

THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST.

A GRAPHIC AND ENTERTAINING DESCRIPTION OF THIS OCCIDENTAL EMPIRE.

AN IMMIGRANT'S TOUR OF OREGON AND WASHINGTON, WITH GLIMPSES OF IDAHO AND MONTANA.

SCENERY, SOIL, CLIMATE, PRODUCTIONS, PROSPECTS AND POSSIBILITIES.

A VAST COUNTRY AWAITING SETTLEMENT AND DEVELOPMENT—HOMES FOR THE MILLION.

Had the early settlers of the North American Continent been guided by the hand of destiny around the world and over the Pacific Ocean to the mouth of the great River of the West; had they discovered the American Occident instead of its Orient; if, instead of planting their footsteps upon the inhospitable shores of bleak New England, or in the malarial swamps of Virginia and North Carolina, their first discovery had been the San Francisco peninsula, and their second the Columbia River, with its balmy air and vernal headlands, Virginia would not yet be the "Mother of Presidents," the Carolinas would still be comparatively unknown, and the greater part of rigorous New England would now be a howling wilderness, while the Pacific Slope would be a vast succession of cultivated parks and ever-blooming gardens. But the mysterious Wisdom that moulds the destinies of nations had decreed that this natural garden of the globe, this empire of coming centuries, known as the Pacific Northwest, that now comprises the State of Oregon and the Territories of Washington, Idaho and Montana, should be held in reserve for the occupancy of the physically weaker descendants of the hardy pioneers of past generations, who battled fearlessly with the fiercer elements of the Eastern Slope and rescued civilization from the rude blasts and icy clutches of hyperborean climates.

The senior editor of this journal proposes, in this sketch of the Pacific Northwest,

To give a concise and accurate description of those parts of this great country over which she has traveled by stage, rail and steamer, within the past few years, and especially of those parts that offer, in her opinion, the best inducements to immigrants, whether their calling be agricultural, pastoral or mechanical. These limits comprise all the broad geographical area reaching from the British possessions on the north to the California line on the south, and from the Rocky Mountains on the east to the Pacific Ocean on the west. Within the boundaries of this vast area are to be found every variety of soil and climate on the globe, except the extreme torrid. Here also may be found the grandest scenery of the earth and the most varied. Homes for the million are yet to be made within the great arid gold-bearing region known as the Snake River basin of Idaho, where semi-tropical productions of every variety flourish with astonishing luxuriance, where rains seldom fall, and where the desert-like lands only need irrigation to awaken and prolong their marvelous fruitfulness. Montana, too, with her diversified country and more northern latitude, affords superior facilities for settlement because of her vast resources, which are now being brought into notice by the Northern Pacific Railroad. But it is of

OREGON AND WASHINGTON

That this article would more particularly treat. Let the reader, who has not crossed the continent (as did the writer, in 1852,) with long lines of lazy oxen dragging for six weary months their interminable trains of white-topped wagons over league after league of rocky, perilous and dusty roads, but has been whirled along over the great plains in a few days in a palace car, now step with us upon the palatial ocean steamer Oregon, that lies at her dock inside the Golden Gate. The passengers are all aboard, and our good ship is loosed from her moorings and goes bounding through the Pacific Ocean's deep green billows, past Point Arenas, beyond the Farallones, along the billowy, treeless coast of California, and still further northward, till she reaches the wooded steeps of the Oregon shore and finds herself inside the vernal borders of the great rain-girt slope between the Cascade Mountains and the sea. Off shore lies the mighty ocean, as if asleep in the horizon's lap, its regular breathings watched over in tenderness by the patient moon as the night advances. Off to the landward the Coast Mountains rise in tree-crowned beauty, guarded at the breakers' edges by basaltic rocks that stand as hoary sentinels at their feet. We pass Port Orford, Cape Blanco, the bays of Coos and Yaquina, and gaze at last in silent admiration upon Tillamook Rock, with its flashing light, at whose foot the ravening breakers roar and surge. Yonder is the jutting promontory of

