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UP THE COLUMBIA. The Past and Present of the Willamette and Columbia.

Discription of Scenery of Marvellous Beauty and Grandeur a Winter's Journey The Cascades.

Editorial Correspondence. WALLA WALLA, AUGUST 10, 1881

Almost thirty years ago, when this region was young in civilization, so young that its savages were unsubdued, and no signs of villages and few attempts at settlement could be found East of the Cascades, I journeyed one Summer from Portland to The Dalles in boats, pulling with might and main against the Spring floods of the Columbia. Then there were no steamers to do the work and the shores were unmeasured by the hand of man, while the Indian canoe was a very frequent feature, and the lodges of the tribes were clustered about the fisheries at the Cascades, and also at The Dalles.

When civilization came, it was borne up the broad Columbia with fever-stricken miners from California for its standard bearers; they were tired of the worn out placers that remained in California, and with blood heated by the wild reports from the Upper Columbia, were rushing towards Salmon river, Boise, Burnt river, and other points, with the greed of the gold hunter. This civilization was of the wildest, but its effect was magical in causing steamers and railroad routes to be built, and made settlement of the upper country possible.

One of the wildest episodes of a life that has known many varieties and adventures, was realized towards the close of the most terrible Winter ever known in the Northwest, when, determined to reach home, I traveled over one hundred miles on snow shoes to the Dalles, and then down the Columbia river on the ice. The mountains were draped with snow and every cascade or fountain that leaped from cliff or wall was frozen into more fantastic shapes than the waters assume when they "come down at Ladore".

My last visit to that region was in 1865, when I traveled as correspondent for several prominent journals and visited the mining centers of Eastern Oregon and Idaho. A few years had then wrought wonderful improvement, but no conception was entertained of the new future, when agriculture should assert its supremacy, grazing herds and flocks be driven away by the plow, and the face of nature reflect the sheen of a universal harvest. Time has wrought such changes as to demonstrate that wherever bunch grass waved wheat will thrive as well. I presume the parallel is true to the latter, that bunch grass denotes the extent of the wheat growing region; though of course it is found growing scant on wild and rocky spots where wheat culture will not be attempted.

Views Along the River. The Navigation Company now offers to the traveler or tourist delightful facilities; going aboard a magnificent steamer at night you occupy a more than comfortable state room, and at breakfast-call in the morning find the journey commenced; the boat has passed from the Willamette to the broader flood of the Columbia and a hoarse whistle announces the approach to Vancouver. Though it is August the river is brimming all with the floods that

usually spend themselves in June. From all the ranges of Montana, Idaho and some of Utah, as well as those of Oregon and Washington, the snows of a Winter, ineluctably the memory of man or savage, are still melting and flowing toward the sea. The shores are still brimming full, though the water is falling; islands seem afloat, and the narrow lands of either side are hidden beneath an inland sea. On either side are dairy farms and grass lands but the stay of the flood has disturbed many farmers' calculations. Wheat is scarce known here as a product; the great wheat fields of the Willamette have been left behind; the shores are wooded with mountains in the distance, and the country is only gradually being reclaimed from its wild state. But this region is so near market that it must be eventually valuable and made the most of. An hour later and we are leaving the valley lands behind and loading in among the near approaching ranges; soon the foothills grow precipitous; one and another point of beauty develops a growing interest; the views of Mount Hood that were surpassing, and of St. Helens and Rainier to the North, whose snowy crowns looked down on the changing panorama of the lower river with indescribable beauty and grandeur, are all shut off by the out-reaching arms of the giant Cascades. No more charming and subliming picture can be desired than the placid landscape and water courses of the lower river, on which the grand summits of snow-capped peaks are forever looking with awful and distant majesty, from over and beyond hills and valleys and many intervening ranges. The sensations of the soul are at once soothed and awed by the far reaching view, made sublime by broad based peaks whose towering crests and shoulders wear robes of snow that have been woven by storms of all the ages and are more eternal than the glaciers. But the scene changes and the interest even increases as we pass

