The Californian February 1880—

"I think not," said Norman.

Now "Curly" had a secret notion that an account of his arraignment along with Norman before the police court, when published in the city papers, would be a good card among his horsey friends in the mountains—but Norman had other views of the matter.

"Curly" consented, after solicitation, to go along and get his money; but when he became aware that the whole sum was being returned to him, he got indignant, and asked Norman what he took him for—was it supposed that he was "a quitter, a bump on a log, a wild hog in the tule?" and no reasoning could induce him to accept more than half the sum.

Norman finally planned some other way to repay him in future, bade him a kindly good evening, and hastened away about other matters more important to himself, and not in any way directly concerning Mr. Talman Reese. If moralizing, in fiction as well as in reality, were not relegated to the lumber loft of useless, old-fashioned things, it might be well to note here that Norman made a fortunate escape, not from the hoodlum fight, but from Talman Reese and his own feelings; because, when a man is young and finds a gallant friend who has just stood by him in a hard fought battle, resulting in some degree of victory, the invitation to cut loose and enjoy the fine things of a jolly good fellowship is a terrible temptation. Norman was neither a niggard nor a cold-blooded ascetic, but he was, by nature and education, inclined to mind his own business. That is what saved him. The man who can not be saved in the same way is beyond salvation in this world—and is a case of *quien sabe?* for the next.

J. W. GALLY.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

Those who sailed from this city in the *Dakota*, belonging to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and under the command of Captain Morse, on the tenth day of November, saw, upon their entrance into the Straits of Juan de Fuca, the cold, rugged hills of Vancouver on the north, and the outlines of the Olympian Mountains on the south, rising in hazy magnitude through the air laden with the fogs peculiar at this season to high northern latitudes. This impression of solitude, and the presence of Winter in his home, was not dispelled when the *Dakota* swung into the little bay, and was cabled to the docks at Esquimalt, with tall rocks rearing their lichen-covered heads around, grim epitomes of unsociability. A half dozen guns frowned from a slight elevation—the title of Victoria, *Dei gratia* queen, etc., to the vast region to the north, but with an element of profound sarcasm in the light of plate-clad monitors. The American spirit of haste and ease has so far invaded this part of Her Majesty's dominion as to abbreviate the name in common usage to "Squimalt." Owing to the shallow water at Victoria, "Squimalt" has become the port of southern Vancouver. From "Squimalt" the Straits trend eastward, terminating in Puget Sound and the Gulf of Georgia, that lie to the south and north respectively, each at right angles to the general direction of the Straits. The Straits of De Haro and Rosario inclose the islands of Lopez, San Juan, and Orcas, composing the Washington archipelago, and connect it with the Gulf of Georgia.

Port Townsend, the first town on Puget Sound, has seven hundred inhabitants, and is situated at its mouth on the western side, in the midst of hills heavily wooded with fir and pine. This place was first settled about the year 1846, and was once the most important point on the Sound, being the centre of a heavy lumber and fishing interest. The United States government has a military station there. Puget Sound is, in many respects, the most remarkable sheet of water in the world. Whether that section lying west of the Cascade Mountains, comprising the Sound and lands lying between it and the ocean, was once an ocean bed, can not well be determined; but the physical indications point to that as the best authenticated theory of its past history. By volcanic action the Olympian Mountains, which rise between the Sound and ocean, were thrown up to a great height, and are now covered with large fir, pine, and other coniferous vegetation, that clamber in serried ranks up their precipitate sides to the altitude of almost perpetual snow, nourished by a soil strongly alluvial in its elements, and bearing the appearance of sediment deposits. Trees grow heavily all over western Washington, chief of which are the red, black, and yellow firs, the latter often attaining a height of three hundred feet and great size, and extensively used in Eastern ship-yards for spars; the cedar,

yellow and scrub pine, white and yellow spruce, a singular feature being the almost exclusive prevalence of the *coniferæ*. The tallest peak of this range is Mt. Olympus, which rises eight thousand two hundred feet above the ocean level, and frequently holds the winter's snows upon its apex the entire summer. The greater portion of the country west of the Sound is mountainous, and covered by Indian reservations, or sparsely settled by whites. The chief feature of the Sound is the great depth of the water and number of fine land-locked harbors. The Sound itself is land-locked by tall mountain ranges, and in addition the numerous bays, of which it is largely composed, are again more surely protected by the wooded hills that intersect and break it up into smaller bodies of water. Almost anywhere from Port Townsend to Steillacoom the *Great Eastern* could find safe anchorage. Tumwater (which means "falling water" in the aboriginal Chinook) was the first white settlement on the Sound, and in all this region second in point of time only to Victoria, which was established as a trading post by the Hudson Bay Company in 1843, and which has been the capital of British Columbia since 1859.

