

Oregon Semi-Monthly Argus.

GENESEE.

BY J. P. WEAVER.

In boyhood's days I heard stories told
Of empty mines and lands of gold,
Of low-lying meadows capped with snow
That shone like fire in sunset's glow;
And, as I listened to each word,
My eager soul within me stirred,
And long I wished for husband's prime,
That I might reach that lovely clime.

At length my childhood days were passed,
And manhood crowned my brow at last,
And often as the storm-bird came,
And swept across the frozen plain,
And nipped my ears, my fingers froze,
And drifted round my house the snow,
I thought much of that sunset scene,
Where drifting storms are all so new.

(It's started)

Twice in the days of civil war,
Nor railroad then nor palace car
Was there, that I might safely ride
O'er grassy plain or desert wide,
But by slow toil, we day by day
Traversed this long and dangerous way,
Until the oxen at the wheel
Became so weak that they would reel.

False lakes and forests rose to view,
To lure us from the pathway true,
But, over as we neared the place,
Nor lake nor forest could we trace;
The low'ring mount, the sage plain,
But tired our limbs and vexed our brain;
Yet onward, under molten sky,
We crossed the noxious alkali.

(We reached the goal.)

Although our patient toil was o'er,
And we had reached that sunset shore,
Where dashing streams and rivers hold
Flow in their course o'er sands of gold,
Where mountains rise on mountains high,
Commingling with the clouds and sky,
Where grassy plains and forests grand
Unite to beautify the land.

Oh, bounteous land! Oh, lovely place!
My home, my happy resting-place
From care and danger, toil and strife:
'Tis here I take my new lease of life,
While drinking from the crystal fountain
That gushes from the snow-cold mountain,
Which in their silent grandeur rise
And seem to touch the very skies.

Oh, land of health! Oh, land of love!
May guardian angels from above
Watch o'er thee in thy youthful days,
And teach thy children wisdom's ways,
And ever, as they onward toil,
To curb the stream or till the soil,
May they look upward from thy sod,
And bless this land and praise thy God,
Who, in His goodness, has so blessed
This bounteous land, this glorious West.

SALEM, Dec. 25, 1877.

BREVITIES.

Give the tramps no quarter.

Mental pleasures do not cloy.

Boys, don't keep bad company.

"I can't" never does anything.

We can pardon, but can we forget?

The wicked see when no man pursueth.

He who tells one lie may become a confirmed liar.

A small and early party—The newspaper boy.

Just the place for old maids—The I love Man.

Hope, like the sun, as we journey toward it, casts the shadow of our burden behind us.

An old bachelor probably wrote this: "Twixt woman and wine, man's lot is to smart; 'tis wine unakes his head ache, and woman his heart."

Heroes sometimes reason curiously. Nelson told Lord Holland that he often felt pain in the arm he had lost, "and this," added the gallant warrior, "is a clear proof of the immortality of the soul, and sets the question completely at rest."

In 1666 the great fire in London destroyed 10,000 houses, and all the public buildings, including eighty-six parish churches. Since that there has been no plague. The great fires at Chicago, Boston, and the late one at St. John, New Brunswick, look small in comparison.

Bogs in Ireland are remains of fallen forests, covered with peat and loose soil.

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