

Address
Y. M. C. A.
New York 1897

No. 17 Bre 8.

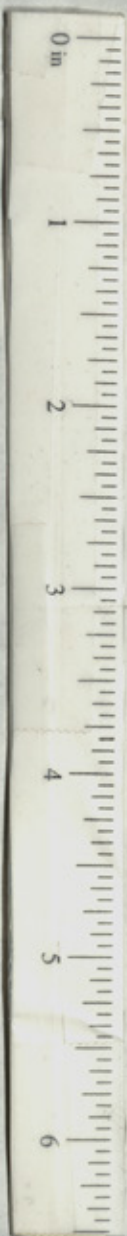
Subject

Alaska

James
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During 1874 my Bureau work in Washington having been completed I was ordered to proceed to Portland, Oregon and relieve General Jefferson C. Davis, who was commanding the Military Department of the Columbia.

After assuming command, I naturally began to reconnoitre my department, visiting different portions of it on inspection tours, and wherever some sudden emergency called me. It included all of Oregon, Washington Territory, now Washington State, a part of Idaho and all of Alaska. By the last of June, 1875, the Department, larger than all of New England with New York, Pennsylvania and Virginia added, had become quite familiar from my personal visits; but Alaska was as yet almost an unknown region. At last a journey to Alaska was planned.

We had one garrison at Sitka, with Major J. B. Campbell, and two companies of artillery in charge. Of course we were in correspondence monthly. Campbell sent me full reports and as his handwriting was as blind as that of Horace Greeley, his voluminous letters had to be studied out and translated before they could be fully mastered by the commander of the Department.

Horace Greeley, it will be remembered, was once very much fretted by a young man, who, after his discharge from Greeley's service wanted a letter from him. Mr. Greeley at last, with manifestation of anger, wrote a letter to the effect that a more worthless young man had never worked in his office than the bearer, and that it would be a source of disappointment and regret to any man that risked employing him. The

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young man carried the letter to the merchant to whom it was addressed.

Seeing that he bore a letter from Mr. Greeley, the shrewd youth had his revenge; for the merchant, not being able to read the writing, simply glanced at Greeley's signature and the office heading, and at once gave him the employment he sought. Col. Campbell's writing bothered me about as much, but I had a clear-eyed aide-de-camp, Capt. J. A. Sladen, who could rapidly transfer it into bona fide English.

Of a country, there are, however, no complete, satisfying descriptions, whether they come from personal friends or are found in books of travel. If you would know a country reasonably well, you must go and see it and spend plenty of time for observation. Now for Alaska !

My wife and myself concluded to take with us the entire family and Capt. Wilkinson, my second aide, who was to go, agreed to join us with his family, consisting of his wife, a son and a daughter. We were to go by steamer to Alaska. The steamer, "The California", that made the monthly trips was a snugly built, seaworthy boat, of small size for an ocean vessel. She had a very reliable master, Capt. Hayes, who had been for many years on the Alaska route, and was regarded in every way as a first class pilot.

Wishing to avoid the Columbia bar and the open sea, we left Portland not on the California, but by a river boat which connected at Kalama with the North Pacific Railroad. By that railway route we proceeded to Tacoma. The beautiful Snow Mountain, which is in the Sierra Nevada Range, usually named in the maps "Ranier" was long before named

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by the Indians, "Tacoma". The new city on Puget Sound that appeared to be the nearest point ³ to the mountain, when the city was yet very small, was also named "Tacoma". This city was to have been the terminus on Puget Sound of the Northern Pacific Railroad. At that point a great western emporium had been anticipated, so that there arose the usual boom, speculation and bubble-bursting. It was still, in 1875, though of large pretention, but a very small city of perhaps 500 people; but it was situated on rolling hills and high bluffs, well wooded, well watered, and having a magnificent harbor, - a harbor so thoroughly sheltered that vessels large and small could enter and remain without disturbance through the most violent storms.