The most important place on Puget Sound is Seattle, a lively little town of thirty-five hundred inhabitants, situated on a narrow strip of land between Elliot's Bay and Lake Washington. A busy, enterprising people are pushing its fortunes as rapidly as its isolated condition will warrant. It is the chief shipping point for the timber brought down the rivers from the "logging camps" up in the gorges and *cañons* of the mountains, while a considerable amount of coal is shipped each month. Seattle has a number of spacious residences, brick stores, hotels, and banks, and any number of churches and Young Men's Christian Association halls. Property owners evidently think well of its future, as real estate in the heart of town is held at from $100 to $200 per front foot. A queer supplement to this, however, is the additional fact that three hundred yards farther away from the water front it has nothing approximating a regular limit of value. Seattle also boasts gas works, a sash factory, a barrel factory, sawmills, and a railroad. Ships from San Francisco, North China, and New England may be seen any time loading coal and ship-timbers at the wharf.

The history of the Seattle and Walla Walla Railroad is as romantic as its present use—the transportation of coal—will permit. Prior to its construction, coal was brought along tramways from the Renton and Talbot mines, eight miles, to a point on White River, and thence to Seattle in barges. Growing restive under this slow process, in 1876 a few leading spirits, prominent among whom were Mr. Coleman and Hon. John Leary, conceived the plan of this road. They were all too poor to undertake the enterprise in the orthodox way, and to the faint-hearted it was a dream of the unattainable. But the restless spirit of American enterprise was aroused; a small subscription was raised, with which the way was cleared through the dense forests along the banks of the river for three miles, when the money gave out. Nothing daunted by these seemingly insurmountable obstacles, the projectors began to fan to life an enthusiasm among the people. They appointed a day for picnicking on the site of the present terminus. Instead of enjoying the *dolce far niente* under the shades, the whole population fell to grading the road. Preachers invoked a special blessing and burrowed down into the soil and roots; lawyers laid aside briefs for picks; clerks drove the spade into the stubborn earth; in fact, every able-bodied man and boy caught the fever and buckled to the work. Every week, upon the day of the inception of the work, this strange picnic was held, and the grade crept slowly through the swamp, till, one afternoon, the first three miles were ready for the ties and rails. Then Mr. Coleman submitted a proposition for the completion of the road twenty-two miles, to Newcastle, which was accepted, and the work went on under his management, slowly making its way up the river to the Talbot and Renton mines, and up the foot-hills of the Cascades; and in an almost incredibly short period, considering the circumstances, the iron horse came screaming down the slopes and river flats to Seattle, with a long train of coal-cars rattling behind. Then the road that is intended to climb the Cascades through Snoqualmie Pass, and reach the grain fields of the Columbia Valley, began.

Mr. Leary, one of the owners of the road, and the Newcastle mine, kindly extended to me an invitation to ride out to that mine. No passenger coaches were on, so we took seats upon the tender of the engine, which, running reversed, gave us a good view of the country. Five miles up the river, by a sudden turn, we were overlooking the valley near the Talbot, with Mount Rainier thirty miles to the south, wrapped in his mantle of snow. This peak rises with startling prominence eleven thousand feet high, leaving the rest of the range dwarfed by its side. On its peak is a crest of ice older than the Iron Crown, and whose history reaches back till it is lost in the twilight of fable. It was old before Abraham was born; it had seen a thousand suns rise, flash upon its crest, and

set, before the dream of the Pyramids was born in the brain of an ambitious Rameses, or the first papyrus sail swelled to the winds of the Red Sea. There it stood, with that white crown of antiquity pure as when the snows first drifted about its inaccessible crest, untouched by the adventurous foot of man, and unvexed save by the wing of the proudest king of the empyrean, basking in a loftier ether. The breath of Spring comes not to melt or warm its crest of ice or heart of stone, and, Sphinx-like, it looks unchanged upon the vernal lap of ten thousand summers, sleeping in the valley below—a pitiless, bloodless, pulseless, relentless, immaculate epitome of Eternity! Pointing toward this white, dazzling Titan, I said to a sandy-haired companion in a half-worn fur-tipped great-coat: "More appropriate would it have been could Napoleon have pointed there and said to his battalions, 'From yonder peak forty centuries look down upon you!'"

