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PUGET SOUND, AND THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD

Introduction

The people of Bellingham and Victoria cherish the memory of Edmund T. Coleman on account of his having been the first to ascend Mount Baker. They, and probably many others, will rejoice over the rescue of his writing about the Pacific Northwest, writing that has been practically hidden for nearly sixty years.

He was an Englishman with a record of climbing in the Alps. In 1864, while in Victoria, Vancouver Island, he was fascinated by the appearance of Mount Baker and determined to explore its summit. Unfriendly Indians turned him back, in 1865, after he had made his way for fifty miles up the Skagit River. The next year, with Mr. Tennent and Mr. Bennett he was baffled by an overhanging cornice of snow near the summit. He could not form a party in 1867 but was completely successful in 1868.

He published a full and interesting account of his ascent in *Harper's Magazine*, Volume XXXIX (November, 1869). The additional members of his party were Thomas Stratton, Insptctor of Customs at Port Townsend; David Ogilby, of Victoria; John Tennent, a rancher near Bellingham Bay and four expert Indians. Of one Indian he says: "Squock is son-in-law of Umptlalum, the principal chief of the Nooksak Indians. Though a Flathead, Squock is very handsome, and with his swarthy face and long thin limbs, resembles an Arab."

The Indians went no farther than the encampment at what the aneroid indicated as 7,054 elevation. Here Mr. Coleman named two adjoining peaks, Lincoln and Colfax. The final climb was made on August 17, 1868.

Mr. Coleman was a skilful artist. His magazine article was illustrated with his own drawings. They are saved by Charles Finley Easton, of Bellingham, historian of the Mount Baker Club,

in a large and remarkable book of manuscripts, clippings and pictures. By the side of Mr. Coleman's drawings are placed recent photographs, showing the accuracy of the artist's work during that first ascent. Similar comparisons are shown in an article by Mae Webster and Winona Bailey, "Early Explorations on Mount Baker," in *The Mountaineer*, Volume IX (December, 1916.)

Mr. Coleman received rather harsh treatment two years later during the first successful ascent of Mount Rainier. The leader of that party was General Hazard Stevens, always courageous, quick and full of energy. His companion to the summit (reached on August 17, 1870,) was Philomon Beecher Van Trump. Sluiskin Falls, above Paradise Valley, was named for their Indian guide who would go no farther than their camp at that place. General Stevens published an account of the ascent in the *Atlantic Monthly* for November, 1876. It is reproduced in my book, *Mount Rainier, A Record of Explorations* (Macmillan, 1916.)

General Stevens praises his companions, Mr. Van Trump, Mr. James Longmire and Sluiskin but he has very little patience with Mr. Coleman, the artist and climber who had started with the party but got little farther than their camp on Bear Prairie. It is clear that he was too heavily burdened, his pack containing a good share of commissary in addition to his bedding and art equipment. Those who are familiar with Mr. Coleman's work on Mount Baker will always regret that he could not keep the pace in 1870 with a probable result of valuable sketches.

Mr. Coleman's article, "Puget Sound and the Northern Pacific Railroad," that is here rescued for republication, appeared in a Cassell series called *Illustrated Travels, A Record of Discovery, Geography and Adventure*, edited by H. W. Bates Assistant Secretary of the Royal Geographical Society. This portion is Part 70 and was sent to Mr. Edward Huggins, the Nisqually pioneer, with Mr. Coleman's compliments. It was published in London. Strangely enough, all dates are omitted but an advertisement on the back cover reveals the year as 1875. It is probable that Mr. Coleman's Part I (not available) had proper dating. This Part II, complete as to its own story, mentions many pioneers and conditions during that interesting time of business awakening.

EDMOND S. MEANY.

Edmund T. Coleman's Article

The belief that Seattle would be chosen as the site of the terminus of the North Pacific Railroad was founded on the fact that the Snoqualmie Valley in the neighbourhood, affords the lowest known practicable pass across the Cascade Range. Indeed, it was high treason for any one to doubt but that Seattle would be the terminus. A friend of mine having ventured to differ with a lady on this point, she put him down in manner that astonished his weak nerves, and made him repent his temerity. The emigration which takes place over the pass from Oregon, and the eastern side of the mountains, has also contributed to aid the development of the town. Seabeck, Ports Madison and Blakely, Freeport, and Port Orchard, are all tributary to Seattle, and take its produce. Building has been going on to a considerable extent of late years; and "one of the most certain indications of the metropolitan character which this town is now assuming, is the fact of the moving of frame structures to make way for brick and iron." There are six churches, and no less than seven distinct congregations, some of which meet in assembly-rooms. Of these there are two, built for lectures, concerts, and other purposes. The University building, erected on the brow of the hill, is a noble-looking structure, with a lofty portico of the Ionic order. The stores are very large and well stocked.

