

From

Ocean to Ocean.

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Given to

Raymond F. Haulenbeek

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Grandma Haulenbeek,

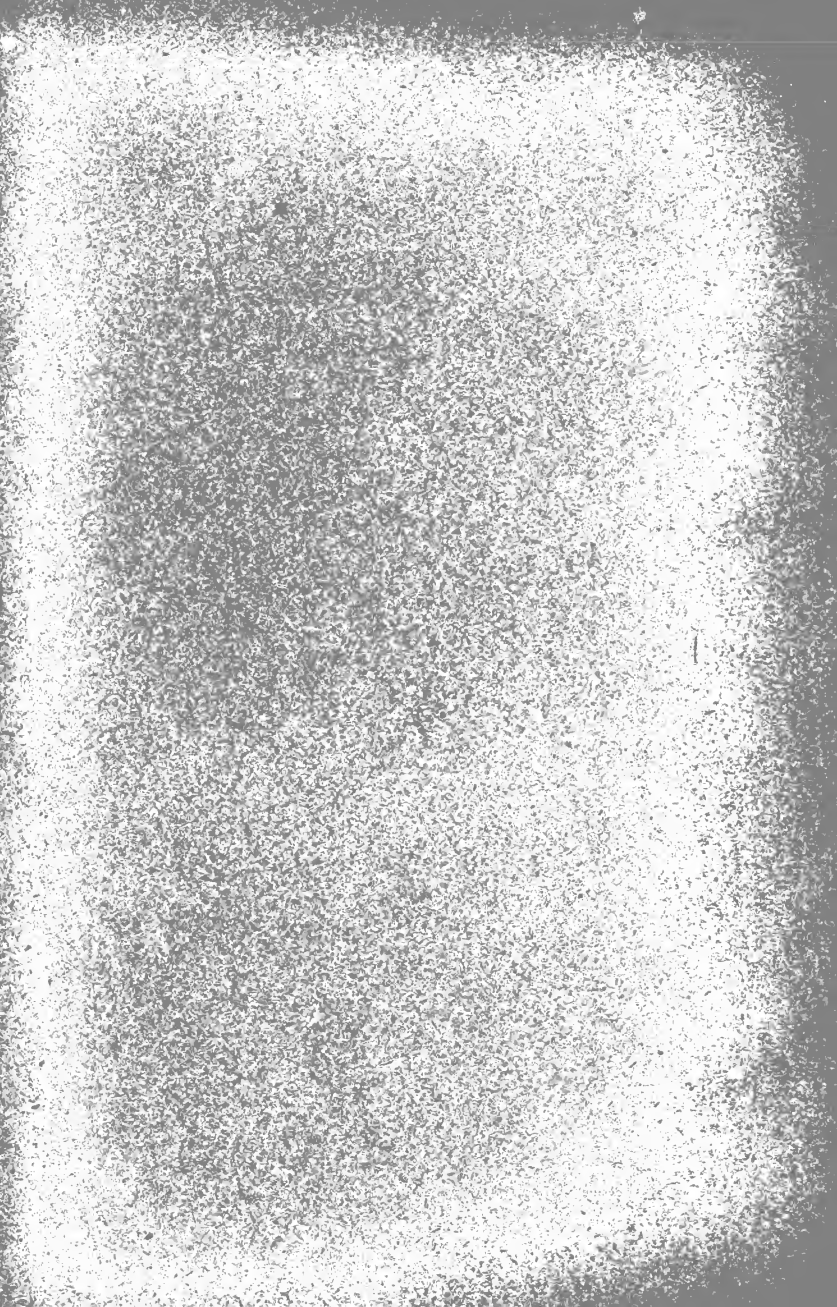
Christmas 1896^{2d}
then to wife
M. Edith B. Haulenbeek.

