FROM

NEW YORK

TO

PORTLAND,

OREGON, VIA.

STRAITS OF MAGELLAN,

WITH A HISTORY OF THE

VOYAGE, SCENES, PLACES, INCIDENTS

AND

NOTES OF THE JOURNEY,

BY

Rev. J. D. McCONKEY.

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REV. JOHN DOUGLAS McCONKEY.

DEDICATED

To my esteemed and much respected friend, Benjamin Booth, Esq., of Millville, Mass., to whom I am indebted for many kind and willing favors, and the pleasure of many an evening wisely and profitably spent in wit and wisdom's pleasant ways.

Walla Walla, W.T., Jan. 1879. J. D. McC.

They that go down to the sea in ships * * * * * * These see the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep."—PSALMS CVII, 23 and 24.

PREFACE.

You have already had from my pen a description of the new and elegant steamship *Oregon*, in which I was to be carried far away over the heaving billows from my many and much-loved friends. I also promised at your request to give a history of the voyage and of the places at which we should stop, as soon as I could find an opportunity, which promise I will now make good, trusting it may interest you to read it as much as it does me to record it.

NEW YORK TO PORTLAND.

FAREWELL OLD LANDMARKS.

WE weighed anchor from Pier 17, East River, N. Y., at 8.30 A.M. sharp, Feb. 16, 1878, being piloted out of the harbor by Mr. Murphy, an experienced navigator. There were a few ladies and gentlemen, friends of the captain, and some of the company, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Villard, the president, Mr. Starbuck, and Mr. Schmidt, agent, real gentlemen in every way, looking to the comfort of the passengers. Mr. Schmidt was a jolly man, keeping us all the while he remained on board in roars of laughter; and I, for one, began to be sorry that we had not got him for a fellow passenger the entire distance. But by and by

these parties, some of whom came for the pleasure of a short sail down the harbor, to see how nicely the vessel steamed out on her trial trip, and to accompany their friends a short distance, soon began to leave our good ship and steam for the shore in tugs, waving their handkerchiefs as long as they thought they could be seen. We reached Sandy Hook about noon. As is the custom with new vessels before going to sea, orders were given to drop the anchor, in order that the compass might be set from this place. On account of the local attractions, and from the iron on board as well as that which composed part of her structure, every precaution was deemed necessary, and magnets were set in different parts of the ship so that the adjustment would be as correct as possible. At length, after several hours of veering round to the different points, some of which were repeated several times, she was pronounced all right, or as the pilot expressed it, "She obeyed like a dutiful child," "She turned like a 'totum." Here, with many kind wishes for a safe and pleasant journey, Mr. Villard, Mr. Starbuck and the pilot, with a hearty shake of the hand and a God speed, took leave of us, and directed their prow homeward, while we, a little world by ourselves, put out to sea immediately after salutes were exchanged.

Soon old landmarks faded from view but not from memory. We sat on deck and watched till the last sight of well-known shores disappeared in the gray mist of approaching night. I went down to supper, but shortly after I had indulged in the good things spread before me, without any apparent cause a curious feeling stole over me, and I hurried on deck thinking to drive it away, but I was obliged to come face to face with cruel, unrelenting Neptune, who spoke in loudest tones, saying, "Pay me what thou owest," and all my endeavors to persuade him I was in no wise indebted to him, were unavailing, so without many words he and I had a settlement then and there. But if he considered himself settled, I by no means felt so settled, nor did he, I think, for on several other occasions, while rumaging around, he would find old scores for which I had to give a reckoning.

Thus ended the first day, not at all pleasantly, and shut in by the darkness I laid myself down wearily, heavily in a comfortable bed in this beautiful floating house with water below it, water to the left of it, water to the right of it, water all around it, to dream of home and homœpathics.

The next day being Sunday I was invited by the captain to preach, but feeling myself in no condition to stand on my feet much less to talk, I was

obliged to decline in favor of one who was Abel—the name of a brother clergyman on board—who also felt all out of sorts, yet undertook the task which became too much for him, and at last he had to bring his remarks to an abrupt close, after which he was making hasty, not pudding, steps for his room, from which he did not make his appearance until some time the next day. At noon to-day we were in latitude 39° 34' N., longitude 71° 5, having made 130 miles. This was slow going, but you must remember that the engines were new and liable to heat, so that the full running speed was not attempted, nor indeed was it before we bade farewell to the Atlantic.

Monday found everything working easily, even to be sick one had to make no effort. Two men were found concealed in the hold to-day; they were put to work on deck. On Tuesday night we encountered a severe north-easter, which tossed our ship like a plaything. At one time I found it hard to keep anything in my stomach. At another, I thought it would be better if it were empty, for it seemed as if I were on my feet this minute, the next on my head; while I held on to whatever I could grasp, and tried to brace myself with a couple of pillows—but it was no use, I would slide up and down until I imagined the bones had been stripped of their natural coat and in the morning I

should find them protruding. But it was only imagination; yet as to the rolling and tossing it was a *stern* reality. This storm occurred just as we were about opposite the coast of North Carolina, but we had put well out to sea so as to give that dangerous coast as wide a berth as possible. The next morning—which a few in the steerage thought they would never see, especially one young lady, who became religious for the first time in her life, desired some one to call a minister to pray for her, which effect, I am sorry to say, lasted no longer than until the scare was over, as I afterwards noticed her unladylike behaviour—dawned bright and clear, revealing a heap of troubled waters, one wave dashing against another, sending on high the white foamy spray, which the rising sun colored in rainbow tints. On the fourth morning out a stranger, from a fleecy mother, made its appearance among the smaller live stock, which, according to an old sailor augured a prosperous and peaceful voyage, which in this instance was true. But how does this compare with the other old saying in respect to March—that which comes in like a lamb will go out like a lion, and vice versa? But perhaps some critic may say in the above it was not like a lamb, but was a lamb in reality. Grant it. Yet the lamb did well, and prognosticated well, and was the pet lamb of all on board.

The fourth day out brought me on deck. The air was warm and invigorating, and we could once in a while feel the hot air of the tropics. The nights now began to be anxiously sought, not for their refreshing breezes only, but for the pleasure of witnessing the ocean, which on several occasions seemed one vast sea of fire, through which the ship was plowing her way. It was interesting to see the phosphoresence and the fire flies flash forth flames of light in the water as we have seen the lightning bugs in Midsummer. All through the tropics sights of this kind were remarkably beautiful. The flying fish now began to show themselves in abundance. They remind one in their flight very much of the swallow. At night sometimes they will come on deck and finding themselves out of their element will make a flapping noise with their wings, foolish things, for this soon attracts the attention of some one to their whereabouts, and the next thing they were off the deck into the frying pan. They are good to eat. Very often they are entrapped or caught by being attracted on deck by means of lighted lanterns.

On the eighth day we entered the tropics about noon. Many were sick, and complained of pains in the stomach. It was suggested that the Tropic of Cancer had something to do with it. However that might be, it was no joke to some. Summer

clothes were now called into requisition, and those who had never travelled before, at least in such a way as to experience the different changes, were sadly disappointed on finding no provision had been made to meet the extreme heat. In fact I found some on board who, had they been told of such a thing as that within a week they would require the lightest articles of apparel, would have laughed at the idea, and even when it came upon them in all its intensity, they were at a loss to account for it, and I doubt if they understood the philosophy of it when it was explained. But, nevertheless, trunks were ransacked for whatever would give ease and comfort. It was hotter than the dog days, and some were suffering dreadfully from the excessive heat—the engineers especially. Here it might be added that oaten meal was in very great demand. They, who suffered most from sea sickness could have eaten this when the sight of everything else was enough, but it could not be found. It had been stowed away so carefully that it was nowhere when called for; now the demand for it became greater, and it was sought until found. It is an indispensible article on shipboard. The engineers cannot do without it—they cannot, without injury, drink water alone. It is so oppressive in the engine room, that one man, during a watch of four hours drank four buckets of water—a bucket being equal

to a common water-pail. By being mixed with oaten meal it takes away the injurious effects. It being so hot it was out of the question either to enjoy the day or to refresh ourselves with sleep at night, in fact I for my part, censidered that period which is allotted for that purpose to be passed in a stupified state, or rather a state of suffocation, for I arose more exhausted than refrcshed. All we could wish for was an ice cooler or refrigirator in which to be packed for a night or more. I was asked to write a poem on the ocean wave, but I waived the notion, and in enphatic, as well as in poetic terms, replied :

This region Torrid
Is more than horrid.

At our table there were no less than seven states represented, and proudest and most boastful among them all was a Philadelphian. Whoever has met with one of these brotherly ones know full well their devotion and patriotism to their city and country. Some remarks being made in regard to food, it was proposed by a young physician to abolish as an article of diet that odoriferous esculent commonly and familiarly known by the name of onion. There was always a dish of this vegetable at every meal, and I noticed it was always put under the olfactory nerve of the one who disliked them. It can't be done answered one. Oh ! yes it can replied another, and no state could be

prevailed upon sooner to take the side of this abolition than the Keystone state. She was never so foolish, rejoined the other. Yes she has been, I replied, and such a step would be no more ridiculous than her recent legislative act in regard to the suppression of the ringing of St. Mark's bells. Why, how is that? When she, I replied, abolished as a public nuisance the ringing of these chimes, there is no telling what will be the next thing absurdly done. In fact were she to abolish this vegetable there would be something of a similarity. She might as well abolish the one as the other, because the onion can be logically shown to be as great if not a greater nuisance than those sweet chimes. For they are both alike in this—chimes and onion come peal upon peal—peel upon peel. One of Penn's feathers was seen to stand erect and fall from his cap. But to return to our voyage. We are now twelve days out and about 2500 miles from New York, sailing over the tropical seas, which would be delightful were it not for the heat, for there is no wind, and the sea is calm, with no more of a ripple than a river. The evening shades are gathering and Old Sol is fast sinking, hurrying as if to bathe his fiery head in the cool waters of the deep Atlantic. One of the grandest sidereal phenomina which I have ever witnessed was observed to-night. A shooting star of great brilliancy

came from the region of Orion, descended about 45° then burst like a sky-rocket into countless sparks, flashing forth lights of various colors in all directions, the main body of the meteor leaving a tail, like a comet of fiery red.

