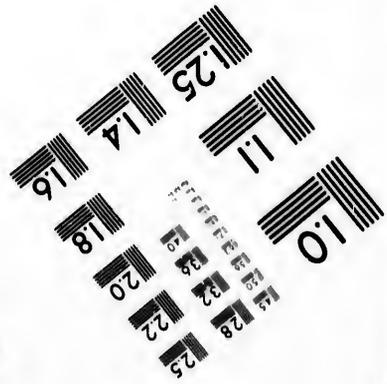
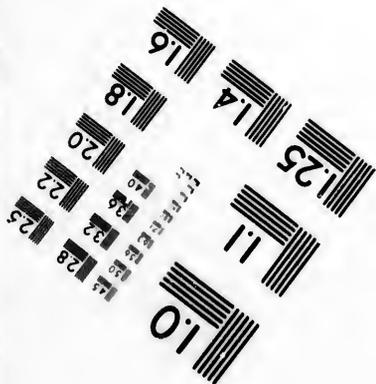
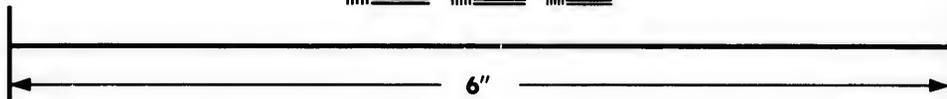
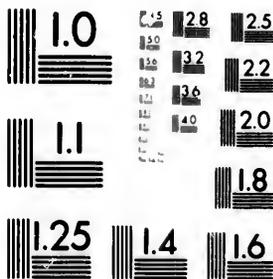


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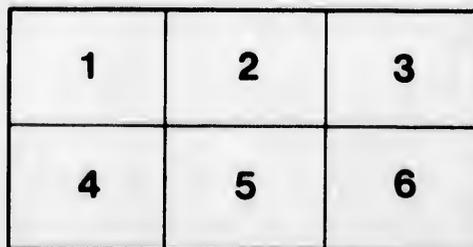
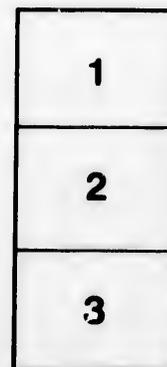
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The  
Inland Passage.



A JOURNAL  
OF A TRIP TO ALASKA.

BY  
MATILDA BARNS LUKENS.



1889

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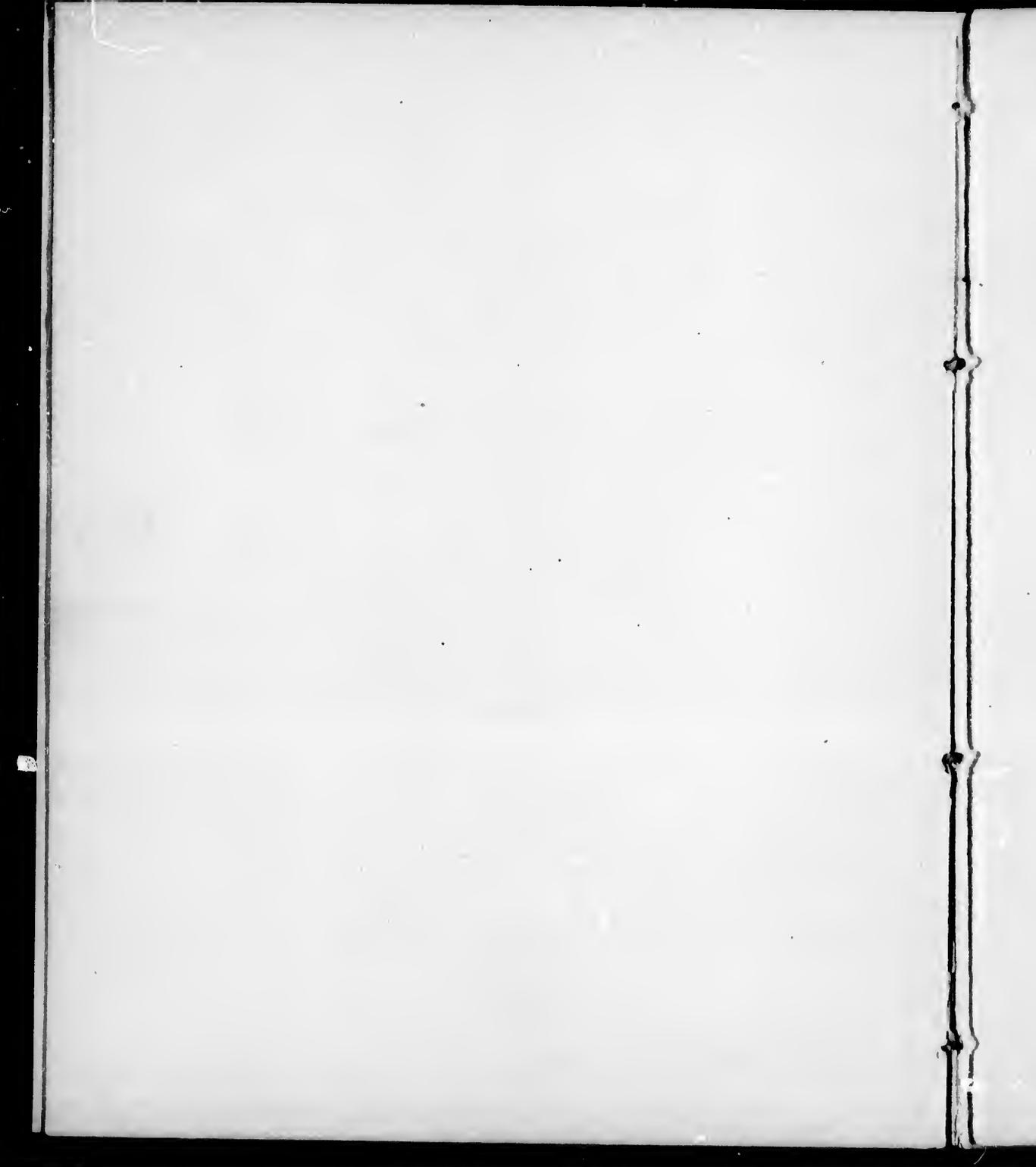
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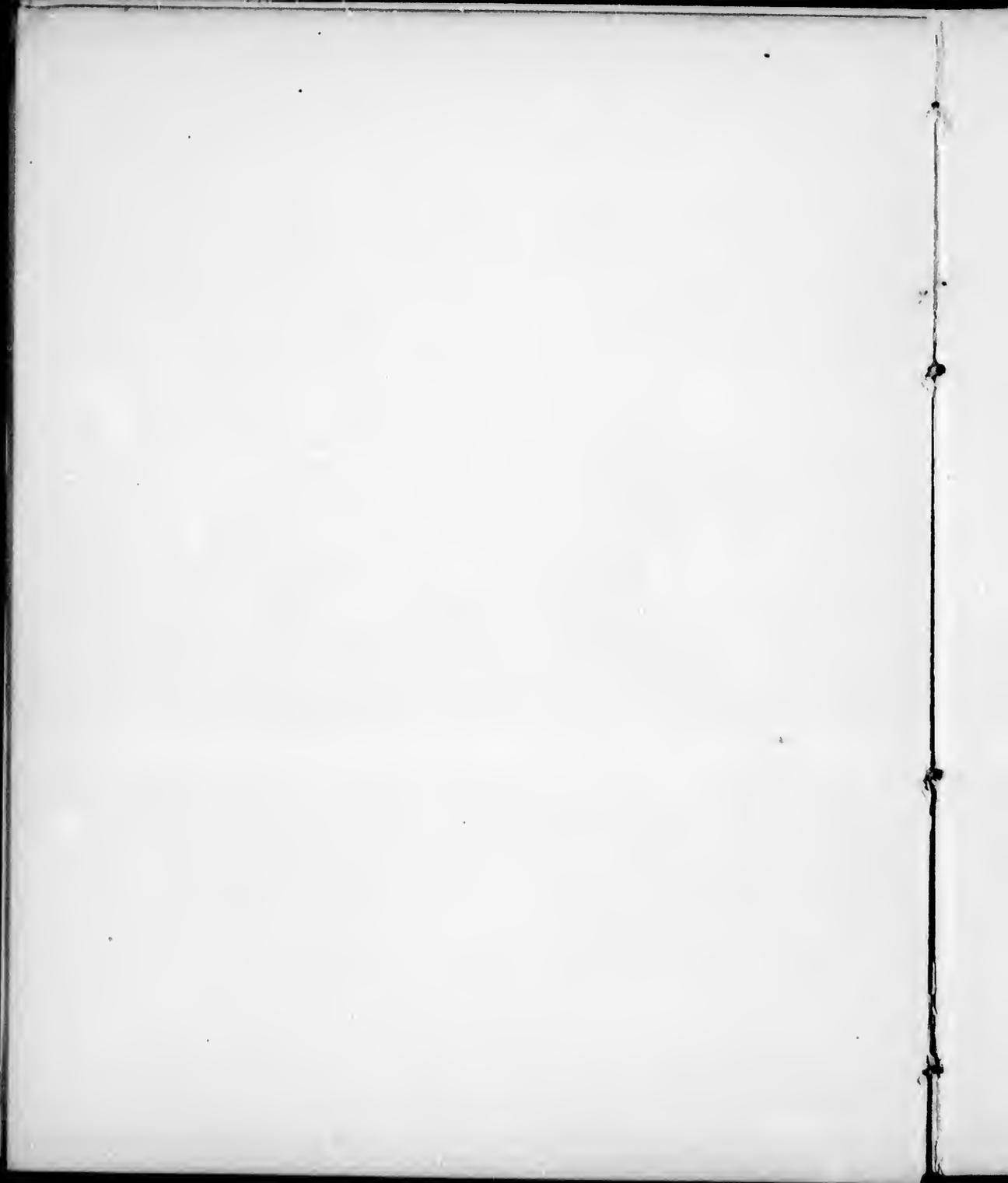
To my Husband,  
WHO SHARED THE PLEASURES OF  
THIS VOYAGE,  
AND TO MY NEAR FRIENDS FOR WHOM THE FUTURE  
HOLDS, I TRUST, A LIKE ENJOYMENT,  
THIS LITTLE JOURNAL IS

Dedicated.

