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TRAVELING AGENT.

CRAIGIE SHARP, JR., is a duly authorized traveling agent of THE WEST SHORE.

HOW LONG?

How long must we suffer from the misrepresentation of travelers who skim over the country in a palace car, and fondly imagine that from the car window they see everything the land contains? How such men can deem themselves competent to express an opinion it is difficult to imagine, yet in their insufferable conceit they air their views in their home newspapers, and these silly vapors are swallowed by their neighbors as the matured judgment of one who has "been there and knows all about it." A copy of the *Winnipeg Times* lies on our table, in which is printed an interview of some length with Mr. John Peter Grant, evidently a man of enough prominence to have his three names given in full. The gentleman had just returned from an extended tour of *three weeks* through the northwest, traveling only 5,000 miles by rail, and became so well informed about this country that he finds it necessary to take Boise City, the capital of Idaho, out of that territory and set it down at some indefinite point in Oregon. The extent of his observations in this region can be judged when he says: "Through Washington territory and Oregon, which have lately been advertised so extensively, the land has the same arid, dry appearance (as Montana), and nothing can be raised without the aid of irrigation." There are lands, and splendid ones too, lying west of the Columbia that require irrigating, but the section through which Mr. Grant passed, and it is of course that of which he speaks, produced this season over 6,000,000 bushels of magnificent wheat, varying from twenty to forty-five bushels per acre, not one of which was the result of irrigation. If he had exercised his tongue half as freely in asking questions while traveling as he has since his return in revealing his erroneous conclusions, he would have learned these facts and many more to his advantage; but no, he gazes from the car window and that is enough. Across eastern Washington the Northern Pacific follows the dry bed of ancient watercourses, for obvious reasons, to the mouth of Snake river, and then down the sandy bank of the Columbia to Portland; all is apparently a desert, yet back from the road a few miles are thousands upon thousands of cultivated fields, not one of which knows the use of an irrigating ditch, while in the scores of towns and small cities are mammoth warehouses filled to the roof with sacks of grain. Mr. Grant reminds us forcibly of the snobbish English tourist, who just takes "a run over to America, you naw," saps at Delmonico's, visits the Chicago stock yards, makes a flying trip to the Yosemite, and then returns to England to write a book about the manners and customs of America. Indeed, it is a relief if he does not inflict upon us a complete history of the United States from the reign of Cosmo to the reign of Ben Butler.

While we are on this subject we must pay our respects to another class, and this is the "correspondent." He travels and writes, or writes and travels, it makes but little difference which, and regales his paper with choice extracts from immigration pamphlets, "boom" circulars, etc., that are thrust into his hand. We have no desire to discourage enterprise among journalists, and have no doubt that the "traveling correspondent" is a fine institution; but it does seem to us that these letters could be prepared to greater advantage in the editorial rooms at home, where desk room is more ample and the paste pot handier.

OREGON AND CALIFORNIA RAILROAD.

One of the most important lines in the system of transportation created by Mr. Villard, and the one that was the original foundation upon which he erected the present huge combination, is the Oregon & California railroad. In the winter of 1865-6 Simon G. Elliott procured from congress a land grant subsidy for a line of railroad running from Portland to Sacramento. That portion of the grant lying in the state of California, belonging to the California & Oregon Company, fell under the control of the Central Pacific managers, and was built as far as Redding in the edge of the mountains at the head of Sacramento valley, which has been the northern terminus for a number of years.

Mr. Elliott came to Oregon and incorporated a company which was in 1870 declared by the legislature of this state to be the one which should enjoy the franchise and land grant made by congress. Ben Holladay & Co. was the firm name of the managers of this enterprise, and by the sale of bonds at fifty per cent., they constructed the road 200 miles south from Portland, stopping at Roseburg in the Umpqua valley. On the west side of the Willamette a line was built as far as St. Jo., in Yamhill county, and subsequently extended to Corvallis. Much expensive litigation attended the operations of Ben Holladay & Co., and the business done by the completed portion being unremunerative, the road, land grant and franchise were turned over to the German bondholders, who sent Mr. Villard here to look after their interests. Out of confusion he brought order, and transformed a bankrupt railroad into a paying enterprise. The history of his success and the steps he has taken to combine the transportation lines of the northwest into one grand, comprehensive system, are too well known to require comment.

The Oregon & California road runs from Portland up the east side of the Willamette to Harrisburg, where it crosses the river and continues south through the Calapooia mountains to Roseburg, in the Umpqua valley, which was until recently the operating terminus. A line also runs up the west side of the river to Corvallis, and is now being extended to Junction City, connecting with the main line.

About a year ago an agreement was entered

into by Mr. Villard and the managers of the Central Pacific to extend their roads north and south to a junction at the Oregon and California boundary line, and work is now being vigorously pushed at both ends. Already the road has been extended south through the Umpqua and Rogue river mountains to Grant's pass, on the confines of Rogue river valley, and grading is progressing in the valley itself, so that its completion to Ashland before spring is expected. Owing to the necessity of tunneling Siskiyou mountain, a work which will not be executed before August, 1884, Ashland will remain the terminus for a number of months. The Central Pacific has already progressed some twenty miles beyond Redding and will be at the south end of the long tunnel ready to join tracks as soon as that great work is finished.

On the line of the extension the Oregon & California has constructed many tunnels, some of them several thousand feet in length, besides the immense one through Siskiyou mountain upon which work is now being considerably advanced at both ends, and as there are also a number on that portion being constructed by the Central Pacific, this could properly be called the great tunnel route of America. The scenery along the line is grand in the extreme, more so than on any other road of equal length. Following up the river through the beautiful valley of the Willamette, the Coast Range and Cascade mountains rising on either hand, with the snowy crests of Hood, Jefferson and the Three Sisters towering above them, the road enters the Calapooia mountains and traverses a series of mountain-locked valleys to the Umpqua. It follows up the winding arms of the valley and along Cow creek, through tunnel after tunnel and crossing numerous high trestles, till it issues from the rocky canyons and enters the sunny valley of Rogue river, walled in by encircling mountains. Crossing this in full view of the white dome of Mount Pitt, it gradually climbs the steep side of Siskiyou mountain until it plunges into its dark interior and appears on the other side. This is the end of the Oregon & California.

From that point the branch of the Central Pacific continues south across the turbulent Klamath and through Shasta valley, skirting along the western base of Mount Shasta, the frost-crowned monarch of the Sierra Nevada, and following down the canyon of the Sacramento river, enters the head of Sacramento valley, which it follows midway between the Sierra Nevada and the mountains of the Coast Range, to its junction with the main line at Sacramento City. Taken in connection with the grand scenery of the Columbia river and along the Northern Pacific, this can not fail to be the favorite route of travel between the east and San Francisco. We present five engravings of the scenery along the newly-completed portion south of Roseburg, which are an indication of what the traveler beholds along the whole route. The canyon of Cow creek, the gorge at the crossing of the same stream, limestone trestle, Rock cut near Roseburg, and a view across the mountains looking south from Tunnel eight, are given.