Jenson's Travels.

LETTER NO. 5.

Monday, May 20th. Instead of sailing today at noon, we remained stationary at the Vancouver harbor, the broken machinery not yet being fully repaired.

Tuesday, May 20th, at 5 o'clock a. m., the good ship Mowera left the wharf at Vancouver, and wended her way down the Burrard Inlet, thence through the narrows and across English Bay, and she reached the strait of Georgia about 8 o'clock. A few hours later we found ourselves sailing between the wooded islands of the archipelago which dots the strait of Georgia and Puget sound almost from one end to the other. The numerous channels and straits which separate the different islands are very deep, permitting the Mowera, which draws about twenty-two feet of water, to sail within a few hundred feet of the shores in several places. This makes the voyage very interesting. Most of the islands are inhabited, though very sparsely. One of the smaller ones called Patsey is occupied by seven Chinese and one white man, who are doomed to absolute solitude during the remainder of their natural days. A local steamer calls once in three months to bring them provisions; they cultivate a nice little garden, and live throughout quite comfortably.

As enthusiastic traveler who sailed over these waters some time ago, writes: "Puget Sound scenery is the grandest scenery in the world. One has here in combination the sublimity of Switzerland, the picturesqueness of the Hebrides, the rugged beauty of Norway, the lovely variety of the thousand islands of the St. Lawrence, or the Hebrides of the North sea, the soft, rich tinted skies of Italy, the pastoral landscape of England, with velvet meadows and magnificent groves, massed with floral bloom, and the blending tints and bold color of the New England Indian summer. The geography and topography of this coast are alone a wonder and a study. Glaciers upon the stage. The elements of earth and water seem to have struggled for dominion over one the other. The strait of Juan de Fuca and the strait of Georgia narrow into Admiral inlet, the inlet penetrates the very heart of the country, cutting into it into most grotesque shapes, coiling and twisting into a hundred mean inlets, into which flow a hundred rivers, fed in their turn by myriads of smaller creeks and bayous—a veritable net work of lakes, streams, peninsulas and islands, which, with the mountain ranges backing the landscapes on either hand, cannot fail to be picturesque in the extreme."

Puget sound and the strait of Georgia are about eighteen hundred miles of shore line, and all along this long stretch is one vast and almost unbroken forest of enormous trees. The forests, in fact, are so vast that although the thousands of saw mills in the country have been ripping five hundred million feet of lumber out every year for the past ten years, the spaces made by these inroads seem no more than garden patches. An official estimate places the amount of standing timber in the regions of country lying adjacent to Puget sound at 500,000,000,000 feet, or a thousand years' supply, even at the enormous rate the timber is now being killed and sawed.

From 1846 to 1872 the ownership of a large number of the islands in the strait of Georgia were in dispute. By a treaty of that the boundary line between the United States and British America was run northward along the forty-ninth parallel "to the middle of the channel which separates the continent from Vancouver Island, thence southerly through the middle of the said channel and of Fuca's strait to the Pacific ocean." The question subsequently arose, should the middle referred to be interpreted as passing through the strait of Rosario, on the side next to Washington territory, or through the Canal de Haro, on the Vancouver side of the archipelago? Should these islands be looped into the territory of Uncle Sam, or given to John Bull? This question was finally referred to Emperor William I, of Germany, who on October 21st, 1872, decided in favor of the United States. "The award," said President U. S. Grant at the time, "leaves us for the first time in the history of the United States as a nation without a question of disputed boundary between our territory and the possessions of Great Britain." It was a great result for President Grant, and much to have assisted him much in his reelection as President.

