

Observe those fallen trees. Their immense trunks are swathed in elegant blankets of emerald brightness. See here, I can tear them off by the yard;—enough on one tree to carpet a room! Look at that pendant moss—two feet long at least—and what a vivid yellow-green!

Just step up a little higher: I will show you a wonder. Did you ever dream of anything so marvelous as that bank of moss? Six inches high, branching like a fern, yet fine and delicate as that on the calyx of a moss-rose. Here is enough, if preserved, to furnish all the French flower-makers; and glad would they be to get it. And ferns—yes, indeed! Just look at this maidenhair. It is of every size, from the delicate plant three inches high, to the mature one of fifteen or eighteen inches. And here are some that have stood all Winter in their Autumn dress. See how exquisitely they are tinted—raw-sienna, for the body color, and such delicate marking in vandyke-brown on every leaf; or gold color, marked with burnt-sienna; and all relieved so beautifully by the polished black of their slender stems. There are all the other species besides; but I never pay much attention to the rest, when the dainty maidenhair is present.

But we must not stop long in this dense and damp shade; there might be an intermittent lurking in it for unaccustomed town-folk. I thought I would give you an introduction to the place, and let you prosecute the acquaintance at your own pleasure. But just note, as we retrace our steps, the great variety of plants, some of them very beautiful, that grow all Winter long in these solitary places. This handsome variegated leaf comes from a bulbous root, and bears a lily-shaped flower, I am told; but being new to me I cannot yet classify it. We are still too far from open sunlight to be much among flowering plants.

But directly we come to occasional openings, or to higher benches of ground that get the light and drainage, we shall seeadder-tongue, Solomon's-seal, anemone, wild violet, and spring-beauty, putting up their leaves, waiting for sunny days enough to dare to bring out their blossoms. Here, too, are two species of creeping vines, very delicate and graceful, trailing along the ground, with little fresh leaflets already growing. In April one of them will blossom, with dainty, pinkish-white, trumpet-shaped flowers, very lovely to behold. The botanical names of these trailing plants I am ignorant of. One is vulgarly called *Oregon Tea*, from the spicy flavor of its leaves, which make an agreeable infusion.

Now we get down to the woods along the river-bank. Ah, here is really a blossoming shrub, the flowering currant. In haste to brighten the dull March weather with a touch of color over the green and brown and purple tints that are so melancholy under a cloudy sky, the currant does not wait to put forth its foliage first, but crimson all over with thickest flowers, in racemes of nearly a finger's length. There are two varieties of the red, and one of the yellow—all beautiful and ornamental shrubs. In company with this still leafless shrub, is the glossy arbutus (misnamed laurel), with its fresh suit of light and bright green reflecting every ray of light from its polished surface. The arbutus grows all Winter, putting forth its delicate shoots from December to March, and flowering later in the Spring. Its cheerful light green makes it a perfect complement to the red of the currant when flowering; and by not looking at all like an evergreen, which it really is, bewilders the beholder, who sees it growing luxuriantly all along the river banks, as to the time of year.

Here is another elegant shrub that does its growing in the Winter, and takes the long dry Summer to ripen its fruit and be beautiful in—the *Berberis Aquifolium* or holly-leaved barberry, commonly known as the Oregon garry. It is looking as

fresh and piquant in March as though it had all of April and May behind it. All around us, on every hand, are plants and shrubs or trees growing. Behold these graceful little yew-trees, two feet high. They look as though they had come up in a day, so delicate and new they seem. Examine the ends of the fir-boughs; and question the crab-apple, the sallow, and the wild-cherry. Do you see that line of silver down under the river bank? That is the glisten of the catkins on the willows (*salix stamberiana*) that were out in February. It makes a pretty contrast to the red stems of a smaller species of willow that grows along the very margin of the river, with its roots in the water. I am not certain of the variety.

There certainly is no lack of interesting things in the woods of early Spring in Oregon. To my eye, with such a variety of green and really growing trees and shrubs, it is a relief to take into the view a group of naked stems, like the straight and light holes of the aspen (*populus tremuloides*), the gray trunks of the dogwood (*cornus nuttallii*), or the rugged, scraggy forms of the water-loving ash (*fraxinus Oregona*). Uniform as our climate is, and little as the dropping of the leaves of our deciduous trees affects the general aspect of the landscape, there is yet to the critical observer a sufficiently marked difference in our seasons to make the study of Spring and Summer and Autumn and Winter, as shown by the vegetation of our magnificent forests, profitable and compensatory.

