

the milky appearance of the waters of the glacier-fed streams in the vicinity, and records his encounter in those waters, nearly two months later, June 22, 1792, with His Catholic Majesty, the King of Spain's, brig, the *Sutil*, under the command of Señor Don D. Galiano, and the schooner *Mexicana*, Señor Don C. Valdes, bent on purposes similar to his own.

And now, after the lapse of nearly a century, it is entirely in order to remark that it is a matter of congratulation that Captain Vancouver did not have among his "good ship's company" a modern investigator, a first class staff man of a first class modern newspaper, a man familiar with the character and value of soils, forests, mines, fisheries and other foundations and bulwarks of mighty states. Does anybody at this day suppose that if England had known what mighty "elements of empire" lay, "plastic and warm," in the shadows of Baker and Rainier and Hood and Adams and Jefferson, that the boundary line of her possessions on this coast would have been settled by treaty? Or that the good offices of the wise and just old Kaiser Wilhelm, as peaceful arbitrator, would have been preferred to the dread arbitrament of the sword and cannon? I think not. The loss, incalculable in value, rankles in the bosoms of our trans-Atlantic cousins yet. Less than ten years ago I heard a very intelligent Englishman remark: "Yes, Oregon is a great country; it will be a great state, and so will Washington Territory, but they should have been a British province." Just so; but it is a far cry between "is" and "should have been," or "might have been." My sometime British interlocutor has, since he expressed his regrets, taken the oath of allegiance to the stars and stripes, and, it is to be presumed, is satisfied with things as they are.

Vancouver also named Admiralty inlet, the main arm of the great inland sea known generally as Puget sound, though originally the latter title was applied only to that portion of the sound between Tacoma and Olympia. Two years before, Lieutenant Quimper, after whom the peninsula on which Port Townsend is situated was named, explored the Straits of Fuca in a Spanish vessel and observed the entrance to Admiralty inlet, which he christened *Enceñada de Caamaño* (*Caamaño inlet*), in honor of a fellow officer of the Spanish navy, but he did not enter and explore it. Vancouver anchored his vessels in Port Discovery bay, and spent four weeks in exploring the entire sound region in boats. He then learned what we all know to be a fact, that the entrance to Admiralty inlet is the gateway to the entire sound region, that any vessel bound to any port, either on the inlet, sound or Hood's canal, must pass through the straits at Port Townsend, where the government, early recognizing its commanding position, established the port of en-

try for that region as one of its first official acts when the jurisdiction of the United States was extended over it.

Mount Baker is located in the northern part of the western division of what is soon to be the great state of Washington, within a few miles of the forty-ninth parallel of latitude, the boundary line between the British possessions and the United States. From its unfailing reservoir are developed the innumerable streams which find their outlet in that vast inland sea generally known as Puget sound, through the Skagit river, flowing southwesterly to its point of debouchment at La Conner, and the Nooksack river flowing about due west into the sound at Lummi bay, one of the broad and beautiful estuaries which diversify and make splendid the glorious northwest. Ice and frost and rain bring their cosmic forces to play upon the granites and basalts and metamorphic rocks of that vast region of arctic solitude and desolation, and these streams and rivers bear the silt, nature's exhaustless fertilizer, the result of the processes of centuries of nature's secret chemistry, to bench land, table land, meadow land and tide land, which become at once the servants and ministers of man's need and luxury. Viewed from this merely physical and materialistic standpoint, Mount Baker must, in the estimation of the intelligent mind, be regarded as a valuable factor in the prosperity of that immense region which comes within the immediate scope of its benign influences. In a less practical age it would take its place as a new Olympus or Mount Ida. Let that pass.

Mount Baker deserves notice as something more than the fountain head of fertilizing and commerce bearing streams. It is the central point of many magnificent panoramas, in which all that is grand and beautiful in earth, sky and water are the foregrounds, the middle distances and the vanishing points, in which the atmosphere, with a skill which no living artist can hope to emulate, lays here a shadow, drops there a dash of purple or a broad space of rose-hued splendor, and flings on crag or flanking buttress a high light which brings the whole majestic picture into full relief. Seen from some lofty eminence, even a hundred miles away, the rugged outlines of its vast rotundity are "tempered all and softened into beauty." Viewed from the bluffs or beach at Port Townsend, at a time when the atmospheric conditions are favorable, the mountain and its surroundings present a scene of desolation, of upheaval and titanic fractures, and seismic convulsions, which, in the nature of things, must have been in but small degree less terrible than those which but a few years ago made Krakatoa the scene of an event at which memory shudders and the full horror of which the imagination fails to grasp.