For Raymond Handenbuk

with

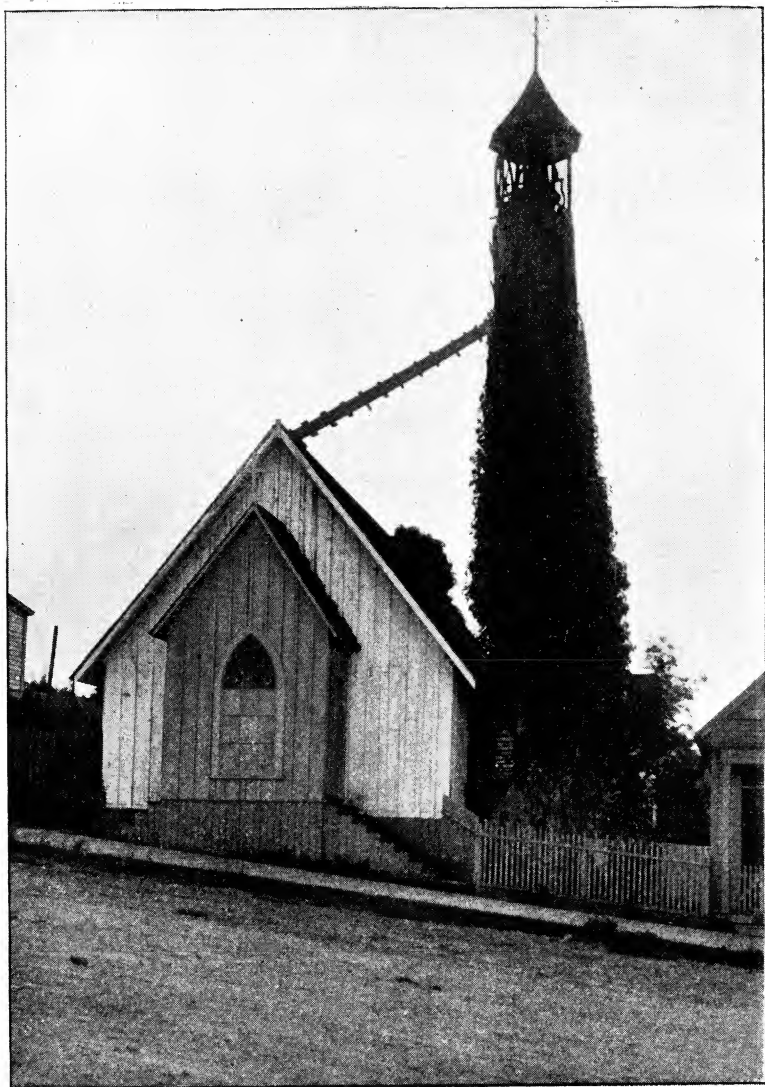
Grandma Handenbecks love

Christmas
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FIRST EPISCOPAL CHURCH ERECTED IN TACOMA, WASH. SEE PAGE 24.

FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN

WITH

NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS ON
THE WAY.

BY

REV. ANDREW SHILAND, D.D.

NEW YORK :

FOR SALE BY AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY,

150 NASSAU ST. AND 404 FOURTH AVE.

1892.

FREDERICK H. PINNEY,
STEAM PRINTER AND MANUFACTURING STATIONER
533-537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.



CHAPTER I.

ON the eleventh day of May, 1892, I found myself comfortably seated in a palace car, starting from the Grand Central depot in New York city. Our train consisted of nine palace cars, containing the commissioners and visitors to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church to convene on the 19th of May in the First Presbyterian Church of Portland, Oregon.

Nothing of particular interest occurred till we reached Chicago. There the train passed slowly by the fair grounds and we had a good view of the exhibition buildings now in process of erection for the display of the world's productions in all that pertains to the civilization and enlightenment of this last decade of the nineteenth century.

From Chicago, we started on our way after some three hours delay, with twenty-seven palace cars, divided into three sections—first, second and third—each section of nine cars drawn by a powerful locomotive. We were in the second section. Col. Eliot Shepherd happened to be with us on his way to Omaha to deliver an address on “The Sabbath, or Fourth Commandment” before the Methodist Episcopal Conference in that city. The members of the Conference sent the

delegates and friends on their way to Portland an invitation to stop for a couple of hours that the representatives of the great Methodist Episcopal Church might give a cordial reception to our representatives of the Presbyterian Church with kindly Christian greetings. We would have been delighted to have visited the Conference, but the officials of our trains said they could not wait for such a reception, however desirable, because the trains were behind time and must move on.

At Niles, Michigan, Col. Shepherd had ordered at his own expense a superb dinner for all on board the train, and gave a full half-hour for the enjoyment of the excellent viands provided by his thoughtfulness and generosity. While we were at the tables a beautiful young woman came in with a basketful of lovely roses of different colors and deposited very gracefully a large rose beside the plate of every guest. It was well done and gratefully received as unexpected. Of course thanks were tendered to Col. Shepherd and speeches made suited to the occasion.

On Sunday, at five in the morning, we found ourselves safely in Salt Lake City. The cars were side-tracked and we were allowed to occupy them as lodgings while there or go to hotels for rooms if we chose to do so. Some engaged rooms in the hotels for the sake of a change. You know that sleeping on a shelf even in a palace car is not very agreeable or comfortable. You can stand it for two or three nights, but when you continue it for seven nights in succession it becomes somewhat tiresome.

Sunday morning I went out to find a cup of hot coffee. There was a coffee stand or saloon near the station into which I entered and found what I wanted.

It being early, no one was present but the owner of the establishment and myself, I took the liberty of asking him two or three questions. I said are you a Mormon? He replied; "Yes, I am a Mormon, through and through." I then asked him, "How many wives have you?" He answered, "I have but one, but if I could afford it I would have three or four!!" He told me that his mother was a Mormon and brought him from England when he was sixteen years old. All the Evangelical Churches in Salt Lake City were supplied by the ministers of the Presbyterian Church who were resting and keeping the Sabbath holy. In the afternoon we went to the tabernacle to witness the general assembling of the Mormons for worship. All the visitors are seated in front of the congregation and immediately facing the president, elders, bishops and other high dignataries of the Mormon Church. President Woodruff, who occupies the highest seat, is eighty-six years old, and with snow white hair presents a venerable appearance. Behind the officials is the great organ—one of the largest in the country. The choir consisted of 350 voices—some say 500. All the singers were thoroughly trained. Among the pieces sung was the Alleluia chorus. I never heard such enchanting music. It seemed grand and inspiring beyond power to express. Elder Penrose preached the sermon. He is an eloquent and fluent speaker and occupied nearly an hour. I could agree with all of the first half of the sermon, but the latter part spoiled it all. While he was speaking, bread and water were distributed to all in that vast congregation—little and big, old and young. Next to myself sat a Mormon with three women at his right and each with a young child on her lap—

perhaps his wives. I noticed that when the basket, filled with small pieces of bread, was passed and offered to the mother and child, the mother took one piece of the bread, but her little one grabbed a whole handful. A little urchin when the cup of water was passed, being thirsty, drank nearly all of it. The services were interesting and impressive in its way, but none of the Gentiles partook of the elements, although offered to every one present. I suppose that there were at least a thousand of us in the tabernacle at this service. I know of one minister, a D. D., who remained outside and refused to go in on the ground of conscientious scruples. He thought that his presence at the religious service of this queer people would lend countenance to Mormonism ; I experienced no difficulty of that kind.

