

FOR THE WEST SHORE. DE PROFUNDIS. BY MEN LINTON.

We wade knee-deep in mire and dirt; We stand as dwarfs amid the light, When to the mountains dizzy height Our souls should leap with feet alert.

Mary W. Mass Margaret & Smith Bailey

THE LITERATURE OF OREGON. BY MRS. F. V. VICTOR.

Have we a literature? Where are our historians, scientists, humorists, poets? Let us see if we can find them.

Circumlocution

Jesse Applegate

In due course the provisional government was formed, whether by the aid of the society or not. It was an event to bring out the talent in the country, literary and executive.

In 1846 a newspaper called the Spectator was started at Oregon City by a company of gentlemen called the Oregon Printing Association.

Matthew

played a very important part in getting up a paper, when the mail arrived not oftener than once in six months, and then by private hand. I have made some inquiry with regard to the authorship of contributed articles with partial success.

Here we have presented the picture of a little colony of one or two thousand people, of mixed nationality, sequestered from all the world by thousands of miles; poor as to money and goods, toilsome, ill-dressed, weather-beaten, yet full of spirit, patriotism and courage, with time to cultivate literature.

Yet Oregon is not without her men and women of gifts bred on her soil—poets and romantics, and possibly philosophers. E. I. and O. C. Applegate are men with the hereditary strain of literary talent in their composition—neglected, as in the case of their uncle, "the sage of Yoncalla."

the labors of law and journalism. John Minto, Esq., has written a good deal in the interest of Oregon and agriculture. S. A. Clarke, Esq., of Salem, is a facile writer of prose, an excellent newspaper correspondent, a journalist, and a versifier also.

The question naturally suggests itself: If all these writers, and many more probably that have been overlooked, are in possession of the "divine afflatus" to any extent, why have not a literature purely Oregonian? The answer is not far to find. Men of real ability have generally a corresponding ambition, and in Oregon they find their audience too small to excite enthusiasm.

But we have yet to notice our most and only famous literary man, who, with his gifted wife, determined to win distinction by seeking a wider field, and succeeded—Miller, fantastically dubbed "Joquin."

What lives they lived! what deaths they died! A thousand canyons, darkling wide Below Sierra's slopes of pride, Receive them now.

The besotted, sunbrowned man who bore The burden of that frightful year, Who toiled, but did not gather store, They shall not be forgotten.

Along that long and lonesome way, Those brave men buffeting the West With lifted hams. Full were they

Of great endeavor. Brave and true As stern crusader clad in steel, They died as if it was fit. Made strong with hope, they dared to do Achievement that a host to-day Would stagger at, stand back and reel, Defeated at the thought of it.

What brave endeavor to endure! What patient hope when hope was past! What still surrender at the last, A thousand leagues from home! How pure They lived, how proud they died! How generous with life!

Let all these golden days go by—I breathe beneath another sky. Let beauty glide in gilded car, And bid my soul-worn soul adieu, Forgetful that 'tis but one grave From east unto the westmost wave.

Yes, I remember! The still tears That o'er uncoffined faces fell! The final, silent, and farewell! God! these are with me all the years! They shall be with me ever.

Adown the shining track We sweep, and fields of corn dash back, And herds of lowing steers move by, I turn to other days, to men Who made a pathway with their dust.

Mrs. Miller, after trying her literary fortunes abroad, has returned to Oregon to reside. Her short poems show the true poetic inspiration, and have a finish remarkable in consideration of the little aid she could have had from her associations—proof that the true poet has not to be taught numbers.

We now come to a notice of books written and published in Oregon; books written in Oregon and published elsewhere, and books written about Oregon that have been published at home and abroad.

The first book printed in English was an edition of "Webster's Spelling Book" at the office of the Spectator at Oregon City in 1846. If a copy of this Oregon edition of Webster could be found, it should be presented to the State library as a relic.

The next publication in book form, issued from the same office, was "The Oregon Almanac," in 1848, a copy of which is preserved in Judge Deady's library. The columns of the Spectator were used for the publication of the organic laws of the Territory and reports of legislative proceedings, the book form being dispensed with.

In March, 1848, a paper was started by Geo. L. Curry, Esq., called the Press—in allusion, perhaps, to the censorship to which as editor of the Spectator he had been subjected. Material was not to be had either for "love or money" in those days in Oregon, and "starting the paper" was a much more difficult enterprise than it is to-day.

About the same time J. S. Griffin, Esq., of Hillsboro, started a paper called the Oregon American, the purpose of which was to expose the machinations of the Jesuits, and to prove that the Hudson's Bay Company were concerned in the massacre of the Protestant missionaries and immigrants at Wailaitpu.

and Evangelical Unionist

W. Bailey Annual Aschel