

## A DREAM.

BY MRS. T. MOFFETT.

I had a dream, a dream last night,  
I saw the moon, in her splendor bright,  
Come forth in the calm, still night,  
To brighten heaven's highway.  
I saw, as it were, a silvery stream,  
In which was mirror'd, by the moon's bright beam,  
A page of life, from which to gleam  
Knowledge of a future day.

I saw, close by, an angel band,  
Seated there on the pebbly strand,  
Discouraging music soft and grand,  
From many a harpichord;  
And I asked them, might I read,  
What in that page was decreed,  
So that I could give a hand,  
And avoid life's great discord.

They smiled and murmur'd soft and low,  
But whether it was yes or no,  
For me to stay, or for to go,  
For the life of me I could not say:  
Yet, I vowed that I would see  
What therein was written of me,  
'Twas fraught with such perplexity,  
I was glad to turn away.

I backward looked again,  
Saw less of pleasure, more of pain,  
Written under every name,  
Which caused me fearful grief;  
Then a voice fell on the air,  
Saying, "Mortal, ne'er despair,  
There is much in life that's very fair,  
And a mortal's life is so brief."

Then angels took me by the hand,  
And led me through a flow'ry land,  
And in words so tender and grand,  
Kindly bade me never fear;  
When the time on earth should come,  
For us to wander home,  
Though we must go alone,  
Angels would be near.

Then I seemed to float in dreamy bliss,  
But I was so sure of this,  
That it could not be all a dream:  
I felt the weight of perfumed air,  
Of heaven's own breath, upon my hair,  
And knew I then should soon be there,  
In Heaven's own realm.

## OREGON.

BY GARETH. (Douglas county.)

O Oregon, dear land that gave me birth!  
Thou hast alike the faded lotus land,  
The grandest, fairest clime in all the earth.  
Brightly enshroued with green, on every hand,  
Thy valleys lie—the shrines of love and mirth,  
For thou dost never curse thy sons with death  
Of land, but, by Pacific's gentle breezes fanned,  
They trust the gods in God's great wisdom  
planned.

How sweetly comes to us each gentle spring,  
With all its wealth of smiling skies and flowers;  
How lightly, then, thy youths incline to sing  
Of love, their all its dreamy, tender hours,  
And proudly, to their mother's altar, bring  
Their praise, which, through coming years, shall  
ring.

And so thro' all the seasons of the year—  
Bright summer's wealth and Autumn's princely  
store,  
And Winter's frigid comforts still more dear,  
Inspires our grateful praises mure and more,  
And all our hopes, into a future grand,  
Hush out, and nearer, still, we see the time  
When commerce, art, invention bless the land,  
And when the sun shall warn no mightier clime.

Methinks, that he, who 'neath these awful peaks,  
First drew the breath of life, is born a king,  
Not to the power which some base tyrant seeks,  
But born to lead mankind, destined to bring  
Into the heat and strife of this mad world,  
That calm, clear mind and fearless heart that  
wins

The applause of listening millions, and hath hurried  
Back, to its lone retreat, all shapes of sin.

Yes, unto thee, dear land of hills and streams,  
Is given to rear, the men of mighty soul,  
In whom the Old World's fond Australian dreams  
Still live again, and while the ages roll,  
Bright history's muse shall not her at thy shrine,  
Content that he, as the one adorned man,  
At last, hath come within the pale divine,  
And, virtuous, might have freed us from the sin.

[Continued.]

## HISTORICAL ADVENTURES ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

BY MRS. E. F. VICTOR.

THE SPANISH DISCOVERIES.

The instruments used by Spanish navigators three hundred years ago were less perfect than those in use at the present day, hence there is often a discrepancy between their calculations and ours; but, as Ferrado sailed as far

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north, according to his reckoning, as 44°, he certainly passed the mouth of the Umpqua; but he says nothing of the coast thereabouts, and probably was prevented from seeing it by fogs.