The tabernacle is unattractive on the outside, but inside it is spacious and imposing. It can seat ten thousand persons. Its acoustic properties are perfect. A whisper or the fall of a pin at one end of the gallery can be distinctly heard at the other end. The roof is an immense dome covering the whole building and resting upon the exterior walls without a centre support of any kind. The building is elliptical in form, two hundred and fifty feet long by one hundred and fifty feet wide, and eighty feet from floor to ceiling. The structure has twenty doors, nine feet wide, affording ready egress in case of emergency. From the outside the building looks like a huge whale's back or an immense turtle with it's tail cut off. It is located in what is called "The Sacred Square of the Latter-day Saints." It embraces ten acres and is surrounded by a high adobe wall for protection. Within this enclosure is the Salt Lake Temple, a beautiful structure now approaching

completion. Recently the top-stone was laid with imposing ceremonies. The corner-stone was laid April 6th, 1853. It has been in process of building for forty years. In the basement is a baptistry 57 feet long by 35 feet in width. On the top of the highest tower, 200 feet from the ground, stands a gilt angel called Maroni with a long horn in his right hand blowing vigorously towards the East.

A minister going along the street on the Sabbath saw two little boys playing marbles. He thought this a good opportunity to do some missionary work. He said to the boy who had his marble poised on his thumb and finger ready to shoot it, "Boy do you know what day this is?" He fired his marble and then turning to his companion said, "See here, Jim, this darned fool don't know Sunday."

Salt Lake City is situated in a basin surrounded by lofty mountains which are covered with snow. It has an area of more than 10,000 acres. The blocks or squares are ten acres each. The streets are one hundred and thirty-two feet wide, and through some of them, next to the side-walk flows large streams of water. In the eastern part of the city the streets are eighty feet wide. The shade trees with their rich foliage add greatly to the attractiveness of the city. In fact it is beautiful for situation and like a richly cultivated garden. When Brigham Young came here in 1847, July 24th, with his 142 hardy pioneers the valley was a barren desert, now it appears clothed in beauty like a paradise.

There are two principal lines of cars, run by electricity, by which you can be carried to Camp Douglass, where several hundred soldiers are quartered and are

provided for as the cadets are at West Point. From this station you can see the whole city and all the valley, 21 miles long. It presents a picturesque landscape of unequalled beauty. The electric lines are owned, one by the Gentiles and the other by the Mormons. There is rivalry between them. When the first electric car was running at great speed, a Chinaman looked at it with amazement and was confounded, as he saw no horses attached and no apparent means of propulsion, he exclaimed, "No pull ee, no push ee, go all the same ee."

When the United States troops were established at Fort Douglas, Brigham Young sent the commandant a message that he wanted to see him. The commandant went to see Brigham. The Mormon Chief informed him that he wanted him and his soldiers to get away from that encampment as soon as possible. The officer looked Brigham sternly in the face and said, "I have my guns trained on your Tabernacle and your houses, and the moment you make any trouble I will blow them all to atoms." Brigham Young after that was meek and submissive as a lamb.



CHAPTER II.

ON the 22d of May, at 10 P. M., we went on board the steamer *State of California* for San Francisco.

I thought that the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the United States could manage the Briggs' case, the Revision of the Creed and all other matters that might come before that venerable body without my presence. Although my name was called in the matter of voting as I did, dismissing the case of Dr. Briggs, I was not there to respond to it.

Going from Portland down the Columbia by night, and being in my berth trying to sleep in spite of the jar and noise of the machinery, I can give you no account of the scenery of this part of the river. The next morning about daylight we found ourselves fast on the sandbar in sight of Astoria. It was low tide and we could not move an inch. The passengers amused themselves by watching the fishermen casting their nets and drawing in the salmon. An interesting feature of their method of fishing was the use of horses. Men on horseback waded out as far as they could go, hitched on to the rope and drew in the very long seines with their heavy load of salmon weighing from ten to sixty pounds each. The horses had a hard

pull, but they appeared to enjoy the sport. We saw the big fish splashing the water as they were drawn near the shore. At high tide the island and the fishermen disappeared, and our steamer passed over the sand-bar with all ease, and we fastened to the Astoria dock. We were there an hour or more putting off and taking on freight. In the meantime, one or two of the passengers and myself made straight for the largest cannery in Astoria, if not in the country. We went on an electric car, were soon inside of the immense establishment and saw all the operations of preparing and canning these delectable fish to be sent all over the world. A lady who had visited a factory told me that if I saw the way these canning establishments were conducted I would never more eat salmon. I can only say that in this large factory everything was clean and orderly. The workmen were nearly all of them Chinamen, but they appeared to understand the business and kept themselves and the premises neat and clean.