57368



“ NATURE never did betray  
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,  
Through all the years of this our life, to lead  
From joy to joy; for she can so inform  
The mind that is within us, so impress  
With quietness and beauty, and so feed  
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,  
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,  
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all  
The dreary intercourse of daily life,  
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb  
Our cheerful faith that all which we behold  
Is full of blessings.”



# The Inland Passage.

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A JOURNAL OF A TRIP TO ALASKA.

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OUR ALASKAN VOYAGE began at Tacoma. This new and enterprising city, which is sometimes called by enthusiastic prophets the City of Destiny, is in Washington Territory, at the head of Puget Sound. Its growth has been marvelously rapid. In 1880 its population was 720. Now the city directory shows its numbers to be 25,000. In 1888 the city expended \$3,000,000 in improvements. It has an immense trade in wheat, coal and lumber, and shipping relations with Pacific Coast ports and ports of China and Japan.

*Saturday, June 16th.* We reached here about 6 P. M. All the afternoon we had traveled with the beautiful presence of Mt. Rainier, or, as the people of this locality call it, Mt. Tacoma. As our road wound its way northward, this perfect mountain could be constantly seen on our right. Language is inadequate to give an idea of its grandeur. There are said to be three glaciers on its summit. Its shape is unusually symmetrical, and we could not help comparing its charms with those of Mt. Shasta, which had so delighted us on our journey through the picturesque valley of the upper Sacramento. Either it was because the one was out of sight and the other present, or because of the small increase of height that Rainier possesses which lifts it higher into the serene blue above, but certainly the latter gave me a pleasure and satisfaction that will last forever, and which I did not find in Shasta.

We left our train at Pacific Street, in the business portion of the town, in order to do

a little "trading," as the people say here, in steamer chairs and other impedimenta for our voyage. We found the streets thronged with men as though a political convention had just disbanded, and the stores still open for business. We were in a measure prepared for the great preponderance of men, but not for the almost entire absence of women in the streets. It was still broad daylight, so that it was not the time of day that caused it. We were surprised at the size and stock of the stores which we visited, and at the beautiful things displayed in the shop windows. The hotel "Tacoma," the largest in the town, is an attractive building after the style of the domestic architecture of France and Holland in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Its interior is finished in redwood. Its site has been well-chosen—on the edge of a bluff 100 ft. above the sound and in full view of Mt. Tacoma. We found it over-crowded by the refugees from the Seattle fire and we were obliged to return to our comfortable

Pullmans and their well-appointed dining car.

*Sunday, June 17th.* Nothing about the general aspect or behavior of Tacoma would indicate that this is the Holy Sabbath, and yet we have found to-day that there is special activity among all the Protestant denominations to keep pace in their Christian work with the material prosperity of the city. Such is the double-quick-step of the march that they are obliged to follow. At 10.30 we drove to the church at the corner of Eleventh and C Streets, which stands on the slope of a steep hill, where our cabman had not a little trouble to keep his horses from backing down while we alighted. The city is very hilly and most of the churches, residences and public buildings are on the bluff, while the business houses are in the lower part of the town. The congregation, the discourse, the singing and the Sunday-School, which we attended immediately after the preaching service, all proved that God's work is dear to the hearts of

his children here, and that it is being done with whole-heartedness and energy. The sermon, from the text "Roll the stone away," was most earnest and helpful. This happens to be the last Sunday that the congregation will worship in this church, for the building, which is frame, as most of the churches and residences are here, and the lot, 80 x 120ft. on which it stands, were sold last week to a gentleman residing in the town for \$50,000. This will show the value of real estate in this thriving young city.

All the afternoon we were looking out over the Sound for our steamer, but she did not appear. Conflicting reports and a misleading telegram made us feel sure that she would not reach port to-night. Accordingly we went to hear the Baccalaureate sermon at St. Luke's Memorial P.E. Church, preached by the head master of Washington Seminary to the graduates of the Anna Wright Seminary. These buildings were erected by a Philadelphia gentleman, Chas.

B. Wright, in memory of his daughter. They stand on the heights overlooking the business portion of the town and the Sound, and are of gray stone. The interior of the church is exceedingly pleasing. We found it well-filled, the front pews being occupied by the pupils for whom the special service was held, and who are about to leave the sheltering care of their Alma Mater. As we reached the vestibule of the church, on going out after the service, we saw in the distance, framed by the doorway, the picture of Mt. Rainier glistening like the purest marble in the moonlight, and directly over its hoary head the beautiful planet, Jupiter. All day we had been watching for it, but a cloud persistently veiled it from sight; now it stood clear and well defined against the twilight sky, for though our watches told the hour of 9.30 we could yet see to read. Returning to our cars, we found a huge black smoke-stack rising from the dock, and we wondered whether our quondam vessel, which had been such an uncertain

quantity all day long, could really have arrived. Our doubts were soon settled, especially when we heard that we must go on board as soon as possible, that the steamer might clear port in the flush of the tide. Excitement ran high for awhile. Many of our company were away; some had gone to bed; the steamer chairs of the majority had been remanded to the ware-room from which they had come, and the keeper thereof could not be found. Hasty packing, with the help of our obliging porter, soon prepared us for our departure, and in a very brief space we were in our state-room on the Corona. Our ship is new, well arranged, and well, even elegantly, furnished. It was built by Neafie & Levy, of Philadelphia. This is its first voyage in Alaskan waters, but it made the trip around Cape Horn with great satisfaction, and since then has been plying between San Francisco and the ports of Southern California. We find all the conveniences of our modern ocean steamers here, and we have the prom-

ise of a comfortable voyage. Everyone was late in getting settled, but quiet reigned at last, and we sought the gentle sleep that restores jarred nerves and refreshes tired bodies.

*Monday, June 18th.* About 8 o'clock this morning we reached Seattle, where we made a stop of two hours. This gave our passengers an opportunity to see something of the town. In all our tour through the west we have found nothing so stirring and pushing as this young city, which has so recently passed through the ordeal of fire. Like Tacoma, its business portion lies all along the Sound, which here makes a curve and affords a sheltered, capacious harbor. The desolation of this part seems complete. Tents of all sizes have been erected amid the ruins, and business is being pushed with an energy which seems wonderful. Already plans have been made for improvements of all kinds, and the new town will rise from the ashes of the old in every respect better than the former. On the hills behind are the residences, churches, &c. The fine

building of the Providence Hospital stands out very prominently. Directly opposite the dock at which we anchored was a street that for steepness exceeded anything we had yet seen in Kansas, San Francisco, Portland or Tacoma, and heavy teams came down with such speed that their reaching the bottom in safety seemed miraculous.

Our morning after leaving Seattle was given to arranging our state-room and getting our small luggage conveniently placed. We made thin curtains for our windows out of material which we had bought in Portland, and hung them to our great satisfaction. We were so busy that lunch was announced ere we had thought of it. Before the afternoon was spent we had become quite at home in our new quarters and prepared to enjoy all the delights promised in this northern journey.

We reached Port Townsend at 12.30 P. M. Here we stopped to take on freight for Alaska, and to wait for the arrival of S. S. Mexico, from San Francisco, which brought

Capt. Carroll to command our ship. He is the most skillful captain in the employ of the Pacific Coast S. S. Company, and the best acquainted with Alaska. Capt. Huntington has had the command until to day. He now returns with the Mexico to San Francisco.

Our first amusement after being moored was to inspect, as best we might, the (to us) strange assortment of very curious things which the sea had deposited upon the huge piles which support the pier at this place. The barnacles and mussels covered them up to high water mark, and as the tide was now low we had a good chance to see them. Just below the surface of the water were the largest and prettiest sea anemones I ever saw, pink, yellow and white. Several star fish, too, one a pinkish-purple, larger than any our museum can boast, lay comfortably on the logs. To see these things within apparently easy reach, was only to beget the determination to have them, and so the male portion of our passengers, especially

the younger ones, set themselves to obtain them.

The afternoon was largely spent in looking about the town. It is just as much alive as the others that we have seen, and has just as large a faith in its future. Said a gentleman in a store to us, "Yes, we are just on the verge of a '*Boom*;' it is bound to come, and it is very near." We were amused; for in every one of these western towns, from Kansas City on, we have heard the history of its wonderful "Boom," always accompanied with the pathetic story of its untimely end. The stores are well equipped for a frontier town, and we were really amazed at the stock of a jewelry store where we made inquiry for a Wirt's Fountain Pen, scarcely expecting to get it. We were, however, immediately accommodated. We were, too, quite surprised at the pretty things displayed. "Why surely," we said, "you do not find purchasers for these in this new town." "Yes," the salesman replied, "we sell more than you would think,

besides we are providing for the future, by educating the taste." Here surely is the "substance of things hoped for the evidence of things not seen." The shops are all on the edge of the Sound, but a very lofty flight of steps, or rather, three flights, separated by narrow platforms, furnishes a footway to the upper town. We could not bring our minds to climb them, though with regret we gave up seeing the residences of the city. A walk, however, of a few blocks brought us to a wooden incline that zig-zagged up the hill, and this we concluded to try. We found at the summit a pleasant, quiet village. Frame houses, with little attempt at architecture, surrounded by small gardens; several churches, and a new hotel in course of erection.