For the next few days nothing is noteworthy, save the speaking of two or three barques and the beautiful nights when the phosphorence lighted up the ocean to the horizon—away in the distance it had the appearance of sheet lightning, while near at hand, all I could think of by way of comparison, was the light of the silvery moon upon banks of snow. Although there was no moon shining, nothing but starlight, or perhaps I might more fully describe it by the gentle soft silvery light of the moon on fleecy clouds, but richer far, so that words are found inadequate to portray the sight.

March the 2nd we were approaching the Line and were fast getting out of the trade winds, which fanned our burning brows and kept us from melting away altogether. On either side of the Equator, for a distance of three degrees or more, vessels lose the trade winds. We did not need the wind to carry us along although we were propelled faster when ever it proved propitious, but sail vessels dislike very much to get into this portion of the ocean. They may cruise around for weeks without making any headway. Here the sea was as tranquil

as a river and as smooth as glass. There was nothing to remind the green sailors of Neptune on crossing the line, which was crossed about two o'clock on the morning of March 4th. I suppose if Ex-President Grant had been on board we would have been under the necessity to "slow down in order to Key up," in order that he might "fight it out on that *Line*, if it took all summer." Glad he was not, for I was anxious to get out of this schorching heat as soon as possible. And this is nothing to what we expect to have for the sun is south of the equator and we have not come under it yet.

March the 4th the engines were stopped to allow some of the journals, which had become too hot, to cool—but the current was very swift here and we came in sight, sooner than we expected of the Brazilian Island, Farnando de Neronho, about 4 A.M. I heard voices outside, opposite my window, talking loudly of land—land. I rose, pulled my eyes open, and peered out of my window on the port side, but could discern nothing except something which had the appearance of a black cloud of a peaked nature. I lay down but was aroused by a noise overhead ; it was the sailors hoisting the sails. Whoever has travelled by sea know just what an infernal racket they make on such occasions. They are entirely devoid of sympathy of the slumbering ones. So I arose, went out on

deck and had a good view of the island. It was picturesque. It reminded me very much of a scene on the Rhine. To the right was a sort of a promontory and a detached mass of rock. Next was what appeared to me grand, two peaks towering heavenward with a bluff between. On the left was a tower which served as a mariners guide, and then along at the base extending towards the mainland was the island proper, with a flat surface slightly elevated above the level of the sea. This is used as a Brazilian convict colony.

On March 5th we were directly under the sun at noon, so that a pin stuck in the deck would cast no shadow but that of its head. Some of the persons who had been emaciated by sea sickness were brought on deck and they were so thin that they cast no shadow.

Ash-Wednesday was celebrated with a very pleasant and interesting service, conducted by Mr. Abel and myself. It was a source of pleasure that we could on the high seas enjoy the day as we did, notwithstanding there were many things to remind us that we were not on terra firma. The dashing of the waves, the motion of the vessel, the working of the engine and the noise and hammering going on outside, were all a source of annoyance. A shoal of porpoises amused us by their lively motions—trying to keep ahead of the vessel.

On the twenty-first day out the water gave out and we were compelled to drink condensed water, a poor substitute, tasting of tar and grease perceptibly, hot tea being the only drink which removed slightly the unpleasant taste.

On March the 8th the sea was rather disturbed by a squall, and we had rolls for breakfast, rolls for dinner, and rolls for supper, *forced* upon us whether we liked them or not.

To-day at noon showed that the vessel had made 275 miles in the last 24 hours, the greatest distance since we left New York.

The nights are unusually bright and the stars shine with a greater brilliancy. Here the Southern Cross was distinctly visible, and the milky-way, which in the north has a cloudy appearance, becomes more defined, and that nebulous spot reveals countless stars, distinct and visible to the naked eye, instead of an indistinguishable mass.

We have now passed over the calm which prevails several degrees on either side of the Equator, and begin to have reminders, by no means gentle, that we are still afloat on the bosom of that unstable element—water. There is a heavy swell on and we "are tossed," as the Psalmist says "to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at our wits ends." In fact, if we are rolled much longer in this way I am afraid we shall have no wits to

lose, for we shall be a jumbled set of addleheads. It is by no means a pleasant thing to be bounding over the billows or riding a heavy swell after dinner. I found at noon my lunch would not sit well. I had sardines, and I thought they were returning to their old life again—they are swimming. To night Rio Janeiro light was sighted, but we were not expecting to enter this port.

On the morning of Sunday, March 10, we were aroused from sleep by the blowing of the fog whistle, and on coming on deck we were agreeably surprised to be informed that we were heading for she shore, which was completely enveloped in mist.

It was thought that the coal would not be sufficient to carry us as far as Valparaiso, should we have any delay or be detained a day or so at the entrance of the Straits; it was therefore thought a part of wisdom to not run the risk but to prepare for emergencies by coaling at Rio. Thus happily for us a pleasure which we did not anticipate presented itself, as we found ourselves, on this lovely Sunday morning—the only one during the whole voyage on which it was impossible to bring the minds of the passengers to realize that it was the Lord's day, a day which above all others it behooved them to be doubly thankful for the mercy vouchsaved thus far on their journey; but no, the past

was forgotton, the future was nothing ; the present, the present was the all absorbing thought—borne along at a rapid speed into the famous harbor of Rio Janeiro.

I shall never forget the scene which presented itself, and which, even now while I am writing, is pictured upon my memory as vivid as when on that lovely Sunday morning we steamed into Rio. It has one of the finest harbors in the world, and is unsurpassed in scenery. On either side, and all around it, except at the entrance, which is quite narrow, rising majestically from the sea and extending into the background until they become lost in the clouds, which they penetrate, peak above peak, range behind range, with defiles, gorges, ravines and deep glens, are its mountains, steep and precipitous of diverse shapes, unique and grotesque. One at the entranee called the Sugar Loaf, from its striking resemblance. Another called the Organ, from its likeness to that instrument, the pipes of which stand out prominently with a well defined outline. Then there are animal formations in all sorts of postures, all of which are covered with mosses, grasses, and shrubs of the richest green and brown, with here and there trees of the tropical clime, and prominent amongst them all the palm trees figure conspicuously with drooping

plumes, calling to mind the words of the poet:

> Where the feathery palm trees rise,
> And the date grows ripe under sunny skies.

Rio is well protected on either side of the harbor; from its very entrance up to the city are several forts of substantial masonry, which could annihilate an invading fleet. At the second of these forts we were hailed by the cry "Ship ahoy!" and without much ceremony were brought to a standstill with anchor dropped at the word of command. Soon from a distance a sound grated upon our ears like the quick beating of inharmonious kettle drums trying which could outbeat the other, which turned out to be two small steam-tugs with government officials, who lost no time in coming aboard the Oregon. They were the bearers of unpleasant news to us. They informed us that the yellow fever was raging in the city, and a number had already been carried off by this disease. On hearing this it was deemed advisable, not only for our own safety, but for the safety of others to whom the plague might be transmitted in other ports which we might visit, not to venture on shore. The captain gave orders to that effect, and none went ashore except the captain who was obliged to go on business. Not only were none permitted to go on land but not even to purchase fruit, little trinkets, or views of the harbor and surroundings,

which were offered by vendors who beset our vessel on all sides from morning till night, jabbering and exposing their wares to a heedless and unprofitable crew, lest the infection might make a lodgment among our little company. That we could not go ashore was a great disappointment to many, yet, under the circumstances, knowing the real state of things, we counted ourselves fortunate in viewing the scene at a distance.

From where we lay anchored from Sunday morning until Monday afternoon, we had an excellent view of the city. We lay in front of the custom house, which figured prominently among the other buildings, inasmuch as the latter, as were the majority of the buildings in the city, low and squatty, being only one story high. The cathedral which was approaching completion is a magnificent structure. There were minarets and spires of various descriptions in profusion making the beholder believe they were a church-going people, while here and there on the hills and mountain sides were residences fanciful and odd. The city proper is built at the foot of the mountains, and at night presents the appearance of a city rejoicing over some victory or keeping some anniversary, by its bright gaslight illuminations. It is said to be one of the best lighted cities, and the saying is true from what I saw of it. It is reported that it was

lighted by an English company who took the contract at so much a light, but no stipulation being made as to how many there should be, they put as many as they possibly could at regular intervals. This accounts for its being so well lighted.

Its inhabitants strike one as being an indolent, slow-going people. They are by no means quick in their motions, and as one has truly remarked, all that one requires is plenty of patience, and plenty of time if he wishes to go on shore and transact any business, especially in the government department. They cannot be hurried. But I should say from what I have seen and what strikes me as but natural, slowness is the characteristic of the inhabitants of all hot climates—heat, we judge from experience, has the tendency to make us sluggish and indolent. When, however, we come to see the natives, who are employed in squads of fifties, with one or two drivers urging them on, we change our opinion somewhat, and believe they can be active when spurred on. Our vessel was coaled by two companies of these natives, who were obliged to be spry for over twenty-four hours, working night and day, although it was against the law to work them during the hottest part of the day. From some things which were observed by more than myself, I should say morality was at its lowest ebb among these men. They are filthy in

the extreme. They will drink water which has been exposed on the coal barge, not only to the hot sun but to the coal dust, which settles until it could be skimmed off an inch thick or more, with more of a relish apparently than I would milk, and some of my friends know how fond I am of this animal extract. They will only dip their hands in water and give them a shake, or else give them what I should term a dirty wipe on their coal black pantaloons—this serves as a wash before meals. The food is by no means delicate and appetising, at least it was not to us who watched them indulge from the deck of our vessel. It consisted of what I should stigmatize the Lacedemonian "black broth," into which they threw a ladle of small black beans, with an additional ladle of rice, making altogether a queer looking dish—a hodge-podge, which they eat with smiling faces like a negro minstrel troupe, all the time jabbering like a lot of magpies. One little incident is worthy of note here. One of these men, a comical looking fellow, having finished his dishful, went to the steward and asked for more, but not receiving as much as he expected, he flung the dish with its contents, like a peevish, spoiled child, at the feet of the steward spattering him all over, and then turned on his heel with a comical grin and walked leisuerly away with an air of satisfaction. The sight was amusing.

