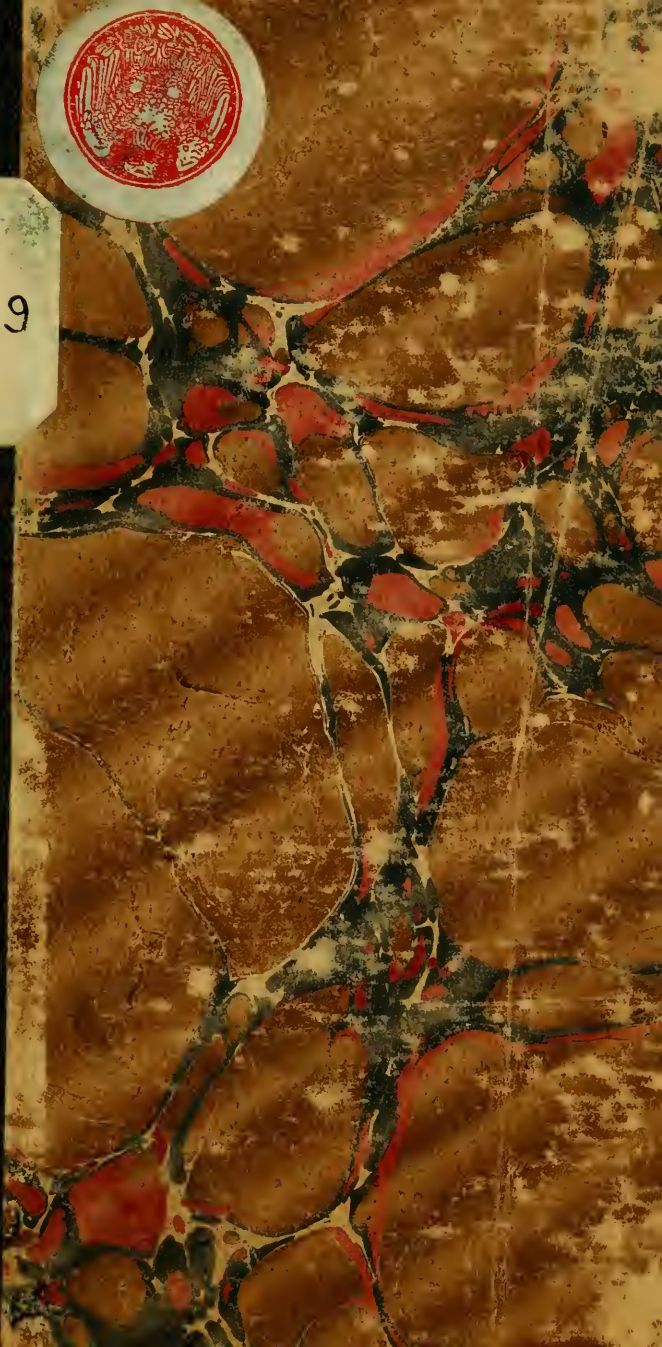




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# PUGET SOUND

A Poem,

BY

ALEX. N. SAYRE.

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Price 50 cents.

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SEATTLE, W. T.

STEWART & EBERSOLD, PRINTERS,

1883.





AL-KI.



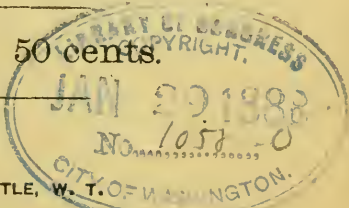
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52

## PREFATORY.




If in the poem here presented to an indulgent public, I had drawn out lengthy illustrations from Ancient Greece; or in my fancy, with sails all set, had guided my little bark with silver oar as if on Ægean Sea, I might have presented a more finished production glittering with its gems of ancient lore; but my object in writing these verses is not mere praise or renown, but to do good. And hence, this poem contains throughout the plain unvarnished truth. I firmly believe that if the knowledge of the great advantages of the Northwest Coast could be properly brought before the minds of the people of all nations, we would have added to our population within a few years millions of souls. To help with my mite in bringing on this great result is the purpose of this humble contribution; and trusting to a generous public to aid me in this effort, I hereby dedicate these lines to the good people of Washington Territory.

ALEX. N. SAYRE.


Seattle, W. T., Jan. 1st., 1883.

[ Copyright Secured. ]





# PUGET SOUND.



O Puget Sound! while now thy name  
Speeds far and wide its wondrous fame,  
May some kind power inspire my muse,  
So I may help to waft the news—  
That rich and poor of all mankind  
May that true “fleece of gold” here find,  
Which Argonautics sought in vain  
To bring to their loved homes again!