In common with the other towns on the Sound, the houses are painted white, which, together with shade trees planted in the principal thoroughfares, give a cheerful aspect to the place.

The first claims were located in March, 1852, by the Hon. A. A. Denny, formerly delegate to Congress, William N. Bell, and C. D. Boren. They were chosen near each other for mutual assistance and protection, as the Indians were then numerous and somewhat unfriendly.

The Snoqualmie Pass is seventy-five miles from Seattle in a south-easterly direction. A pass in the immediate neighbourhood of the present one had long been known and used by the Indians, but it was impracticable for a wagon road; for the Indians in travelling select the loftiest ridges, regardless of height, there not being so much chance of meeting with obstructions, such as fallen timber and the like, as when travelling at lower elevations. There is another passage across the mountains, from about five miles to eight and a half

miles to the south, called the Cedar River or Yakima Pass, as it debouches in the valley of that name on the eastern side of the mountains. It is 1,500 feet higher than the Snoqualmie Pass, and has been used for fifty years by the Hudson Bay Company. Much money has been spent to make it a wagon road. It has been abandoned by the Indians now for the last four or five years, owing to the superior facilities for travelling afforded by the Snoqualmie Pass. From its proximity, the Cedar River or Yakima Pass is often confounded with the Snoqualmie hence the latter is sometimes called the true Snoqualmie, to distinguish it from the former.

There are two passages leading out of the Snoqualmie Valley. First, the old Indian foot-trail, which diverges from the present road to the south-east at a point about four or five miles below the summit of the pass on its western side, and debouches on the western side of Lake Kitchelas. It was impracticable for horses, and is now abandoned. According to the official record, "on the 20th of June, 1856, Major van Bokkelen went up the Snoqualmie River from the falls, thirty-five miles, passing through prairies for five and a half miles, and the rest through forest greatly obstructed with timber. After passing the summit, he lost the old Indian trail, and going for ten miles south by compass, found another, and four miles further reached Lake Kitchelas. As this trail ended at the lake, he was obliged to force his way along its western shore for eight miles, over rocks and timber, and at its lower end reached the foot of the Yakima Pass."*

Second, the present road, which is to the north of the former, and debouches on the eastern side of Lake Kitchelas. Now, the Hon. A. A. Denny, before mentioned, J. Boorst, and William Perkins, claim to have been the first white men to cross the second passage above described—viz., in August, 1865—and aver that Major van Bokkelen, who also claims to have been the first explorer, must have crossed by "the old Indian trail," or first-mentioned passage before described, as Mr. Denny's party were unable to find the slightest sign of any human visitors until they arrived at Lake Kitchelas, on the eastern side of the pass. On reading the official record above quoted, it will be at once seen that there is a discrepancy which is difficult to explain. It appears from it, that there is a distance of fourteen miles between the summit of the pass and the head of Lake Kitchelas, whereas, according to the report (dated April, 1869) of

*"Pacific Railroad Reports," vol. xii, part i., p. 194.

Mr. Edwin F. Johnson, late chief engineer to the Northern Pacific Railroad, the distance is only 4.11 miles. It will also be observed that the words of the record, "lost the old Indian trail," would seem to point out that the first-mentioned route was the one followed by Major van Bokkelen. Again, if he had crossed the summit by the route now followed, he must have come out on the eastern, and not on the western shore of Lake Kitchelas, the former being in a direct line with, and nearest to the summit of the pass, though it would be possible for a party travelling only by compass to make the western instead of the eastern shore after leaving the summit.*

Large sums have been spent to keep the road across the pass open, and when the funds granted by the county or the territory have been insufficient, the few settlers that there are along the route have subscribed liberally to keep it in repair. Some notion may be formed of the traffic from the fact that two months after we crossed, when the rains had set in, and the road was out of repair, from sixty to seventy wagons accumulated on the other side of the pass. The first wagon, after making the road, went through from Black River, near Seattle, to Lake Kitchelas, a distance of sixty-six miles, in four days.

