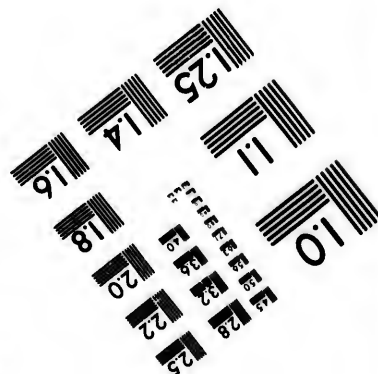
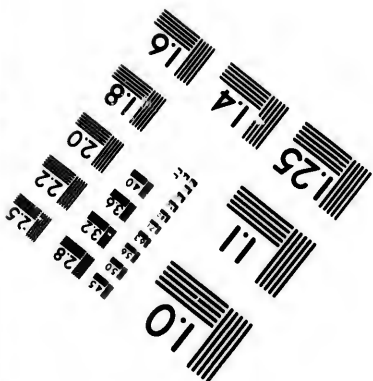
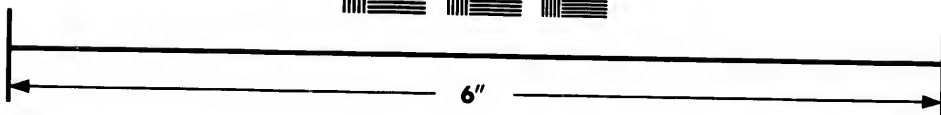
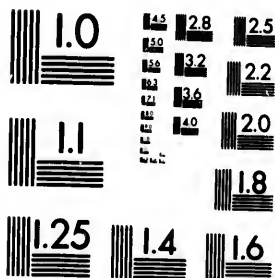


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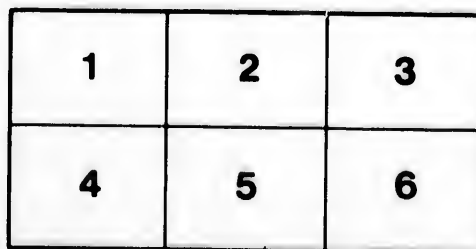
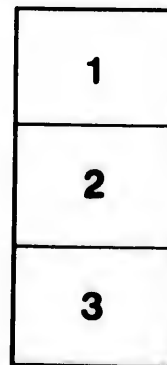
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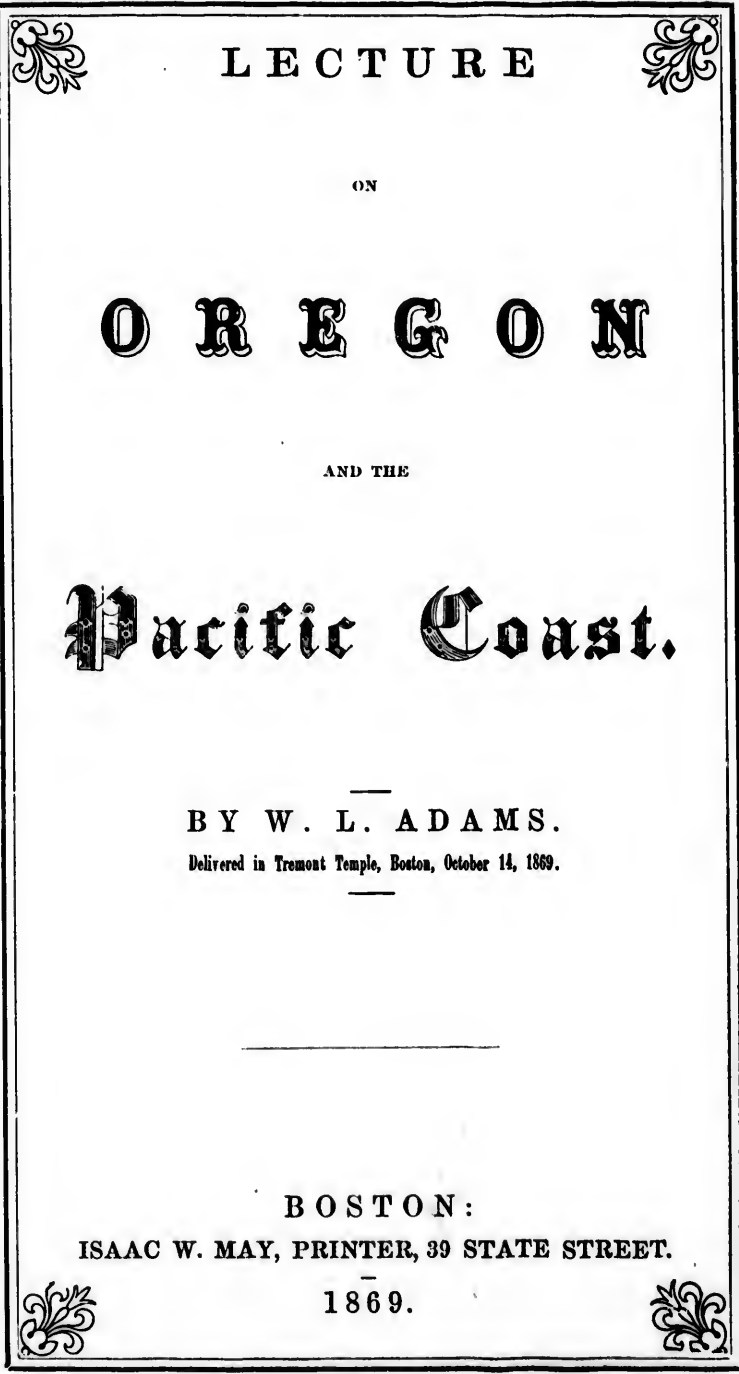
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LECTURE

ON

O R E G O N

AND THE

Pacific Coast.

BY W. L. ADAMS.

Delivered in Tremont Temple, Boston, October 14, 1869.

BOSTON:

ISAAC W. MAY, PRINTER, 39 STATE STREET.

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LECTURE.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

The territory belonging to the United States, west of the Rocky Mountains is but little understood by a large majority of the people on this side of the Continent. Although it has an area of 356.600 square miles more than have the twenty-five States and District of Columbia east of the Mississippi river, and an area of 66.898 square miles more than all our territory between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains; and an intrinsic value in excess of all the wealth of the whole Atlantic slope, yet I find but few people who know much more about this country than they know of China.

Our Pilgrim Fathers were pleased to inform their Trans-Atlantic relatives, that they had found and settled a "New World," a country every way different, and possessing superior advantages over the land from which they fled. It was left for their children to explore and possess a country, so remarkable in all its natural characteristics, and so different from any our fathers ever saw, it seemed to me when first I saw it, that I had indeed found a New World. To give one who has not lived in it, travelled over it, and studied it for more than twenty years, as I have, a correct idea of it, would require a volume of many hundred pages.

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Do not understand that *I* am well acquainted with this country. I know perhaps as much about it as most people on our coast; yet I know as little of it almost, as Newton knew of the realms of science, when he declared that he was but a child, standing on the banks of an illimitable ocean, and casting pebbles into it, knowing nothing of its depth, or of the countries that skirted its farther shores.

It embraces an area of 1,300,464 square miles, which may be divided up into ten thousand sections, every section of which, is full of interest, and presents to the explorer some new geological, agricultural, pastoral or climatic feature or advantage peculiar to itself.

To describe one section of Illinois, is to describe in the main, Indiana, Iowa, Missouri, and the great heart of the Mississippi Valley. To draw a picture of one man's home and surroundings on the Pacific coast, might give no correct idea of the scenery, soil, climate, mineral, agricultural or pastoral advantages enjoyed by his neighbor, living on the slope of a mountain, far above him, or in some rich cosy valley far below him, only a few miles away. Owing to the mountainous character of the country, it affords an infinite variety of scenery.

A man standing on one eminence, sees as it were a different country from him who occupies a hill top only half a mile away, or even from him who stands just over on the other side of the same hill he stands on himself. How much could a man be supposed to know of this vast country, containing almost a million and a half of square miles, when *I* never take my rifle in hand, to hunt over ground in sight of my own house, without wandering over spots, and obtaining views I never saw before, and when in a foggy day I am almost sure to be lost, unless I am guided in my course by some mountain stream—lost on an area of only a

few miles compass, over which, I have hunted for many years. I mention this to show you how difficult is the task of one who attempts to give a correct idea in a short lecture of that vast and interesting country.

I might make short work of it, by telling you that the people who live over there, are the best contented of any people I have found in travelling through North and South America, and that I believe every man, in Oregon especially, thinks that he has got the best farm on the coast, that his farm possesses some one advantage that no other man's farm does. I might also state, that those who have lived there the longest, like it the best.

The hard shell Baptist brother, when trying to describe heaven to a Kentucky audience, after using all the adjectives he could think of, wound up by telling them it was "A perfect Kaintuck of a place." (applause.) We have no *Heaven* on our coast, for it is a part of this insignificant little planet we call Earth. I should judge however from what I saw of Kentucky during a late journey through that and other Southern States, that our coast is rather *more* of a good thing than a "A perfect Kaintuck of a place," and that the inducements that Kentucky or any other Southern State, offers to immigration, are hardly worth mentioning in comparison with those of a country which, in a few years is to astonish the world with its greatness and glory. If people wish to emigrate, as hundreds of thousands do, let them get reliable information about the South, about Kansas and Nebraska, and about the Pacific Slope, and let them elect between these countries. The popular earthquake however, that has begun to shake the Continent, is rolling an immense tidal wave towards the setting sun—to a spot over which, hovers the Star of Empire. This is going to

prove the tide in the affairs of tens of thousands, which, "taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

In Washington City I met an agent of the immigration society in North Carolina. He presented the claims of his State in glowing colors, and wished me to go to North Carolina. I told him of the superior inducements held out by the Pacific Coast. He became a convert and said he should go to Oregon. What is true of him, will in my opinion be true of nine-tenths of all intelligent people, who become informed as to the best place to settle in.