They carried all the coal in baskets on their heads, which were covered with bags hanging down their backs to keep as much coal dust as possible from their persons, but I could not see that it made any difference, since they were black through it all.

Another strange feature of these strange people was seen in the aristocratic air with which they indulge in the "weed"—not like a common day laborer, content to inhale the smoky narcotic through a black cutty pipe—but these coal-heavers, with gentlemanly manners, puffed the livelong day their fancy, sweet scented cigarettes.

Sufficiently coaled to carry us to Valparaiso, anchor was weighed, and we were at 5 P.M., Monday the 11th, leaving the scenes upon which our eyes had feasted unwearingly, and upon which they would feign have lingered longer, to breast the rough Atlantic once more ; and when night veiled us with her star spangled curtain, nothing could be seen of that beautiful tropical city and its picturesque shores except in memory, where they were indelibly portrayed.

To revert to Rio for a moment, you remember I alluded to the ease and slowness with which every action was done. As confirmation of this I will state what I have been informed by a gentleman who appears to be well posted in matters pertaining to this southern city and whose acquaintance I

made some time after leaving this harbor. He said they were so slow in their movements that policemen had to be stationed at the different wells, or in the neighborhood of them, with revolvers in hand to accelerate their motion, otherwise before the first or second had drawn his quantum of water, a crowd would be assembled and so block up, not only the well but the thoroughfare, and the one would begin to jostle the other to obtain access to the well and a fight would ensue, thus preventing others from approaching, while those who were there are obliged to retreat without one drop to refresh them. How true this is I cannot vouch, but from what I have seen myself, and have told my readers, if not altogether true there is some truth in it. Above, when I told you the captain would not allow anything to be purchased which came from this city, I should have said this referred only to the petty venders who buzzed around us like a swarm of bees. There were one or two merchants, so called, of whom we could make some purchases and have the artlcles delivered to us ; but these gentlemen—merchants were neither more nor less than frauds. One of the passengers wished very much to have some candy for his little children ; I also needed a straw hat, but on being informed that a straw hat would require a larger sum than I was disposed to pay, I concluded to allow the sun

to burn my face, while the other gentleman concluded to let his children's teeth want sweetmeats, at least for awhile.

One gentleman who had sent for a box of cigars without asking the price was astonished when it came marked 5000 rees. His face, however, assumed somewhat of a composed look when told that this amount was equal to $2.50. So that cigars are cheap in comparison with other things. The Brazilian coin is numerically large but in value small.

We left this land of dye-wood, hence the name "brazas" (Brazil), and of birds of various hues, and on the following day, at noon, the tropic of Capricorn was nearly two degrees behind us. I cannot say I was sorry to get out of the tropics and once more enjoy a good fresh breeze. The sailing was now delightful with very little to remind us we were on the Atlantic, and that, too, in treacherous quarters. The wind blowing from the land brought on board a multitude of beautiful moth millers, some of which were caught and preserved as mementoes, also bright colored little birds, one of which was quite tame and remained on deck a few days after which it mysteriously disappeared, to form part of a collection of curiosities, I doubt not, as I heard a bird-stuffer on board say he would like to get hold of it.

March the 13th we were in latitude 29° 21′ S., having made 258 miles in the last twenty-four hours, and in the same waters where not a week before an English vessel was lost with all on board.

This morning the lightning was so vivid and thunder so terrific as to wake me up from a sound slumber. The rain poured down in torrents, and the contending elements lashed into fury the rolling waves which broke in madness on our side. We thought we were about to encounter a storm, but we were soon relieved from all fears as the day advanced, and we came in sight of Catherine's Island, after which we bounded lively o'er the billows until eventide, which came gently stealing in with a refreshing breeze and a pale-faced moon, whose shadow seemed to dance on the dark blue ocean. Later on the moon was beautiful, the air salubrious, and the sea grew calm, but we know not, oh, we know not, how soon it all may change! For we are approaching the La Plata, a place so treacherous as to cause courageous and experienced sailors to shudder. Here the wind sweeps down, carrying destruction in its wake, in fierce pamperos from the extensive plains lying south and west of Buenos Ayres. But the anticipated pamperos came not, in fact it was so throughout the entire voyage, wherever a blow was expected we got none; while before us and behind us vessels were wrecked, so

that we regarded it as something more than *chance* —looking and seeing through it all a providential hand guiding us safely over the waters—thus realizing the truth of the words of the prophet Isaiah : " When though passest through the waters I will he with thee"—for which blessing we felt we could not be too thankful.

No storm assailed us and we glided triumphantly over these waters which were tranquil as a river. Here we had a sight which I know some of my friends, who are fond of the hunt, would have gone crazy over had they seen it, and I am afraid even now, if I describe it, they will go into spasms, and in their dreams be calling for " *Ned*" with a few more dogs, for it will require all the dogs which can be got, for there is enough and more than enough for them all—and seizing their guns send a raking fire to the detriment of somebody, for they will see nothing but ducks—ducks all round them, ducks for twenty miles ahead, the sea literally covered with ducks. This is what we saw, actually saw—no dreaming about it. They were mostly of the large size, too—Albatross. In fact, so dense were they we had to plow our way through their midst, and this lasted for more than two whole days. The captain would sooner have seen a man thrown overboard than a feather of one of these birds plucked. Seals and sea-lions were also seen off the La Plata,

and Mother Carey's chickens were innumerable. The Cape pigeons now appear, beautiful birds, which indicate our proximity to Cape Virgins at the northern entrance to the Straits, which we expect to make at 2 A.M. to-morrow morning.

On the 17th of March a heavy hail-storm covered the deck to the depth of three inches, some of which were larger than pigeon's eggs, and those that were gathered kept in a glass without melting until the afternoon of the next day.

On the 18th a sudden change took place. There arose from the sea what appeared to have the resemblance of a magnificent cathedral, with dome, spires, and turrets, as complete as I have ever seen anything, but on nearer view its grandeur entirely faded; it turned out to be nothing but a mass of rugged high pinacled rock. We had been steadily watching this conglomeration—this phantasmagoria of rocks, when we were called by the sounding gong to supper. The sea was perfectly calm, but we had scarcely commenced eating when the ship began to be pitched, and the waves to dash in fury against her side. We had run too close to the breakers, and before the course was changsd and speed given to the engines we were quite well shaken.

The coast, the 19th, was visible on the entire day, but nothing met the eye save one vast clay bank, said to be 120 feet high, rising perpendicularly from

the waters edge, with a flat surface unbroken throughout its entire distance, which is upwards of fifty miles, looking desolate and barren, without vegetation, with no signs of life, except along its coast, where a curious looking craft, like a tub with wings of canvass, of the Patagonian build, skims the water.

On the morning of the 20th, at 2 o'clock, Cape Virgins was rounded, and we entered the Straits under the most favorable weather, after a voyage, though not eventful, yet one which will be remembered for the pleasure and the interest afforded by the way, of 32 days from New York, with a stoppage of 30 hours at Rio, and twice as many hours lost by the stoppage of the engines at different times, to cool, repair, or lubricate the heated journals, having run a distance of 6945 miles.

The entrance to the Straits is wholly featureless and indeed for several miles there is nothing very striking. The land is tame and low with not a tree to be seen. We passed through what has been termed the " First Narrows," being from two to three miles wide, at a rapid speed, the tide-current carrying us along at the rate of ten knots, and steam-power propelling us on at an equal rate ; after which we passed through a wide part of the Straits, being about 15 miles wide and 17 miles in length. Here also the shores are low, but away in the back-

ground is the Gregory range, the home of the Ostrich and Guanaco. This range ends very abruptly, forming what is called the Gregory shoulder. At this point we enter the "Second Narrows," which is 4 to 5 miles wide and 17 miles long, through which we passed triumphantly into Queen's Channel, in which is Elizabeth's Island, and a little further on to the left, on our port side, the Island of Santa Magdalene. The former had a beautiful covering of rich green grass and a few shrubs, while along its shores, close to the water's edge, were hundreds of penguins huddled together in groups, looking cold and bleak, and standing erect like sentinels on duty; besides beautiful pigeons, and ducks without number were flying and gracefully swooping round and round.

After skirting the shore for some distance a woody country began to appear, with here and there a break which disclosed a house, a barn, or saw mill, betokening we were coming to an inhabited part of the Straits. Soon the smoke of steamers became visible, and shortly after the black masts of two vessels, which were found to be Chilian men-of-war, lying at anchor opposite Puntas Arenas, Sandy Point, where at 1 P.M. we cast anchor, having made 150 miles in something less than 10 hours. It may be well to remark here that steamers can pursue their way through the Straits by daylight

only, the navigation being rendered dangerous by reason of their rocky and tortuous character. We anchored every night, therefore, in safe anchorage. Sandy Point is the first, and the next one being too far to reach before nightfall anchor was dropped at this place.