Below the bar the Government has built a jetty about five miles long and is still extending it for the purpose of deepening the channel. More than two millions of dollars have been expended on this important work.

Leaving Astoria, we found ourselves on the broad Pacific ocean, of which I had often read and heard but had never seen. The weather was all that could be desired, yet the sea was rough or choppy and most of the passengers were seasick and did not relish the experience of this sort of thing. I became acquainted with the captain, a pleasant Christian gentleman and the son of a Baptist minister. He formerly ran a steamboat from Sag Harbor and knew many persons

on the east end of Long Island of whom he made particular inquiries. We were nearly all the way out of sight of land, saw the spouting of whales very frequently, and were followed all the way by large flocks of birds of the sea-gull species, but much larger—I have forgotten the name. They kept near the steamer, feeding upon the scraps thrown overboard.

We steamed through the Golden Gate and fastened to the wharf about 5 A. M. of Wednesday. We hurried off to the great Palace Hotel and there occupied rooms while remaining in the city. I need not tell what you already know, viz., that this is one of the largest hotels in the world and cost six millions of dollars.

In San Francisco they have the most efficient and perfect system of cable and electric cars. The Eastern cities, so far as I know, are far behind the cities of the Pacific coast in this respect.

If some of those men of the east end of Long Island now living, who went to San Francisco for gold in 1849, were to visit that region now, they would think that they had fallen into a new world. What was then a succession of sand hills, barren and desolate, is now a magnificent city of three hundred thousand inhabitants. They would see long streets of great stores and warehouses, public buildings not inferior to any in New York city. California street is the Fifth avenue of San Francisco, and on this street are the palatial residences of most of the millionaires of the city of the Golden Gate. It is much more beautiful and attractive than any street in New York. A cable road runs its whole length to the Cliff House, which overlooks the whole city; also Oakland and all the waters of a most capacious and beautiful harbor.

Looking down from the Cliff House you see near by at your feet the rocks upon which the sea lions congregate for frolic and sunshine. They bellow night and day. Their voices, coarse and hoarse, are heard above the roar of the waves that break upon their rocky rookery. Some of them are very large, The biggest fellow is estimated to weigh eighteen hundred pounds.

I went through the streets of the Chinese quarters. I did not enter their holes or dens. I could see enough to satisfy me from the outside. They occupy the best section of the city, not far from its centre, and many own their buidings or lease the land for ninety-nine years. They are packed together in small nooks and corners, noisesome and repulsive to the last degree. You may imagine how they live when I tell you that one building 84x100 feet and four stories high contained seventeen hundred persons.

They bunk as thick as peas in a pod, in the cellars under the sidewalks and wherever they can find space to sit or bundle up. I doubt if any slum in New York city can present a like picture of condensed degradation and wretchedness. I met with a gentleman from Philadelphia who had a letter from the Chief of Police of that city to the Chief of Police in San Francisco. He and a few of his friends were assigned a policeman who knew all about the inner life of the Chinese quarter, from the lowest cellar to garret. They were taken through in the night time when Chinatown is seen in its worst and most repulsive aspects. He said "I would not have missed it for twenty-five dollars," but he added "I would not go through it again for fifty." I do not wonder that the people of the Pacific coast do not wish

any more Chinamen brought into this country. Their morals and their habits of life are terribly demoralizing. The great mass of them do not and will not assimilate with Americans. They do not care a rush for our institutions. They make all the money they can, send it back to China and if they die in this country make provision for the transportation of their bones to their Flowery Kingdom.

It is not to be denied that the Gospel by the grace of God can reclaim and save the lowest and the vilest of any tribe or nation. But it is also a fact that of all the thousands of these people in this country, comparatively few of them have been truly converted to God and become real Christians. This, however, is no argument against our working for their salvation. This much must be said in their favor ; they are industrious and hardworking, but opium and gambling are, both their besetting and upsetting sins working their ruin both in body and soul.

Oakland, three miles across the bay, is a large, prosperous and growing city. It is to San Francisco what Brooklyn is to New York. Thousands do business in the city but live in Oakland, which for beauty of situation, picturesque and lovely scenery and surroundings can scarcely be surpassed in any country.

We left San Francisco in the evening so as to have the daylight for viewing the magnificent mountain scenery on the line of the railroad to Portland. At Shasta Springs the conductor allowed five minutes for the passengers to drink the waters of this mineral fountain not twenty feet from the road. A jet of water shot up a hundred feet into the air, falling in fine spray upon the rocks beneath. The water is agreeable to the

taste and is said to possess valuable medicinal properties. A little farther on we came to Shasta station. There, right in front of us, rose up in majestic grandeur Mount Shasta 14,444 feet high. Covered with snow from peak to base it presented a scene imposing and solemn that can be felt but not described. It was fourteen miles distant, but so transparent was the atmosphere it did not appear to us more than three or four miles from where we stood. Such a picture photographed upon the eye becomes engraved upon the mind and never can be forgotten. It inspires awe and reverence for Him who created the world and all things ; who formed the sea and the land and erected lofty inaccessible mountain peaks, gigantic symbols of his majesty and power.



CHAPTER III.

