

net to remain on the bottom just eight minutes by the watch, and when it was time to pull up it took three men to lift it and its contents into the boat. There were crabs of all stages and conditions of crustaceous life. Little ones, middle-sized, and actual giants; some of which ~~lives were~~ covered with barnacles, veterans, stars, perhaps, as many had lost one or more legs in some life and death contest for supremacy, years before—all snapping, crawling, squirming and chewing at one another's limbs in one great tangled mass. Two castings of this net—and after throwing overboard all the small ones—yielded fully one hundred big red-backed crabs, with legs on them as large as turkey's thighs. Should a man want to go into the business of canning crabs, he could find a splendid field for operations in Tillamook bay. The big pot in our parlor (?) was utilized to boil them in, and notwithstanding we gave quantities away, we had crabs plain, crab salad, and deviled crabs until we all grew "sick and tired" of it. Porgie, smelt, tom-cod, flounder and rock cod fishing in the bay is excellent, and but little time need be spent in catching a big string. Every afternoon a gentle breeze springs up, and if nothing more inviting is "on the carpet," a pleasant boat-sail may be had, to the different points of interest on the bay, to such classic spots as Ox-bow Bend and Jawbone. Yet to store for the visitor is a night with the salmon fisherman, a visit to the oyster beds, and a berrying campaign among the mountains and along the creeks.

Tillamook is Barnegat, and plenty more besides. It not only has all the attractions incident to salt water, but has about streams right at hand, and mountain pleasures running up from the very beach. There is no place on the Atlantic coast like this. You stand among trout streams and oyster beds, surf runs and surf-bathing, grouse shooting and clam bottoms. At Tillamook the mountain and the beach have met—the salt sea and the crystal beach have kissed and become as one.

We understand that a steamer will sail to Garibaldi next summer, which doubtless will take many passengers to the sportsman's elysium. To vary our route instead of returning by schooner, we will take the "buckboard" at Hoquaston, Tillamook Landing and Lincoln are

other names for the same place) and crossed the mountains to North Yamhill, where I took train for the metropolis. Fully a third of the journey to North Yamhill is climbing mountains, and notwithstanding the fact that you pay for a ride, the driver is very determined that you shall walk whenever the road assumes an "upward tendency." This is the only drawback that I know of to Tillamook, as a summer resort. My few weeks on the Tillamook Land Spit, with genial A. B. Hallock for a host, whose generous hospitality was a constant flood of sunshine, will be treasured as one of the brightest memories in a happy life, and no opportunity shall escape me to sound its just praises.

THE FUTURE FARM OF WESTERN OREGON AND WESTERN WASHINGTON.

BY REV. G. H. ATKINSON.

ITS OWNER.

The true American farm must be owned by the man who cultivates it. It will not be possible to have a profitable tenantry in the United States, especially in the new States and Territories. Great Britain's profitable tenant farming grew out of feudal ideas and habits, which have now so far faded out there, that the idea of personal ownership gains and gives the best promise of relief to the present distress of land owner and tenant in Ireland, Scotland and England. The Southern planter was a feudal lord and his vassals were slaves; but the plantations are in process of division and the freedmen are becoming citizens and land owners. The revolution broke feudalism into fragments in France, and all their peasantry became small farmers, each one cultivating his own two, or five, or ten or forty acres, making every acre rich, and winning a support and more for himself and family. In the aggregate those small farmers have through personal ownership added many hundred per cent. to the wealth and power of France, and have wrought out a grand Republic from the decomposing fragments of Monarchy, Oligarchy and Aristocracy. Germany has been passing through a quieter process towards the same result.

In Russia emancipation has been the signal for the same thing in future. Our own States cannot go back to feudalism, or peasant life, or tenantry, or to

plantations, worked by slaves, or even to vast estates tilled by hired laborers. The drift of thought and habit is for the farmer to own his farm. This has been true in Western Oregon, even under the grant of a half section each to husband and wife to the first pioneers; and of a quarter section each to the second flow of immigrants, and now under the grant of a 160-acre homestead. Our Nation stamps personal ownership, by the people, upon its land policy. Western Oregon has emerged from the stock range policy and has quietly yielded to the home and farm policy. There are a few large land owners, but their estates will be divided, and this whole area of 100 by 490 miles will be a region of farms under the hand and care of their owners.

THEIR SIZE.

In a recent address (1879) before the American Agricultural Association, Hon. George B. Loring, U. S. Commissioner of Agriculture, remarked that, "The tenant farmers of Great Britain, the peasantry of Russia, the farmers of Germany, the small land holders of France, the agricultural citizens of the United States, all represent one industry, yet how widely they differ in everything which goes to make up a man's condition as an intelligent being and as a member of some form of state and society! * * * The great question now occupying the minds of those interested in the welfare of civilized man as a member of society, is—How can the comfort, prosperity and intelligence of the agricultural population be best subserved and promoted? England discusses the welfare of the tenant farmer. Russia considers the condition of the recently emancipated serfs and France is interested in the prosperity of an unambitious, industrious, frugal body of small land-holders and cultivators.—The American goes further and enquires: 'How can an American farmer, occupying a farm of usual dimensions here, discharge his duty to the state as a voter and tax payer, and gratify his desires with regard to the education of his family, the comfort and culture of his home and the informing of his own mind and the gratification of his tastes, from the income, which he can derive from the cultivation of the land?' And this is the American problem of to-day."

This is the problem of the farmer in Western Oregon and Western Wash-