

ing Utsalady, on Puget Sound, as the starting-point; on the western side by the river Lummi, which flows into Bellingham Bay, taking Sea-ern side by a trail from Fraser River, taking Fort Hope as the starting-point. The first approach was chosen for the initial attempt, which was made in company with Charles B. Darwin, and Dr. Robert Brown, of Edinburgh. We then arrived at a point about fifty miles up the Skadagett, when, owing to the opposition offered by an unfriendly tribe of Indians, the journey was abandoned. For the next attempt the second approach, by the Lummi River, was selected, at the suggestion of the Hon. Edward Elbridge, late Speaker of the Legislative Assembly of Washington Territory. On this occasion Messrs. Tennent and Bennett, enterprising settlers in the district, joined in, and we reached a point near the summit; but were compelled to return by reason of an overhanging cornice of ice which barred the way, and the fact that we had neither sufficient time nor provisions to make another attempt. In the following year the utmost exertions were unable to get up a party; but next year the author was encouraged to proceed by the willingness of Mr. Thomas Stratton, Inspector of Customs at Port Townsend, Mr. Tennent, and Mr. David Ogilvy, of Victoria, to accompany him, when the approach by the Lummi was again chosen. General McKenny, Superintendent of Indian Affairs for Washington Territory, kindly placed four trustworthy Indians at my command. These were selected by Mr. C. E. Finkbone, who has charge of the Lummi Reservation. To the official sanction thus given, and the fitness of our dusky companions for their duties, were we indebted for our security in ascending the river. We can not forget the expertness displayed in many difficulties by Squock and Tatum. Squock is son-in-law of Umpilam, the principal chief of the Nootsak Indians. Though a Flat-head, Squock is very handsome, and, with his swarthy face and long thin limbs, resembles an Arab.

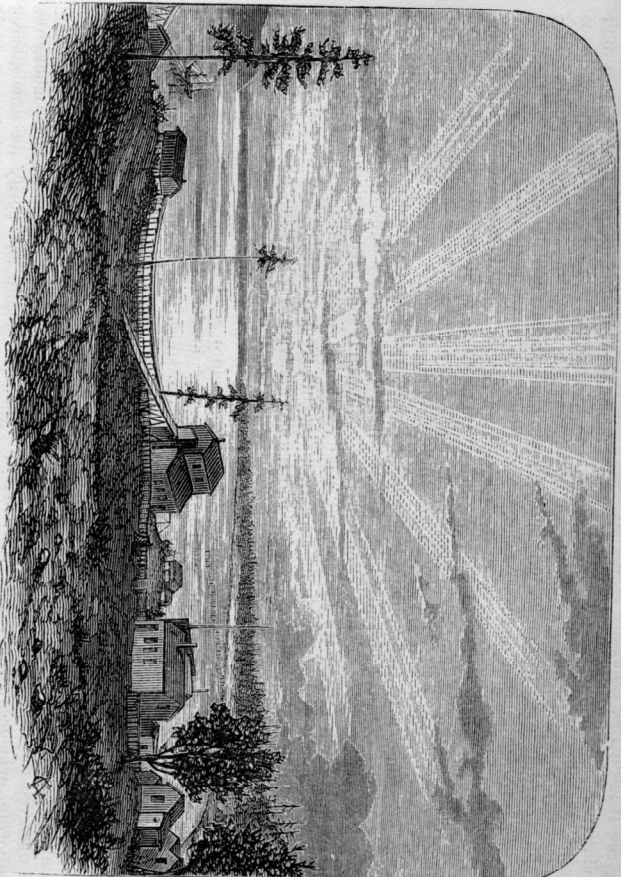
Sure of such good company, I determined to start from Victoria on 4th August, 1868. On the occasion of the second attempt I took the steamer which runs between Victoria and Port Townsend, forty miles distant, and went thence to Bellingham Bay, sixty miles more. But as this was traveling the two sides of the triangle, I now made the journey direct by canoe. This route leads by the island of San Juan, the famous bone of contention between England and America, each end of which is held by a garrison representing these countries. I had engaged some Indians to come from Bellingham Bay for me, but discovered that they had traveled by the ship channel farther to the south, in their dread of the northern Indians, with whom the Lummi have an old feud. Indeed, these Northerners, and particularly the Hydahs, are the pirates of these parts. Of late they have boldly attempted higher game, and have attacked schooners and trading-vessels. In one instance the *Groveler*, of Port Townsend, was entirely destroyed by their ravages in search of "possessee" and "skookum chuck"—blankets and whisky—which form their ideal of the chief good. In another the sloop *Thornton* was set upon by three canoes, and the master and crew were only saved through the good services of a Henry rifle. The *Black Diamond* also came in for a share of their black deeds; and others have been frightened, if not hurt.

