

loitering too long with his single vessel, lest the Spaniards should make an effort at reprisal. For the same reason he determined upon a new route homeward, which from the discovery he had made at the South he took for granted. Though he seemed to have forgotten that the object of his voyage had been to make a "perfect discovery of the South Seas," he was not unwilling to make any that fell in his way, and accordingly sailed northward with his ship of a hundred tons, meaning to return to England around the northern end of North America!

In latitude of 42° he began to experience "nipping cold," though it was already June when he reached the southern boundary of Oregon, and two degrees farther north he found the cold to be of Arctic intensity—so cold, indeed, that a fire did not suffice to thaw the frozen meat! One does not know what to think of such a summer as that, off the coast of Oregon. Doubtless men just from a voyage in the tropics found the winds which blew along the coast of California and Oregon somewhat piercing. But freezing (?)—either the "sea-king," and his chaplain, who wrote the account of the expedition, were very sensitive, or the climate of the Pacific is subject to great variations. From the enormous growth of our firs and cedars, one might reasonably doubt whether any of these veterans of the forest had ever experienced an Arctic summer.

Somewhere about in latitude 47 degrees Drake anchored in a "bad bay," which not giving the security he desired, he put to sea again as soon as the fog lifted, and continued northward another degree—notwithstanding the extreme cold. So near was he to discovering the great strait half a degree farther north—which he surely would have concluded to lead into the Atlantic. But from here he was driven ten degrees south, where he discovered a good harbor, probably that of San Francisco—the only bay or harbor of any consequence that was entered by this sea-king, who was sworn to make a "perfect discovery" of the Pacific; but fortunately worth more to commerce than any other between the almost-discovered Puget Sound, and the Gulf of California.

Here, too, Drake found snow in summer! However the climate must have been endurable since he protracted his stay for a month, erecting a "faire great poste," on which was engraven the name of Her Gracious Majesty, Queen Elizabeth, together with her Highness picture and arms, in a piece of English money; and under this his own name. He must have enjoyed this defiance of Spanish death-penalties, while taking possession for the English sovereign of territory already claimed by the sovereign of Spain. After a month's repose in the good California bay, whose climate he no doubt purposely wandered with something of the same exclusive policy of Spain, he sailed for the Philippine Islands, and thence homeward, by the Cape of Good Hope; thus making in 1580 the first voyage round the world that any ship or commander had ever made with one crew; but yet without making any great discovery in addition to those already made by the Spaniards, except that of the meeting of the oceans around Cape Horn.

Seven years later, Thomas Cavendish, an English navigator, appeared in the Pacific, and laying in wait for the *gal- lion* from Manila to Acapulco, succeeded in capturing her cargo and destroying the vessel. The crew was landed on the barren coast of the California peninsula, where they must have perished had not their vessel been driven on shore. They were able to repair it,

and put to sea again, arriving at last safely in a port of the mainland. Among those thus saved from death were two men afterwards distinguished in the history of Spanish discoveries—Sebastian Viscanio, a noble of Spain; and Juan de Fuca, a Greek, in the service of Spain; whose real name was Apóstolos Valerianos: he who afterwards discovered the strait that leads into Puget Sound.

#### A SKETCH OF SOUTHERN OREGON SCENERY AND TRADITIONS.

BY INCIDENT.

In the southern part of Oregon, and separated from the valleys where Nature first invited the white man, lies the beautiful land of the Klamaths, although the ancestors of its present occupants were residents long before the hieroglyphs were carved on the time-worn pyramids of Egypt; yet no crypt or moss-grown ruin is found to attest the fact. We can only derive it from the ceremonies of the present race, and the legendary but unwritten history that has been handed down from sire to son through the long centuries of the mystic past.

