



ONE continuous panorama passes before the eye of the traveler on the Northern Pacific R. R., as he is whirled along lovely valleys, over iron bridges spanning crystal rivers, through tunnels dark as Erebus, and across gigantic trestles high above mountain torrents that foam and roar in their rocky channels below. From the time he leaves the banks of the Willamette until he arrives at the falls of the gentle Minnehaha and hears the rippling laughter of its waters, objects to excite his wonder and admiration flit by in endless procession. They fill his waking hours with pleasant thoughts, and stop not their steady march while his eyes are sealed with the fogs of sleep. Such is the view presented to him who simply passes over the line; but to him who has the time to visit the great wonders of nature's handiwork that lie on either side, what an inviting field is opened! All that is dormant of art and poetry within him is aroused, and down the long vale of life his thoughts fondly turn to those inspiring scenes, until their sublimity fades forever in the tomb, or is merged in the greater wonders of another world.

To partially draw the veil from before these scenes is the province of this journal. So great is the region, and so many are the objects to be described, that the writer is compelled to be as succinct as possible, knowing that word-pictures from the most gifted pen could present them but imperfectly. He will pass quickly over the route, describing the general features of the country on either side, and calling attention to the chief objects of interest or wonder. Let the reader take down his map and follow him in all his wanderings, for he will often stray many miles from the narrow track of iron that binds together the Mississippi and the Willamette.

Portland and its suburbs we will make no effort to describe. Its advantages as a railroad center, its volume of local and wholesale trade, its business blocks, public buildings and