Sandy Point is a Chilian convict settlement, the home of the exiles, and a few months before our arrival was quite a flourishing little town. Gold and coal are obtained without much labor. The coal, however, is of an inferior quality, soft, and liable to combustion. The gold on account of the great supply of water all the year round is much more easily wrought than in California. But this little place presented a picture desolate and dreary enough, its inhabitants disheartened, some of them having lost all they possessed, and which it had taken years to accumulate, in consequence of a mutiny of the soldiers (stationed there to protect the citizens and guard the settlement) against the government official, whose cruel treatment is said to have been the cause of the outbreak. Incensed by his harsh conduct they conspired to assail the city simultaneously at different points in order to dispatch at once those whom they knew sided with the governor. They commenced their deadly work at dead of night. They entered the governor's residence, but he made good his escape to the

woods, thence to the river, where he managed to secure the services of two men in a row-boat, who rowed with all haste in order to overtake the man-of-war which had steamed out that afternoon. Meanwhile the butchery was going on, men and women being shot without mercy. Now that the work was begun there was no restraint. The innocent suffered with the guilty, and at length when they could not get anybody to shoot they began shooting one another. Many fled to the woods, where they kept themselves concealed for over a week without anything to subsist on except herbs or the bark of trees. This unfortunate affair was brought to a termination by the arrest, after two months of sharp fighting, of the most of the mutineers, 19 of whom were on board the war-ship Magellan, which steamed out shortly after we cast anchor, to convey them to Chili, where they would be court-martialled. Ten were executed publicly in the cemetery of the little town where they had done the deed, in order to intimidate others, and to assure the peaceable of protection, just the day before we arrived. Hence you can imagine the gloom which rested on this place and the look of discouragement which met our eyes on all sides as we stepped on shore and viewed the memorable scene. The town is laid out in squares, and has one church, a prison and a cemetery. We were

welcomed on shore by a gentleman and his son, Australians by birth, who had come there to make a fortune, but had lost all by the calamity which befell the place. They took us to the different places of interest, and gave us all the information they could. It seemed good to once more set foot on land, after being over a month on sea, and that, too, on the most southern civilized settlement of the continent. Sandy Point, before the outbreak, had a population of about 1500. The houses are all one story, some very rude and rustic structures, others very tastefully set off by gardens which were full of rare and beautiful flowers, some of which we had the honor of receiving from the hands of the natives. They are very friendly and hospitable. But here, in the most southern civilized town of the Continent, King Alcohol reigns supreme. Every house, almost, is a store, and every store has a grog-shop annexed. On going up one of the streets a man rode past us on a thin, bony, yellow horse at full speed, being urged on by a leather strap, which he applied vigorously to the sides of the poor animal, while its speed was further increased by a spur which consisted of two bundles, one on either side, which, every time they struck its sides, frightened the beast into a desperation-gait from the jingling noise they made; but they could not stand much longer, knocked as they were against

the raw-boned nag, and at last they broke with a sound as if a window had been shattered, and a stream was observed to flow from either side like a small cascade down a mountain slope. The demi-johns had given way, and their contents were quickly where they ought to be, on the street. Still it would have been much better had it been carried to a much greater distance—far from the pale of civilization, unless a deodorizer had been applied instantly, inasmuch as the smell which filled the air in all directions for three hours afterwards was enough to sicken the greatest lover of ardent spirits. A dog was seen to stand on the shore and every time salutes were being exchanged from the men-of-war it set up a dismal, pitiful howl. It is supposed that it was deserted by its master, who had been taken prisoner as a mutineer.

The oxen are very wild, and one team on coming down hill with a small cart, heavily loaded, made a sally for our good captain, who, had it not been for the timely cast of a large stone, which struck one on the forehead and so stopped its mad career, would have been gored by these savage beasts. He said to me afterwards: "Just think of it—cruising round these waters for upwards of forty years without a mishap, to come to this out-of-the-way place to be gored by an ox." I replied: "Many a stranger thing happens."

Thus we took leave of this place with many happy recollections, having seen many things and learned much worthy of mention, with a few mementoes in shells and flowers, and once more climbed to the deck of the Oregon to rest for one night in calm waters and to think on the past.

We left Sandy Point at 3.30 A.M. Thursday, March 21, and having steamed along at a rapid rate we came to scenery which beggars description. It would take you to see it in order to appreciate it. Yet I will make an effort to bring it before my readers in such a way that they may have a faint idea at least.

About 9 A.M. we rounded Cape Froward, the most southern extremity of the Continent, being in latitude 53°. Our course through the Straits had been thus far south west, but this cape being rounded the course was north west. A salute from the 30 pounder was fired at this extreme point of our journey in honor of our homeward course, as well as bidding farewell to this most southern point, but being too close to the mountains it failed to awake the slumbering echo.

It is difficult to describe the scenery of the Straits, for, in the first place, we were moving rapidly and every moment were viewing it from another standpoint, so that there was a constant changing panorama. In the next place, there was nothing, even

if we had been motionless, to mark the place from which the picture was viewed, so that our readers could at once find the identical spot. On either side there arose abruptly from the waters edge high mountains, steep, precipitous, pinnacled rocks, with here and there deep dark winding ravines and shady glens. Some of these massive, high, towering rocks filled us with awe as they stood, and as they have stood for centuries, upwards of 4000 feet above our heads, silently overshadowing all who pass beneath them. What a picture! In the foreground were these high mountains, whose base, and far up whose sloping sides, rich grasses, moss, and bright green shrubs adorned, while here and there gigantic trees stood on the mossy carpet, silently, majestically, with wide spreading, drooping boughs, covered with foliage evergreen, casting a downward shadow ; and to crown the whole, their summits, capped with virgin snow, were tinted by the first rays of the morning sun. As a background there arose peak after peak, penetrating the clouds, and mantled in perpetual snow, whose centennial glaciers now and then reflected the sunlight in rainbow hues. I passed the whole day fascinated by the grandeur, and could only with the greatest reluctance leave the scenes for a few minutes to appease the appetite. It was right in the heart of this magnificent scenery we

had a fine view of three canoes, containing seven savages, who made vigorous signs for us to stop; one of them reaching far over the prow of his little bark, shook a seal-skin, which he wished us to understand was offered for sale, which they will part with for a few biscuit, tobacco, or whisky, especially the latter. Our captain, however, wished not to parley with them, considering it of more consequence to gain a few miles than a few seal or otter skins, so he merely slowed down in order to get a good sight of them. They had nothing on save a skin thrown loosely over their shoulders. The captain said they were the first and only Fuegians he had seen, although he had passed through these waters many times.

At length, with the last rays of Phœbus setting behind mountain and glen, and tinging with golden tints the white capped peaks, we steered slowly to the Terra del Fuegian coast, and cast anchor in a small inlet or harbor, marked on the chart Port Angosta. It is a small cove or harbor between two precipitous mountains 1200 feet high, affording safe anchorage for vessels against the violent winds which sweep through the glens and ravines. It is not as small as we at first supposed. It looked as though our ship could not turn once she was inside. This delusion, however, was on account of the height of the mountains, for afterwards we saw that

three vessels as large as the Oregon could turn with ease. The captain gave orders to have the name date, and place of destination of our ship printed in large characters, so as to be legible from the cove, on one of the high rocks. A boat was lowered for that purpose and the captain invited a few to accompany him to the heights. My wife and myself gladly availed ourselves of the proffered invitation. We observed, prior to climbing the mountain side, a small cascade making a merry noise as it flowed over brush and stone. This we followed in our way up. We gathered some beautiful flowers, heather, holly, grasses and leaves, which were afterwards pressed and preserved as remembrances of the day and place. It is something to remember, too, that we climbed over a thousand feet, and that too, on the heights of Terra del Fuego. The captain called our attention upward whither he had ascended, by telling us he had discovered a beautiful lake, and sure enough there it was, about half a mile long by a quarter wide, right in the midst of these mountains. We called it *Lake Conner*, and three cheers certified the name. The cheers were heard and re-echoed from the Oregon. Then voices were heard wafted towards us by the evening breeze, "Come home, come home," after which the supper gong caused us to make a hurried descent, and we were soon, after

some scrambling and tumbling, on board once more, eating with appetites insatiable. Thus we stood where probably the foot of a civilized man had never trod before, and where in all likelihood we shall never stand again, on the lofty peak of the *Land of Fire.*

The nights spent in *straitened* quarters were our brightest. I was aroused one morning, between 2 and 3 A.M. to see Jupiter and his satellites, which I distinctly saw without the aid of scientific appliances—a rare sight.

We weighed anchor at 3.30 A.M., and were again on our way, passing through what is called Long Reach, being about 50 miles in length, with its snow-capped hills, from which we emerged into Sea Reach, where the scenery becomes wild and rugged. The Isle of Desolation, about 70 miles long, was then skirted. It looks desolate, indeed, nothing but sharp pinnacled rocks, without the slightest trace of vegetation, meet the eyes of the beholder. It was really savage. Shortly after, we passed Cape Pillar, which is at the extreme entrance to the Straits on the Pacific side, having cleared the Straits in something less than 27 running hours. We were received into the bosom of the Pacific, unworthy of the name, from my experience of it, with a welcome—what a welcome! Hitherto, all through the Straits, the weather was fine, notwith-

standing the air was a trifle bracing, coming off the snow-clad mountains, so that it was like river sailing—but the welcome we got from the Pacific was a hearty, old-fashioned shake. There was a heavy sea, which rollod and tossed us about unmercifully. It made every one sea sick

The following day, although I felt indisposed, and was inclined to take to the *corner*, where I used to bolster myself, in days gone by, and which from my frequent occupancy the captain christened after me, I nevertheless shirked not a duty. I preached to a larger company than had hitherto availed themselves of the services.

There is quite a difference between the Atlantic and Pacific as regards the motion. In the latter the waves are longer—long swells—and they give to the ship an ugly rolling, semicircular motion ; it is productive of a very unpleasant sensation. The sunsets in the Pacific are beautiful. One having remarked that he had never seen such a sun set ; why it is the same old sun which has risen and set from the time the world began, replied a bystander.

A better view was had of the Southern Cross, and to the side a small black cloud, as it were, was observed, which in reality is only a space without a star visible, at least to the naked eye, in the midst of the Milky-way, whose numberless stars

elsewhere make this spot more noticeable. I thought to myself, what if this were the shadow of the Cross?

Two days more without anything worthy of note, brought us within a few miles of Valparaiso. The sea was very rough, and as it is against the harbor regulations to enter port after nightfall, we were obliged to "lie to" until morning. We got into the trough of the sea as we lay off, and experienced such a night as I never wish to see again. I can only compare it, after being tossed alternately on head and feet until I thought I was empty of everything, to being shaken in a mill-hopper. In this we labored until the dawn revealed the much-sighed-for-port, which we entered rejoicing. The day previous to entering the harbor of Valparaiso showed the greatest distance made since we left New York, being 308 miles.

