

Arriving Oregon - Via Victoria

Butterville Marion co., O.R. Sept. 24th / 24
Mr. Charles Dear Sir:

(relative to writing) In view of the promise
you made, through the medium of Mrs. Carroll's letter,
and the warm feeling of friendship you ever evince for
the poor humble servant, while "creeping life" dwelling
here in my old Kentucky home. I feel that it is a du-
ty incumbent upon me, to write you and inform you
from time to time of the workings of this far off land.
This land of golden ease and plenty, where every wish is made
real, and every thought prolific.

I suppose that perhaps nothing which I could write
would be more interesting to you, than a brief chronology
of events since our arrival, and future prospects: (I have
ever known nothing of what N. N. has may have written, he
may have traveled the whole circle). If so what I
write will prove to you a boon. We arrived the last of
May, in the long and much talked of Lewis and Clark
first, and the oldest town in the Territory, a place of which
most every person has read a true being named after
John Jacob Astor - there still can be seen remnants
of his old trading house - Here we expected to see some-
thing of a place that was disappointed, there are 40 houses
situated at the foot of a high mountain, around which
there can be seen no little lane; all is, "bleak dreary
meadows" so far as planting and portions (for Mrs. Carroll to
agricultural purposes, and of course we were disappointed

We like every other person that now visits the country I
suppose expect to much. I have forgotten distances
the next place of note is St. Helens, a very ^{pretty} place built
up in the last few years. They are at present some
beautiful prairies back from above some miles; ~~beautiful~~
~~prairies~~ but none in view from the river, it was
nearly dark when we passed this place then for
sun but little, and during the night was landed
at ~~Port~~ the head of navigation for ships on the
Willamette twelve ~~miles~~ above the confluence of the
two rivers Columbia, and Willamette. There are some
very pretty farms, in close juxtaposition with the river,
back a short distance. I ~~think~~ perhaps the ~~most~~ rise
level ward which presents a decided pretty scenery. Port
land is the largest place in the Territory, ^{said to 1,000 inhabitants} and the
greatest port. They are building a penitentiary, and an
academy, and other public buildings which gives
much life to the place. Oregon City ^{is} 12 miles above
when we reached the next day. Then I felt somewhat
at home in as much as we were nearing our ~~own~~
Thos home and that being place where he has for
many lived. It is situated close on the banks of the
river, back a short distance rises a ledge of rocks ^{200 ft} high
leaving only room for two streets and two rows of houses
in the midst place, it contains about 500 hundred
inhabitants it has reached its meridian for many
years at least. There is however good water
privilege there which in time may give it a not-
er start; but as it is, they are many building ^{intention}

and consequently going to decay. Here we stayed over
night. The next morning we boarded a little steam
boat which plies between Oregon city and Salem
the capital of this mighty Territory. Beantville
is 18 M^{ts} above the city between which places there
are but few lines of ^{habitations} ~~connections~~, it is a wild
broken wilderness where no persons would have been
compelled to by penury. We arrived at Beantville
about 10 o'c. A.M. and inquired for M^r. W. we was told he
lived 2 M^{ts} out on the prairie where we started
and at which place we arrived about 12 o'c. after
tramping up a tremendous hill directly after leaving
the river, thence our way was over a very pretty
prairie or outskirts of one. When we arrived M^r. W. was
was washing, and W. A. was out at the side of the house. But soon
made his appearance when I spoke asking him if his name
was not a thing I new of you? he replied that it was. I told
that I was also a new boy, he, oh! which one? I told him, and
introduce M. A. He expressed some joy of course, and ask-
ed us into the house. After being seated a few moments, M^{rs}.
A. came in, who by the way is a good looking woman, and just
the average in point of intellect. Very agreeable, and fluent in
conversation. — But as ruffianous personal description, will not well
bore of repeating, I will not narrate the same a gain, as I give a
minute description in a letter which I wrote to M^r. Carroll,
Although she states in the letter to Raymond, that she has not
heard or received anything from me. But newspapers and letters
in coming here, are sometimes delayed months, and presu-
ming that may be the case in returning mails. She may get

or have gotten the same long as
The Willamette Valley or Truck Prairie (in which Mr
Farm is situated) is said to be the best part of Oregon, which
I believe is universally acknowledged by those acquainted with
It. It is compact, or is in extent about one hundred
long, and 30 wide. It is or would be as pretty a prairie as
Truck Prairie. It is, if not thickly settled and as
good buildings. However the buildings are good
enough though built upon an old site.

I have cleared off the track for a purpose
giving you in prospect. - A narrow is now at Port
and working at his track, and I am at home put-
ing in what have ten acres sowed and purpose
sowing 50. That you may form something of an
idea of farming in the way of remuneration I will
state what farmers who rented last year did:

The Gentleman who farmed F. Nades
place last year and who to-day finished threshing
raised 800 bushels out of which he gets half. - He
pays all expenses of threshing, cutting, which is 10 cents per bushel
cutting, for which he pays his hands \$3.00 per day. He will
have counting wheat at a \$1.00 a bush, \$8000. His brother
in law farmed, also about 160 acres came out in
debt \$3000. -

See Mrs. Carroll that her very letter longed a
heartly welcome in me, and hope that she will pardon
after. I was only surprised at the well proportional sentences,
and admire her sentiments and taciturn style. yet she
claiming not to be an adept. thought I thought she did well.
She may you know get to (what we call) Boot to several
times yet. And when her responsible begin to know their
out. I would be well enough for to have learned to write
Don't forget for ^{promising} ^{to} remain your most obedient servant
Edw. C. Allen. N. B. Allen