Klamath valley, as seen from the summit of the Cascade range, which bounds it, is one of the loveliest pictures that ever pleased the eye of man. Mt. Pitt at the west of the valley lifts his hoary head above the clouds of summer, and, like a grim sentinel, seems to hold the region in awe at his majestic presence. Long after the sun has sunk behind the dark and gloomy range of the coast, he basks in its mellow light, and though the pall of night hangs over the valley, its people can look up and see his frosty, snow-capped brow still glittering with its fiery rays. Away to the south, and beyond the black piles of lava that circumvallates the chain of Modoc lakes, rises the white form of "Old Shasta." Near him, his first-born, "Little Shasta," is seen; the two seem like fair resting places on the way to the stars, as in bold relief their eternal shrouds of white are pictured against the blue canvass of the horizon. Between these giant monuments of time, lies the picturesque valley of the Klamath, held aloft in the strong arms of the Cascade range, that at a northern point separates, and like a river that encircles an island, forms a border around the valley, and isolates it from the rest of the world. At the base of Mt. Pitt, and stretching away to the southward, is the "Lake of the Valley," or "Klamath," as it is more commonly known. Looking down upon its sky-tinted waters from some promontory height, you would not think it a lake, but a panoramic view or painting of some fairy region; for as far as the eye could reach, would be seen pictured on its calm surface the reflected images of the tall cliffs, snowy peaks, and grim forests that diversifies and enriches its surroundings. Within this mountain-walled valley are grouped together, like specimens in a museum, a greater variety of the grand and beautiful in Nature's gallery, than can be seen on any other part of the globe. Situated on its northern rim is "Mona Toya," or "Spirit Lake," where, as the Klamaths say, the chief of the lower world ascends to earth; and tradition tells us that at times he has risen from his subterranean home, and stood like a mighty colossus on the mountain's summit, where with giant arms he hurled the "curse of fire" over the land. For days and weeks would he thus remain, scourging the tribes for their sins, and naught could appease his terrible anger, except the sacrifice of the great "medicine man" of the tribe. When this became a necessity, we are

told that bravely the victim met his fate, and that with faith as strong as Abraham's of old, calmly submitted to the will of the gods. Calling the tribe about him, he publicly handed over the powers of his priesthood to some younger one of the order, and with a lighted torch in each hand ascended the mountain till he had gained the summit and reached the verge of the then fiery lake. Standing upon a high pinnacle that overhangs the chasm, and plainly visible to the people of his tribe, he awaited till darkness had shrouded the scenes about him; then throwing aloft his lighted brands as a signal to the tribe, he would plunge himself headlong into the volcanic hell. "Mona Toya," the "Fire Chief," would quickly disappear, and happiness and prosperity again favor the tribe.

The lake is situated on the top of a volcanic mountain 7,500 feet above sea level. Its waters are 2,000 feet below the surrounding surface, and held within an oval or nearly round-shaped cavern, which is about three miles in diameter. In looking down upon its imprisoned waters, you cannot help but feel the strange influence of that superstitious fear that makes the red man regard it as the abode of infernal spirits. A deathly stillness forever broods over its mirrored surface. No hum of insect life, or song of bird was ever known to strike an echo against its ambient walls. Nothing save the dreary monotone of the wind as it sweeps across the chasm, relieves the awful quietness of the place, and it seems so unnatural to the hearer, that his aroused imagination easily transforms it to the blended tones and moaning cries of condemned spirits in Tartarus, rising up to earth through this gloomy portal.

Yet, all this dreariness rather enhances than detracts from the beauty of the scene. We look down upon the dismal picture with feelings of awe; its sombre walls rise in varied column so perpendicularly, as to forbid any natural way to the surface. But we can see their forms reflected upon the glassy bosom of the lake so truthfully to Nature's copy, that in beholding it we unconsciously open our hearts to a better acquaintance with the Great Master, who has created it. It is not strange that the darkened intellect of the Klamaths should associate such scenes with their superstitious ideas of the Great Spirit; for he has made the world a gallery of beauty, that he might have the love and praise of his children who enjoy it; and 'tis not the sound logic and silvery eloquence of the preacher, or the erudition of the scholar spent in theological reasonings, that proves His existence, His wisdom, or His attributes, but the incomparable works of His hand.