It is true that you cannot come back from a walk at this time of year laden with armfuls of flowering shrubbery, as you may in six weeks from now. You cannot, with safety, stretch yourself on the earth, and indulge in building Spanish castles, as in July weather it is pleasant to do, while birds sing among the branches overhead, the nervous little squirrel scolds at you from a safe distance, or the only half-confiding quail maintains vigilant picket duty in your vicinity—all, as you think, for your gratification; though in truth you are regarded by these little residents as an alien and an intruder. The beauties that should invite you now, pass away or lose their freshness with the approach of dry weather. The mosses and lichens will have dried up by midsummer; the ferns can then only be found in the coolest recesses of the woods. The excess of foliage then will close many beautiful vistas; there will be no more signs of daily growth, no tender tints on the leaflets. The year will be at middle age, round, and perfect, but with the touching bloom of its youth forever past.

There will be a corresponding difference in the color of the skies, the shape of the clouds, the hues of the water; in every part of nature. Let the student of nature learn all her passing moods. There is a wealth of enjoyment in having well trained eyes, and a receptive observation, that no amount of gold can purchase. It depends on the individual. Certain of us never come into our kingdom, which is the kingdom wherewith the Creator endowed us "in the beginning," because we are too sordid, too indolent, or too effeminate. Certain others of us are rejoiced to think that we have not wholly missed of it, through either of these faults; and that enjoyment grows with possession.

A man may conceal his name, his age, the circumstances of his life, but not his character. That is his moral atmosphere, and is as inseparable from him as the fragrance of the rose from the rose itself. In the glance of the eye, in the tones of the voice, in the mien and gesture, character discloses itself.

Education, to be what it ought to be, should begin in the very dawn of being. Its highest aim and purpose should be to lay the foundation of perfect manhood and womanhood—to train and prepare every child for life's duties, its responsibilities and its noblest pleasures.

For the West Shore. LAKE MAJESTY.

Set in the summit of the Cascade Mountains, on a line dividing Jackson and Lake counties, in this State, is one of the most remarkable lakelets on this continent, if not on the globe. I said set, and such is literally the fact, for never had gem a richer or more romantic surrounding.

It was my good fortune in the Summer of 1867, with a small number of friends, to get a sight of this wonderful sheet of water.

The second day out from Jacksonville, about three o'clock in the afternoon, our guide gave the welcome information that from a point two hundred yards further on we would be able to see the lake. We had heard marvelous stories of the mountain wonder—how that the first sight silenced the rude jests of the mountaineer and tourist alike. The members of our company determined therefore to give themselves up to the passion of the moment. And not to have a single disturbing care our horses were securely tethered to nature's hitching posts, the trees. This done, we set out, on foot, to complete the remainder of our journey. Our pace, dignified at first, soon degenerated into a double quick, for each desired to be the first to arrive at the point of observation. Panting we rushed upon the last knoll, and there, not ten yards from our feet, was the bluff edge of that lake. The suddenness of the appearance and the grandeur of the scene completely unmanned us, and with a half exclamation of surprise, and half cry of terror, we stepped back and took support by some trees that were at hand.

There, far down below us in its basin, scooped out by the hand of some mighty genii, slept the silent and mysterious Lake Majesty, while around, reaching up a thousand feet, stood the gray walls, surmounted by the somber forest trees, their watch and ward keeping. The silence of the scene was almost oppressive. Our presence was the only evidence of animal life within miles. The surface of the water, so far below us, was of a bluish tint, with ever and anon a darker shade passing over it, caused doubtless by wavelets raised by passing zephyrs. An observation of half an hour served to so familiarize us with our surroundings, that we were able to begin conversation. It was agreed that a day was barely sufficient for an exploration, and as night was near at hand we made camp, not far off, and waited for the light of another day.