---

Here once the Indian's frail canoe  
Did all the work man had to do:  
Now gallant ships from far off shores,  
With “bellied sails” and golden stores,  
Through Fuca's Straits with no delay,  
Glide swift in pride to every bay—  
Made glad that on this Northwest land  
They greet the iron horse's band.  
These waters, calm and deep and blue,  
Are oft admired for varied hue,  
Reflecting stars in trembling glow,  
While tidal waves may ebb or flow.  
Like jewels on their heaving breast,



A thousand beauteous islands rest ;  
 While zephyrs soft from o'er the sea  
 Come floating on caressingly.  
 Out from these shores on distant cruise  
 Fly white-winged ships of fir and spruce ;  
 Like columns high to prop the skies,  
 Majestic firs in grandeur rise ;  
 Glad fishermen their fond work ply,  
 While sea gulls shriek their hungry cry ;  
 The savage red men fly with fears,  
 Or stop to read their doom with tears ;  
 And dusky maidens sadly tread,  
 And chant their songs for warriors dead.  
 Yon chime of waves sound sadly sweet,  
 As red men beat their last retreat.

## THE WELCOME!

From every land beyond the sea,  
 Wronged ones may come and here be free.  
 No tyrant's rod, no king's command,  
 No shackled slaves in all this land :  
 Columbia rules our Washington,  
 And freedom gives to every one.  
 No matter where the land you're from,  
 We welcome you to Freedom's home.  
 Come then and 'midst abundant store,  
 Help build our UNION *ever more*.  
 Here make your quiet, peaceful home,  
 No more from tyrants made to roam.




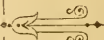
 OUR CLIMATE. 

How sweetly strange our balmy clime !  
Through all the seasons' changeful time,  
As music clear the sea breeze song  
From isles of ocean wafts along.  
The mild, sweet breath of healthful Spring,  
Through quivering pines the air kings bring ;  
While Summer's sun shines on our green,  
Where golden flowers are always seen,  
Wafting their sweets in rich perfume,  
To cheer man's heart, what e'er his gloom.  
Our Autumns smile, with golden brown,  
As in our laps their fruits are thrown.  
E'en Winter wears no horror here,  
For in her trail few frosts appear :  
The breath of Spring seems on her breeze  
Like Gillead's balm on forest trees.  
No season here's too hot nor cold—  
Our climate's mildness equals gold !




 MINERALS.
 

Ascend with me yon Cascade chain,  
 And all along o'er hill and plain,  
 Behold what wealth, with lavish hand,  
 Our God hath strewn o'er all this land !  
 In rocks of silver and of gold—  
 In mines of coal, our wealth's untold :  
 Great copper veins, and iron ore,  
 Are found in an exhaustless store.  
 Deep down beneath earth's crested clay  
 Great reservoirs rich oil display ;  
 And tiny brooks in seaward flow  
 Sing golden songs as on they go.


 GAME.
 

The grand old woods of Puget Sound  
 In bear and elk and deer abound ;  
 While geese and ducks in myriad bands  
 Fly all around their chosen lands.  
 The pheasants drum, and grouse do hoot,  
 To tell green Nimrods where to shoot.  
 In short, true hunters here may find  
 The choicest game of every kind !

 FISH 

The waters of this inland sea,  
With fish abound beyond degree:  
Big salmon are by millions caught;  
Halibut, cod and smelt are brought  
To markets cheap; while mountain trout  
Abound in lakes and streams about;  
Of clams and crabs and oysters rare,  
These waters boast the lion's share:—  
They all abound in such profusion,  
Man's appetite's thrown in confusion,  
Scarce knowing which he likes the best,  
Yet thankful that with all he's blest.  
These savory fish, with scale or shell,  
Are prized by all who here do dwell;  
Consumed at home they give us health,  
Consumed abroad they bring us wealth.  
Let sons of Walton all take joy,  
For here for aye they'll find employ.





## FRUIT CULTURE.

You query now if fruits do well?  
 My answer will this story tell:  
 The luscious Bartlet, great in size,  
 With other pears that lure men's eyes;  
 The apple, plum, and cherry sweet,  
 In rich perfection here you meet.  
 Strawberries too, believe my tale,  
 Twice six, or more will fill a pail.  
 Cranberries, blackberries, wild in the wood,  
 With huckleberries, raspberries ever so good—  
 All these, and more, are anywhere found,  
 In the grand old woods on Puget Sound!