At Tacoma our party went on board a large size steamer that ran from Tacoma to Victoria. Though Puget Sound, with its thousands of inlets and islands covered with virgin forests, and its high shores with steep banks, is considered itself an extensive harbor, and usually blessed with quiet waters, still, like Lake Champlain, the wind does occasionally make ominous waves and choppy seas, rough enough to upset people who are not impervious to sea-sickness.

On the lower deck of our steamer, the 3rd of July, we had a flock of unwashed sheep. The heat of the boilers, the odor of the sheep and their wool, the salt air and the pitching of the vessel were too much for the weak digestion of the most of our party. We wished we had gone aboard the California at Portland, passed down the Columbia across the bar and taken the ocean route to Victoria, instead of this

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disagreeable combination on the Sound; but as I am never sea-sick, I enjoyed the changing scenery around us, the glimpses of Seattle, which a little way off resembled the approaches to Naples, and Port Townsend, a small town which in the distance gave us a charming landscape dotted with presentable structures. The fort, "Townsend", was a few miles westward, across an arm of the Sound, beautiful in itself and beautiful for situation, yet not visible from the passing steamer. One notices there also the extensive saw-mills, like large villages planted here and there as they appear among the forests, the islands and promontories along the route.

At Port Townsend our Sound steamer gave us a brief rest while putting off and taking on freight. My aide-de-camp and myself went aboard the revenue cutter "Wolcott", Capt. Scammon commanding. We found the good Captain quite ill. According to a promise, I greatly desired to have the Wolcott with me in Alaska so that I could visit points where the steamer California could not go. Captain Scammon did set out for Alaska the following Monday, the 7th of June, but we were on our way back from Sitka when we met her. The revenue cutters were limited in their fuel and not allowed to make more than 6 or 8 knots an hour. I was greatly disappointed, for I had hoped, at this favorable season, to have visited more of the inhabited portions of Alaska than I would be able to do without the Wolcott.

The harbor near Victoria is Esquimaux. It is a magnificent port which the English have improved in every way, and rendered favorable

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5

for their excellent naval station. Here we found our own war-steamer, Benicia, that had been suddenly ordered to Alaskan waters. Capt. Hopkins was her commander. We went on board and enjoyed a royal reception. The occasion of the Benicia's visit was the sudden shipwreck of our war-vessel, the Saranac, at the dangerous narrows through which we ourselves were soon to pass; but as the kindness of the British naval authorities had anticipated Capt. Hopkins' expedition, having sent every necessary aid and relief for the shipwrecked passengers of the unfortunate man-of-war, the Benicia had already been ordered to return to

Note A. The Alaska Indians are very superior to the interior or plain Indians in intelligence, and further advanced in civilization, in that they live in fixed habitations, very substantially constructed of timber, are possessed of great mechanical skill, are industrious whenever opportunity offers, and are both commercial and frugal in their habits. They count their wealth by blankets and subjects. They construct canoes capable of holding from 10 to 40 and 50 men, or 5 or 6 tons of freight, and perform in them voyages of hundreds of miles in length, for the purposes of trade. Their habitations, in the form of regular villages, of houses so strongly built as to be able to withstand as much, almost, as a modern block-house, are always built upon the shore of the sea or river. Their skill in canoe navigation would enable them to readily concentrate in formidable and very dangerous numbers at any spot they might choose; and if they were armed with modern arms of power and precision they could soon clear the country of ~~the~~^{our} few troops and white inhabitants. They are hardy and brave in character, but do not know their strength.

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Water of 1300 ft deep

2000 ft deep in some



San Francisco.

6
on the Benidua at Esquimaux

The assembly of the seamen and the array of the marines to receive us, attended with the accompanying salute of ~~15~~^{cannon} guns, greatly interested the children and made a lasting impression upon their memories.

