

FROM THE DALLES TO PORTLAND.

An Autumnal Sketch.

BY AUGUSTA ALLEN.

From her home in the east glad
Morning hastes, laden with light.
Westward she speeds. Rivers and
lakes tremble with delight at her ap-
proach. Valleys and hills laugh. Moun-
tains blush in her queenly presence and
the world glows with majestic beauty.

is it that it seems to have imbibed the
spirit of the departing darkness.

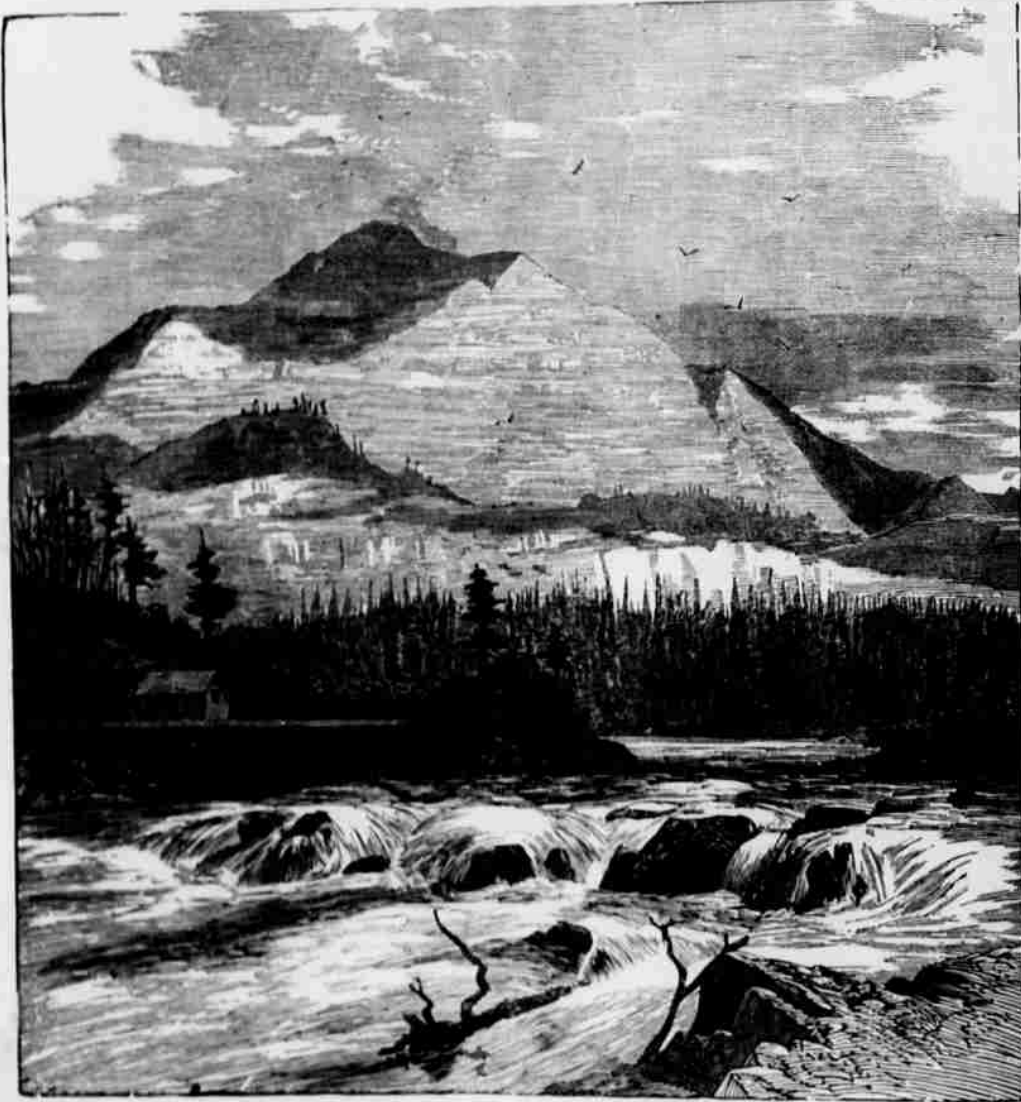
Good-bye now to The Dalles! Proud
little city! Rock-bound like the river
whose brink you grace; like the river,
too, in your restless striving, you re-
sistless rush onward.

We round a sharp jutting point and
glide on between the dull banks, with
misty low-lying hills beyond ;now they
rise higher, and a broken high reaches

See! in the vista formed by the
river-banks, the mystery of sunrise!

Resting upon the water a bank of
violet ; and just above, soft fluffy clouds
of the same hue, now blending with
saffron and rose. Higher, a lake of
lambent light set with isles of amethyst.

Just beyond, a glory, bright as youth-
dreams. Its boundary an ashen band
with border of palest azure flecked with
glintings of fine scarlet. Even as I



THE CASCADES OF THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

The darkness, enshrouding The Dalles, is now melting away, and the forms of the near hills, perpendicular cliffs, and broad black terraces, are dimly discernible; while afar off, a ridge of hills gleam purple, not the pale ethereal tint sometimes seen at sunset, or later, in early day; but a hue many shades deeper than royal purple. It is a color which daylight and darkness with united effort produce; so deep

with long black arm into the river. There are dark frowning cliffs, standing in line like mighty mail-clad sentinels waiting for the day to release them from duty. Great buttressed castles, with flat tops, tower in majesty. On the right stretches a broad plateau, and beyond it, a gold ridged hill. Nearer are square masses of rock, and blocks of solid stone rise from the river itself.

gaze the scene changes. The eastern sky is pale blue, an exquisitely delicate tint, with inland bays of pearl, embraced by shadowy gray. A fleecy mass of purest gold, drifting across, sends from its center a flood of light, giving to the sombre cloud a luminous glowing edge. While above, the dark curtains of the upper sky are fringed with golden fleece set with glistening gems. The water of the river flows