## GRAIN.

To Ceres' realm now we repair,  
 To see what we find growing there.  
 There wheat and oats, so plump and full,  
 Their heads hang low for us to pull;  
 And barley, too, and rye, and corn—  
 All grow in style that none may scorn.  
 But why their names and thrift repeat?  
 Awards Centennial made complete  
 A list of grain for Washington,  
 By not another State outdone!

 SCENERY. 

Could I but paint, I'd paint the scene  
Of Puget Sound, in golden sheen!  
Olympic range along the west,  
With clear-cut sky upon her crest,—  
Eastward, the nobler Cascade Range,  
I'd paint, that all abroad, though strange,  
Might clearly see and understand  
The native glories of our land!  
Mt. Baker, north in forty-nine,  
With fire-scarred rocks, and arctic sign,—  
Mt. Ranier, in her silence dread,  
With snowy mantle round her head,  
Like Queen of Mountains, crowned with white,  
I'd paint, that man might estimate  
The grandeur of our coming State.  
Nor would I fail, amid the scene,  
To show that on this globe terrene,  
No Mountain Falls man's eye can see  
E'er reached in hight Snoqualimie.  
Our islands, too, bright diamonds rare,  
Set round with waters clear and fair,—  
And beauteous lakes—earth's glassy eyes,  
Reflecting glories from the skies,  
I'd paint in Nature's likeness true;  
Then o'er the world my pictures strew,  
That Puget Sound, for all that's grand,  
Might her full meed of praise command.

## SILENT VOICES.

Each scene thus drawn, if made to speak,  
Could tell us tales that all would seek—  
Of maidens fair, and warriors bold,  
Who trod these shores in days of old,  
And fought for love, and fought for hate,  
Through wars that did exterminate;—  
Could tell of tribes of no mean lore,  
As witness relics on the shore.

Where once stood wigwam of the brave  
Now sadly lies the Indian's grave.  
No stately dome, nor granite high,  
With sculptured tales for passers by,—  
No poet's song these heroes laud,  
Nor voice of men their deeds applaud.  
Dark night o'er-rides these stories past,  
Oblivion's clutches hold them fast;  
No book or parchment tells their doom,  
For all is silent as the tomb.

The noble chieftain and his slaves  
Sleep side by side in unmarked graves.  
The oars they plied, frail barks to speed;  
The bows they drew on game for need,  
All these are gone, and a new race  
Uprises to supply their place;  
Fair cities kiss the water's edge,

And through great ships they speak, and pledge  
That industries of valued sort  
Shall rise for good in every port;—  
That the only flag here gazed upon  
Shall be the FLAG OF WASHINGTON!

---

## BUSINESS AND TRADE.

---

You ask what business and what trade  
Have these resources for us made?  
Come, sail with me, and let us view  
The cities of our Sound, though new;  
If fair in judgment, you must own  
That great our future will be soon?  
In all the towns which dot our shores,  
From Fuca's Straits to Olympic doors,  
The whirl and whiz of circling saws  
Make music on the ear; because  
Our grand, majestic firs are riven  
Thus, and then to commerce given.  
Each Fort or town, on Sound or lake,  
Shows signs of being wide awake;  
While here and there, and everywhere,  
Bright signs of progress do appear!  
The iron horse has reached the Sound,  
To join with ships the world around,  
And neighs with joy, to think that he





---

SEATTLE.

---

S-eattle, built on terraced hill,  
E-nrapturing scenes are in thy sight;  
A-lthough thou hast determined will,  
T-hy history proves thy will is right!  
T-he rogues of earth here briefly stay,  
L-est when their deeds are brought to light,  
E-ach meets his doom without delay!

Q-ueen City of this Northwest, thou  
U-nrival'd 'vantages dost hold;  
E-nchain thy golden chance just now,  
E-lse soon will flee thy chance of gold;  
N-one then so poor as to thee bow!

C-ourage be thine, thou city fair!  
I-mpel thy claims, they must be met;—  
T-he terminus no matter where,  
Y-our place is in the center yet.



# NEW TACOMA.

T-hen next we hail Tacoma, bright  
 A-nd bouyant with expectant hope!  
 C-ommencement Bay is all delight—  
 O-n it a city must build up.  
 M-en of brains and men of means  
 A-re urging on these coming scenes!