The inducements that our Coast offers to settlers, are as diverse as are the peculiarities of its ten thousand localities, as various as are the tastes, occupations and aspirations of man. A section that would please a grain grower, might not suit a wine producer, or a miner, and a locality that would suit either of these, might not be the choice of a lumberman, fisherman, stockraiser or manufacturer. The man who wishes a cosy home in some quiet valley, where vegetation is almost perpetually green, where mountains all around him afford range for his stock, and furnish streams of pure rapid water which can be used in any part of his house, his barn, or his plantation, where snow seldom falls, and where the general rainfall is sufficient for farming purposes, will find plenty of places to suit him. Or, if he prefers a locality where snow never falls, and rain seldom falls, but where by using the mountain streams for the purpose of irrigation, he can produce the choicest of grain, and the finest fruits and vegetables, he too can be suited. The manufacturer who seeks for water power to enable him to convert illimitable forests to lumber, to grind into flour the wheat of granaries now being burdened to bursting, or to spin and weave the wool from flocks already beginning to cover our hills, will find his water power everywhere.

The miner will find an area of more than 900,000 square miles, stretching from the Pacific Ocean eleven hundred miles east, and reaching from the northern lines of Oregon and Montana, to the southern boundaries of Arizona and New Mexico, vast portions of which are yet unexplored, and the whole of which has not yet yielded a tithe of its precious metals.

The adventurer who wishes to invest in city property, can find places which are yet comparatively in the woods, where cities are to be built that will eclipse Chicago and Boston, where are to be the termini of railroads running across the continent, and connecting the vast interior with the seaboard—a seaboard to which will flow the wealth of the inland territory, and where ships of all nations will discharge and receive their mighty cargoes. The school teacher, the printer, the common laborer, the inventor, the mechanic, the man of letters and of capital, will all find on this coast, a field of operations more inviting than can be found elsewhere.

That portion of the Pacific Slope which is embraced in the boundaries of Oregon, is the spot that I and many others selected for a home from twenty to twenty-five years ago. As an agricultural country, it is in my opinion the cream of the Pacific coast, and the best state in the union. The only objection that has ever been urged, or that can be urged against it, is the amount of its winter rainfall. This objection only lies however against that portion of the State west of the Cascade mountains, and bordering on the Pacific ocean. The state has an area of 95,248 square miles, is more than twice as large as New York, and out of it could be carved twelve such States as Massachusetts, with more territory left than is embraced in Rhode Island.

Here, as elsewhere on the Pacific coast a description

of one portion of the State, would give an inadequate idea of other sections. Taken as a whole, more than three fourths of the entire State is prairie—not level, but generally undulating, and covered with a wild grass as nutritious as any of the tame grasses of New England. On this grass, stock raisers subsist their cattle during the entire year with but little other feed. I have kept from fifty to a hundred head of cattle, and from twenty to fifty horses, without feeding to the whole, fifty tons of hay in ten years. I have sold these cattle from \$12. to \$100. a head, and the horses from \$17. to \$150. From these figures, some idea can be had of the profits of stock raising—and just here I might perhaps as well say that, the farmer can sell to buyers who will come to his door, all the cows he can raise, at an average of \$30. or \$35. each; beef cattle at from \$25. to \$60; sheep, at from \$1.50. to \$2.50. each; fat hogs at from \$5. to \$15. each; and chickens at from \$2. to \$4. a dozen.

Horses are plenty and not as ready sale as other kinds of stock. Indian ponies are worth from \$15. to \$25. and very superior American work horses, equal to the average of the best draught horses in New England, can be bought at prices varying from \$100. to \$200. Our money is gold and silver, and when I speak of dollars, I always mean *coin* dollars. Greenbacks, go for what the telegram every day from the gold gamblers in New York, tell us they consider them worth.

I said that three fourths of the State is prairie, destitute of timber and brush. It is so, and much of the land, whether bottom land lying on banks of streams, or upland rolling prairie, with an alluvial top and clay bed, is as productive as any soil on the globe; and the pioneer, instead of wearing himself out to clear away the timber and rocks, as our fathers in New England

did, had but to locate his claim, fence it in, and go to plowing land where he could run his plow beam deep without striking a root or a stone; where he could subsist his team and keep it fat on the grass that covered the land he was plowing; and where the soles of his feet were stained at nearly every step, with the juice of the most delicious strawberries.

In some localities, timber is scarce, but as a general thing, every farmer has an abundance near at hand—the streams which are numerous, being often skirted with timber, while the adjacent mountains, furnish an exhaustless supply. When the Missouri orator, in painting the vastness of our growing country and the giant proportions that Brother Jonathan was assuming exclaimed—“Faneuil Hall was his cradle, but *whar*, Oh! *whar* shall we find timber for his coffin?” The Cascade Mountains echoed—*Here?* and the Coast Chain, answered—“Enough here for the coffin of John Bull too.” [Applause.]

The remarks I have made about Oregon are applicable in the main to that portion of the State lying between Idaho, and the Blue Mountains, called “Eastern Oregon.” They are also true of the Willamette, Umpqua, and Rogue River vallies, bounded by the Cascade Mountains on the east, the Coast Chain on the west, the Columbia River on the north, and California on the south. This section, which is known as Western Oregon; being on the sea board, and possessing superior attractions, was first settled: and it yet contains a majority of the voters, wealth and enterprise of the State. It has for a winter, a “rainy season,” lasting from sometime in November, till the first of April.

The portion known as Middle Oregon, which lies west of the Blue Mountains, east of the Cascades

south of the Columbia River, and north of California, is a vast rolling plain, covered with grass, but nearly destitute of timber. The mountains to the east and west of it, not more than seventy five miles either way from the center of the plain, will furnish all the timber that is needed, when railroads abound there, as they do here. This, as well as Eastern Oregon, is exempt from the winter rains peculiar to the western section, but the climate is colder in winter, the thermometer having been known to go as low as twenty degrees below zero, once or twice in twenty years. The winters are generally milder than they are in the State of Tennessee, and stock raisers seldom feed their horses, sheep or cattle during the winter. Twenty years ago I knew Indians who kept many hundred horses, subsisting them on the native grasses the year round.

It may astonish you, but it is nevertheless true, that vast herds of cattle and horses are subsisted in this manner, in the passes of the Rocky Mountains through which it is proposed to run the North Pacific Railroad.

They live in this way, in the northern portion of Montana, Washington Territory, and on portions of Vancouver's Island, as high as 50° north latitude.

A Georgian would be surprised to hear, that a man had raised several wagon loads of sweet potatoes on the banks of Moosehead Lake, away up in Maine, far towards the place where Franklin froze to death— [Applause] so should I. But I know a man who lives at Walla Walla, Washington Territory, half a degree further north, who, two years ago raised thirty seven thousand pounds of sweet potatoes, and he didn't think it a very extra year for sweet potatoes either.

Oregon as a whole, is best adapted to the purposes of agriculture, stock raising, and manufacturing.

though its mining resources are great. It has exhaustless iron ore of a superior quality, and coal mines in several localities; while silver and gold, especially the latter are found in almost every part of the state. Mining is carried on but little, excepting in the eastern and southern portions, where gold and silver mines exist of reputed great value, but which so far as discovered, are mostly held by men who have no capital to work them. It may seem incredible at this distance away, but it is nevertheless true that men have made, and still can make three dollars a day to the hand in washing the sands of the ocean at the mouth of the Columbia River—and yet they are not washed, because nobody in that vicinity thinks three dollars a day sufficient pay for such labor. We make no great boast of our mineral products; as owing to the high price of labor, the heavy cost of transporting machinery into the mountains, the scarcity of capital, together with the certain remunerations of agriculture and other pursuits, our mines have been but little worked. Yet it is nevertheless true that of the \$66,500,000 worth of precious metals supplied to the world by our western gold fields last year, Oregon contributed \$5,000,000. California contributed \$20,000,000, Nebraska \$18,000,000, Montana \$12,000,000, Idaho \$6,000,000, Colorado \$4,000,000, Washington Territory \$1,000,000, while Arizona and New Mexico contributed \$250,000, each.

A few years hence we shall make a better report.

The County of Grant, situated in the middle of Middle Oregon, claims to have already produced over \$10,000,000 in gold, notwithstanding it has a population of only about four thousand, and is infested with hostile Indians who secrete themselves in the mountains, and by their occasional inroads upon the settle-

ments, make both mining and farming extremely hazardous. This county contains according to a report just published by the Oregon Agricultural Society, territory enough to make about two such States as Massachusetts. This is the only county in the State where the Indians are troublesome. In other parts of the state there is no more danger from Indians than there is in Boston.

The rest of my remarks upon Oregon will be mainly applicable to the western part of the State. The cream of Oregon is the Willamette valley, though other portions of the state possess attractions, which suit a diversity of tastes and callings, and are constantly making drains upon the population of the Willamette. This valley, measuring from the summit of the Cascades, to the summit of the Coast Chain is about sixty-five miles wide and about one hundred and fifty long, or about as large as Massachusetts and Delaware. In richness of soil, in the beauty of its scenery, the purity and abundance of its water, consisting of rivers, springs and wells, all of which is as soft as rainwater; its general health, and average climate, its natural facilities for commercial intercourse with the world, its water power, and its exhaustless mountain forests, it will compare with, and in my humble opinion excel any other spot of equal size in North America.