I have told you of our condition, comparing it to that of being in a mill-hopper, with a patent, which made it reversible, after the similitude of a sand-glass, so that we were being emptied at every alternation—though not filled after the fashion of the sand-glass—on that morning on which we "lay to" waiting for the dawn. The sound of a locomotive announced that we were nearing civilization. We steamed into port with glad spirits, but with faces which showed traces of a nights

sleeplessness, and so were in no condition to enjoy the prospect before us which we would have done under different circumstances.

VALPARAISO

from the port has nothing attractive. There was nothing which I could see, viewing it from the outside, to render it such a city as I have read of. The harbor is exposed to the storms of the open sea. Vessels are not safe, indeed many have been wrecked from this cause alone while lying at anchor. Those who are aware of these dangers on the approach of a storm, weigh anchor immediately and put out to sea. We enter the harbor in a few minutes from the time we leave the ocean. Its scenery has nothing to commend it to a stroke of the pen. The bay is semicircular, girt by a range of an almost equal height its entire distance, with not a tree visible, except what has been planted to shade some villa or cabin, or adorn a cemetery or pleasure ground; and what is more, no vegetation, nothing but the bare range of a brick color, entirely featureless, meets the eye.

On entering the city, however, we are more favorably impressed, and soon forget about its unattractive bare appearance. We meet on all sides a sea of commercial activity. The city contains one hundred and ten thousand of a population.

The entire business part is situated at the foot of the range. The residences, generally speaking, are on the slope, some of them in rather dangerous looking situations, seemingly ready to tumble on the moving multitude below at the slightest shake, from a height perpendicular with the streets, of 300 feet. There is a railroad connecting this city with Santiago, about a hundred and twenty miles into the interior, the residence of the Emperor, and a very paradise of loveliness, I have been told, called the "Paris of South America." The cars are of the English make, with compartments, having first, second, and third class accommodations. The locomotive also is English make.

The houses are principally wooden structures, with imitation stone fronts. Some are of clay, made of soft clay brick, sunburnt, with corrugated tiling, or tiling placed convex and concave alternately. They look as a general thing, neat and clean. The streets are a perfect model of neatness. They are swept every morning at an early hour, and anything, even an orange or banana peel thrown thereon subjects the person so doing to a fine of not less than $5. I was quite ignorant of this city enactment when I stood near the market eating a bunch of grapes and throwing down the hulls. Would that every city would profit by the example of this one, for I am sure it is no credit

to a city, much less wholesome, to have its streets made the depository of every kind of rubbish out of store and garrett, and not only that, it is not so pleasant to have its citizens or strangers tripped and lamed by an orange peel or tobacco juice squirted here and there on the pavement.

There are several squares throughout the city, with statues, in memory of events connected with her history, or of some of her patriotic sons. These are artistically laid out, well shaded with trees of the pepper class, and rustic seats where strangers rest, and nurses spend the livelong day with the offspring committed to their care, and where lovers keep their moonlight vigils.

The most of the business enterprise is carried on by Americans, English and Parisians. The natives, who are Spanish, and speak that language, are the *ruled* class, and generally poor, and trust to what they can make as laborers, traders in animals, or as fruit venders, who from early morning till late at night parade the streets, in any number, with their baskets or trays on their heads, each one with the same intonation, so peculiar that one cannot fail to mentally take up the strain, and, indeed, once or twice I stopped myself in the act of uttering it aloud, which ring in our ears for months afterwards as distinctly as when heard in those busy streets—each one, I say, in this same sing-

song tone offers his wares to the passing public. The voices of the fruit producers also can be heard when they are a great distance off, on coming to the market early in the morning.

There is as fine a market in this place as I have ever seen. Everything is a perfect pattern of neatness. The fruit is clean and fresh, and the grapes above all excel everything. They are very prolific; some of the largest bunches I have ever seen were here exhibited. They are very cheap, too. A large bunch which would weigh about five pounds can be had for ten cents, and if bought from producer will cost less than half that amount.

Very few horses are employed here; what are in use are confined wholly to the business streets. Mules and donkeys are extensively used. The streets are so steep, although they are graded so as to be very gradual, in the greater part of the city as not to admit of a horse and wagon or heavy dray's ascent. The mule or donkey, principally the latter, convey burdens up these steep streets. What strikes a visitor first of all, on entering the city, as a novelty, is these domestic little animals trotting along at a rapid pace, urged on by a leather strap which the driver applies vigorously, with large bundles on either side, or two kegs full of water, brought from the interior, and sold to the inhabitants at so much per gallon, and behind all

the driver sits guiding his *docile* charge. I observed one of these creatures with both ears and tail cut off close. It looked ridiculous and was a laughing stock even to the natives. I think these people need to enact another law in order to keep pace with civilization, or else organize a humane society to prevent cruelty to animals, for they had no mercy on them, and chiefly the horses in hack or dray, for job work or by the day, in public thoroughfares, and the most of which, at the best, were a wreck of bones, were hurried along over the pavement, at a break-neck gait, whipped on to it unmercifully.

There are also horse-cars, with inside and outside accommodations, running through the business centre of the town. I took the advantage of seeing the greater part of the city by taking an outside seat. From the top I had an excellent view of all the back courts and villas on the heights, to which I could not have climbed without a little exertion, and it was so hot I did not care to exercise any more than necessary. The cost for the round trip on the top was only 5 cents, so that it is economical as well as pleasurable to take an outside seat.

The most remarkable feature of the place is the characteristic dress of the inhabitants, especially the natives. The men wear no coat, but instead something thrown over the shoulder, fastened

before and behind, which looks to all appearance like a horse blanket, which is called a *poncho*. The characteristic dress of the woman is a black shawl of the finest cashmere, called a *manta*, which is thrown carelessly, as it were, but yet uniformly, over their shoulders, with one end brought round the neck, thence over the head instead of a bonnet. It is a rare thing to see one wearing a bonnet or a hat; if such a thing is seen the wearer will be found to be a foreigner and not a native. Colored or fancy goods are not worn by the natives; so that this uniform dress of black shawls covering the head gives them a gloomy, sad look. In short, we think we have entered an extensive religious community—a community of nuns.

There are nine Romish Chapels, with Chapters, all of which constitute but one parish. They worship in primitive simplicity. There are no seats or pews. One brings a piece of carpet, another a camp stool, but the majority kneel on the hard bare floor.

There are also two protestant places of worship, one a congregationalist, the other an English chapel. The latter is quite large and churchly. It was in charge of the Rev. Mr. Keer, in the absence of the rector.

By accident I became acquainted with Mr. Keer, who took me to the chapel where he was about to

hold a Lenten service. I enjoyed the service very much, and in the Lord's house thanks were returned for our safety thus far, after which we were taken to the house of Dr. Trumbull, a gentleman well known in New England, especially in and around Hartford, and with whom Mr. Keer was boarding. We met a warm reception at the hands of the Doctor, who entertained us and showed us "no little kindness," not only on this occasion but on others his generous warm-hearted, hospitable heart was opened to overflowing. We had to pay for nothing while he was with us; but rather than have him think, which I do not suppose he would, that I took the advantage of his liberality, I did not call as often as I was in the city. The Doctor has done a noble work as a missionary in that city, to which he came over forty-five years ago. He has a flourishing church, a large school, several missions and societies for the spread of the Gospel in its truth and purity. Besides, he edits a paper which he distributes gratis.

The Doctor has a garden which is worthy of note inasmuch as it is the work of his own hands, and shows perseverance in what might have been regarded as a hopeless case. His house is situated at a height of 300 feet above the main street. On this height of rotten rock he has labored until he has a garden of about one quarter of an acre,

although not blooming as a rose, yet producing the year round, with the exception of one month, as many vegetables as his family can use. The water used for irrigating the garden is limited, as the water is very scarce throughout the whole city, and is brought from the mountains a great distance. The soil is nothing but pounded rock. Considering everything it is a work for which the Doctor deserves credit.

It is in place here to say that the courts and affairs of justice are carried on in a way which are worthy of imitation. How much better would it be if some of the trials in the United States and elsewhere were conducted on this principle! All trials, except that of slander, are strictly private, none but the parties concerned and interested are allowed inside the court room.

There are many beautiful birds to be seen or had in Valparaiso, but the market for them is sometimes rather dull. A trick is practised in order to increase the demand. Those skilled in the bird business can dress up a bird artificially in the most beautiful and rarest colors, with feathers of other birds which they color by some process, so as to bring a handsome sum, but the purchaser in a day or two finds his beauty fast fading, the glued on feathers dropping off, and at last his handsome bird is nothing more than a common finch or sparrow.

The inhabitants are noted for their generosity and hospitality. Several have been shot and some stabbed because they have refused to accept a proffered treat. One woman, while we were there, was fatally injured because she declined the assistance of a friend, though she was in need of it. This, however, does not apply to the good Doctor of whose hospitality I have spoken. His generosity was not of this sort, besides he is not a native. Thus, after nearly five days on shore, during which the principle places were visited and noted, having been cordially entertained by strangers, we bade adieu to these kind friends, and left the shores which seemed like home, with recollections which cannot soon be effaced.

I forgot to mention that from one of the highest points of the city, we could see Mount Aconcagua, but it was dim and cloudy from the smoke of its eruption, it being then in action. A slight shock was felt the Sunday previous to our arrival.

Valparaiso is not so well protected as some of the Spanish towns There are no forts like what we saw at Rio Janeiro, but the semi-circular mountain range is made to serve as a natural fortification, consisting of a continuous line of cannon with a telegraphic communication from the entrance of the harbor, where is a signal station from which ships, if not kept at bay, at least can be seen when a

great way off.

Anchor was weighed at 4.30 P.M., March 30, and we steamed out to sea under the most favorable circumstances with a calm sea, weather delightful, and what enlivened the journey to its close, a few more passengers in cabin and steerage, besides six sailors who had been shipwrecked off Cape Horn. Among our cabin passengers was the United States Consul of Valparaiso, Major Williamson, who was in poor health, and who intended to recuperate at some well-known mineral spring off the coast of California.

