

The Daily Astorian.

Vol. xv.

Astoria, Oregon, Saturday Morning, June 25, 1881.

No. 48.

NATURE'S LOVER.

DWELLING IN THE GLORY OF A GRAND MOUNTAIN RANGE.

THE CASCADES OF THE COLUMBIA.

ORIGIN OF ARCHITECTURAL IDEAS—SNOW-CLAD PEAKS—GLOWING SUNSET TINTS AND SHINING STARS.

Corr. San Francisco Chronicle.

CASCADES, June 8.—The scenery of the Columbia, or to be perfectly accurate, of that part of it which is connected with the Cascade mountains, is infinitely grander, more beautiful, more varied and more peculiar than the tourist is apt to anticipate. It is true that all our friends who have made the trip speak of it in the most enthusiastic fashion, but this is to be expected. The civilized world is now distinctively artistic, and the people of good common sense and the consummate and utter, though they detest each other cordially, meet upon the common ground of appreciation of natural scenery. There are few men of the world, and probably no feminine worldlings at all, who would care to assert a disregard for the beauties of scenery.

Mrs. Chandor will be satisfied to enjoy it, and to remain sane, whilst the Cimabue Browns, who are esthetes, think themselves bound to rave and madden, and die away in ecstasies. The difference, one sees, is only in quantity, for both are admirers, only one confesses admiration, and the other professes it. Between these two sets, the mad and the zenith of estheticism, come the vast horde who belong to neither party by conviction, for they have none, but who train with either, and occasionally with both. These are the good folk who make up that majority which some audacious cynic, in his bitterest moments, styled the voice of God. These are they who form the great army of tourists, the thrice happy people for whom guide books are written.

Picturesque America Published.

And personally conducted traveling parties devised. So far, I believe, they have not yet accepted the Columbia river, having advanced no further than the Yosemite, so that the tourists to this region have only been the single spies, the battalions being a little in the rear. That they will soon come up and make this fair land their own I cannot doubt. That they will ever comprehend it, is, I think, not in the least doubtful. The eighty-six miles between Portland and The Dalles comprises a region which appeals most forcibly to those who have a smattering of geology. Throughout seven-eighths of the journey the river Columbia makes its way through the Cascade range of mountains, many of whose peaks are snow clad, and some of them attain an altitude exceeding 14,000 feet. Looking at this range from any other point than this river, it seems as if it were a vast wall or plateau, some 5,000 feet high, and that the snow peaks rise out of this.

Like kings seated upon raised platforms. But from the river it is plain that these great peaks, Hood, Jefferson, Adams, St. Helen, Baker, Ranier, the Three Sisters and others, are standing almost to their waists in their own lava, in the cooled floods which they have in past times belched out. There was a time when people believed that rivers cut their channels by their own unaided force in their way to the sea, but no one can look upon this scene and so agree. It is more probable that the lava contracted greatly in cooling, and that in the fissures made by such contraction the river found its outlet. It is true that a fissure so enormous as the channel of the Columbia, a mile broad, is opposed to the conceptions of all but theorists. But it is difficult to conceive that

The River and the Lava Beds

Were coeval. Probably there were tens of thousands of years between the earliest deposits from this great section of the volcanic range that reaches so far south and the Columbia. The upper part of

the basalt gorge through which the Columbia pours its waters must have been reduced by disintegration to a broad glacial or slope before ever there was a river at all. One has only to look at the little lava beds on the surface of the ground to see in what order the fissures are formed by the contraction of the cooling process. They are both longitudinal and transverse, so that the blocks are eminently rectangular. And what is true of the small masses five feet high is equally true of the masses of the plateau 5,000 feet high. They are pierced by gorges which run east and west like the river, and north and south like the mountains. At first the mountains were rectangular masses, but disintegration has worn them away. And as the basalt is most unequal in its hardness, and as some parts are more exposed than others to the action of the frost laden winds, and the steady attrition of falling waters, it results that the appearance of these time worn rocks is most varied and most peculiar. One fact only is constant: the rectangular character of the rock itself. When this assumes, as it often does, the columnar form, the aspect of the basalt becomes eu-phantastically interesting. There is hardly a shape under heavens done which it does not imitate, not, of course, with any intense resemblance, but there is a something in the outline and the mass which is very suggestive. Of course what is termed castellation is the most frequent, and those who have seen the upper Mississippi must admit that the towers and ramparts of its sandstone cliffs cannot enter into comparison with the Terrible Basalt Formation of the Columbia. There are spots where the rock rises perpendicularly from the water and goes sheer up to a height of three hundred feet in one solid mass without a crack or crevice. This great wall of some Titanic fortification stretches for hundreds of yards in a straight line and then turns abruptly, leaving an acute angle. Lichens, ferns and mosses cover its sides and give it the appearance of a forgotten stronghold that has passed out of the history of the world. Above this great stretch of rampart there is a grassy slope, covered with trees, yellow firs and pines. Above that again comes another huge rampart, and more bastions; above that another slope of grass and waving green trees; then another rampart, then another slope, and so in regular gradation until the neck of the enchanted gazer is earned to the utmost, and the eye reaches the crest of the plateau.