The first thing that strikes a stranger who reaches this country, is the dissimilarity he everywhere notices between things there, and those on the Atlantic Slope. He gazes with delight at mountain peaks, covered with eternal snows sixty or eighty miles away, and yet, such is the purity of the atmosphere, and the magnitude of the mountains, it seems incredible to him that they are more than ten or fifteen miles distant. He wonders that the mountain ranges, have a far richer soil up to

their very summits than the average farming lands of New England. He is astonished to see thousands of cattle and sheep living and fattening on the wild grass in these mountains. He is surprised to see that the Cascade and Coast mountains, the land of which is unsurveyed and unclaimed by the Government, have a better soil and milder climate than the best portions of Maine. If I had my choice to open a farm on top of the Coast Range, near some rich and grass covered prairies I know of, where I could have tall timber all around me, deer, elk, bear and mountain trout for my meat, breathe a pure and invigorating atmosphere, and drink from springs as pure and cold as the fabled springs of pagan Muses, or take the best farm in Maine as a gift to live on, I should choose the mountain home in Oregon without a moments hesitation—yet more land of this kind than there is in the whole State of Maine can be had in Oregon without money and without price.

He who visits that country sees elder stalks from eighteen to thirty inches in circumference, and hazel bushes, from one to five inches in diameter. He sees them making lumber of alder sawlogs from twenty to thirty inches in diameter. He notices something new in the form and color of nearly all the birds and animals. He finds the quail is uncommonly large and beautiful, the male of which has a feathery tuft on the top of its head five or six inches long. He notices that many of the deer have black tails, and are remarkable for size and beauty. He has heard about the fir trees in Oregon which reach an altitude of three hundred feet, or over eighteen rods; trees out of which have been taken eighteen rail cuts, and many of which will make from five to ten thousand feet of lumber. When he first looks up into one of these trees, and perhaps watches a squirrel, till in ascending it is lost to view, he believes

that the story is true—after he measures the tree, he *knows* that it is true. He will find that, in wandering through these shady groves, he will not be exposed to the sting of poisonous insects and venomous reptiles, or the ferocity of wild beasts, as in many other countries. He can sit on a mossy log or lie down on the grass—everywhere, I was going to say, but I will not, for I aim to state nothing but what is strictly true.

I have lived there many years, during which I have travelled through the entire state from north to south, and from east to west; scaled mountains, swam rivers, and visited nooks and corners where none but Indians ever were before. During this time I have seen and killed one rattlesnake, run into one swarm of mosquitos, stirred up one family of hornets, about a dozen families of yellow jackets, and slept in a good many beds, where bed bugs or fleas kept reminding me that I wasn't in Heaven. [Applause]

I have seldom read a book of travels that gave the reader a correct idea of the countries described. They generally state the advantages in glowing colors, mixed in with a good deal of poetry, while they say but little about the disadvantages. Many of those books are written by adventurers, perhaps well read, and literary, but who are as incompetent to judge of the inducements a country offers as a home, as they are to decide upon the best method of making cheese or soap. They will write glibly about the carbonate of lime, oxide of iron, carbonate of magnesia, silicia alumina &c. that compose the soil, without telling us just what the soil will produce, or how much of it to the acre.

I have visited some countries, with these books of travel in my hand, and found, as I found in Central America, that while the books described the gorgeous glory of its forests, they failed to tell me that every

step I took in the woods I was in danger of being stung by a venomous reptile, and that I could no more sit down to rest in the shade, on account of gnats and mosquitos, than I could stand still in a hornets nest. I had to go there to find out that the cholera and yellow fever often carries off the people by hundreds. I read of it as a great cotton country but never knew till I talked with the people there that, while the cotton grows luxuriantly, the worm is sure to destroy almost every vestige of it before it matures—that the weevil destroys the corn, and that the people have little or no market for what they do raise.

I have seen other countries, such as Chili in South America, which, although settled by a class of people that a liberal minded American would not like to live among, is in natural advantages one of the finest countries on the globe—more like our possessions on the Pacific Coast than any country I ever saw, and yet such a country is often turned off with a dash of the pen or two, because the disgusted tourist didn't get his boots blacked, his beard fashionably trimmed, or a feather bed to sleep on.

My object is, to correctly describe the country I hail from. While I speak of its advantages, I shall not fail to mention its disadvantages. No man shall ever go to that coast and say that I deceived him by exaggerating, or making a single statement that was not true. If all I have said, and all I shall say is true, you can be your own judges as to whether it would suit you.

If I was going to pick in the United States the section that man has done the most for, I should select New England, but if I was called upon to indicate the portion that God has done the most for, I should point right over towards Oregon and California. If God had never done any more for that country than he

has for this, it wouldn't have been settled to this day. If our country is a remarkably good country, it is soon to become a great country. If it is a better country than this or the Mississippi Valley; more healthy, more temperate overhead, an easier country to make a living in, and make money in, then it will pay the farmer to go there, and where it will pay the agriculturist, to go, it will pay the capitalist and every body else to go—with the exception perhaps, of the soft handed young gentlemen who sport switch walking canes, part their hair in the middle, smoke perfumed cigars, and twist their mustaches into horns. [Cheers] Such insects had probably better stay where they are, and let the old folks take care of them. [Applause]

The soil of Oregon rests on a clay bed, so hard that a nugget of gold could never work down through it, hence the surface holds all the dressing it ever had, and God gave it the first dressing it ever had, and the last, for nobody that I know of ever manures except it be perhaps some garden patch. I am asked everywhere—"Doesn't your soil wear out?" It never has worn out yet and I know of farms that were settled nearly fifty years ago, by the employees of the Hudson Bay Company, which I believe will produce as many bushels of grain to day, as they did forty years ago.

A man on this side the Rocky Mountains would think he had a fortune if he owned a large farm that never needed manure, and which had a rail fence around it that would last a hundred years. Just imagine what such a farm of 320 acres would sell for, a farm on which snow so seldom falls that its owner's stock will live in his pastures ten months out of twelve, on which with good cultivation he can raise from thirty to sixty-two bushels of wheat to the acre, on which he has an abundance of stock water, plenty of oak, ash, maple, alder, white,

red and yellow fir timber, a perfectly healthy location, and beautiful scenery all around him; where the thermometer never rises above 82°, or sinks lower than six degrees below zero, and not as low as that only once in many years—what would such a place be worth? But suppose that on his land he can raise common white turnips and rutabagas, that will weigh from five to thirty five pounds each, and measure from ten inches to three and a half feet round by simply plowing his ground and sowing the seed broadcast, and without bestowing any labor upon them after covering the seed, land that will produce better potatoes and more of them, than can be raised on the Mississippi bottoms, or in the Genessee Valley, and equal Illinois land in its yield of oats, and all kinds of vegetables—what would a man ask for such land?

Suppose that this farm was entirely exempt from the terrible tornados that frequently sweep over Illinois and other western states, and sometimes visit New England, and suppose that it had a comfortable house, and respectable out buildings, and an orchard, that produced hundreds of bushels of the finest apples in the world; plums, and cherries that no insect ever molests; where his wheat never rusts, or is destroyed by weevil; his potatoes are not eaten up by bugs, or seized with the rot—about what would such a home be worth on the Atlantic Slope?

And suppose in addition to all this, he can sit with his coat on and be comfortable in the shade, the hottest day that ever shines; and that the nights are so cool that he generally sleeps under the same bedding summer and winter; that his stock is generally remarkably healthy; his hogs never die with the cholera, but frequently live the year round with but little feed; and not unfrequently get fat enough for pork on the acorns,

nuts and roots outside of his enclosures; and where his children can pick bushels of wild strawberries on the prairies, quantities of raspberries, gooseberries, blackberries, thimbleberries salmonberries and salal berries in the woods; about what do you think such a place would be held at over this way? Do you believe that gold would buy it? And yet hundreds of farms possessing all these advantages, and *more* can be bought in Oregon, at from \$8. to \$15. an acre; because the seller can soon start another farm that will suit him just as well, where land is new, and worth perhaps \$1.25 an acre. Many of the farms in Oregon, are too large for the good of society, the good of their owners, or the good of anybody. The Government donated to every man who settled there prior to 1854, 320 acres of land, and also 320 acres to every married woman to be held in her own right. The husbands debts cannot touch it. The laws of the State also very properly provide for the holding of property by woman. The owners of these large tracts of land will sell off when they can find buyers. The country will not be the great and beautiful country it is destined to be till farms generally contain only from twenty to sixty acres, as they do in New England.

Men in Oregon own so much land that very little of it is more than half cultivated. They are just beginning to learn that deep plowing and good cultivation pays. When I first went to Oregon, such a thing as a steel plow that would scour, was unknown in the part I settled in. The people had nearly all emigrated from Missouri. They still wore butternut breeches and used wooden mould board plows such as they used before the flood. They thought that human skill was exhausted when it gave birth to one of these plows. [Laughter.] With them we skimmed the surface of the ground, and

got perhaps twenty bushels of wheat to the acre. In 1850 I planted on ground scratched over with one of these "divine arts of Missouri," six bushels of potatoes, for which I paid \$13. I raised from them ten bushels, worth \$10, in the fall. Since steel plows came into use, I have raised 240 bushels from the same amount of seed worth \$120. I have raised from an acre, in wheat, 3,750 pounds, or sixty two and a half bushels. I believe that with proper cultivation a man will generally raise from thirty to forty bushels to the acre.