IN AMONG THE MOUNTAINS. Here is a pillar of basalt, carved by frost and flood, that bears the infelicitous name of Rooster Rock, given no doubt by some early navigator more fond of the grotesque than the sublime. Where towering cliffs are heaped together further on, one rocky summit stands out in bold relief, known as Pulpit Rock. Yonder, on the Washington side, we approach the buttressed walls of mighty precipices, at whose base rise airy pinnacles, and above them for miles stand mountains that are rock terraced in rudest shapes. We are sweeping past one of the most notable features of this wonderful galaxy of mountain scenes—Cape Horn. Close under the lee of the wide cliffs some venturesome intruder has had the courage to improve a bench of upland, that the mountain has forgotten to tread upon, and place there a home, garden and orchard, that offer a weak contrast to the overwhelming wildness of the surroundings. The river flows by and through these scenes, winding around huge bluffs and past basaltic columns, looking down upon by summits whose crests overlook the other's forest covered sides; now and then a pebbly beach or maple and alder-covered shore contrasts with the forest of trees that rise above and beyond. Here is a waterfall that pours over a sheer cliff, feathered into a stream of spray ere it reaches the basin a thousand feet below. Yonder is another, which leaps over one mountain brow from a dizzy height, to rush through a canyon and make another leap to reach the rocky pool. These are the most beautiful falls in view, though we catch a glimpse of many lesser streams that make wild leaps among the mountains. We are penetrating the very heart of the great mountain ranges, and wonder by what weary work of countless ages Nature toiled to make this pathway for the greatest of Western rivers, and carved such immortal monuments along its course.

While we pass on through this almost unbroken wilderness of mountain shores, as the magnificent steamer sweeps within stones throw of the deeply wooded banks, a doe and a fawn are seen in the forest upon the sandy beach and stood looking at the vessel, a picture of native wonderment an artist would love to see. They stood there too astonished to move, until a shout from the boat sent them bounding through the woods with leaps that told how fright had overcome astonishment. A more charming incident could not have been devised to add attraction to the scene.

THE CASCADES. Before we reach the portage, in the very midst of the mountains range, the northern shores recede and leave a deep wooded bay, from the centre of which rises Castle Rock, a wonderful feature, for its sides send precipitous, though sharply, and its summit, with fire growing on shelving heights and occasional clefts, towers nearly 1,500 feet above the wooded plain. Even in this seemingly impenetrable wilderness there are settlements, for a territorial post office bears the name of Castle Rock. Landing on a sandy island, we change to comfortable cars and soon go six miles to the Upper Cascades, all the while with abrupt cliffs in view, towering ranges all around, the mad river at times whirling into foam as it dashes over huge boulders in its plunges to reach the lower level. I have been told that there is a fall of eighty feet in the five miles. The Cascades proper are worth seeing. When I first passed here many Indian lodges were built upon the benches of the shore, and to-day, as we gained a glimpse of the river bank, we saw a solitary Siwash fishing with a scow net from a scaffolding made of poles that spanned a fissure through which the water rushes with diminished force. One of the sights along here is the block house where twenty-five years ago Sheridan and a handful of soldiers were besieged for days by hostile Indians.

THE MIDDLE RIVER. For about fifty miles above the Cascades the river flows quietly through beautiful mountain scenery, but not possessing the wildness and grandeur, nor any of the remarkable traits that attach to the lower stream and its mountain shores. There are some settlements, but the usual view is a wild natural shore that has not been invaded by the hand of man. Gradually the mountains grow bare and dwindle to foothills, brown and grass-covered but destitute of timber; the scenery is rugged, with cliffs and hills; occasionally there is room for a farm, but not inviting or attractive to one whose eyes have recently feasted on the homes, fields, groves, orchards and harvests of the Willamette valley.

As the afternoon wanes we reach Dalles City, a busy town that trades with an extensive region and stands sentinel at the gate way of the Columbia, the first champion we meet of the "upper country." We have reached another climate and another people. If its dying citizens "bubble of green fields" at this season of the year, it is of those they have left behind them. The Washington shore is "rocky ridges" and a sandy island in the near vicinity rocky benches form the background of the town, and its busy streets are gullies of shale, though there are pleasant home spots further back. The whistling winds come

loaded with drifting sand and Nature's isolation goes hand in hand with man's preference. For The Dalles is a thrifty place and a enterprising population, while beyond the rocky near ground are hills that tell of recent harvests and homes that have hearts to worship in them. Our day's journey has taken us through varied and wonderful scenery; from the "web foot" climate of the fair Willamette to the dry regions of the wide interior. We have followed the river channel through grand mountain ranges, and now are prepared to realize what great variety Nature assumes in dispensing blessings to man.

THE DALLES OF THE COLUMBIA. There is a glimpse of life and prosperity at Dalles city, but the prospect would not be inspiring to a poet or landscape painter who wanted foliage and rich coloring. Here we take cars, 14 miles, to Celilo, on the portage road around The Dalles of the Columbia, a weary ride, relieved from monotony only by the glistering river that had carved its bed through as dreary and barren and God-forsaken a region as desolation can describe. Everywhere along the river are shifting sands that are continually swept by the wailing winds and are piled in wastes that look like a petrified sea. There are a very few oases, where corn grows and gardens are planted in the bottom, but the scene is usually precipitous upon the South, river and sand and rocky chasms in the near view, and beyond are the rocky shores and bluffs of Washington Territory. We rush and curve along under the bluff with dust and sand filling everything. At last we reach the Dalles proper, known as the Great Dalles, where the swollen river rages with a fury that is grand and magnificent beyond description.

