

the officers went ashore with me to the Indian village, which we found regularly laid out in streets, and each house surrounded by garden patches fenced in and the beds laid off with great regularity. Across each bed were strips of cedar bark stretched from fence to fence to keep off the crows and ravens. These gardens were all planted with potatoes and turnips, and I was informed at Sitka that these Indians raise large quantities of most excellent potatoes of large size. This village is near the entrance of a large bay, or lagoon, where the whales resort to have their young. We saw large numbers of whales in Chatham Strait, near the entrance of the lagoon, and Capt. Scammon, who is an experienced whaler, gave it as his opinion that a good business could be done in the lagoon in oil. At the head of this lagoon, which is about 25 miles long, there is an extensive deposit of coal, and at its entrance in Chatham strait, halibut and cod abound, which we proved by the quantities the sailors caught during the short time we remained at the place. At this village, a discharged soldier from Sitka, commenced the illicit distillation of rum from molasses, using tin cans for stills, and condensing the steam by kelp stems, coiled in a tub of cold water. This most villainous compound, which obtained the name of Hootchnoo whiskey, was smuggled by him into Sitka, and soon became the source of great disorder among the soldiers as well as natives; nor was this all, for the Indians soon learned the art, and now make Hootchnoo whiskey from anything that will ferment, not only molasses, but flour, sugar, wheat, rice, berries, potatoes, lily roots, etc. In fact, the resources of these savages for producing intoxicating drinks seems inexhaustible, and all attempts of the military to stop the traffic have proved abortive. I have heard it suggested by philanthropic persons who know the passion of these Indians for intoxicating beverages, whether, in a sanitary point of view, it would not be better to let them have a pure article of liquor rather than the vile compounds they make themselves, or the vile trash sold them by degraded whites, composed of alcohol, coal oil, red pepper, tobacco and water. This matter, however, is not for me to decide, but rather comes under the philanthropic consideration of Mr. Bergh, of New York, the president of the society for the suppression of cruelty to animals.

At noon we got under way and ran down Chatham Strait, till 2:30, when we passed the Indian village of Niltoukskan, opposite which, on Baranoff Island, we saw a large glacier, and about a mile further south was a fine waterfall. We passed several places where the scenery was very attractive, and came to anchor for the night in a snug harbor on the north end of Kew Island, near the entrance of Prince Frederick Sound.

At this place we found a village of the Kake Indians, a tribe who are considered as outlaws and pirates. It was a party of these Indians who, some years since, murdered Col. Eby, a former collector of customs for Puget Sound, who resided on Whidby's Island, and, after committing other murders and robberies, finally had their village burned to the ground by the U. S. war steamer, "Saginaw," soon after the acquisition of Alaska. The pilot of the "Wolcott," Mr. J. W. Keen, was the pilot of the "Saginaw" at the time the village was destroyed, and some of the Kakes, who came on board, eyed him with unfavorable looks, and were urgent in their invitations for him

to go ashore with them, but he did not accept their proffered hospitalities.

Information having been received by Gen. Howard that the remains of paymaster Walker, U. S. A., had been discovered by some Indians, he made a requisition on Collector Berry, at Sitka, who had instructed Captain Scammon to be on the lookout for information, and after leaving Kake village, at three A. M., June 25th, we ran down Chatham Strait, and crossed Christian Sound, with a heavy, rolling sea and strong S. E. wind, till 5:20 P. M. when we anchored in Shigan passage, where we procured information of the remains of Paymaster Walker, and, taking on board an Indian pilot, we left on the 28th, passing between Cape Polo and Warren Island, through Tukh-hark passage into Whaleman's Bay, where we saw and boarded two vessels, the bark "Onward" of Honolulu, and bark "Mount Wollaston," of New Bedford, both whalers, who had put in for wood and water. After leaving the vessels we passed through a narrow channel, between beautiful islands whose bright, green foliage reaching down to the water's edge, fringed with grass, presented the appearance of a dark, green forest, set in bright emerald green shrubbery, a most delightful scene. At the head of this beautiful channel, we came to the village of Klawark, the trading post of Mr. George Hamilton. There is a fresh water stream at Klawark, where great quantities of salmon are taken. The place is secluded, quiet and romantic, and the most beautiful of any we had visited. Here we remained until the 30th, and had a very pleasant time.