We now have for sale and in use, all the best agricultural implements, that are used any where in the United States. You can, not only buy these, but you can purchase any thing else in Oregon, that you can procure in New England. The prices are generally about the same there in gold, that they are here in currency.

Nobody irrigates land with us, as they do in California, the summer rains though rare, being sufficient to make the crops. The first of April the rainy season is considered over, yet we have occasional showers till the middle of May, when spring sowing is generally over. About the first of June we look for a weeks rain. No more rain need be expected till the first of September; when several days rain may be looked for, which starts the grass, and affords the farmer an excellent opportunity to sow fall wheat. Wheat sown then will be from six to eight inches high by the time the cold rains of November set in, and it generally makes a better crop than wheat sown at any other time. When the grain fields begin to ripen, about the first of July, the grass on the prairies begins to turn yellow, too. This grass gets dead and dry enough to burn, but it is as nutritious, is eaten as readily by stock, and fattens them as fast, or faster than the green grass. It is not

as good for making milk. The mountain streams afford in many places, excellent facilities for irrigation, and I believe the day will come when these streams will be used; and that, vast tracts of land which are now dry and unproductive during July, August and September, will be made to grow heavy crops of grass during these dry months. I have seen land in Chili, apparently as dry and barren as a desert, which produced clover knee high in six weeks, after the water was let on. I believe the same thing will yet be done in Oregon.

It seems incredible to many who have not informed themselves, that Astoria, Oregon, which is further north than Montreal in Canada, has a milder climate than the northern portion of Georgia—yet such is the fact, I may be asked, as I have been a hundred times, “what is the reason of this? I am here to state facts—the reasons can be found in scientific papers published by the Government. They are too numerous to be embraced in a short lecture.

You will find in examining these papers that southern Alaska, in 55° north latitude, is on the same climatic parallel, with northern New York, which is ten degrees farther south; and that Salem the capital of Oregon, which has the same latitude of northern New York, is on the same climatic parallel, with northern Georgia. You will also find in examining these reports, that, compared with the Atlantic the atmospheric changes on the Pacific coast are more uniform, and of minor range; that along the isothermal line of 50° Fahrenheit, the variations on the Atlantic are double those on the Pacific. While the mean range of winter temperature at San Francisco, from the mean of July is only $8^{\circ} 30'$; at Washington city it is $44^{\circ} 30'$; or more than five times as great.

According to Blodgets hyetal charts, the annual

rainfall of California, where the climate is mild, and where it generally rains in winter instead of snowing; is only about half what it is in states east of the Mississippi. The average rainfall on Vancouver's Island is only about sixty five inches, at Astoria Oregon, about sixty inches, at Humboldt in northern California about forty five inches, in San Francisco about twenty two inches. From this, it decreases south, till you reach the great Colorado Desert, where it amounts to almost nothing.

I have told you that the winters are generally mild as far north as Portland, Oregon, and that our coldest weather had not occurred oftener than once in seven years. I find most people get a better idea of our winters, when told that, for years after I went there people never thought of digging their potatoes, only as they used them, through the winter, and we seldom had any potatoes freeze in the ground.

I have alluded to the superior character of our fruits, grains and vegetables. My statements are corroborated by abundant proofs, filed away in the Government archives. Professor Merrick of Washington city, in one of his reports on the climate of the Pacific coast says—

“ These general controlling elements combining with the unique chorographic features of the country, give rise to a matchless versatility of local climates. These acting upon a soil of exquisite fertility, yield, in answer to intelligent agriculture, a variety, luxuriance, and delicacy of production, esulent, cereal, fibrous, and fruital, unparrelled on the face of the earth. The salubrity of these climates, with a few local exceptions is unsurpassed. Their freedom from injurious variation was a matter of common report long before it was verified by scientific observation.—***

The most active out-door labors may be performed at all seasons of the year, and at all hours of the day, even in the most sultry valleys. This results from the dryness of the atmosphere which prevents the few hot days from being at all enervating. Such a thing as a hard winter, as understood east of the Mississippi, is unknown even as far north as Washington Territory. All reports, both common and scientific, seem to coincide in the statement that the Pacific Coast presents the most desirable conditions of climatic influences upon earth.”

That is strong language, but it is nevertheless true. And it is also true, that this climate which invigorates, instead of relaxing and enervating the human system as does the climate of the great Mississippi valley, sharpens a man's perception, opens his eyes, and renders him everyway more vigorous, active, and wide awake than he was before going there. You ask one of our men on the road a question, and you don't have to wait ten or fifteen seconds for an answer.

After I crossed the Rocky Mountains, and got down into Nebraska, Illinois and Indiana, in June 1868 I felt as though I had got into a mammoth bake oven. The people appeared to be possessed with a sort of stupor that was new to me. It seemed to me that, when I met a man on the road just at the forks, and enquired which fork I must take, it generally took him ten or fifteen seconds to get the idea into his head, and get his brain to working [Laughter] so as to be able to give me an answer. I soon swa that it was in the climate, for I began to get stupid too. [Laughter]

You take a raw Missourian who honestly thinks that a Yankee is a man who always wants his daughters to marry "neegers," who believes that the world is flat, and that Christ was born in Bethany, Missouri, and who *did* believe previous to 1860, that he and his kind could whip the Yankee nation with squirrel guns, and Arkansas toothpicks; and send him to Oregon, and you will find that he will shed off his butternut breeches in eighteen months. [great laughter] In three years he will shed off his old cuticle, and look as sleek as a snake after crawling out of its old skin. In ten years if he doesn't "get religion," and become as wide awake as a New England Yankee; I will agree to furnish him with a new suit of butternuts, and pay his expenses back to Pike County, Missouri. [Applause.]

I pretend not to say how much our climate influenced the eloquence of Col. Baker, or what it did for the prowess of such men as Grant, McClellan, Sheridan and Jo. Hooker; for all of these men once lived in Oregon, and some of them I believe were about as good fighting men as you had in the Union Army. [Applause.]

I have told you that the Pacific Coast is remarkably healthy—I will now say that it is the healthiest part of the United States; and I am going to prove it. I was down in Arkansas not long ago. This is one of the delightful southern states, which newspaper writers and speculators, want you to go down and settle in, to be happy and get rich. I shall not stop to tell you of the gnats and mosquitos that swarm there; of the stories that people told me about having to build fires in the Mississippi bottom to make smoke their cattle could stand in, to ward off "the dod rotted flies" in the day time, or of the character of the people you are invited to settle among. I have a word to say about the climate, and average mortality there.

I find by examining meteorological tables kept for the Government by Dr. Smith, who lives between the Red and Washita Rivers, that the climate, though not intensely cold in winter, is liable to very sudden and disagreeable changes. For instance—the first of December 1859, they had a thunder shower. The air was murky and warm; the thermometer standing at 74°. The next day the thermometer stood at 26°, and the rain froze as fast as it fell. On the tenth of the same month the thermometer stood at sunrise at 24°, and at 2 o'clock P. M. at 54°—showing a change of 30° in a few hours. On the twenty third, it stood at 8° in the morning, and at 34° at two P. M. These sudden changes are not exceptional ones—such are frequently occurring.

I find in comparing the rates of mortality in this state with that of others for the same period, that, Arkansas furnishes more victims to the Grim Monster, in proportion to its population than any other state in the Union—while Massachusetts isn't very far behind it. The deaths in Arkansas in 1860, were at the rate of one person out of every forty eight. Massachusetts and Louisiana which tread close on the heels of Arkansas, lost one in 57. Illinois and Indiana, one in 87. Kansas, one in 68. Vermont, the most favored State this side the Rocky Mountains lost one in 92. California lost one in 101. Oregon one in 172 and Washington Territory one in 228.

You see the immense difference, in favor of our coast at a glance. The difference, is really, much greater than the figures make it; for very many incurably sick people have gone there in hopes of recovering from old chronic complaints, your doctors over here were not able to cure. Infirmity on crutches, has been constantly hobbling out among us. Many of these diseased people, have been cured by the climate, many others have died. Fewer of these diseased unfortunates have reached Washington Territory than California and Oregon: consequently it has the advantage of us in the figures, though no more healthy, than the states south of it.

I have also stated that we have a great advantage over the Atlantic Slope, in having fewer high winds and no hurricanes. In the last twenty one years, we have only had three winds moving at the rate of 45 miles an hour, with a force of ten pounds to the square foot. In Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, the Government reports from eleven stations where observations were made, show that in thirty months, there were four winds of 45 miles velocity and ten pounds

power; and two winds of 60 miles velocity and eighteen pounds power.

At eleven stations in Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Iowa and Wisconsin, the reports show, that during twenty six months, there were twenty five winds of 45 miles velocity, two winds of 75 miles velocity, and two hurricanes of a velocity of 90 miles an hour. The force of these frightful winds is not given, after it exceeds 60 miles an hour. I suppose the Government observers, were running down cellar about that time, holding their hair on their heads with both hands. [Laughter]

Now if the periods during which these observations were made, afford a fair average, and I judge they do, while in twenty one years, we have had in Oregon three forty five mile winds, in Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut, they have had twenty four, such winds, and sixteen winds of sixty miles velocity. This average would also for the same time, give Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, Iowa and Michigan two hundred and twenty five forty five mile winds, eighteen of seventy five miles, and eighteen of ninety miles velocity.