At low water the channel is confined to a deep chasm on the Washington side, so narrow that I have stood on the Oregon rocks and have spread and worn into fissures and rough and rugged in all respects. It is wonderful a stone from cliff to cliff that held all there was of the great river, but it is said the narrow gorge is almost bottomless. Now the waters are spreading out far and wide and rushing through with fearful velocity, dashing against the hidden rocks and throwing up here and there fountains of angry spray. They seem to send waves in squalls to waste themselves on these rocks, and now and then one foaming crest seems to gather for the fray and rushing past all the others spreads itself in water foam. It is wonderful to watch this elemental war and the sight pays well for all the dust and desolation we encounter.

Time was when this fishing season called forth thousands of Indians who camped among the cliffs and ledges and fished for salmon to dry and lay up for their winter supplies, but the red man's day is almost over. Here we still see a remnant of tribes living in seclusion; there is the lodge composed of material indescribable by words and looking unkindly as the nature of the surrounding. Women and children are near it and not far off is the tillium with its scow net, watching for the salmon as they attempt to ascend the crevasse among the rocks where he is stationed. Celilo is said to be an aboriginal term that signifies "the place of the winds," and they whistle so that the light coverage of a steamer flag-stag repeats the stormy tone. We round another "Cape Horn" as we approach it, and pass the foaming waters of the Little Dalles, not far below. The steamer "Elysium" is a very pleasant refuge from the howling winds and whirling sands, and a delightful exchange for the bleak and barbarously romantic shores, and there we slept unbroken until sometime before day, when the sound of trundling trucks was exchanged for the clang of the engine bell and rapid stroke of the stern wheel. Looking out, it seemed as if the steamer was aloft among the shadows. The river was as black as steel, looking at the sun and sunburned, basaltic cliffs on either side, we like irregular walls that hemmed us in with threatening and indistinguishable blackness. But I have been through that portion of the river in the light of day and know that it is well worth seeing and secure admiration. There is not a thing of beauty, viewed from any point of vantage, but it is grandly beautiful from the robust standpoint from which man compels and compares nature. The shores are varied at Celilo by the junction of the Deschutes, which is walled in by its separate canyon, and up ways is the railroad bridge that spans the torrent. Soon we come to Hell Gate, a veritable terrestrial inferno where the waters divide, and the river seems to be lost as it whirls among rocks that bar the way, and past islands that are more inhospitable than the crags whose strata of changing basalt form the shores. It is a pretty place, speaking from an esthetic standpoint, and one feels decidedly better, and with a memory worth preserving as "a joy forever," when the passenger "Hell Gate," is safely made, even though Elysium is not yet within view. John Day rapids are a point of interest, and before reaching these we pass a bright-looking village, called Columbus, on the Washington shore, the entrepot for the Klickitat valley that lies over the hills to the north. There is a narrow strip of sand and soil under the bluff that is made the most of, and the oldest inhabitant must have planted, an orchard, for his home was hidden by trees, and they appeared loaded with fruit, an oasis in the midst of the howling and whirling winds. In the hundred years that have elapsed from Celilo to Wallula we may have noticed a dozen ranches along the river, and the best frequently whistled at uninhabited places, and put off goods on sandy shores whose desolation was unbroken even by the presence of grazing herds. At one place hundreds of bags of wool were waiting shipment without a habitable sign within view. On the Oregon side, nearly a hundred miles up, was the

town of UMATILLA. Starting at a vacancy with its handful of lonesome looking houses. For over a hundred miles this was all the evidence of civilization, except that on the Oregon side there were parties of railroad men, with many camps and working squads in active operation; otherwise than this there was one unbroken scene of desolation. Above John Day's river the shores of the Columbia gradually lose interest, for the dreariness becomes monotonous, and the shores lose the abruptness that made their desolation attractive. At last the hills, that are at times close by and very much seamed and furrowed in their brown, bare steepness, recede from the shore, are replaced by lesser ones, and they at last disappear and the sandy shore is low and uninviting, only now and then graced by willows, and the prospect is one bare, barren reach in all directions. The railroad workers consisted of 1,000 white men and 1,900 Chinese and their line of work was close to the river's edge. The oft-recurring camps, working squads with shovels raising a cloud of dust, the carts and scrapers busily engaged, were the constantly recurring feature of the scene, intensified by the frequent sound at times near and then far off of the discharge of gun powder were heard, like the echoes of a cannonade, making a roadway