We enjoyed our short stay in Victoria (while waiting for the California to arrive). ^{we found it} a small, snugly built city of 16000 inhabitants; streets generally narrow; and the structures ^{of} one and two stories, usually of brick. The outlying parks, the Governor's house, of ample size, with fine approaches, excellent roads, abundant shade trees, give a noticeable framework and setting to Victoria which befitted it as the capital of British Columbia. It being in a foreign country, our people enjoyed, as Americans always do, their brief visit to the shops and stores of the city. ^{the California, in due time,}

Our steamer having arrived, we went on board. We found there quite a party of passengers. Several officers were on their way to Alaska to constitute a court martial.

Our steamer passing on northward, sheltered all the way from the ocean, first touched on the 5th of June at the English post of Nanaimo. The officers, with myself, paid a visit to the extensive coal mines found in that neighborhood. Some idea of their extent may be gathered from the fact that 25,000 dollars per month and over, were paid out to the workmen connected with the mines. This is a grand coaling station and northern navigators depend much upon it for their supply of coal.

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San Francisco
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7
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^{have a} We ~~had~~ ^{like them} tribe of Indians on Puget Sound at Tulalip, whose ^{for years} agent was an excellent Catholic priest, Father Chirouse. His Indians had the same characteristics as these at Nanaimo. They were usually divided into two wings, one wing being uncivilized, wearing blankets and hovelling together; while the other wing was made up of those who had received some education and were ^{domiciled} ^{comfortable} living together in huts, in families, and getting their living by wood cutting and logging. Those at Nanaimo were on the up-grade toward civilization, displaying some of its benefits and some of its demoralization. None so low as the lowest at Tulalip and few so advanced ^{in morals} as the dwellers in the humblest huts.

The voyage from Nanaimo to Wrangel was remarkable, owing to the strangeness and magnificence of the scenery. The several gulfs and sounds which jut in from the ocean, not rough at that season, were connected by straits and water passages, which, flowing swiftly, were like a succession of beautiful rivers. A grand, sloping, mountain wall on either side, sometimes very high and sometimes lower in cross ravines, made up the shores. Often these shores, or their rough backing rose to 2,500 feet, or at lofty points to 3,000 feet. The slopes were ^{dotted} ~~mostly~~ covered with trees and snow crowned. Foaming cascades dropped down

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their furrowed sides. Streams, with icy fringe, coursing like silver threads, variegated the huge rocks; while broad snow-slides and an occasional glacier pushed their way to the edge of the great water channel through which Capt. Hayes, at the wheel, was guiding our mystic way.

All those natural features that travelers go to Europe to see were found in Alaska. The half had not been told us concerning this grand, beautiful, sheltered water-way, - a comparatively safe inland passage from the Puget Sound to Sitka. But tides had to be watched. The current at times was fearful. At one point the ^{Captain} while holding his wheel with firmer grip, cried - "Just here ~~The Sarah~~ ^{The California} ~~The Wright~~ [#] (a government transport) was sunk. Sometime ~~may~~ ^{may} be sucked down like her in a big whirlpool, and there'll be no more Hayes!"

It did not seem to us, who had been above the Cascades of the Columbia, as dangerous as some of the swift rapids that skillful pilots with large river-steamers passed ^{over} every day on the great river; but our Captain said: ^{times of tide to be chosen, and} there were dangers unseen to be feared and guarded against. Captain Hayes and his efficient pilot never relaxed their care and their watchfulness while we moved steadily and safely on through the swift currents of the narrow cut. Right beyond our left-hand shore, but a few hundred rods away, was the great Pacific Ocean, - so the charts and the Captain said; but our view, though so startling, so strange, so varied, ^{yet} so splendid in the changing light, was ^{yet} limited by the lofty mountain banks.

9 our

Tuesday, June 8th, we anchored at one of ~~the~~ forts, named Wrangel. Lieut. John A. Lundeen, 4th Artillery, was in command. He had ~~a~~ ^{one} brother officer, Lieut. M. M. Macomb with him, and a detachment from the post at Sitka of 12 enlisted men.

