

AUTUMN MUSINGS.

UNDER the inspiration of the sombre spirit of autumn, the famous author of "Evangeline" wrote the following lines:

There is a beautiful spirit breathing now
Its mellow richness on the clustered trees,
And from a beaker full of richest dyes
Pouring new glory on the autumn woods,
And dipping in warm light the pillared clouds.
Morn on the mountain, like a summer bird,
Lifts her purple wing, and in the vales
The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate lover,
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life
Within the solemn woods of ash deep crimsoned,
And silvery beech, and maple yellow-leaved,
When Autumn, like a faint old man sits down
By the wayside a-weary——

Every region has its peculiarities of season and scenery; every locality its elements of comfort and inconvenience, of sterile meagerness and of exuberant beauty. Oregon, like every other state, possesses all these conditions of climate, and distinctive characteristics of geographical and forest features. Each season has its own peculiar charms. There is a separate, individual glory of the winter, of the spring, the summer, and lastly, of the golden autumn. Bleak winter contributes to the pleasures of the dwellers in "Webfoot" in various ways. Snow and ice bring the exhilarating joys of skating, sleighing and coasting, while the long, gloomy days of clouds and lowering mists, and the rainy nights are so agreeably suggestive of cosy, well lighted parlors, with snugly drawn curtains and bright and cheerful fires. Spring brings its gorgeous greenery, its delicious, balmy air, its feathered vocalists and sweet flowers. The very thought is instinct with the incense of son-

dreamy, luxurious languor, of melody, fragrance and the glory of swelling verdure. Summer brings in her regal train no less radiant pleasures to the senses. Truly it is the season of early fruits, luscious berries, of the full ripeness of leaf and expanding bud; of soft, waving grasses and of rich hope and promise of the coming harvest. Glorious autumn has a grace and delicate charm peculiar to herself. Earth, air and sky bear tokens of the "melancholy days," and all nature dons a robe of costly and resplendent loveliness. Winter may have its rugged sports and healthful, athletic joys; spring days their tender, languid and sentimental reveries; summer its period of mellow beauty and unruffled repose, but to autumn, the queen of the waning year, is reserved the brightest and richest coronet which nature can bestow.

With the exception of the New England states, there is probably no region in the union whose forests present more variegated and brilliant hues during the fall months than those of Oregon and Washington Territory. No section in the western, southern or middle states can boast of more gorgeous beauties of foliage, or sweetness and purity of atmosphere than our own beloved Webfoot. The only drawback to the summer season on this part of the Pacific coast, is the smoke from burning forests during July, August, and for a few days in September, that frequently prevails and obscures the outlines of our grand mountains. But the autumn days are peerless in point of compari-