A good many Indians were in town with their wares, consisting mostly of baskets and bead work. They seemed to anticipate our movements and were generally before us whichever way we went.

Port Townsend lies at the entrance to

Puget Sound, and is a port of entry to the United States. It was named by Vancouver in 1792, for his friend, the Marquis of Townsend. The people think they have the choice position, and that the next generation will find this the "chief city" of the extreme north-west. They already scorn comparison with the towns at the head of the Sound. On the opposite side of the bay is Fort Townsend, where a few U. S. troops still keep up the semblance of a military post.

Earlier in the afternoon we had an exhibition of the quick and savage way in which a rough Westerner settles a matter. Among the many loungers on the dock, who sat hour after hour on the edge of the pier and swung their feet over the tide, or propped their weariness against the warehouse wall and watched us, we noticed two who arose and walked slowly and quietly across the wharf, when suddenly one turned and hitting his companion, the smaller man, a blow directly in the mouth, knocked him down ;

he fell heavily, but attempting to rise his assailant used his heavy boot directly in his face and floored him again. This was repeated several times. In the meantime our passengers were in a frenzy of indignation at the brutal assault and the utter and passive indifference of the fifty and more idlers who looked on, not one I think even changing his attitude during the whole performance. Our appeals and cries attracted no notice whatever until a man on the edge said, "Oh it's all right; he said insulting things several times to-day." When he had been satisfactorily kicked and cuffed he was allowed to crawl away bleeding and maimed.

The Mexico still delayed her coming, and still we waited. The pleasant breezes from the bay swept in; and comfortably located on the hurricane deck with books and papers the time passed happily.

About sunset she appeared, and then began in earnest the loading of our ship and the transfer of cargo. This furnished us amusement until it grew too cold to be

comfortably enjoyed and we sought the warming influences of Social Hall.

*June 18th.* At 4 o'clock this morning the thud of the engine disturbed our nap and told us we had left Port Townsend and were steaming across the strait of San Juan de Fuca to Victoria, at the Southern point of Vancouver's Island.

The English names so usual in and about Puget Sound were given by Vancouver in the course of the three voyages which he made here.

We had scarcely finished breakfast when we cast our line at a long pier in James Bay, about one mile from Victoria. It is here that one can see to the best advantage the full grandeur of the snow-clad Olympian range, which stands like a "sapphire wall" across the straits. A stop of several hours gave us an opportunity to drive into the city and the adjacent town and harbor of Esquimalt. At the latter place is the new Government drydock, which our driver seemed to think a very wonderful thing.

Our visit chanced to be at a moment of great interest, for the four men-of-war and two torpedo boats, designed by the British Government for protection of its interests in Behring Strait, had just weighed anchor and were majestically standing out to sea. We watched their departure from the landlocked harbor with considerable interest, wondering whether they will come in contact with any ships that float the Union Jack ere they return. Victoria has a number of pretty residences, most of which are built in cottage style and surrounded by gardens. There is an air of old fashioned solidity and comfort about them. The Governor's residence stands in a pleasant park, and about it are the Government buildings. None of these can lay any claim to beauty. They are of red brick, square and low. The monument to Sir James Douglass, the recent Governor who died during his term of office here, stands at the entrance to the grounds.

The business blocks of the town are substantially built of stone, and the stores are

attractive. There is a Chinatown here as in other cities of the coast, and the almond-eyed Mongolian plies his trade with just the same shrewdness as elsewhere. There are a number of Indian Curio shops, in which we found Indians from the Reservation near by, making bargains with the dealers. When we returned to our ship we found great wagon loads of fresh meat on the dock, and piles of boxes and bags with all sorts of provisions, for it is here that the steward lays in his supplies for the voyage. As I looked at the enormous quantity it seemed to me that he must have counted on the most prodigious appetites and have made no allowance whatever for sea sickness, that certainly proves a great saving to the stores of the Atlantic steamers. Victoria is the point in our voyage at which the many irregularities, which have been allowed or overlooked on board the ship heretofore, cease, and better order in many respects prevails. The poor purser who has been besieged about table seats finds his troubles

ended, for the passengers here receive the little cards which fix all places for the next two weeks; now we know also *when* each meal is to be as well as where we are to sit when we eat it. The stewards and porters have respite from inquiries about when the trunks, stored in the hold, may each day be opened, and order, Heaven's first law, asserts its sway. Happily, too, the steamer chairs, which at 2 A. M. last Monday morning were luckily found, after a long and provoking search through Tacoma for the warehouse keeper, have at last met with their proper owners, and we are now prepared to enjoy the luxury of resting comfortably on our own individual purchase of cane-seat.

At lunch we found our table adorned with a huge bouquet fully two feet high, the gift of a butcher of the town to our Captain, in grateful appreciation of his liberal purchases of beef and mutton. As our seats are next the Captain's we have the full benefit of the delicious odors that the fragrant, old-fashioned garden flowers pour into the not-always agreeably scented dining saloon.

The passage from Victoria to Chilkat is on the salt water of the Pacific, but sheltered from its swells and storms by outlying islands. Through these narrow, winding channels which cut south-eastern Alaska into a delightful archipelago, the steamer makes her way sometimes with and sometimes against the tide which often runs with great velocity. At 4 P. M. we slipped our moorings and were soon steaming through the Gulf of Georgia. About 6 P. M. our course lay through Active Pass. The ship's company gathered on the hurricane deck to watch its progress through the tortuous channel. Several times it seemed as if it must strike the rocks, so close did its prow come to them. The scenery grows more and more beautiful as the Pass widens into the more open sea. On turning a point, Mt. Baker rose grandly on our right, its snows glowing in the light of the declining sun. We stayed in our lookout position until the sun dipped below the horizon. The scene had the splendors of a Venetian

sunset when the bayous are aglow with the gold dust from his descending chariot. The gloaming afterward was still more beautiful, and the beauty did not begin to fade until after 9 o'clock.

*Wednesday, June 19th.* The morning is clear and crisp, and the sea is as blue as the ether above it; the fresh wind is putting a white cap on every tiny billow. The scenery is now very like that on the Hudson in the neighborhood of West Point; snow is lying on the top of comparatively low mountains. We are running through Johnstone Strait, which separates Vancouver's Island from British Columbia. Approaching Queen Charlotte's Sound our view widens. On the right the mountains stretch away into the misty distance, their snowy tops mingling with the clouds. On the left Crown Peak lifts its head 9,000 ft. above the clear water at its foot.

7.30 P. M. Yesterday, when we asked Captain Carrol what time we should reach the open sea, he replied, "Well! I have

been considering that, and I think I will arrange to get into that neighborhood about dinner time to-morrow ; it's time I was saving a little for the company."

Truly enough about 3 P. M. to-day the Corona began to roll as the swells from the ocean struck her, and for four hours she kept up the brush with old Neptune, sending her passengers to the seclusion of their state-rooms, and leaving the stewards with plenty of leisure on their hands at dinner. In crossing this stretch of Queen Charlotte's Sound the voyager feels the touch of the outer ocean for the first time,—and usually he finds himself enveloped in the fog that almost perpetually hangs about this region. The Kuro Siwo, or Black Stream, or Japan Current of the Pacific, which corresponds to the Gulf Stream of the Atlantic, washes the coast near this sound. It flows northward from the Torrid Zone along the coast of Japan, turns eastward and southward along the Aleutian Islands, then trends down the Pacific coast of America, exerting

its genial influence from Alaska along the shores of Washington, Oregon, California and Mexico. Wherever its warm moisture-laden winds find their way, there winter and drought are almost unknown. The long days of this northern region combined with this warm, humid atmosphere, force vegetation and make the forests as dense and the undergrowth as luxuriant as in the tropics. No forest fires ever destroy these superb tracts, and the breaks caused by avalanches and land-slides are soon healed by a beautiful low growth of exquisite green, which from our ship seems like velvet moss. Instead of fog and mist, however, we have had it almost clear, and the north-west wind has brought us delicious draughts of salt-laden air from the middle Pacific.

*Thursday, June 20th.* The clouds hang low on the mountains this morning and like a gauzy drapery clothe them with additional beauty. The sun at three o'clock began his triumphant course, and when we stepped out of our stateroom his beams had

drawn out all chilliness from the air and we found it soft and balmy. We are passing through the narrow channel which separates Princess Royal Island from the main land of British Columbia. Our steamer runs so close to the rocks that we can see their rugged seams and the ravines which open dark and mysterious in their precipitous sides. The breath of the sea and the breath of the pine forests blend, and the pure air, and the calm and stillness, and the matchless panorama of mountains over which the elfish shadows chase each other, make it seem like some new paradise. We might imagine ourselves on the waters of some beautiful lake, whose surface mirrors the whole picture—every tree and twig and rugged peak being faithfully reproduced in the emerald waters. The charms of this inland voyage vary and increase with every day.

“A life of unalloyed content,  
A life like that of land-locked seas.”

Very early this morning the water was covered with a bright yellow oily substance which they told us was whale food. Late yesterday afternoon one of these monsters of the deep sported and spouted quite a good while to our great amusement. He was some distance ahead, and the Kodaks in our party were immediately made ready to turn upon his sable majesty when we should get a little nearer; the noise of our propeller, however, seemed to disturb his dream of delight, and he suddenly plunged out of sight, but reappeared on the other side of the ship still too far away to have his picture taken.