In the Col-located Form
The basalt is regularly itself. In others nothing can be more irregular. There is a place along the river where originally there were for the whole sheer descent only two terraces, or, in other words, the lava, instead of spreading itself out in beds, had occupied itself in filling up a great hollow. The lower of these, being the softer, is very much worn, and disintegration has been exceedingly busy. But in the center of the range there is a mass which suggests strongly a Gothic cathedral. The lady chapel, greatly foreshortened, is in front, then above it comes a perfectly shaped apse, with its singular roof, then to right and left are the projections of the transepts, and above all towers the mighty roof of the nave, with the subordinate aisles. There is nothing to cheat the view as in the basaltic country of Hindostan, so well described by Bishop Heber. No vegetation to help the imagination, no clustering vines to hint the tracery of Gothic decoration. Up in this region the rain does not fall so eternally as in Portland, where a Parsi would be as unhappy and as unable to see the sun as in London itself.

Here the Sun Shines Brightly
And warmly, but the air is not enervating and the heat is not oppressive. The golden rays gild everything with a superb glory, and one watches the white fleecy

clouds sailing over everything, making shadows upon the glittering river and casting a momentary gloom upon the little footpath through the gorge. The blood bounds in ones veins and one feels an intense delight in living, an ineffable thankfulness to the Great Father of us all. But the crowning splendor of all is when one turns ones eyes either to the north towards mount Adams, or to the south towards mount Hood; for these are the only snow peaks visible from the immediate neighborhood of the river. The time will soon come, I trust, when there will be stage routes through the Cascade mountains, and when it will be possible to sever ones connection with the river, and pass the whole season in the company of these Giants of the Cascade Range. I have seen the mountains of the French Alps and of the Apennines, but these of the Cascade have a peculiarity very singular and very beautiful. The snow line begins almost at the level of the plateau, and this varies from 4,500 to 5,000 feet; so that these giants are really snow clad—not merely topped with snow. They have the appearance of huge pyramids of snow, through which one discerns, here and there, the basalt bones, in ridges and occasional precipitous cliffs. At the point I am describing, one is nearer to mount Adams than to mount Hood, but sufficiently close to the latter to be impressed thoroughly by its grandeur and its beauty. To those who have the color sense the sight of these immense white pyramids against the blue sky will ever be

one of the grand sensations of their existence. It is useless to attempt to describe what is indescribable. How can color be described, or in what words can man explain what is a sense, a feeling? The purity of it, the depth of it, the immensity of it are what one feels most when gazing at such a spectacle. But when the sun is sinking in the westward, and the sun-god flames with all his brightest colors before he disappears below the horizon, all the glowing tints, all the supernal tones of the sunset are reflected upon the snow masses of these mountains with a glory that brings tears into the eyes. It is the apotheosis of color. It is so bright, so splendid and yet so ethereal, that the glowing hues of the ruby and emerald become dirty and tawdry in comparison. The aurora borealis is the only thing with which it can be compared. That, however, is flickering and comparatively evanescent. This fades slowly into darkness through a long, long twilight, and at last becomes a faint cloud as the darkness falls upon the mountains, and the stars shed their light like dew.

Charles Stevens & Son are in receipt of a fine stock of mouldings, and are now prepared to make picture frames to order. Call and inspect their stock.
—Look out for a big lot of San Francisco National brewery beer to arrive by steamer Oregon, at Max Wagner's agency.
—For the genuine J. H. Carter old Bourbon, and the best of wines, liquors and San Francisco beer, call at the Gem, opposite the bell tower, and see Campbell.
—Capt. J. H. D. Gray is now prepared to supply the best qualities of fir, hemlock, vine maple, spruce limbs, etc. Leave orders at the wood yard, foot of Benton street.
—For a first-class oyster stew, fry, pan-roast or fancy roast, go to Roscoe's on Main street, opposite N. Lee's. Families supplied by the hundred or the sack, open or in the shell.
—Max Wagner's San Francisco National brewery beer can't be beat.

For Port Townsend, Victoria, Nanaimo, Fort Wrangle and Sitka.
Carrying U. S. Mails.
THE STEAMSHIP CALIFORNIA,
JAMES CARROLL, Commander
Will leave Portland for the above ports from Flander's Dock
No freight for Alaska taken after 12 o'clock the day previous to departure.
For Freight or Passage apply to
E. C. BUGHES, Purser.
TAILORING,
CLEANING AND REPAIRING
NEAT, CHEAP AND QUICK, BY
GEORGE LOVETT,
Chenamus St., next Nicholson's Barber Shop.