T-acoma New—Tacoma Old,  
 H-ave each a chance for growth immense:  
 E-nlarge your borders, each unfold

T-he means God gave for such intents.  
 E-mployed in building up both towns,  
 R-egardless of surrounding claims,  
 M-ingle in one your golden crowns—  
 I-n one your destined famous names:  
 N-ear, yes nearer the good time comes.  
 U-pward and on, each watchward be,  
 S-afely you dwell by the sounding sea.





# OLYMPIA.




Olympia, patient hast thou been,  
 While others sought thy rights to win.  
 As Tantalus of old was vexed,  
 While reaching promised fruit—perplexed  
 That fruit thus near should be withdrawn,  
 And dark night given instead of dawn—  
 So thy good people have been tried  
 By those in whom they did confide.  
 But by thy patience thou hast won  
 Respect throughout all Washington.  
 Thy beauteous streets and buildings fair,  
 With any on the Sound compare.  
 Tumwater lends her helping hand;  
 Great oyster fields you do command,  
 While country back and vallies near,  
 Contribute all to give you cheer:  
 Chehalis and Shoalwater lands  
 Will join you soon with iron bands.  
 Move on then in your steady rise,  
 That you may yet the world surprise;  
 And when within the Union's gate,  
 Stay CAPITAL OF OUR GREAT STATE!

The other towns deserving praise  
 We will not visit in these lays.  
 Suffice to say they are all alive,  
 Like busy bees within a hive.  
 But should you call on them, *en-route*,  
 My word, you'll find their latch-strings out!

**REWARD.**

All they who cultivate the soil,  
Are amply paid for work and toil:  
Their barns well filled with grain and hay  
Give ample proof our farms will pay.  
Potatoes, oats and graceful hops,  
Are ever found unfailing crops;  
Our wool is of the finest kind,  
And market never fails to find.

---

**EASTERN WASHINGTON.**

The finest land one ever saw,  
Lies east of us in Yakima.  
That land of bunch grass, grapes and corn,  
Peaches and melons all adorn;  
Pumpkins there like barrels grow,—  
Land of sunshine and of snow.  
Tomatoes, apples, plum and pear,  
All these do well with little care.  
Sorghum plenty to sweeten one's life;  
Broom-corn also to sweep away strife;  
Peas and beans and cabbage and kraut;  
And onions abound to bring the tears out;

Potatoes, and hops the bread to make rise,—  
 These have we seen with our own eyes.  
 That bunch-grass land is hill and plain,  
 From north to south, 'tis all the same—  
 From Wallula's fort to British land  
 Nine tenths are good—one-tenth is sand.  
 The sand is full of grains of gold,  
 And yet the half has not been told.  
 Rivers and lakes and springs abound  
 From Cœur d'Alene to Puget Sound.

Now all that inland empire vast  
 Must pour its products here at last.  
 The iron horse can do this deed,  
 And soon he will with fleetest speed;  
 Returning them our coal and fish,  
 And other produce as they wish.  
 Now when this coming day shall come,  
 When east and west are bound in one,  
*A city on this Sound shall rise,*  
*Eclipsing all beneath the skies.*  
 Our moneyed men must speak the word,  
 And then this greatness is secured.



---

## HARMONIOUS NATURE.

This land so late by white men trod,  
Seems greatly blest by Nature's God!  
That harmony is here complete,  
Which man needs most his wants to meet.  
Our trees and fruit, and clime and soil,  
Are such as all complaint must foil;  
Bright flowers adorn both plain and hill,  
And all the air with odors fill:  
Here lightning's flash is seldom shone  
And thunder's roar is quite unknown;  
Mosquito bites, and snakes and fleas;  
Not often here torment and tease;  
No rising floods awake our fears,  
And sweep away the work of years;  
But health and plenty all are found—  
The poor man's Eden is Puget Sound!





## PROPHECY.

To draw aside the veil before us,  
 And tell exact what God has for us,  
 No more among man's gifts is classed;  
 We can but judge by history past.  
 "Westward the star"—is on its way,  
 And here its "empire" builds to stay;  
 The poor, doomed red man weeps, and dies,  
 As cities, towns and commerce rise;  
 School and church and college spire—  
 Which improvements all admire,—  
 O'er all this land will point above,  
 Commanding knowledge, truth and love;  
 The East and West will here unite,  
 To build on Puget Sound a State  
 Whose vastness none can calculate;  
 For population and for wealth,  
 For peace and plenty, and for health,  
 For all that can man's good promote  
 This State will rise—that not remote.  
 The wedding bells already ring;  
 The bridal song we soon shall sing:  
 For east and west shall be made<sup>e</sup> one—  
 Their floral arch is WASHINGTON!