By what we thought a peculiar coincidence, we entered the outside sea again, (Dixon's Entrance) just as dinner was being served to-day, and of course a very large number of our company decided to skip this meal. The Captain was greatly amused—no one was willing to own to sea-sickness, but a sudden fit of self-denial had evidently seized the majority. During the last two days much more ceremony has been observed

at dinner, and to-day we had something new. Wishing to secure our meal before the ship rocked too much, we were very prompt in answering the summons when the gong sounded, but on reaching the saloon we were politely informed by the head steward that it was the gong to get dressed for dinner. It struck us as a quiet little bit of sarcasm, when we recalled the fact that the chief modifications in our dress consist of putting on or taking off the numerous wraps which are essential to one's comfort in this northern latitude.

After passing Dixon's Entrance we very soon struck the boundary line between the British Possessions and the United States, the famous debatable line of 54.40. The demand of the patriots of that time was recalled, who would have the "54.40 or fight." The ship touched at Fort Tongas, a picturesque spot within the Alaska boundary, where the Custom House is located, and we found ourselves once more in Uncle Sam's dominions, but many hundred miles away

from the rest of his family. Here what is known as South-Eastern Alaska begins. This is almost an empire in itself. It embraces a strip of the mainland of the Continent 30 miles wide, and follows the curve of the coast for over 400 miles. Nestling within this curve of the shore lie the wonderful islands among which our steamer threads her way. These islands vary in size, from the large ones, Prince of Wales, Baranoff and Admiralty, down to the little rock which lifts itself above the waves and offers just room enough for a stunted hemlock to fasten its roots upon. The region known as Western Alaska is north-west from this, and comprises the extreme north-western portion of the American Continent. It is nearly square in shape, bounded on the north by the Arctic Ocean, on the west by Behring Sea, and on the south by the Pacific. Between Behring Sea and the Pacific shoots out a peninsula and many attendant islands, which stretch westward toward the Asiatic shore as far as the 188th meridian of west longitude. Above

this chain in Behring Sea lie the two islands where the fur seals are taken and where a large trade in other furs and in fish and oil is carried on.

Our course this afternoon has been through the beautiful, though narrow, Duke of Clarence Straits, and among rocky, picturesque islands. The glare of light is softened and subdued, and the extreme stillness begets an awe as we wonder what the next turn of our prow will reveal. On the right rises Mount McNeil, with its glacier extending far down its side.

*Friday, June 21st.* The Captain having told us last night that very early this morning our ship would touch at Fort Wrangell, (though our visit to the town will be reserved for our return,) and that the passage through the narrow channel would be very interesting, we rubbed our eyes open in time to enjoy it. We had a small conflict between our desire for more sleep and our desire not to lose anything of this remarkable voyage, but we arose and were fully repaid. One

always has a comfortable feeling after a victory, but we had more—nature gave us a greeting that made all the day a joy.

Wrangell Narrows is one of the wonderful places in Alaska. It is a sinuous channel between mountainous islands; for thirty miles the most skillful steering is necessary. Our ship slowed her engines and was carried along in great part by the swift current. Her sides almost grazed the perpendicular rocks which shut us in, and many times it seemed impossible to go farther. In earlier times it was not considered a safe inside passage, but in 1864 the U. S. Ship Saginaw carried a surveying party through the Narrows, and in 1884 Capt. Coghlan, of the U. S. Ship Adams, carefully sounded and marked off the channel with stakes and buoys, and now the navigator only waits a turn in the tide to carry him through the strait that is so full of pictures and peril. The grass of the open reaches between the rocks is of the most vivid green, edged by a vegetation of the brightest yellow. We

could not find anyone to tell us what it is; it is a low growth and of a color unusually brilliant. We are now in sight of the most superb range of snow-capped mountains that we have yet seen. The waters of the Stickeen River pour into the strait near this point. This is also called Glacier River, for it is said that about three hundred glaciers drain into it. Its scenery is said to be marvelously fine. Prof. Muir calls the valley through which it forces its way "a Yosemite one hundred miles long." Tradition says that the river made its channel through an immense glacier—an arched tunnel of ice. We have just seen our first iceberg, beautifully transparent, and green as the emerald waters on which it floats.

*9.30 A. M.* We are passing out into Prince Frederick's Sound, and rain is beginning to fall. The temperature without the sun is very wintry. The climate of South-Eastern Alaska, however, is not at all the frigid one that popular belief will have it. The whole region is within the warming in-

fluences of the Japan Current, which has the effect, however, of causing rain, that sometimes falls quite continuously. The winters are very much moderated by it, and our Captain, who has made a great many voyages here, says he never saw the mercury fall below Zero. Spring is very backward, doubtless because the snows which cover the mountains, keep the atmosphere chilled, until they begin to appreciably disappear; but it is said the compensation comes in the Fall, when the mild weather is extended beyond its limit in many other and more civilized places. We are told that vegetables and flowers are frequently found growing in the gardens after December has arrived, and that heavy frosts are rare before that month. The United States District Attorney for Alaska says that the mean temperature for December is 33.3 and in January 31.4. In spite of all this, we think it very cold. These glaciers without the sun to set them to sparkling look gray and forbidding. "It is the winter of our dis-

content," but we will patiently wait for the sunshine.

8.30 *P. M.* Before the lunch gong rang the rain was "over and gone," and the revivifying sun poured his glory upon scenery which grows more and more sublime. All the mountains now are covered with snow. From the sea to the timber line there is the very densest growth of black firs, hemlock, spruce and pine. Above the timber line there is a space of the most brilliant green, which, as the sun shines on it, seems to have a sheen like velvet; above this is the dazzling snow. Words are inadequate to describe the effect of these contrasts in color, made more marked by the flood of sunshine.

Cataracts leap down the sides of these mountains; from the melting snows which give them birth we can trace their descent until they are lost in the blackness of the forest, only to re-appear for a final noisy plunge into the sea. Three glaciers are visible at once on the east side of Wrangell Narrows, and just after lunch we came in

sight of the largest, known as Patterson glacier. The Mer de Glace dwindles in comparison with it as do the other glaciers of Europe, but it is small, we are told, in comparison with others that we are yet to see in Alaska. It is named after Carlisle Patterson of the United States Coast Survey. It has a terminal moraine of several miles in width and our Captain says it extends back from forty to sixty miles. Its frozen billows fill all the deep ravine in which it lies. Early in the afternoon we began to notice small icebergs; whose beautiful blue color made every one enthusiastic. "Well!" said a gentleman, "my adjectives are exhausted." "Oh!" said Mr. Ballou, the author of "Due East" and "Due West," who has been through this region before, "just wait until you get into Glacier Bay. then pull the trigger and let the volley come." Shortly after this our steamer slacked her speed and finally stopped, and we saw far off on the distant waters a speck which, as it came nearer, proved to be the tug-boat of the United States Coast Survey.

With considerable enthusiasm, they steamed along side and called for their mail. After a little difficulty a rope was adjusted, on which was run the huge bag of letters and papers,—their only connection in these silent waters with the distant and busy world. Our afternoon was destined to be the time of times to us. Off the course usually taken by the ships which make this voyage lies Takou Inlet;—the side-wheel steamers which have heretofore carried tourists have never attempted the entrance to this land-locked sea. We had been heading for Juneau when the ship's prow was suddenly turned in another direction, and it began to be whispered that our Captain and the Pilot had decided that with our screw steamer it was possible to enter this almost unknown sea, and gaze upon the marvels that it contained within its close embrace. Immediately, like an electric current, a suppressed but possessing excitement filled every one, not the passengers only, but the Captain and those under his command.

Every one was on the *qui vive*;—taking our place on the forward hurricane deck, very soon there appeared a picture which for grandeur exceeded anything I had ever seen. Looking up this comparatively narrow inlet, at its head we saw one snow-capped peak overlapping another until all were lost in the distance. The north wind, for which we had been wishing for days, had come at last, and every thread of vapor was stripped from the sky, and a clearness indescribable pervaded the atmosphere; in it every object stood out with unusual distinctness, and far-away mountains seemed near enough to reach by a walk. Very, very slowly our ship seemed to feel her way along; a turn, and we looked fairly into the open sea *covered with icebergs*; literally they were innumerable. As we crept on they became larger and more beautiful in color and shape. For fifteen miles we slowly followed this fiord, until we stood still within a great basin, where three large glaciers are visible. The first one that we saw is certainly the

most beautiful. It is a perfect cerulean blue, broken into great billows, down into whose depths the sunshine filtered and flashed, lighting the whole like a fairy dream. It reached to the water's edge, and from it float off the great blue masses—"bergs of beryl and of sapphire" into the sea. One of the three glaciers looked gray and dirty, and its mouth was hidden by a turn in the mountain. On the left of this circular bay lies the largest glacier, which sweeps down between two lofty peaks and spreads itself out as it reaches the sea, but it terminates in a moraine of sand, pebbles and boulders. This river of ice is fully three miles wide, and its moraine about one mile. There is nothing attractive about it but its magnitude, lying as it does like a frozen Niagara between the snowy mountains. Here our steamer stopped—we were in a shut-in sea; no visible way of exit; the circle of snowy summits rose above us and the three glaciers in front and on either side. We seemed so surrounded by icebergs and so close to the

mountains that we were awed, and a sudden misgiving seized us. What if our Captain and the Pilot should not succeed in getting out? In that almost unknown sea it was possible to imagine terrors, all of which could happen, but even while we feared we found our prow slowly swinging around, until we were stopped by an iceberg that called forth extravagant exclamations of delight;—certainly nothing more beautiful could be found. It measured 70 feet high and 300 feet long above the surface of the water. All sorts of theories were advanced as to how much of it was under water, but no one spoke with authority, and we were left on that point to our own conjecture. Its blue color varied through a gamut of shades. During its stay in the emerald sea, the water had produced strange and fantastic shapes; in its very heart was a cave of intensest blue, over whose entrance fell drooping pendants of clear ice; on its summit was the immaculate snow. Silence fell upon the talkers, and it was scarcely broken

until Mr. E., of Philadelphia, exclaimed, "Well! I have been among the glaciers of Norway and Iceland, but I never saw anything that approaches this scene; how proud I feel that it belongs to us, that I have an individual share in it." The exuberance of feeling finally found vent in a round of cheers which awakened the echoes. There were many of us, however, who felt as if we were standing in the audience chamber of the Creator, and looking upon a new creation, very far away from the every-day world we had always known. Tears stood in many eyes, and an anthem of praise would better have expressed the pent-up emotion.