#### CLIMATE AND RESOURCES OF WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

To new comers our climate is usually disagreeable, but to nine out of ten old residents, is the most delightful under the sun. As a general thing, we have about two months in all of cool, dry weather, spread along during the half year commencing with October and ending with March. The thermometer will then range along from about twenty to fifty degrees Fahrenheit, seldom indeed getting below the lesser figure named. Two of the other months will usually be wet enough to make a man from the dry States of the Northwest think the whole country was about to be deluged, and the other two months will be varied, having a little wind, little rain, and a good deal of sunshine—a sort of April weather. The six remaining months of the year may be set down as of the finest description; the nights being cool, the days warm and pleasant, the atmosphere balmy, health-giving and exhilarating.

The temperature seldom gets above ninety degrees in the summer or below thirty degrees in the winter; and, being very equable, probably averages the year around, night and day, about midway—sixty degrees. During the past year, we have had not less than eight months of fine weather, two months of mixed, a month of cool and dry, a month of wet and disagreeable. The fall of snow at this point did not in all exceed two inches, nor did it remain on the ground in any case more than twenty-four hours. Flowers bloomed out of doors all winter, the grass remained green, cattle subsisted in good order without feeding, no ice for either skating or packing was formed, and, in fact, we really had no winter. The above refers entirely to the western half of the Territory, to which the residence of the writer has been confined. The eastern half varies somewhat, being hotter in the summer, colder in winter, and dryer the year around.

The resources of the Territory are exceedingly varied, but as yet little developed. Agriculture, lumber, coal, and the fisheries are those to-day most prominent. Our cattle and horses are driven across the Rocky Mountains, and find ready sale by the thousands in Illinois and New York. Not less than a million bushels of wheat will be shipped this year either to San Francisco or Europe; almost as much more of oats and barley; while of hops five thousand bales will find their way to the markets of California, the Atlantic States, Australia and England. Our lumber mills are among the largest in the world, and their products go to the chief ports of both Americas, Asia, Australasia and Europe. The present annual cut, for home and foreign consumption, is in the neighborhood of three hundred million feet, and is capable of unlimited increase. Hoop poles, bolts, etc., may also be included under this head, and may be stated to be immense and extending, while for shipbuilding this country is destined in good time to be probably the greatest in the world. Two years ago about ninety thousand tons of coal were shipped abroad, last year one hundred and twenty thousand tons, while for this year and next year one hundred and fifty thousand and one hundred thousand tons, respectively, are very moderate estimates. With trifling exceptions, our coal all goes to San Francisco. The fisheries are chiefly those on the Columbia River, which export annually millions of dollars' worth of the finest salmon that can be caught. Our salt water fisheries include herring, seal, halibut, cod, dogfish, etc., with some oysters, clams and crabs. Besides these resources, in a fair state of development, we have numerous others yet almost untouched by the hand of man. Some little gold is continually being mined, while of iron, copper and other minerals, the soil of our virgin Territory is known to be richly possessed, and which, one day, with its coal will make it in no respect unequal to the great Keystone State of the Union. Yes, our resources are richly abundant, and all that is lacking to make the people of the East powerfully cognizant of the fact is the capital for their proper development.—*Seattle Tribune*.

BEAR Valley, Grant county, is distant from Canyon City about 20 miles in a southeasterly direction on the Camp Harney road, and from the popular summer resort, Soda Springs, some three or four miles. The valley is fifteen miles in length, and nine in width, and is surrounded on all sides by mountains heavily timbered with tamarack, black and yellow pine. This valley, were it not for its high altitude, and cold frosty nights, etc., would make a fine agricultural country. Grass grows luxuriantly, also a species of wild red clover. The game of the valley consists of antelope, sage hens, cranes, ducks, geese, curlews, and the common snipe.

At La Conner and on the Swinomish flats any man who wants to wade and build dykes and dig ditches, can get employment at fair wages. They can't find white men willing to do it, and are compelled to employ Chinamen; but if white men request it they will have the preference.

The most difficult thing is to know one's self; the most easy, to give counsel to another; and the most delightful, to obtain the completion of our desires.