks apply to the valley of White River, a few miles southward, where are raised marvellous crops of grain and the most delicious fruits. These two valleys, the logging camps and mills on the island, and the young city, make King County the most populous in the Territory.

Seven miles east of Cedar River the valley of a creek is reached. Here, twelve years ago, a man following the trail of a deer up the bed of the half-dry water-

course discovered a broad stratum of solid coal exposed by the current. Taking squatter right, and afterward perfecting his claim, he was able in a few months to sell his title for \$30,000. The present company have about four and a quarter miles of under-ground workings, and are able to ship 800 tons a day.

This coal is a lignite. Five strata have been discovered, the two now being penetrated having a thickness of ten and a half and six feet respectively, throughout which there is only one thin streak of impurity. The strike of the rocks here is directly east and west, and they lie very regular, dipping about forty degrees to the south. This, then, is the angle of descent upon the coal bed, and the main entrance to the mine is an incline several hundred feet in depth. At the bottom small drifts or gangways are run laterally, but the principal galleries are higher up, and extend 2000 feet each way from the entrance. Up and down the incline run platform cages, actuated by a hoisting engine on the surface, which carry the loaded cars, after they have been dragged by mules from the diggings at both ends of the mine, up to a "level" still nearer the surface, where they are run off upon a track, and made into a long train in exchange for "empties."

Here a locomotive is waiting to haul them faraway, out to daylight. This locomotive is a grimy, deformed little gnome, so diminutive that you might accommodate it in the box of a lumber wagon, and so compressed that a man's head stands higher than the hood of the cab; yet it is powerful enough to drag out fifty car-loads of coal at a high speed. The engineer is a young Scotchman, who tucks himself away on one side of the cab, and lets me squeeze into the other corner, the flaring little lamps in our caps furnishing the light by which to see to operate the machinery.

"You have no smoke-stack?" I say, while we are waiting.

"Naw," he answers; "except the whole tunnel; and in warm weather, wha'in the air is verra hot abooove, the draught is sa great here a mon can hardly kep his lamp lit. It's verra cauld too, sir; espaycially near the openin', where the air sucks in. They ha' sma' need o' their ventilatin' fire durin' the simmer."

We soon emerge into the open air, and find ourselves in the midst of the village and surface works of the com-

pany at Newcastle, where the train is broken up, and the car loads dumped into the bunkers preparatory to shipment. These bunkers are so combined that the

coal and rapidly pick out the waste being far superior to that of any white man, who grows lame and impatient at such confining and pernickety work.



IN THE COAL BUNKERS, NEWCASTLE MINES.

coal falls upon screens permitting all the small pieces to drop through upon other screens that give it a second sifting, below which the dust is carried away in a flume. It is necessary, however, to pick over the main body of the coal in order to reject slaty fragments. For this duty Chinese are employed, their ability to stand all day bending over a sliding stream of

They are paid \$27 a month, and "find" themselves—which is more than I could do until I chanced upon the colony honey-combed away in an old engine shed that had been patched up for their occupancy. Thither rushes a riot of screaming Celestials when the noon whistle blows, for the winner has the first big dip into the common kettle of luncheon

rice, after which the scrapings left for late-comers are extremely meagre. John's house here is wholly unnoticeable, but down at Renton the Chinese have built for themselves among the trees a group of small huts, steep-roofed, weather-redened, and long-shingled; have planted narrow gardens on the river-bank, and have set up tiny coops for the beloved ducks and chickens, until they have made as picturesque and foreign a scene as though it were a home village on the Yang-tse-kiang.

The great body of men employed at the Newcastle mines—250 to 300 in number, outside and in—is made up of Welsh, Scotch, English, and Irish—just the same crowd of heedless colliers, physically and morally, that you will see everywhere else under similar circumstances. Common laborers receive \$2 25 a day at the least, and miners are paid \$3 a day in wages, while those who are able to get contracts earn four or five dollars a day; yet out of the whole community only a small number have laid any money by, and all ceaselessly complain of their poverty. The town itself straggles in and out of the great dumps of clay and waste that extend like black spurs from the foot of the mountain, the cottages being grouped upon the rocky, stump-infested, forest-bound hill-side, without an attempt at order or comeliness. Nevertheless, there are churches, two public schools, a music teacher, half a dozen civic societies, and not a saloon in the place—they all being just beyond the company's line, about five hundred yards away.