"Ha-a-ah?" he asked. "Punches up considerable, don't it? Guess you wouldn't like it in a linen duster up thar!"

An inspection of the Newcastle—the only one of the three mines now being worked—disclosed a ledge of lignite, with a faint empyreumatic odor, which shows a formation post-dating the true coal era. The wood-fibres are in some places easily traceable, while leaves are seen fossilated as clearly as a photograph. My unsentimental *compagnon de voyage* remarked that they were digging it out a thousand years too soon, and that they ought to close it up, leaving a record, so that it might be opened again when that period had expired; to which one of the proprietors replied that he didn't owe posterity quite that much. It was near sunset when the train of twenty-two double cars, loaded with coal, pulled out from the bunker-shed at Newcastle, and started down the foot-hills toward Seattle. Out a half mile the engine was cut loose, leaving the cars in charge of two brakemen. We stood upon the rear car. The long train, without a head, flew down the steep grade, winding, like a long, supple thing of life, around curves, through deep cuts, and thundering over trestles.

The sharp, crisp air of the mountains, laden with the balsamic odor of the pine and fir, braced the nerves, sent the blood dancing along the veins, and soughed through the nodding boughs overhead. Here and there a bent and twisted rail, thrown to one side, told its story of trains "ditched," and the insecurity of the situation; but the novelty of the ride, the ozone and pine fragrance in the air, made the soul defiant of dangers. Across two trestles, respectively ninety-nine and one hundred and twenty-one feet high—the latter with a reverse curve in seven hundred feet, with no curve-laps, but with the ends of thirty-pound rails merely joined, making an obtuse angle on the outside track, and every wheel chipping off a piece from the next rail, as it passed the angle with a suggestive and ominous jolt—with the tall trees nodding their heads beneath us, all conspired to key up the sensibilities to an exciting pitch. At Renton, after six miles of this wild ride, the engine was attached, and away we sped down the dense swamp, the black giant rushing headlong, with tireless muscle, around curves and over marshes, his spark-spangled plume streaming ever back in the gathering gloaming, and the clank of his iron armor waking the echoes slumbering in the wilds, spurning Nature's obstacles, and screaming his greeting to the black hulls whose profound depths were to receive his cargo, and bear it across the seas to the busy marts of the world.

Extensive fields of high-grade coal are found on Green and Carbon Rivers, and preparations to take out the latter are now being vigorously prosecuted. This coal can be put afloat on the Sound as cheaply as that from Newcastle, and, as it is a better grade, will in all probability drive what is known as Seattle coal from the market.

The soil along the numerous rivers emptying into the Sound is a dark rich alluvial, but the forest growth is so dense and heavy, and the cost of preparation so great, that the agricultural development is necessarily slow. Two processes are adopted—one quick and costly, the other cheap and slow. The former is the usual mode of cutting away the timber, taking up the stumps and largest roots and burning them, and costs from $50 to $125 per acre; the other is to cut away the undergrowth, burn off the *débris* on the land, girdle the heavy timber, and wait for it to die and fall. This requires from seven to ten years, but is comparatively cheap. When once tillable, large crops of potatoes and hops are grown, often netting $150 per acre in one season. Wheat, oats, and barley are grown in limited quantities. Back from the water the country is sparsely settled, and no good reason exists why it should be densely settled for some years to come.