*10 P. M.* This rarest of all days is passing to its close. We feel as if we had lived more than *one* day. Never "morning wore to evening" with so rich an experience in the marvelous beauties of nature. In the order of things we ought to be ready to sleep, but the ever-present day makes going to bed a rather difficult thing, even though the "clock strikes the hour for retiring."

*Saturday, June 22d.* We have reached our longest days; in this northern latitude it is almost perpetual daylight. A San Francisco paper advertised this voyage as a "Trip to the Land of the Midnight Sun." This is not strictly true. The sun departs but the glow that remains is so bright that last night at 11.30 we could read with ease, though it had begun to grow dusky; by 12 o'clock the darkest was reached and then we could tell the time on our watch dials without trouble.

Turning north from Takou Inlet, our ship took her course between steep mountain walls, down which came the foaming cascades toward Douglass Island. The channel between the mainland and the island is less than a mile in width, and the mountains rise abruptly from the water to the height of two to three thousand feet, with the snow ranges back of them. At Douglass Island our ship stopped long enough to permit us to visit the great Treadwell Mine—the largest gold mine in the world. It is an immense

quartz ledge, with a vein of over four hundred feet. We went into the huge quarries and along the underground railroad, by which the quartz is carried into the big mill—the biggest known—where the huge hammers are breaking and pounding the quartz before going through the final process of separating the gold from its attending alloys. It is owned by a few wealthy capitalists in California and New York, and bears the name of the young man who started the enterprise. We tried to ascertain the annual output of the mine, but the owners are very reticent, and, of course, the superintendent “did not know.” They told us, however, that the usual yield is from six to fifteen dollars per ton. From a man in charge of one of the crushers I learned that 600 tons of quartz are daily passed through the mill. It did not take a very intricate mathematical calculation to find out then how much gold comes out each year. The yield seems incredible. The whole amount expended on mill, machinery, etc., was about five hundred

thousand dollars. This part of Alaska seems to be rich in mineral wealth, and deposits of gold have been found in many of the mountains that border the islands and shores of this part of the Territory. Other and smaller mines have been opened and are being successfully worked.

*Saturday, June 22d.* The first thing we realized this morning on opening our eyes, having been awakened by the noise of the sailors overhead, was that our ship had surely changed her course, for the sun, which did not usually get around to our side until noon, was shining brightly in our room. At breakfast we learned that the Captain had decided to touch at Sitka before going to Chilcat, our most northern point, leaving it and Juneau to be visited on our return.

*11.30 A. M.* We are now fairly in the Sitkan Archipelago. The weather is very fine. The sky is full of cumulous clouds, which cast their shadows on the mountains, making delightful pictures.

The approach to Sitka is unusually beauti-

ful. The bay on which it stands loses nothing by comparison with the Bay of Naples. The extinct volcano, Mt. Edgecumbe, stands like a sentinel here, as Vesuvius stands by the Italian bay. Innumerable islands, some rugged and bare, others thickly wooded, dot the placid waters as far as the eye can reach. The whole is enclosed by snowy mountains. A poetic, dreamy haze, floats over all, through which the sunshine glows with a rich mellowness; it is a picture that would make an artist rapturous.

*Sunday, June 23d.* The steamers visit Sitka so seldom that their coming is a great event. By the time we had rounded Baranoff Island and were fairly in sight of the town, a crowd was gathered on the wharf to give their presence to the work of landing passengers and freight. When we stepped off the gang-plank on to the long pier, the Indians met us with their wares, and they lined the whole way into the town, pushing their baskets and bracelets toward us as we approached, and with an appealing air, but

no words, urging us to buy. Most of them were women, who squatted or lay face downward on the wharf, their heads propped by their hands, and enveloped in their blankets. Here many of them stayed all the time of our visit, some, apparently, never moving.

Two objects in the town immediately catch the attention—the palace of the Russian Governors and the Greek church. The former stands upon a rocky eminence overlooking the bay, and is a large square building, very plain and rapidly falling into decay. The flights of steps leading to it are very much out of repair, and the moss and tangled vines covering them make their ascent a matter of care and caution. When our Government took possession of Sitka, in 1867, this building was splendid in all that appertains to a palace. The Russian Governors were from the noble families at home, and they brought with them to this far-off Capital, the appurtenances of a princely residence. Here they lived and entertained

handsomely; they surrounded themselves with comfort and luxury; but since it has been the property of the United States it has been utterly neglected, and despoiled of every vestige of its former splendor. Everything has been carried off, both furniture and the handsome belongings of the house itself. We climbed up the rickety steps and found a young soldier of the garrison, who showed us around. In the course of our visit he said he was a prisoner in the old house for several months, this being his punishment for some misdemeanor. In one of the deserted rooms he had set up a camera, and for weeks he had been amusing himself by taking pictures from the windows; the walls for quite a space, in one corner, were hung with them. On an old packing box, adroitly covered, was spread an unusually handsome Chilcat blanket (which one of our passengers subsequently bought for sixty-five dollars) and other curios. From this room he had swept the rubbish and taken down the festoons of cobwebs. He told us

the traditions of the palace, and showed us the room where the ghost of the young Russian Princess still comes from time to time, to sob and moan over her untoward fate. She was compelled to wed against her wish, a noble of the Government, while her heart belonged to a young, uncommissioned officer. On her wedding night she disappeared, and was found dead in a small room of the castle, having been shot, it is said, by her unhappy lover.

It needed no little imagination to conceive what this old palace had once been, for now the whole is dirty and neglected ; so full of rubbish and old stuff that it is anything but attractive. The views from the windows, however, are superb, and wishing to get the whole panorama at once we climbed out on the roof. There lay the Sitkan Archipelago, a hundred little islands nestling in the harbor, each one a tangle of rock and forest, with green slopes and grassy glades. The westering sun poured over all the scene the molten gold of his nearly level rays. No Venetian sunset was ever more beautiful.

As we went about the town we learned a bit of its history. The bay was first visited by Baranoff in 1799, who built Fort Archangel Gabriel, and took possession of the country in the name of Russia. Three years later, the Indians arose and captured the Fort and murdered the officers and many of the men. Baranoff returned, re-captured the Fort, and built also Fort Archangel Michael, and thereafter, until his death, he ruled the colony with a rod of iron; his free use of the knout kept the Indians and Siberian renegades in good order. Subsequently Sitka became the Capital of the Russian dominions in America, and the seat of a bishopric. Its commerce was extensive. There was a brisk trade in furs; a factory turned out wooden and iron ware; an iron furnace smelted the native ores; a bell foundry cast bells and chimes, which were sent along the Pacific coast, especially to Mexico; a ship yard had "ways" for launching vessels of a thousand tons, and the town was a scene of business activity.

All this was changed after the sale of Alaska, or Russian America, in 1867, to the United States, and the consequent removal of nearly all the better class of Russians. It grew duller and more lifeless by a slow descending scale every year, and civilization sank to almost native wildness. The Indians, unrestrained as years slipped by, grew daring and outrageous. In 1879, however, Captain Bardslee, of the Jamestown, was sent there. He seems to have been the first officer who, knowing his duty, was inclined to do it. He cruised through all parts of the archipelago and kept the Indians in check, and instituted many reforms, which have been maintained. Captain Glass, his successor, compelled the native children to attend school, took a census of the population and looked closely after the houses in which they lived, and endeavored by strenuous means to destroy the covert and illicit stills where the poisonous and fiery hoochinoo was brewed. The town to-day, though without commerce, apparently, is a pleasant

and wholesome place in which to live. The Captain appointed a police force from the Indians themselves, dressed them in navy cloth, with "Jamestown" in gilt letters on their caps, and a silver star on their breasts. They were forced to clean their ranches and white-wash and drain them; in a word, order took the place of anarchy.