For Port Townsend, Victoria, Nanaimo, Fort Wrangle and Sitka.
Carrying U. S. Mails.
THE STEAMSHIP CALIFORNIA,
JAMES CARROLL, Commander
Will leave Portland for the above ports from Flander's Dock
No freight for Alaska taken after 12 o'clock the day previous to departure.
For Freight or Passage apply to
E. C. BUGHES, Purser.
TAILORING,
CLEANING AND REPAIRING
NEAT, CHEAP AND QUICK, BY
GEORGE LOVETT,
Chenamus St., next Nicholson's Barber Shop.

For Port Townsend, Victoria, Nanaimo, Fort Wrangle and Sitka.
Carrying U. S. Mails.
THE STEAMSHIP CALIFORNIA,
JAMES CARROLL, Commander
Will leave Portland for the above ports from Flander's Dock
No freight for Alaska taken after 12 o'clock the day previous to departure.
For Freight or Passage apply to
E. C. BUGHES, Purser.
TAILORING,
CLEANING AND REPAIRING
NEAT, CHEAP AND QUICK, BY
GEORGE LOVETT,
Chenamus St., next Nicholson's Barber Shop.

clouds sailing over everything, making shadows upon the glittering river and casting a momentary gloom upon the little footpath through the gorge. The blood bounds in ones veins and one feels an intense delight in living, an ineffable thankfulness to the Great Father of us all. But the crowning splendor of all is when one turns ones eyes either to the north towards mount Adams, or to the south towards mount Hood; for these are the only snow peaks visible from the immediate neighborhood of the river. The time will soon come, I trust, when there will be stage routes through the Cascade mountains, and when it will be possible to sever ones connection with the river, and pass the whole season in the company of these Giants of the Cascade Range. I have seen the mountains of the French Alps and of the Apennines, but these of the Cascade have a peculiarity very singular and very beautiful. The snow line begins almost at the level of the plateau, and this varies from 4,500 to 5,000 feet; so that these giants are really snow clad—not merely topped with snow. They have the appearance of huge pyramids of snow, through which one discerns, here and there, the basalt bones, in ridges and occasional precipitous cliffs. At the point I am describing, one is nearer to mount Adams than to mount Hood, but sufficiently close to the latter to be impressed thoroughly by its grandeur and its beauty. To those who have the color sense the sight of these immense white pyramids against the blue sky will ever be

one of the grand sensations of their existence. It is useless to attempt to describe what is indescribable. How can color be described, or in what words can man explain what is a sense, a feeling? The purity of it, the depth of it, the immensity of it are what one feels most when gazing at such a spectacle. But when the sun is sinking in the westward, and the sun-god flames with all his brightest colors before he disappears below the horizon, all the glowing tints, all the supernal tones of the sunset are reflected upon the snow masses of these mountains with a glory that brings tears into the eyes. It is the apotheosis of color. It is so bright, so splendid and yet so ethereal, that the glowing hues of the ruby and emerald become dirty and tawdry in comparison. The aurora borealis is the only thing with which it can be compared. That, however, is flickering and comparatively evanescent. This fades slowly into darkness through a long, long twilight, and at last becomes a faint cloud as the darkness falls upon the mountains, and the stars shed their light like dew.

Charles Stevens & Son are in receipt of a fine stock of mouldings, and are now prepared to make picture frames to order. Call and inspect their stock.
—Look out for a big lot of San Francisco National brewery beer to arrive by steamer Oregon, at Max Wagner's agency.
—For the genuine J. H. Carter old Bourbon, and the best of wines, liquors and San Francisco beer, call at the Gem, opposite the bell tower, and see Campbell.
—Capt. J. H. D. Gray is now prepared to supply the best qualities of fir, hemlock, vine maple, spruce limbs, etc. Leave orders at the wood yard, foot of Benton street.
—For a first-class oyster stew, fry, pan-roast or fancy roast, go to Roscoe's on Main street, opposite N. Lee's. Families supplied by the hundred or the sack, open or in the shell.
—Max Wagner's San Francisco National brewery beer can't be beat.

For Port Townsend, Victoria, Nanaimo, Fort Wrangle and Sitka.
Carrying U. S. Mails.
THE STEAMSHIP CALIFORNIA,
JAMES CARROLL, Commander
Will leave Portland for the above ports from Flander's Dock
No freight for Alaska taken after 12 o'clock the day previous to departure.
For Freight or Passage apply to
E. C. BUGHES, Purser.
TAILORING,
CLEANING AND REPAIRING
NEAT, CHEAP AND QUICK, BY
GEORGE LOVETT,
Chenamus St., next Nicholson's Barber Shop.

For Port Townsend, Victoria, Nanaimo, Fort Wrangle and Sitka.
Carrying U. S. Mails.
THE STEAMSHIP CALIFORNIA,
JAMES CARROLL, Commander
Will leave Portland for the above ports from Flander's Dock
No freight for Alaska taken after 12 o'clock the day previous to departure.
For Freight or Passage apply to
E. C. BUGHES, Purser.
TAILORING,
CLEANING AND REPAIRING
NEAT, CHEAP AND QUICK, BY
GEORGE LOVETT,
Chenamus St., next Nicholson's Barber Shop.