I was desirous of visiting the pass, so Mr. Denny was kind enough to arrange a party for that purpose, as well as to accompany it himself. We were joined by Professor Hall, of the University, and Dr. Wheeler, of Seattle, and started on the 25th of July. Mr. Denny was our leader. He carried an axe to clear away obstructions, for we heard that there was a good deal of fallen timber, owing to the bush fires which were all over the country, so he looked like a fireman at the head of a May-day procession. The pack animal came next, then followed Professor Hall. Just before starting, he had been coaxed into buying a small box of cigars for the benefit of the party. It was too late to be inserted in the pack, consequently he was obliged to carry it; but the box proved to be useful, for the pack-animal was lazy, so, in the absence of a whip, the professor having first pocketed his dignity, made use of the sharp corners of the box to goad the animal with, much to our amusement, as he had to lean forward in an awkward sort of way every time to reach the offender. Next came the writer, who was artist and historiographer to the expedition. He was equipped with a note-book, and a black-lead pencil, ready to take off everything and anybody. The rear was

* In making these remarks, the author does not in any way wish to impugn the veracity of Major van Bokkelen, who is a gentleman of probity and good standing.

brought up by Dr. Wheeler, surgeon to the forces. He was armed with a lancet, a bottle of "pain-killer," and a box of pills, wherewith to succour the distressed, and alleviate suffering humanity. The doctor was not able to start with us, but overtook the party on the road. He had been delayed, taking in freight in the shape of a stock of combustibles to keep his pipe alight, being a great smoker. Indeed, he had such a large cargo, that on entering the house where we stopped for the night, and going into the room where he had placed his pack, I was under the impression that I had got into a lucifer-match manufactory, so strong was the smell of brimstone.

The road for the first twelve miles was level, and lay through fir forests. The wild pea, which abounded, was fading, but its tints of raw sienna agreeably diversified the monotonous greenery of the forest. Before reaching our destination, we crossed over Black River, which flows from Washington Lake, and is of some width at this point; then, passing by another stream, called Cedar River, which has its origin in the pass of that name, we came to a large clearing surrounded by alders. In the centre there was a neatly-built farm-house, belonging to a Mr. W. P. Smith, who made our party welcome, and invited us to pass the night. Next morning, on awaking, we were alarmed at the appearance of Professor Hall, for his face was of a blue-black, and we imagined that he must be very bad. But it speedily turned out, that the colour of his complexion was owing to a pair of new blankets of a blue colour, the indigo dye having rubbed off on to his face; thus he appeared like a devil in a Christmas pantomime. This little interlude was repeated every morning, and furnished an unfailing source of merriment to the party. On leaving Mr. Smith's, the road passed under some over-arching maples of large size, leading to the forest, which abounds at this spot with fine cedars. We passed through a level country, and by a good road, to a settlement called Squawk, twelve miles from Mr. Smith's; but, owing to the smoke caused by the bush-fires, it was very gloomy travelling. We made a lunch, and cut some green oats for our horses, and bought some shelled oats, not being certain whether we should reach a proposed camping place this night.

After leaving Squawk, we began to meet with the obstructions which we had all along dreaded—a great fire had just passed over our track, and the trail was covered with fallen timber, which was smouldering, so that the ax had to be brought into use. Every Western man knows how to handle this mainstay of the pioneer, and Mr. Denny plied it with vigour and skill, but we had some difficulty in getting

our horses through, as the flames frightened them. Singular effects are produced by these fires; the scorched trees assume rich red and yellow tints, exactly as if in the autumn season; but in other places the charred and blackened trunks, the hideous stumps, leaves curled up to cinders, the earth strewn with ashes, and the light of the sun obscured, present a sad and melancholy spectacle. About the middle of the day, the road opened out into a beautiful and park-like country, but we had to surmount three steep hills before camping. At length the tall firs began to dwindle, and the forest opened out, showing glimpses of the sky. Presently there was the welcome sight of the tops of some cotton-wood trees, always an indication of bottom-lands and of water. We stopped about five o'clock, at a Mr. Boorst's, on the outskirts of Snoqualmie prairie, about forty miles from Seattle, having only made 300 feet of elevation since leaving Squawk. We camped in a beautiful orchard, which, with the farm-buildings, strongly reminded me of those comfortable and substantial-looking homesteads which are met with in the valley of St. Gervais, on the Italian side of Mont Blanc—homesteads that suggest peace and plenty—a land flowing with milk and honey. The ranch adjoins the river Snoqualmie, which runs at the rear of the house; and after the heat and dust of the journey, we enjoyed a refreshing bath in its cold waters.

