

cleared out and graded and a fair plank road of cedar puncheons constructed to the summit. Thereafter the trade of the valley, both on the east and west side, was rapidly drawn to Portland. Persons coming from the East to engage in business naturally stopped at the head of ship navigation; and within two years from the commencement of the plank road, most of the present wealthy men of Portland had commenced here, empty-handed, to make their start in the world.

In the Winter of 1851-2 the seat of government was practically removed from Oregon City to Salem. At the same time its trade was diverted to Portland, and the old Mistress of the Pacific gradually retired from the contest and shrank into the ways and limits of a village.

For a few years afterwards, St. Helens, through the interested aid of the officers and agents of the then powerful Pacific Mail Company, kept up a struggle with Portland for the commercial emporium of the country. But with even this great odds against her, the position of Portland could not be seriously affected; and in a few years the company gave up the unprofitable contest, and abandoned their wharves and warehouses at St. Helens.

The problem of the emporium was solved by the construction of a practicable wagon road through the mountains on the west side of the river. By this means Portland was made the place where the ox-teams of the interior and "the ships of the sea" should first meet and exchange cargoes.

This commercial supremacy soon caused Portland merchants to do a thriving business, a few of the long-headed ones engaged in transportation enterprises, capital was attracted, railroads and steamship companies made this their headquarters and to-day the future of this city is no longer a matter of speculation. Immense capital is now centered here and substantial improvements are being continually pushed forward in and about the city. Blocks of store-houses, wharves, palatial residences, etc., are being added year by year, and whilst rival towns may from time to time spring up Portland will always remain the Oregon emporium.

THE Oregon Railway and Navigation Company give employment to over 5,000 men.

EASTERN OREGON SUMMER RESORTS.

As early as 1862 the waters of Hot Lake, in Union county, acquired an extensive local reputation for possessing all the healing properties of the famous mineral springs of the old world. Since that early day tourists and invalids by the hundreds have testified to their efficacy in eradicating many of the ills to which they have been heir. Pleasure excursionists and sight-seers are not less numerous who furnish wonderfully embellished reports of the pleasures of swims upon the lake, not forgetting to remind their hearers, by the rehearsal of numerous ridiculous instances, of the squirmings of swimmers who have tried it, that it is not good for the cuticle to venture too near the center of the lake, where the water bubbles up as if it actually came from a boiling cauldron. The lake is situated on the western side of the valley, about half way between La Grande and Uniontown. The proprietor has fitted up convenient bathing arrangements in connection with his hotel. In the southeastern corner of the valley, about twelve miles from the lake, are two tepid mineral springs, which are reputed to possess all the virtues in the healing line. The waters of these springs are not so warm as those of the lake, though the temperature is so much above that of the atmosphere as to make a bath in them a thing so delicious as to bear frequent repetition. The Cove proper is considered the best agricultural and fruit growing section in the valley. It is a region about eight miles long by three wide; is a sort of nook in the foothills, freer from wind than any other portion of the valley. It is settled by a thriving, industrious, hospitable people, who claim that their home is the most healthful spot east of the Cascade mountains. Just above the Cove, at a distance of five or six miles, rises Mount Fannie, a towering rock that stands sentinel upon the brow of the mountain range that borders the valley, where mountain-climbers can get their fill of exercise in gaining its summit. Arriving at the pinnacle they will find a tin box which was put there at the christening ten or a dozen years ago. This box is being filled with cards and pithy sayings of individuals who from year to year visit the spot, and is said to furnish much amusement to those who climb and read. The entire valley can be seen from the rock. The glistening towers of its five villages, the neatly white-painted farm houses, the checker-board appearance of its hundreds of fields of waving grain and grass, which, at this season of the year, are

arrayed in all the colors of nature, mingled with the shimmering waters of its many small lakes and the lazily creeping Grand Ronde river, which flows all round the margin of the valley, are sights which no Swiss glacier or Italian Etna exhibit to the admirer of nature's rarest, grandest sights. The river itself is a curiosity. Labyrinthian sinuosities are the words that describe its windings. Such crooked words could describe no other stream. Its meanderings excel the twists of the serpent's tail and in one place it defies definition, and actually crosses itself. Descending the mountain and going a distance of about $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles to the eastward of the Cove, the traveler reaches the Ninam, a clear running mountain stream, in which the few Coveites who visit the spot tell you they catch the speckled trout by the pound. They don't seem to think numbers sufficiently expressive, and they tell you that as a result of one or two operations with a "fly" or a grasshopper, they are ready to retire to their camp or their homes with from thirty to fifty pounds of trout. The average weight of the fish caught will be about half a pound. The hillsides en route to the mountains and the Minam abound with grouse and prairie chickens, which afford amusement to the "bird shot," and higher up the more ambitious hunter finds numerous elk, deer and mountain sheep. Returning again to the valley, the lover of duck shooting can find ample amusement in practising around the margins of the lakes, and the ladies and children of a party may amuse themselves in catching, with their hands, young ducks, geese, cranes, curlews and other wild water fowls that are hatched and found in great numbers in the vicinity of these lakes.

OUR DELIGHTFUL CLIMATE.

Oregon has been now settled by whites for over 40 years, and we have yet to hear of the very first case of sun-stroke, whilst men fall dead from intense heat in Eastern and European cities. The city resident almost anywhere in Oregon enjoys life and performs his daily routine of duties with pleasure, whilst laborers in the harvest field do their twelve to fourteen hours' work with ease. One peculiarity of our climate, which greatly increases health and comfort, is that when evening comes, even after the warmest days, the air is cool, and sleep is sound and refreshing. During most part of the month of August a fire in our sitting-room grate every morning and evening has felt rather comfortable. This climate, with its immunity from all extremes of heat and cold, is scarcely equalled on the face of the earth.