It is something extraordinary to see a star at noonday, yet such was the case. The sun was shining brightly, without a cloud to obscure it—in fact not a cloud was seen in the whole sky. Almost in the zenith a star was discovered by Mr. Newcomb, a congregational minister who had taken the trip for his health, while I stood by his side conversing about something, who called my attention to the bright glittering spot overhead, asking me if it could be a star. I replied yes, that is a star. We tried to make others see it, but as it was the 1st of April they would not look, even our good captain was persuaded with difficulty to make a reckoning, and it was not until he saw the look of seriousness in my face he cast his nautical eyes upward. He said he had never seen such a thing

save once in his life. There shone Venus, the Queen of Stars, in all her noonday beauty. Those who did not look were fooled, and lost a rare sight.

For the next ten days nothing was found very noteworthy. The vessel has carried us in this time 2680 miles. The weather was oppressive—several of the firemen fainted. We could not find a cool spot, nor could we keep cool, however hard we tried to do so, we only became warmer. It was so hot, and the ice having given out, that the live stock killed in the morning had to be thrown overboard before evening. One of the crew, a young man of fine ability, became insane, and was a constant source of responsibility for the rest of the journey. He had graduated at one of the London schools with honor, came to this country and studied medicine in the university of New York, but through disappointment and the failure to receive the means to complete his studies by the death of his father, engaged to serve as a common waiter on our ship. Here the work was hard, everything weighed heavily upon him, and at last he became a raving maniac. He had the sympathy of all on board, except a few who thought he was only scheming. He was put into a strait-jacket, which, on account of its non-mechanical arrangement, being a bag with a hole cut through

the bottom, through which his head was thrust, and a few pieces of rope to draw it tight in front, he called a "scientific bungle." He called me in to see it, and asked me what I thought of it. He said "Pills"—that was the Doctor, who on another occasion he gave the appellation of "similes similibus curantur"—had made that for him, and if he was going to have a strait-jacket he would have one made by a *scientific* man, a man who could make a proper *diagnosis*.

I noticed during this hot weather that the gentlemen who had got on board at Valparaiso tried to keep cool by pouring down sparkling Champagne, and when that was all drank, the choicest of wines. This they indulged in freely, one Englishman especially quaffed and chattered like a magpie, with accentuation ending on a high key, the livelong day.

Sunday, April 14, was observed as usual, there being service in the morning in the cabin, and in the evening in the forecastle, for the sailors who could not attend in the morning, being on duty. At the morning service the captain's adopted daughter, "Millie" was baptized, the captain and his wife acting as sponsors. The service was impressive, rendered doubly so on account of this little one being added to the Church.

On April 15th we came in sight of land. It was

said to be St. Margaret's Island, on the coast of Lower California. The next day we got a glimpse of the Island of Cerros. Here the sea became very rough and kept so until the next day was drawing to a close, the ship bounding on the billows, sometimes striking one making her timbers shiver. A refreshing breeze came to us off Cape St. Lucas. This breeze is so invigorating that those who have been almost roasted passing through the Tropics and feel entirely exhausted, begin to convalesce, when they first get a sniff of it. For this reason it is called by the old saiiors Dr. Lucas. It becomes cold so suddenly here that one has to be cautious and meet it prepared. We, who a day or two before were too warm with the lightest clothing, now found a winter overcoat not uncomfortable. After this we came in sight of the Santa Barbara Islands, and having steamed between two of them we came in sight of the United States. Hail to thee many an heart repeated, while others shed tears of joy, the felt so happy at beholding the land of their nativity once more, after sixty-one days, away even out of sight of her soil. It was a beautiful sight to see the rich green slopes, and away in the background the snow-capped hills of California. Once in a while along the slopes we could discern a house or a barn with many a sheep grazing by. There were some fine ranches in view. After this

we passed within half-a-mile of Point Conception, on which is a lighthouse, from which the Stars and Stripes gracefully floated on the morning breeze. At this a salute was given and returned, and the ship plowed nobly through the still waters. Here also where rough weather was expected we had the opposite, so that we might truly say that the unlooked for things are what we may expect. Beautiful birds and gulls followed the ship nearly 2000 miles. The children and ladies amused themselves feeding those feathered followers. I noticed one thing which displayed remarkable instinct; when hard-tack was thrown them they would immediately swoop down and seize it, and finding it too hard for their bill to crunch they would dip it in the water, holding it a sufficient time for it to soften, then swallow it.

On Good Friday morning, April 19, the Golden Gate, with Mount Diabolus in the background, came in view. We approached the gate near enough to allow our signals to be seen and telegraphed, then swinglng around with this distant peep, which satisfied not the longings of some beating hearts, we saw the Gate but did not enter in. Even the captain did not seem to like it. He said it was the first time in twenty-one years he had passed without entering; but in duty bound he swung around and skirted the shores for Portland.

From the Island of Revillegigado to a little north of the Golden Gate, which I have said we passed on the morning of April 19, at 9 o'clock, there was seen daily a number of very large sea turtles, floating with the current on the surface of the water. About an hour after we had turned our back on the city of the heathen Chinee, we hailed a steam freight-boat on its way thither, which took some letters, postals and papers, which many were anxious to have delivered to their friends, who would be eagerly watching for them, relieving them of all anxiety, but causing disappointment at not beholding them step on shore. The reason for not being able to do so, as I understood, was this: hitherto all the new vessels, which had been brought around the Cape or through the Straits for the O. S. S. Company, had stopped at San Francisco, on the arrival of which a grand reception was given on board, where the night was beguiled with a sumptuous supper, and the wee hours lengthened out unnoticed by the devotees of Bacchus. This displeased part of the Company who were stationed at Portland, and who could not possibly attend, even were they notified, inasmuch as the reception was given either on the night of or the night after the arrival. In order then to keep both ends quiet, it was determined that the *Oregon* should proceed to Portland to

touch first the shores of that State, after which she was named, with a jollification such as is customary on those occasions.

From San Francisco to the mouth of the Columbia river the motion is not a pleasant one by any means. It is a semi-circular one and makes even those who have been a long time on the water feel very uncomfortable.

Numerous whales were seen, some of which were huge, plowing the waters, once in a while grazing the ships side or diving beneath her, spouting on high, like garden fountains, the white foamy water. The sea became very turbulent as we journeyed northward, and Old Neptune seemed to hold high festival with nothing but rolls served up hot and fast, so heavy, yet *well-risen*, that I doubt much if Columbia's mouth was sufficient for them. Neptune's festivities still continuing, we passed the Hay Stack reef, so called from its striking resemblance, in which you fancy you see stacks of hay, and a team with heavy load, as perfect a picture as I have seen, then the Oregonian coast, recognized at once from the misty clouds with which it is continually enveloped. Sunday morning, at 11 o'clock, the mouth of the Columbia *opened* to greet us—it was not watery enough for us to kiss, for the tide was at its lowest ebb, so that we were obliged to "lie to" for four hours to be tumbled and tossed

from one side of the ship to the other unmercifully. They were the longest hours I have ever known, and all that morn, my friends, that blest Sabbath morn, three clergymen could be seen looking anxiously over the bar. We intended to have service, but found enough to do in maintnining our equilibrium. It was a beautiful sight, however, although we felt in no condition to appreciate it as it ought to have been appreciated, and as we would have done had we been on smooth waters or on firm land, to see the immense waves roll up in majesty and break in all their foamy whiteness on the sandy bar. About three o'clock a tug was seen steaming towards us from the mouth of the Columbia. This brought a pilot to guide us up the river. We began to cross the bar at about 3.30 P.M. It was an exciting moment for everyone expected and was prepared to be badly troubled, but as was the case throughout the journey the expected trouble came not, and we passed over the breakers as though our ship had been oiled. If they had struck the prow we should have felt them sensibly, but they struck the stern, mainly, one only on the broadside so as to completely wash the deck ; then all was plain sailing. We looked with faces beaming with delight at that ocean into whose bosom we had been welcomed with a shake, and from whose arms for four long weary hours we

labored to extricate ourselves, and from which with difficulty we freed ourselves, having parted with a struggle which we never can forget. Farewell Pacific! I cannot say that thou art peaceful.

The scenery on the Columbia was fine, but I did not have a chance to see much of it between the bar and Astoria, as I had service immediately after our fears were quieted and we found ourselves on smooth waters. Holy Communion was administerred, at which service a collection was made in behalf of the shipwrecked sailors whom we took on board. It was called a thank-offering for our deliverance from such a fate. It amounted to something over $18, and some of the officers who were on duty and could not attend the service promised to contribute their mite.

We approached Astoria about 5 P.M. It was an exciting, exhilarating moment as we neared this town with all our colors flying in the evening wind. A shot was fired from our bows to arouse the natives, but it was unnecessary—the natives were awake *en masse* to welcome us. The news of our having passed the Golden Gate being communicated they knew just when to expect us. Upwards of one thousand people had congregated on the O. S. S. Co.'s wharf, and from every window and house top handkerchiefs, hats and flags waved a cordial welcome, while the band just as we neared

the wharf struck up a lively air, which made many forget it was the Lord's day—the day on which the church was commemorating his "mighty Resurrection"—Easter-Day.

No sooner had the ship entered the dock than a rush was made by the crowd through window and porthole, over her sides and bow, and in a twinkling they had taken us by storm. Well they might, for this was the largest steamer that had ever crossed the Columbia Bar.

Among this crushing multitude a brother clergyman came forward and introduced himself. He invited me to officiate in his church as it was about the time for evening service, but I did not feel altogether settled after the deep experience, so I declined in favor of my fellow traveller out of respect for his seniority as well as for his abilities—he was Abel. I read the service, however, and once in a while I would feel rather unsteady, everything seemed to move, even I myself, while reading, swayed to and fro like a jolly tar. It was a beautiful sight to us after such a long voyage to enter this churchly edifice, decorated tastefully with Easter flowers, all of which were the product of the Oregonian gardens, which were then in full bloom. Think of it! to find such blooming gardens on the 21st of April, and that, too, in the same latitude as the northern part of Maine.