Have you ever read of those hurricanes out there, that level brick buildings, blow a chew of tobacco out of a man's mouth, [Laughter] and nearly shear the wool from the sheep? [Applause] If you haven't I have, and have seen them too. [Laughter] And, yet some men, in starting west to seek the promised land, stop and settle in this country, just as the leek and onion eating Jews, fell in the wilderness, before reaching Caanan. They find it a pretty good corn country, and conclude to stop and go to raising hogs. It is a good country to raise hogs in, but rather a poor country to raise children in. A country where the nights are hot enough to make great corn, isn't just the coun-

try to make great men in. [Applause.] While the great Mississippi valley is turning out large hogs we intend to see what we can do in the way of supplying the world with great men.

I have told you we generally have a great deal of rain in the winter in Oregon, and sometimes we have cold weather. We not unfrequently have winters that are exceptions to this rule. Last winter I was not in Oregon, but I learn from a pamphlet just issued by the "Oregon Agricultural Society" that, according to a record kept by Mr. Dufur, near Portland, it was one of our mild winters. During November, December, January and February, there were only eight continuous rainy days; forty-two days that were variable and seventy-three clear sunny days. There were thirteen frosts and not snow enough to whiten the ground. Only four nights made ice as thick as a pane of glass, and in February the bees were out gathering honey from the flowers. I have seen some winters in Oregon perhaps with fewer frosts than this. I have seen green corn, lettuce and greens taken from the garden Christmas day, when melon vines were yet as green as they were in July,—but this is not common.

Our common school system is good. A public school fund defrays in part the expenses of schools. A majority in every district can vote a tax to build a school house and pay the teacher. In many places the tax is voted and the schools are free. We have a great many "Colleges" scattered over the state—most too many. We have no prohibitory liquor law, yet we had one once, long before such a law was enacted in Maine, or any where else in the United States. Now no man can procure a license to sell liquor till he obtains the signatures of a majority of the legal voters in his precinct to his petition for a license. Many

fail in getting these signatures, hence there are many sections in which there is no liquor sold.

Our wild game, consists of elk, bear, deer, rabbits, coon, squirrels, swan, geese, brants, ducks, grouse, partridges, quails, sage hens, and several other kinds of birds. Our mountain streams abound in speckled trout, while in the Columbia River, and in nearly all the rivers emptying into the sea, vast quantities of salmon, sturgeon, smelt, and some other kinds of fish are caught. At the mouth of the Columbia, the salmon are of a superior quality, and the supply is unlimited. If you go to Oregon, and bake one of these large salmon, and you don't get a quart of oil in your bake pan, you just send for me and I will agree to eat it. The land around the mouth of the Columbia is much of it mountainous, yet the climate is mild, and the soil is productive. I consider it the best grass land in the state. Stock here is seldom if ever fed in the winter, yet this part of the state is but little settled. The land has been surveyed, but the President has never to my knowledge issued his proclamation throwing these lands into market. Here are exhaustless quarries of stone from which, on the right bank of the Columbia, they are manufacturing hydraulic cement, said to be of a superior quality.

I lately travelled much through the State of Maine. I saw farmers everywhere toiling all summer to fill their barns with hay, so that they could work all winter in feeding it out to a handful of stock. The magnitude of the haymows, compared with the handfulls of stock, expected to eat it up before spring, filled me with amazement. I told the farmers up there, that I thought raising stock in Maine was rather a hard way to serve the Lord. I referred to my statistics again, and began to figure for them, as none of them that I saw had any

time to cipher. In summer they were all too busy in getting *in* hay. In winter too busy in feeding it *out*. [Applause] I found that Maine produced in 1860, 975.716 tons of hay, and fed it to 890.148 head of stock, embracing horses, mules, cattle and sheep. Oregon the same year produced 26.441 tons of hay, and fed it to 267.025 head of stock. (I might say just here that our horses, cattle, and sheep, are not excelled in blood by the best stock of New England. Our State agricultural annual fairs are a credit to the state.)

In Maine, each animal consumed on an average 2.197 pounds of hay, against 197 pounds consumed in Oregon. Calling this hay worth only six dollars a ton, the cost of wintering an animal in Maine was \$6.59. In Oregon of wintering an animal in Maine that consumed this hay 59 cts. The animals in Maine that consumed this hay were worth \$15.437.533—or \$17.34 each. The stock in Oregon was worth \$6.272.892—or \$23.49 each. Now supposing this stock to have been three years old, and ready for market. The cost of raising an animal in Maine worth \$17.34, was \$19.77. The cost of raising one in Oregon, worth \$23.49, was \$1.77. The clear profit on one Oregon animal was \$21.72. The loss on one in Maine was \$2.43. Profit on one hundred animals in Oregon \$2.172, Loss on one hundred in Maine \$243. If I should take into account the time used in housing, feeding, cleaning stables, etc., and the grain fed in Maine the balance would be much greater in our favor. If I had made this statement, without the figures to support it who would have believed it? The Government made the figures and I believe they are correct. Some of the Maine men were inclined to think they made up in the value of home manufactures, what they fell behind on stock. On referring to my statistics I found that in 1860 Maine had from the products of her home manufactures, gardens and orchards, \$1.72 to

each man, woman and child in the State, while Oregon had from the same sources \$11.57. Maine produced to each person in the State 11.7 quarts of wheat—Oregon produced 15.7 bushels. In Illinois, Indiana and Iowa, the discrepancy is not quite so great; but I can take the figures and show that the cost of raising stock in all these states, exceeds the value of it when raised. From these figures, you will readily see why New England farmers who work hard and barely live, generally make a better living and get rich when they go to Oregon.

These facts will serve in part to show why the prices of labor rule much higher on our Coast than here. The California Labor Exchange went into operation the 29th of April 1858. The first of last June, the secretary reported that they had already received 8268 orders call for 19,500 men. (The exchange has nothing to do with Chinamen.) The society had supplied 14,662 men and 4,021 female laborers. The demand for female domestic service was largely in excess of the supply and all kinds of labor had for months been steadily rising in value. The demand for men was principally for common laborers, farmers, carpenters, miners, blacksmiths, cooks, boys, &c. Of the prices paid in gold for labor, the report says—

“ Domestic servants, who only command about \$40 or \$50 a year in Great Britain and on the continent of Europe, have been eagerly engaged here at the rate of \$20 to \$40 per month, as fast as they have offered. Boys (12 to 16 years of age) for light work or apprenticeship, are paid from \$12 to \$25 per month, and all classes of industrious persons are paid at rates which would not at all be entertained anywhere outside the Pacific States.”

Now this may seem strange when we remember that an army of laborers was disbanded upon the completion of the Pacific Railroad, and that there has been a constant stream of emigrants pouring over the mountains, in wagons, and on the railroad, while tens of thousands, have gone out by water. During the nine

months preceding October 1868, the two lines of steamers running from New York to San Francisco carried out over sixty thousand souls. Every out going steamer was loaded with from eight to twelve hundred passengers. The passenger list of the Pacific mail Steamship Company alone embraced as high as five thousand names a month. It is also estimated that over one hundred and seventy five thousand Mongolians have already reached our shores.

You may ask what has become of this vast throng of people many of whom must have been laborers?

You must remember that they are building up an empire out there. The Labor Exchange report, says that the army of laborers discharged at the completion of the Pacific Railroad scattered off through the mines, or found work on other railroads, so that they afforded no relief to the clamor for laborers, as was expected.

The women who go out there to teach school or do housework generally change their minds, and get married; [Applause] as in Oregon and California there are about 77,500 more males than females.

I have lately been informed that all the women taken out there in the steamer Continental, by Mercer, about two years ago, are married but one. About seventeen hundred of us married men, had made great calculations on getting domestic assistance when Mercer's cargo of girls, old maids, and grass widows should arrive. But the bachelors, were too sharp for us.

They said we already had our share of women, and Mercer's girls all said the bachelors were right. They voted just as the bachelors, and widowers did, and we were outvoted two to one, and had to give it up. A few years ago Ex-Gov. Slade, sent out to Oregon, a lot of female school teachers. from thirty to forty

years of age. Slade thought they were all incorrigible vestals, and nobody over here suspicioned that any of them had ever hankered after matrimony,—and I have no reason to believe they ever had. They all changed their minds about the time the first quarter of their schools were half out.

In due course of time, one was married to a judge, one to an Episcopal clergyman, and one took the then Governor of Oregon. The last one of them got married and gave up teaching other peoples children, to go to nursing their own. [Applause] and I don't blame them, for I do think some of them had as bright little cherubs as I have seen on our coast. How can we expect that the demand for female help will ever be supplied, when we have nearly eighty thousand more males than females, and the demand for wives is so much more pressing? Besides girls only get in Oregon, from \$15 to \$30 a month for doing housework, seldom as low perhaps as \$15. I have paid a woman \$40 a month in gold for doing housework and was glad to get the help at that.