There had long been a band of Indians here, "The Stickeens." They spoke a language common to the savage tribes of the upper coast, called the "Thlinket tongue." Fortunately, I had with me ~~Alexander Choquette~~, a capital interpreter, who spoke their language. Lundeen had a good stockade fort, but altogether too large for 12 men to defend against any considerable assault. Many white men ^{on islands nearby} who had drifted beyond the pale of civilization were in league to sell liquor to these and to all other Indians that they could reach.

As soon as we had completed the usual military inspection, on came the Indians from "The Ranches", as their rows of long houses, built of heavy hewed plank, in plain sight of the stockade, were called; they ~~drew near~~ ^{the stockade} with dejected looks. They wanted to speak to the "Great Chief". Their complaint had already reached me at Portland, Oregon, and so I was prepared for a repetition of it. Their former Indian chief, Fernandeste, ^{board ship} had been taken on the California on a former return voyage, to become ^{at Portland} an important witness ~~there~~ before the U. S. District Court. It was a liquor case. Some white prisoners aboard had used their powers to terrify poor Fernandeste against testifying. Fernandeste in his dismay took his own life then and there.

This was the story. Now his immediate relatives were stung and worried almost to madness by the sneers and gibes of other Indians. They called them all sorts of names and scorned them as cowards because

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I learned that under this passion, inflamed by strong drink, one brave but unsuccessful attempt had been made to kill a white man, - *because* ~~for~~ the wretched prisoners on the California who had caused Fernandeste's death were white men. The Indians had heard, through Lieut. Lundeen, that I was coming; that I had promised a settlement. They were now resting in my promise. Many urgent proposals were submitted and canvassed; but at last we agreed upon a "potlatch". The "potlatch" was to be a gift from me, "The Great Tye", to wit, 100 blankets and the dead body of Fernandeste, delivered pro forma to the new Indian Chief. I was fully prepared with the authority, the blankets and a box containing the much coveted remains of Fernandeste. Doubtless the new chief gave these to the heart-broken relatives, so "the revenge" was had and "the settlement" completed. That night the Indians, in their unbounded joy, gave us a dance of satisfaction, depicting ^{by pantomime} in their rude way the departure, the suicide and the singular return of Fernandeste, ^{and also} our own visit and the final and amicable arbitrament of all differences. Thereafter, Lieut. Lundeen and his little garrison were in safer condition at least until some new superstitious folly should spring up among the savages, and intervene.

+ furnished us

The next day, by the courtesy of Capt. Irving, who owned a river steamer, the Glenora, I took our party up the Stickeen River as far as our eastern boundary. No building had been erected as yet in the place selected for a Custom House. That house consisted of a few

10
The Revenge

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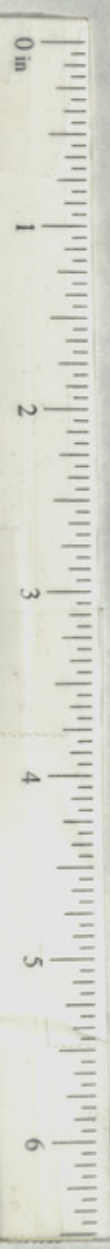
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canvass

tents within the British line. That wonderful line was still in dispute. ^{that, guided me} I thought, ~~in~~ rough mountains, such as we found, it could not matter much where the exact line of division was, still, smaller causes of dispute than that had caused ~~a war~~ between ~~two great~~ nations. A civil engineer who journeyed with us, (a Mr. Wright), kindly guided us to the largest of two glaciers. We also visited the hot springs, not far above the boundary. The large glacier was about two and a half miles in breadth and was said to extend twenty-five or thirty miles back. ~~Exhausted~~ told us that the glacier was slowly moving, though we could not see it, toward the Stickeen. The evidence of the motion was an immense pile of debris, gravel, blocks of granite and crushed rocks of all kinds along its immediate front.