through the rocky points. We see a few horses and cattle, but scarce any sheep. The hills in sight are many of them pastured we know, and I also know that back a few miles from the river are stock ranches and farming districts, and that near the distant mountains the once wilderness is thickly populated, rich with harvests and has blossomed like the rose. But along the great river the scene is dreary and monotonous. Occasionally we find Chinese camps, known by their matting walls, and we see them navigating the river in an clumsy way in unsmooth boats that they use to go from camp to camp, for along the sandy shores there are said to be forty camps of Chinese engaged in washing the river sands for gold, and making way s at least, or they would not work. Since my passage the graders have been replaced by the track-layers, working from each end, and soon they will be done, and the scene will revert to desolation, except when some passing steamboat or clamorous train sweeps by to give it a momentary awakening. Above Umatilla the hills seem to rise again, and cross upon the landscape until we meet rising bluffs on either side, whose sides are layered with different strata of basalt, varying in color, or shade rather, with some of perfect columnar formation, and others not. On the north side the elevated mountain wears a shape as if Nature's hand had carved thereon features borrowed from the Egyptian Sphinx. The view is still finer, looking back, from beyond Wallula, because it includes on the South a minor headland that stands up like a reloid, on top of which rise two pillars of basalt, while the ridge that represents has a rocky, ragged crest, that is outlined against

THE DESKY BACKGROUND. Of the higher range beyond. Only twelve miles above Wallula is the junction of Snake river and the Columbia, the one sweeping up from the South and the other from the North, and at the low shore of the peninsula is the present terminus of the North Pacific Railroad and the town of Ainsworth. The town is nothing to speak of, neither is Wallula, twelve miles below. All these river towns are makeshifts—mere places to land and get away from as soon as wind and tide or steam will permit. They have a man-of-factory and God-forsaken look, and architecture has not reached them. Arboriculture is unthought of, the grapes cannot live there, and the only thing of harmony that could exist would be an Eolian harp that should shriek to the measure of the wind, for the winds rave about these river towns, and I can only think of the thrilling sounds that come from the telegraph wires. I saw Ainsworth in the night, and prospect the sand dunes where a few houses and several railroad tracks are situated. It is a busy place, and so civilized that no liquor is sold there, thanks to the prudence of the railroad company. Its present is limited to the exigencies of the hour. The sound of whirring saws can be heard cutting up by steam power logs of fir that have been driven down the Yakima river for many a mile and with inflexible skill, for which purpose men here to the trade have been imported, and only for this being successfully accomplished, the company would have a hard time of it getting timber for ties, bridges, lumber and all other uses, for there is no forest within its reach until the road shall climb out of the desert and reach the wooded slopes toward the Coeur d'Alene mountains. Such is Ainsworth, and such the shores of the upper rivers, for when we pass the basaltic bluffs that confront us below Wallula, we open upon a long reach of low lying shores. At Ainsworth the steamer passed to the right and turns up Snake river, for

OWING TO RAPIDS. There is no navigation for any great distance up the Columbia, and if there were there is little in that direction to freight down again to meet the world's necessity, while for a hundred miles up Snake river there are landings where thousands of tons of wheat will soon wait transportation to the sea. Wallula is a great shipping point, and above, at Snake river, are warehouses and landings where thousands of farmers haul down their products, generally wheat grown along the Blue Mountains to the South, where the fertile belt reaches along for one hundred miles through Columbia county alone, while to the North are the rich fields and increasing products of the wide and wonderful Palouse region.

WALLA WALLA, AUGUST 24, 1880. This place is reached by a narrow-gauge railroad about 32 miles long, that connects Wallula on the Columbia with the rich farming region that lies close under the Blue Mountains. Wallula is a miserable looking spot, that owes its entire importance to its availability as a landing place for steamers, which led to the construction of the railroad two years ago by a wealthy and enterprising citizen, Dr. D. S. Baker, an enterprise that added nothing to the importance of Wallula, but greatly enriched the projector, who is one of those men under whose manipulations the commonest things in life some way turn to gold or its equivalent. Years ago he drifted, against the current, up the Columbia, became a banker and land monopolist and culminated his career by building the shabbiest rattle-trap of a railroad that was ever made available for commercial uses. It climbed over ridges it ought to have gone through its straits was only to be followed when the train was unusually light, but such as it was held the ground against the world and carried away the wheat from a region that was productive, and is said to have easily paid for itself in one year's operation, which may not be strictly true, but is not impossible. It cost money for the doctor, and when he found it advisable to sell out to the Oregon Steam Navigation Company he did so to great advantage. This road, under new management, has been greatly improved, the grades mended, the track gravelled and relaid. The Walla Walla river empties a small stream at Wallula and threads the surrounding desert with a braid of green willows and sometimes a border of grass that occasionally widens to a meadow, but except the verdure that follows the narrow bed, and that sometimes fades entirely, the railway winds on among grass-covered plains and barren hills for many miles directly east, though occasional cattle may be seen cropping the scattered bunch-grass; but a few miles before reaching Walla Walla the sight of farms gladden the eye, even orchards are to be seen, meadows and gardens smile along the river, and we find that we are entering upon the rich, fertile belt that skirts the Blue mountains for 200 miles, and gives impetus to the beautiful town of

