

At 5:30 P. M., we anchored in Alert Bay, on the west side of Cormorant Island, in Broughton Strait, and went ashore to the trading post of Mr. Alden Westley Hudson, particularly known as "West" Hudson. Here I purchased the great canoe which I sent to Philadelphia, for the Centennial Exposition. She was made at Nootka, on the west side of Vancouver's Island, and was owned by Moquilla, the head chief, the descendant of the celebrated Moquilla, mentioned so often in the narrative of Vancouver and Meares. This canoe was made from a single tree of cedar and measured sixty feet long and eight feet wide, and four feet deep. Mr. Hudson sent her for me to Victoria, where I had her thoroughly painted and decorated by Indians with heraldic designs, and finally, shipped her by steamer "Dakota" to San Francisco, where she was cut in two to enable her to be placed on the truck cars, and thus be transported by railroad to Philadelphia.

We left Alert Bay the following morning, at 7:30, passing through Goletas' channel, around the north end of Galiano Island, through Shadwell Pass, into Queen Charlotte Sound. Some ten or twelve years ago, the U. S. steamer, "Suwanee," was wrecked on Vansittart Island, in Shadwell Pass, and in 1869 I passed by the wreck in the steamer "Constantine," and saw a portion of her wheels and smoke stack, but everything has since been washed away, and not a vestige now remains. I am particular in describing our course as it may interest some persons to trace our movements on the charts, and thus enable them to obtain a better idea of a northern cruise than they otherwise could.

We crossed Queen Charlotte's Sound, passing Cape Caution, in the vicinity of which the steamer "Geo S. Wright" was supposed to have been lost, in the winter of 1872, and entered Fitzhugh Sound at eight P. M., sea quite smooth and light westerly breeze, and at 9:40 P. M. anchored in Safety Cove on the eastern side of Calvert Island, where we remained all night, and started at 3:15 A. M., June 12th, passing through Fitzhugh Sound, Fisher Channel and Lama Passage, arriving off the Bella Bella village, in McLaughlin Bay, on the west side of the Passage. This is the site of old Fort Milbank, a former trading post of the Hudson's Bay Co., now abandoned. There is, however, a small trading establishment of the company at the Bella Bella village, but we did not stop, as we were anxious to reach the anchorage in Carter Bay, near the entrance of Hickish Narrows, before night. So we continued our course through Seaforth Channel and thence due north through Finlayson Channel to our anchorage in Carter Bay, which we reached at 5:40 P. M., and sent a boat ashore to procure water from a beautiful fall, 1800 feet high in a series of cascades, from the snow line. The mountain measures 2,500 feet.

June 13, at four A. M., got under way, passing through Graham's Reach, past Worke Island, through Fraser's Reach. The whole distance from Carter Bay was a series of magnificent waterfalls of various sizes, from the tiny rivulet, commencing at the snow line, like a silver thread running down the sides of the mountains, increasing as it descends, till its final plunge into the salt water of the channels as a full grown river, whose roar could be heard aboard the cutter above the din of the machinery.

The scenery along the distance is most enchanting, particularly when viewed during the long days of June, when the summer sun melts the snows

on the mountain tops, which rise sheer from the water to a height of 3,000 feet, with a depth of 100 fathoms of water at their base. The largest and most magnificent waterfall we saw, was opposite Worke Island, on Princess Royal Island. Here, from a mountain 4,300 feet high, a river of considerable size descends in a series of cascades from five hundred to a thousand feet. It is one of the grandest scenes I ever beheld. Here, the weather, which had been somewhat misty, cleared up, enabling us to see the tops of the mountains, and trace the waterfalls in all their beauty.

The mountains appeared to be principally bare rock with but little vegetation, but presenting an appearance indicating mineral deposits.

Leaving Worke Island, we passed through Wright's Sound and Greenville Channel, and at nine A. M. anchored for the night off the S. E. end of Kennedy Island, in 9½ fathoms of water.