Very soon after landing, we made our way out to the Mission of the Presbyterian Church, under the care of Dr. Sheldon Jackson. On the road we met the Doctor, who gave us the most cordial greeting. He begged us to go on, saying he would be back very shortly. We told him of others on our steamer who, we were sure, would like to see his school and the work he is trying to do; so when he returned he brought with him quite a large party, some of whom had never heard of the mission at all. The cluster of buildings which compose it,—the school, the hospital, the residence for the teachers, the cottages built at a small cost for the newly married Indian

couples to live in, the workshops and a large new dormitory, all stand on a hill on the road to Indian River, overlooking the bay, islands and sea, with the mountains rising on three sides. We were greatly pleased with what we saw. The cottages and new dormitory and hospital were all built by the boys in the school. With much pride also we were shown the furniture of these buildings as specimens of their handiwork. These Alaskan Indians seem very teachable, and capable of attaining a higher plane of life. Being Saturday, the school had a half-holiday, and all the boys were off, but in the carpenter shop we found a young fellow busy with his tools. I asked him what he was making, and in pretty good English he told me he was "trying to make a box to hold his clothes." All the pupils are taught the ordinary English branches, and while the boys work at house-building, cabinet-making, boat-building, shoe-making, etc., the girls are initiated into the mysteries of house-keeping and sewing. The school is

so arranged that each one attends school a half-day and works a half-day. Dr. Jackson was very sorry that he did not know of our coming, that he might have made a little preparation for us; as it was, however, we had an excellent entertainment. The great bell on the top of the main building was rung, and the boys and girls, from their fishing and wandering in the woods and by the shore came trooping in, and we had singing and reading, a class in language and a few speeches. The whole mission fraternity greeted us as if we were friends who had been long absent. They are so cut off from the rest of the world that our coming was a delight. We found they had heard nothing of the great world beyond since the last steamer, months before. We told them of the flood at Johnstown, and the Seattle fire, and in fact, everything we could think of.

The school publishes a little paper, called "The North Star." It is designed to tell of the mission work in Alaska and matters of local interest. The native boys set the

type and do the work. The walk from the mission to Indian River is very beautiful. The road lies through the woods, where we found ferns in great variety, and exquisite velvety moss. We picked wild raspberries and salmon-berries, both of which were large and of fine flavor. There were plenty of song birds, which come here in the summer weather. We found many wild flowers. There are said to be over three hundred varieties on Baranoff Island. We were quite surprised at the size of the buttercups and dandelions, they are twice as large as ours and richer in color. Indian River is a swift mountain stream; the water is as clear as crystal. The banks are lined with thrifty and graceful alders. A very pretty rustic bridge adds to the romantic beauty of the picture.

On a hill beyond the town is the graveyard where the Russians buried their dead. I had a curiosity to see it. There was no path, and dodging the cows, (of which Sitka boasts about twenty) which were grazing on

the slopes, I climbed over the boggy ground and reached the overgrown little cemetery. Rank bushes, ferns and grasses filled all the space between the tombs, few of which remain intact. The wife of a Russian Prince lies here, her resting place marked by a mutilated tombstone. Utter forgetfulness and neglect are stamped on this small city of the dead. On the same hillside are a few tombs of the Sitka Chiefs; their queer little burial boxes looking not unlike children's playhouses, are nearly hidden by the tangled bushes.

The Greek Church stands at the end of the main street, facing the small square, or court. It has a green roof, a dome and bulging spire, a fine clock and a chime of bells, and is exactly like pictures of the churches in St. Petersburg or Moscow. The faded walls and roof, almost destitute of paint, tell a sad story. By the payment of fifty cents we were permitted to enter. A young Russian, one of the very few left here, courteously showed us all there was to

be seen. We asked him how it was that he remained in Alaska when his people returned to the home country. He replied that he was an only child, and at the time the country changed masters, he was just at the age requiring him to serve in the Russian Army. His parents dreading this, had decided to live in exile, but keep their son. From him we learned that the Russian Government still supported the church, but that money comes less regularly than in the years past, and that they are therefore obliged to charge a fee of admittance. In olden times the church was very rich, but it had been robbed most outrageously by the United States soldiers on their first coming to Alaska. Much of this wealth was never recovered. The interior of the church is cruciform, and is richly decorated in white and gold. In either transept are side altars, and the main altar is reached through a pair of open work bronze doors, set with silver images of the saints. Over these doors is a large picture of the Last Supper, the faces

painted on ivory and the figures draped in robes of silver. There is a picture of the Madonna and Child on the north altar that is very beautiful. It was the gift of a Russian Queen. The silvery drapery and the gems which stud it, as well as the exquisite painting of the faces, give it an unusual value. Heavy silver lamps hang from the ceiling, and tall candlesticks stand before the images of the saints. There are no seats in the church, except the bench which runs around the wall, designed for visitors. The vestments, each of which has a history, are rich and costly. The Bishop, who used to reside in Sitka, left for San Francisco after the change of government.

Through the old stockade gate we passed into the Indian rancherie, a double row of unpainted square frame houses, facing the beach. Here we found plenty of women and children and dogs. The men were off on the fishing grounds. We came upon the houses of Anahootz, the Sitka Chief, and Mrs. Tom. The latter we saw. She is a

character and an influence among her neighbors, and is as shrewd at a bargain as any Yankee. She has accumulated quite a fortune in her trading. We went into numerous cabins in the search for curios, and were impressed with the eagerness of the natives to make money. They offered us the spoons they were eating with, the ear-rings from their ears, the brooches which held together their scanty shoulder covering, and even the charms which hung about their necks. One of them looked a little bewildered when we made an offer for a pappoose which she carried in a loop of her blanket. There are several silver-smiths in Sitka, who fashion the bracelets which are in such demand. We came to the conclusion that there must be a Trades Union here, for the uniformity of prices was remarkable, and there was a positive firmness in the market.

*Sunday, June 23d.* We did not leave Sitka until 6 A. M. to-day. The matter of the tides is a very important one in winding among the islands of this archipelago. 9 A.M.

Obliged to anchor, the water being too low for us to proceed. We are between two islands whose image is perfectly reflected in the watery mirror.

10 P. M. Our rest was but short. Before lunch we came in sight of Auk and Eagle Glaciers, which look like frozen lakes on which one might skate; all roughness is lost from the distance, and even the glass did not dispel the illusion. Lakes with mountains of snow rising above them, and dark firs bounding them on the lower side. About 6 P. M. we first saw the lofty peaks of La Perouse, Fairweather and Crillon, the last 15,900 ft. high. We are now fairly within the entrance to Glacier Bay, where wonders are to be revealed to us to-morrow. The weather is very fine and the sky cloudless. Every peak and headland and grim fissure stands out with wonderful clearness. Our Captain and Pilot seem to share the enthusiasm that stirs all the company, for it is rarely that a voyager in this sea has such a view of these mountains. Nine times out of ten there is bad weather.

The sun is slowly leaving this side of the earth, but his declining rays are touching into flame the snowy summits which burn against the deepening blue of this northern sky. This has been a delightful Sabbath! The peace of God has descended on the earth and found its way into human hearts, and we have realized the presence of the Infinite.

Though the sun is not yet out of sight, still Captain Carroll wants us to retire, in view of our early rising at 4 to-morrow. Our ship has dropped her anchor, and she will wait for the morning light to sail into the wonderland of the great Muir Glacier. Masses of ice are floating all about us and flocks of gulls are flying from berg to berg. A pleasant incident of the afternoon was our meeting the Ancon. We exchanged greetings and we feel sorry that her passengers should not be able to see Glacier Bay.

*Monday, June 24th.* We awakened this morning to the glory of a perfect day, and we took it as a gift from the Great Giver of

every good and perfect gift. Our rising was hastened by a conversation outside our window, carried on by three French gentlemen who in tones of much apprehension berated our Captain and Pilot for risking the lives of their passengers by sailing so far into the inlet where the glacier meets the sea. Without sharing in the least their fear, but rather delighted that we were still going nearer the majestic object of our desire, we hurried out and were soon on the forward deck with those who enthusiastically watched our slow advance. Huge icebergs seemed to hem us in, and our ship very often stopped until a good opportunity offered to give them a push out of our way. Occasionally one would strike us and make the steamer shiver from the blow. Steaming slowly up the inlet, the bold cliff-like front of the glacier grew in height as we approached it, and our awe increased as we drew near enough to hear the strange continual rumbling of the sub-glacial rivers and to see the avalanches of ice break from the front and,

with a roar like the crash of artillery, plunge into the sea. Soundings were frequently taken, and we still very slowly advanced until we were within probably a quarter of a mile or less of the huge perpendicular wall of ice. Here we dropped anchor, but the masses of falling ice caused us to withdraw to a safer distance, much to our regret. Breakfast, a thing so ordinary and common, came in like an interruption, but we permitted it and descended from the sublime to the consideration of a bill of fare.

A number of the passengers decided to make the ascent of the glacier, and the ship's boats were soon in readiness to convey us to the moraine from which the climb begins. Our boat-load of six had just landed, and we were standing where we had a lateral view of the entire front, when the very largest berg which had yet fallen, and weighing, the Captain said afterward, hundreds of tons, fell with a deafening roar into the sea below. It took off a section reaching from base to summit, and caused a tidal

wave that made us run ; a few cameras that had been just placed on the beach met an unhappy fate.

Our longing to see something unusual was fully satisfied, and we began our climb in a contented frame of mind. A sharp, keen wind blew in our faces from the unbroken glacier fields, and for two miles we went steadily on, feeling the exercise to be a delight until we reached the sloping sides of the glacier itself. The surface of the ice is extremely rough and of a dirty white. Vast crevasses and impassible chasms, scores and even hundreds of feet in depth, stopped us from time to time ; we were obliged to go long distances around them in order to get on. We could hear the gurgle and roar of the waters flowing below the surface. The ice cut our rubber shoes into shreds, and when we started to make the descent we scarcely knew whether to cast them off altogether or try and make them serve us a little in the numerous small streams we had to cross. Our coming down had nothing

inspiring in it in the first place and nothing easy in the second, so that we found it altogether a different thing from going up. In endeavoring to find a path where the rocks were less sharp and rugged, we took a direction that led us into sloughs of despond. The treacherous, gray, glacier mud, covered by pebbles that looked very secure, again and again gave way under us and we found ourselves thrown down with nothing to help us to our feet again. Sometimes we would sink above boot-tops and even to the knees in the horrid compound. Before we were more than half the way down, the ship's whistle blew, and to our speed we would have added wings, but we were perforce obliged to take it slowly. At the beach we found the Corona's boat with four strong seamen in great rubber boots endeavoring to hold it on the beach, but the turbulence of the waves, caused by the falling ice, made it a very difficult thing.

