

The West Shore,

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MOUNT RAINIER.

Silent and stern, thou mighty peak,
With snowy frosted crest,
Among thy canyons eagles shriek,
Or soar from crag to nest.
Through thy lone wilds the panthers roam
In quest of sleeping prey,
Or noiseless steal back to their home,
As morning heralds day.

Great Mount, I see thy towering crest,
By moonbeams straggling light,
Like some great guardian in the West
Who guards the world by night;
Thy glist'ning sides like sparkling dew
My gaze untired hold,
For beautiful sights, each fair, each new,
Are in thy mantle fold.

Oh silent peak, I wondering gaze
Upon thy summit grand,
I see thee through the moonlit haze
As at thy foot I stand.
I think upon the many tribes
Who've seen thy towering form,
Who oft have tempted thee with bribes
To stay the mountain's storm.

But now, though clouds below thee spread
A mantle dark as night,
Thy snowy-white and glistening head
Is wreathed with purest light.
The stars seem nesting in thy breast,
Or gems in thy bright crown,
Thou like some great king, regally dressed—
Some monarch of renown.

We've seen the sun in beauty set
With brightest heavenly glow,
And on thy side he lingered yet
As if he would not go.
We've watched the twilight chase his beams
Far up thy shining side,
From crag to crag,—or frozen streams,
Till each fair ray has died.

Then, in the quiet hush of day,
Again thy watch thou'lt keep,
While twinkling stars around thee play,
And earth seems all asleep.
Oh silent one, like human grief,
Thou'rt present every hour,
Thou watchest on without relief,
Nor needs Time's changing power.

Watch'er Earth, thou mighty peak,
Though lightnings round thee play;
Or storm gods through thy caverns shriek
And clouds shut out the day.
Man sees thy feathery pine trees nod
By winds thus wildly driven,
And learns from thee, that nature's God
Rotes Earth as well as heaven. —Leman.

TO OREGON.

BY WILLIAM ANGUS McPHERSON.

Land where the rays of the sunset
Bid adieu to a continent vast,
And the moon in the silvery circuit
Sheds the sheen of her flood-light last,
Thou art dear to my heart, though I wander
Far away from thy golden shore,
And I turn with a gleam of pleasure
To glance back o'er the scenes of yore.

Land where the forests are grander,
And tower the mountains more high;
Where the limpid streams meander
'Neath a purer and brighter sky,
Than that where the brave old Tiber
Reflects back the starlit dome,
Sweet land of the West, I adore thee,
And dream of my dear old home.

My home, where the lake and the river
Commingle their waters in one,
And the bright-hued myrtle leaves quiver
In the rays of the autumn sun.
There, the song of the spring bird is sweeter,
And the air breathes a fragrant perfume,
Richer far than the sphyrs of Ceylon,
Waft seaward from orange-grove bloom.

While Columbia sweeps on to the ocean,
And Willamette flows sparkling and bright
Through the valley; in ardent devotion
Will I treasure the glorious sight
Of meadow and brooklet and mountain;
Of river; e'en Pacific's blue wave
Utters music in charms without equal,
As the green shores its bright waters lave.

Dear land, thou art mine; I inherit
All the title to call thee mine own,
And to share with the friends of my childhood
Within thy wide limits & home,
And when the last mandate is given,
That bids me from labor to rest,
Ah! I ask, save an entrance in heaven,
Is to sleep on thy broad, peaceful breast.



MOUNT RAINIER, FROM BALCH'S PASSAGE, PUGET SOUND.
From a Photo by A. R. WOODWARD, of Olympia.

