

The West.

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Florence, Lane County, Oregon, Friday, October 28, 1892.

No. 28.

ONE hundred thousand people witnessed the opening services at Chicago.

It was a great day, and Generals Schofield and Miles were there—at the World's Fair on the 21st.

Not altogether pleasant is it to have a presidential election coming to a near reality, as all business seemingly pauses until the battle is ended.

There is no longer any uncertainty about physicians being required to procure a license for practise, as the Supreme Court has just decided the constitutionality of the law and hold in its favor.

Certain sums of money that are spent in this town without even a hope of present or future reward for the outlay, would build sidewalks, found a good school and do many other things beneficial to all.

Full many a day will pass before the eastern or middle western states will witness such warm, sunny weather as we are now enjoying on the Great Siu-law. If there is any thing people ought to enjoy here, it is our climate.

According to reports in exchanges, Columbus Day was generally observed throughout the state. The few places that go into the catalogue of exceptions, are now, through their journals, making excuses for their want of patriotism.

And now, thank the powers that are putting it in motion, the question of building a sidewalk from the Florence hotel to the one lower down on the same street, is up for discussion by interested parties and it is hoped it will end in a realization of the fact.

The opening of the World's Fair at Chicago, on the 21st instant, will go down in history as the greatest event of our nation. It would have been worth the while to have listened to the Dedicatory Oration by Henry W. Waterson, and the Columbian Oration by Chauncy M. Depew.

The friends and relatives stand around the bedside of Mrs. President Harrison watching for the not far distant ending of her life. The whole American people are touched with sympathy when reading the events transpiring in that sick room, and form their own contrast to what would have been if President Harrison had been present at the opening of the World's Fair and received the buildings as originally intended.

SENATOR DOLPH addressed a large number of citizens at the court house last night on the political issues of the day, reviewing the tariff question and devoting considerable time to an explanation of national finance system. His speech was listened to with marked attention, and is considered by many of the leading republicans as one of his

best efforts, which is quite complimentary, to say the least, as the senator is considered one of the ablest speakers on the coast. Lack of space prevents further notice in this issue.—*Plaindealer.*

The old school ship of the navy, the Saratoga, returned a few days ago from a cruise of eighty-eight days, during which time she steamed 8500 miles. She cast anchor in the Delaware river with her eighty-two lads, all well and in fine spirits. The discipline to which boys are subjected on a voyage of this kind can scarcely fail to improve them in several qualities necessary to make them successful in life, whether on sea or shore. Promptness, cheerfulness in the discharge of duty, respectful bearing toward their superiors and the habit of taking their share in daily labor are highly estimable requirements not possessed by the average American school-boy in a very marked degree. A cruise on a school ship would be a benefit to many boys not at all likely ever to take one and to many communities upon which such boys are in due time foisted as indolent, careless and irresponsible men.—*Oregonian.*

POWER.

What a wonderful thing power is shown to us in many forms, but not since the Macedonian architect, Diodorates, who lived in the fourth century before Christ, have we heard of such conceptions coming from the mind of man as that which proposes to utilize the great water-power of Niagara Falls. Modern civil engineers are more practical in their aims, coming as they do from the school of their experience. But, withal, they are progressive, and ingenious, and enterprising, and these kinsfolk of ours have attempted, two years ago, to lay down a proposition to "harness Niagara." The original idea is not a new one and must long ago have occurred to engineers familiar with the great cotton mills in Lowell and Lawrence in Massachusetts, where, in the language of Theodore Parker, "the river Merrimack has consented to become a mechanic."

Water has long since been considered the best of elements, and this was said by Pinder centuries ago, and if we mechanically interpret this, it means that it is the cheapest and most uniform power in the world. Take water-power with electricity, and the day is not far distant when these combined powers will introduce a host of improvements in the daily life of men. Fairy vision dreamers, like the electric tower builder in San Jose, California, have already conceived the idea of vast cities covering many square miles of ground lighted by a half-dozen electric suns suspended high above the turmoil of the streets in the supernal air. Lesser prophets have foretold the time when the kitchen stove will soon be a thing of the past, and all its functions supplanted by the

new agent. Still smaller foretellers of future events talk of the day when horses and mules will be abolished from cities—except for pleasure purposes—while the steam locomotive that hauls our freight, the engines that drive our ships and the propelling power that sends into unknown heights and over long distances the "skybicycle" invented by Geo. M. Miller, will find their force by that very inadequate name of electricity which was applied by Thales, the Greek philosopher, who flourished about two thousand five hundred years ago.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

