

to learn how things are there managed. The police headquarters are a model of neatness—every thing has its place; each man knows his duty, and attends to it. At the head of the force stands Charles Todd, the Supt. of Police. He has one sargeant, six patrolmen and four night-watchmen to aid him. Victoria and suburbs stretch over more ground than Portland, and yet a robbery or garroting case is something unheard of there. Every stranger, if in the least suspicious looking, is under police surveillance without his even suspecting it during his entire stay in the city; and should he give even the slightest cause, he is given just so many hours to leave town.

Those envelope swindlers who robbed our verdant ones out of hundreds of dollars, with the apparent sanction of our police force, were not even allowed to open out in Victoria, and were compelled to leave on the return steamer. The Victoria police force evidently make it their business to prevent crime, instead of putting taxpayers to the expense of convicting and afterward feeding criminals.

A valuable discovery of iron ore has just been made on Texada Island, one hundred miles north of Victoria. The ore contains from eighty-five to ninety per cent. of pure iron, equal to the best in the world. Mr. J. Spratt, the enterprising foundry proprietor, of Victoria, is now preparing to erect extensive smelting works on the island.

One of the finest grazing regions on the coast is the stretch of country from Quesnelle to the Forks of Skeena, a distance of 375 miles. The country is covered with bunch-grass and wild vetch, whilst water and timber are plentiful. This section offers special inducements to stock-raisers.

The road from Yale, the head of steamboat navigation on the Fraser river, to Cariboo, a distance of about 400 miles, cost the Provincial Government of British Columbia \$1,500,000 to construct. To keep it in repair \$50,000 are expended annually, and yet only one cent per mile is charged as a toll for imports passing over the road, whilst the country's products are passed free of charge.

The first cargo of British Columbia coal ever taken to South America, left Victoria on the 1st of July in the ship *Jeremiah Thompson*, Captain N. Kirby. It consisted of 2,100 tons, and was

taken on ship-owners account as a speculation, to Peru. The coal came from the Nanaimo mine, which Captain Kirby informs us furnishes the best steam coal in the world.

#### EASTWARD, HO!

BY W. D. LYMAN.

The human tides have touched their Western limit and have turned back. The forests of Western Oregon and Washington are beginning to look up the river, as toward a future home, where they are to appear in the forms of dwellings, school-houses and churches. Farming implements also catch the immigration fever and deposit their bulky forms inside the steamers, and on deck, demanding every inch of available space, with a view, doubtless, of returning a future tribute of golden grain.

So, altogether, passengers, merchandise and machinery, we slide past the foggy wharves of Portland, past the half-submerged shores of the Columbia, until we reach the Cascades, with their tumbling masses of water, with their cliffs just tipped with clouds and streaked by little waterfalls. There is a combination here of beauty and grandeur which makes it one of the most satisfying spots on earth. Though so many times described, it cannot be spoiled. Neither can its sublimity be enhanced. Indeed, the description of it should very seldom be attempted. The fabric of words needed to clothe these basaltic giants is beyond the capacity of most word-mills. It is wisest to let them stand in their majestic nakedness, doing defiance to the elements. But we propose to make this letter thoroughly practical, not poetical. Therefore we will not linger among the peach-trees of Hood river, nor shed tears of condolence with the incinerated people of The Dalles, nor even stare down into the witches' cauldron which chafes the adamantine banks of the "Chute."

When we reach Celilo we find the number of passengers so great as to exceed the capacity of the state-rooms. Our fellow-passengers are of the usual variety. The bulk is composed of land and home-seekers from the interior States. "Give me land or I perish," is the universal cry. There is certainly plenty of land in sight from the deck of our steamer, more in fact than there

seems any practical necessity of. The few farms scattered along the Snake river seem to indicate a fertile soil and an abundance of sunshine. Here is the fruit-region of Eastern Washington. The young peaches are puffed out almost to bursting with the rich materials from beneath, fertilized by the sunshine from above.

Wallula is still the point at which the majority of the passengers stop. Of the various incipient towns scattered along the Lower Snake, Almota looks most like a place. But what a site for a town! A canyon about one thousand feet deep, with a narrow strip of aluvium along the northern side. Almota is the business depot for a large region of country extending north and northeast. A majority of the Colfax and Palouse City business seeks the river at this point. The hill which must be climbed to bring the explorer on a level with the surrounding country is somewhat discouraging to immigrants from the Mississippi valley, and some have actually turned back at this point and not examined the interior at all. From the rim of the canyon a vast rolling prairie extends in all directions, broken in front by the muddy flow of the river. The Blue mountains can be dimly seen to the south. Northward Steptoe Butte forms a conspicuous landmark.

As we proceed toward Colfax, the rich, grass-grown hills become more level and the farms more frequent. After a sixteen-mile ride, we descend another canyon to the Palouse river. Colfax, the largest and much the most civilized of the new towns of this country, containing the land-office and several stores which do quite a trade with the surrounding settlements, a tasty and commodious church, two very neat hotels and a number of cosy little dwellings, is strung along on both sides of the Little Palouse. This unites with the main stream a short distance below. Like most of the towns of Eastern Oregon and Washington, Colfax is situated in a hole in the ground. It certainly seems as though these hills would give the people of Eastern Washington more idea of heaven than most of them seem to have. An ascent of four hundred feet carries us above Colfax to the ordinary level of the prairie. The best land in this immediate vicinity has been already taken.