The waters of Puget Sound are deep enough to admit the largest ocean ships as far as Steilacoom, and at Tacoma, the present terminus of the branch of the North Pacific Railroad connecting the Sound with Kalama on the Columbia River, are sixty fathoms of water. At this place are located some large saw-mills. Cod, halibut, herring, sturgeon, and the prince of fish, the salmon, swarm in the waters of the Sound,

the White, the Duwamish, Skagit, and other rivers, and in Lakes Washington, Union, American, and Whatcom. At Steillacoom, which is one of the oldest settlements in western Washington, is situated the Territorial Insane Asylum. Washington, west of the Cascades, has a more equable climate than the same latitudes on the Atlantic Coast; and, indeed, it would be a matter of some surprise to the unphilosophic inhabitant of New Brunswick to know that in the same latitude on the Pacific Coast the climate is mild, and as many as twenty-seven varieties of roses have been gathered from open-air gardens on Christmas day. This is owing to the double influence of the warm currents of the Pacific, and the protecting barrier of the Cascade Mountains, which bar the north-west winds of winter, and turn them down across the Klikitat, Kittitas, and eastern Oregon. This mildness of climate is found only along the basin of Puget Sound and the low lands between Olympia and Kalama. Spring comes early, and the summers are soft and invigorating.

Olympia, the present capital, has twenty-five hundred inhabitants, and has all the appearance of an old slow-going eastern town. Here the Territorial Legislature meets biennially. It is safe to say, in view of the growing population of eastern Washington, that in a few years the capital will be located at Walla Walla. The most remarkable act of the Legislature, and one that expresses the progressive and iconoclastic spirit of these people, was enacted last autumn, and consists of provisions completely emancipating married women so far as property rights are concerned. Its provisions sweep away all the artificial distinctions of the common law, uproots the theory of legal unification and the husband's absolute or trustee rights. It stops only short of the elective franchise. It presents a problem of the largest social importance that this western empire, in embryo, not yet invested with the dignities of a State, whose people are generally supposed to be rough pioneers, and far less enlightened on questions of life than the cultured *dilettanti* of the populous East, should lead the way in the emancipation of woman.

A continuous effort has been made for the last five years, by the people of the Sound, to get a railroad from Seattle or Tacoma across the Cascades, at Cowlitz or Snoqualmie Passes, into the grain fields of east Washington; but as yet nothing has been completed but the preliminary survey. Estimates on a liberal basis place the cost at $3,500,000. This would be one of the best large investments in the Union. The two sections, separated by the Cascades, would commercially supplement each other—the one sending grain and cattle to deep water, to be shipped with only one portage to all the marts of the world, the other returning coal and wood, of which the grain fields are devoid—and would pay such a road from the day of its completion ten per cent. on $5,000,000, which is double the safe investments of the East and Europe. Heretofore, every effort made in this direction has met the active opposition of Portland, whose geographical location is such as to make her commercially inimical to any such project, as she now transports all the grain from eastern Washington down the Columbia to the sea. The Oregon Steam Navigation Company hold a monopoly on that river, and demand a tariff characteristic of monopolies the world over, which, in connection with the natural difficulties presented by the chutes and rapids of the river, renders the expense bill of the wheat grower of the valley of the Upper Columbia the heaviest in the world.

Eastern Washington, until a few years ago, was thought to be fit only for grazing, being mostly an elevated plateau covered with bunch grass and sage brush, and alkali deposits, which, in places, look at a distance like snow, so heavy is the incrustation. Immigrants coming across the plains in the "prairie schooners," as far back as 1843, passed over this desolate waste, and settled on Puget Sound and in the Willamette Valley, leaving a hardy, careless pioneer here and there on the mountain plains drained by the Columbia, Palouse, and Snake Rivers. These stragglers roamed over the largest grain fields in the world as nomadic herders, little dreaming that they trod a soil with untold agricultural wealth in its depths.

