

THE WEST SHORE.

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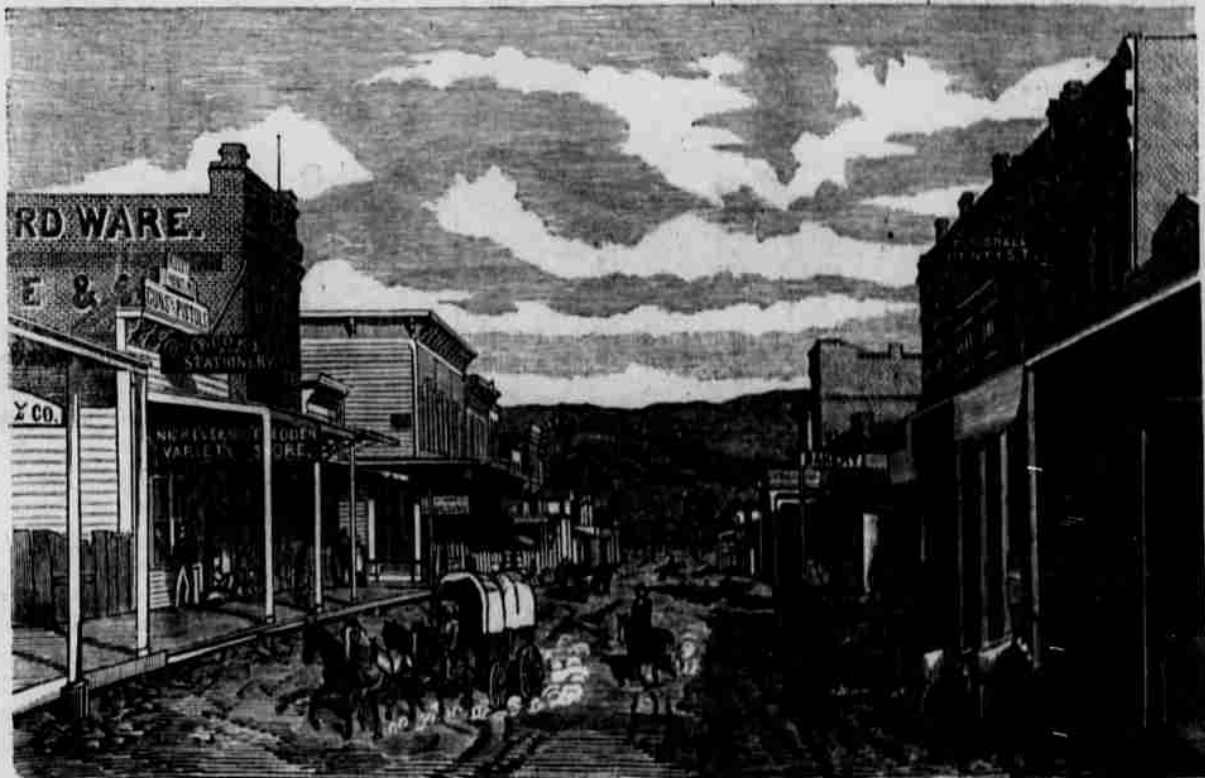
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HOW WE TRAVEL.

An Eastern correspondent asks the significant question, "What means have you for reaching the Pacific Ocean, and how do you get, overland, from Portland to Puget Sound and British Columbia?" Now, this is just such an inquiry as we love to answer, since it gives us the opportunity of enlightening, through our columns, hundreds of our Atlantic friends who have little or no idea of the modern and approved ways we have of living and doing

Columbia, so happily emblematic of the sovereign republic whose historic appellation it so nobly perpetuates. Then, on and on we go, adown this once mystic river of the West, spanning a full degree of longitude ere we are aware of the day's decline. Having arrived at Astoria, the foster-child of old John Jacob Astor, and essentially the commercial portal of the illimitable Pacific, it is at our option to stop here and listen to the moaning of the tide, or drop down ten miles farther to the

and through whose mighty gateway is riding, every hour of the day and night, half the commerce of the great West, we retrace our journey to start anew for that land of anomalous sights, the Puget Sound country. To do this, we embark on the *Dixie Thompson*, or one of her elegant sister craft, and hie like a bird to Kalama, the present river terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad; thence, in one of the superb passenger coaches of this road, about sixty miles to the junction of the Olympia



SECOND STREET, THE DALLES, WASCO COUNTY, OREGON.—FROM A PHOTO BY F. J. GERRES.

business in this far-off "Indian country." Why, indeed, after exchanging a ringing "Good-morning" with our friends, we take one of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company's steamers, equal, in all respects, to the floating palaces of the Hudson, the great lakes, or the Mississippi, dash at the rate of twenty miles an hour down the sparkling waters of the beautiful Willamette, a river owned entirely, and in fee simple, by our booming State, until we find ourselves upon the broad bosom of the great

cape and see the waters that have come from a thousand tributaries lose themselves in the profundity of old ocean's dark eternity.

Here, since ages ago, the red man has listened to the voice of the Great Spirit, manifested in the thunder of the surf as it bombards the solid earth and then retires, crest-fallen, from the everlasting abutments of nature's own masonry.

Leaving this broad estuary of a river which has drained more than two hundred thousand square miles of territory,

& Tenino Railroad, a little hamlet fifteen miles from the head-waters of the Sound. Here it is, "Change cars for Olympia," or, we can remain in our seats and go to New Tacoma, about forty miles further on, at present the extreme northwestern terminus of the Northern Pacific road. Much as this route from the Columbia to the Sound has been commented on by travelers, it yet remains, in all its great essentials, an unwritten volume. As the iron horse rushes along in his impetuous career, the eye is regaled with a living