---

PAEAN OF PRAISE.

---

If such a splendid land is ours,  
Where God such gifts profusely showers,  
To him let hearts and voices raise,  
And fill our land with grateful praise!

THE END.





# TERRITORIAL DIRECTORY.



## Newspaper Directory.

CLARKE COUNTY, Vancouver City:—	
Clarke County Register.	weekly
Vancouver Independent,	weekly
COLUMBIA Co., Dayton City:—	
Columbia County Chronicle.	weekly
CHEHALIS Co., Montizeno:—	
Valley Vidette.	weekly
GARFIELD Co., Pomeroy City:—	
Pomeroy Republican,	weekly
Pataha Spirit.	weekly
JEFFERSON Co., Port Townsend:—	
Port Townsend Argus.	daily and weekly
KING Co., Seattle:—	
Post-Intelligencer.	daily and weekly
Seattle Chronicle.	daily and weekly
Seattle Herald.	daily and weekly
KLICKITAT Co., Goldendale:—	
Goldendale Gazette.	weekly
Klickitat Sentinel.	weekly
PIERCE Co., New Tacoma:—	
New Tacoma Ledger.	daily and weekly
Tacoma News.	weekly

SNOHOMISH Co., Snohomish City:--	
North-west Star.	weekly
The Eye	weekly
SPOKANE Co., Spokane City:--	
Spokane Chronicle.	weekly
Cheney City:--	
Cheney Tribune.	weekly
Cheney Sentinel.	weekly
Sprague City:--	
Sprague Herald.	weekly
THURSTON Co., Olympia:--	
Olympia Courier.	weekly
Olympia Transcript.	weekly
Washington Standard.	weekly
WHATCOM Co., Laconner:--	
Laconner Mail.	weekly
Anacortes City:--	
North-west Enterprise.	weekly
WALLA WALLA Co., Walla Walla City:--	
Walla Walla Union.	daily and weekly
Walla Walla Statesman.	daily and weekly
Walla Walla Watchman.	daily and weekly
Walla Walla Democrat.	weekly
The Washingtonian.	weekly
WHITMAN Co., Colfax City:--	
Palouse Gazette.	daily and weekly
YAKIMA Co., Yakima City:--	
Yakima Record.	weekly
Yakima Signal.	weekly



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TREASURER—T. N. Ford.

LIBRARIAN—Miss Newell.

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S. C. Wingard, Second Judicial District.

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COMMISSARY GENERAL—C. B. Hopkins.

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CHEHALIS COS.—James A. Burke. Rep.

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Rep.

COLUMBIA AND GARFIELD COS.—J. E. Ed-  
miston. Dem.

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CLARKE, SKAMANIA AND KLUCKITAT COS.  
P. H. Harper. Dem.

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WHITMAN Co.—L. T. Bragg.  
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## Number of Mills on the Sound.

And Capacity of Each per Day.

SEATTLE—Seven, steam power—175,000 feet—employing about five hundred men.—All the lumber cut is consumed at home.

MILTON—Steam power, capacity 50,000 feet.

NEW AND OLD TACOMA—Two mills, steam, 250,000 feet, most of which is used for buildings.

TUMWATER—Water power, 7,000 feet.

HENDERSON BAY—Steam, capacity 10,000 feet.

PORT BLAKELY—Steam, capacity 175,000 feet.

PORT DISCOVERY—Steam, capacity 90,000 feet.

PORT GAMBLE—Two, steam, capacity 175,000 feet.

PORT MADISON—One, steam, capacity 100,000 feet.

PORT TOWNSEND—One, steam, capacity 20,000 feet.

SEABECK—One, steam, capacity 100,000 feet,

UTSALADY—One, steam, capacity 100,000 feet.

WHATCOM—One, water power, capacity 15,000 feet.

WHITE RIVER—Steam, capacity 29,000 feet.

PUYALLUP—Steam, capacity 10,000 feet.

Since the establishment of the first saw mill about 2,500,000.000 feet of lumber have been cut. Yet the forest is apparently in its virgin condition, excepting for a short distance from the banks of streams and estuaries. A moderate estimate places

the available lumber at the modest sum of 160,000,000,000 feet. Yellow fir is frequently found growing 250 feet high; white cedar 100 feet, with a girth 60 feet; sugar pine yields six to eight thousand feet per tree. If a man wants to learn all about our fine forests and wonderful capabilities, just let him get lost in them, and his experience will be complete.



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Seattle, W. T.

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