About 1844 Fort Wallula was established, and two years later on the Touchet River, some twelve miles from the fort, Dr. Whitman and comrades were massacred by the Walla Walla Indians, which constitutes one of the great historic events of the early days of the territory. Lewiston, Idaho, was founded some years after, before any extensive permanent settlements were established between that place and Fort Wallula, and had at one time a population of several thousand more than at present. Throughout this vast area the country is almost denuded of trees; the small, frail white willows growing feebly along the streams, with an air of beg-your-pardon, constitute almost the entire accessible wood growth. On every side the vast solitudes stretch away over rolling hills, dark gray in late summer and fall, or glinting in deepest emerald in late winter and spring. The soil has in some respects the appearance of fine alluvial, while unmistakable evidences of volcanic elements appear. Not

only is this seen in the occasional scoriated rock, but the nutritive elements peculiar to volcanic regions mark their presence in the vegetation. It is a question whether the frosts and snows of this high latitude have not, by what may, by way of illustration, be called the attrition of chemical forces, released certain properties of the volcanic period as a vegetable nutriment not found, or found only in limited quantities, in regions of similar formation further south. It is a well authenticated fact that frosts and snows will dissolve most earthy formations, and release properties that defy ordinary degrees of heat, but how far this effect enters as a cause into the fine growth of wheat in a character of land until recently there, and elsewhere now, regarded as comparatively unproductive, is referred to the analytical chemist. Suffice it for the emigrant that wheat grows there in paying quantities, and vegetables attain enormous size; as, for instance, a squash in the possession of Dr. Blalock, of Walla Walla, that weighs 124 pounds. In partial confirmation of this theory of the release of vegetable nutriment from the volcanic formations, is the fact that the lands of the foothills, and even on the highest accessible peaks, are far more productive than those of the valleys and along the streams, thus reversing the usual rule of agricultural value obtaining all over the world. As the external appearance of most of the wheat land of this region is much like that of the sage-brush alkali plains of Nevada and Utah, the question arises, may not, in the near future, these plains, now considered worthless, be found to grow in prodigal quantities something of prime commercial importance, and the world see again the triumph of the "stone which the builders rejected," in that the waste of to-day will become the keystone in the agricultural arch of American greatness?

However, this is not the paradise that partial rumor has painted it. The valley of the Wabash, and various sections of Iowa, Wisconsin, Kansas, Texas, and California, grow wheat as well, if not better. By late experience they have discovered that to grow wheat successfully, and maintain the strength of the soil, it is necessary to summer-fallow every other year, and by that process thirty bushels per acre can safely be counted upon. In this respect it falls far short of the durability of the valley of the Euphrates, whose cereals have been grown continuously for the last two thousand years without any appreciable diminution in the annual yield. Exceptionally fine fields of small size, under the most favorable conditions, yield as high as fifty bushels to the acre, and this, as a bit of newspaper information, isolates itself from the result in less fortunate vicinages, and goes to distant parts of the country as a representative type of the general productiveness of the section. With as much truth could we herald the almost fabulous wealth of Mr. J. C. Flood, with all the environments of his life, as a representative instance of fortunes in California. Though not quite so startling in its sophistry, it still paints a truth with a faithfulness painfully realized by many who have gone there on the flood-tide of these wild and exaggerated estimates. Fortunes are being made slowly there now on wheat culture, with all the disadvantages of the isolated situation and an imperfect transportation, and when the railroad projects now contemplated are completed, and freights reduced to reasonable figures, this country will develop in wealth as rapidly as a fine agricultural country anywhere. During the winters those not prepared better than immigrants usually are, have anything but a pleasant life in that low temperature. Building material has to be brought from the mills on the Lower Columbia, beyond the Cascades, and hence is very costly; and as the Columbia is generally ice-blocked as far down as The Dalles for two months in the winter, immigrants arriving late in the season have been compelled to live the entire winter in tents pitched upon the muddy soil, and exposed to the unobstructed sweep of the winds for hundreds of miles. Many such may be found the present season in the Palouse country. On the other hand, in summer the traveler of a dozen miles will find great difficulty in ascertaining by inspection the original color or material of his clothes, while his eyes, ears, nostrils, and mouth will be smarting with alkali dust. The strong summer winds take up the fine particles and drive them across the country like clouds, and any one who has felt the stinging sensation of alkali in the eyes will at once conclude this is not a paradise, whatever enthusiasts may say. The thermometer rises as high in the Walla Walla Valley in summer as in the San Joaquin. These extremes of heat and cold and high winds will be to some extent modified when any considerable growth of trees is produced. Though almost nude of them now and originally, it results from no defect in the soil or climate, as has been demonstrated by practical tests about Walla Walla, where they attain great height and breadth in a short period. Tree culture is beginning to attract considerable attention, and can not be too highly estimated. This is a country of great promise, and will one day be a rich and populous section, but he who seeks it now expecting to

realize the hopes fostered by common rumor, will find how difficult it is for truth, like witches, to cross a running stream. He will not even see in the near future the *avant-coureur* of universal happiness.