THE CITY OF VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

It has frequently been asserted that in no portion of the globe is there a city more beautifully situated than that, the name of which heads this article. Reposing on a gentle declivity the city presents to the traveler, as he approaches it by water, a view at once serene and grand. Immediately to the right, but separated from British Columbia by the Straits of Fuca, rise the towering heights of the Olympian range, mingling their snow-capped heads with hovering clouds, whilst on the left the trappean rocks of Vancouver Island, surmounted by the Sooke Hills, lead to the scene an endless variety of rich colors and dense foliage. The city, itself, forms the background to the picture, and, although not possessing any unusual number of prominent buildings, contains a sufficiency to excite in the mind of the traveler a desire to be informed as to those which at once catch his eye. That church, standing out pre-eminently conspicuous on the hill, is known as the Cathedral,

which was erected some six years ago, on the site of a former edifice demolished by fire. The building with a cupola surmounting its Mansard roof, is the Driad House, one of the best hotels in the town, and from it an excellent view of the country, for a great distance around, is obtainable. As the harbor is entered, the brick building, which stands close to the waters edge, erected on a very substantial stone foundation, is the new Custom House, constructed by the Government of Canada at a cost of some \$35,000, and furnished in every department with fire-proof vaults and all appliances calculated to preserve the many valuable documents which naturally come, from time to time, within its walls. The long, red, brick building, also fronting the water, with the slate roof, is the main store of the Hudson's Bay Company, who transact a very considerable retail and wholesale business in almost every article required, both in the city and rural districts. On the left hand side of the harbor, standing on the slightly elevated rocks, is the Marine Hospital, a new



SHOSHONE FALLS, SHAKO RIVER.

and excellent building just completed, at an expense of about \$18,000. Its interior is finished in the most approved manner, whilst the various large and airy wards are well lighted and ventilated. As yet, the number of inmates of the institution has not been very numerous, but the accommodation for the unfortunate marine is ample, both in point of medical attendance and all other requirements. The somewhat dilapidated looking structure in the immediate vicinity of this commodious building, is the Provincial Lunatic Asylum; it has been occupied for a number of years by the insane, but a new and expensive building has just been erected on the mainland of British Columbia, near to the city of New Westminster, and in a very short time the unhappy inmates of the present institution will be transferred to this more fitting abode. The group of red brick buildings, standing a few hundred yards back from the water, on James' Bay side of the city, are the head offices of the local government. Most of them were erected in the year 1858, during the administration of Sir James Douglas, Governor of the then Crown Colony. In point of architecture they are most unique, presenting to the eye a similarity to the paintings which one sees on the exterior of Japanese tea caddies, and, at the same time, calling to the mind a memory of something Swiss. The largest of the group is occupied by the Provincial Secretary and Minister of Finance and Agriculture, and, in one of its rooms, the meetings of the ministry are held and matters of a governmental nature determined. On one side of this, the main building, stands the government printing office, from which, issues every week the official Gazette, and in which the various acts passed by the Legislature and a vast amount of tabulated work, statistics, etc., are printed by steam power, at a considerable public expense. The two buildings at the rear of the centre one are the Legislative hall and Supreme Court house, respectively, whilst the remaining one is the Lands and Works office and Register General's quarters. The grounds surrounding the peculiar, but, nevertheless, pretty buildings, have been very nicely laid out, and the trimly kept grass plot, which slopes down to the road skirting the harbor, affords an agreeable contrast to the bright, red brickwork of the several structures.

But whilst the traveler has been casting his eyes on the various objects of interest which have been briefly attended to, the steamer, on which he is supposed to be, has, by this time, landed alongside one of the wharves which extends from end to end of the city front. After the usual ordeal of the hotel-runner nuisance has been safely survived, he lands, and, in all probability, will walk to his destination in the city. If so, one of the first things which will strike him, is the "regular irregularity" which characterizes buildings on the lower portion of Yates' street. They are all old in appearance, many of them in a state of decay, and others, not only unoccupied, but threatening to fall from sheer weakness. Wharf street, however, which runs at right angles to Yates, contains a series of warehouses and offices of a most substantial character, and it is on this street that almost all the wholesale business houses of the city are situated. Continuing up Yates' street for a distance of two blocks, Government street—the main thoroughfare of the city—is reached, and many new stores at once present themselves to the eye. The post-office, an excellent engraving of which appears amongst other views of