TILLAMOOK HEAD,

A great fir-clad apparition of immortality, bathing its hooded brow in the salt sea spray of the ages. It is morning now, and our steamer proudly rides the heaving waters of the deep, as with sullen, angry roar they dispute the right of way with the broad Columbia, majestic River of the West, who ceaselessly dashes his white-capped head against the shaggy-browed surf that angrily opposes his progress. We are just outside the Columbia Bar, and great is our surprise to find that this advertised terror of navigators is scarcely more violently agitated as we enter its channel than the open sea beyond. Away to our left is the boldly outlined promontory of Disappointment, latterly known as Cape Hancock, at its summit a first-class revolving light, at its feet the north channel, bounded by surf-beaten rocks and guarded by mammoth mounted ordnance, shielded by earthen parapets. We have entered by the south channel, and close at hand on our right are the lower lands of Point Adams, crowned by a conspicuous lighthouse, and Fort Stevens, a military post, feebly guarded by antiquated guns. The majestic river dashes our steamer's sides and plays fantastic tricks with its hidden wheel, but its steam on through the mighty stream, whose

wooded slopes, even in mid Winter, are bathed in the balmy atmosphere of Spring.

YONDER WHITE-ROBED TOWN,

Sitting like an angel of peace upon the serrated sides of a blackened clearing, her brow in the clouds and her feet on piles in the water, is Astoria, a city of the future, her wharves lined with shipping and her wings flanked by great canneries, from which the famous Columbia River salmon go out to the remotest markets of the earth. Across the river, miles away, are the famous lumber mills of Knappton, from which dense volumes of smoke and steam are continually rising both day and night. On and on the steamer goes, up the Columbia for a hundred miles, when she reaches a peninsula of wooded, undulating lowlands, past which the Willamette River runs, discharging her wealth of living waters in the lap of the great River of the West. Our steamer turns the peninsula's point and plows her way up the Willamette for a dozen miles to her Portland dock, where she settles herself for a siesta while her numerous attendants unload her stores and her passengers lose themselves in the growing city. In 1852, when the writer first saw

THE CITY OF PORTLAND,

There was little here except a dense fir forest, with here and there a clearing yet full of blackened stumps. There were several business houses, where trade was brisk, and a number of temporary buildings for family dwellings, with a noticeable preponderance of boarding houses and gambling dens. Initial steps had been taken to establish the schools and churches that have since grown into prosperity and permanence. There were no regular sidewalks or public street lamps, and the visitor carried away vivid recollections of the abounding mud. Portland has since grown into a city of over 20,000 inhabitants, is the point where all the great railroads of the present and the future are to meet, and her maritime interests control the entire commerce of the Pacific Northwest. Her schools are second to none in North America, her civilization is of the highest order, and her wealth is enormous.

After our immigrant has learned these facts, let him stop for the night at one of the many city hotels, and he will find good accommodations with all the modern improvements. We will meet in the morning, by pre-arrangement, at the ticket office of the Oregon and California Railroad Company, and will start together for a trip through the Willamette Valley, our first destination Roseburg, two hundred miles away. Our immigrant has heard so much about the

RAINS OF OREGON

That he is surprised to see the sun ride proudly up the horizon, bathing the hoary summit of Mount Hood in rose-colored billows of glory. Filmy fleeces of grayish fog are creeping up the forest-clothed sides of the lesser mountains, and gossamer sheets of the same ethereal fleecy-work hang over the lowlands in patches, between which the warm sunshine shimmers unimpeded upon rank fields of winter wheat, on which contented flocks are feeding. Oregon City, Salem, Albany and Eugene are passed in turn, and hamlets, towns and villages of lesser note are seen at brief intervals. Farm-houses abound, and orchards; and meadow lands stretch away into little valleys. Level prairies are encountered here, billowy hills, dark green forests yonder, diversified occasionally by dense groves of undergrowth. The timber in sight is principally oak and fir, the latter predominating. Our immigrant is enraptured at the sight of the fir trees, so large and tall and stately are they. But a fellow traveler cools his enthusiasm by calling them "mere saplings," and bids him wait for tall timber till he sees the forests of the Cascade Mountains or Puget Sound.