For Port Townsend, Victoria, Nanaimo, Fort Wrangle and Sitka.
Carrying U. S. Mails.
THE STEAMSHIP CALIFORNIA,
JAMES CARROLL, Commander
Will leave Portland for the above ports from Flander's Dock
No freight for Alaska taken after 12 o'clock the day previous to departure.
For Freight or Passage apply to
E. C. BUGHES, Purser.
TAILORING,
CLEANING AND REPAIRING
NEAT, CHEAP AND QUICK, BY
GEORGE LOVETT,
Chenamus St., next Nicholson's Barber Shop.

clouds sailing over everything, making shadows upon the glittering river and casting a momentary gloom upon the little footpath through the gorge. The blood bounds in ones veins and one feels an intense delight in living, an ineffable thankfulness to the Great Father of us all. But the crowning splendor of all is when one turns ones eyes either to the north towards mount Adams, or to the south towards mount Hood; for these are the only snow peaks visible from the immediate neighborhood of the river. The time will soon come, I trust, when there will be stage routes through the Cascade mountains, and when it will be possible to sever ones connection with the river, and pass the whole season in the company of these Giants of the Cascade Range. I have seen the mountains of the French Alps and of the Apennines, but these of the Cascade have a peculiarity very singular and very beautiful. The snow line begins almost at the level of the plateau, and this varies from 4,500 to 5,000 feet; so that these giants are really snow clad—not merely topped with snow. They have the appearance of huge pyramids of snow, through which one discerns, here and there, the basalt bones, in ridges and occasional precipitous cliffs. At the point I am describing, one is nearer to mount Adams than to mount Hood, but sufficiently close to the latter to be impressed thoroughly by its grandeur and its beauty. To those who have the color sense the sight of these immense white pyramids against the blue sky will ever be

one of the grand sensations of their existence. It is useless to attempt to describe what is indescribable. How can color be described, or in what words can man explain what is a sense, a feeling? The purity of it, the depth of it, the immensity of it are what one feels most when gazing at such a spectacle. But when the sun is sinking in the westward, and the sun-god flames with all his brightest colors before he disappears below the horizon, all the glowing tints, all the supernal tones of the sunset are reflected upon the snow masses of these mountains with a glory that brings tears into the eyes. It is the apotheosis of color. It is so bright, so splendid and yet so ethereal, that the glowing hues of the ruby and emerald become dirty and tawdry in comparison. The aurora borealis is the only thing with which it can be compared. That, however, is flickering and comparatively evanescent. This fades slowly into darkness through a long, long twilight, and at last becomes a faint cloud as the darkness falls upon the mountains, and the stars shed their light like dew.

Charles Stevens & Son are in receipt of a fine stock of mouldings, and are now prepared to make picture frames to order. Call and inspect their stock.
—Look out for a big lot of San Francisco National brewery beer to arrive by steamer Oregon, at Max Wagner's agency.
—For the genuine J. H. Carter old Bourbon, and the best of wines, liquors and San Francisco beer, call at the Gem, opposite the bell tower, and see Campbell.
—Capt. J. H. D. Gray is now prepared to supply the best qualities of fir, hemlock, vine maple, spruce limbs, etc. Leave orders at the wood yard, foot of Benton street.
—For a first-class oyster stew, fry, pan-roast or fancy roast, go to Roscoe's on Main street, opposite N. Lee's. Families supplied by the hundred or the sack, open or in the shell.
—Max Wagner's San Francisco National brewery beer can't be beat.

For Port Townsend, Victoria, Nanaimo, Fort Wrangle and Sitka.
Carrying U. S. Mails.
THE STEAMSHIP CALIFORNIA,
JAMES CARROLL, Commander
Will leave Portland for the above ports from Flander's Dock
No freight for Alaska taken after 12 o'clock the day previous to departure.
For Freight or Passage apply to
E. C. BUGHES, Purser.
TAILORING,
CLEANING AND REPAIRING
NEAT, CHEAP AND QUICK, BY
GEORGE LOVETT,
Chenamus St., next Nicholson's Barber Shop.

For Port Townsend, Victoria, Nanaimo, Fort Wrangle and Sitka.
Carrying U. S. Mails.
THE STEAMSHIP CALIFORNIA,
JAMES CARROLL, Commander
Will leave Portland for the above ports from Flander's Dock
No freight for Alaska taken after 12 o'clock the day previous to departure.
For Freight or Passage apply to
E. C. BUGHES, Purser.
TAILORING,
CLEANING AND REPAIRING
NEAT, CHEAP AND QUICK, BY
GEORGE LOVETT,
Chenamus St., next Nicholson's Barber Shop.