Apart from such casualties, traveling is very enjoyable in these inland waters. The bottom of the canoe is spread with small branches and twigs, and then covered with matting of native manufacture. One's blankets are placed against the thwarts and form a soft cushion, against which he can recline and be as comfortable as in a first-class railway carriage. When camping on shore at night the mats are spread out on the beach, and with one's blankets make a soft bed. Gliding along in our canoe, away from the noise and bustle of the busy world, the spirit revels amidst the beautiful scenery of the archipelago. Island after island is passed, all wooded to the water's edge with the cedar, the fir, and the tender green of the arbutus. The mossy banks are here covered with bushes, and there relieved with bold groupings of rocks in picturesque forms. As we look down through the clear and limpid waters, the silvery fish are discerned sporting themselves among the most beautiful forms of sea-weed and shell; while away in the distance, bounding the horizon, are the snow-capped mountain ranges of British Columbia and Washington Territory. All these combine to form a succession of charming pictures, and tempt one to exclaim with the poet—

"Oh! that the desert were my dwelling-place,  
With one fair spirit for my minister."

In passing along we noticed the camp of the English garrison on San Juan Island, and were struck with the singular beauty of the scenery around it. In the fore-ground is the level green-sward with a noble tree rising from its centre, and fringed with spreading maples. Up through these there are winding walks to the officers' quarters, and beyond, a lofty hill, on which a summer-house has been erected, where the surrounding shores are seen to advantage. Between this and the American camp, seven miles off, lie farms in a high state of cultivation, the proprietors of which declare it to be the "best land they have struck," since there are no rents, no sheriff's officers, no taxes, and no prisons.

Having passed San Juan, and steering through a narrow passage near to Orcas Island, we observed a long pole with a cross-piece to it at the top. It is the native arrangement for catching wild-fowl. A net is spread on the cross-poles, fires are lighted at night, the wild-fowl seeking at this time their food, and not seeing the net, fly against it with such



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force that they drop down, and are seized by the Indians before they have time to recover themselves. Vancouver gives a plate of similar poles in his work, and was unable to discover the use of them.

Another interesting method of securing game is practiced by the settlers. They go at night with torches and armed with shot-guns to hunt the deer. These animals then come down to the shore to lick the salt off the stones, and are so thoroughly spell-bound by the lights that they easily fall victims to the hunters. I also observed that our Indians had each a pole armed with prongs, lying by their side while they paddled, with which they occasionally transfixed the fish as it darted along. When skirting Orcas Island a curious instance of superstition was manifested. I noticed a shining marine plant floating in the water; endeavoring to seize it, but missing my grasp, I motioned to the Indians to catch it. They firmly refused, alleging that if they touched it warts would spring out upon their hands. I could not but respect such a particular care of the person, especially on the part of Davy, surnamed Crockett, who to his tribe is king, priest, and judge. He is the theocratic head of the Lummi, and very exemplary he is in the performance of his multifarious duties—ringing a bell, calling his flock twice a day to prayers, and continually enforcing upon them the inferiority of all other tribes, and the great privileges they enjoy from condescending to be born under his own administration—the peculiar year of grace.

Before leaving these islands we can not but refer to the peculiar features of civilization manifested within them. So plentiful is game that an hour's hunting suffices to catch a deer weighing from 75 to 150 pounds. Their skins are sufficient to keep the settlers in tallow and flour until they have cleared the ground for potatoes and grain. Thus the necessities of life are easily gained; in fact, no man need starve in Washington Territory. Many of these settlers live with Indian women, and find a charm in this free and independent life which reconciles them to the discomforts of roughing it in a new country. These attachments generally last for life, and the question is surrounded with peculiar difficulties. The alliance secures immunity from the savage tribes around; the position is one which the more tenderly nurtured maidens would not accept, but I have often had occasion to ask whether the term squalid might not appropriately be spelled "squalid-led."

We now enter Bellingham Bay, thus named by Vancouver. The bay proper is a noble sheet of water, and is an irregular circle of about six or seven miles in diameter. It is the finest natural harbor of the Puget Sound district, and there the fleets of the world might ride in safety and manœuvre with ease. If the Northern Pacific Railway should be constructed through any of the passes in the Cascade range, this bay would be the best terminus. Already two towns have been located upon its shore—Seahome and Whatcom. Seahome is the outpost of American civilization, being the most northerly town in Washington Territory. Coal was discovered in its neighborhood by Captain Pattle in 1852, having been employed