At three A. M. we left Klawark, crossed Whaleman's Bay, passed through Athka rapids, into Thevack Strait, and arrived at the Indian village of Howkan, where we remained till July 1st, to get the Indian who discovered the remains of Paymaster Walker, and, having taken him on board, we left at 9:50 A. M. for Port Bazan, the entrance to which lies in Lat. 54°46' N., Long. 133° W., on the S. W. extremity of Prince of Wales' Archipelago, and arrived there at 2:45 P. M. Lieut. Kilgore went ashore with the Indian and a boat's crew, on a small island at the head of the bay where they found the remains, which consisted of the lower jaw and a portion of a skeleton enclosed in a remnant of a military coat, with chevrons on sleeve, in dark braid, and the remnant of a pair of gray pantaloons of Oregon cloth. The Indian who had discovered them produced a bunch of keys, such as are used for trunks and small boxes, and one gold sleeve button with an amethyst stone. The remains were put in a box, and taken on board, and we left for Howkan village, where we remained all night. Next day, July 2nd, we left for Klemmakooan village, on Cordova Bay, where the Indian lived who had been with us to Port Bazan, and after we had been ashore and examined their huge carvings and massive houses, and had seen and purchased some really elegant specimens of bracelets, rings and ear ornaments, both of gold and silver, made by these natives, we returned on board, accompanied by several of the principal men, with their wives and children, who were much interested in examining the cutter. The next day we got under way at 4:10 A. M., and ran along until eight o'clock, when the weather becoming thick and rainy, we anchored in a small harbor which Capt. Scammon named Wolcott Cove. As soon as the weather cleared on the following morning, July 4th, we left Wolcott Cove for Port Tongass, where we arrived at five P. M., and watered the vessel from a stream of inferior water, opposite the Fort,

and left next day for Kazan, at Karta Bay, Prince of Wales' Island, where we went ashore at the trading post of Baronovitch, and had a nice time visiting the salmon fishery and enjoying the fine scenery.

From Kazan we proceeded to Fort Wrangle and anchored there at 6:30 P. M., July 7th. There were not a great many people in the town, as most of them had gone to the mines. There were quite a number of Indians, but they mostly belonged to other tribes, and had to come to Wrangle to seek employment among the miners.

The following morning we delivered the box containing the remains to Lieut. Lundeen, the officer in charge, and they were identified as those of the late paymaster Walker, who had left Sitka on the ill-fated "Geo. S. Wright," on her last voyage. As the distance from Cape Cantim to Port Bazan is over 250 miles, it will show the force of the inshore northerly current which is known to sweep up the coast of Queen Charlotte's Island, through Heeta Strait, and out of Dixon's Sound.

From all the evidence we could collect, it was the universal opinion of all the officers of the "Wolcott" that the "Wright" foundered at sea and so suddenly that no boats could be lowered, and barely time for persons to get on life-preservers. Lieut. Walker's remains and those of a child, both with life-preservers attached, were the only ones ever recovered, and the idle and apocryphal tales about the captain and crew being murdered by Indians, has been set down as utterly false, by the thorough investigation of the courts of Victoria.

We remained at Wrangle until the 17th of July, and had a very pleasant time, with the exception of the plague of mosquitoes and great green-headed horse flies, which filled the vessel from stem to stern and caused great annoyance.

We left Wrangle at 11 A. M. for Fort Tongass, and arrived there the next morning at 7 o'clock, and, after landing some supplies for the customs' inspector, proceeded to Fort Simpson, arriving at 11 o'clock A. M. As it was Sunday, the whole population had gone to church, but were dismissed before we got ready to go ashore. The congregation, of course, was nearly all composed of Indians, who were all well dressed and presented an orderly and respectable appearance.