For Port Townsend, Victoria, Nanaimo, Fort Wrangle and Sitka.
Carrying U. S. Mails.
THE STEAMSHIP CALIFORNIA,
JAMES CARROLL, Commander
Will leave Portland for the above ports from Flander's Dock
No freight for Alaska taken after 12 o'clock the day previous to departure.
For Freight or Passage apply to
E. C. BUGHES, Purser.
TAILORING,
CLEANING AND REPAIRING
NEAT, CHEAP AND QUICK, BY
GEORGE LOVETT,
Chenamus St., next Nicholson's Barber Shop.

clouds sailing over everything, making shadows upon the glittering river and casting a momentary gloom upon the little footpath through the gorge. The blood bounds in ones veins and one feels an intense delight in living, an ineffable thankfulness to the Great Father of us all. But the crowning splendor of all is when one turns ones eyes either to the north towards mount Adams, or to the south towards mount Hood; for these are the only snow peaks visible from the immediate neighborhood of the river. The time will soon come, I trust, when there will be stage routes through the Cascade mountains, and when it will be possible to sever ones connection with the river, and pass the whole season in the company of these Giants of the Cascade Range. I have seen the mountains of the French Alps and of the Apennines, but these of the Cascade have a peculiarity very singular and very beautiful. The snow line begins almost at the level of the plateau, and this varies from 4,500 to 5,000 feet; so that these giants are really snow clad—not merely topped with snow. They have the appearance of huge pyramids of snow, through which one discerns, here and there, the basalt bones, in ridges and occasional precipitous cliffs. At the point I am describing, one is nearer to mount Adams than to mount Hood, but sufficiently close to the latter to be impressed thoroughly by its grandeur and its beauty. To those who have the color sense the sight of these immense white pyramids against the blue sky will ever be

one of the grand sensations of their existence. It is useless to attempt to describe what is indescribable. How can color be described, or in what words can man explain what is a sense, a feeling? The purity of it, the depth of it, the immensity of it are what one feels most when gazing at such a spectacle. But when the sun is sinking in the westward, and the sun-god flames with all his brightest colors before he disappears below the horizon, all the glowing tints, all the supernal tones of the sunset are reflected upon the snow masses of these mountains with a glory that brings tears into the eyes. It is the apotheosis of color. It is so bright, so splendid and yet so ethereal, that the glowing hues of the ruby and emerald become dirty and tawdry in comparison. The aurora borealis is the only thing with which it can be compared. That, however, is flickering and comparatively evanescent. This fades slowly into darkness through a long, long twilight, and at last becomes a faint cloud as the darkness falls upon the mountains, and the stars shed their light like dew.

Charles Stevens & Son are in receipt of a fine stock of mouldings, and are now prepared to make picture frames to order. Call and inspect their stock.
—Look out for a big lot of San Francisco National brewery beer to arrive by steamer Oregon, at Max Wagner's agency.
—For the genuine J. H. Carter old Bourbon, and the best of wines, liquors and San Francisco beer, call at the Gem, opposite the bell tower, and see Campbell.
—Capt. J. H. D. Gray is now prepared to supply the best qualities of fir, hemlock, vine maple, spruce limbs, etc. Leave orders at the wood yard, foot of Benton street.
—For a first-class oyster stew, fry, pan-roast or fancy roast, go to Roscoe's on Main street, opposite N. Lee's. Families supplied by the hundred or the sack, open or in the shell.
—Max Wagner's San Francisco National brewery beer can't be beat.

For Port Townsend, Victoria, Nanaimo, Fort Wrangle and Sitka.
Carrying U. S. Mails.
THE STEAMSHIP CALIFORNIA,
JAMES CARROLL, Commander
Will leave Portland for the above ports from Flander's Dock
No freight for Alaska taken after 12 o'clock the day previous to departure.
For Freight or Passage apply to
E. C. BUGHES, Purser.
TAILORING,
CLEANING AND REPAIRING
NEAT, CHEAP AND QUICK, BY
GEORGE LOVETT,
Chenamus St., next Nicholson's Barber Shop.

For Port Townsend, Victoria, Nanaimo, Fort Wrangle and Sitka.
Carrying U. S. Mails.
THE STEAMSHIP CALIFORNIA,
JAMES CARROLL, Commander
Will leave Portland for the above ports from Flander's Dock
No freight for Alaska taken after 12 o'clock the day previous to departure.
For Freight or Passage apply to
E. C. BUGHES, Purser.
TAILORING,
CLEANING AND REPAIRING
NEAT, CHEAP AND QUICK, BY
GEORGE LOVETT,
Chenamus St., next Nicholson's Barber Shop.