From Prof. Wright's pamphlet on the Muir Glacier, which we came upon in Sitka,

we take the following facts: "The glacier enters an inlet of the same name at the head of Glacier Bay. This bay is a body of water about thirty miles long and from eight to ten wide, but at the upper end it narrows to three. The promontory separating it from the Pacific Ocean is from three to four miles wide and contains the lofty peaks of Fairweather, La Perouse, and Crillon. The water front of the glacier is one mile. Nine main streams of ice unite to form the grand trunk of the glacier. These branches come from every direction, and no less than seventeen sub-branches can be seen coming in to join the main streams, making twenty-six in all. The ice in the eastern half is moving much more slowly than that in the western half, but a stream of ice five thousand feet wide and one thousand feet deep is entering the inlet at an average rate of forty feet per day. The indications that the glacier is receding and that its volume is diminishing are indubitable and numerous. So rapidly is it receding that it is

probable that at the time Vancouver visited the region in 1794, and judging from his notes, the ice extended nearly to the mouth of the bay. The perpendicular height of the glacier at the water's edge is three hundred feet." These figures differ from those of Prof. Muir, who first explored the glacier. He says that it measures three miles across the snout or front, where it breaks off into the sea,—that ten miles back it is ten miles wide and that sixteen tributary glaciers unite to form this one great ice river.

Our morning had been one of strange exhilaration ; the afternoon was quietly, indeed languidly, spent in our easy chairs, watching from the stern the receding glacier and taking in the sublimity of Fairweather and Crillon. These had not received their due attention, owing to the overpowering attraction of the glacier. We did not even care to talk. The utter relaxation which is apt to come after such high toning as we had had for the past eight hours, now had possession and we yielded. We glided out of

the bay as carefully as we had entered, quite often stopping the machinery that collisions with the masses of loose ice might be avoided. In these masses we traced a perfect menagerie of animals, from the elephant to the toad. The water seems to play pranks with the ice, washing it out into myriad shapes.

*Tuesday, June 25th.* At 11.30 last evening, by the ship's time, while it was still light, we passed Davidson's and Rainbow Glaciers. At 12 we cast anchor in Pyramid Harbor, off Chilkat.

During the early morning, up to the time of our leaving Chilkat, our vessel was discharging her cargo of freight designed for the Pacific Canning Co., which has established its headquarters here. Huge lighters came alongside to receive the stuff, and canoes brought numbers of the Indians to sell their wares on board the ship. The Chilkats are among the best workers among the various tribes of Alaska Indians, and with the Hydahs make some very pretty

things. A Chilkat blanket, quite small in size, but made out of the long wool of the white goat, was sold to a passenger for \$65, the squaw who had it asked \$70 for it. There are a few primary colors in which they excel, yellow seeming to be their favorite. Bracelets and finger rings were disposed of very quickly and at very good prices, for though far away from civilization and brought into contact with purchasers only when the steamers touch here, yet they have learned the trick of the white man, and they not only ask good prices but stick to them. Offer them something less and they immediately put on an utterly stupid expression and say nothing; you think they give way, and the lesser sum is offered, in an instant the article is whipped back into the old rag, or oily basket, or skin bag and you see it no more, until with a coaxing expression the purchaser says, "Well! how much was it?" and with an exasperating imperturbability they will not deign in words to say the price, but they hold up their fingers, and the bar-

gain is completed. To-day they brought in bunches of the most beautiful wild roses, wet with the rain, and we seized upon them with delight at ten cents a bunch. A gentle rain has been steadily falling, not heavily, but just enough to bring out the odors of the pines and spruces which make up the primeval forest here. Around Pyramid Bay quite a settlement is started, and the ship's boats carried a number of our people over to the two shops which are there in the hope of finding curios.

Our course to-day has been through the Lynn Canal—now narrowing, now widening. The clouds have hung low on the mountains, the snow peaks coming out clear above them.

In going from the head of Lynn Canal down to Juneau, a distance of about eighty miles, nineteen glaciers of large size are in full view from the steamer's deck, but none come down far enough to break off into the water and give birth to icebergs. It is not possible to describe the beryl-like blue of

these glaciers, especially as contrasted with the dead white of the upper expanse of snow.

At 6 P. M. we reached Juneau. The rain had ceased, but it had made the road leading into the town so muddy that several vehicles were hopelessly stuck; our ludicrous efforts to pick our way so that we might not founder in the same inglorious way, seemed to afford the natives unusual amusement. The sight of the town is very picturesque, being at the base of an abrupt mountain cliff, down which pour several silver cascades. It promises to become the metropolis of Alaska, owing to its proximity to rich mines. The shops are varied and well stocked. We were told that there are fifteen hundred white men and twelve white women in the town, the other two thousand being Indians. The native women are very ugly, and to their natural homeliness they add a smearing of seal oil and lamp black. Knowing that the Presbyterian Church has a mission here, C. M. L. and I went to find it. By mistake we called first at the home of

Rev. Eugene Willard, the missionary, instead of at the Mission House as had been our intention. Mrs. Willard, a very pleasant, but rather delicate looking little woman, opened the door, and with the most gracious smile immediately invited us in before we had time to state our errand, or apologize for our mistake. Our inquiry had been, when the door was opened, "Is this the Mission?" "No, but it is just the same. Come right in." From this devoted little woman, her husband being away, we had, in a delightful conversation of an hour, a brief history of their missionary work from the time they had, a young married couple, left home and come out here as Missionaries to the Indians. Their work lay at first on the Chilkat Peninsula, which lies between Chilkat and Chilkoot Inlets, both of which narrow into rivers and run miles up into the mountain. On the Peninsula, which at its lower end is only a few miles wide, are fifteen villages, each the home of a fierce tribe, with its commanding Chief. So con-

stant have the wars and feuds been between these tribes, that the very name Chilkat has become a synonym for war and blood-shed. The T'linkit language is the only one that is common to a majority. The uppermost village on Chilkoot River is considered by its tribe to be impregnable. The river at this point is very wide and exceedingly shallow, and Mrs. Willard graphically described their journey thither; as the water was too shallow to float their canoe, they had to walk the last thirty miles and drag it after them. After the work was quite established here they were called to start the Mission at Juneau. Mrs. Willard says that the greatest trial they ever had among the Chilkats was the leaving them.

Amid immense discouragements and setbacks, the Mission at Juneau was founded. By *personal* labor the Church, the Home and the Manse were all built. Mr. Willard and his Indian boys doing the heavy work, and Mrs. Willard the painting and papering and a hundred other lighter jobs. These

buildings stand on the hill and command a fine view of the harbor and the snow-capped mountains behind, the roar of whose cataracts disturbs the sweet stillness of the place.

The Mission has thirty pupils—twenty boys and ten girls; all the latter are very young, five being under four years. The cupidity and avariciousness of these tribes have resulted in the revolting custom of selling their daughters when they reach the age of twelve years, into a life that is worse than slavery. Turning from the main part of the town, where one sees only too many evidences of low life, it is refreshing to climb the breezy hill to the Mission building. The view is inspiring, and doubtless is often like a revivifying draught to these dear missionaries who find so many discouragements in their work.

In trading with the natives here we found one very amusing and yet rather annoying custom. Not infrequently, after making a bargain with the husband for some trifle or curio, and paying the money, his wife would come and order him to give us the money

and take back the article. To this interference he always submitted in silence and we were perforce obliged to do the same, as we were not fluent in either Chinook or T'linkit. We were told that in important contracts the same rule prevails, and traders are obliged to yield for the sake of peace and their future trade. The woman thus holds apparently the veto power in all money transactions. How much authority they have in other matters I did not find out.

It was 11 P. M. when we reached the steamer. We cannot seem to get used to the perpetual daylight, and we are thus always over-stepping the proper bounds of what we usually call a day. At midnight we steamed away from Juneau; the whistle awoke the finest echoes we have yet heard in Alaska.

*Wednesday, June 26th.* The sun gladdens sea and sky with his rays once more. Yesterday was the only wholly cloudy day that we have had. We greet the sunshine with joy and find it good to be on deck once more. We are now on our return voyage,

and have just seen Patterson's Glacier for the second time. The delusion of a frozen river which, ere it had congealed, was broken into cascades, is most complete.

From the deck of the steamer we traced the windings of the stream between the mountains. It is vast in proportions, though partly hidden by the moraine which it has raised. "Three or four miles back from its front rises a wall of solid ice nearly one thousand feet in height." The sun shone full upon it and brought out its frosty and opaline colors. Its blue billows sparkled in the golden light. An old lady standing next me on the deck said, "That fall in the middle of the river, surely it is flowing water!"

"Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow  
 Adown enormous ravines slope amain,—  
 Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice  
 And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!  
 Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven?  
 . . . . . Who bade the sun  
 Clothe you with rainbows?  
 God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations  
 Answer, and let the ice plains echo God!"

Our next excitement was the passage again of Wrangell Strait, where the rapid waters run through a channel so narrow that the utmost care was exercised to keep our ship, whose draught is only five feet, from grounding.

