

# THE WEST SHORE.

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## HOOD.

BY S. L. SIMPSON.

White d-sspot of the wild Cascades!  
I greet thee as the twilight shades  
Haunt the disheveled, broken wall  
Where sheaves of sun light burnine yet  
On frosty tower and minaret  
Portray, thee, reigning over all.

And gleaming like a silver tent  
Above the fir-fringed battlement,  
Cold Jefferson is crowned with flame;  
Fair as a group of fallen stars,  
The Sisters, linked with sunset bars,  
Pledge thee as Monarch yet again.

The blazing quiver of the storm  
Has hung upon thy lonely form—  
Sheathing its rugged bars of fire,  
When night has crushed its tempest wings  
Against thy granite anchorings:  
I read no record of thy ire.

The centuries which o'er thee tramp,  
Like spectres of thy shadow-camp,  
Bequeath thee neither scar or stain;  
The gliding dimples of the sea,  
The stars' sweet-eyed eternity,  
Do not a lovelier youth maintain!

And misty flashes of the morn  
Are first upon thy shoulders born,  
When all the world is dark below;  
And sunset's last and lovely ray—  
Dropped by the weary hand of Day—  
Wreathes thy pale brow with ling'ring glow.

Thus Memory and Hope are wrought  
Triumphant as the sculptor's thought  
When syllabed in marble speech;  
And God-word like a prophet's prayer  
Thou seatest the heaven's windy stair,  
The quiet of the spheres to teach.

And what an empire! rough and shorn,  
By old disorders ploughed and torn,  
Sun-ward the mighty rotuns are spread;  
In broilery of wood and mead,  
Willamette's green mosaics lead  
Down where the rushing breakers tread.

Lodged in thy helmet's ley elasp  
The star of conquest rests at last—  
Never to lead the bold again;  
It's rays like spears of silver laid  
Across the grave, but newly made—  
The Pioneers', in sea-side glen.

An iron arm with gleam'ng coil,  
Has won a wilderness of Toll!  
The tattle of the sea are wed:  
The morning of a brighter age  
Than ever lit historic page,  
Lifts in the west its golden head!

With mutterings of doubt and fear,  
And dark with battle lone and drear,  
The Pagan spirit of the past  
Stalks through the silence and the night  
That deepen with the ages' fight—  
Conscious of God and Truth at last!

The Desert hungers for the Sphinx,  
It's tawny ocean swells and sinks  
About her and the Pyramids;  
The Simoon's ghostly wings of sand  
Will surely shroud them as they stand,  
And seal those sad and weary lids;

And still a hand in crystal mail  
Hew, flashing to the clouds, will hail  
The tomb of Egypt's cruel jest;  
And where the sea-slides leap and shine  
Along the New World's border line,  
Proclaim the EMPIRE OF THE WEST!

## A TRIP TO YAKIMA, W. T.

BY HARRY HARRING.

Crossing the Columbia river at the Dalles, we camped at Rockland, the county seat of Klickitat county, and a place that well deserves its name, as it contains several acres of the most rocky land imaginable, and four or five houses. In the morning, after an easy drive of four or five miles over rolling bunch-grass prairie, we begin to ascend Klickitat mountain. At noon we arrived at the summit, having traveled ten miles. As we had quite a load this was pretty good time; there is, however, room for improvement in the road. The afternoon drive is across Klickitat valley—a rolling bunch grass prairie. Golden-dale is a thriving little village, situated on Klickitat creek, twenty-five miles

from Rockland. Here are two roads to Yakima, we selected the Canyon route, which had just been completed, and is the nearer and least mountainous. One day through the canyon and one over the Indian reservation brought us to Yakima City, ninety-five miles from the Dalles. As we breathe the pure mountain air, we think with a feeling akin to pity of those poor benighted souls who are wearing out their lives by close confinement in their offices and shops, while Uncle Sam has hundreds of acres in these beautiful valleys which may be had for the taking. The pure air and water, combined with the needful outdoor exercise, would give a new lease of life to many a man and woman who are now shortening their days behind the counter or over the needle. The land law allows widows and spinsters equal rights with men. Yakima City is well situated near the junction of the Yakima and Attanum. The Attanum valley is about twenty-five miles long and an average of one and a half wide. This refers only to the valley proper. There are thousands of acres of sage brush land on the rolling hills that men of energy and capital in either money or muscle could turn to magnificent farms by irrigation, as there is water enough in the Attanum to irrigate the whole country. At the head of the valley is a sawmill, and at Yakama City, the county seat is a grist mill, a brewery, three stores, one harness shop, two saloons, one drug store and about thirty residences.

The great lack of this country is *energy*. Three or four men of energy and enterprise could, if they tried, make this one of the richest counties in the Territory, for as soon as the advantages of the country become known, the vacant land will be taken and a way to market will be made, and instead of lounging away the time and making a scant living, as now, the settlers will turn their attention to agricultural pursuits, and certainly no soil is better calculated to repay the husbandman for his labor than this. More anon.

ILLUSTRATION BY PICTURES.—One of the great contrasts between the School Books used by the fathers and mothers of our land, when young, and those now used by the children, is the use of pictures. As a curious instance of illustrating the meaning of words by pictures, look at the tree pictures of a ship on page 1751 of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.—these alone illustrate the meaning of more than one hundred words and terms far better than they can be defined by any description in words.

WEDDING ANNIVERSARIES.—First, cotton; 2d, paper; 3d, leather; 5th, wooden; 7th, woolen; 10th, tin; 12th, silk and fine linen; 15th, crystal; 20th, china; 25th, silver; 30th, pearl; 40th, rubies; 50th, golden; 75th, diamond.

CIGARS.—The number of cigars, cheroots, and cigarettes of domestic manufacture and importation in the United States during the year 1876, was nearly 2,000,000,000. Assuming the average length of each to be three inches, the united length of the above number is 94,697 miles, nearly four times the circumference of the earth.



MOUNT HOOD—THE MONARCH OF THE CASCADES. From a sketch made from above The Dalles.