Next morning, three of the party started to visit the Falls of the Snoqualmie. The river is about fifty yards broad, and presents the usual characteristics pertaining to the lower portions of streams in this territory; viz., long reaches of firs, sprinkled with cedar and maple, alternating with cotton-wood and alder; the banks are occasionally covered with a dense growth of willows and underwood, while at every sharp bend of the stream there are piles of logs and driftwood, brought down by the spring freshets, and every now and then snags obstruct the way. After proceeding down the river about three miles, we came to the top of the falls, and crossed to the other side. We then made a steep descent, through forest as usual, till we gained the river again, and walking up it along the banks, over smooth and slippery boulders, came to a point where the spectacle was superb. An immense amphitheatre of perpendicular cliffs bounds the view. These are apparently of a trap rock, with seams of quartz and sandstone, the latter uppermost. The river plunges in one leap of 275 feet over the centre, with a loud roar. Clouds of mist and spray rise up from the basin beneath, and a beautiful effect is produced by the waters in their descent. They resemble immense

icicles, constantly elongating till broken, then reforming, and ever renewed. When one reflects that this immense volume of water pours forth from day to day, from age to age, throughout the rolling centuries, with its deep tone of music, its everlasting anthem, it gives one a grand image of Almighty power, of the majesty of the Creator. I thought of certain *grands eaux* at Varsailles, much vaunted in their day, and reflected how feeble are man's best works, compared with those of God! People who have seen the falls earlier in the season, say that the month of June is the best time for visiting them, as there is then a still larger volume of water.

We resumed our journey on the following morning. Mr. Boorst joined us; we were also accompanied by an Indian woman, who went by the name of the "Widow," together with her young husband—this being her third—as he was to guide us to a reported lead of plumbago near the pass which we were desirous of examining. On leaving Mr. Boorst's, a fine view of the Cascade Range presented itself. Shortly after, we entered upon the Snoqualmie prairie, which is about four miles long, and from one and a half to two miles wide. It was unenclosed, and reminded me of an English common, in the absence of trees, besides being perfectly level, and covered with fern. There were blackberries, as well as a quantity of strawberries, and many plants of the same species as those found on open lands in England. Eight settlers live here. They have all large farms, averaging from 100 to 200 acres. The principal produce is hogs. They also raise cattle, and cure bacon, which finds a ready market at Seattle. Nearly all the open land hereabouts is taken up. We stopped at a ranch, and bought some hay, not being quite certain where we should camp at night. After crossing a considerable portion of the prairie we came to the river, and left the road, which continues on to the Cedar River Pass. The timber growing on the banks comprises fir and cedar; it is of a very fine quality, being suitable for lumber. Salmon run up in the winter, and up the Yakima or Cedar River in the early spring. Fording it, we crossed a couple of good-sized prairies, from one and a half to two miles across, divided by belts of timber, and about eleven o'clock came to a very steep ridge, called "Perkins's backbone," as Mr. Perkins before mentioned first blazed the trail. It is about one mile in the ascent, and divides the middle and south forks of the Snoqualmie, the latter being the one we had hitherto followed. The ridge is very narrow, in one part not more than ten feet across. Below, at a depth of perhaps 500 feet, we could just discern the middle fork of the river,

winding in a semicircle; for the day was obscured with smoke, which spoilt the views. We now entered thick timber. After traveling some distance, one of the party feeling very unwell, we were obliged to camp early in the afternoon, at a spot in the middle of the forest, where there was no grass. This mattered but little to those of our animals which were of the Cayoosh, or native breed. They would eat anything—fern, bramble, willow, and all kinds of plants, even the prickly “devil’s club:” nothing seemed to disagree with their digestions. Next morning, we continued our path through the forest, crossing several gullies, in which a kind of blue sandstone predominated, and we passed by a number of magnificent cedars in a hollow which was favourable to their growth. Many of these were twelve feet in diameter. As the afternoon came on, the sun broke out, partly perhaps owing to our elevation—for we had been gradually ascending all the morning, and were now above the smoke of the bush fires. We crossed the river several times in the course of this day’s journey. About five miles before reaching the summit, the old Indian trail before mentioned strikes off to the right, or south-east, and follows a ridge leading to Lake Kitchelas on the eastern side.

About this spot Mr. Boorst drew my attention to some cedars which had been stripped of their bark, and informed me that it had been done by the Indians in the days before blankets were introduced by the Hudson Bay Company. They first stripped off large sheets of it, then laid them out on a flat stone or piece of wood, beating the strips out with a stick into fine threads; after which they worked them up into clothing. About two and a half miles below the summit of the pass, I noticed a large mass of granite *in situ*, cropping out of the mountain side.