WALLA WALLA. This place has a business quarter that is building up substantially; the streets are wide, and in an ordinary season are thronged with country teams and even with pack trains, though they are not near so frequent as when the distant mining regions had to be supplied from here. The plain on which Walla Walla is located is naturally supplied with water from the spreading branches of Walla Walla

river; the residences are many of them quite charming, and some even elegant. The quick soil responds to irrigation, and where was originally a treeless plain now are beautiful streets and clustered homes, all bordered in by rapidly thriving poplars, maples, box elders, or locusts, while occasionally cotton-woods, or rather balm of Gilead grow beside the little streams. The place is attractive and rapidly thriving; has many stores, lots of minor shops, business establishments of all degrees, including three banks, some really good hotels, three live newspapers, one of them an aptly daily that gives the latest news in brief dispatches, and in general trade and population is, and probably will remain, the most important point in the upper country, because the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company (that now controls all transportation, by steamboat or railroad, on the Columbia river, and also the Steamers to San Francisco that are as fine as any that float the ocean) seems to intend to have Walla Walla as the center of its railway system for the entire upper region. So Walla Walla has a good prospect for the future, and as time grows will spread more and improve and beautify, until perhaps its poplar lines and various shade trees will make us forget the dust from the light soil, that is a flood in summer by day as well as by night.

About a mile out from the town is the garrison and the extensive grounds of the military reservation. Here are barracks and quarters for infantry and cavalry, and as a general rendezvous for the military business of the upper country, of course the garrison adds little to Walla Walla social life. The first Cavalry band happens to be one of the finest connected with the army, and it is as fashionable as it is delightful to drive out on an evening, see the dress parade, the sunset gun and the furred flag, and afterwards listen to its choice music from the band as heart can desire. The leader is a professor who is almost insane and they say, and the band consists of many of the choicest classical selections with exquisite effect, so that I shall always remember with delight the summer twilights at Walla Walla that saw night come down and day forgotten, while strains of music served to make one banish the sordid things of earth and dream of Elysium.

THE WHEAT REGION. The Blue mountains extend for about 200 miles in northeast and southwest direction, on a parallel with the Columbia and Snake rivers, distant 40 to 50 miles, and while the land along the river is in general fit only for grazing, and much of it not even valuable for that, there is a great deal of land along the base of the range, and especially in the foothills, that is wonderfully productive as a wheat-producing region. Thus we find all the pleasant little towns situated about twenty miles in direct line from the river, midway between river and mountain range, located on the different streams within reach of the wheat-growing districts, each town being a natural center of trade, and each having its natural outlet at some landing place on the Columbia or Snake river. The wheat-growing region may be said to commence in the center of Umatilla county, Oregon, and while west of the Umatilla river the principal resource of the people is stock-growing, eastward the country is more universally fertile, hills and valleys alike are traversed in wheat production, except in portions where the hillsides are too steep, the plow and harrower are converting the face of the country into one vast harvest of wheat, oats, barley and corn. I estimated that nearly one fourth of the land in cultivation was summer-fallowed—probably plowed too late for the present season and turned over for early fall seeding.

North of Snake river, again, is a region skirting the base of the Coeur d'Alene mountains, which may be considered as an extension of the Blue mountains, northeasterly, the range having been in ages past disrupted by the forces that resulted in the creation of Snake river. Here is an extensive wheat producing country. Like the other, a rolling earth surface, sometimes in level reaches, but more often a hilly region; but the soil is blacker and actually richer than the fertile stretch to the southward. It is claimed that these eastern wheat-growers can produce wheat at 50 cents a bushel with as much profit as the western Oregon farmer has when he gets 81, because the production is double. They claim 30 to 45 bushels per acre as a common thing, and say they can prove many instances where over 60 bushels has been realized as the average for a whole farm, and talk of 75 bushels per acre as proved in exceptional cases. The present crop in most of Eastern Oregon and Washington has been greatly injured by a week of terribly hot weather in July, that prematurely cooked all grain, much of which was hardly out of the mill. The straw is not so green, and the grain high, and many fields of barley and oats are lower yet, but while some fields are not cut at all, and while much grain is shriveled, still they claim an average of 20 bushels per acre in the injured districts, and the shriveled wheat is said to weigh heavy and grind well. The best farms are in the foothills, and there the yield is good and the grain plump. Riding over the hills and looking towards the mountains, we see the foothills gleaming with harvest or shadowed with summer-fallow, and where an outlying spot presents a bold face, the farmer has climbed the hill and pushed his work close to the dizzy summits.