June 14th, we got under way, at 2:30 A. M., and at 6 A. M. passed the Metlakatlah Mission, which was established some thirty years ago by Rev. Mr. Duncan, a zealous and indefatigable missionary of the Episcopal church, who has been fortunate in making it the most successful mission on the Pacific coast. The village was quite distinctly seen from the steamer, and by aid of our marine glasses, we could distinguish the fine church and houses, built almost entirely by Indian labor. As Mr. Duncan was absent on a visit to Ottawa—a fact which we learned in Victoria—we did not stop, but continued our course to Fort Simpson, where we anchored at 9:50 A. M.

Fort Simpson is an important trading post of the Hudson's Bay company, situated a few miles south of the boundary line between British Columbia and Alaska. The tribe of Indians residing at that point and at Metlakatlah, are the Tsimsean, an intelligent band of natives well advanced in civilized ways. Those at Fort Simpson are under the charge of Rev. Mr. Crosby, a Wesleyan Methodist, who has built a fine church and has a large school well attended. We left Fort Simpson the next day at 4:20 P. M., and ran to Fort Tongass, a deserted military post, 14 miles distant, in Alaska, where we found an American Inspector of Customs. Here we remained till three o'clock on the morning of June 16, passing around Cape Fox into Revilla Gigedo Channel, and thence to Duke of Clarence Strait, where the weather coming on thick and misty, we anchored at four P. M., near Tonkay point, and the water being smooth, all hands commenced catching fish, and in about two hours we caught nine halibut, six redfish, four large codfish, and a quantity of flounders and dogfish, and then the men were ordered below to get a little sleep. Here we remained at anchor till 2:45 A. M., when we got under way for Fort Wrangle and arrived there at 10:30 A. M. This being the centennial of the 17th of June, 1776, when the battle of Bunker Hill was fought, we celebrated it by a dinner, and a grand display of flags.

Fort Wrangle was at one time occupied as a military post, but was subsequently abandoned, and the building sold to William King Lear, who established a trading post there. When the Cassiar mines were discovered, the rush of miners caused the Government to hire Mr. Lear's barracks and place some soldiers in charge, and the place is at present the most important one in Alaska Territory, as all the traffic for the mines, of Cassiar, Peace River, and other points in northern British Columbia, pass through it Spring and

Fall, when the miners go and return.

At the time we were there, a few soldiers under Lieut. McComb, were in charge of the Government property, but they have since been removed, and at the present time there are no laws or any means whatever for the protection of the residents. A custom house officer looks after the pecuniary interests of the United States as best he can, but the people have to take care of themselves. During our stay, everything was quiet, and peace seemed to reign.

We left Fort Wrangle at 2:40 A. M., June 18, passing through Duke of Clarence Strait, and across the entrance to Christian Sound, around Ommanny, at the southern extremity of Baranoff Island, and skirting along the western shore of that island, arrived at Sitka, at 6:20 A. M., June 19, and anchored opposite the Indian village. Sitka, at that time, was the headquarters of the military of Alaska, and, also, contained the custom house of the District of Alaska. The commander of the forces was Major Campbell, and the collector of customs was Major Berry. The steamer "California," with Gen. Howard and staff, had arrived a few days before us, and had gone north so we did not meet them.

There was but little change in the appearance of the place since my visit in 1869, but what there was appeared to be for the worse and showed by the apparent neglect exhibited, that the officials were already contemplating a removal of the troops and an abandonment of the post.

There is a Greek Catholic church in Sitka with a chime of bells, and Turkish looking towers and dome, made conspicuous by the aid of red paint and glittering tin ornaments; but, in the interior, are some really fine paintings, and rich silver chandeliers and candlesticks, and splendidly embroidered vestments, all of them given by the Empress Catharine of Russia, who endowed this church many years ago. The priests are Russians and Aleutes, into whose orisons the Russian legend: "*Pot nat set copla*," (fifteen drops), is uttered with as much unction and with more fervor, than the "*Pater Noster*." It was in this church that more recently the remarkable demonstration of spirits, not ardent spirits but real ghosts or materialized denizens of the other world—made an appearance to the astonished gaze of the captain and officers of the U. S. Revenue steamer "Wolcott," and the U. S. Mail steamer "California," on the occasion of a grand *potlatch* given to 5,000 Indians by Sitka Jack, the present Mayor of Sitka, during the month of October, 1877. As this story has gone the rounds of the press, and has even been illustrated by one of the sensational New York pictorials, I will not again repeat it, but will simply observe that the truth of it is vouched for, and religiously believed by every person who witnessed the deeply interesting phenomenon.