Our party, including the court-martial officers, Mr. Wright and John Muir, who is famous for his writings upon glaciers, accompanied us as we ascended over the rough ^{icy} snow to the higher levels of the glacier. The snow, or ice, was very porous and full of crevices, so that the children had to be watched to keep them from running into dangers not always apparent. We had in our hands long sticks for canes and felt our way ^{slowly} as we proceeded. After returning to the water's edge, we visited the hot springs, which form a short confluence of the Stickeen River. They do not differ from other hot springs ~~which I have seen~~, except in the great abundance of the flow and in the intenser heat. The water was so hot as to scald the hand at the sources.

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I thought, through mountains, such as we found, it could not matter

tents within the British line. That wonderful line was still in dispute,

Sitka. The word "outside" naturally caused considerable seasickness among the passengers. We were in the offing at Sitka by Thursday evening, the 10th of June. Col. Campbell, his family and the other officers, heartily welcomed us to this distant and lonely post. I doubt not, ^{instructed from their looks} the men also were glad enough to see the incoming steamer with its passengers and its mail matter. I found there was constant danger and annoyance on account of the slight separation between Col. Campbell's quarters and the Indian village, but there was no real difficulty like that at Wrangel among the numerous Sitka Indians.

The inhabitants of the town altogether, Russians, Aleuts, half-breeds, American and foreign traders, the Indians and the garrison, could not have exceeded at that time 2,000 souls.

On Sunday, June 13th, in the morning we attended the Russian religious service, conducted according to the ritual of the Greek church. The cathedral proper was undergoing repairs, so that the morning service was held in smaller rooms at the Priest's house. The ceremonial was ^{-no seats-} impressive, men, women and children stood or kneeled during the exercises; little boys helped in singing; all attendants, perhaps a hundred people, were neatly dressed and devoted in worship. The morality of the priest and ^{the} people, judging by common repute, was not equal to their devotion. The Priest was reported quite often for drunkenness, and among ^{those} the people, - perhaps not ~~the~~ worshipers, - licentiousness, with dreadful consequences, was prevalent. There was no minister for the Lutheran chapel. We improvised a lay service which was well attended by the

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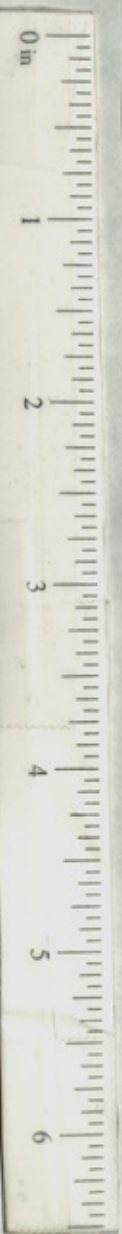
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garrison and by protestant civilians. In the evening, by special appointment, I gave ~~an~~ public address; the house was full; a portion of my remarks were translated into Russian. I tried to show a depressed people what I believed to be a sovereign remedy, that they could themselves apply for the ills that afflicted them. The attention was perfect and the interest manifest; but good civil government as well as religious and ~~sacular~~ teaching were nowhere more needed ^{then} than in Alaska. While at Sitka, I met the ^{poorly clad & hideously painted} Indians and had a lengthy interview with the chief and with the people. The famous Sitka Jack was absent. When at home he controlled at least one half of the households of all the Indians; in each house there were usually one family and branches thereof, sometimes numbering twenty or thirty people altogether.

Anahootz, the chief who governed the rest, spoke at my meeting for the whole. Before doing so, he showed me numerous recommendations given him by prominent officers of the army and navy both Russian and American. He was supported on his right hand ^{during the conference} by an adopted father and on his left by a wealthy young Indian.