WHEN I wrote from Salt Lake City I forgot to mention that the Union Pacific officials gave us an excursion to Garfield Beach on the shore of Salt Lake, distant twenty miles. There were about a thousand of us altogether, and we enjoyed the scenery, so peculiar, picturesque and impressive. Mountains covered with snow shining in the sunlight, though twenty-eight miles away, do not seem more than five, so clear and transparent is the atmosphere. The facilities for bathing are ample; the buildings well constructed, artistic in form, kept painted and cleanly. The water of the lake is 22 per cent. of pure salt, twice as much as the water of the Dead Sea. I took a mouthful of it and found it very salt and I think it would preserve pork indefinitely. About a dozen men and one woman went in for a bath and enjoyed it exceedingly. It was impossible to sink when stretched out, face or back down. One inhaling the water in the mouth or nostrils would be in danger of strangling. During June, July and August large numbers of people visit the place, and it becomes a great pleasure resort, full of life and animation.

I saw Brigham Young's grave, plain and simple; the monument only a slab of marble; only an iron fence enclosing it, so far as I could see. It is located in one corner of a large enclosure, large enough to hold the bodies of all his wives and children. Probably he did not know all of his own children. It is told of him that one day walking along the street he saw a ragged and dirty boy. He said to him, "Boy, who is your father?" The little urchin replied, "My father is Brigham Young."

I saw a number of the aborigines in Salt Lake City. Some of them are enlisted as soldiers in the regiment at Camp Douglass. They are of the Sioux tribe; they make good soldiers, and those whom I saw were tall and straight as an arrow. At the depot were a number of the uncivilized, dressed in their peculiar way, and I suppose waiting for something to turn up. If I had with me a kodak I could have taken a very striking picture, worthy of a place in an art gallery. On the platform of a freight car were huddled together two Indian women with three children. The old squaw, with an ugly and forbidding face resembling that of the man in the moon, coarse features and skin much like sole leather, had charge of the two older children and kept them from falling off their dangerous perch. The younger squaw, apparently the daughter or daughter-in-law, held in her arms a babe (or pappoose) bound to a board about two feet long and a foot wide. The child seemed to be some two or three months old and was bandaged and corded like an Egyptian mummy to the board, where it could not move hand or foot. We desired to see its face, but the mother kept it turned away from our view, and all our motions were in vain

till at length some one passed her a nickel; then she turned the face of the little tot to our view. It was a comical sight; nothing could be seen but a small, round, chubby face, peaceful and contented, making no noise or movement whatever. When the mother journeyed she could sling her treasure over her head by a strap; when she camped she could hang it up on a peg or on the limb of a tree to be rocked by the wind; if in her wigwam she could set it up in a corner or against the side without any danger of the child's getting into the fire or falling into a vessel of hot water, as often happens in enlightened Christian households. This Indian method of fastening a child to a board has its advantages.

We left Salt Lake City for Portland on Monday evening at half-past seven. At Laramie, next station beyond Cheyenne, 576 miles from Salt Lake City, the train made a stop for some twenty minutes, and a large number of passengers and citizens assembled on the platform and several of us were introduced to Mr. McNight, who is county judge and a resident there for 25 years.

At Dalles, 1,140 miles further on, we rested twenty minutes for breakfast. On the table there was a huge salmon on exhibition weighing 65 pounds, caught the night before—one of a catch of twenty tons. Talking with an old resident who had lived there for forty years, he told me that when he came to Dalles the salmon when they went up the Columbia river to spawn were so large and so thickly packed that he could walk on their backs across the river!!! Whether this statement be true or not, it is a fact that the salmon are at times so closely crowded that a man can throw them out on the bank with a pitchfork.

At Bonneyville we took the steamboat for Portland, distant 80 miles. The change from the cars to the boat was a great relief after having been on the rail for 3,300 miles. The scenery on the Columbia is wonderful in variety and beauty. We reached Portland, the cosmopolitan city of the Northwest Pacific coast, on Wednesday evening at about six o'clock. Portland is a substantial and beautiful city of 75,000 inhabitants, situated on the Willamette river twelve miles from its junction with the Columbia. The next day after our arrival we took the cable road for the Portland Heights. The cars took us up along inclines, as steep as the roof of a Dutch barn, with great rapidity and in perfect safety. On these Portland Heights the grandest panorama of natural scenery I ever beheld greeted my eyes and ravished my senses. There in one direction stood Mt. Hood, 11,952 feet high rising up to the heavens sixty miles east of Portland in solemn grandeur, covered with snow from top to bottom. In an other direction you see Mt. Adams 9,570 feet high seventy miles north, and Mt. Rainier 160 miles north 14,444 feet high, also Mt. St. Helens sixty miles north of Portland and also Mt. Jefferson eighty miles southeast of the city 9,000 feet high. The day was clear and bright with sunshine, so that we could see all these lofty peaks distinctly, and though so far off, did not appear to our vision one-third of the distance. No power of language can do justice to scenery so imposing and sublime. I think it would be well for Americans to visit the magnificent scenery to be found in their own country before they go to Europe and come back boasting of what they have seen in foreign lands, perhaps to the disparagement of their own. Some of them try to be English "don't you know."