This coal is of poor quality compared with the bituminous coals of Vancouver or of the southern portion of this Territory, except for use in the stove or grate, where it burns very freely, and with vast heat. It consumes with great rapidity, lasting only two-thirds as long as the Wellington coal, so that, although it is two dollars a ton cheaper, it is less economical. The best result for domestic purposes is got by mixing the two. As a steam-making coal it is extensively used, but it will not coke. Sale is found, nevertheless, for about twenty thousand tons a month, keeping four large screw-steamers busy carrying it from Seattle to San Francisco.

Before the railroad was built the company had a tramway that hauled the small coal cars down to the border of Lake

Washington, an irregular body of water, twenty miles long, which lies behind Seattle. Thence they were run upon a huge barge, and towed to where a portage railway a mile long hauled them over to another fresh-water pond, Lake Union, on which they were towed within a couple of miles of the port. There has long been a project under discussion for finding a very different utility for these lakes, which are formed chiefly by the drainage of the surrounding country. Lake Union has a slender outlet into Puget Sound through Salmon Bay, which it is proposed to deepen into a ship-channel admitting the largest vessels. It is proposed, also, to cut the narrow land between Lake Union and Lake Washington, and by means of locks open the larger lake to the lumber ships for a long distance inland. As for Lake Union, its fresh-water would make it an invaluable anchorage for ocean-going ships, especially iron hulls, whose bottoms would thus be rid of the accumulation of barnacles and other marine parasites gathered in a long voyage; and it would be an admirable place for the navy-yard which it is understood the government intends to build somewhere upon Puget Sound. To make these ship-canals and locks, about a million dollars would be required.

There is still another project. Lake Washington empties through a small stream into the Duamish River, and thence into Seattle Bay. The fall is so slight that freshets flow backward from the Cedar, White, and Black rivers (which unite with the Duamish below the lake) instead of outward. This raises the water in the lake, and submerges wide areas otherwise profitable. Those who profess to know say that if a channel were cut through the portage between Lake Washington and Lake Union, a remarkable benefit would follow. The greater lake would drain itself out to the sea through a channel which would widen and deepen until adequate to all requirements, and then no freshet would appreciably affect its level. Relieved of this overflow, the three rivers south of it would be able to dispose of their water in the full season without its backing up. Thousands of acres now frequently under water would thus become permanently dry, and a wide strip of marshy or thinly covered lake margin all the way round—a strip three or four farms wide in many places—would be laid bare and re-

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DECK PASSENGERS.

claimed for agriculture, while Lake Union would be opened for shipping, as before stated. A company, it is reported, has already been formed to do this whenever they can get government aid; or they will do it alone if the commonwealth (this must be after Washington becomes a State) will give them the reclaimed lands. In the latter case there ought to be some public provision to pay for quinine and fever-and-ague physicians.

The third most important interest here is probably ship-building. This is engaged in everywhere, but especially at Seattle, where have been constructed a score of the stern-wheeled steamboats navigating these waters, and many wooden sailing vessels. Local shops are able to furnish any repairs or make ordinary machinery, and the demand in this direction gives a living to a large class of shipwrights, boiler-makers, machinists, and laborers.

Various manufacturing industries requiring less capital than lumber-mills or ship-yards or railways are coming to the surface also. I heard a man stoutly main-

taining that this region would soon become renowned for its success in cotton manufacturing, the humid climate having precisely that quality which is necessary to give the fibre its highest elasticity, and which prevails in England. Rather more feasible is the movement to establish woolen mills for spinning the six or seven hundred thousand fleeces coming annually from the local shearings. A beet-sugar factory is in the air of rumor and expectation; and— But really what is *not* to be done shortly in Seattle?