Anahootz made us a speech. I will give a few extracts. He said: "Ever since General Davis ^[he was the first Amer. Gov. to there] came here I have tried to live on terms of peace and good will with the whites. Nine of my people were killed or wounded by white men long ago. Now I have the best feelings. The Boston Tyee ~~Tyee~~ (meaning Campbell) was not responsible for ^{any} ~~the~~ acts before him. No troubles now, for the Tyee has a just way of punishing Indians. My people never had trouble with the Russians. The

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12. 14

Tyees before Major Campbell did trouble us. The Indians have hard feelings toward some store-keepers present who treat them like dogs. They paid them for labor with very little hard-tack or flour, and the Indians complain that they are kicked out of the stores. I object to payments in trade. We are just beginning to come to what I have long wanted - amity with the whites and with each other under a good chief. I have had many struggles to maintain this. My people are just beginning to see that I am right."

I spoke to Anahootz concerning the education of his children, advising that the subject be laid before his people. He answered : "I have spent sleepless nights thinking of the interest of my people. I want a good teacher. Will build him a schoolhouse. Once a teacher did come, but did not stay."

I then addressed all the Indians, urging education, industry and co-operation with their chief. There were many guttural expressions of satisfaction. The Indians at Sitka had abundant food. They painted their faces in part or in full with a black pigment. It was said to be done to preserve the complexion against the severity of the weather. Ladies of course may paint in Sitka or in Washington; In Alaska I only objected to the color of the paint.

These Sitka tribes had not a very good reputation for morality, but the white men who first found their way to Alaska had not in this respect improved the Indians, either by precept or practice. This interview at Sitka was the stepping stone to the successful Presbyterian Mission, which a little later was inaugurated at Sitka, Wrangel and other places. [Introduce note A pg 5.]

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We next went, the 16th of June, with the California to the mouth of the Chilcat River and anchored. The Chilcats and their visiting Indian friends, though a cold, strong wind stirred up the waves, and everything was dreary enough, paddled their canoes about our steamer. These Indians were thin in flesh, but tough and hardy, though poorly clad. In language, size, features and form, like the Sitkas. Sitka Jack was there on a visit. He had five or six paddles on a side of his long, firm canoe, with a small U. S. flag unfurled in the stern, where he sat and steered his craft. He came up to us in grand style and was warmly welcomed on our steamer. He gave us prestige among the strangers, piloting our row boat up the Chilcat for four miles to an Indian Village. There I met an Indian woman from the interior. She said, and others confirmed her story, rowing up the Chilcat or narrows and walking two days altogether, would bring us to a level and open country, doubtless lying along tributaries of the Yukon. Indians who could not speak Kinket (the Sitka tongue) were numerous there. We saw at this village an enormous meteorite of recent descent. A Smithsonian traveller had bought it, and the Indians keeping it for him would not sell it to us.

*Extract from Gen. Howard's lecture on
Alaska - at Minn. H. M. C. & rooms on
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Ex. vessel from the Hudson Bay
at the N. W. C. station on
the coast of the Arctic Sea.

Tuesday, June 14th, taking the steamer California, I proceeded northward; we steamed through ^{several} narrow and deep passage ways. One was called Peril Straits, and like the channel where the Saranac went down, was flanked by high, snow-crowned hills, bespangled with rocks and trees, and seamed with frequent cascades. Our eyes in the clear light were feasted with seeing; and our hearts were moved with the grandeur that could be afforded by hills, mountains and ravines, beautified by unlimited abundance of water, snow and ice arranged in Nature's own magnificent style.

In Kontznous Bay we anchored. Thence in a small boat we rowed along the shore of the great admiralty-island for four or five miles, turn a point of land and suddenly in a pleasant little nook came upon an Indian village. The Indians, the Kontznous, much like those of Sitka, were fine specimens of the coast aborigines. They were hearty and fat. Their houses were generally from 70 to 80 feet long and from 40 to 60 feet broad, made with a pitched roof, 15 to 20 feet high under the eaves; but one door under the gable just big enough to crawl through. You ascended to it by a few steps. The frame ^{of the structure was} of large beams, and the planking all over it remarkable. I measured single planks four feet broad, six inches thick, and sixty feet long. In the best of the houses there was, inside, a brick-paved square for hearth and fire in the center, right under a sizable opening in the roof. Around this square, a few feet back there was a nice banquet, terminated inward by a handsome carved and colored single plank, set up on edge, finished often like the inside of favorite canoes. On the broad banquet ^{were} usually a few small sleeping rooms, the beds being made of skins strewn on the room floor. Over the fire, kept burning or smoldering in the centre were pots,