Turning to us, we are soon sailing in plain view of the great Vancouver Island to the west of the Canal de Haro, and turning out toward the Pacific ocean through the strait of Juan de Fuca. The scenery continues grand and sublime all the way. The morning is cold and windy and heavy clouds rest upon the snow-capped summits of the Olympian mountains southward of us, as we close down the heights of Vancouver Island on our right. As we approach the mouth of Victoria harbor, we view with great interest the Empress of India, one of the three great steamers plying regularly between Vancouver, B. C., and China and Japan. The three are almost alike and were built at the same place by the same company only a few years ago. They are named respectively, Empress of India, Empress of China and Empress of Japan. The Empress of India has just returned from one of her regular trips to China and Japan and is disembarking passengers and unloading cargo off the harbor at Victoria. She draws too much water to go in. Another object of interest as we entered the Victoria harbor was the wreck of the coast steamer Sun Pedro, which ran on a rock five years ago. Several unsuccessful attempts have been made to dislodge her; half of her hull has been washed away by the breakers, and the remainder sticks in the rock as a warning to other vessels. At 11 o'clock a. m., we arrived at the outer wharf of Victoria, where we remained three hours to take in passengers and freight. Our next stopping place will be Honolulu.

Victoria is the capital of British Columbia and has a population of nearly 20,000. It is charmingly situated on the southern extremity of Vancouver Island, overlooking the straits of Juan de Fuca on to the Pacific, and beyond the Gulf of Georgia, the mainland. Across the drive southward are the beautiful Olympic mountains, and far away in a southerly direction the white cone of Mt. Rainier in the state of Washington is conspicuous. The climate of Victoria is said to be very much the same as England, and the town is peculiarly English in all its characteristics. The city has many fine public and private buildings, and large commercial houses. A railroad extends northerly seventy miles to the great coal mines at Nanaimo. Steamships and steamboats afford regular connection with Vancouver, San Francisco and all American ports as well as Japan, China, Sandwich Islands, Fiji Islands, Australia, New Zealand, etc. Esquimalt harbor, three miles from Victoria, is the British naval station and rendezvous on the north Pacific, with naval storehouses, workshops, graving docks, etc. A number of men-of-war can be found there at all times, and strong fortifications are being constructed. The harbor of Victoria is only suitable for vessels drawing up to about sixteen feet of water.

Victoria dates back to 1843, when the Hudson Bay company established a trading post on the site which was named Port Victoria; it was a stockade fortification. In this actual colonization was commenced, and in 1862 the town of Victoria was laid out. Its growth, however, was slow until after 1890 when the gold fields of British Columbia were opened. In 1891 the place only contained 20,000 inhabitants, and the whole island of Vancouver 25,000. But there were about 175,000 Indians on the island at that time.

Vancouver Island is the largest island on the west coast of America, being about 300 miles long and with an average width of about fifty miles, and contains an estimated area of 16,000 square to 20,000 square miles. The interior of the island is mountainous. The shores are exceedingly picturesque, bold, rocky and rugged, broken on the western side into numerous bays and inlets, like those of the mainland, with interesting coves, promontories and headlands, while on the northern and eastern sides the absence of ocean indentations are remarkable. The island is generally wooded, the borders with fir, birch of Italy, the pastoral landscape of England, with velvet meadows and magnificent groves, massed with floral bloom, and the blending tints and bold color of the New England Indian summer. The geography and topography of this coast are alone a wonder and a study. Glaciers upon the stage. The elements of earth and water seem to have struggled for dominion over one the other. The strait of Juan de Fuca and the strait of Georgia narrow into Admiral inlet, the inlet penetrates the very heart of the country, cutting into it into most grotesque shapes, coiling and twisting into a hundred mean inlets, into which flow a hundred rivers, fed in their turn by myriads of smaller creeks and bayous—a veritable net work of lakes, streams, peninsulas and islands, which, with the mountain ranges backing the landscapes on either hand, cannot fail to be picturesque in the extreme."

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MOST WONDERFUL CITY.

Said to be Acoma, Inhabited by New Mexican Pueblos.

Curious Features of their Habitations—Villages Situated at the Top of High Rocks—Queer Customs of the Cliff Dwellers.

The most wonderful city in the world is in New Mexico, only a few miles from Cubero, or Laguna, on the Atlantic and Pacific railroad. It had been in existence hundreds of years when Columbus discovered America. Acoma, for such is its name, is perched upon the level summit of a great rock, whose perpendicular sides are nearly 400 feet above the surrounding country, and reached by some of the most difficult paths ever trodden by man. The feet of generations have worn these paths six inches into the solid sandstone.