"Two hundred feet's no height for a tree in this country," he remarks, with as little show of boasting as possible. Our immigrant is reliably informed that good lands, well watered, with alternate timber and prairie at convenient intervals, and capable of producing excellent harvests of fruits, cereals and vegetables, can be had all along the railroad at reasonable distances from stations, the prices ranging from

\$2 50 to \$50 00 PER ACRE,

According to location and improvements; that the climatic extremes of the Eastern coast are entirely wanting here; that the Summer nights are always cool, and the Winters never excessively cold; that he will grow to like the humid atmosphere, and, as his years advance, will learn to long for rain when lowering weather ceases. He will learn by gratified experience that the rainy seasons, of which the temporary visitor to the Willamette Valley usually complains to the outside world, are not the terror he has been led to imagine. And yet, the climate is excessively humid in Winter along the coast, and also in the great valleys between the Coast and Cascade mountain ranges. There is rain enough to make the unmade roads of a new country very muddy and disagreeable, and to keep them so till the Summer sunshine comes to the rescue. But the same humidity that spoils the roads bathes the mountains in perpetual green, and so fructifies the valleys that crops never fail, and all the abundant and varied products of the soil are of the very best quality.

Arriving at Roseburg, the present terminus of the O. & C. R. R., our immigrant will find a busy town nestled among the undulating foothills that border the Umpqua River Valley, where he may mount the box of a Concord coach belonging to the Oregon and California Stage Company, and after proceeding southward for a hundred miles through narrow, well-watered valleys bordered by picturesque forest-covered mountain ranges, he will find himself in the broad and beautiful

VALLEY OF ROGUE RIVER,

Above the rain belt of the Willamette region, in a Paradise of the coming railroad era, but now and hitherto so isolated from the world's great thoroughfares as to be comparatively unknown and unappreciated, except for its gold fields, which have from time to time produced enormous yields, and, as the country grows older, are doubtless destined to prove of greater and more permanent value than ever.

A branch stage line will pick us up at Ashland, another busy inland town of a few hundred inhabitants and amazing prosperity, and from here we may cross a spur of the Cascade mountain range and pay a visit to the great grazing uplands of Lake country. Here is one of the stock-growers' goals and shepherds' havens, of which the Pacific Northwest boasts so much. It is broad enough in area for a State, and varied enough in scenery and

climate to suit everybody. The range is inexhaustible. The Winters are dry and cold, but the facilities for making and preserving hay for stock are unrivaled. We would gladly linger for a longer time among the beautiful and varied scenes of this enchanted land, but our time is limited, and we return by the same route to Roseburg. It is raining now, and our immigrant can see a

WESTERN OREGON WINTER

In all its pristine wetness. He will see men engaged in plowing in the rain, turning up the moist earth with perfect confidence in future harvests; will see vegetables green in the fields and gardens, and children playing in the open air as though enjoying an April mist. He will wonder why the Oregon rain is not more penetrating until he learns by observation that the clouds hang low and the water has not so far to fall as in the valleys of the Ohio and the Mississippi, or the plateaus of the Eastern States, where the vapors ride in an upper stratum of air in an altitude to which the condensing cold of our mountain ranges will not permit them to climb.

We return to Portland and embark in a palatial river steamer, our destination

EASTERN OREGON AND WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

We descend the Willamette River for a dozen miles to its confluence with the Columbia, and rounding the peninsula whose lower edges we skirted when coming up in the ocean steamer, soon find ourselves at the Vancouver dock on the Washington side, where a brief halt is made at the foot of a most beautifully situated town, commanding a magnificent view of the river, the adjacent forests and the distant snow-capped mountains. Thus far, and for a long distance yet up the Columbia, we encounter but little open farming land. The agricultural area is limited, and the uplands all along the river can only be cleared by heavy labor; but they surely will be cleared in time, and will form the most attractive home sites possible to imagine. Extensive bottom lands abound in some places, and in others islands are seen that overflow sometimes in annual freshets. As we ascend the river, these bottoms are displaced by abrupt, terraced and rocky uplands, affording scenery that strikes the beholder with awe, so sublime is it and so wonderfully magnificent and beautiful.

About twenty-five miles above the mouth of the Willamette River is an opening in the Cascade range, where the Columbia emerges from the rocky roadway made for its passage through the great mountain wall by the ceaseless erosion of the ages, enhanced no doubt by some terrible convulsion of nature in the long-dead centuries. Our good steamer can get no farther, for the tortuous and rapid current, broken by numerous rocky ledges into many different channels, successfully disputes her passage, and the

CASCADE LOCKS

Are not yet completed. But there is a railway portage here several miles in length, and everybody is hurried into a passenger car and whirled away to the Upper Landing. We are ahead of time, so we cross the river in a little government packet-connected with the works at the Locks, and stop over for the purpose of climbing the adjacent steeps to get a bird's-eye view of the country.