IMMIGRATION. A constant stream of travel and emigrants comes here and scatters to the different regions of development. The choicest lands in the Blue mountain country are claimed, so the travel tends across Snake river to the Palouse region, and above there to the Spokane country. They come across the plains as they did in the beginning; they come from Utah, Nevada and California, and not a small proportion of those who are settling the new districts come from the Willamette valley, preferring to make a new start in a new country in preference to remaining in the older settled valley, battling with fortune at a disadvantage. The stream of emigrants is constant, and they seem to fit in among the hills and hollows and go to work for themselves. They take a homestead and a pre-emption and a timber-culture claim, and soon have more acres than they know what to do with. Besides this eastern I have described, there are spots further eastward that invite settlement, and without pushing thus far up the Columbia the emigrant can find land to pre-empt in the counties of Oregon and Washington nearer the Cascade range. On the north of the Columbia river are the Klickitat and Yakima regions, that are rapidly settling up with practical farmers, and cattle men have great herds of stock there. Few sheep are kept north of Columbia and Snake rivers on account of the cold weather. The eastern flocks turn out 6,000,000 pounds of wool, nine-tenths of which is grown south of the Columbia and most of it in eastern Oregon, east of the Umatilla river. In cauter there is a great deal of good farming land on the upper waters of John Day and Deschutes rivers, in Oregon, and in Klickitat and Yakima counties, Washington, but does not seem to be in as large tracts and available, as in the Palouse and Walla Walla regions.

PROSENT AND FUTURE. The wide interior region is being rapidly prospected and developed. There is abundant room, and the emigrant finds it difficult to choose his location. The resources of the country are but dimly understood, agricultural land is scattered, and rich valleys exist in isolated localities. What is called the "Eastern Territory" extends from the British line to the California boundary, and reaches from the Cascade range to the Rocky mountains, occupying an extent of country five hundred miles square. Two hundred and fifty thousand square miles of territory lies here, with a population averaging about one person to over one thousand acres. There is plenty of room for millions; there are rich mining fields to develop and multitudes of resources to unfold, and though not yet noted for agricultural products, it is certain that the future will show that in the present its capacities for production are but dimly understood. Henry Villard, a man of broad enterprise, came here a year ago and made a bid for controlling the transportation of all this great region that could be held tributary to the Columbia river. He was backed by capital, and succeeded in acquiring for his company the river steamers and portage roads of the Oregon and Steam Navigation Company and the railway from Wallula to Walla Walla, which has now a branch into Oregon, and will soon be pushed by complicated lines, through the regions I have described, and the track will shortly be laid along the Columbia river from the Dalles to Walla. Another season will see railroads continuing from Portland to Walla Walla and all points above there, and reaching to the Palouse country, and Villard's scheme includes a line South, that shall seek through connection with some available route to the Eastern States. It is a grand scheme, and has been pushed with wonderful energy and skill. The Northern Pacific is also pushing its work vigorously, and soon the "upper country" can be reached in a few hours and its products will be quite close to a market.