The ascent now became comparatively steep. The trees began to dwindle and thin out, affording in their openings glimpses of pine-clad heights, and bold escarpments of rock, together with precipices strewn at their feet with *débris*, exhibiting, in fact, all the features of a mountain country, for we were now in the heart of the Cascade Range. Towards four o’clock we emerged into an open tract of turfy, marshy, meadow land, about a couple of acres in extent, and affording plenty of grass, with here and there pools, bearing water-lilies, all hemmed in by the common red fir. We had gained the summit of the pass. It is surrounded on three sides by lofty peaks bearing patches of snow. They have received the names of Mount Gregory Smith, after the chairman of the board of directors of the

Northern Pacific Railroad, Mount Annie, after a lady on Puget Sound, and Mount Edwin F. Johnson, after the late engineer-in-chief to the railroad company. One of the company's surveying parties, the summer before last, determined the height of the pass to be 3,010 feet above the sea. A party sent to report on the greatest depth of snow, found it to be seventeen feet on the 1st of March, and there was none whatever ten miles on the western side of the pass; also that there was no drifting of snow, and not a single slide, thus obviating any necessity for the erection of snow sheds, and showing that snow-ploughs will be entirely adequate to keep the line in running order. We noticed heather, but it was not in bloom; also the mountain ash, and other plants peculiar to high elevations. There were quantities of berries, which were of a finer flavor and larger size than those growing on the lowlands. This is attributed to the drier atmosphere. Another indication of our altitude was the squeak of the ground hog. A little further on, we found a wagon with a family in camp. They had come from Utah, and had passed through Idaho and Montana. One of the party informed us that he had walked 1,500 miles by the side of the wagon since leaving home. They had run out of flour, and were very glad to get some from us.

After we had made our evening meal, and were seated round the camp-fire, an unprotected female came along, some-what to my surprise, in this wild spot. She was on horseback, and turned out to be an Indian girl who was known to some of the party. I was informed that she went among the whites by the cognomen of Sally, but that her real name was the euphonious one of "Tow-wow-why-a pim," a word which, in the Click-a-tat language means to throw a thing away, and was singularly illustrative of her character, as will be shown. I was also told that she was well known as the smartest and cleverest girl in the country, being considerably above the average of Indian women, that she was a capital cook, and an expert seamstress, in fact, quite a notable girl. With such qualifications it needs scarcely to be added, that she was decidedly strong-minded, and remarkable for having a will of her own. The fair damsel had been on a visit to the other side of the mountains, and was now returning to the Snoqualmie prairie to get some clothes. In personal appearance she was of middling stature, inclining to be fair rather than dark, not decidedly pretty, but what would be called comely. We invited her to sit down and partake of our cheer. She had not been long seated when, observing that Dr. Wheeler's wide-awake was rent, she pulled out a housewife, and very neatly mended it.

Presently she disappeared, having left to make her toilet, and returned in another dress, with ear-rings and a necklace, while her brown hair was neatly plaited, and fell in braids over her shoulders.

Next day we resolved to descend to the eastern side of the pass, but first moved our camp about a quarter of a mile farther, to a more convenient spot, where there was better water. In descending, when about half-way down, we came to some mud-holes, which extended over a large piece of the road. These are the worst obstructions that can be met with in travelling in this country, not so bad for horses as they are for wagons. In the present instance timbers had been thrown over, but these were all displaced. After a vain attempt to restore them to something like order, we had to give it up, and lead our horses up the steep mountain-side over logs, and through a dense brush, round to the other side of the obstruction. Had I not witnessed it, I never could have believed that it was possible to bring wagons over such a road as that we travelled on. In fact, what is called a wagon-road is nothing but a rough uneven trail, full of obstructions, with the trees cut down on either side, very often barely wide enough for a wagon to be urged along. However bad the obstructions may be, it is seldom that the ingenuity of the teamsters is at fault. When logs that have fallen across are too big to be cut through, and there is no passage round, "skids" are placed against them *i.e.*, small logs or timbers piled up on either side against the large one; thin flat pieces are then placed across, reaching from the ground to the top of the log, so as to form an incline; the wagon is then hauled up by ropes, and let down in a similar way on the other side. Sometimes cattle and horses sink so deeply into mud-holes, that they can only be drawn out with ropes. In a journey I made over the Natchez Pass, my pack-animal sunk into a hole up to his girths; the pack had to be undone, and everything taken off before he could be got out.

After crossing a couple small streams in which salmon may be caught, we arrived in three hours and a half at Lake Kitchelas, being the foot of the pass, a distance of over four miles from the summit. Like the Natchez, the descent on this the eastern side of the pass is easier than that on the western. According to Mr. Johnson's report before quoted, there is an elevation of 900 feet in three miles on the western side, and 456 feet in five miles on the eastern. The average inclination or descent of the Snoqualmie Valley is ninety-six per mile. With the exception of "Perkins's Backbone," and the three steep hills before mentioned, the grade of the whole route is