I had the pleasure of dining with ex-Senator Corbett. He and I were natives of the same town and went to the same academy in Cambridge, Washington county, New York. He came to Portland forty years ago, when there were but four hundred inhabitants, and started in business and has grown up with the place. He came to stay and is now many times a millionaire. He was United States Senator during the late war and made a good record, doing all in his power to put down the rebellion. No man has done more to build up Portland than Mr. Corbett and no man stands higher in the estimation and respect of the people. After dinner he took me in his carriage drawn by a splendid pair of bay horses and escorted me over all the interesting points and gave me a rich treat which I shall remember forever. We lived over again the scenes of our boyhood and youth, recalling old friends and events of our earlier days. We bade each other good-bye with sorrow, feeling that we would not probably meet again till we clasp hands in our Father's house of many mansions where separations are unknown.



CHAPTER IV

ON the Pacific coast oysters are very good but very small. When made into soup you could seek in vain for any oysters, but the flavor is there all the same. One might eat a hundred or more and not feel satisfied. It is related of a lady from Portland visiting New York City that she desired to try some Blue Points, of which she had heard so much but which she had never seen. Accordingly she gave orders to the waiter at the hotel to bring to her room one hundred oysters fresh from the shell. The astonished waiter went to the clerk telling him that the lady occupying room No. 125 had ordered one hundred oysters for herself. The clerk opened wide his eyes and then went to see if the order was correct. She informed him that she knew what she wanted and desired her order to be filled as soon as practicable. "All right," said he, and politely bowed himself out of her room. Imagine her surprise when half a dozen waiters came to her room and deposited on her table ten plates of oysters for her own delectation. She could eat not more than ten and there were ninety luscious bivalves left. She then discovered the difference between the oysters of the Pacific and those of the Atlantic coast.

After some five thousand miles of travel by land and sea, it is a satisfaction and a pleasure to find ourselves on our way homeward. After all, there is no place like home, be it a palace or a cottage. Having crossed the continent on the Union Pacific we chose the Northern Pacific for our return. We deviated from our course at one point in order to take in Puget Sound and Victoria by way of variety. Victoria is some two hundred and fifty miles north of Portland. We go by rail 145 miles to Tacoma, thence by steamboat to Victoria. Puget Sound may be called the Mediterranean of this part of the world. It contains many islands and inlets with deep and capacious harbors. Its coast line is 1,843 miles. The strait of Juan de Fuca, 80 miles in length and with a width of from 11 to 25 miles, connect it with the Pacific ocean. The scenery on every side is varied and beautiful. The snowy cascades, the Olympian and above all Mount Tacoma, rising in majestic grandeur as if to pierce the very heavens, and its snowy mantle glistening in the sun-light, making it conspicuous from afar, presents a magnificent picture of sublime and solemn beauty that must stamp itself upon the mind of the beholder forever more.

Victoria is located on the Island of Vancouver and is English, you know. It contains some 25,000 inhabitants ; its buildings are substantial and solidly built, but rather dingy and unattractive. Viewed from a Yankee standpoint, it is fifty years behind the age. The people do not open their places of business till 10 A. M., and promptly close at 4 P. M. On the Queen's birthday they close for three days and have a general good time. It is doubtful if they ever have among them any cases of nervous prostration from overwork.

This is a sensible way of living and Americans might preserve health and length of days by imitating their example.

Tacoma and Seattle are rival cities, the former containing 50,000 and the latter 45,000. Each doubtless has its own advantages. Their location on the shores of this great inland archipelago is in every way favorable to their rapid growth and prosperity. The push, energy and enterprise of the people are amazing. For many reasons we would prefer Tacoma to any other city on Puget Sound. It seems to have a substantial and healthy growth. Fifteen miles of cable and electric lines are completed and twenty more are under way. Starting out in the morning we asked a gentleman, standing on the corner of a street, to direct us as to what lines to take in order to see the most of the city in the shortest time. He not only directed us but got on the car and rode with us for two hours, pointing out the public buildings and elegant residences and their distinguished owners. Coming back to our starting point, this same gentleman conducted us through a great saw-mill, one of the largest in the world, employing 1,500 men and turning out 250,000 feet of lumber per day. The buzz-saws, six feet in diameter, one above the other running with lightning speed, cut up a log five feet in diameter into inch boards in less than ten minutes. The next day this gentleman called at our hotel with his horses and carriage and invited us to take a drive with him out into the environs of Tacoma, which of course we accepted. He took us out of the city some four miles to Edison, where the Northern Pacific Company has recently established a plant for the building of locomotives and cars, investing a million of dollars.

Here on the broad rolling prairie is growing rapidly a thriving town already connected with the city of Tacoma by electric cars, which in the near future will make both cities one. To give some idea of the rapid increase in the value of property in the neighborhood of Tacoma we will relate the following incident: Six years ago a man and his wife from Troy, N. Y., came to this city for better or worse. He bought a quarter section of Government land, 160 acres, at two dollars and fifty cents an acre. It was less than three miles from the centre of the city. His title was contested and while it was in litigation he was so poor that he acted as sexton in the Presbyterian Church and his wife took in washing. Finally the decision of the court was in his favor. His 160 acres which he bought for four hundred dollars are now worth one million dollars. We were told also of another man, who came to Tacoma twenty years ago with only two dollars and fifty cents in his pocket and he has no more now.