Why They do not Stay on the Farm. There is no denying it the boys do not stay upon the farm, and will not unless some constraint is put upon them. Why is it? There are many causes operating to this end; the new land in the West, the adventure of mining life in the mountains, the new fields open in the cotton belt, speculation and business in the neighboring village or city—but of all these is the social leanness and starvation of American agricultural life. We are speaking now of the isolated farming districts, from five to ten miles from the market town. Here is the old style school house, and the means of education are just the same as they were fifty years ago or more; the Winter school of four months, taught by the master, and Summer school of three, taught by the mistress, both hired at the cheapest rates, and some are still "boarding" round. The old church is yet there for Sunday gatherings, and church and school are about the only occasions of social life known to the old and young, except in rare visits to other communities. The main thing is work, early and late, Summer and Winter, and the chief problem for the brain to solve is how to get a living. The whole population is not so much engaged in living, and in enjoying life, as in getting ready to live. If we look indoors there is rather a lean larder, the year round. Salt junk, pone and potatoes are the main stay. The body is not well provided for. The search for a soft bed is not well rewarded. The intellectual life is more poorly fed. Often no paper at all is taken. If one is afforded, it is likely to be a political journal. Agricultural papers are the rare exception. There's little but gossip for the mind to feed upon. The school is often neglected for the boys and girls are wanted at home. The church is neglected for it is not convenient to go to meeting. The horse sheds are not built, the horse is lame, the carriage has a broken spring, or more likely, the preacher gives out too much light for the surrounding darkness. Bats love twilight. The muscles are over taxed and vitality is mainly occupied in sustaining the waste of muscles. There is no time for recalling the daily news, for discussing agricultural topics even, or for the enjoyment of social life at the table. Father and mother live under pressure all the while. Hearty, earnest interest in anything outside of the farm is almost unknown. Soles are few but jokes are fewer. Young America on the farm revolts against this eternal round of solemn facts. He wants a little variety in his diet for his body and for his mind. He has seen agricultural papers with pictures of the horses and cattle, houses and barns, labor-saving machines and tools. He would like to read about these things and realize the pictures. He wants more papers and books. He wants lectures, and especially more society. He wants to enjoy life a little, while he is young, and not wait for gray hairs before he begins to live. Here is the cause of our waning agriculture and deserted farms. The remedy is more easily seen than applied. We must have more living while we are getting ready to live.

Last night about 8 o'clock Mr. Homer Low, a teamster in the employ of the O. T. Company, had a very narrow escape from drowning. In attempting to go off the steamboat Orient at Greenwich dock while on horseback before the gang plank had been properly secured, both he and the animal were precipitated into the river, and it was with the utmost difficulty and the greatest effort on the part of some of the dock hands, that the man was finally rescued. The horse shared a worse fate, and was drowned. On being pulled out of the water, Low was in an unconscious state, and for a time it was thought that the chilling waters had so benumbed him as to produce fatal results. A vigorous rubbing and the administration of prompt measures to restore him to consciousness, for half an hour had the desired effect and he was saved. The men who so fortunately were on hand at the time of the accident are deserving of the greatest praise for the successful efforts made by them to rescue the imperiled man.

The claim of Ben. Holladay, formerly of this city, has been so long before Congress, that most of our readers are more or less familiar with it. Mr. Holladay had lines of stages carrying the United States mail on the route to California during the civil war, and suffered pecuniary loss by having his trips delayed, his horses run off, killed by the Indians, etc. The bill before Congress states his damages at \$526,739. Several amendments to reduce the amount were offered, except that offered by Senator Cockrell, who placed the amount due Mr. Holladay at \$100,000. This amendment was adopted, and the bill passed.

French newspaper men are being fined for defaming the army and exalting the regiment and General Cluseret is sentenced to two years imprisonment in the same connection.

THE DALLES OF THE COLUMBIA. There is a glimpse of life and prosperity at Dalles city, but the prospect would not be inspiring to a poet or landscape painter who wanted foliage and rich coloring. Here we take cars, 14 miles, to Celilo, on the portage road around The Dalles of the Columbia, a weary ride, relieved from monotony only by the glistering river that had carved its bed through as dreary and barren and God-forsaken a region as desolation can describe. Everywhere along the river are shifting sands that are continually swept by the wailing winds and are piled in wastes that look like a petrified sea. There are a very few oases, where corn grows and gardens are planted in the bottom, but the scene is usually precipitous upon the South, river and sand and rocky chasms in the near view, and beyond are the rocky shores and bluffs of Washington Territory. We rush and curve along under the bluff with dust and sand filling everything. At last we reach the Dalles proper, known as the Great Dalles, where the swollen river rages with a fury that is grand and magnificent beyond description.

At low water the channel is confined to a deep chasm on the Washington side, so narrow that I have stood on the Oregon rocks and have spread and worn into fissures and rough and rugged in all respects. It is wonderful a stone from cliff to cliff that held all there was of the great river, but it is said the narrow gorge is almost bottomless. Now the waters are spreading out far and wide and rushing through with fearful velocity, dashing against the hidden rocks and throwing up here and there fountains of angry spray. They seem to send waves in squalls to waste themselves on these rocks, and now and then one foaming crest seems to gather for the fray and rushing past all the others spreads itself in water foam. It is wonderful to watch this elemental war and the sight pays well for all the dust and desolation we encounter.