It is quite a noticeable fact that every expedition by sea lost great numbers of its men, from which we may infer the hardships of navigation in the small ships then in use, as well as the unwholesome food with which they must have been supplied. Certain it is that the Spaniards endured incredible sufferings both in their sea and land expeditions, without being at all deterred by them. Their enthusiastic zeal in discovery, however, fostered by the greed of gold, tempted them to exploits that have no parallel in history. Led on by this, they not only discovered new coasts and surveyed them, but they penetrated to the very heart of wilderness countries, exploring great rivers from their outlet to their source, acquiring titles to the territory drained by them, which other nations long after were bound to respect. In this manner they had, as early as 1543, gained all of the country lying west of the Rocky mountains and south of 40°, as well as that large and undefined territory then known as Florida, lying north of the Gulf of Mexico, and west of the Mississippi river.

It is somewhat curious that with all their expeditions, both by sea and land, they acquired so false an idea of the extent of the continent. They seemed always to be expecting to come upon that much desired passage to India, the search for which deserves an epic as much as did the far-famed Argonautic expedition of the Greeks, the Indian passage and the Golden fleece being equally fabulous. And still, after passing 44° north, they persevered. They, on this coast, believed that the Atlantic coast was not far to the east of their California discoveries; and, on the other, that it was but a little way to the Pacific. Thus Hernando de Soto, when about to undertake the conquest of Florida, claimed that Mendoza had no right to the cities of Cibola, because they were within his military district! The profitless and expensive expeditions ordered by this Viceroy had considerably dampened the ardor of the Mexican authorities, however, and being satisfied by the reports of Cabrillo and Ferrado that no civilized nations existed as far north as they had sailed, the search was temporarily abandoned, while they turned their attention to the acquisition of territory in China and India.

For twenty years a struggle was carried on between Spain and Portugal for the possession of the Philippine Islands. In 1564 Miguel de Legazpi, with a force raised in Mexico, succeeded in gaining the mastery, and revenging his nation on their Portuguese rival. On his return to Mexico he made a most valuable discovery. Up to this time one of the principal discouragements to a commerce with Asia had been the prevailing direction of the winds on that portion of the Pacific ocean which was known to navigators. But by the advice of a certain friar, three of Legazpi's vessels on the return voyage took a northerly course from the Philippines, and thereby came into a region of variable winds that wafted them to the northern California coast, where they fell in with the northwesterly winds, so well known to modern commerce, which soon sped them home to Mexico. This discovery, with others in navigation, gave a great impetus to trans-Pacific trade, and ultimately to other discoveries of territory.

To the traveler of to-day who sees only the small and shabby Mexican

town of Acapulco, from the deck of one of the Pacific Mail Company's steamers—who beholds no cultivated country in its environs, and sees nothing more civilized, perhaps, than the naked Indian divers, and vendors of fruit and shells—no vision of past greatness is likely to be presented. Sleepy, poor and deserted as Acapulco seems to-day, it had a commerce three hundred years ago which was the envy of Europe. From its picturesque harbor sailed large ships, called *galloons*, for Manila, in the Philippine Islands, and Macao, in China, whither they carried gold, silver, and European merchandise, and whence they brought the coveted silks, gems, spices and merchandise of the Indies.

The discovery of the region of variable winds brought these richly freighted *galloons* on their homeward voyage, sometimes off the coast of Oregon; and there is every probability, that as they did not always escape wreck, the sands of Clatsop beach, or other beaches farther south, conceal treasures that the sea, centuries ago, wrested from adventurous mariners in the service of bold and crafty Spain. Only one authenticated narrative of such wreck has come down to us, and that one is taken from *Franchere's Narrative*, written by one of the clerks of the Astor expedition of a recent period. This writer says that when he was at the Cascades of the Columbia, in 1812, he met an old man, and blind, who called himself Soto, and who said his father was a white man, one of four survivors of a shipwreck at the mouth of the Columbia; that these four white men had at first taken Indian wives, and tried to adapt themselves to Indian customs, but that becoming discontented they had forsaken their wives and children and gone toward the South, hoping to reach their own country. The name given by this old half-breed being Spanish, confirms the story, which is nowise improbable. But this wreck must have occurred two centuries later than the century of Spain's greatest glory; and whatever losses she sustained by tempests on the Oregon coast, are secrets of the inscrutable past. Only "red-headed" Indians, and occasional wax candles of enormous size, thrown up by heavy seas, even to this day, point to incidents in the history of times that must go forever unrecorded. However, the things we imagine, may have been. Francisco Gali, on one of the home voyages of a merchantman, in 1584, claimed to have discovered the coast in latitude 57°; though why he should have been so far out of his course, does not appear.