The gentlemen to whom we are indebted for so much kindly attention and pleasure is Mr. George W. Traver, whose office is 402 and 403 Merchants National Bank, Tacoma, Washington. We saw still standing the large building erected for the revival services of Rev. Fay Mills. It is made of rough boards, temporary of course, and capable of holding seven or eight thousand persons. The structure was completed and ready for use in ninety-six hours. Their promptness and energy in getting ready for the labors of the celebrated evangelist show that while the people of Tacoma are intensely in earnest in the things of this world, some of them at least have an eye to the things of the world to come.

We were shown the house which George Francis

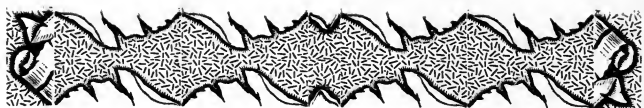
Train occupied for several months for rest and recuperation on his return from his journey around the world. It is small and unattractive, only such as an eccentric character would be likely to select for even a temporary habitation. It is not exactly a lodge in the wilderness, but it is a lodge among tall and blackened stumps, where he could let his imagination run riot and his thoughts range and rage at his own sweet will with none to molest or disturb his solitary meditations.

Near the great saw-mill, of which mention has been made, stands the first Episcopal Church erected in Tacoma. It attracts attention by reason of its unique bell-tower. This consists of the trunk of a large tree cut off some sixty feet from the ground. At its top is the little belfry in which swings the bell that sends forth in clear and ringing tones the call for the people to come up to the house of God for worship. An inclined plane or stairway extends from the roof of the church to the top of this peculiar structure. Its architecture surpasses that of your St. Andrew's By-the-Sea.

Near Tacoma there is an Indian Reservation comprising eighteen thousand acres of rich and valuable land. Six hundred Indians claim it or own it. The interest on the value of the land at the present time would give to each man, woman and child fifteen hundred dollars a year.

You have not the space to spare in your paper for the tenth part of what we could relate of this remarkable city that would be of interest to the readers of the *Sea-Side Times*. Suffice it is to say that it bids fair to become a great metropolis because of its immense resources. Its large and extensive commercial movement in wheat, coal and lumber ; its shipping relations with

all ports of the Pacific coast and also with the ports of China and Japan are a promise and pledge of its permanency and future greatness. May it grow great morally and spiritually as well.



CHAPTER V.

IN leaving Tacoma, the subject of our last letter, we passed by some fifty stations of which more or less might be said, and find ourselves in Spokane, nearly four hundred miles from Tacoma. This growing and thriving city is near the eastern border of Washington. It contains more than 26,000 inhabitants and occupies a beautiful plateau on both sides of the Spokane River—a clear, sparkling, dashing stream of considerable volume with a descent of 150 feet in the course of half a mile. Here are a series of water-falls and rapids forming little Niagaras, the resort and admiration both of citizens and strangers. It is estimated that this stream can develop more than two hundred thousand horse-power. As it never freezes and never grows less in volume and its constant supply can always be depended upon, it can readily be seen how great is its utility to the city. It furnishes the power for lighting the city streets and dwellings with electricity, and runs a number of manufacturing establishments. Three years ago the entire business portion of the city was burnt, involving a loss of ten millions of dollars. Within one year it was rebuilt with substantial and palatial structures worth three million dollars more than the property destroyed by the disastrous fire.

Being the terminal centre of several branch lines of the Northern Pacific and also having other railroad facilities, it is brought into connection with a vast extent of farming and mining regions which contribute immensely to the steady growth and wealth of this young metropolis of a Northwestern empire. It is surrounded by vast forests of valuable timber, beautiful mountains, fertile vales, and here and there picturesque lakes. Cereals and fruits of all kinds in rich abundance reward the labors of the husbandman. What would you think of a beet weighing ten pounds and a squash almost as large as a flour barrel. Hop raising is one of the great industries both of Washington and of Oregon. The largest and most productive hop fields in the world are found in these valleys, where the soil is so deep and rich that unfailing and abundant crops have been gathered fifteen years in succession. The soil in some places is one hundred and fifty feet deep; the roots of the hop vines meeting with no obstacle extend from four to nine feet. Think of this ye Lond Islanders who have to expend so much money for fertilizers in order to produce a fair showing of grain or produce of any kind.

Washington and Oregon may be called the Pennsylvanias of the Pacific coast, with this advantage, a mild and equable climate, so that in many places beautiful flowers flourish and bloom out of doors all the winter. Twelve years ago Washington contained a population of ninety thousand, it now has three hundred and fifty thousand.

We spent the Sabbath in Spokane and became acquainted with the Presbyterian clergyman whose installation over the church, to which he had been recently

called, took place on Sunday evening. There was a large and attentive audience and the services were interesting and impressive. The leaven of the Gospel is silently and surely working its way in all the towns and cities of the Great West. Faithful, self-denying ministers of Christ are found everywhere for the building up of the Kingdom of God, which opposes all wickedness and must ultimately triumph over the world, the flesh and the devil. More than 1,500 missionaries are laboring under the Presbyterian Church.