very gentle, and hardly to be felt. Lake Kitchelas is about six miles long by from two to three miles wide. We followed its margin for about two miles, and halted near a perpendicular bluff which juts out into the lake, and beyond which the road cannot be carried. Parties travelling from the opposite side cross the lake by means of a raft which is large enough to carry a wagon and horses. There is said to be splendid trout-fishing, but Professor Hall and Dr. Wheeler were unable to catch anything. We gained a view of the lower portion of the Cedar River Pass on the opposite shore of the lake, and in the distance to the north-west, a notch in the mountain-ranges indicated the Snoqualmie Pass. The trails from these two unite one mile below the lake, in the fertile and well-watered valley of the Yakima. The population of this district is about 500; there are a number of stock-ranches, and the cattle are driven across the Snoqualmie to Seattle. "In this valley are some of the finest agricultural lands to be found in the territory, where the settlers have raised good corn; and a climate so mild in winter, that it has been considered, for a number of years, the safest place to winter large herds of cattle east of the Cascade Mountains. Ninety-six miles above the mouth of the Yakima are extensive forests of yellow pine, which can be rafted down during high water to points along the line of road."* We returned to dinner. Sally and the fair "Widow" had been out gathering berries, and brought in a plentiful supply, which served us for dessert. We had an accession to our company in the person of San-i-wah, chief of the Snoqualmie Indians, who, together with his nephew, was travelling to the prairie. They were mounted, for all the Indians in this part of the country keep horses, and go about like gentlemen; some of the chiefs on the eastern side of the mountains have as many as a hundred. The nephew was a handsome boy, with long hair, dark bright eyes, and a swarthy complexion like a gypsy. A red feather depened from his slouched hat; he wore leggings, and altogether reminded me of a picture that I have seen of a Spanish contrabandista.

After the toils and fatigue of the day, these meetings round the camp-fire are very pleasant; every one is disposed to be cheerful, and contribute his quota to the evening's amusement, and so the song and the jest go round. "Who can make flapjacks " says one preparing the evening meal. "I," says the writer; "that's one of my accomplishments." Quoth Mr. Denny, "My accomplishments are to

* "Letter upon the Agricultural and Mineral Resources of the North-West Territories." By Philip Ritz.

eat them." "Take care, doctor," says another, "that you don't go too near the fire, or you'll explode, with such a quantity of matches about you," and forthwith the doctor explodes—in a fit of laughter. Some one complains that his pipe is stopped up; he is gravely informed that it won't draw owing to the rarity of the atmosphere, in consequence of our high elevation. Sally and the "Widow," who were old friends, were excellent company, which made a pleasant time of it for us: in fact, we enjoyed here in the wilderness the inestimable advantages of female society. The ladies would not sing at first, being somewhat shy, and waited for us to set them an example, so Dr. Wheeler gave a song. The ice then broken, the "Widow" commenced, and sang a plaintive air, a kind of dirge without words; she knelt, as is the custom of Indian women, and kept time by gently beating with her hands raised, singing sweetly and with pathos. As she knelt with her face upturned, locks dishevelled, and the flickering light of the fire playing on her features, they wore a rapt melancholy expression which made her, though plain, for the time being perfectly beautiful. In view of the approaching extinction of the red man, I could almost fancy that she was some inspired prophetess chanting the dirge of her race. Dr. Wheeler, who has a knowledge of music, declared that the air was perfectly original. She stood up after this and danced in a peculiar fashion, like the Copts and Arabs; jumping up and down, swaying her head from side to side, and making a corresponding motion with her hands, while Sally got hold of a bread-pan, and kept time by beating it with a pannikin, singing as well. Strange to find among these Indians customs analagous to those of the Mesmerists. The "Widow" having made a pair of mocassins for Dr. Wheeler, he paid her liberally, and she showed her gratitude after the following fashion. Placing her hands above his head, then slowly lowering them, she stroked it gently down on each side two or three times, then brought her hands together above his head, looking up, as if praying and invoking blessings on him. The doctor complained of a headache, and the "Widow" undertook to cure him. She placed her hands above his nose, made as if drawing them together three or four times, then bringing them slowly down towards herself, and up into the air, palm to palm, said that he was quite well.

The Indians on the eastern and western sides of the mountains have much intercourse with each other, and go fishing and hunting. They intermarry, and are very migratory, spending one portion of

their time in the Snoqualmie country, another in the Yakima Valley. The Snoqualmies are a small tribe. Those inhabiting the Yakima Valley are called Click-a-tats (*Klick-i-tat*), and their language is very euphonious. Click-a-tat is said to mean a bear, in the Walla-Walla dialect. A portion of the Snoqualmie Indians also speak this language. There are no flat-heads among them; this custom only prevails with the coast tribes. The Indians hunt the mountain sheep in the fall, while their wives gather berries, which are dried, and kept for the winter's use. The sheep frequent the highest peaks like the chamois in Switzerland, and the meat is dried and packed down to the valley for the winter's consumption.