We remained at Fort Simpson but a short time, leaving there at two P. M., passing the Skeena river at seven P. M., reaching Bella Bella village the following afternoon at seven o'clock, and remained till eight o'clock, kept on all night, passed Cape Calvert in the morning and crossed Queen Charlotte's Sound, entering Shadwell Pass at seven A. M., and ran all day with fair wind and tide till 9:30 P. M., when we entered Seymour Narrows, and the unbelievers of its dangers had opportunity to change their views. We found the tide against us, and running so strongly that with all the steam we could get on, aided by all her sails and a strong and fair wind which was blowing, the cutter could scarcely hold her own and at times went astern. The wind acting against the tide made a fearful sea which roared and rolled about, dashing over the rocks where the "Saranac" was wrecked, which, although submerged, made the water boil like a huge cauldron. It was a most fearful sight, rendered more appalling by the recollection that within two cable lengths of us a fine man-of-war steamer had been totally lost only a short time previous. We managed, however, by keeping close in towards

the eastern side of the narrows, to hold our own, till the strength of the tide slackened, when we soon steamed through and continued our course to Port Townsend where we arrived on the 20th of July, at 9:30 A. M.

It is impossible in this communication to give an account of the many interesting scenes we witnessed among the Indians. Of a grand wedding at Fort Simpson; a funeral at Fort Tongass; a cremation at one place, and a corpse lying in state at another; of canoe races, and dances; of huge carvings; grotesque images; Indian shawls from wool of mountain sheep of jewelry of gold and silver, and other manufactures of the natives, all of which are of interest, and an account of them can be better understood after the description of our cruise has been read.

PORT TOWNSEND, May 26, 1878.

RAISING MONEY FOR CHURCHES.

"Gov.," our Vancouver contributor, sends the following:

It is a lamentable fact that in spite of the boasted "advancement of the 19th century," we are undoubtedly drifting away from habits that were salutary in their influence, and are floating on a current of customs whose destination is decidedly not desirable. Prominent among the pernicious practices of the present age, are the methods of raising money for religious and charitable purposes. To say nothing of the fairs, festivals, societies and polite gambling under different guises, there is a species of auctioneering that cannot be too strongly denounced or too strenuously opposed. It is done thus in some churches: At the conclusion of the service, the minister states a sum to be raised, and requests the brothers to bid. Pompous, purse-prond Bro. A leads off by saying he will give so much. Bro. B, not to be beaten, gives a little more. The object for which the money is intended is soon forgotten in this evil emulation. Bro. G, though poor, is ashamed to give less than his more affluent neighbor, but is constrained by this cruel competition. If the bidding languishes the Rev. auctioneer starts up the foundations of benevolence by an appropriate harangue: "Only fifty dollars more!" "Who'll give another ten for this good work?" "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver!" "Ah! thank you, Bro. Jones; the good Lord will reward you." "Only forty dollars now?" Bro. Smith can't you give a ten—a five then?" The amount is secured and termed a voluntary contribution! This desecration of the Sabbath, and of houses dedicated to God, would perhaps be more patent if the practice were less prevalent. But who will pretend to say that any end, however laudable, justifies such means of raising funds? Who can calculate the evil effect of such sacrilegious scenes upon the impressionable mind of youth?

Something similar may be seen in many of our otherwise praiseworthy attempts to relieve the distressed. At public meetings and at lodges the love of ostentatious almsgiving calls into play baser passions that deprive the giver of the good that ought to accrue from well doing. "I'm a poor man but I'll give six dollars," seems like sounding a trumpet to herald a generous deed, and is surely at variance with the injunction, "When thou doest alms let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." Such a system engenders envy, provokes pride, stifles true liberality, and is destitute of good moral effect.

Our chronic growlers about fares and freight charges on the Columbia river, may, perhaps, derive some crumbs of comfort, by reading the following schedule of rates now in force on the Colorado river:

From Yuma to Castle Dome, 35 miles, \$5 cabin, \$3 deck; from Yuma to Ehrenberg, 125 miles, \$15 cabin, \$10 deck; from Yuma to Aubrey, 220 miles, \$28 cabin, \$18 deck; from Yuma to Camp Mohave, 300 miles, \$35 cabin, \$25 deck; from Yuma to Hardyville, 312 miles, \$35 cabin, \$25 deck; from Yuma to El Dorado Canyon, 365 miles, \$45 cabin, \$35 deck.