The writer of "In Memoriam" has taken his place under that enduring memorial-shaft which he raised over the grave of his friend. Like the granite obelisk that a husband, with great wealth to lavish on his sorrow, places above the tomb of his wife, and which afterward serves best to mark his own grave, less worthily honored by others of scantier power; so will the sad grandeur and polished beauty of the tribute that Alfred Tennyson offered to the memory of Arthur Hallam, the friend of his youth, stand higher as a monument to the genius of the loving poet than any that can be raised to him by others with equal love, but far weaker talent.

Tennyson was sweeter and wilder in his "Maud," fuller of the romance and valor of other days in his "Idylls of the King," fitted better for many of the stirring moods of life in his other poems, long and short; but when we are told that at last in his eighty-fourth year he lies dead amid the falling leaves of that England he loved so well, it is by instinct that we all turn to his own dirge, written when he himself was under the dark shadow of bereavement and grief. Then he said:

I wage not any feud with Death
For changes wrought on form or face;
No lower life that earth's embrace
May breed with him, can fight my faith.

Nor blame I Death because he bare
The use of virtue out of earth;
I know transplanted human worth
Will bloom to profit, elsewhere.

In several stanzas he repeats, with confident endorsement, Shelley's pleasing thought of "Death and his brother Sleep." This is no grim notion of the end of the things, but the hopeful expectation of those who

By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove.

In this sense he writes:

When in the down I sink my head,
Sleep, Death's twin-brother, times my breath.
Sleep, Death's twin-brother, knows not Death,
Nor can I dream of thee as dead.

Tennyson has been emphatically the poet of the people. There never has been any need for Tennyson clubs to make the reading of his verse popular. From the moment the lad in school learns to mouth his "Charge of the Light Brigade," he never gets wholly out of touch with its author. The plain, wholesome, direct English which Tennyson used, as Angelo moulded marble, never needed any trick of mystery to at-

tract attention. It is the clearness, the electric vividness of his language that charms. As you read him he paints pictures for you at every line. The songs in the "Princess" are excellent examples of this rare power:

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.

There is an oil painting in this stanza, full of clear mountain air, bright mountain sunlight, and all the life and freshness of an early morning amid the wild and the wide and the picturesque. As yet man has not broken in upon the day and all is left to the plunging torrent and the furtive deer until the lines burst in with a halloo—

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying
and, in a moment, the scarlet huntsmen ride into the morning, and the clatter of hoofs, the quick barking of dogs and the notes of the bugle are dancing across the landscape.

Or if the mood be more sombre, say under the chill grays of autumn, a series of shadowed pictures may be found in the song beginning "Tears, Idle Tears."

This stanza is, perhaps, the climax:

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

A little fragment that he called "The Eagle," presents a scene that could not be bettered in a volume:

He clasps the crag with crooked hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ring'd by the azure world, he stands.
The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

But it is a hopeless task to crowd into a brief article any idea of the varied beauties of the latest English laureate.

Most people have their "Tennysons" on the handiest shelf of the bookcase and turn to him in all sorts of moods. He seems to have been a man of moods himself, for almost all of them are found pictured in his poems by one who must have felt, to so thoroughly understand.

It is hard to believe that the writer of "The Lady of Shalott" and the opening lines of "Maud" dwelt in the same human house; but they did, and we know that he of delicate, artistic temperament, who talked of a "shallop * * silken sailed" and a "long-hair'd page in crimson clad," burst out with indignation that

* * chalk and alum and plaster are sold to the poor for bread,
And the spirit of murder works in the very means of life.

What place Alfred Tennyson will hold in the temple of fame when the world looks at him across the prospective of time, it is unwise to say. Contemporary judgment is so often wrong. But it seems impossible that one who has so accurately portrayed the spirit of his age, who has so delighted us with the music of his song, should ever take a lower place. We may have underestimated some others whose work has not been calculated to draw our eyes away from the supreme figure, but we can hardly have mistaken the worth of him who has won fully as much of the love as of the admiration of his generation.