And now Spain became aware that she had more possessions of valuable, but uncivilized territory, than she knew what to do with, and began to adopt a policy as singular as it was characteristic and fatal, of restricting immigration from home, and excluding it from abroad, in a manner inconceivably absurd to a modern mind. She had found colonies of soldiers unfit to possess a country, and she knew of no other plan of colonization from her own people; or, suspicious that heads of powerful colonies might use their power to secure the government to themselves, was guarded in conferring patents; or, fearing that if the value of her possessions should become known, she would be in danger of losing them—whether one or all of these motives governed her in forming her policy, it was meant to be absolutely prohibitory as regarded settlement. From a period beginning about 1570, all discoveries of importance were carefully concealed, and such reports of the terrors of the Magellan Straits circulated as should deter the

navigators of other nations from attempting to thread them. Still secretly searching for a better route to India, it was intended to guard it when found against the entrance of any other European vessels. Death was the penalty affixed to the crime of a foreigner who should touch upon territories claimed by Spain, or even sail in seas contiguous to them. Meantime nearly seventy years had elapsed since the discovery of the Pacific ocean, and the standing of Spain as a maritime power had suffered a considerable reduction—the reason, perhaps, of her extraordinary caution—the caution being an indication of conscious weakness.

## FIRST APPEARANCE OF THE ENGLISH ON THE PACIFIC.

As the power of Spain in Europe declined, that of England rose, and it was not without excuse that some apprehensions were felt of the intentions of this growing rival. The first little flurry that disturbed the calm of the Pacific seas, was when one John Oxenham, an Englishman, having crossed the Isthmus a little to the west of Panama, succeeded in building a vessel, which he contrived to get to sea, and with which he took several prizes from the Spaniards. In return he was captured, and put to death, with all his crew.

But this example did not serve to terrify the English. Henry VIII. had repudiated papal authority, and with it all regard for the treaties of Catholic sovereigns whereby the oceans were partitioned between themselves to the exclusion of the rest of mankind. His noble daughter Elizabeth continued to maintain the Protestant against the Catholic faith, at the same time she strengthened her navy until it had become a power upon the high seas. Among her captains was one denominated the "sea-king"—Francis Drake, by name—who had acquired a fortune in pursuit of Spanish prizes which he had three times crossed the Atlantic to secure. On the occasion of the last voyage he had imitated Balboa; ascending a mountain on the Isthmus of Panama which overlooked two oceans, and there making a vow to sail upon the Pacific or South Seas, and "make a perfect discovery of the same."

Five years Captain Drake took to prepare for the performance of his vow, and then he set sail, in 1577, for the South Seas, with a fleet of five vessels, ranging from fifteen to one hundred tons burthen. A formidable fleet this, truly! Yet it did good service, as will be seen from the sequel; as much of it, at least, as survived the perils of a long voyage, protracted by cruising about for prizes. He had three vessels left when he made the run of the Magellan Straits in sixteen days—a very successful exploit. But when he was quite out of the straits a severe storm separated them, and he was driven south to 57°, and tossed about for two months by winds and currents around Cape Horn, finding himself at the end of that time with only one vessel left with which to prosecute his voyage of "perfect discovery." But his loss had been the world's gain; for in that long tossing hither and yon in that far southern latitude, Drake had discovered that here was the end of the continent, and that ships could pass from the Atlantic into the Pacific without encountering the terrors of the dreaded straits. From this, too, he took a hint, and after avenging the fate of Oxenham by a wholesale plunder of the richly laden *galloons* on the coast of Peru, and seizing the great *galloon* as she arrived from the Indies, he sailed away northward, expecting to find at the other end of the continent the two oceans, meeting as they did about Cape Horn. He was afraid of