Astoria is a place of about 3,000 inhabitants, mostly fishermen. The business had not been very brisk, but was beginning to revive with the opening season. There are four churches, but the morals of the community are not of a high standard—saloons, restaurants, grog-shops, of which there are not a few, were all open.

We steamed away from this place at 4.30 A.M. the next day. The scenery for the remainder of the voyage was charming, and the whole country through which we passed, a distance of 133 miles from the mouth of the river, is thickly settled. There are salmon fisheries all along the banks, and once in a while canneries in which the fish are prepared for the market. A person on hearing of fish canneries inquired very innocently what they tanned the fishes for ?—mistaking the word canneries for tanneries.

We came into Portland about 1 P.M amidst firing of cannon, waving of handkerchiefs, and floating banners, while the whole city came out in a body, lining the wharves to give us a hearty welcome, and see the steamer which far surpassed in beauty, accommodations and speed all her predecessors.

Thus, after sixty-five days from the time anchor was weighed from New York, and fifty-eight steaming days, having experienced changes which

amounted to three winters, two summers, and two autumns, without having experienced, with the exception of the third night out, what might really be called a storm, we cast anchor safely in Portland harbor. Although not an eventful voyage, yet it is one which we shall always remember for the pleasant associations, the friends of our journey, in whom we shall ever feel an interest, the many places of interest which we were permitted to visit, and the scenery which will last until memory fades into the full fruition of the Eternal Light.

We left the deck which we had paced for many days, and the cozy rooms, which began to seem like home, thinking we would have to find our way in a strange place, but ever fortunate, we found a friend ready to receive us before we stepped on strange shore in the person of Bishop Morris, to whose home we were taken with a cordial welcome.

PORTLAND

is a flourishing city of about 20,000 inhabitants. It contains some of as fine residences as any which I have seen in the East. The grounds in front of many were tastefully laid out, and all the gardens were blooming with the rarest flowers on the 22nd of April. There are horse-cars on the principle street, and steam-railroad connecting with neighboring towns, besides the river communications. So that its advantages favor its growth and pros-

perity. Some of its streets are shaded with maple, and the whole city makes one think of a little paradise into which be has suddenly dropped. The only disagreeable thing about it is the mists and rains which visit that region continually. For this reason everything is fresh and green. The grass at Christmas I was told was as green as in the spring. There is hardly a day but what it rains, so that without thinking people will be going along the streets feeling their coat to see if it is wet. Remarkable fact, however, it did not rain while we were there, and we staid nearly three days. Notwithstanding this rainy drawback which the place has, and which has stigmatized the Oregonians as the "web-footed" inhabitants, always splashing through mud and rain, there was a homelike appearance which made me wish it were the end of my journey. The people had every appearance of health, all I saw of both sexes were rosy cheeked—not a palefaced, sickly one amongst them. I noticed some of the principal places. St. Helen's Hall is a flourishing institution, for girls. It is one of the finest schools in the country, with an efficient corps of teachers, under the direct superintendence of Bishop Morris. There is a Chinese department to this Hall, where about 30 young Chinamen are nightly instructed in the elementary parts of the English language. I looked in upon them for a few

minutes and was surprised to find how eagerly bent they were in acquiring a knowledge of the first principles, lisping out as with infant lips *b-u-t-t-o-n—button.* I was informed two of them had become Christian converts. I had a fine view of Mount Hood as it penetrated the clouds, mantled with perpetual snow, also Mount Adams and St. Helen.

THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

Started from Portland, April 24, at 5 A.M., in the "Wide West," which far surpasses any boat either on the Connecticut or the Hudson River. It has a stern paddle and moves rapidly.

We hear much of the mighty Hudson, but it is an insignificant stream compared with the Columbia. If this river had country seats such as adorn the Hudson, it would be unequalled. Its scenery both in variety and picturesqueness far exceeds anything on the river. All that is required to make it one of the most important avenues of commerce, bearing on its current the immense products of this rich grain country, is an appropriation by the government to clear away the obstructions which render navigation difficult, dangerous and expensive. Indeed, the question of having it done by subscriptions or by some capitalists is now being agitated. The times demand such an action. The wealth of this country in grain products cannot be

estimated. Each vessel down the river is heavily laden with farm produce, and each one up is freighted to its utmost capacity with agricultural implements ; but on account of these obstructions which make it necessary to have many boats, and two short railroads, one about six miles, the other 14, to convey the merchandise to the vessels which are above and below the obstructions, so that in a distance of 250 miles there are twelve portages. there is not only a great expense incurred, but a delay, which is often a great loss. I do not know that I have made it plain—but it may become plainer as I proceed.

The "Wide West" conveyed us as far as the "Lower Cascades" (63 miles from Portland), where we arrived about 11 A.M. Here the water flows rapidly, rushing over immense rocks, lying in the centre of the channel, so as to render navigation, as they are, impossible. The only way to make it available is by a lock, because the fall is so great between the Upper and Lower Cascades, that were the obstructions removed, not only would the force of the current be increased to such an extent that no ship could stem it, but what is more, there is danger if such a thing was done, that the upper part of the river would be so low that even a trout would not find sufficient depth in which to swim.

From this place we went by rail on the steam-

cars to the Upper Cascades, a distance of six miles, where another steamer, the "Mountain Queen," lay ready to receive us. This took us to the Dalles, where there is another interruption, after 58 miles of navigable waters. From the Dalles we again go by rail about 14 miles to Celilo, at which point the river is once more open. There could be a lock here also, and so avoid this transfer from train to steamboat and from steamboat to train. It would take very little expense to construct a lock at the Dalles as there is a natural wall on each side in some places twenty feet high. The Oregon Steam Navigation Company have the monopoly, owning all the boats and railroads on the river, consequently rates are very high. If there were competition, and I think there will be very soon, as a move is being made in that direction just now, it would be much better both for farmers and merchants.

We staid at Celilo over night. on board the "Annie Faxon," as the river is not navigable by night. Celilo is a small place. It has one good street, with shops of all kinds, from a barber's to a gin-shop. There is also a dock yard. There is plenty of sand in this place, from which circumstance it derives its name *Celilo*. The eye views very little but high mounds of sand on either hand. The air is full of it swept in storm-clouds by the

strong wind coming down the river valley. It blows so fiercely sometimes as to obstruct the cars and make the railroad impassable. We had a fair sample of this wind. It blew all night and was intensely cold. The boat lay in the bend of the river, and thus was exposed to the bitter blast. It was impossible to keep warm in bed, whereas had we been out of this bend we should have been comfortably warm with very little clothing. The "Annie Faxon" steamed out of this *silicious* place at daybreak, and soon after struck a rock in what is called "John Day's Rapids"; the shock woke me from pleasant slumbers. The current was so swift that it swung the ship half round, the rudder having no control over it, and there struck, from which it took two full hours skillful engineering to free us. Think of it! after haviag traversed 16,000 miles of ocean without an accident to mar the journey, by striking a rock in the Columbia. Well, many a stranger thing than that has happened. Very little injury was done, and nothing serious or alarming, only two holes as large as a man's head punched in her bottom, but as the bottom is constructed with compartments there was no danger of sinking, so after two hours delay we were on again, admiring the scenery as if nothing had happened. There were several of these rapids in which the current was swift, and skill was necessary to get

over them safely. The water is not deep, and flat rocks come almost to the surface. The rest of the day was unbroken by any mishap—we glided over the water charmingly. There are many farms and ranches all along the river, so that in parts thousands of cattle could be seen grazing along the slopes or coming down in herds at the noontide heat to quench their thirst at the river's brink. I saw not only cattle on a thousand hills but thousands of cattle on one hill. There were gold washers here and there all along the rivers' bank washing the sand for the glittering dust.

A little above what is called "Owyhee Rapids" the trees gradually disappear, and shortly after altogether, on both sides. From this to the Blue Hills, which soon after came into view, giving in the foreground a vast extent of level country, unbroken by a single hill, for upwards of 40 miles, not a tree is visible. In fact the whole country is treeless until the summit of the Blue Hills is reached. The river's banks are featureless—nothing but masses of rocks—piled up—rugged. The layers are *perpendicular*, and in some cases remind one of brick built up on end. In other cases, stone walls rise up tier after tier like fortifications. It was on one of these wild slopes we got a sight of the Indians. Three of them dismounted from their ponies and chased a rabbit. I expected every

minute to see them stumble and dash themselves to pieces in their fleet pursuit ; but no, they were nimble and firm, and too quick for bunny. There is one mass or conglomeration of rock which at a distance resembles an old castle in ruins, hence its name, Castle Rock. It is said Jay Cooke has a sight for a house at this place. At six o'clock P.M. we approached Umatilla, where we stopped for the night, having steamed 96 miles. Umatilla ls like some persons, who have a very pretty name, but the name is no criterion by which to judge of character. In this place we were greatly disappointed. There is only one or two houses, two hotels, and three stores. When I enquired where these stores received their support I was informed that were I there during the day, and especially Friday and Saturday, I would be surprised to find so many people. They come from the country back of the river district where they have large farms. None of the places are seen from the river, only a few huts where cattle are branded, are visible. The entire country, as far as the eye can see is wild and uncultivated, cattle roaming over it in profusion. The Indians are to be seen here in numbers. It is the home of the Umatillas, at least the temporary home alloted them by government—how long they will remain on this reservation is uncertain, as the country is becoming settled, and the poor Indian's

reserve is coveted by some stock raisers, who must have it—a quarrel ensues, troops are demanded to quell what is termed an Indian outbreak, and the Indian is driven back into the wilds from the happy hunting grounds of his fathers. Such is the fact. These Indians are friendly to the white settlers and would remain so were they permitted to possess what is theirs by right. Umatilla had nothing which made it a desirable place to locate as far as I could judge ; from the boat to the hotel there was sand in some places knee deep, in others, great mounds, which every little breeze stirred up into clouds, covering every one and everything with the fine dust as it swept over.