Fellow citizens I am about done with my description of the Pacific Coast. I have misstated no fact. I have neither exaggerated or given to anything a false color. If what I have told you is true, isn't it a pretty good country? It isn't Heaven—you can't find that in this world, every spot on this little anthill that we call earth, has its drawbacks and imperfections. Sickness and sorrow, disappointments, pains, and tears, woe and death, are incident to all climes, and all countries. But there is as much difference in countries as there is in anything else. Man has only one life to live, then why spend his days in the bottom of a well, when he can just as well dwell on a hilltop? If he can find no paradise on this earth, why not locate

just as near the gates of Heaven as possible? [Applause]

Twenty one years ago last March, I started from Illinois for Oregon, with a wife and two little ones—one three months old, and the other three years. We crossed the Plains in an ox wagon drawn by four yoke of cattle. I drove the team when well, when sick my wife drove it. We were six months to a day from the Missouri River to the first house in Oregon. During the whole time we were among Indians, without seeing a white man's dwelling. We ferried North Platte, and forded every other river on the route. We forded Snake River twice where it was nearly a mile wide. At one of these crossings the current carried a team of four yoke of cattle down stream, with a family in the wagon, when in the middle of Snake River. This team was next to my wagon in which I carried my own household gods. We forded many rapid, rocky and dangerous streams where we had to raise our wagon beds, half way up to the top of the standards. Sometimes the roaring waters would run over the backs of our small sized oxen, and come near turning the wagons over. In crossing some of these streams, children would cry and women cover up their faces and scream.

Not a soul in our company died on the way, or was killed by Indians, as many were that came after us. I passed over ground on Snake River in my late trip across the continent, where a whole company of men women and children were massacred in 1857; their wagons were burnt, the wagon tires rolled down the precipice, and the dead bodies thrown after them. Their bones were still bleaching on the rocks below.

Our troubles were of a different kind. Our cattle became almost as wild as the buffalo that thronged the road. We had many a terrible stampede. Sometimes the whole train of forty wagons, would dash off

in an instant and our cattle run like buffalo with Indians after them. During these stampedes wagons were turned over, men's legs were broken, and many oxen had their horns knocked off close to their heads, by falling and being dragged by the rest of the team.

We had one stampede that I shall never forget. It was on a narrow ridge or backbone of Bear River Mountain. There was a yawning precipice a few steps to the right of us. Another as near to the left of us, and only half a mile ahead of us the road led down the mountain, so steep that the descent could only be made by rough locking both hind wheels of the wagon. My wife and I were walking when I saw the train behind me coming thundering over the rocky road. I barely had time to spring into my wagon, where lay my two little ones, both sound asleep. Away went my team. One of my oxen broke his yoke, and ran off to the right, leaving me three yoke and a half, running like crazy buffalo.

I was morally certain that my crazy team would run off the precipice, in which case there wouldn't have been a whole spoke in a wagon wheel, a sound bone in an ox, or life in either of my precious babes. I thought I might possibly save one child by jumping out of the wagon with it. Three times I reached back to lay hold of it, and three times the wagon struck a rock and bounded so that I failed to reach it. I then thought that Heaven intended I should save all. I jumped from my wagon, and succeeded by hammering my tongue cattle over the head with the but of my whip in stopping the team just as they reached the very brow of the mountain, where my cattle stood and gazed down the frightful declivity.

I don't think that I am a coward, and I am not aware that I was ever afraid of the face of clay, white or red; but I must acknowledge that I believe I turned white then.

Our cattle stampeded when yoked up, and they were being watched by herdsmen. Many ran off in the yoke that we never saw again. They often stampeded in the night, and once over four hundred head were overtaken the next day nearly forty miles from camp, having travelled this whole distance through an alkali plain without grass or water. We lost so many cattle this way, that many wagons were left in the wilderness. We cut other wagon boxes down to eight feet in length, and threw away such articles as we could spare in order to lighten our loads, now too heavy for the weak and jaded cattle we had left. Some men's hearts died within them, and some of our women sat down by the roadside a thousand miles from settlements and cried—saying they had abandoned all hopes of ever reaching the promised land.

I saw women with babes but a week old, toiling up mountains in the burning sun on foot because our jaded teams were not able to haul them (Sensation.) We went down mountains so steep that we had to let our wagons down with ropes. My wife and I carried our children up muddy mountains in the Cascades half a mile high, and then carried the loading of our wagon up on our backs by piecemeal, as our cattle were so reduced that they were hardly able to haul up the empty wagon.

At length our six months of toil and danger were over. We drove up to the door of "the first house," in the Willamette valley. We were haggard and toll worn. My wife then weighed a hundred and ten—she now weighs two hundred pounds. (Applause.) My wagon cover on which was painted the American Eagle; under which was inscribed, "Westward the Star of Empire makes its way," was torn into shreds. Our faces were literally peeled by the alkali of the sage plains. We forgot our troubles when we had built our fire by the roadside, and begun to roast potatoes. The dear little pigs squealed around our camp fire, the cocks crowed, and the hens cackled. I thought it was the sweetest music I had ever heard.

The first winter we built a small log cabin, with a roof all sloping one way to live in. It smoked terribly, but we were happy. We boiled peas for breakfast, dinner and supper; and ate them on tin plates. We browned them for tea and coffee, and drank it in tin cups, without sugar or milk. All the crockery there was for sale in Oregon was one set of cups and saucers in Oregon City—price \$2.50. I had only ten cents in money, (and that was borrowed) and of course I didn't buy that crockery. The neighbors rolled up a small log house, and put a mud chimney in it. It would have been a capital place to smoke meat in. In that house I taught school. My left boot was pretty good—it let the water out as fast as it got in. My right boot was minus, excepting the leg and heel. I patched it out with rawhide, sown on with buckskin "whangs." The patch had to be put on every night; but beef hides were plenty. My girl pupils dressed in common shirting, colored with tea grounds. Many of them went barefoot. My boy scholars dressed in buckskin pants, and one of them used to help mend my boot every night—he called it "poulticing" it. In that school house I taught winters, and my wife taught summers while I either worked in the gold mines or on the farms. Of my boy scholars, one of them afterwards turned out to be the editor of a medical journal. One became president of a college. One went to Congress from Oregon, and was afterwards by Lincoln appointed Chief Justice in Idaho. Another is the present Governor of Oregon, and one of the best stump orators on the American continent. (Applause.)

Then there were but two or three cabins on the bank of the river where Portland now stands. I have tied my cattle to a tree and slept on the ground by the side of my wagon in a dense forest of tall timber, where you will now find the heart of Portland, a rapidly growing city, with its eight thousand inhabitants.

Then, no steamer had ever disturbed those western waters. The Indians had heard of them, and learned that they were coming; and I have seen them standing on the hill where John Jacob Astor built his first fort; and gazing down the Columbia, in hopes to get a glimpse of the coming "fire ships." Now, a line of ocean steam ships connects with San Francisco every week. Portland has direct trade by sailing vessels with New York, the Sandwich Islands, Australia, China, and perhaps Liverpool. About forty steamers are running on the waters of the interior, mostly owned by the Oregon Steam Navigation Company, and the P. T. Company. These steamers are superior in their accommodations, and in the gentlemanly conduct of their officers—from the Presidents of the Companies down, to those of any steamers I have found on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, or the northern lakes.

Then, it took a man six long tedious months to go from the Missouri river to Sacramento—a few days ago the same man came back on a visit, making the entire distance from Sacramento to Omaha in ninety six hours. When the railroads that are now being built in Oregon are completed, we shall make the distance from Portland to Boston in seven days.

I have now told you of some of the trials and difficulties of a journey to that country many years ago, and something of the insignificant privations we suffered, or rather enjoyed, after we got there—because I have been assured the story would interest you. I have also told you something of the progress the country has since made, in the onward march of improvement.

Of its future, what shall I say? I have asserted that it is the cream of North America. I have shown you what vast levies we have already begun to make on your population of about 40,000,000. What kind of a country do you suppose we are going to have, when the population of the United States, about thirty years? Oregon, California and Washington Territory are capable of sustaining as many people to the square mile as Massachusetts now has. When we have this number, these three Pacific States will have a population of 56,897,475. England alone which is but little more than half as large as Oregon, has a population of nineteen millions, while all Oregon to day has less than half the population of Boston. The census returns show that the population of the United States, has increased so far, in almost a uniform ratio. In 1790, it was in round numbers, three millions; in 1800, five millions; in 1810, seven millions; in 1820, nine millions; in 1830, twelve millions; in 1840, seventeen millions; in 1850, twenty three millions; in 1860, thirty one millions. This has given us an average decennial increase of 34.6 per cent in population ever since the Government began to take the census. In not one of the seven periods, has the ratio of increase varied two per cent from the general average of 34.6. I hold that this law of increase that has held good for seventy years, will continue to hold good. If so, in 1870, our population will amount to forty two millions; in 1880, to fifty six millions; in 1890, to seventy six millions; and in 1900 but thirty three years hence, to one hundred and three millions, and in thirty years more, or sixty three years from to-day, it will reach two hundred and fifty one millions.

It is only sixty six years since Tom Moore, described Washington City as in the wilderness, where a man had to go through woods and swamps to get from the hotel to the Presidents house. What mighty changes have been made in this great country since then! That same year in which Moore was in the woods in Washington, Lewis and Clark set out on their exploring expedition to visit Oregon. Who would have then believed—who could have believed, that in sixty six years New York would have a population of a million; Boston two hundred and thirty thousand; Chicago, two hundred thousand—and that away off “where rolls the Oregon,” where Lewis and Clark found nothing but Indians, there would be published in the English language, circulated and read, twenty nine weekly, and three daily newspapers?

If these men had come back from their journey, and told Tom Jefferson who sent them out there, that, in less than seventy years, there would be cities on that coast, in which merchants would get news every day from trading houses in London, and that a great highway of nations would be opened

up across the Continent, on which men would travel from Ocean to Ocean in six days, Jefferson would have believed they were crazy, and that their brains had been injured by the toils and sufferings they had endured in the snows of the mountains.

