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SEATTLE.

Seattle, the county seat of King county, Washington Territory, and beyond question, at least at present, the commercialemporium of the Puget Sound region has an eventful history, and has had her full share of the fluctuations and reverses incident to frontier towns.

Settled in 1852 and 1853 by Messrs. Phillips and Horton of Illinois and F. Matthews of Pennsylvania, together with others who are now among the most prominent and public spirited citizens of this flourishing city, the town had in 1855 attained a population of about 300 souls when the Indians commenced hostilities. For a while the infant settlement was threatened with extermination. The town served as a supply post at some distance in the bay, afforded a place of refuge to many of the women and children then living in Seattle, while the remainder sought refuge with the men in an extremity fort from which, after several fierce attacks, the enemy was driven back with serious loss on their part. The settlers were aided to some extent by a few ships thrown into the woods by the U. S. force of war Decatur. In this struggle between the Americans and the aborigines only two white men lost their lives, Messrs. Holgate and Wilson.

In 1857, Seattle contained only 75 houses and 400 inhabitants. In 1872, Seattle had outstripped all competitors on the Sound and claimed a population of 2,000. Olympia, the Territorial seat of Government, coming next, with 1,000 souls.

Since that time the growth of Seattle has been onward and upward, only one period of anything like serious depression occurring during this interval of ten years. Seattle, as many other places have done, aspired to and hoped for railroad terminal advantages; and when it was announced, as it was supposed, authoritatively, that New Tacoma had been declared the terminus of the N. P. K. R. K. system of roads, a wet blanket, merci- pally speaking, was thrown over the high hopes and lofty aspirations of the young city.

However, with what has been, by a recent writer, most aptly termed, "exceptional public spirit," the citizens of Seattle determined to be themselves, the architects of their own fortunes; and what results the facts and figures which we shall present to our readers in the course of this article will speak with a force more potent than whole columns of panegyric and eulogy.

A few words, however, by way of description may not be out of place in introducing the Grand-griante portion of our remarks.

The visitor approaches Seattle by sail or steamboat, from north or south, or he she gets no hint of the beautiful vision which is to greet him or her eyes until the boat has rounded West Point on the north, or Alki or Battery Point on the south. Rounding either of these, Elliott's bay, with a shore line of from twelve to fifteen miles and a depth from a line drawn from point to point of say five to six miles, to the shore, lies outstretched before him, thronged on many hills, rising terrace above terrace, the fine young city of Seattle challenges his admiration and surprise. The white-walled town of San Buena Ventura, in Southern California, presents much such a beautiful picture, as the passengers on a coast steamer gaze on it on some pleasant summer day. We do not know where, elsewhere, to go for a companion picture to Seattle. Such is the conformation of the land on which this city is built that from the bay, or say from Vesuvius what the public buildings, notably the University, the new Providence Hospital, the churches and the elegant private residences, of which there are many, each and all seem to be shown at their very best from these particular points of view, and all contribute to the creation of an impression which closer examination will but deepen and intensify, that where so much has already been done by a community isolated at the rest of the world as this has been, except for water communication, much more will be done when the barriers which separate them from the rest of the world have been broken by the pick and shovel of the railroad builder.

Ascending one of the many hills which environ the town, a panorama of rare and constantly varying beauty unfolds itself at every turn. Away off to the southeast, Kaimier raises its lofty pinacles of ice and outline of eternal snow. Lassen peaks drop downward to the foothills robed in green eternal pines, and these in turn slope downward to verdant meadows, which mark the entrance of the Dauwamish river, swollen with the waters of its tributaries, the Green and Cedar, and smaller streams into Elliott's Bay. Following the shore line, Alki or Battery Point rises from the water edge. Beyond, the eye catches a glimpse of Port Blakely, with its mammoth mills cutting over 200,000 feet of lumber a day, and its deep sea ships waiting impatiently for their cargoes for many a foreign land, "ten thousand miles away." Still further away, the Olympic range of mountains, lifted on rugged columns and their serrated crests, snow crowned throughout the year, into a sky as blue ever bent above the blue region, stretching northward for many and many a league until West Point lifts a curtain of emerald which hides the far beyond, mirroring this lovely scene, the waters of the bay and the Sound, whether sleeping tranquilly when the "winds are all aloof and calm," or tossed into white caps by a frowning breeze, afford at once a breakway and a shelter to a fleet of vessels which, in very truth, have proved argosies to Seattle. This, it is understood, is a summer picture, a transcript, all imperfect, however, of the writer's impressions during the last July day.

Whether it was his privilege to look for the first time on these pleasant scenes. Of course, there are many days, weeks even, in the year when "clouds will intervene and all this prospect flies." One cannot expect it to be summer always. In calm or storm, however, except when the line of vision is narrowed by bath's hand with fog or blinding drifts of snow, and these latter come but seldom, the site of Seattle, and the vision of its surroundings, like the prophet's view of Jerusalem is "beautiful exceedingly."