

In rapid succession we pass the better residence of the "old settler," with his immense fields of grain and herds of stock, on beyond the boundaries of earlier settlements; and now we reach the rude cabin of the hardy settler who has located still "farther west," and here, within a few years, will arise a home as attractive as those we have left behind, surrounded with orchards, gardens and flocks. Here, too, will the snug school-house be found, and the white church with its tapering spire, pointing the people to the abode of Him who hath so richly blessed his children. There is beauty on every hand. The wild prairie flowers, of a thousand different hues and varieties, greet the eye at every step; and the tiniest foot that ever trod Broadway could scarce reach the ground without crushing the life from out some of these emblems of purity. And when the cooling showers have moistened the thirsty earth, or when the morning dew is spangling flower, vine and tree, there is more of quiet, graceful beauty—more of that spirit floating around us which renders man more human, and woman nearer what we desire her to be, than can be found within the walls of any city. Long will the memory of these scenes remain impressed on the mind of the traveler who admires nature in all her phases.

For a long time, Iowa, Indiana, Michigan and Ohio were supposed to contain the wheat-growing soil of the Union, and they became known as the "Granaries of the States." But those "granaries" have pushed themselves a little "farther west," if we may be allowed to use the expression. Nebraska has retained a portion of the name; California and Oregon took the remainder. Nebraska annually produces a large surplus of wheat and corn, which finds its way eastward. With the advantages possessed by this State; with a water-front of several hundred miles on a stream navigable the greater portion of the year; with the grandest railroad on the continent traversing her entire breadth; with all the resources of commerce at her command; with unlimited water power for manufactures, it will be strange, indeed, if Nebraska does not sustain her high rank in the great family of States.

From our present stand-point the quotation, "WESTWARD THE STAR OF EMPIRE TAKES ITS WAY," *must* apply to

**The Far West**—How often that sentence has been quoted, those who are the *most* familiar with the growth of our western possessions can best remember. So often has it been uttered, that it has passed into a household word, and endowed its innocent and unsuspecting author with an earthly immortality. From the boyhood days of that reliable and highly respectable individual, the "Oldest Inhabitant" of any special locality in the "Eastern States," it has formed the heading—in large or small caps—of nearly every newspaper notice which chronicled the fact that some family had packed their household goods and gods (mostly goods) and left their native land of woods, rocks, churches and school-houses, to seek a home among the then mythical prairies of the "Far West." But oh! in later years, how that quotation ran across the double columns of these same papers in all conceivable forms of type, when the fact was chronicled that one of our Western Territories was admitted as a State into the Union.

Well, but where was your "Far West" *then*, where people went when they had "Westward, ho!" on the brain? asks one, who speaks of the West as that part of our country which lies between the summit of the Rocky Mountains and

the waters of the Pacific Ocean? Well, the "Far West" of that time, that almost mythical region, was what now constitutes those vast and fertile prairies which lie south and west of the great lakes, and east of and bordering on the Mississippi River. All west of that was a blank; the home of the savage, the wild beast, and all unclean things—at least so said the "Oldest Inhabitant."

But our hardy pioneers passed the Rubicon, and the West receded before their advance. Missouri was peopled, and the Father of Waters became the great natural highway of a mighty commerce, sustained in equal parts by the populous and newly made States lying on both its banks, which had been carved out of the "Far West" by the hands of the hardy pioneers.

Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri and Iowa, had joined the sisterhood, and yet the tide of emigration stayed not. It traversed the trackless desert, scaled the Rocky Mountains, and secured a foothold in Oregon. But it passed not by unheeding the rich valleys and broad prairies of Nebraska, which retained what became, with subsequent additions, a permanent and thriving population. Then the yellow gold, which had been found in California, drew the tide of emigration thitherward, and in a few years our golden-haired sister was added to the number comprising the States of the Union.

Oregon and Nevada on the western slope, Kansas and Nebraska on the east, followed, and, later, Colorado, and still we have Dakota, Idaho, Montana, Washington, Utah, Arizona, and New Mexico Territories, to say nothing of Alaska, waiting the time when they too shall be competent to add their names to the roll of honor and enter the Union on an equality with the others. Thus we see that the "Far West" of to-day has become far removed from the West of thirty—or even ten—years ago, and what is now the central portion of our commonwealth was then the *Far, Far West*.

**All is Changed**—To-day the foam-crested waves of the Pacific Ocean bear on their bosoms a mighty and steadily increasing commerce. China, Japan, Australia, the Sandwich Islands, South America, and the Orient are at our doors.

A rich, powerful, populous section, comprising three States, has arisen, where but a few years since the Jesuit missions among the savages were the only marks of civilization. And all over the once unknown waste, amid the cosy valleys and on the broad plains, are the scattered homes of the hardy and brave pioneer husbandmen; while the bleak mountains—once the home of the savage and wild beast, the deep gulches and gloomy canyons, are illuminated with the perpetual fires of the "smelting furnaces," the ring of pick, shovel and drill, the clatter of stamps and booming of blasts, all tell of the presence of the miner, and the streams of wealth which are daily flowing into our national coffers are rapidly increasing; for, just in proportion as the individual becomes enriched, so does his country partake of his fortune.

**Condensed History**—it is only a score of years ago since the Government of the United States, in order to better protect her citizens that had spread themselves over the wild expanse of country between the Missouri River and the Pacific Ocean, and from the Mexican on the south and the British possessions on the north, established a system of military forts and posts, extending north and south, east and west, over this Territory. Though productive of much good, they were not sufficient to meet the requirements of the times, and in many places settlers and miners were murdered with impunity by the Indians. Wise men regarded rapid emigration as the only