Next day was devoted by the party to prospecting. Some rich iron ore was discovered on the western side of the pass, which, in the event of the railway passing this way, could be worked to advantage. Iron ore, of the kind known as red hæmatite, is believed to exist on Hood's Canal, in the neighbourhood of the Olympian range. As coal, limestone, and wood for charcoal are on the spot, it might be worked at a comparatively trifling expense. It may be as well to state here, that gold has been found on the Snohomish River, twenty-five miles above "Snohomish City." A few miners, in the summer of 1869, made fair wages, and expected, with improved appliances, to do much better in the ensuing season. Last year gold was discovered in a stream in the Olympian range of mountains, fifteen miles back from the head of Port Discovery; the miners finding fifteen colours to the pan.

We prepared to return to Seattle, and resolved to reach Mr. Boorst's—a distance of twenty-six miles—the same day. San-i-wah and his nephew, together with Sally and the "Widow," joined us, which made our cavalcade quite a long one. Sally had a peculiar saddle, something like a square frame, in which she sat. She was an accomplished rider. I could see her far ahead, jump off her horse, tighten its girths, and mount again with all the dexterity and agility of a jockey, reminding me of the old song—

"Sally came up, and Sally came down,
And Sally flung her heels around."

When we had made nearly half our journey, and were about to ford a stream, I was surprised by the sound of a flute, and began, in the stillness and quite of the woods, to indulge in visions of Arcadia, of a pastoral life. Turning round, I beheld a short, fat, podgy-looking little man, in shirt-sleeves, who, with two others, had passed us early

in the morning on foot, coolly sitting on a log with a flute in his mouth, perfectly absorbed in the divine art. The unromantic appearance of this individual, the incongruity and absurdity of a man playing a pastoral in a wild, savage, and inhospitable country, like that we were traversing, where no one stops a moment longer than is actually necessary, struck me as astonishing, ludicrous, and absurd, if not attended with danger. I thought I must be dreaming, and should not have been at all surprised to see next, some Phyllis or Chloe, responding to his tuneful ditties. Sally left us about a mile before we got to Mr. Boorst's, having to call at a farmhouse to get some clothes. She appeared in the evening with a new dress on, and sat down with a pair of knitting-needles busily engaged in making a pair of stockings. Next day we resumed our homeward journey. The parting with Sally was affecting. I could not speak Chinook; indeed, it is not exactly the kind of language for sentiment. I therefore snivelled and whimpered, and made use of a pocket-handkerchief, which was, alas! for the poetry of the thing no longer white, and made such other demonstrations as testified to her the impression she had made upon me. I feel bound in justice to state that she received all my advances with the coolness and selfpossession of a veteran flirt, and remained evidently heart-whole. Altogether, to speak seriously, there was that about this girl which excited our deep commiseration. Young, comely-looking, with gifts above those of her class, and which might, under restraining influences, have adorned a higher sphere, she had literally thrown herself away, and made shipwreck of her fortunes. So true it is that the red race must ultimately dwindle away, and be crushed before the advancing wave of what, in our pride and self-satisfaction, we call civilisation.

After a day or two spent at Seattle, filling up sketches and completing notes, I accepted the invitation of Mr. Birmingham, a gentleman from San Francisco, to accompany him to the Washington Lake Coal Mines in order to examine the seams. Mr. Birmingham engaged a guide, and drove to a spot on the shores of the lake, six miles distant. This noble sheet of water (the Indian name of which is Dwamish) is nearly nineteen miles long by from one to two miles wide. It affords splendid views of Mount Rainier, with the Cascade and Olympian ranges, and there, later, I spent some very pleasant days at the residence of J. A. M'Gilvra, Esq., late Member of the Legislature for Washington Territory. We took a boat to cross the lake, and had to steer by compass, as there was a thick smoke and fog. After proceeding a considerable distance, on near-