The Acomas now number 500 souls. Upon their seventy acres of rock they have six communal houses, each three stories high, besides a church of enormous dimensions. The inhabitants have carried up the toilsome trails every particle of the material from which the buildings were constructed; and besides this, the graveyard consumed here years is being completed, by reason of the necessity for bringing earth from the plain below. All supplies at the present day, even to drinking water, are brought in the same way.

The architecture of Acoma is as strange as its location. The houses are all terraced, so that they resemble flights of stone steps or Egyptian pyramids on a small scale. In each house the second story stands ten or a dozen feet back on the flat roof of the first, thus leaving a broad, uncovered walk the whole length. The third story is similarly placed upon the second. There are no doors on the lower walls of the houses, nor stairs inside. To get into the first story one must go up a ladder to the first roof, enter the second-story rooms, lift a trap door in its floor, and back down another ladder.

All these houses are of stone masonry, in spite of the fact that the builders had no metal tools for dressing the material. Instead they chose rock which broke naturally into the shape desired, and laid it in a very durable mortar made from mud. So neatly was their work done that the outer faces of the buildings are as smooth as a board.

The rafters are straight pine sticks, stripped of their bark, and above them is a roof of smaller sticks, straw and clay. The combination is perfectly water tight. The windows are very small, and until glass was introduced the panes were made of translucent gypsum. The finishing touch is to plaster the walls, inside and out, with adobe clay, and then whitewash them with a preparation of gypsum. This whitewash gives a Pueblo town at a distance the appearance of being built of marble.

Acoma is simply a type of twenty six inhabited Pueblo towns now existing in New Mexico and Arizona and containing a population of 10,000 souls. The nineteen pueblos of New Mexico are scattered up and down the Rio Grande Valley from Taos, the most northern, to Isleta, which is just south of Albuquerque. There they extend westward, along the line of the Atlantic and Pacific railroad, to near the Arizona border, the last one in this direction being the far-famed Zuni. The seven pueblos in Arizona are those together in the northern part, the inhabitants being collectively called Moqui.

The origin of the Pueblos has never been ascertained. A profound interest centers in them. But one thing has been settled—they and the cave or cliff dwellers are one and the same people. The latter have not vanished, as was once supposed. Their descendants are with us today.

The ancestors of the Pueblos were probably the native inhabitants of this continent. The remains of their forts, towns and stupendous irrigating canals are thickly scattered over New Mexico and Arizona, and indicate that the population was teeming.

One of these forts was discovered by Lieut. Ward of the United States army, about twenty years ago. It is some seventy miles east of Maricopa, in Arizona. The fortification, a parallelogram 1,600 feet long by 800 feet wide, is built of stone brought from the mountains twelve miles away. Its average height is twelve feet, and there are portions of the walls still standing as perfect as when built. Within the enclosure are the moldering evidences of a structure of roughly hewn stones, 225 by 40 feet, one of the inverse walls of which has a perfectly distinct tracing of the sun and its rays. The Pueblos have ever been sun worshipers.

At the southeast corner of the wall, is a tower which must have been of considerable height, while on the southwest corner is a tower about thirty feet high. Pipes, pottery and carved stone—some of which still exhibit evidences of indelible staining and glazing—are scattered in all directions.

The motive for building such a stupendous work could have been none other than defense. The same idea prompted the ancestors of the Pueblos, the cliff dwellers, to build their houses so high up on the curious walls that from the ground the entrance looks like that of a swallow's nest. And in the Pueblo towns of today, like Acoma, the idea is still apparent, for these towns were built when defense against a more warlike or numerous enemy was absolutely necessary to self preservation.

The Pueblo Indians now live in much the same way as did their forefathers when first discovered by the Spaniards six years ago. Years ago their lands, which they held in common, were granted them by Mexico, and at the close of the Mexican war these grants were confirmed by the United States. They are quite self-supporting, and should every human being not concentrate be blotted from the earth they would jog along without concern.