For Port Townsend, Victoria, Nanaimo, Fort Wrangle and Sitka.
Carrying U. S. Mails.
THE STEAMSHIP CALIFORNIA,
JAMES CARROLL, Commander
Will leave Portland for the above ports from Flander's Dock
No freight for Alaska taken after 12 o'clock the day previous to departure.
For Freight or Passage apply to
E. C. BUGHES, Purser.
TAILORING,
CLEANING AND REPAIRING
NEAT, CHEAP AND QUICK, BY
GEORGE LOVETT,
Chenamus St., next Nicholson's Barber Shop.

clouds sailing over everything, making shadows upon the glittering river and casting a momentary gloom upon the little footpath through the gorge. The blood bounds in ones veins and one feels an intense delight in living, an ineffable thankfulness to the Great Father of us all. But the crowning splendor of all is when one turns ones eyes either to the north towards mount Adams, or to the south towards mount Hood; for these are the only snow peaks visible from the immediate neighborhood of the river. The time will soon come, I trust, when there will be stage routes through the Cascade mountains, and when it will be possible to sever ones connection with the river, and pass the whole season in the company of these Giants of the Cascade Range. I have seen the mountains of the French Alps and of the Apennines, but these of the Cascade have a peculiarity very singular and very beautiful. The snow line begins almost at the level of the plateau, and this varies from 4,500 to 5,000 feet; so that these giants are really snow clad—not merely topped with snow. They have the appearance of huge pyramids of snow, through which one discerns, here and there, the basalt bones, in ridges and occasional precipitous cliffs. At the point I am describing, one is nearer to mount Adams than to mount Hood, but sufficiently close to the latter to be impressed thoroughly by its grandeur and its beauty. To those who have the color sense the sight of these immense white pyramids against the blue sky will ever be

one of the grand sensations of their existence. It is useless to attempt to describe what is indescribable. How can color be described, or in what words can man explain what is a sense, a feeling? The purity of it, the depth of it, the immensity of it are what one feels most when gazing at such a spectacle. But when the sun is sinking in the westward, and the sun-god flames with all his brightest colors before he disappears below the horizon, all the glowing tints, all the supernal tones of the sunset are reflected upon the snow masses of these mountains with a glory that brings tears into the eyes. It is the apotheosis of color. It is so bright, so splendid and yet so ethereal, that the glowing hues of the ruby and emerald become dirty and tawdry in comparison. The aurora borealis is the only thing with which it can be compared. That, however, is flickering and comparatively evanescent. This fades slowly into darkness through a long, long twilight, and at last becomes a faint cloud as the darkness falls upon the mountains, and the stars shed their light like dew.

Charles Stevens & Son are in receipt of a fine stock of mouldings, and are now prepared to make picture frames to order. Call and inspect their stock.
—Look out for a big lot of San Francisco National brewery beer to arrive by steamer Oregon, at Max Wagner's agency.
—For the genuine J. H. Carter old Bourbon, and the best of wines, liquors and San Francisco beer, call at the Gem, opposite the bell tower, and see Campbell.
—Capt. J. H. D. Gray is now prepared to supply the best qualities of fir, hemlock, vine maple, spruce limbs, etc. Leave orders at the wood yard, foot of Benton street.
—For a first-class oyster stew, fry, pan-roast or fancy roast, go to Roscoe's on Main street, opposite N. Lee's. Families supplied by the hundred or the sack, open or in the shell.
—Max Wagner's San Francisco National brewery beer can't be beat.

For Port Townsend, Victoria, Nanaimo, Fort Wrangle and Sitka.
Carrying U. S. Mails.
THE STEAMSHIP CALIFORNIA,
JAMES CARROLL, Commander
Will leave Portland for the above ports from Flander's Dock
No freight for Alaska taken after 12 o'clock the day previous to departure.
For Freight or Passage apply to
E. C. BUGHES, Purser.
TAILORING,
CLEANING AND REPAIRING
NEAT, CHEAP AND QUICK, BY
GEORGE LOVETT,
Chenamus St., next Nicholson's Barber Shop.

For Port Townsend, Victoria, Nanaimo, Fort Wrangle and Sitka.
Carrying U. S. Mails.
THE STEAMSHIP CALIFORNIA,
JAMES CARROLL, Commander
Will leave Portland for the above ports from Flander's Dock
No freight for Alaska taken after 12 o'clock the day previous to departure.
For Freight or Passage apply to
E. C. BUGHES, Purser.
TAILORING,
CLEANING AND REPAIRING
NEAT, CHEAP AND QUICK, BY
GEORGE LOVETT,
Chenamus St., next Nicholson's Barber Shop.

