

by the Hudson Bay Company to get out spars and lumber. While thus engaged he saw coal-seams at Unionville, two miles off. A company attempted to work the seam, but without success. More recently another company was formed to work a seam disclosed by the up-roofing of a tree during a storm at Seahome. The seams run north and south, and are inextinguishable. Indeed, they underlie the bay, and stretch away to the Fraser River and the hills beyond. The vein is a solid one of fifteen feet, with two clay divisions, and lies in the sandstone formation—the predominant one in this section of the country. Miners say that it is one of the most regular seams in existence. The yield is above 12,000 tons a month, and it finds a ready market in San Francisco. A. Hayward, Esq., the enterprising capitalist of San Francisco, is the principal shareholder; and the system of working reflects great credit on R. E. Meyer, Esq., the courteous and energetic Superintendent. A tram-way has been made which extends about three-fourths of a mile, and is, as the Superintendent humorously observed, the first link of the Northern Pacific Railroad. In making the excavations for this I observed the finest instances of fluting and grooving, evidences of glacial action, that I have seen on this coast; they were 90 feet in length, running north and south, according to the theory of Professor Agassiz. Altogether, when completed, these will be the most substantial works on this coast, and unsurpassed in permanence and strength. They reflect great credit on Mr. Meyer, as well as on the spirit displayed by the Company. I was provided with an introduction to Mr. Meyer, and those who are equally fortunate will not readily forget this home in the wilderness, nor the skill of "Jim," the Chinese cook. Jim gabbles away in a lingo which is one-tenth English and nine-tenths Chinese and Chinook, and grins with delight if you only nod your head occasionally and say, *Cumtux*—"I understand."

About a mile from Seahome is Whatcom, famous for the expectations formerly entertained of its speedy greatness. Its history is a striking instance of the readiness with which cities rise and fall in a mining country. During the excitement in 1853, when gold was discovered on Fraser River, it was expected that it would become the great dépôt and forwarding place for supplies to the mines. A town was rapidly laid out, two piers were commenced, intended to be one mile long. For about three months there were 10,000 people camped around, and it was quite a common occurrence for half a dozen ocean steamers, and over a dozen square-rigged vessels, to arrive from San Francisco. Surveyors might be seen with theodolites and tapes in hand, up to their waists in water, marking off the lots of the future city, and capitalists eager to exchange their bags of gold for the sites laid down. Among others the California Navigation Company offered \$5000 for a plot to build

a wharf on, but finding that they were unable to come to terms with the land-owners, took their money to Victoria and invested it there. About the same time Sir James Douglas, Governor of British Columbia, gave an order that no miner should work on Fraser River without a license, which could be only taken out in Victoria. This, in conjunction with the high rates charged for the sites, occasioned the downfall of Whatcom. The lumber trade around is reviving, and if the terminus of the North Pacific Railroad be located here, the winter of its discontent may soon become glorious summer, and Whatcom, now deserted and forlorn, arise like a phoenix from its ashes. And certainly it has many advantages, the bay abounds with dog-fish, the oil of which can be sold to the mills around for 50 cents a gallon; the country contains more good farming land than any other west of the Cascade range; there are numerous streams, in one of which I know that mountain trout, weighing from two to three pounds, can be caught as fast as the fly can be thrown; the climate is mild and salubrious, having the sea-breezes and westerly winds from the Gulf of Georgia by day, and at night around the land airs from the snow-capped mountains which refrigerate and purify the atmosphere. The winters are not severe, and sickness is almost unknown. The creek on which the mill is situated has a character of its own, tumbling over huge boulders in a succession of leaps, and overhung by bushes and by ferns, strongly reminding one of a Welsh mountain stream. Indeed, the scenery around has many and varied elements of the beautiful. When standing here at early morn, looking out upon the tranquil scene, in the distance the Olympian Mountains bathed in mist, and nearer the grand outline of Orcas Island looming up like some great fortification, imagination pictures the future, not perhaps far-distant, when these silent shores shall be lined with wharves and resplendent with the throng of busy multitudes.

Before leaving Whatcom we must not omit to notice a block-house, or old fort, which may be seen on the brow of the hill. It was erected for purposes of defense during the Indian war of 1856. At that time great apprehensions were entertained for the safety of the place, as it was exposed to the attacks of the Indians. All the able-bodied men, being entered as volunteers, were organized into companies, and sent up Snohomish River; but a detachment of fourteen was reserved to guard the settlement, with Mr. Eldridge as lieutenant in charge. About one mile distant is the residence of the Hon. Mr. Roeder, member of the Legislature.