The basis of society is not the family, as with us, but the clan. The number of clans in a Pueblo town runs from six to eleven, every individual belonging to one. A man cannot marry a woman of the same clan, to most go outside.

Still stranger is the law of descent. With civilized people it is from the father, with the Pueblos from the mother. Children take the name of their mother. Furthermore, the house is in charge of the woman exclusively; everything within it, the men's clothing and weapons excepted, belonging to the housekeeper. If once married, the boys are here. As long as they live in the field the man may dispose of them, afterward to most consult the woman. Even the proceeds of the common lands are treated in the same manner. Only when the man kills game when not alone is it his.

The Pueblo woman is an excellent housewife, and her home is a model of neatness. Beds are usually made up of blankets or home make. Bedsteads are not unknown, but others use blankets in lieu of beds, folded and laid in a corner in the daytime, and spread upon the floor at night. Nearly every room has its dome-shaped fireplace, in which sticks of wood are placed on end to be burned. These for heating only are small, and stand in a corner. Those for cooking are much larger, and are frequently placed out of doors.

The cooking fireplaces must not be confounded with the ovules, which are found in every pueblo. The ovule is a circular structure, rising a few feet above the ground, like the upper part of a sunken cylinder. Its flat top is reached by rough steps of stone. In the centre is a square opening, out of which a ladder or notched beam projects, and to which the underground interior is reached. The males of each clan were formerly required to sleep in the estufa, but it is now used only for ceremonial and religious purposes. Estufa, in Spanish, means stove. The name was given by the early Spaniards to those subterranean rooms because they were of so comfortable a temperature in winter.

The Pueblo has seemingly adopted the religion of the Roman Catholic church, but in reality he is a true pagan, wrapped in dense clouds of superstition, full of fanciful legend, and profoundly ceremonious in worship. His gods are without number. Not even the ancient Greeks had more. Gods of peace and war, of the chase, of harvest and famine, of sun and rain and snow, elbow with a thousand others for room. The serpent is an object of adoration, and the annual snake dance of the Moquis, in which hundreds of rattlesnakes are gathered from the desert and handled with impunity, is one of the most profoundly impressive ceremonies ever witnessed.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

TAIL SWITCHING.

To Break a Horse of This Vexatious Habit.

What Professor Oscar R. Gleason does not know about horses, very few other men know, either in this country or any other. The methods of this Yankee horse trainer are as practical and simple that one immediately wonders on seeing what they are why they have not always been in common use.

The most annoying habit in a small way that driving horses contract is that of perpetually switching the tail whether there are any flies or not. This throws the tail frequently over the lines,

PROFESSOR GLEASON'S

and at times involves actual danger. In his book on the horse Gleason gives the following way to break an animal of this bad habit:

Place in the horse a collar and hames, and then run over the tail on the back, lay across the tail a wooden pin four inches long, and double the hair of the tail over it. After doubling it over and making a slip noose in the middle, pass the noose over the wooden pin and draw tight. Press the ends of the cord to the horse rump, thus fastening the tail on its back securely. Let the tail stay up for one hour and then let down. If any signs of switching are then seen, put it right up again for another one hours. Generally there need only three or four times that have required a second or third application, and there is no danger of injuring the horse in any way.

WESLEY'S ROMANCE.

THE SWEET, SAD LOVE STORY OF THE GREAT PREACHER.

It was at the home of Governor Oglethorpe in the early days of Georgia, says a writer in the Boston Herald, that Wesley met the beautiful Sophia Christian, who was the ward of the governor, and was the belle of the colony. She was a tall, fair girl, with a fine form, a pleasant face, and a sweet voice, and she was considered by all the young men of the colony the most charming girl they had ever met. She was a great favorite with the governor's family, and was treated by them as a daughter. Wesley was a tall, handsome young man, with a fine face, and was considered by all the young men of the colony the most charming man they had ever met. He was a great favorite with the governor's family, and was treated by them as a son