For Port Townsend, Victoria, Nanaimo, Fort Wrangle and Sitka.
Carrying U. S. Mails.
THE STEAMSHIP CALIFORNIA,
JAMES CARROLL, Commander
Will leave Portland for the above ports from Flander's Dock
No freight for Alaska taken after 12 o'clock the day previous to departure.
For Freight or Passage apply to
E. C. BUGHES, Purser.
TAILORING,
CLEANING AND REPAIRING
NEAT, CHEAP AND QUICK, BY
GEORGE LOVETT,
Chenamus St., next Nicholson's Barber Shop.

clouds sailing over everything, making shadows upon the glittering river and casting a momentary gloom upon the little footpath through the gorge. The blood bounds in ones veins and one feels an intense delight in living, an ineffable thankfulness to the Great Father of us all. But the crowning splendor of all is when one turns ones eyes either to the north towards mount Adams, or to the south towards mount Hood; for these are the only snow peaks visible from the immediate neighborhood of the river. The time will soon come, I trust, when there will be stage routes through the Cascade mountains, and when it will be possible to sever ones connection with the river, and pass the whole season in the company of these Giants of the Cascade Range. I have seen the mountains of the French Alps and of the Apennines, but these of the Cascade have a peculiarity very singular and very beautiful. The snow line begins almost at the level of the plateau, and this varies from 4,500 to 5,000 feet; so that these giants are really snow clad—not merely topped with snow. They have the appearance of huge pyramids of snow, through which one discerns, here and there, the basalt bones, in ridges and occasional precipitous cliffs. At the point I am describing, one is nearer to mount Adams than to mount Hood, but sufficiently close to the latter to be impressed thoroughly by its grandeur and its beauty. To those who have the color sense the sight of these immense white pyramids against the blue sky will ever be

one of the grand sensations of their existence. It is useless to attempt to describe what is indescribable. How can color be described, or in what words can man explain what is a sense, a feeling? The purity of it, the depth of it, the immensity of it are what one feels most when gazing at such a spectacle. But when the sun is sinking in the westward, and the sun-god flames with all his brightest colors before he disappears below the horizon, all the glowing tints, all the supernal tones of the sunset are reflected upon the snow masses of these mountains with a glory that brings tears into the eyes. It is the apotheosis of color. It is so bright, so splendid and yet so ethereal, that the glowing hues of the ruby and emerald become dirty and tawdry in comparison. The aurora borealis is the only thing with which it can be compared. That, however, is flickering and comparatively evanescent. This fades slowly into darkness through a long, long twilight, and at last becomes a faint cloud as the darkness falls upon the mountains, and the stars shed their light like dew.

Charles Stevens & Son are in receipt of a fine stock of mouldings, and are now prepared to make picture frames to order. Call and inspect their stock.
—Look out for a big lot of San Francisco National brewery beer to arrive by steamer Oregon, at Max Wagner's agency.
—For the genuine J. H. Carter old Bourbon, and the best of wines, liquors and San Francisco beer, call at the Gem, opposite the bell tower, and see Campbell.
—Capt. J. H. D. Gray is now prepared to supply the best qualities of fir, hemlock, vine maple, spruce limbs, etc. Leave orders at the wood yard, foot of Benton street.
—For a first-class oyster stew, fry, pan-roast or fancy roast, go to Roscoe's on Main street, opposite N. Lee's. Families supplied by the hundred or the sack, open or in the shell.
—Max Wagner's San Francisco National brewery beer can't be beat.

For Port Townsend, Victoria, Nanaimo, Fort Wrangle and Sitka.
Carrying U. S. Mails.
THE STEAMSHIP CALIFORNIA,
JAMES CARROLL, Commander
Will leave Portland for the above ports from Flander's Dock
No freight for Alaska taken after 12 o'clock the day previous to departure.
For Freight or Passage apply to
E. C. BUGHES, Purser.
TAILORING,
CLEANING AND REPAIRING
NEAT, CHEAP AND QUICK, BY
GEORGE LOVETT,
Chenamus St., next Nicholson's Barber Shop.

For Port Townsend, Victoria, Nanaimo, Fort Wrangle and Sitka.
Carrying U. S. Mails.
THE STEAMSHIP CALIFORNIA,
JAMES CARROLL, Commander
Will leave Portland for the above ports from Flander's Dock
No freight for Alaska taken after 12 o'clock the day previous to departure.
For Freight or Passage apply to
E. C. BUGHES, Purser.
TAILORING,
CLEANING AND REPAIRING
NEAT, CHEAP AND QUICK, BY
GEORGE LOVETT,
Chenamus St., next Nicholson's Barber Shop.

For Port Townsend, Victoria, Nanaimo, Fort Wrangle and Sitka.
Carrying U. S. Mails.
THE STEAMSHIP CALIFORNIA,
JAMES CARROLL, Commander
Will leave Portland for the above ports from Flander's Dock
No freight for Alaska taken after 12 o'clock the day previous to departure.
For Freight or Passage apply to
E. C. BUGHES, Purser.
TAILORING,
CLEANING AND REPAIRING
NEAT, CHEAP AND QUICK, BY
GEORGE LOVETT,
Chenamus St., next Nicholson's Barber Shop.