I tell you to-day that, the ratio of our increase, prosperity and glory for the next sixty years, is to be an accelerated one. What startling and beneficial developments science may make in that time I cannot imagine, as I have no data by which to work out the problem. Men may go round the world in six days in balloons, for anything that I know; taking a cold lunch on Mount Hood, boiling their coffee at the crater of Mauna-Kea, and bringing home curiosities from the highest peaks of the Alps. [Applause]

I have data however for the conclusion that many of you will live to see New York rival London; and Boston rival Paris; when Chicago will eclipse Peking; and when there will be cities on the Pacific Coast, that will have more wealth, more trade, and more population than Boston has to-day. It was long after I was born, (and I am nothing but a boy yet) that Boston built a railroad out to Quincy, just three miles long. It cost you, exclusive of land, wharf, and cars, \$33,158.95. That was the first money that was ever spent on a railroad in the United States. When Davy Crocket, represented in Congress the district I once lived in, West Tennessee, he took a trip up into the Yankee nation to see the factories of Lowell, and the wonders of the "Hub." He mustered up courage while here to take a ride on your railroad. When he got back among the natives of Obion County, every body wanted to know about that railroad—what it was, and what it looked like. Davy told them that it looked to him "just as if them Yankees up in Boston, had got hell in harness." [Applause]

If he had lived to see the telegraph wire flashing news almost around the world, while he was swallowing a glass of whisky, he would have thought that the Yankees had got *Heaven* "in harness" too. [Applause] Few citizens, you have actually lived to see the day, when the three worlds are "in harness," and hitched to the golden car of civilization and human progress.

Our great interior; the country between the Rocky Mountains and the Cascade Range, and stretching from British America to Mexico, is dotted all over with rich mines. Its stock raising facilities are illimitable; as most of this vast area embracing 900,000 square miles, is covered with better wild grass than grows east of the Rocky Mountains. I hold that this great interior is capable of supplying the cities on both seaboard, with beef, butter and wool; besides supplying the world with a circulating medium. Large tracts of this country have been by many considered worthless, being destitute of water, and having an alkaline soil covered with sage brush. Intelligent travellers, such as Dilke, and Baker, tell us that, in Algeria, Abyssinia, and Australia, just such lands become very productive when irrigated. They assert that these alkaline lands, when watered, make the best corn fields in the world—that under irrigation, the more alkali, the better the corn crop.

The sole requisite to develop this vast intra-montane region, is water. This will be supplied by artesian wells, and by means of dams and dykes, which will be made to husband the water running from the snows of the mountains, and carry it over barren wastes, which, at its magic touch will

smile with corn fields, and laugh with vineyards, fruits and flowers, just as I have seen no better lands do in Chili.

What this country needs is population: and what we need to give it population, is transportation by means of railroads. One road will never do the business between the two oceans—you might as well think of getting along with one dry in Boston.

We have got to have *three* roads, and perhaps more. I hold that it is the duty and the *interest* of the Government to see that they are built. This whole country is locked up forever, and almost worthless without railroads. It embraces 633,600,000 acres. This land at fifty cents an acre would bring the Government \$316,800,000. If Congress should give both the northern and southern railroads a subsidy of twenty thousand dollars a mile on 1776 miles each—equal to the entire distance from Omaha to San Francisco, it would have left from the proceeds of the sale of these lands at fifty cents an acre, \$245,760,000.

What we most want now is more statesmen at Washington City; men who comprehend the situation, who have got their eyes open to the vastness and growing importance of our country. We want men who will shake off the vampires and lobby leeches from their skirts—men who will tower above the artifices of party demagogues and thimble rigging politicians. [Applause.]

We want men who will wake up to the fact that, as the spirit of God once moved upon the face of the waters, the spirit of man is now moving over the face of the world, and that to us, the star of empire is hovering over the west, and guiding millions there from both Hemispheres. We want men in Congress, who will see to it that the Government secures its own interests, by doing its duty to its native and adopted children, scattered from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Many of our Congressmen never travelled west in their lives. Some of them go to Congress to draw their pay and mileage, and try to get a small office for a few leading thimble riggers, who packed a good many proxies in their breeches pockets, to the conventions that nominated them. These men ought to travel. I do not know but it would be a good thing for the country, if Congress would vote money, to send itself out, as a "Committee of the whole," to where Seward and Colfax have been, to see whether Mount Hood, was once actually a hole in the ground or not. [Applause.]

Some of these men, are like the whale, whose belly and sides become so covered with barnacles, that he has to roll over and flounder on the sands to clean himself for swimming. They need rolling over our country a little, to give them an idea of its vastness, its manifest destiny, and what is due it from the Government. We have territory enough beyond the Rocky Mountains, to make 166 States as large as Massachusetts. When we have these states, we shall have 232 U. S. Senators, and will be able to demand our rights instead of begging for them.

A word more and I have done. In my estimate of the future increase of our population, I have only estimated the usual foreign increase, under laws that have hitherto been, as regular as the laws governing our whole increase—domestic and foreign. I find that for ten years previous to June 1840, our immigration from foreign countries was 552,000. The next ten years, it was 1,558,300; and for the ten years preceding 1860, it was 2,707,624.

But a new and strange tide has begun to pour in upon us. The sharp eyed Mongolian has seen the star of empire hovering over the west. China, like

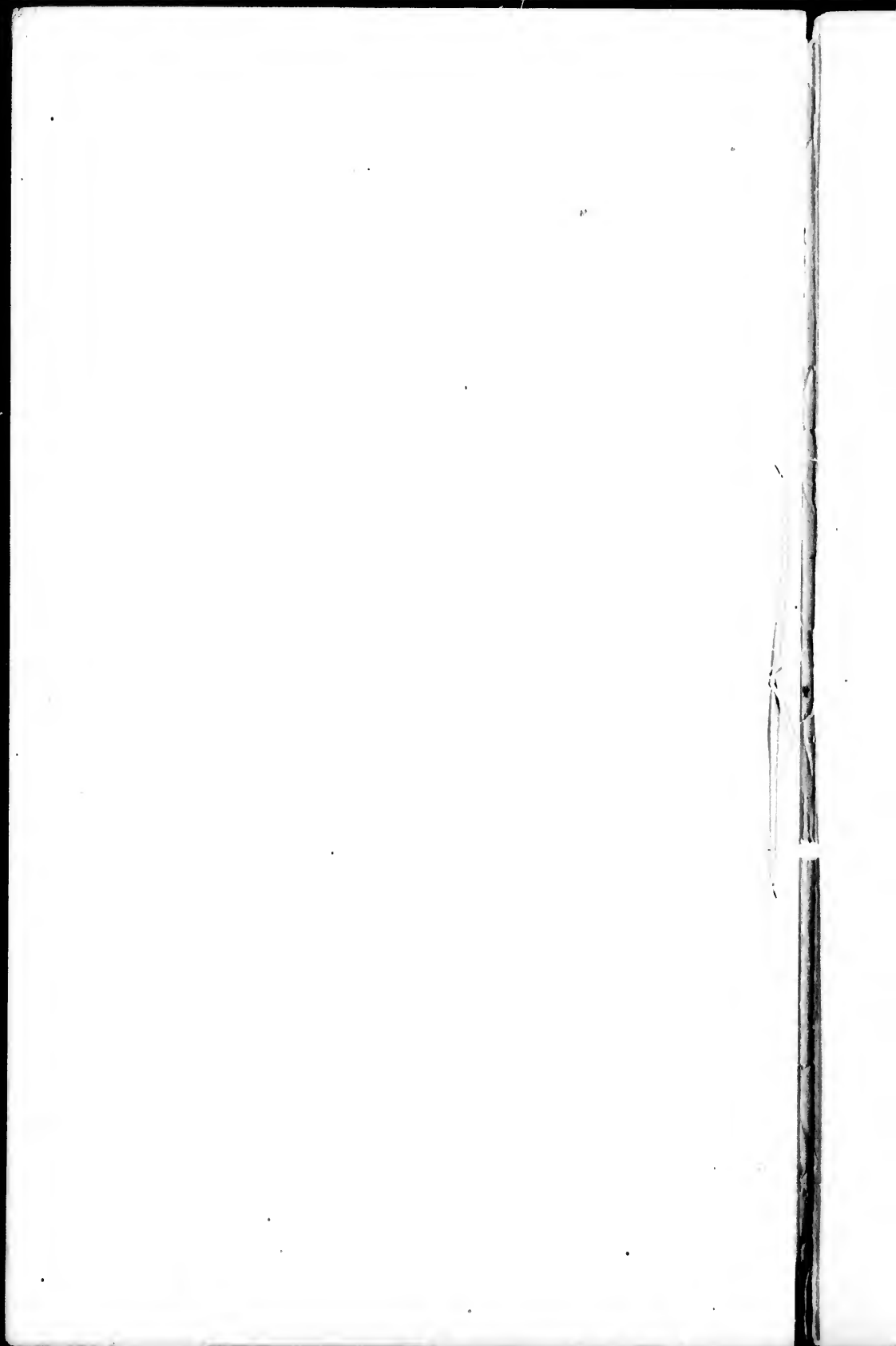
the rest of the world is in motion. This great beehive of 369,000,000, for the first time in the history of the world has begun to swarm. They are crowding through the Golden Gate, entering the mouth of the Columbia, and scattering themselves over all our mountains, and through all our vallies. They now threaten to swarm over the Rocky Mountains, and down the Atlantic Slope, till they find their way among all your cotton plantations. *Koopman-shaaf*, their great John Baptist, or forerunner has been over here and says they are coming.