To give an accurate idea of the trouble of transportation from Walla Walla to the ocean, we will follow a sack of wheat from the field where it is grown. It is hauled to the depot at Walla Walla and there stored, to await its turn when the twenty-five thousand tons already ahead are taken away. Then it is put upon the cars and taken to Wallula; then it is put upon the boat and taken to Umatilla and transferred to another boat for Celilo; then it goes through the warehouse to the cars, taken to The Dalles and stored again; then it goes by boat to the Upper Cascades, and is then delivered to the railroad, by which it is taken to the Lower Cascades and transferred to another boat, by which it is taken up the Willamette to Portland. Here again it is stored, and thence sent down the river to Astoria and the ocean. This will to some extent be remedied when the road from Wallula down the river to The Dalles is completed, which the Oregon Steam Navigation Company claim will be in time to take out the crop of next year. It will probably be completed in two or three years. But never will the valley of the Upper Columbia have an adequate outlet until a road is running to Astoria, or across the Cascades to Puget Sound, which would be better.

For unique grandeur of scenery, the Columbia River can not be surpassed. From Portland the banks break away into low hills, gently rising into wooded heights till nearing the Cascades, where the river rushes through dark gorges, beneath beetling peaks of rugged grandeur. At the Upper Cascade, perched upon a high knob, is still standing the old block-house, erected by the white settlers about 1847 as a defense against Indian assaults. It was attacked by the Klikitats about 1850, and withstood a siege of three days, when the savages withdrew. The roof and corners of this stout little fort are crumbling beneath the assaults of the elements, more persistent and unrelenting than Grant's "all summer" threat. Snows whiten the crests of all this region in November, and bend the boughs of the stout firs that knit their roots into the crevices of the rocks. Near this point may be seen, in winter, the singular spectacle of a cataract, of a hundred and fifty feet fall, frozen into a huge, glittering icicle. From Cascade to The Dalles the timber rapidly decreases in size and number, and soon after leaving the latter place, going up, the basalt rocks rise coldly and bleakly, in a desolation that appalls sociability. Mile after mile is passed until they grow into scores, and not a human soul to be seen along the banks. A few Chinese mining in the edge of the water, half a dozen Indians, or a sickly attempt at a village, alone breaks the painful solitude. At this season of the year there was no "glancing of sunbeams from the emerald grass-banks down to kiss the dancing waters," nor did the breezes meander along in a "gentle Annie" kind of a way. We didn't see that. The river "danced," but not to the kisses of the sun. It was hurrying out of the country, and any one going there at this season will look upon its movements with profound sympathy.

Scattered over the Territory are many fragments of once numerous Indian tribes, most of whom have now abandoned tribal relations, live on the streams and valleys in winter, and hunt and fish in the mountains or pick hops on the Sound in summer. Those retaining tribal relations are mostly kept on reservations, scattered over the country. Chief Moses claims to represent all these fragments, but, in fact, only a few hundred acknowledge his authority; a pronounced majority repudiate his assumed representation of them. It would be far better for the future, both of the country and the Indian, if the policy pursued in 1836 with the Southern Indians—the Creeks, Chickasaws, Choctaws, and Seminoles—were again adopted, and all the fragments put upon one permanent reservation, and the control of that given to the army. The Indian Territory to-day presents a splendid proof of the wisdom of that policy, in the general progress and wealth of its many dusky inhabitants. As they are now, they are worthless to themselves and to the public. They are thriftless and miserable creatures, too spiritless to disturb the flea that bites them.

The people of Washington are ready for admission as a State, except in the matter of a few thousand less in population than the requisite number. They have formed and adopted a State constitution, and are knocking at the door of the Union for admission, and hope at the present session to become a constellation, under the never-to-be-forgotten name of the Father of his Country. When they charge the failure of this project to the iniquity of the "rebel brigadier," the philosopher will ponder the social problem of the hatchet in its relation to the future grain-queen of the north-west.

JAMES WYATT OATES.