clouds sailing over everything, making shadows upon the glittering river and casting a momentary gloom upon the little footpath through the gorge. The blood bounds in ones veins and one feels an intense delight in living, an ineffable thankfulness to the Great Father of us all. But the crowning splendor of all is when one turns ones eyes either to the north towards mount Adams, or to the south towards mount Hood; for these are the only snow peaks visible from the immediate neighborhood of the river. The time will soon come, I trust, when there will be stage routes through the Cascade mountains, and when it will be possible to sever ones connection with the river, and pass the whole season in the company of these Giants of the Cascade Range. I have seen the mountains of the French Alps and of the Apennines, but these of the Cascade have a peculiarity very singular and very beautiful. The snow line begins almost at the level of the plateau, and this varies from 4,500 to 5,000 feet; so that these giants are really snow clad—not merely topped with snow. They have the appearance of huge pyramids of snow, through which one discerns, here and there, the basalt bones, in ridges and occasional precipitous cliffs. At the point I am describing, one is nearer to mount Adams than to mount Hood, but sufficiently close to the latter to be impressed thoroughly by its grandeur and its beauty. To those who have the color sense the sight of these immense white pyramids against the blue sky will ever be

one of the grand sensations of their existence. It is useless to attempt to describe what is indescribable. How can color be described, or in what words can man explain what is a sense, a feeling? The purity of it, the depth of it, the immensity of it are what one feels most when gazing at such a spectacle. But when the sun is sinking in the westward, and the sun-god flames with all his brightest colors before he disappears below the horizon, all the glowing tints, all the supernal tones of the sunset are reflected upon the snow masses of these mountains with a glory that brings tears into the eyes. It is the apotheosis of color. It is so bright, so splendid and yet so ethereal, that the glowing hues of the ruby and emerald become dirty and tawdry in comparison. The aurora borealis is the only thing with which it can be compared. That, however, is flickering and comparatively evanescent. This fades slowly into darkness through a long, long twilight, and at last becomes a faint cloud as the darkness falls upon the mountains, and the stars shed their light like dew.

Charles Stevens & Son are in receipt of a fine stock of mouldings, and are now prepared to make picture frames to order. Call and inspect their stock.
—Look out for a big lot of San Francisco National brewery beer to arrive by steamer Oregon, at Max Wagner's agency.
—For the genuine J. H. Carter old Bourbon, and the best of wines, liquors and San Francisco beer, call at the Gem, opposite the bell tower, and see Campbell.
—Capt. J. H. D. Gray is now prepared to supply the best qualities of fir, hemlock, vine maple, spruce limbs, etc. Leave orders at the wood yard, foot of Benton street.
—For a first-class oyster stew, fry, pan-roast or fancy roast, go to Roscoe's on Main street, opposite N. Lee's. Families supplied by the hundred or the sack, open or in the shell.
—Max Wagner's San Francisco National brewery beer can't be beat.

For Port Townsend, Victoria, Nanaimo, Fort Wrangle and Sitka.
Carrying U. S. Mails.
THE STEAMSHIP CALIFORNIA,
JAMES CARROLL, Commander
Will leave Portland for the above ports from Flander's Dock
No freight for Alaska taken after 12 o'clock the day previous to departure.
For Freight or Passage apply to
E. C. BUGHES, Purser.
TAILORING,
CLEANING AND REPAIRING
NEAT, CHEAP AND QUICK, BY
GEORGE LOVETT,
Chenamus St., next Nicholson's Barber Shop.

For Port Townsend, Victoria, Nanaimo, Fort Wrangle and Sitka.
Carrying U. S. Mails.
THE STEAMSHIP CALIFORNIA,
JAMES CARROLL, Commander
Will leave Portland for the above ports from Flander's Dock
No freight for Alaska taken after 12 o'clock the day previous to departure.
For Freight or Passage apply to
E. C. BUGHES, Purser.
TAILORING,
CLEANING AND REPAIRING
NEAT, CHEAP AND QUICK, BY
GEORGE LOVETT,
Chenamus St., next Nicholson's Barber Shop.

For Port Townsend, Victoria, Nanaimo, Fort Wrangle and Sitka.
Carrying U. S. Mails.
THE STEAMSHIP CALIFORNIA,
JAMES CARROLL, Commander
Will leave Portland for the above ports from Flander's Dock
No freight for Alaska taken after 12 o'clock the day previous to departure.
For Freight or Passage apply to
E. C. BUGHES, Purser.
TAILORING,
CLEANING AND REPAIRING
NEAT, CHEAP AND QUICK, BY
GEORGE LOVETT,
Chenamus St., next Nicholson's Barber Shop.

clouds sailing over everything, making shadows upon the glittering river and casting a momentary gloom upon the little footpath through the gorge. The blood bounds in ones veins and one feels an intense delight in living, an ineffable thankfulness to the Great Father of us all. But the crowning splendor of all is when one turns ones eyes either to the north towards mount Adams, or to the south towards mount Hood; for these are the only snow peaks visible from the immediate neighborhood of the river. The time will soon come, I trust, when there will be stage routes through the Cascade mountains, and when it will be possible to sever ones connection with the river, and pass the whole season in the company of these Giants of the