

a land of wonders, which the tireless iron horse renders accessible to the feeblest in health and the poorest in purse. The tide has turned, and the lover of nature now bends his steps toward the Pacific, bringing with him the tourist from across the Atlantic, to view marvels and beauties of nature such as are not to be seen in the Old World.

Having come to the Pacific coast by one of the hot, dusty and cheerless routes to the southward, and having visited the points of interest in California, the tourist may return by the more enjoyable routes leading eastward from Portland, and view the enchantments of the Columbia. Taking, at San Francisco, one of the fine iron steamers which ply between that city and Portland, he sails for forty hours along the coast of California and Oregon, the *Nova Albion* of Sir Francis Drake, and arrives off the mouth of the Columbia, just after passing the picturesque light house on Tillamook rock. Crossing the heaving bar, midway between the bold promontory of Cape Hancock, and Point Adams, the low, sandy extension of the south bank of the river, the steamer enters the stream, and, passing through the white-winged fleet of salmon boats, is soon secured to the dock at Astoria, ten miles above the bar. The view from Astoria across the broad estuary of the Columbia, filled with the darting sails of the salmon fleet, to where Cape Disappointment juts far out into the ocean, is one never to be forgotten.

Leaving Astoria, the steamer rounds Tongue point and ascends the river between high and verdant banks, the fir-clad mountains closing in on the stream on either hand. For miles the eye roves over high mountains and endless forests, catching, here and there, a glimpse of some beautiful, snow-covered peak. The steamer passes numerous canneries, saw mills, wood landings, fishing boats, river

craft of all kinds, towering cliffs, wooded islands, and a multitude of natural objects which claim the traveler's constant attention, until, ninety miles from the sea, it enters the Willamette, and ascends that stream twelve miles, to Portland, the social and commercial metropolis of the Pacific Northwest, a bustling city of about forty thousand population.

Several days may be profitably spent in Portland. A trip should be taken to Robinson's hill, on a bright, sunny afternoon, where can be had a grander view of snow-capped mountains, hills, valleys and rivers than can be found elsewhere in the world.

From Portland eastward, the tourist has the choice of ascending the Columbia in one of the fast river steamers, as far as The Dalles, where connection is made with the train, or he may journey the entire distance by rail, and view the scenery from the car window. The former is, by all means, preferable. At seven o'clock in the morning the steamer backs from the dock and drops rapidly down the Willamette to its mouth, and turning eastward, begins the ascent of the Columbia. At this point is presented a remarkable sight. Five snow-clad peaks, dressed in robes of eternal white, glistening in the morning sun, call for the deepest admiration.

From this point, the scenes of beauty and grandeur pass before the observer in one continuous procession. Now on this side and now on that his eye is directed, and before he is through gazing upon one object, his attention is attracted to another. He passes, in succession, the Pillars of Hercules, Rooster rock, a basaltic mass of queer formation, rising abruptly from the water's edge; Cape Horn, a towering cliff of rock a thousand feet high, around which the river runs, washing its very base, and down whose castellated sides, where spires and minarets have been carved by the elements,