We continued our way up the river, starting at daybreak the next morning, on the same boat on which we embarked at Celilo, as the river is unobstructed from that place to Lewiston, a distance of 265 miles. All along from Umatilla the banks of the river on both sides present a singular appearance. The slopes are steep, without a shrub to enhance the scene. The rock is of the sandstone species, and the slopes had a wavy surface, showing where the wind has swept the rotten red rock dust which hoary time has crumbled in his flight, and left, as he passed, an undulating surface on which is a tiny light green covering, which, from the boat, looked to all appearance as if some one had

scattered a thin coat of mustard sparingly over it all. This was the character of the scenery from Umatilla to Wallula—another pretty name but an unattractive place, and one which discourages the weary traveller, and fills him with all sorts of surmisings as to what sort of a place will next present itself, and what shall be the end of his journey, if anything like Wallula or Umatilla, then his sojourn in these parts shall be short. Thus discouragements dampened our ardor at each station. We reached Wallula at 7.30 A.M., having made 23 miles that morning, and so come to the terminus of *our* voyage by *water*. The boat goes on from here to Lewiston. Wallula is about 240 miles from Portland. There are only about half a dozen houses, and the most of them badly dilapidated, and a freight depot on the wharf. A pair of rocks, called the Twins, on the river's bank, near by, are the sole attraction of the place, and even these cease to be attractive as we gaze around on the surroundings. Minutes hang heavily, and we sigh to be out of Wallula. The conveyance which we found was to transfer us to our destination was another discouragement, and made us wish we were back again on the New England or Worcester railroad. It is at present a rude affair, but the traffic demands a better road, and first class accommodations, and I think in less than a year there will be as comfortable a mode of travelling as there is anywhere.

We found a train of freight cars lying off on a narrow guage railroad, with a one horse-power locomotive at the one end. The passenger car is a freight car with two benches the entire length of it, the passengers sitting face to face and riding sideways. There are two windows out of which some of that necessary article, glass, had disappeared, if ever it had been in. (This rude passenger car has, since the above was written, given place to one which is first-class in every respect.) The cars go so slowly on account of the curves that a person, if he gets tired, can jump off and take a walk to stretch his limbs, and then jump on again. As the conductor could not come through the freight cars, the only alternative was to jump off, and come into the passenger car, collect the tickets or fares, and return the same way as we have seen conductors do in street horse-cars in the city. The dust and sand was the most uncomfortable thing of the journey. It found its way through every crevice, so that we were completely covered with it. I could write my name anywhere on my coat; while the most disagreeable part was the eyes becoming filled with the fine sand. I was told it would do no harm, if I did not rub the eye, it would work out itself, in fact benefit the eye, but I could not see it in that light—preferred to derive benefit in some pleasanter way. For nearly thirty

miles we travelled in this rude conveyance through a desolate tract of country, without a tree, covered only with sage-brush or bunch-grass to diversify the scenery. While the whistle, and noise of the iron horse, made the gophers, the rabbits, and the innumerable herds of cattle rush over the plain in wild dismay. Our spirits began to sink as we were borne over this unfertile plain. We were agreeably surprised, however, on suddenly entering a beautiful valley, studded with farm houses, rich and fertile fields, fresh and green with crops of grain to gladden the heart of man. Soon the spires of churches, towering above the trees, which obscured entirely everything else, indicated we were approaching civilization, and the end of our journey, which we hailed with gladness.

WALLA WALLA

is an incorporated city, containing over three thousand inhabitants, and covers an area of one mile square. It has been said that the city was built first, and the streets laid out afterwards. There are twenty-two streets running parallel with, and right angles to each other, dividing the city into blocks. Generally speaking all the business is centered in Main street, where there are at present 113 business houses, 18 of which are substantial fire-proof brick buildings. To a stranger this street presents quite a city aspect. There are

no public buildings of any account. There is a very efficient fire department always in readiness. Nine places of worship feed the people with the Bread of Life. Eight churches grace the city and keep the people mindful of the Lord's Day by their different toned bells. Some, however, heed them not, keeping their stores open, if not the whole day, yet the greater part of it. They cannot afford, they say, to lose the custom which that day affords from the country people, who make it a day of trading.

The Walla Wallians are by no means what their many spires would lead us to suppose. They are wholly bent on making money, They are not religious. I cannot say they are opposed to religion, but most certainly there is a very strong indifference manifested. They tolerate it as a good institution for preserving peace and for keeping their wives from prying into their business, and will support it liberally so long as it does not interfere with their Sunday traffic—keeps reticent on that subject. In fact religion in many instances amounts to nothing more than man-worship. It is love for the minister, not love for Christ, which makes and retains many members of a church. The houses are generally small, there being only a few two story dwellings in the whole city, but most of them present a cozy appearance with their

shubbery and gardens, rich with flowers of various hues. There is one convent of Sisters, six schools, public and private, a hospital, twelve doctors, and I cannot state accurately how many lawyers, but the most of them own large farms, so are independent of clients. There are two banks, two furniture shops, five flour mills, a tannery, four breweries, twenty-seven liquor saloons, six hotels, three restaurants, three meat markets and two bakeries. There are also two fine drug stores, and three dentists. Besides, there is a number of tin shops, tailor shops, shoemaker shops, millinery shops, jewelry shops, and barber shops, and a host of other little shops too numerous to mention. At nearly every dry goods store groceries can be obtained also. Three newspapers furnish the community with reading matter during the week. There are two Masonic lodges, one Odd Fellows, one Knight of Pythias. There are Chinese wash-houses innumerable ; an Express, Post, and Telegraph office. A splended driving park is situated at the outskirts, and water works supply the city with plenty of water. On certain days, generally Friday and Saturday, the streets are full of teams, the sidewalks thronged, and the stores jammed with people. Every available place is occupied with horses and ponies, and during the week horses can be had at a very low figure, while the Indians saunter along

the streets or lounge at saloon doors or at the street corners, with their cayuse ponies hitched near by, which they offer for a trifle. Female help is hard to be obtained, and the consequence is Chinamen are employed to do the house work. Whenever a girl comes to this country she forms an *engagement*, not to live out, but to marry. Those raised in the country are wild, and school teachers have a great responsibility resting upon them to tame them down into a civilized state, and keep them from shouting like Indians at the slightest provocation. Many of these scholars never have seen a steam-boat ; and I question if some of the old people have. I may here add that Walla Walla is the place from which many a teacher and professor has departed discouraged almost to broken-heartedness through the unmanageableness of the youths entrusted to their care. It is also the place where nearly everybody keeps a cow, or cows, which roam at pleasure through lots and streets, and feed, or are fed from other peoples property. It is a free and easy place, with a free and easy people, into whose ways a new comer soon falls. The girls born and brought up here are not worth anything as housekeepers ; most of them, however, can execute a piece on the piano. If smart girls would come out to this country they would be *engaged* right away. The smallest coin in circulation is the dime, and very few of these

are to be had, which passes for a "bit," worth 12½ cents, so that a child cannot go out with its penny and buy a stick of candie or a whistle. It takes a person to be a shrewd purchaser to get the advantage of the dealers, for if an article costs two bits, or is 20 cents a pound, unless a person is up to the tricks of the trade, and asks for a pound and a quarter, or something which will bring the amount square on the purchasers side, there will be no change out of twenty-five cents. Walla Walla derives all its importance from its being the centre of this vast grain-producing country, through which all the products pass. The country is immensely rich, yielding over 60 bushels of wheat to the acre without much labor, the soil is so easily cultivated. The entire country, even to the tops of the Blue Hills, may be said to be one vast grain field. There is also not only an abundance, but a variety of fruit—Walla Walla grapes are unequalled. This year, however, for the first in the memory of the oldest settlers, there is a lack of fruit, a slight frost having come when the fruit was just forming, destroying certain kinds altogether, and diminishing others. When I said above that this was a treeless country I may have been understood to mean it is entirely destitute of trees. Such, however, is not the case. What I mean is this : there is no wood-land this side of the mountains, so that timber is very expen-

sive. Probably this will explain the economy of small houses. Fuel is not any dearer, although it has to be brought from beyond the mountains, than in the East. One reason for it being so cheap is the demand for it is not great—very little fuel is needed. The winters are mild, and the spring and summers are extremely hot, but the nights are always, even during the hottest season, cool and refreshing, so that we rise in the morning not from a state of suffocation, but rejuvinated and prepared to stand the heat of another day. That is the chief excellence of this climate. I have said there is no wood-land within forty miles, but there are fine orchards all over the country, and the city of Walla Walla can boast of as fine a shade as any city. There is not, to be sure, a great variety of trees, the poplar and the locust are the principal. These have been planted, I understand, on account of their rapid growth, so as not only to shade the houses, but also to protect them from the dust storms and south-west winds, called Chinooks, which are generally severe; while all along the course of the streams, of which there are not a few, which makes this country well watered—whence the name Walla Walla, meaning in the Indian tongue, the city of *Water Water.* There is not a finer country for young farmers. The soil is easily tilled, the pro-

ducts are easily disposed of, the climate is both agreeable and salubrious, while the scenery is enhanced by the Blue Mountains, which form a background to the beautiful landscape, on whose tops snow lies throughout the greater part of the year, mantling them in whiteness, unmelted by the summer heat, while in the valley below, and even up to their snowy edges, the grain is ripening, and waving its rich golden harvest. The tide of immigration is this way, real estate is advancing. Enterprise in the past has been crowned with prosperity. The prospect at the present holds out greater rewards, and promises richer results. May her future be glorious. Among a kind-hearted, generous people one cannot fail to find a home. This, however, may not apply to clergymen. There was no home on earth for their Master, and the servant is not above his Lord, where they are dependent on the whims of a fickle people, who are followers not of Christ, but of some popular man, for whose sake, and not for Christ's, they have united with the church. But the true disciple of Christ expects such things, and so looks not for a permanent home in this transitory, changeable world, but a home beyond, a mansion in our Father's house—"a house not made with hands eternal in the heavens." May we all meet there at last.

END.