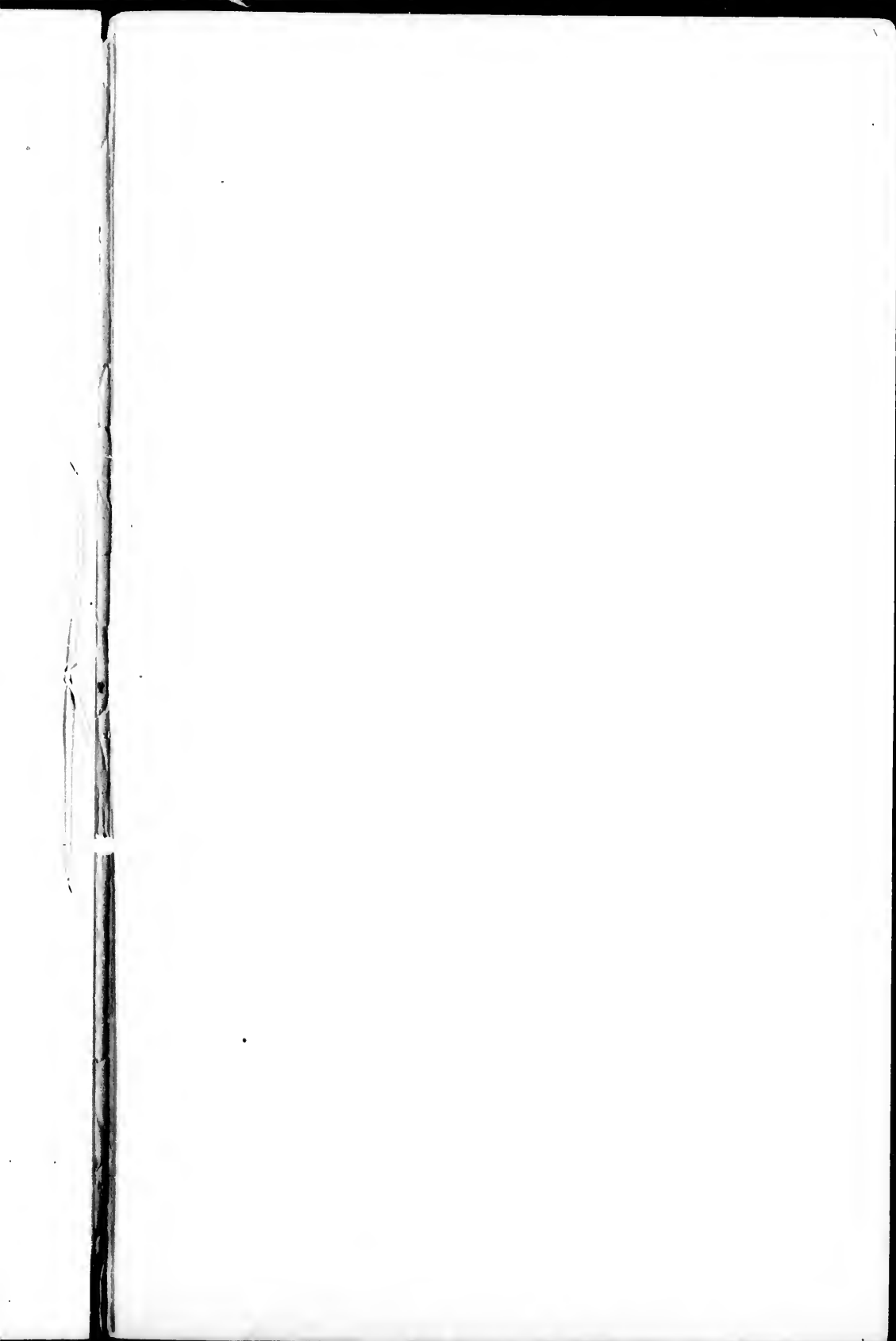
It is said that more than a hundred and seventy-five thousand have already reached our shores, and that millions more are coming. In vain have stump orators in California inveighed against them, and excited the populace against them. In vain have political conventions tried to drive back the swarm by platform resolves. Phrensied mobs have tried to beat back the combing wave with brickbats and "shilalahs"—but still they come. Every time one is knocked on the head, or shot down, a hundred mount over his dead body, and press on towards the mines, railroads, to anything that offers cheap labor. The unfriendly legislation of the whites, the unchristian and barbarous treatment of the tax gatherer, and the rifle and tomahawk of the Indian, have all been employed against John Chinaman in vain. He seems impelled to our shores, by a spirit that in moving over the world has at last scaled the Chinese wall. He appears to have a providential mission here and it looks as though it was manifest destiny that he should come. What that mission is, and what are to be the influences of this new element upon our people and institutions, is a question that is now engaging the attention of statesmen. I have been asked this question by honest enquirers many times.


I answer, "stand still and see the salvation of the Lord!" If Sambo chooses to talk politics and run for office, John Chinaman must take his pace in the cotton fields. [Applause.] The cotton must be raised, and raised as cheap as possible. The cheaper the better for the naked poor everywhere. I regard this wonderful moving upon the Chinese nation as providential. It is going to inaugurate a new era between the relations of intelligent labor and capital. It was well enough to try to reconcile intelligent men to their lot, who were the servants of capitalists, when we had no other labor. But there always has been an irrepressible conflict between brains as a hireling and the capitalist,—perhaps brainless—that it looked to for its daily bread. I have always believed that *intellect* was capital, and that the day would come when intelligence would be so used. [Applause.] I have never doubted but what there were higher mansions fitted up for intelligence, than the shanty into which such men as Abraham Lincoln, were thrust to eat and sleep while making rails for him who had more money than they had. These mansions, our books and orators have been silent about, as they have generally been deemed imaginary. They are not. They have remained pretty much locked up it is true, but they are to be closed no longer—for God has sent John Chinaman over here with the keys to open the doors. He seldom aspires to anything higher than to work for small pay. He has few wants, and he is industrious; hence he seems to aim at nothing higher than servitude, which seems to be his normal sphere. He is quiet, docile and tractable, and as he leaves his women behind him, he does not endanger society here with a disagreeable mixture of races. If our Southern planters never had any female slaves, the country would not have been overrun with mulattos.

I have seen these Chinamen working the sugar plantations in the Sandwich Islands for four dollars a month. They can and will work for that on our Coast by and by. When cheap labor like this, offers itself in the market, it is time that intelligent labor emancipated itself and set up on its own hook. It has got to do it, or between Chinese labor and capital, it will be ground to powder between the upper and nether millstones. It may not be easy to emancipate itself here, but out west, where the Government by the "Home-
 stead act" gives each settler 160 acres of land, it is easy to do so. The great treadmill of capital which is being made to grind by the sweat and toil of intelligence, is the dragon of the Apocalypse—The intelligent hosts that tread the mill, are represented by the woman that fled into the wilderness.— That wilderness is the GREAT WEST! There, the intelligent laborer, can find a home, be lord of his own broad acres, and use his brains as capital just as God intended he should do. He can prune his orchard, salt his cattle, work his garden, and lay out his pleasure grounds himself; while his superior judgment, directs the cheap labor of one or two Mongolians, hired to do the drudgery. In doing this he will have more time to cultivate his mind, instruct his children and play with them. He will be happier, and get rich faster, and at the same time step up upon a higher plane as a man, than he ever occupied before. He will then dwell in the mansions prepared by God for him, the doors of which have been unlocked at last by John Chinaman.
 [Long continued applause.]


Note.—On page 11, for Nebraska read Nevada.







NOTICES OF THE PRESS.



Mr Adams treated his subject in a masterly manner, his twenty years experience in Oregon giving weight to arguments that would be received with caution as coming from a mere adventurer.—*Boston Journal*.

Coming with the endorsement of the leading men of his State as a gentleman of the highest reputation, and fully qualified to give reliable and valuable information in regard to the mineral and other resources of Oregon, Mr. Adams' remarks were peculiarly interesting.

The lecturer was listened to with evident appreciation and was occasionally applauded.—*Post*.

He treated his subject in a most interesting manner, speaking with an experience of twenty years.—*Traveller*.

Mr. Adams certainly made an excellent argument to induce agriculturists to emigrate to Oregon and the Pacific Coast. The lecture is full of interest, containing much valuable information which the most modern geographies do not afford.—*Advertiser*.

The lecture was replete with valuable statistical information upon the agricultural, mineral and manufacturing resources of the Pacific Coast. His figures relating to the products of agriculture in Oregon and the State of Maine were very significant. He spoke of the great and constantly increasing demand for labor that existed along the shores of the Pacific, and in this connection gave to the young ladies of New England a most pressing invitation to emigrate, by saying that such was the condition of affairs there that it was almost impossible for a young lady to pitch her tent without securing a good husband. The lecture was quite well received by all present.—*Herald*.

Mr. Adams proved to the satisfaction of his audience that he was not drawing upon his imagination in describing the wealth and beauty of the country; his statements were not an exaggeration of facts, but a truthful description of a country yet unexplored and unknown save by a few. He was listened to with the most profound attention, and his remarks were frequently interrupted by bursts of applause. He introduced sufficient humor into his lecture to make it amusing as well as instructive, and carried his audience with him over craggy mountains, through rich and fertile valleys, led them up the wooded banks of sparkling streams, displayed to their gaze meadows of rich pasture, fields of golden grain and orchards ripe with luscious fruit. He hit very severely the young man of the period, with the low-necked shirt and diamond pin, and showed that the rich country was not for him, but for the hardy son of toil who would find comfort and plenty in exchange for his labor.—*News and Tribune*.