Wrangell, our next stopping place, is advantageously situated on an island at the mouth of the Stickeen River, which rises in British Columbia and has a length of nearly two hundred miles. The little town has a capacious harbor. Lofty, snow-crowned mountains break the sky line in all directions. Like the other Alaskan towns, it rambles around the bay and is nearly a mile from end to end. The Indian huts here are more interesting than any others that I have seen. They are low, about twenty feet square, and built of rough-hewn logs. In the middle of the heavily pitched roof is an opening several feet square, and directly beneath, on the ground, huge logs were piled, and in every case an excellent fire was burning, watched over by old, toothless, wrinkled

women, whose matted gray locks and palsied limbs, scantily clothed, made them pitiable objects. In two of the cabins a small table, like a child's toy, stood near the fire, with tea-cups and a tea-pot. The fire is a great purifier, and carries off much of the stench which constantly offends the olfactories of one not born to it. Dirt and degradation and abundance were combined. Plenty of fish were hung up to dry, and grease covered everything. Dirty and unwashed dishes, full of the blackened grease, stood about in every hut we entered. Evidently there is no idea of comfort from cleanliness. Around the interior run two, and sometimes three, platforms, (connected by rude steps) on which are to be found the beds, chests, etc. Chairs there are none; neither stools nor benches. Men and women sit upon their haunches, and the missionaries told me that one of the most difficult things to teach them is to sit on chairs. In one place we were invited to the upper gallery where the squaws of the hut had out all their treasures

of bracelets, spoons, baskets, etc. One of these huts belonged to the Chief of the tribe, whose daughter, "the Princess," married Kadeshian, an excellent fellow, who is building himself a white man's house, with bay windows. He has already set up the totems of his and her family at the front door. Having been introduced to him by Judge Shackley, who has been our fellow passenger from Sitka, he invited us to his new home and showed us his father's totem, three hundred years old, which he keeps within the house, also two hats designed for the dance which are curiously ornamented with seals' tails and reptiles. The hut of "the Princess," where they are now living, was, if anything, more littered up with old trumpery than any we had seen, and "the Princess" herself a little crosser than the other crones who seemed to have the fires under their protection. On the steps of the Chief's house we found quite a lot of gray mica slate set full of big garnet crystals, brought from Garnet Creek, near the Stick-

een River. The totem poles are a great curiosity and full of interest. They are cedar posts, very tall and ingeniously carved. They represent the genealogy and mythology of the family, which always takes its descent on the female side. The crow or raven stands at the top as the superior, the creator and first of all things. We enjoyed the walk thoroughly along the wandering grass grown lane or street, over the bridge to some old huts where rare and curious totems are still standing. It seemed to me that the ancestor who set them up must have had a sense of humor, for on the top of one of the poles is balanced a bear who certainly seemed to be laughing at what he looked down upon.

The Presbyterian Church and Mission School are the pleasantest houses in Wrangell. The present pastor, Rev. Mr. Mackey, was with us during our stay. He told us he had an average congregation on Sundays of four hundred Indians. It was here that the first attempt of an Evangelical Church to reach the natives was made, when Mrs. A.

R. McFarland landed in their midst in 1877; for a year she was the only white woman here, and for the most of that time the only Protestant Missionary in Alaska. She had had large preparation for this work in her long missionary life on the frontiers. After ten years of service in Illinois, she and her husband went to Santa Fe, New Mexico, the first Presbyterian Missionaries to that Territory. After this they went to work among the Nez Perces Indians, where hard work and a severe climate caused an illness from which Mr. McFarland did not recover, and he passed to the laborer's reward above. Alone the devoted wife came to this new field. Dr. Jackson says of her, "That all the perplexities—political, religious, physical and moral—of the native population, came to her for solution, and her arbitration was universally accepted. She was their physician when sick and took charge of the funeral when they died. She was the peacemaker between husbands and wives. If feuds arose among small tribes or families

she was arbiter; if difficulties arose as to property, she was judge, lawyer and jury. When the Christian Indians called a Constitutional Convention, she was elected chairman. Great chiefs left their homes and people, and came long distances to enter the school of 'the woman who loved their people,' or to plead that teachers might be sent to their tribes." She was greatly assisted in her work by Clah, a converted Indian, the story of whose beautiful life is still fresh and green in the Mission here. The school is industrial, as those are at Sitka and Juneau.

On an island in the bay stand the government buildings; here Judge Shackley has his residence. For a time the U. S. troops were quartered here, hence the town is often called Fort Wrangell.

*Thursday, June 27th.* The morning is soft and mild; a pleasant summery haze lurks among the hills and like a gauzy veil tones down the intense blue of the sky. We are once again within the British Do-

minions, running twelve knots an hour down Granville Channel, between Pitt Island and the main land. We shall very soon reach Princess Royal Island. The snow-capped mountains have almost entirely disappeared, and given place to lower and well-wooded hills.

Now and then a rugged granite peak starts up without verdure of any kind. While at Chilkat we discovered the bright yellow green which covers so many of the mountains in Alaska, above the tree line, to be a prickly shrub with broad leaves, from which, as well as from the stalk, protrude thorns big and little; this is called by the natives, *The Devil's Walking Stick*.

Just after dinner we crossed Milbank Sound again, and our good ship had quite a tossing from the heavy swells which here sweep in from the sea. Having discharged her freight she was much more at their mercy than before.

As if to compensate us for the withdrawal of the mountains, nature treated us this

evening to a wonderfully beautiful sky, and crowned it all by an unusual sunset. The numerous islands lying in the distant west looked as if they were covered with sifted gold, the sea was all aglow with color, and the hills on the horizon had a purple sheen upon them. Just while we were all looking at the scene, a whale began to spout, and the two jets which he threw quite high into the air seemed like amber dust; then the huge fellow lifted himself quite out of the water and disappeared as though he had spent his energy in that one exhibition.

*Friday, June 28th.* Between midnight and 4 A. M., we crossed Queen Charlotte's Sound. Most of the passengers were awakened by the rocking and the noise of movable things that shifted with the motion of the ship.

1 P. M. This has been the only really disagreeable day of our voyage; a cold rain has been driving into our most sheltered places on the deck, and we have been forced

to the quiet of our staterooms, or the busy hum of Social Hall. C. M. L. has been busy with his letters, while I have spent most of my odd moments in doing our packing, anticipating thus a leisure for the bright day to-morrow, when to be inside would seem like penance. All day we have been running through Johnston's Strait, with Vancouver's Island on our right.

8 P. M. About three o'clock this afternoon the wind increased to a gale, and the sea became very rough. Owing to our having no freight on board, not even the weight of the coal, the ship is not nearly so steady as on our voyage northward. As the day declined the wind increased, and in consequence, the waiters at dinner rested their hands in their jacket pockets and gazed sadly at the empty seats. We feel that this is the place to put into practice the old saw, which fell so often unpleasantly on our childish ears, "Early to bed," etc.

*Saturday, June 29th.* When we awakened this morning we were at the pier at Nanaimo.

According to Captain Carroll's plan we were merely to "touch here," (a "touch here" in a sailor's parlance is a comparative term) for coal, for as he said, "It is all ready for us and it will take no time to dump it into the hold, and we will be off for another visit to Victoria." Alas for his plan and ours! Though the contract had been signed long before, that on this day so many tons of coal were to be ready for the Corona, yet when a quondam vessel, a few hours before we reached here, entered the port and begged for the coal that had been especially mined for us, assuring the superintendent that it was not possible that we should arrive *to-day*, the obliging man yielded; so our day was spent in this rather uninteresting place.

During the leisure of our stop we learned something of the coal supply of Alaska. Nature seems to have provided this great Territory with an almost unlimited quantity of fuel, both in the form of coal and wood, each of which is easily available, both as regards the quality and the convenience of

location. Captain J. W. White, of the United States Revenue Marine, says: "I have seen coal veins over an area of forty or fifty square miles, so thick that it seemed to me one vast bed. It is of an excellent steam producing quality." Iron seems to lie in close proximity to the coal, so that there should be a sure foundation for commercial prosperity in the future of this new Eldorado.

The coal is soft, easily mined, and so close to the shores that it is no difficult thing to ship it. We waited while they mined the quantity necessary to carry our steamer on her next voyage. The little cars, each holding two tons, came and went, running out on a narrow guage track to the end of the long pier, whence, by an ingenious arrangement, their contents were turned into the hold, which very soon began to look like a mine itself. We spent the time in wandering along the pleasant beach, making little detours into the groves near by. The town lies back from the bay, but a picturesque

group of houses are here nestled close to the shore. They all have luxuriant gardens and are covered with flowering vines. In spite of our disappointment we have enjoyed the day. The air has been soft and balmy, and nature has again proven her power to charm and please. Our sail this afternoon has brought us again within sight of the superb Olympian range, which throws back the purple glow of sunset like a great prismatic wall. We shall make no stop at the towns on Puget Sound but sail straight to our destined port.

*Sunday, June 30th.* All hands—passengers and crew—were astir very early this morning; indeed, from the sounds that ever and anon disturbed our slumbers, we concluded that somebody must have been up all night. With returning consciousness came the almost unwelcome thought that this delightful voyage was nearly ended; also a realization that we had something to do ere we and our belongings would be ready to disembark.

. . . . .

We are within sight of Tacoma. Adieus are being said on all sides, and very soon the contented and happy party which for two weeks has made the population of this little floating world, will leave the pleasant ship for their severally divergent roads of business or of pleasure.

For ourselves we are grateful that it is the Sabbath, and that open Church doors invite us to enter. We have an offering of thanksgiving to lay upon His altar, who, through perils of many waters has brought us again to our desired haven.