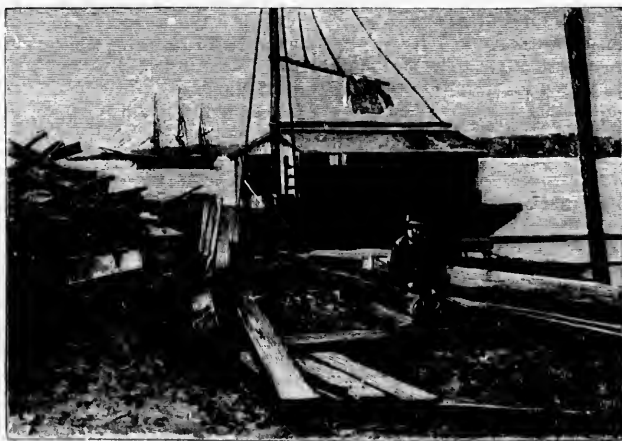
Yet I must say something about their railway outlook. Of course they expect to be the terminus of the transcontinental line. "We *must* be," they declare. But in this, like the hope of heaven, they are sharers with all the towns on the sound, from Tacoma to Townsend. A railway already their own is the Puget Sound and Columbia River, now running to New-castle; when it will ever go further, no one is brave enough to predict. Another pet project with the Seattle citizens, also wholly their own, is the Seattle, Walla Walla, and Baker City Railway—a standard-



A GOOD SLEEPER.

gauge road to meet the Union Pacific's "Oregon Short Line" at Baker City, Oregon, and so make a through route eastward *via* Omaha. The principal argument is not this fact, however, so much as the opportunity it would afford the wheat-growers and cattle men of the upper Columbia and lower Snake valleys to ship their products directly to the Puget Sound port, instead of sending them eastward or

down to Portland. Some such line will doubtless be built at no distant day. The route proposed is through Snoqualmie Pass, which is the lowest gateway of the Cascade Range, and where there has long been a wagon-road. This part of the route runs all the way through fine timber for seventy miles, and traverses regions of coal, iron, limestone, and gypsum, which must remain undeveloped until some such means of transportation reaches them. Eastward of the range the projected route descends into the valley of the Kittitas, which is said to contain about five hundred square miles of good wheat lands, and to be surrounded by a grazing region; it has at present a scattered population. Thence the line would proceed along the Yakima, passing near the large arable valleys of the Natchee, Cowlitz, Ahtanum, skirt the Simcoe reservation (described as a paradise for the farmer when the Indians shall have been got rid of), thence down the farming tracts of the lower Yakima to the Walla Walla, and beyond. The projectors think they have



ALONG SHORE AT NEW TACOMA.

good reason to hope to induce immigration the moment the building of the road is assured, and hence can count upon a very profitable local business. I can

and these are preferable, so far as comfort is concerned. Twice a day one may go up to New Tacoma, whence every morning the trains of the Pacific division of

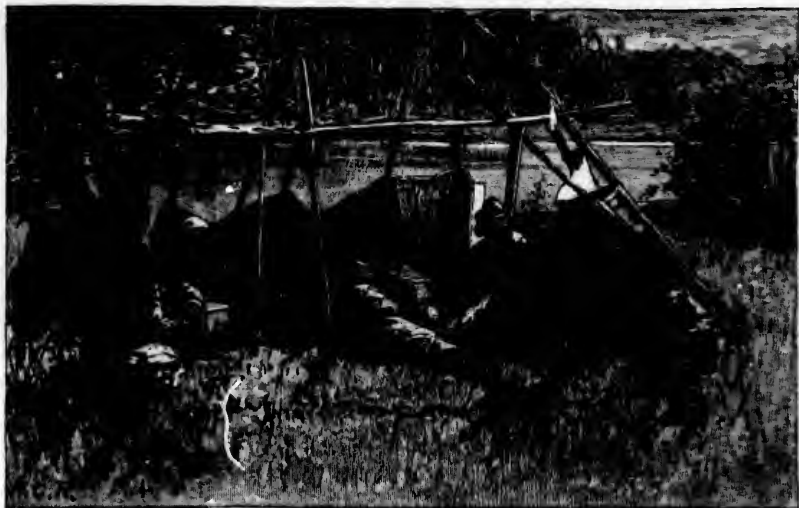


COALING AT SEATTLE.

promise them a good tourist traffic, for they certainly will traverse one of the regions best worth seeing in all this grand Northwest. But as yet the railway is all "on paper."

