

a few drops. The Cascade range of mountains form an eternal lofty barrier piercing the clouds, against whose evergreen western sides the watery clouds impinge and weep for the benefit of Webfoot. The clouds that float higher pass on, wrapping the denuded basalt of Mt. Hood in many a fathom of the purest white, and in winter dropping snowy down on Hood River valley from ten inches to four feet deep.

The atmosphere in summer, which, in Portland, is stagnant, damp and sultry, and at The Dalles is hot, arid and horrible, as that which sweeps the burning sands of Sahara, is balmy, soft and invigorating here; always cool enough to make it pleasant for harvesters, and cool down the combativeness of the rattlesnakes, which are numerous, as they lie basking in the sunshine, so that not one that I have heard of has bitten man or other brute here since the world began. People in passing up and down the Columbia have often told me they saw something different in the atmosphere as soon as they struck this valley, from anything they have seen elsewhere. The springs, though cold, sweet and clear as the fabled springs of Pagan Muses are impregnated with mineral, though not perceptible to the taste. I have a spring strong enough to run a mill; sweet cold and limpid, which nevertheless, turns all the wood that lies in its waters into solid stone in a few years. There is here, as in all other countries, a wide difference in the waters—for another spring that heads within thirty rods of this seems to be freighted with death to all who drink it. I once read in an old Latin book that waters partook of the character of the man who owned the land on which they took their rise. If this should be so, in Hood River or in the hills that surrounded the throne of Priam, the rule would have an exception, as also in the artesian wells of Michigan, where no two springs are alike in a single town, all healing, though only forty rods apart and owned by different men. Whether attributable to the water, the atmosphere, or to the pure society of Hood River, I cannot tell; but I do know that I have never yet struck a spot where invalids mend as they do here. Infirmity comes hobbling on crutches; and often, though aged and spine crooked, flings away its wooden

supports, stands erect and goes away cured; or settles down and marries a young girl, and—would you believe it?—raises a family.

I said the climate was *sui generis*—I might say the same of the soil, or whatever it is that makes or orchards produce better apples than grow in the Willamette valley, superior peaches to those brought from California, finer almonds than come from Chili or Los Angeles, and all kinds of fruits you can mention, equal to any you can find outside of the tropics. The blight has however nearly ruined the peach crop for three years in succession, while the hard winter of 1879 has killed many of the almond trees. We live in hopes that the gods will cease frowning soon. There is no country on the face of the earth that has not its drawbacks. Hood River has its share, but as few as any other country I have yet seen. It is take everything into account, the brightest and best spot I have yet seen. The atmosphere reminds me of Chili in South America—so translucent that Mt. Adams, sixty miles away, and Mt. Hood, twenty-five miles distant, seem at your very door. Smoke and fog that intervene in the Willamette valley, and gives an indistinct outline, are unknown here; and we see these Mountain Kings, as they behold the distant snows of the Andes in Santiago, Chili, through an atmosphere that brings them to your very feet, and causes the artist to come here for the finest sketches he can get.

The scenery is, in my eye, superior, more grand, awful majestic and beautiful than anything I have witnessed on the Hudson, among the Andes, in the Sandwich Islands, or in the wilds of Central America. The loveliest and most enchanting is from Wind River Mountain, and Shell Rock opposite to it to Hood River. Arriving at Hood River Landing and reaching the bluff one mile back, you see Mt. Adams fifty miles to the north, white with eternal snow. White Salmon River, (named by the Indians from the fact that every fall it is so full of salmon with white flesh and destitute of fat, that you can scarcely put in a stick without touching one,) empties into the Columbia opposite the landing, while Hood River empties itself a mile above. The mountains on either side are covered with grass, with an occasional

clump of evergreen. Cattle, horses and sheep roam over the mountains, nibble at the bunch grass and grow fat. The scenery is to a poet's eye, beautiful, grand and lovely. To a man who is hunting a place to raise corn and hogs, it is not so attractive. This country seems to have been made for poets and invalids who seek for health and new life. A poet, even far from home and friends, may feel like Tom Moore, when standing on the banks of the Schuylkill:

"Oh nature, though blessed and bright are thy
rags,
O'er the brow of creation enchantingly thrown;
Yet faint are they to the lustre that plays,
In a smile from a heart that is fondly our own."

AN OREGON SUNRISE.

Last Wednesday morning, Dec. 8th, the lovers of the beautiful who were fortunate enough to have shaken the drowsy God of slumber from their eyelids, betimes, had the opportunity of witnessing one of the most brilliantly beautiful morning dawns that ever broke upon the sight of man. The air was as balmy as in spring-time, and light fleecy clouds floated in the Eastern horizon, growing gradually more dense towards the West till lost in a somber belt of dark and frowning clouds that spanned the extreme Western view. This was the aspect of the heavens just before sunrise. Soon long waves of dreamy light threw their beams upon the Eastern skies, tipping the cloudlet's edges with lines of golden splendor, heralding the approach of the god of day. The scene for the next few moments baffles the power of the pen or the artistic genius of the brush. Lighter grew the Eastern horizon and more densely dark and lowering frowned the Western. Now lines of light came creeping Westward and the whole mid-heavens shimmered in a field of kaleidoscopic beauty and golden grandeur. The whole of the horizon is blazed with gold and emerald flashings, as from East to West the King-God sent his shining lances to rift the angry and sodden clouds that mocked the inspiring scene. Fleecy clouds that hung below this dismal mass of rebellious vapor, blushed till from their leathery edges, globules of fire darted their piercing rays and hid the hideous presence of the enemies of the coming day. (*Nucleus*.)

A hundred families can find good homes in the different valleys on the North Chahalam, Clatsop county. The land is rich and some of it is entirely clear of timber.