ing the opposite shore, we found that we had made a mistake in our course, so we turned the boat's head and made another start. Thus much time was lost. After rowing about three hours, as there seemed no chance of reaching our destination in a reasonable time, seeing a bight, we ran up to it to lunch. While thus occupied, we could just discern a sail looming through the fog. I proposed to hoist a shirt on a pole after the manner of shipwrecked mariners, but no one seemed willing to divest himself of this necessary article of attire, so we had to endure the mortification of seeing the sail gradually disappear, but fell back on a bottle of pale ale which Mr. Birmingham had the forethought to bring along. There was no cup to drink it out of. In this emergency we dispatched the contents of a box of sardines, and converted it into a tumbler. At length, about two o'clock, we gained the warf; from this point we had a walk of about four miles to the furthest of the seams, the greater part of the way being a steep ascent. On the road we observed some very fine cedars. Passing over some large flat slabs of sandstone, through a narrow passage with precipitous walls of the same formation, we came up to a tunnel about fifty yards long, by three feet wide and six feet in height, running on a level. The seam pitched at an angle of 45° , and dipped to the west the same as in the Bellingham Bay Coal Mine. The second seam, which is not distant from the first a furlong, has also been tunnelled on a level to an extent of 170 feet, from four and a half to five feet wide, and about the same in height. Generally speaking, the seams are from three to thirty feet thick; one in Squawk Prairie in this neighbourhood being thirty feet. The coal is semi-bituminous and of the tertiary formation. It contains less sulphur than the Bellingham Bay coal, but consumes more rapidly than that of Nanaimo. It is supposed that the veins run all across the country in the same direction as those of the Bellingham Bay Mine, in fact extending up to it. The seams at these mines, four in number are within the radius of a mile; they are supposed to be parallel to each other and to extend under the lake, as they crop out on the opposite shore. The mines have since been fully opened, communication having been effected with Seattle, and the coal is now in the market, 200 tons a day being turned out. While on this subject, it may as well be mentioned that coal-banks exist on Green River in the neighbourhood, and a good quality of coal of the same formation as that of Washington Lake has been found at Skookumshuck, fifteen miles below Olympia. There are five distinct ledges here, of which the largest is fifteen feet thick, cropping out on the surface.

It is found in a dozen different townships on the north side of the Columbia River, and in several places on the Cowlitz River, Mr. Carleton (employed on the Northern Pacific Railroad survey) discovering a vein six feet thick near the pass of that name. It crops out in five or six townships in King's County, on the Puyallup River, in Pierce County, on the headwaters of the Snohomish, on the Stilaquamish, on the Skagit and Lummi Rivers, and on the Straits of Fuca at Clallam Bay. Specimens have also been obtained from near the Snoqualmie Pass. In fact the whole country is one immense coal-field, underlaid by beds of coal frequently fifteen to twenty feet thick. We had not time to visit the other seams, which are two and half miles from the wharf in another direction. The fog and smoke having cleared off, we were able to cross the lake, and get back to our hotel without any mishap. I now bade adieu to Seattle.

It will be seen from the foregoing that society and travel is very pleasant among Western men. It is a great mistake on the part of the educated traveller, coming from a state of high civilisation, to suppose that he is going to explore a savage country, and that Western men are all rough and primitive in their ways. Of course there is always a certain proportion of uncultivated men, but the fact is, that a great proportion of the people one meets in the Western States are men of intellect and refinement—men who have emigrated from England and the Eastern States of America, mostly with some capital. They are largely endowed with energy and enterprise, for it is such, and not the lazy thriftless sort, who naturally seek a new country. These always welcome the intelligent traveller, particularly those who, like myself, are bent on exploring the country, and making known its resources; to such they always give a helping hand; and many a night, ay, and days, passed at hospitable houses could I recount if need be.

Another thing that surprises the traveller, is the degree of material civilisation which has been reached in these Western waters. The mail steamers running from Olympia to Victoria contain all the comforts and luxuries of those in Europe. Capital meals, with all the delicacies of the season, and elegancies of table furniture, &c., are served on board these boats at fifty cents (two shillings) a meal; and there are bars attached, which are open all day, agreeable to the American custom. The cabin accommodation is clean, neat and exceedingly comfortable, an important thing when we consider that the passage from Olympia to Victoria is often the greater part of it

made during the night. These remarks also apply to the little mail steamer which runs from Seattle to Bellingham Bay.

"Ah quel plaisir d'être en voyage!" Blessings on the art of travel! Is there anything in the thousand-and-one remedies of the pharmacopœia at all comparable to it Are you sick, way-weary, and lifeweary, take a dose of fresh air, and "throw physic to the dogs." One plunges into a moral vapour-bath, and comes out a new man. Our purse lined with a sufficiency for the trip, with the last new sensation novel in our trunk, we defy the blues. Our cares and troubles are all laid upon the shelf, put away in pigeon-holes, docketed and filed till our return. We take the accidents of travel with the most perfect good humour, for what is time to us on a journey of pleasure? In town we should be irritable, and put out directly. Revelling in our liberty, heedless of the morrow, we enjoy the present, and will smoke, laugh, and joke with the first new-comer; for we are a cosmopolite, a citizen of the world; and are at home wherever there are honest men and virtuous women, and of such there are in this territory.

EDMUND T. COLEMAN