There was one fact of importance to Sitka which we did observe, and which has been fully demonstrated by the soldiers, and that was regarding the possibility of cultivating the land. Those persons interested in keeping out all immigration and all settlement of Alaska, who wish to have it continued as a magnificent preserve for a powerful monopoly to exercise exclusive control over all fur-bearing animals, have, through hireling writers devoid of truth and common honesty, promulgated and reiterated the assertion that nothing grows in Alaska but forest trees, shrubs and nettles; that cabbages will not head, nor potatoes grow larger than onion balls; and, in short, that everything a white man wishes to eat,

must be carried there, and yet we found things quite the reverse of this. In Sitka the mossy soil on the hills had been deeply trenched in many places by gardeners, and when thus cultivated, yielded good crops of most excellent vegetables. Major Campbell, the commander of the garrison, informed me that last fall, (1874) Dr. Fitzgerald, the post surgeon, had presented him with a potato of his own raising that weighed two pounds, which, when cooked, proved of a most delicious flavor. Both gentlemen stated that they had seen turnips weighing eight pounds, each, and a cabbage weighing twenty pounds. Collector Berry informed me that potatoes thrive remarkably well, and one crop he saw raised in a field in Sitka, averaged three potatoes to the pound. I noticed several gardens and fields well laid out in elevated beds to allow the moisture to freely drain off, where potatoes and peas were looking remarkably thrifty. Collector Berry also informed me that last fall (1874), a man at Koutznov, or as it is pronounced, Hoochnoo, near Hood's Bay, on Chatham Strait, harvested and brought to Sitka, forty tons of potatoes of such superior quality that they readily sold at an advanced price over the Oregon and California potatoes brought there from Portland.

By the tables of the annual rain-fall of the United States, published by the Smithsonian Institute, in 1872, it will be seen that the annual rain-fall at Sitka, is 83.39-100 inches, while at Neah Bay, Cape Flattery, W. T., the annual rain fall is 123.35-100 inches. It has been demonstrated on the Indian reservation at Neah Bay, during a series of years from 1862, that every kind of vegetable production, except cereals, can be easily and profitably cultivated; and from my long residence at Neah Bay, and my observation at Sitka, together with the scientific records of the Smithsonian Institution, I am satisfied that the climates of Neah Bay and Alaska are nearly identical, and that the earth can be cultivated with as much profit in one place as the other, particularly potatoes, which thrive remarkably well in each place.

June 23, we left at 7 A. M., and proceeded north to go around Baranoff Island, into Chatham Strait. At 9 A. M. in Olga Strait, opposite Pirates' Cove, we saw a deer swimming in the strait, and the steamer being headed for him, the officers got out their rifles to give him a shot, but no one hit him, although Lieut. Harwood declared he struck him in the head; at last, Lieut. Kilgore jumped into the dingy, or small boat, with Brown, who had special charge of her, and pulled off and caught the deer alive and brought him on board with no mark upon him except a hole through one of his ears, which Dingy Brown had punched with the end of the boat hook. A council of war was then held, and the deer slaughtered to furnish the mess table with a savory roast and stew.

At 12 M. we passed the rapids in Peril Strait, and at 3 P. M. we stopped at a waterfall to water the vessel. This was done by means of a V spout which the carpenter constructed with two boards, and through this the water was conducted into the Cutter's boats, which were filled in a few minutes, and then brought alongside and the water emptied into the tanks by means of buckets. At 6:50 P. M. we anchored for the night in Lindenburg harbor, near Chatham Strait. Leaving our anchorage at 5:20 the next morning, we crossed Chatham Strait to Koutznov point and village on the northeast side of Chatham Strait, east from Lindenburg harbor. Some of