AN OREGON SPRING.

By S. F. ARCHER.

How I should like to write to you, sweet Spring. A long, long song! but the words slip away from me. I have lost the habit of speech. The words are aesculapius. I have lost the faculty for speech. I am left with the feeling that if I write, it will not come out, but if I read, I can send out. I have lost the ability to read.

We will therefore dispense with flights of fancy and confine ourselves to facts. An Oregon Spring is apt to be heady. There is such an overplus of moisture in the earth that the warm sun begins a rapid evaporation, and the work has to be done over and over again; for no sooner does the invisible vapor get "sky-high," than a cool current of air comes down from the mountains and condensing it at a touch of precipitation the same moisture upon us that we rather fancied had been gotten rid of. And so we have flying showers in plenty, and every now and then a genuine panting rain.

Humanity grows rather tired, sometimes, of this sort of thing. But the earth enjoys it. If you do not believe it, come with me in the woods, and I will prove it to you—aye, even now, in March. The soft in the flat or hollow places is soaked with water, like a sponge, and if you do not step carefully you will press it out over your shoe-caps, but by dint of quick eyes and agile movement, you will escape any serious mishap. Climbing over logs, jumping weather-ditches, crossing creeks, furnishes the necessary excitement and exercise by which you keep off a chill; for if you were to sit down to summer recess at this time of year, the doctor would be in requisition directly.

Here we are at last, at the very foot of the mountains and what does this forest of trees furnish us? What magnificent green trees! Fir, cedar, and here and there along the little creek, a yew, a maple, or an elder. Hardly a ray of sunshine ever penetrates this green and purple gloom. Spring and Fall, Winter and Summer are much the same here—a difference only of water. In summer the creek is within bounds, and you can lie on the river, if you feel disposed. What lie on the river! every one of which seems such a marvel of beauty! What a wonderful—what a charming spot! I never, in all my life—!

No, of course you never saw anything like it. This is the only country out of the tropics where vegetation has such a remarkable growth. Here are a dozen kinds of elegant green muses in a group, in the nothing of the tiny gry, and brown and yellow varieties with which we have always been familiar, besides flocks innumera-

FRONT STREET, PORTLAND, LOOKING SOUTH FROM ALDER.

PORTLAND, OREGON, MARCH, 1876.

THE WEST SHORE.