Though Seattle has no railway outlet to her active sisters south and east, she has plenty of steamboats by which to travel,

the Northern Pacific Railway will carry him to Kalama, on the Columbia. There he may take a steamer to Astoria, up the Columbia, or to Portland, Oregon. This trip is always interesting. The scenery of the lower sound continues, but the wooded, totally uninhabited shores come nearer, and straight ahead is upreared the



HOP-PICKERS' CAMP.

mighty beacon of Mount Tacoma. No matter how often they have passed it, or how lively may be the chatter of tongues, everybody's eyes are held by the glorious beauty of this monarch of mountains, whose grandeur forces itself into the minds of the dullest and most giddy.

At the time of our last trip along this course the days of grace for Chinese immigration were fast expiring, and the large steamers were carrying huge steerage loads of fresh Mongolians, going to work upon the Northern Pacific Railway. The lower deck was given to them, and we of the cabins had abundant opportunity to study the characteristics of the race, or, at any rate, of this the slave caste of that race, and to familiarize our ears with the sing-song of their strange language. They had all their luggage along, and kept it close to them. It consisted everywhere of two packages. One might be either a small trunk (often of sandal-wood and ornamented) or a tea-chest, or else a big round covered basket. This held their small articles. The other package was a scant roll of bedding, wrapped in the coarse mat of rushes or bamboo upon which it was spread out, or in which it was folded when packed. Lastly, each man had a bamboo stick about eight feet long. When he moved, his box or basket was slung to one end of the pole and his bedding to the other. Balancing this burden across his shoul-

ders, he slips on the white Zouave gaiters that will be the first of his Chinese fashions to disappear from American view, and, with the dancing, bobbing gait his burden makes necessary, he trots out into the strange scenery of his new home, an object to make us laugh now, but by-and-by perhaps to make all of us weep. On shipboard, where we saw most of him, he was quiet and timid, but with a dogged, despairing timidity, warning aggressors not to go too far. However, he was rarely molested, or further ill-treated than to get his shins kicked by a deck hand as an intimation to move out of the way, and to be called bad names in a language he didn't understand. He seemed to have no amusements beyond smoking his tiny pipe, and talking, as he sat cross-legged with a knot of friends or stretched full length upon his mat in a dark corner between-decks, varied by occasional gymnastics—in one case upon portions of the steering-gear, with rather serious consequences to the vessel in a piece of intricate navigation. He was a good sleeper, curling up like a mouse, with black shaven head at one end of a confused bundle of blue cotton and silk, and two bare feet at the other. John's idea of life evidently is that it is a serious matter, and he never seems to be quite as happy or natural as when he is hard at work.

As noticeable to us as the absence of

humanity on the shore was the entire absence of anything that looked like fishing, yet the fisheries of Puget Sound will hereafter form one of its strong points. At present the markets are supplied chiefly by Indians, and a few Italians who have wandered up to Seattle from California.

The approach to the Tacomas brings first into view the *old* town, built upon a hill-side looking directly down the sound. Near the shore stands a saw-mill, whose never-extinguished waste-fires are like old-fashioned beacons guiding the belated sailor. This village heard she was to become the water terminus of the railway from the Columbia River. Owners of real estate put a high price upon their corner lots, and speculators bought largely in the vicinity. Merchants came in with big stocks of goods, and a grand "boom" began. All at once it was discovered that a "town site company" within the railway management had laid out a harbor town a mile eastward, to be called New Tacoma, and that it was *there* the port was to be established. That was a death-blow to the older place, which ever since has been gradually losing its prestige, privileges,

and inhabitants in favor of its upstart rival.