kettles, or pails, loaded here and there with salmon drying or smoking. Skins for mats were ~~thrown~~ along the banquet. I saw two curious casks of square cross-section, water-proof, kept for fish oil; also well made water tight chests for trunks, used in canoes for long voyages. In one house I found an Indian, Koutznous, of giant build, who had a finely shaped head and high forehead. One of his legs, propped up, was three times the natural size; his knee greatly swollen; his toe-nails, uncut, had grown long and pointed. He lay there on the floor of a banquet with an expression of infinite patience, while his poor wife was moaning with pain from some temporary illness. The man had been wounded in an Indian battle years before our visit *and so suffered for want of surgery.*

The Koutznous, through their chief, complained of some white traders who ^{frequently} came and went in a schooner. They first crazed the Indians with firewater, and then bought their oil, furs and salmon for almost nothing. An old man and woman who loved liquor interposed and stoutly defended the white traders; *but the general voice was against them.*

In a similar way we wandered about in those northern waters, making visits to different tribes seldom seen by white men, settling small disturbances and talking about education. All were eager for teachers. News of what teachers could do had reached them from British Columbia. We met the Awks, the Tacous and the Sumdums. The young Sumdum chief, Foustchou, manifested joy that I trusted him enough to get into his canoe. He and I beat the steamer's boat in returning to the California from his village. He was delighted with a paper I gave him, translated to him by the interpreter. It condemned the liquor traffic and praised him. Praise is comely!

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17

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Probably two hours before the sun touched the horizon, the 17th of June, we found ourselves in Prince Frederick's Sound. It was a beautiful body of water 20 miles across in any direction, shores irregular, at that time smooth as a mill-pond; mountains rising in the distance of different shapes, looking like white ~~rocks~~ ^{ghosts} at some points, but for the most part resembling immense piles of cotton in white bags; ~~there were~~ glaciers here and there ^{seen} in the dimness of the afternoon light, looking like the mists and foam of Niagara. The islands and nearer shores were as clearly defined in the glassy water below as above the surface. Our steamer moved noiselessly toward Prevontet Island, whose distance was four times what it seemed. The whole scene affecting all on board was indescribably attractive and grand. Capt. Hayes thought of the anniversary of Bunker Hill for that day. He loaded his only cannon with a double charge and fired it while dipping his flag. The echo, seeming to make return from all sides, was very loud and prolonged.

Our ladies hardly knew when to put the children to bed. We put up a large board, sketched on it the ~~Battle~~ ^{field} of Gettysburg, and from the sketch, seen perfectly by all the passengers, at 10 p.m., I gave a brief account of the battle. There was, that night, only one hour between the twilight and the dawn of the 18th of June.

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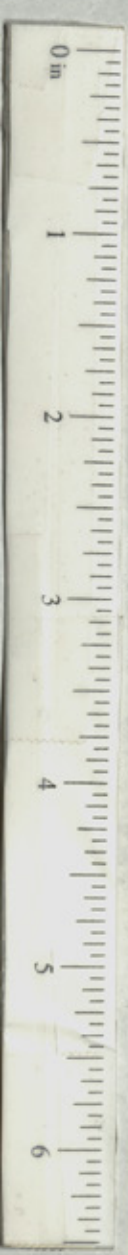
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Having detained the California as long as I could, we began to make our way homeward. Major Campbell, who was aboard, was taken off by a small steamer and carried back to Sitka. We touched again at Wrangel, and then went on, hoping to visit Fort Tongass, but not finding the anchorage safe we simply allowed the steamer to move very slowly that I might communicate with the Tongass Indians. It was a small tribe 130 all told, who lived near the beach. The chief's name was Yah-shute. We found here a custom house officer, living at the fort, on friendly terms with the Indians. Having arranged such complaints as had come to me, and received from the Indians the usual requests for a teacher