Lake Majesty is distant from Jacksonville, Jackson county, about seventy-five miles in a north of easterly direction. The wagon road up Rogue river, thence over the mountains to Fort Klamath, passes within two and a half miles of it. At the time of which I write, the road was in excellent condition—good for carriages or buggies—and I suppose such is yet the case. As before stated, the lake is on the extreme summit of the Cascade range. It is elliptical in shape, and about eight miles long by six wide. Near the center is a small island shaped like a truncated cone. There is no visible outlet to the lake, and the surrounding walls are a thousand, perhaps more, feet high—in many places almost perpendicular, while in others they are a steep inclined plane faced with loose fragments of pumice stone that, when disturbed in the least, gives way and goes rattling down and floats away on the fathomless water. In fact the whole country is a bed of pumice stone, enough to polish to brightness the character and reputation of the Credit Mobilia Congressmen, with Boss Tweed and Trade-posts Belknap thrown in.

Previous to 1865, it was thought by several different parties who had visited it, and so reported by them, that the edge of the water could not be reached, but in that year Captain F. B. Sprague, Co. I, 1st Oregon Infantry, with a detachment of his company, made a more thorough examination, and found one place where it is pos-

sible to clamber down to the water's edge. To Orson Stearns, Orderly Sergeant of Co. I, 1st Oregon Inf. Vols., belongs the honor of first dipping his finger in the water of this remarkable lake. Before the visit of Captain Sprague and party, it was known by several names, such as Blue Lake, Deep Lake, etc., but at that time the Captain named it Lake Majesty, and published an account of his trip in the *Oregon Sentinel* at Jacksonville.

Attempts have been made to reach bottom with lead and line. The height of the walls has never to my knowledge been accurately measured. Our party did not, because of a lack of instruments. Before our visit we had a mistaken idea of the nature of the walls, for we expected to let a line down and thus know the height to an inch, but a glance caused us to abandon that project.

The plan of launching a small boat on the lake has been discussed, and though doubtless practicable, it has not yet been done. No fish have been taken from the lake. I sincerely hope some enterprising party will undertake a thorough survey and exploration of this mountain gem, and thus make known to mankind that we have another piece of scenery in Oregon equalling in grandeur and majesty the remarkable things of the Old World. Rich gleanings are to the engineer, geological and artist tourists who shall undertake a thorough survey of Lake Majesty. G.

NOOTSACK VALLEY.

Mr. Henry W. Smith, of Lynden, Whatcom county, writes as follows to the *Bellingham Bay Mail*:

I came to this country from old Connecticut three years ago. I had traveled over twenty-seven different States and Territories, including the British Possessions, before I started for this part of the world, and I must say, honestly and truthfully, this is the most desirable part of the country to live in I have found. It is the most healthy place I have ever been in; and if some of our delicate friends in the East would only come here and enjoy their meals as we all do, they would never regret their long and tedious journey. We have some of the finest timber I have ever seen, with thousands of acres of the best of farming land to be had by living on it, and two good water-privileges (falls) near here. I speak more particularly of township 40, range 2 east. But we have about six townships of choice land, and but a very small share of it claimed as yet. Our soil is of the very best loam and marl, mostly clay subsoil. The largest part of it is beaver-dam, alder, bottom and hack-brush land, and very easily brought under cultivation for this part of the country. Our largest timber lies on ridges, and even when that is cleared it proves to be good farming land, which is more than can be said of most places in a timbered country. We have poor roads as yet, but no man expects to find the best of roads in a new country. We are now building a road to British Columbia to find a better market than on the Sound. Our neighbors, a few miles east, have a road to Whatcom and Sehome on Bellingham Bay; and we have one in progress from our place that will shorten the distance nearly two-thirds. We have also some neighborhood roads well under way. There are a number of schools in the valley, and we will start one in our district in another summer.

And in closing, I will say to those desiring land that I will cheerfully show them our country.

YESTERDAY the blush of health was upon her cheek, and the light of a happy spirit in her eye. To-day, as she sits apart, looking as yellow as saffron, and feeling as sullen as a mud-turtle, he asks her tenderly what ails her, and she answers sharply, "Mince pie, you idiot!"

Brown being asked what was the first thing necessary towards winning the love of a woman, answered, "an opportunity."