Reaching the port, which is at the mouth of the Puyallup River, one finds a large area of wharf covered with warehouses, railway tracks, general offices, and (fortunately for us) an excellent hotel—Blackwell's. A track also passes behind the wharf to some great coal bunkers farther on, where ships are taking cargoes. The village stands upon the bluff, and is reached by a road graded slantwise up its face. The most productive part of this portion of the Territory is up this very valley of the Puyallup, a strong stream whose milky flood tells of its birth in Tacoma's glaciers. For twenty miles along its banks there are frequent clearings, and in one district, at the village of Puyallup, some thousands of acres have been wrested from the thick forest covering the whole of the bottom-lands. The resources of this Northwest are all expressed in monosyllables; *Iron* and *fish* on the strait; *grain* over in the Swinomish; *coal* on the foot-hills; *logs* on the islands and everywhere; in the Puyallup, *hops*. The soil here is a deep black humus of almost inexhaustible richness, and it produces hops so abundantly that 1800 pounds



TERMINUS OF THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD AT NEW TACOMA.

to the acre is an average crop. All the fields are set with a new leafless forest of poles, and I heard of one man last year who cleared \$50,000 off a farm of no very large area.

That was a good season; but there have been bad ones. Then the farmers had nothing to fall back upon, for they plant nothing else whatever, and are scarcely more than speculators in hops. They might raise an abundance of fruit, but few orchards have been planted; cows could find rich pasturage, but the people buy milk in Tacoma, and bring butter from Oregon. When the full year comes, and they make a large profit, they spend most of it in having a luxurious time, and very little in improvements. This shiftless procedure uses up in one poor year all the gain of a good one; and if two bad seasons occur, money must be borrowed at from fifteen to twenty-five per cent. interest. Thus a large portion of this rich valley is overlaid by heavy mortgages, and its development will be slow until a wiser and more enterprising generation arises.

The picking, in September, is done wholly by Indians, who gather with their families from the region around, excelling every other nationality in this work. Merry times are seen then. Most numerous, of course, are the Puyallups, whose reservation is at the mouth of the river. These Indians live in cabins and frame houses for the most part, and the majority of them cultivate land to pretty good advantage, though they never work as hard for themselves as when they hire out to white farmers.

Southward and westward of Tacoma stretch the copse-dotted plains of Steilacoom, ruddy with sorrel, over which you may drive your carriage miles and miles in any direction as upon a natural road. On the further side is the fine old post of Fort Steilacoom, now abandoned and given to the Territory for an insane asylum. It was army head-quarters in this region during the Indian wars of 1855-8, of which the block-houses, encountered here and there, are also reminders. On their western border is Olympia, the old Puget Sound port, and now the capital of the Territory—a pretty, maple-shaded village, with many very pleasant people, who have more leisure to enjoy life than occurs elsewhere. Olympia has almost nothing to live upon beyond the crumbs that fall from the government tables, except the

custom she derives from the Chehalis Valley, which lies west of her, since the more adjacent district is heavily forested, and its sandy soil is of small worth while so much superior land is available.

The Chehalis rises in the Olympic Mountains, and, flowing southward and westward, empties into Gray's Harbor. Those who have seen it grow enthusiastic over the timber that clothes its upper drainage, and the arable fields lying along its lower course. A considerable population is gathered there now, growing wheat and oats and planting fruit trees. These settlements trade at Olympia; but already a railway is projected to come up from Astoria, and there is talk of another to enter from the westward, with a line of steamers from Gray's Harbor to San Francisco, while a third line is intended to tap the upper valley on its way northward. I should like to know a piece of Washington valley land ten miles square that has not had a railway surveyed over it; and all the lines seem in a fair way to be built.

The anticipations of all the sound towns depend upon the fixture of that mysterious, speculator-plaguing will-o'-the-wisp "the terminus" of the Northern Pacific Railroad. New Tacoma has it now, and purposes to keep it, claiming that her distance from the sea matters no more than in the case of Baltimore or New Orleans. Seattle agrees that distance is nothing, since the waters are thoroughly navigable, but says she is nearest the centre of resources, and has greater wharf facilities. The lower sound towns, Port Townsend, Port Discovery, and Port Angeles, urge their contiguity to the ocean, offer their fine harbors, and say that by rail they are only about thirty miles farther from Portland than Seattle, while twice that distance of slow and expensive towage is saved. It is understood that measures have already been taken to construct a railway from Port Townsend along the west shore of Hood's Canal to Skookumchuck or Tenino, on the Northern Pacific. This project may not in the rapidity of its progress meet the expectations now entertained; but before long I think a railway will be extended along that route, and I can not but believe that the harbor of Port Townsend will ultimately become the actual if not the nominal terminus, which is now a matter of universal forethought.

