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OREGON SCENERY.

It is, perhaps, too common an error to speak of our own country as being destitute of those scenes that are interesting to the tourist, or that awaken the multitude of tender emotions which the contemplation of the vast, the ancient, or the beautiful, invariably inspire. It is true that we may not be able to point to ivy-robed ruins resplendent in story, massive cathedrals with age that are hoary, castles enshrined in weird legends so gory, nor tombs that recall petty tyrant's vain glory, and yet we have simple scenes, replete with pathos, that are as potent to purify the mind and elevate the soul, as those in foreign lands.

A few weeks ago I was riding along the lordly Columbia. On my left were frowning, black, precipitous bluffs, whose plumes of graceful fir swayed softly to and fro in the morning breeze; on my right the placid waters of the

noble river were gliding as silently and serenely toward the Pacific as the stream of Time to the ocean of Eternity. A turn in the trail revealed a small clearing and the ruins of an old log cabin. It was a pensive picture portrayed on the canvas of civilization by the pencil of Decay. The corners of the cabin were crumbling beneath the heavy hand of Time. The roof had fallen in, and moss grew upon the doorstep. The chimney was a mouldering mass of shapeless ruin. Every vestige of man's presence was fast disappearing, though this had been once a human habitation—a happy home. Now silence and solitude swayed their sceptre over its desolation. Still the scene was sublime in its silence, like a passion strongly felt that finds not utterance, and suggestive in its solitude as the contemplation of the death of Love or the grave of Hope. The sparkling spring yet bubbles from the base of the

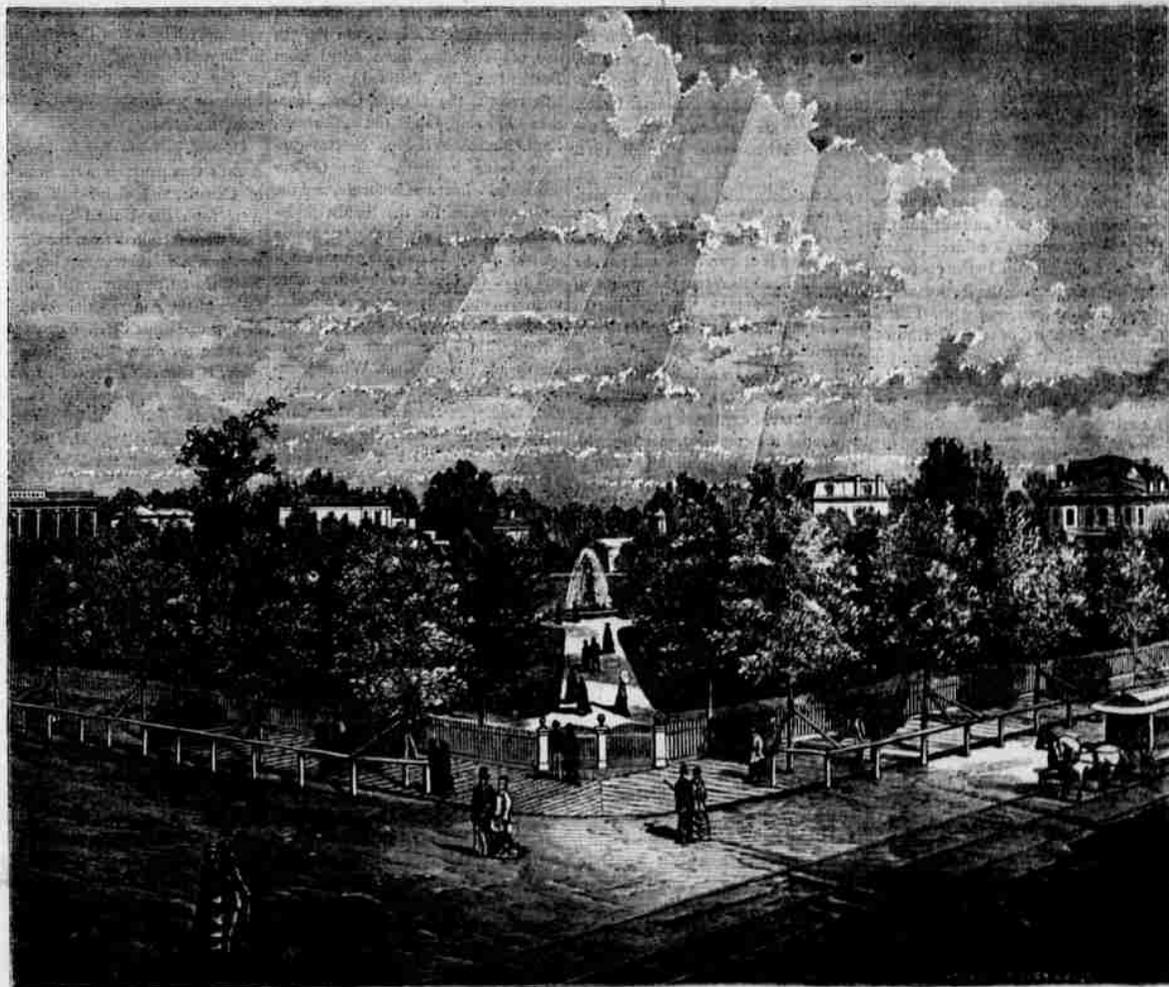
bluff. The remains of a rude reservoir are still there; but the path leading to it, once trodden by the feet of youthful innocence, is now no longer perceptible. The fragrant thyme, planted by the hand of affection, struggles bravely with the indigenous vegetation, as if determined that uncouth nature shall not resume unquestioned sway in that spot made sacred by human toil. The silent teaching of that sad scene was full of significance.

Riding on, I came upon a rude barrier of rocks, reaching from the river to the bluff. At a little distance from it was a similar barricade; both were dilapidated. Had the broken barriers and the deserted home the same sad history? Had the former proved insufficient to protect the latter? The fearful Indian tragedies of 1855 are still fresh in the minds of many, and their recollection provokes an ardent admiration for the undaunted and un-

ostentatious heroism of our early pioneers—those vanguards of civilization and Christianity—whose noble deeds are for ever embalmed in the fragrant aroma of a people's gratitude and praise.  
Gov.

A LESSON WORTH HEEDING.

The recent failure of the Dime Savings Bank, at Sacramento, should serve as a caution to our people as to where they deposit money. This Sacramento institution seems to have been a sort of a retail concern, doing a little in brokerage, lands, stocks, etc., and now that the bottom has dropped out the people there lose about \$45,000. We have a very similar concern here, which also advertises to receive and pay interest on deposits. Suppose they failed, how much on the dollar could be realized on their heavily mortgaged real estate?



THE PLAZA AT SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA.