

VANCOUVER.

Vancouver, to my mind, is the pleasantest spot on this western coast, as it is also the oldest. It used to be the headquarters of the Hudson Bay Company, when that company was supreme from California to the North Pole. A prettier piece of land, or one better adapted for the purposes of commerce, could not have been selected. It lies on the north bank of the Columbia, a stream which drains a watershed nearly twice as large as France, being about 400,000 square miles; its distance from the ocean is about 95 miles, being six miles above the confluence of the Willamette, 18 miles by water from Portland, but only 6 miles from the same place by land. In low stages of water, that is to say when the river does not flood the low land, a steam ferry crosses the Columbia to the south shore, a distance of one mile and a half, every half hour. Not less than eight steamboat departures take place daily from Vancouver for Portland or for the up-river country. It is a point very convenient of access from every quarter.

This place is composed of two parts: one is the village proper or the business portion of the place, and aside from being located on the shores of the second river in the United States, a river celebrated for its important salmon fisheries which supply this delicious fish to every part of the United States and Europe, has little to distinguish it from many thrifty similarly or as favorably located in the western country. The streets are wide; the sidewalks are only planked along the lower part of Main street, for Vancouver, with its population of 2,790 with the garrison or 1,480 without it, is only a city in embryo. The town has a trim aspect and is growing, slowly, it is true, but steadily; real estate has never been here on the rampage; town property is held at this day at reasonable rates; those who invest in real estate will perhaps fail to make fortunes in a few years, but they may be pretty certain not to lose money on their investments. Vancouver, from its position, will always be a pleasant place to live in, and if the railroad from Kalama to Portland, which is to connect the latter place with the Sound, should pass through it, as there is good reason for believing it will, many people doing

business in Portland would come and reside here, this place being by far the more healthy of the two. Vancouver would naturally become to Portland what Oakland is to San Francisco or Evanston to Chicago. At present, the time required by the boat from here to Portland is about one hour and a half, whilst by rail it would only take 15 or 20 minutes, since the distance, as stated above, is only six miles by land.

But the great attractions of Vancouver consists in the barracks, this being the principal military post of the United States on this coast, as well as by far the handsomest also. Imagine an open front on the river for one mile with a southern aspect, a ground rising by a very uniform and easy grade and affording all the way a charming view of the noble Columbia, not only on the opposite bank to the hills back of Portland, but also up the imposing river for many miles—a lovely and extensive landscape having in its back-ground the towering form of Mount Hood, whose brow is covered with perpetual snow—add to this some thirty or forty neatly kept houses for officers' quarters, each with its climbing ivies, roses, wisterias and honey-suckles, each with its well kept flower-beds and its flowing water to keep the whole lot fresh during the summer droughts (for, be it said here, no place is better supplied with pure, cool, soft water than Vancouver village or barracks); add to all this a large and handsome parade ground of a quarter of a mile in breadth by three-quarters of a mile in length, with a fine carriage drive around it, a highly kept gravel walk along the neat picket fence in front of the houses; these, alone, would constitute a scene of loveliness hard to match in this western country.

But many other things still increase the natural attractions of this singularly lovely spot. Take your tea after your day's work is done; walk to the barracks; sit down upon one of the rustic seats built around the few towering children of the forest still left standing to remind you of the past; listen to the music of the military band, which rises like an anthem sung over the departing day; watch the growing shadows as they climb slowly up the hoary sides of Mount Hood, while the west is still ablaze with the burnished golden hues of the setting sun; watch the pale moon at its full as she majestically rises on

this beautiful scene, mirroring her image in the rapid river below; keep your ears open to the harmony of sound, your eyes open to the harmony of beauty; then you will seek your home with a heart intoxicated with happiness at thinking that the world is so fair. I have seen great cities, mountain scenery and roaring waterfalls, but nothing has ever reached the tender strings of my heart like the dying day at Vancouver barracks, while nature and man were vying with each other to captivate the senses with their manifold beauties.—G. DE NEVEU, in the *Milwaukee Wisconsin*.

LEWISTON, IDAHO.

Whatever may be the outcome of the numerous railroad schemes that are now being planned in our midst, the fact will remain unchanged that Lewiston is the key to the situation, that she commands the entrances to the treasure vaults of the far Northwest.

Lewiston is not an accidental location. It is not indebted for its existence to the laws of chance. It exists through the inexorable operation of natural laws. The original locators of the town site, with the unerring sagacity of pioneers, knew what they were about when they planted the germs of the present city. The town has not been sustained by the application of artificial stimulants to its nerves of trade; its growth, therefore, has been slow—very slow—but continuous, and it will be permanent because of its slow growth, for Nature herself does not favor the artificial transformation of any spot, whatever advantages she may have conferred upon it, into a thriving city in a year or a decade.

The slow growth of the city commends itself to our judgment as the most hopeful sign connected with its future. Lewiston has been identified with the country from the date of its first settlement; there is nothing ephemeral or temporary about it. Its foundations have been laid broad and deep, and they have been cemented with years of untiring industry. Established on such a basis, Lewiston has withstood the vicissitudes which characterize the era of the frontier; she has been tried by time, tested by fire and by sword, and her existence to-day is the strongest proof that she has not been and will not be wanting in the elements required to make a great city.—*Lewiston News*.