Away to the south lies the vernal valley of the Willamette, so far distant that its prairies look like garden patches, and its giant evergreen forests like little orchards. Its numerous water courses are marked by groves of deciduous trees, stark and gray in their Winter nudity, and its lesser mountains rise from the flats like billows in a vast inland sea. We are far above the clouds that hover over the highlands, and farther yet above the fogs that carelessly cover the swamps and bottoms with their fleecy mantles of mist. Away, and away, to the westward rise the undulating waves of the Coast Mountains, hiding with their fog-bathed crests the outlines of the heaving ocean. The east-side railroad runs like a well-defined thread through the center of the valley, its west-side branch uniting with it at a little town called Junction, forming a visible knot in the middle of the line. Numerous creeks, and rivers of lesser note than the Willamette, come meandering down from the Cascade Mountains to meet the central river, their borders lined with farms and virgin lands, their streams forming innumerable waterfalls which are yet to be the seat of busy industries as the population increases and markets are created for manufacturers' wares.

ON THE NORTH SIDE OF THE COLUMBIA,

Below the Willamette, is Kalama, the present Eastern terminus of the Western Division of the Northern Pacific Railroad. This division of the road, over a hundred miles in length, pursues the serpentine windings of the Cowlitz River through a low and fertile valley for about twenty miles, and then climbs over a rough tract of ragged evergreen timber till it reaches a gravelly prairie that extends to the headwaters of Puget Sound.

Our walk has been longer than we anticipated, for the mountain steeps are much higher than they appear, and we return to the busy town of Upper Cascades to find that the Dalles steamer has been gone for hours, and there is no alternative but to wait for another day before continuing our journey. The interval is occupied in a survey of the Locks, which, when completed, are to afford river vessels of largest size an unimpeded channel to the ocean.

Continuing our journey up the Columbia, we are soon in the midst of the

FINEST RIVER SCENERY

On the American Continent. We have passed the outer edges of the rain belt now, and the dense fir forests on the shaggy steeps have given way to scattering pines that climb the bluffs and plant their feet in forbidden places, where they thrive like moss and lichens upon their barren footholds. Here and there a friendly open upland intrudes itself between the bluffs, surprising you with its snowy farm-house and well-tilled fields. Again, massive colonnades of basaltic rock stand in unbroken phalanx at the water's edge, their heads among the clouds and their bosoms the abode in Summer of countless swarms of migratory birds. Waterfalls pour over the bluffs in many places from heights of many hundreds of feet, to lose themselves in spray among the dense undergrowth they have cultivated at the river's border. Snow-peaks raise their heads in bold-browed majesty at intervals, as if judging and guarding the mighty sum with wisdom and impartiality. The busy hum of industry wakes the echoes in the gorges, and the shrill whistle of our steamer is answered by seemingly interminable reverberations that lose themselves in a faint whisper in the distant

hills. The railroad hugs the sides of yonder rock-ribbed wall, midway between the water's edge and the sky, so far away from the steamer's channel that it resembles a shining band of steel. The men at work upon the road-band look like little children at play, as they climb the rocks like coils, ascending and descending rope-like ladders, planted perpendicularly against the wind-worn steeps. The clouds hang low over the western horizon, but not low enough to obscure the setting sun as it lights up the

CITY OF THE DALLES

With a flood of glory. Here is a rock-walled town of several thousand inhabitants, the seat of a bustling and prosperous inland trade and the present headquarters of the O. R. & N. and N. P. R. R. Companies' offices and machine shops for the Eastern Oregon Division. A little way beyond the city (from which its name is derived) are The Dalles of the Columbia, narrow, rock-ribbed and tortuous that no boat can navigate them, and so deep in some places as to be unfathomable. A railway portage is the accommodating style of transit here encountered, and we are whirled away at a rapid rate through a wild, wind-worn valley to Celilo, sixteen miles distant, where another fine river steamer is waiting, in which we embark, if we choose; or should our immigrant prefer it, we can continue our journey by rail to Walla Walla in Washington Territory; or, changing cars at Wallula Junction, can proceed to Ainsworth, at the confluence of the Snake and Columbia rivers, from whence we can proceed by way of the Northern Pacific to Cheney, Spokane and Pen d'Oreille. We can also take the steamer at Ainsworth and proceed to Lewiston in Idaho Territory, situated at the confluence of the Clearwater and Snake rivers, and from thence can go by stage southeasterly across the great plateau leading to the Camas Prairie country, a charming, well-watered and well-timbered region, large enough for a republic within itself, and containing all the native elements for human sustenance or enterprise. Returning to Lewiston and crossing the Clearwater, we can go by stage in a northeasterly direction over the billowy bunch grass hills to Paradise Valley, and thence to the North Palouse country. In all of this vast domain there is yet a very great deal of