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and to be protected against liquor dealing, ¹⁸ ~~for~~ ^{who cheated} trading white men, we passed on southward, anchoring in the neighborhood of Fort Simpson the 20th of June. It being Sunday, we remained there for the day. This was in British territory. Here we found over a thousand Indian people. An old Hudson's Bay fort with a half-breed superintendent in charge, and an interesting Methodist Mission, presided over by the Rev. Mr. Crosby and his ^{good} wife. ~~The~~ ^{Crosbys} had come up from Victoria upon the earnest petition of the Indians themselves. ^{English philanthropist} The famous Mr. Duncan, who had succeeded in redeeming more than a thousand Indians and bringing them to civilization on the Island of Metlakahtlah, had learned their language when a young man at this Fort Simpson, and gone thence to his island. He brought ^{in time} a low tribe to a high degree of civilization by the ^{of Christ} gospel and patient teaching. The Indians at Simpson spoke the same language as Duncan's Indians, but not the Klinket, the language of the tribes above. They are the same in complexion, size, manner of house building and nature of subsistence as all the ^{northwestern} coast Indians. Here, however, was a noticeable cleanliness and order. The entire population flocked to church with clean faces and hands, and engaged in the ^{religious} services, almost with unanimity.

Mr. and Mrs. Crosby were glad of our visit. They said they had not ^{before our coming} seen a white lady for fifteen months. They told us the interesting story of the beginning of their mission and how it had since progressed. It appears that a talented young ^{Indian} woman had gone down on one of the steamers with some other Indians simply to have a good time, but she fell in with some Christian ladies at Victoria. She was converted

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On the way down the coast, ^{remaining on} ~~clinging to~~ the California, we all took the outside passage, had some laughable experiences in rough weather ^{while} and crossing the bar of the Columbia, yet we passed safely in and up that great river, past Astoria and on to Portland, reaching home the 25th of June.

The closing remark of my report to Washington indicated the hope of speedy legislation in behalf of the ^{numerous} Indians as well as of all the inhabitants of Alaska. That legislation has recently been had, making Alaska a bona fide Territory with a territorial government. ^{As to products} Some grains and hardy vegetables are everywhere raised. Potatoes were planted like celery, and did well, and there were many fair crops of turnips, cabbages, beets and parsnips. On cleared land, where there was any unoccupied, there was ^{always} good grass. The climate is not severe at Sitka, owing to the friendly ocean currents, though of course the days in winter are very short and the winter itself very long.

I visited a few ^{gold} mines which as yet were but partially developed. The great strength of Indian men was shown in their carrying down the ^{heights} mountain ^{bags} of quartz upon their backs over paths that could not have been worse. They easily bore along on their shoulders ^{sacks} ~~bags~~ of broken

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stone that I could not ^{lift} ~~raise~~ from the ground. The mountain I ascended ²¹ which was covered with a variety of timber, ^{fallen & standing} hemlock, fir and cedar. The Alaska cedar is remarkable for the size of its trees, for its fineness of grain and for the use of it made in constructions, like clothes ~~pressa~~ presses, nice chests and boxes. But ^{But} ^{cedar} that timber so much sought for ~~was~~ not very abundant. The fisheries, the seal catchings, the whale expeditions the furs of different kinds and descriptions, and the remarkable fish oils of Alaska are well known to our people. Certainly there has been abundant re-payment of the original cost of that immense territory, but a small portion of which has yet been thoroughly explored. Energy enterprise, scientific research, money-making, and probably social ostracism on account of crimes committed, as well as pure philanthropy, will find there plenty of opportunities along its mountain paths, on its thousands of islands, and across its gulfs and bays, and in its nooks and corners - opportunities for exercise, for development, or for hiding.

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