We made direct for Squallicum, the residence of the Hon. Mr. Eldridge already mentioned, who has always taken a warm interest in the Mount Baker exploration, and whose house, remembering former hospitalities, we had appointed the rendezvous for the present start. We found that Stratton had anticipated Ogilvy

and myself, and that Mr. Eldridge had assembled a party to witness our departure. Like the hero of Excelsior, fair would we have lingered; but duty urged us on. When the maidens fair bade "good-by," I asked them to pray for us; but one, more lively than the others, observed that we should be so much nearer heaven we ought to pray for them. Starting in company with our dusky friends, under the command of "Sqwook," and our canoe loaded with a month's provisions, it appeared that the fates had combined to render our journey interesting, for the spectacle that burst upon our view that night was grand in the extreme. For miles around the forests were on fire. No illuminations ever kindled for crowning of king or news of victory could be more brilliant. From numberless pines the conceptions darted up to heaven, their refulgence reflected in the gleaming waters.

In making our way to the Reservation we observed an old fort, which was garrisoned after the Indian war in 1855, but forsaken when the difficulty occurred relative to San Juan in 1859, the troops being ordered thither. The Reservation is at the mouth of the Lummi, around which a delta is gradually being formed. Washington Territory is parcelled out into five reservations, at each of which there must be a resident agent, a schoolmaster, a doctor, a blacksmith, and a farmer. In consideration of the Indians giving up their land the Government provides these reservations for their use, besides paying them for their land. These payments cover a period of twenty years, being greater at first, when they are more helpless, regularly diminishing, and ceasing in the twentieth year, when they are supposed to be able to provide for themselves. Very wisely they do not give them the money, but lay out the amount stipulated in agricultural implements, blankets, dresses, medicines, etc. This Reservation is a branch of one at Tulalip, below Seattle, on Puget Sound, to which 5000 Indians belong. Owing to its distance from Tulalip—about sixty miles—this branch was formed here, with a farmer in charge, as being more convenient for the Lummi, who are a hunting and fishing tribe, and taking into consideration their attachment to the place of their birth, which often prevents those living at a distance from availing themselves of the advantages offered them. The land reserved for them is about eight miles long and from two to four wide, and contains from 15,000 to 20,000 acres, most of which is fertile and valuable for lumber and agricultural purposes. It is, in fact, one of the best reservations in the Territory, and sufficiently isolated to prevent the encroachments of white settlers. The Indian town is in the form of a triangle, built around a large wooden crucifix and flag-staff, with an ensign bearing temperance mottoes, and contains forty-eight good, substantial board dwellings, as well as a church, and a number of the old Indian "mancheries" for smoking and cur-

ing salmon. The Indians here are very orderly, and have improved in mechanical skill. This is very much owing to the good influence of Mr. C. E. Finkbner, for many years the farmer in charge of the Reservation, and the Catholic priest who occasionally visit them. Indeed, the Indians conduct morning and evening service in a commendable manner, old Davy Crockett being their leader.

They have already abandoned their ancient barbarous habits, and have adopted those of civilization, temperance, and religion. They have also given up the practice of polygamy, flattening heads, holding slaves, and gambling, as well as their belief in "Tomannos," or medicine men. Mr. Finkbner, who is with them and for them, believes that in time they will become civilized like white men, if looked after. The priests make an annual visitation for the purpose of confirming, exhorting, and otherwise keeping them in the straight path. On these occasions Mr. Finkbner sends up and down the river for the Indians, and they pour in from all quarters. Two years ago, on leaving Mr. Eldridge's for Victoria, I could not get Indians to take me, as Bishop Blanchet, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Idaho, Oregon, and Washington Territories, with Father Bandere, of the Tulalip Reservation, was making a visitation; and the Indians would not do any work until the Bishop had left. Indeed, Father Bandere had scarcely time to eat his meals, so anxious were the poor creatures to confess to him. The following exemplifies the religious teaching of the priests: Mr. Stratton was one day walking along the shore of Lummi Island, and met an Indian woman quite alone. There were steep banks, so that she could not turn back or get away into the woods. She showed some signs of alarm, and as Stratton drew near pulled out a crucifix, and held it up as he passed. It was evident she had been taught that this was a symbol the white man would respect, and that the possessor of it should come to no harm. I observed that the Indians detached for our expeditions regularly retired every night, and kneeling in a row, said their prayers. I could not but contrast their condition favorably with the poor of my own and other densely populated countries. The loveliness of the scenery around, the comfort and ease with which they gain a subsistence, the gentleness and dignity of their manner, nurtured amidst the freedom of their native haunts, all combine to remind one of that pastoral life of the olden time which painters have delighted to illustrate and poets to sing.

Our journey was henceforth up the Lummi into the bosom of the forest. Its banks are adorned with several species of willow, alder, the crab-apple, grasses, English clover, the daisy, the cockspar thorn, the sweet-brier, the wild rose, and the beautiful festoons of the wild pea. There is plenty of open lands, and half a mile up we observed the telegraph wires crossing the river—a silent prophecy of their