

CAPE HORN AND CASTLE ROCK.

Two objects familiar to the tourist who takes the delightful steamboat ride up the Columbia river from Portland to the cascades, are the rocky bluff of Cape Horn and the pinnacle of Castle Rock, both standing on the north,



CAPE HORN, COLUMBIA RIVER.
From Photo. by McAlpin & Lamb, Portland, Oregon.

or Washington, side of the river. Among the pioneer navigators of the Columbia were many who had come "dot Horn around," when seeking the golden sands of California, though, doubtless, the most of them were between-decks when their vessel was pitching and tossing in the tempestuous seas that continually beat upon the rocky strand of Terra del Fuego from the Atlantic to the Pacific. But there were enough of them who "had their sea legs on" to a sufficient extent to be on deck during the passage of the Horn, and those felt inclined ever after to "horn" everything that would bear the name with any grace whatever. Consequently it was no wonder that the title was bestowed upon that bold, basaltic cliff jutting out into the Columbia at a bend in the stream, against whose base the white caps leap when the wind blows strongly either up or down the river, and about which every breeze scatters the falling spray from numerous little rivulets that pour over the edge of the cliff and leap downward along the grooves of its columned and castellated sides. The steamer passes close to the base of the bluff, which rises above the water to a great height, and the traveler, as he gazes up at its rough and creviced face, wet with the flying spray, not a little of which he may himself receive if the vessel be unusually close, feels dwarfed indeed.

Castle Rock, like all the cliffs, bluffs and pinnacles along the gorge of the Columbia, is a mass of basalt. It rises fully a thousand feet in one piece of gracefully-shaped rock, large trees growing from the dirt-filled crevices on its top and sides, and is a land mark visible for a long distance along the river.

It is situated on the low ground a short distance below the cascades, and at quite a distance from the high bluffs further back from the stream, standing alone as a memento of former times and topographic conditions, and an evidence of the great changes that must have been wrought by the forces of nature since it was a part of the general basaltic mass that covered the face of that region.

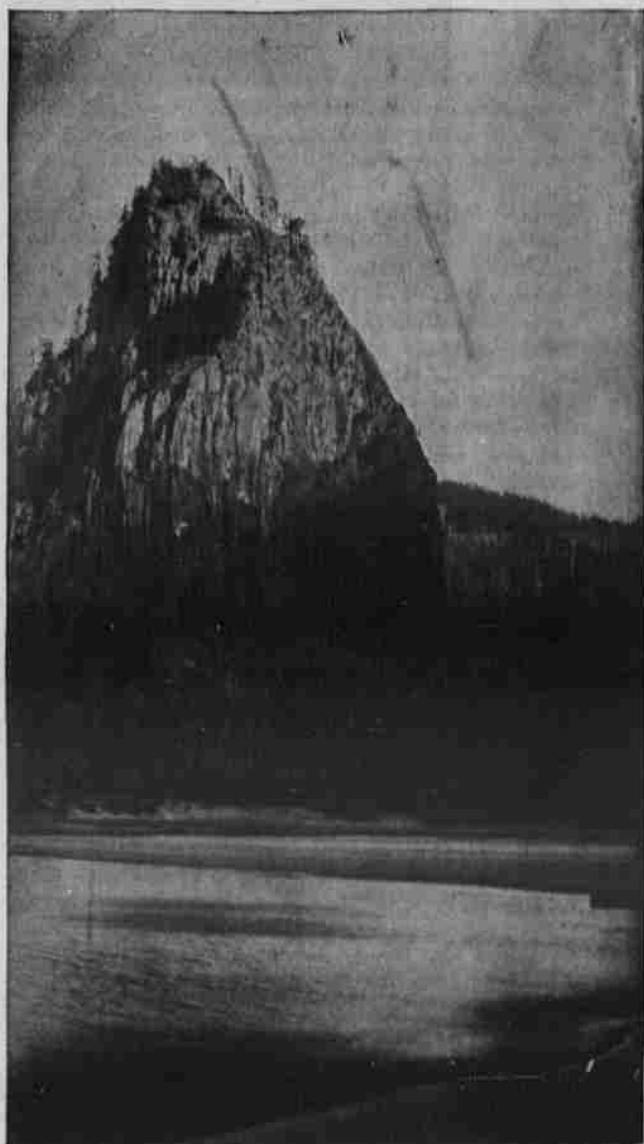
OREGON STATE FLOWER.

THE DALLES, OREGON, March 23, 1891.

Editor WEST SHORE:

Having read several small articles in your paper concerning state flowers, and noticing that California's state flower is the yellow poppy, and that Washington wants the wild clover, I think the wild syringa would be an appropriate flower for Oregon. It is one of the most desirable of flowering shrubs, and its fragrance and beauty make it a universal favorite. It is known all over our beautiful state and is commonly called orange flower. Its petals are of a satiny whiteness, with yellow stamens and lovely green leaves, but in the catalogues it is known as *Syringa (Philadelphus)*. It grows in the rockiest of places, on bluffs, where its beautiful, snowy petals make the rugged rocks seem less homely, and its perfume is delicious to the senses. It is also found near streams, and has large blossoms when it has plenty of water. I think it would be very desirable for the state flower of old Oregon—the state of my nativity. I have found it in Eastern, Western, Northern and Southern Oregon, and for that reason, if for no other, I think it appropriate. I would like to hear from others through THE WEST SHORE on this subject.

MRS. J. M. FILLOON.



CASTLE ROCK, COLUMBIA RIVER.
From Photo. by McAlpin & Lamb, Portland, Oregon.