Time was when this fishing season called forth thousands of Indians who camped among the cliffs and ledges and fished for salmon to dry and lay up for their winter supplies, but the red man's day is almost over. Here we still see a remnant of tribes living in seclusion; there is the lodge composed of material indescribable by words and looking unkindly as the nature of the surrounding. Women and children are near it and not far off is the tillium with its scow net, watching for the salmon as they attempt to ascend the crevasse among the rocks where he is stationed. Celilo is said to be an aboriginal term that signifies "the place of the winds," and they whistle so that the light coverage of a steamer flag-stag repeats the stormy tone. We round another "Cape Horn" as we approach it, and pass the foaming waters of the Little Dalles, not far below. The steamer "Elysium" is a very pleasant refuge from the howling winds and whirling sands, and a delightful exchange for the bleak and barbarously romantic shores, and there we slept unbroken until sometime before day, when the sound of trundling trucks was exchanged for the clang of the engine bell and rapid stroke of the stern wheel. Looking out, it seemed as if the steamer was aloft among the shadows. The river was as black as steel, looking at the sun and sunburned, basaltic cliffs on either side, we like irregular walls that hemmed us in with threatening and indistinguishable blackness. But I have been through that portion of the river in the light of day and know that it is well worth seeing and secure admiration. There is not a thing of beauty, viewed from any point of vantage, but it is grandly beautiful from the robust standpoint from which man compels and compares nature. The shores are varied at Celilo by the junction of the Deschutes, which is walled in by its separate canyon, and up ways is the railroad bridge that spans the torrent. Soon we come to Hell Gate, a veritable terrestrial inferno where the waters divide, and the river seems to be lost as it whirls among rocks that bar the way, and past islands that are more inhospitable than the crags whose strata of changing basalt form the shores. It is a pretty place, speaking from an esthetic standpoint, and one feels decidedly better, and with a memory worth preserving as "a joy forever," when the passenger "Hell Gate," is safely made, even though Elysium is not yet within view. John Day rapids are a point of interest, and before reaching these we pass a bright-looking village, called Columbus, on the Washington shore, the entrepot for the Klickitat valley that lies over the hills to the north. There is a narrow strip of sand and soil under the bluff that is made the most of, and the oldest inhabitant must have planted, an orchard, for his home was hidden by trees, and they appeared loaded with fruit, an oasis in the midst of the howling and whirling winds. In the hundred years that have elapsed from Celilo to Wallula we may have noticed a dozen ranches along the river, and the best frequently whistled at uninhabited places, and put off goods on sandy shores whose desolation was unbroken even by the presence of grazing herds. At one place hundreds of bags of wool were waiting shipment without a habitable sign within view. On the Oregon side, nearly a hundred miles up, was the

town of UMATILLA. Starting at a vacancy with its handful of lonesome looking houses. For over a hundred miles this was all the evidence of civilization, except that on the Oregon side there were parties of railroad men, with many camps and working squads in active operation; otherwise than this there was one unbroken scene of desolation. Above John Day's river the shores of the Columbia gradually lose interest, for the dreariness becomes monotonous, and the shores lose the abruptness that made their desolation attractive. At last the hills, that are at times close by and very much seamed and furrowed in their brown, bare steepness, recede from the shore, are replaced by lesser ones, and they at last disappear and the sandy shore is low and uninviting, only now and then graced by willows, and the prospect is one bare, barren reach in all directions. The railroad workers consisted of 1,000 white men and 1,900 Chinese and their line of work was close to the river's edge. The oft-recurring camps, working squads with shovels raising a cloud of dust, the carts and scrapers busily engaged, were the constantly recurring feature of the scene, intensified by the frequent sound at times near and then far off of the discharge of gun powder were heard, like the echoes of a cannonade, making a roadway

through the rocky points. We see a few horses and cattle, but scarce any sheep. The hills in sight are many of them pastured we know, and I also know that back a few miles from the river are stock ranches and farming districts, and that near the distant mountains the once wilderness is thickly populated, rich with harvests and has blossomed like the rose. But along the great river the scene is dreary and monotonous. Occasionally we find Chinese camps, known by their matting walls, and we see them navigating the river in an clumsy way in unsmooth boats that they use to go from camp to camp, for along the sandy shores there are said to be forty camps of Chinese engaged in washing the river sands for gold, and making way s at least, or they would not work. Since my passage the graders have been replaced by the track-layers, working from each end, and soon they will be done, and the scene will revert to desolation, except when some passing steamboat or clamorous train sweeps by to give it a momentary awakening. Above Umatilla the hills seem to rise again, and cross upon the landscape until we meet rising bluffs on either side, whose sides are layered with different strata of basalt, varying in color, or shade rather, with some of perfect columnar formation, and others not. On the north side the elevated mountain wears a shape as if Nature's hand had carved thereon features borrowed from the Egyptian Sphinx. The view is still finer, looking back, from beyond Wallula, because it includes on the South a minor headland that stands up like a reloid, on top of which rise two pillars of basalt, while the ridge that represents has a rocky, ragged crest, that is outlined against