

# THE WEST SHORE.

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## SPECIMEN NUMBER.

Any one receiving this copy of THE WEST SHORE will please consider it an invitation to become a regular subscriber.

## THE TOURIST'S PARADISE.

The lover of nature in all its grandeur and varied splendor, whether of the simply picturesque or the solemnly sublime; whether of farm scene with green meadow, blue sky and crystal stream, or of towering mountains of snow, mighty battlements of rock frowning upon the silence below, thundering waterfalls or the rush of cascades, he has in Oregon and Washington a field of never-ending wonders and unsurpassed beauty. The Palisades and Crow's Nest of the Hudson river are splendid specimens of nature's handiwork, but with all the familiarity given them by artists, photographers and enthusiastic writers who would have us believe that after Niagara Falls nothing compares with the New York river for sublimity of scenery, these points like all others too much advertised, are a disappointment, and in reality lack the principal feature of natural beauty. The rugged wildness of the Columbia is not there and the loveliness of its blue transparent waters not to be seen. Where the Hudson possesses one or two landmarks worth a tourist's visit, the Columbia has a hundred—aye more; from the time the lighthouse on Cape Hancock is passed until the sands of Wallula break the charm, the Columbia is one continuous chain of ever-beautiful visions. The map usually laid out for tourists in the east embraces a trip to Watkins' Glen, the Delaware Water Gap, and a view of the Horseshoe in the Alleghenies, Niagara Falls, Lake George, the White Mountains, the St. Lawrence river, Saratoga and a steamboat trip on the Hudson—truly a circuitous and extended route. So it is in Europe. For river scenery you must go to the muddy Rhine, and its historic though tame appearing banks; for mountain views to the home of Mont Blanc and the alleged *Pas Mauvais* in Switzerland; and for impressive coast

pictures to Norway and the Giant's Causeway in the north of Ireland. While nature has not forgotten Europe, her gifts have been sporadic, and the tourist must make long journeys should he wish to compass them. They undoubtedly exist, but they are so widely scattered that the traveler becomes worn out in his search for them. Even in Switzerland, there is nothing worthy of note to be seen after one leaves Chamounix, until he arrives at Interlaken; but here in Oregon our beauties crowd each other, are close at hand and strung together like a necklace of jewels.

In this issue of our magazine we have endeavored to give an idea of the versatility and majesty of the scenery that is all within a few hours travel of Portland. Of course we cannot print everything, or anything like it, that attracts the attention of visitors in search of natural beauties, without reproducing one immense panorama of both banks of the Columbia and Willamette rivers. Our province is simply to give an idea to the people abroad of the loveliness of an almost untraversed field in store for them, and to show how peculiarly fortunate is the position of Oregon's metropolis in the very heart of wonderland. With the single exception of Yellowstone Park there is no place in the world where nature has attired herself in more wonderful and varied beauty in a smaller scope of territory.

Our pictures in this issue of the WEST SHORE represent Cape Hancock at the entrance of the Columbia river, Cape Horn, Multnomah Falls, Rooster Rock, Castle Rock and the old Block House on the Columbia, and views on the White House Road and of the canal around the falls at Oregon City, on the Willamette. These views were taken in a hap-hazard style from among hundreds that offered, and while the selection may not seem to be artistically made, they are sufficient to give an idea at least of the natural beauties that surround Portland. "See Naples and die," was written before civilization had forced its way to the lordly Columbia. The writer has trav-

eled very considerably in his life, and has been on the principal rivers of Europe and this country, but no where has he seen so much splendor, grandeur and beauty combined as on the Columbia.

At its mouth Cape Hancock stands, a mighty sentinel of everlasting rock, bathed on one side by the virgin Columbia and lashed by loud surges of the Pacific on the other. A fine beacon surmounts the cape, and its welcome light can be seen for twenty miles at sea, while great black guns frown from among the firs their ever-ready protection. But a stone's throw from the sea beaten rocks, to the leeward of the cape, quietly rests the military post, called Fort Canby, after General Canby of Modoc celebrity, smiling in the genial sunshine. How like life it is! On one side the poor storm-tossed soul is dashed hither and thither, a constant struggle for existence, while but a span away on the other is the haven of safety where every thing is peace and happiness forever. Baker's bay, as the little cove is called on the east side of the cape, is a safe and deep harbor, and is often used as an anchoring place by ocean steamers and ships awaiting favorable tides. The fortifications at Ft. Canby are a constant source of interest to visitors at the cape, who are especially numerous during the summer season. It has been truly said, that while Cape Hancock is a barrier against storms it is also a guide for the waters of the Columbia, and that if nature had only erected a similar head of land on the other side of its mouth, on the Oregon side of the river, the terrors of the Columbia bar would be unknown, for the bar would have no existence.

Another beautiful feature of the Columbia is Multnomah Falls, but a few miles from Portland, which we faithfully portray in this number, with a view of the O. R. & N. Co's steamer Wide West in the foreground. Falling from a height of 800 feet, the visitor at this point of interest is liable to be drenched in spray, often when quite a distance from the main body of water. At the foot of the falls the growth of fir and other trees is very dense, and from a distance the picture is presented