

TO OREGON.

BY 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 'he 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 star-lit dome,
Sweet land of the West I adore thee,
And dream of my dear old home.

My home, where the lake and 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 zephyrs 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, though 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 a home.
And when the last mandate is given,
That bids me from labor to rest,
All I ask, save an entrance in heaven,
Is to sleep on thy broad, peaceful breast.

MOUNT HOOD.

BY W. B. RIGHTER.

Majestic eminence, snow mantled Hood,
That on thy pedestal of granite rock,
Through the long vanished centuries hath stood
The vain chronology of man to mock ;

Had we the vision of Ancient Seers,
To trace thy hist'ry through the mystic past,
And down the infinite of coming years,
The horoscope of prophecy to cast ;

'T would measure Time ere empires rose and fell,
Or ancient learning hastened to decay ;
Ere Earth had green and flower-enameled dell,
Or present river took its tortuous way.

Or, scanning down unnumbered cycles long,
Behold our planet tending to the sun,
And thy bright glory heralded in song
Forever ended and its memory gone.

The tourist's pride, and gem of Oregon ;
Thy radiant form 't is joy to look upon ;
And who hath once beheld the picture, bright,
Will e'er retain the vision with delight.

No mortal witnessed the volcanic throes
That heralded the morning of thy birth ;

'T was ere the tropic flower or arctic snow
Did belt and beautify our planet Earth.

Eternal power issued the decree ;
Internal forces hastened to obey ;
When slowly from the restless sea,
Thy resurrected being hailed the day.

But not as snow, did white and green combine
To robe thy form in harmony divine ;
Not on thy head was set the crown of snow,
Nor emerald 'round thy feet its beauty throw ;

Not from thy breast the pure and cooling streams
That irrigate the grassy plains below ;
But sterile rock, with caverns deep and seams,
Where neither tree nor plant could grow.

Though modest heights before thee lowly bend
Thankful for light and grandure thou dost lend ;
No rival monarch near thy mountain throne
Disputes a sceptre which is thine alone.

Could'st thou recite the legends of the past
When dusky warriors round thy sylvan base
Contested claims to barbarous empire vast,
Or waged fierce war, or mingled in the chase.

Could'st thou relate their conflicts, rise and fall,
'T were more instructive than historic page
Where maudlin orators in finished hall,
Debate the misty problems of their age.

When Sol, retiring to the distant west,
Casts his light ling'ring glances on thy breast,
The light and shade that counter drape thy cone
Reveal a changing beauty all thine own.

When misty twilight spans the evening sky
And fleecy cloud lines near thy summit lie,
The wierd strange features that adorn thy face
Enhance the solemn grandeur of the place.

While gazing on thy skyward towering form
Part clad in sunlight, part in cloud and storm ;
The heart is stirred to purer, higher theme,
The mind diverted from each sordid scheme.

The ardent soul of Nature's student, fraught
With new-born zeal in search of lofty thought,
Is moved with fresher courage to explore
The deeper fields of her rich hidden lore.

BY S. L. SIMPSON.

White despot of the wild Cascades !
I greet thee as the twilight shades
Haunt the disheveled, broken wall
Where sheaves of sun light burning 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 ragged harbs of fire,
When night has crushed its tempest wings
Against thy granite anchorings ;
I read no record of their ire.

The centuries which o'er thee tramp,
Like spectres of their shadow camp,
Bequeath thee neither scar nor 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 syllabeled in marble speech ;
And God-word like a prophet's prayer
Thou scalest the heaven's windy stair,
The quiet of the spheres to teach.

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

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

An iron arm with gleam'ng coil,
Has won a wilderness of Toil !
The traffic of the seas 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
Here, flashing to the clouds, will hail
The tomb of Egypt's cruel jest ;
And where the sea-tides leap and shine
Along the New World's border line,
Proclaim the EMPIRE OF THE WEST.

THE Willamette valley is 150 miles in length by 30 to 60 miles in width. Contains about 5,000,000 acres susceptible to cultivation. Lands here are mostly taken up, but can be purchased at a reasonable price from parties who have more than they can take care of. The Umpqua valley lies south of the Willamette valley, and is only about one-half its size, but is very fertile and well watered. The wool from that section has the best reputation of all Oregon wools. Markets are good, at Roseburg and Oakland, the principal towns, are connected by railroad with Portland, and they also have another outlet to the ocean by the way of Scottsburg and the Umpqua river.

Oregon polled 40,806 votes, and Washington Territory 16,030 votes at the late election.