On the outskirts of the city, on the north side, there is a ravine some two hundred feet deep with a very steep bank and through it runs a stream of clear water. It has received the name of Hangman's Creek from the circumstance that some years ago fifty Indians were there hanged for the brutal murder of two white men. The white citizens took the matter into their own hands. Fifty Indians were convicted for having participated in the horrid crime. Five of them were led out of prison each day and executed by hanging till the whole fifty were disposed of and sent into eternity. Hence the name "Hangman's Creek." Thirty-five miles southeast of Spokane is an Indian Reservation of many thousands of acres of very rich and valuable land. Recently the U. S. Government bought all but 1,250 acres which have been reserved for the aborigines, while throwing open to white settlers the whole northern portion. There were six hundred Indians and each man, woman and child received from "Uncle Sam" fourteen hundred dollars.

We once more take the cars for Helena, nearly 400 miles from Spokane. Helena is the capital of Montana as every school boy knows. It is located on a sloping

ravine some twenty miles in extent, surrounded by hills, and in the distance are seen lofty mountain chains with snow covered peaks that sparkle in the sunshine with lustre inimitable. The population of Helena is about fifteen thousand and its financial and commercial institutions with their surplus and undivided profits, show that it is the wealthiest city in the world of its size, or at least, in America, as is proved by its per capita bank deposits. We cannot be surprised at this when we consider the inexhaustable mineral treasures of gold and silver found within the bounds of Montana. The output for 1891 was fifty million dollars. The Granite Mining Company turns out monthly 350,000 ounces of silver. The city is built upon soil more or less golden. The old gulches formerly so rich in the precious metal, have been filled in and streets run over them with stores and dwellings. We were told of a man who lately in digging a cellar took out six hundred dollars in gold which he secured from the sand in fine particles. The foundations of the city of Helena are somewhat golden to say the least. But its morals are not exactly of that character. Saloons and gambling hells are licensed to run every day, Sundays included. They abound and pay a thousand dollars a year each for the privilege of destroying the morals of the community and ruining the body and souls of men. From what we saw we were compelled to conclude that while there might be a little of Heaven in Helena, there was obviously a great deal more of the other place in that city.

One of the chief objects of interests to the visitor is the Natatorium built by Col. C. A. Broadwater. A native of Missouri, he went to Montana when a young man and identified himself with the interests of the

commonwealth from its beginning. He was the President of the Montana National Bank, interested in extensive mining and financial affairs throughout the State and had accumulated several millions of dollars. He took special pride in planning and building this Natatorium at Helena Hot Springs. It is two miles from the city and connected by two lines of electric cars running at the rate of twenty miles an hour. There is probably no larger or finer establishment of the kind in the world. The bathing pool—300 by 100 feet—is covered with a vaulted roof of stained glass of many colors, presenting an enchanting effect when the streaming sunlight floods the rippling waters and gilds the merry bathers with radiant prismatic hues. The water supply comes in over a double cascade of granite rocks forty feet high at the rate of a million of gallons a day, one portion hot and the other cold. By the mingling of these streams any temperature desired can be produced. We would like to look into the kitchen of Mother Nature and see how she heats the water in the subterranean depths, whether by chemical action or by real fire. These waters have valuable medical properties and the Hotel Broadwater has become a celebrated health and summer resort. Both the hotel and the natatorium are built in Moorish style, of beautiful form and architecture, with all the appliances and conveniences that science, art, skill and wealth can command. Col. Broadwater died very suddenly about two weeks before our visit to Helena, and his funeral was attended by a vast concourse from all parts of his State and many neighboring States, as well. He is spoken of as a broad-minded man, of great public spirit and business capacity, with generous instincts; affable, approachable and kind to the poor.

In the early history of Montana there was no territorial government, nor, indeed, any other than the law of self-preservation. Each camp, for the sake of safety and better order, elected a judge, and he appointed a sheriff, who held office as long as it suited the majority. Finally it was thought best to elect a sheriff for the whole region. A notorious character by the name of Henry Plummer was chosen. He selected fellow ruffians as his deputies, and in one year this heartless and hellish gang murdered more than one hundred citizens whose bodies were found. When this became known, vigilant committees were organized among the miners, and very soon Plummer with many of his infamous associates met with swift retribution at the end of a rope. Col. Broadwater adroitly misled two desperados who followed him the distance of 132 miles, which he covered in eighteen hours. He broke down his fast horse, but fortunately secured another from a ranchman and thus made his escape. He had in belts around his person thirty-two pounds of gold dust. For this he was to have been killed, and that, too, by men who were personal acquaintances. That he was to be waylaid and robbed was made known to him by one of the gang whom he had formerly befriended.

Gold, silver and copper are not the only abundant productions of Montana—a State three times larger than Ohio—but thousands of square miles of coal underlie its surface. Its enormous acreage for grazing, farming and agricultural products must in time surpass in wealth all its mines of gold.

But we must not delay any longer in this Eldorado accordingly we board the train for St. Paul, 1,181 miles from Helena. It is a long ride, and yet it is not wearis-

some or monotonous, because all along the way are sights and scenes that attract attention and awaken thought. We passed within fourteen miles of the place where General Custer and his men were massacred by the redskins. We arrived at Minneapolis in time to be present when the Republican Convention glorified itself in the nomination of Harrison a second term for President.

And now in conclusion, to sum up the whole matter, in all our 8,500 miles of travel, we prefer as a permanent place of residence New York State and city, including Southampton (in summer), to any place we have seen.