DESIRABLE LAND

Which is yet unclaimed by settlers, though abounding in every natural advantage, and hitherto kept in the background because of a lack of transportation facilities, which the completion of the Northern Pacific will speedily supply. Indeed, our immigrant has already seen enough of unoccupied lands in these wanderings, combining sufficient prospects for undeveloped industries to sustain a population of many millions. He has gone from the timber to the grazing regions, from farming to mineral lands, and has passed from agricultural exhibits of marvelous growth to many a water power of immense possible utility. He has seen the Willamette Valley, where there are two seasons, the wet and the dry, and the uplands of the great Columbia basin, where the climate is more like that of Western Pennsylvania, except that the extremes of heat and cold are not so great, and in the hottest weather the nights are always cool. But the half has not yet been exhibited, and he returns by stage to Walla Walla Valley, through Colfax, Dayton and Waitsburg (thriving inland towns in the great heaving bunch grass uplands), and taking the stage for Baker City in Oregon, crosses the Blue Mountains via Pendleton and the Umatilla Indian Reservation, and halts beyond the mountains

IN GRAND RONDE VALLEY,

A veritable garden spot of nature's own creating, where he beholds a mammoth amphitheater of prairie lands waited in by the eternal hills. Crossing this valley and traveling for another day's journey over diversified uplands, he reaches Powder River basin, a magnificent plain, covered in all directions by wild sage and bunch grass, interspersed at intervals with farms and gardens of the most prolific order. This valley greatly resembles that of the Snake River basin in Idaho, the plains of Walla Walla, and the valley of Great Salt Lake. The cities of Salt Lake in Utah, Baker in Oregon, and Boise in Idaho are all similarly situated in level plains, with high mountains round about rising in plain view from every point of the compass and walling in the vales like a scalloped rim. These mountains are all rich in minerals, and partly covered with timber, and the soil and climate of each locality is similar to all the rest, proving that sometime, in a remote period of the earth's history this whole Upper Country was a succession of inland seas, which, beyond the inconceivable lapse of time, were drained through some internal opening in the earth, after which their character was still further changed by volcanic action, forming, as the years rolled on, an ash-like soil of marvelous fertility, watered by the great rivers that long prior to the glacial period formed the gulf streams of these voiceless oceans whose outlet was the present Columbia Bar.

THIS VAST AREA,

With its many millions of unclaimed leagues of arable land, is the inland empire of the future. It is, as yet, only sparsely settled, but under the impetus of the new and permanent facilities for transportation that are now nearly completed, it will speedily open up a new world at the very door of the pioneer.

Let our immigrant now take the stage at Baker City, and crossing the mountains in a southerly direction, make a day's journey of sixty miles to Canyon City, in Grant county. Here, too, he will find that the face of nature has been wrought upon in quaint devices by fire, wind and water. Coral beds are found on the mountain tops, and living oysters are dug from solid rocks. The whole county is gold-bearing in patches, and broken and diversified in wondrous fashion everywhere. The same general characteristics abound as in the other localities named. The soil and climate are much the same, though the country is generally more broken, there being no large level valleys in it like those of the Walla Walla plain or Powder River basin. Next let our immigrant take a trip by stage across the alluvial lands of Umatilla and Wasco counties, where enormous wheat fields flourish on the erewhile arid highlands, producing from thirty to seventy bushels to the acre. Melons, peaches and corn grow here in fabulous quantities, with but little trouble.

THE SCARCITY OF TIMBER

All over this Upper Country is a matter of great inconvenience; but the remedy will come when the railroads now building and in contemplation shall gridiron the land; and timber-culture, the slowest but most satisfactory because most certain of all agricultural pursuits, shall have dotted the