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THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST.

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May 27, 1887.

Address Delivered before The World's Congress of Women

at the Columbian Exposition, June 1st, 1893, by Abigail Scott Dun-

away of Portland, Oregon, Mrs. Governor Eagle, of Arkansas in the

Chair Walnut. F

Shrubs Plants
 Gentlemen and Ladies

region is wonderfully adapte
 ish wall. In the illustrious navigation in whose honor we are now
 is a growing mode, number
 holding this wonderful World's Columbian Exposition had so shaped
 lives independent income, is
 his adventurous voyage as to have first sighted land on the western
 Free culture, a treasure
 a Nursery Catalog
 slope of the two Americas, the history of this continent's discov-
 Nursery
 dry and development would have been strangely metamorphosed. Then
 the star of Empire, lured by balmy skies, would have made its way
 toward the interior, often halting for
 generations to enjoy the equable temperature of the Pacific Coast
 and never pressing onward to encounter the more rigorous climate
 of the Atlantic border until compelled to advance by the civiliza-
 tion surging behind it. But the destiny which directs the pro-
 gress of civilization in every age never for a moment forget the
 golden
 garden West; and, with a wise design of which we, today, are reap-
 ing the benefits, the preserves of the Pacific Northwest were
 held in reserve in the nation's youth, that they might become the

John A. Lehnert, ex manager of the
 Arlington Club, is mentioned as
 probable successor to C. C. Harris as
 secretary of the Portland Anti-
 mite Club. Mr. Lehnert owns a
 machine, has retired from active

NATIONAL BANK

OF PORTLAND, OREGON

THE UNITED STATES NATIONAL BANK

PORTLAND, OREGON

UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY

Capital \$1,000,000.00

Heritage of the fortunate descendants of the hard stock of Anglo Saxons who long ago conquered the adverse climatic elements of the Atlantic seaboard, in blissful ignorance through all their years of toil, that the balmy zephyrs of the Pacific were playing at hide and seek among Sierran vales or singing summer laden peans through the misty trees where rolls the Oregon.

And yet this favored land had not been left for long without a witness. Destiny, as if mindful that some day the children of men might wonder at her apparent partiality to later generations, began as early as the year 1513 to make preliminary preparations for carrying out her plans. In that year Vasco Nunez de Balboa, a Spanish adventurer who must have been born for the purposes of discovery, since he proved to be good at nothing else, secreted himself in a trading vessel, and after narrowly escaping death by order of Captain Encisco, who for some unexplained reason failed at the last moment to execute his command, was set ashore upon the edges of the Caribbean Sea.

Of the strange land into which he was thus thrown Balboa knew little except the rumors that had reached him in regard to the expeditions of Cortez who had previously penetrated that country, carrying devastation into the lands belonging to the Aztec worshippers of the sun. The excitement in which Balboa was thus ~~thrown~~ ^{thrown} ~~into~~ ^{into} a heady ~~task~~ ^{task} proved exactly to his taste. He became at once a daring and unscrupulous leader, whose name is destined to go down through history as the discoverer of the Pacific Ocean. The his-

lory of this discovery requires no repetition here. Let us only pause a moment in regretful memory of the Montezumas, the last of the rulers of the Aztec race whose domain bordered "the sleeping waters beyond America".

Balboa, after many expeditions, in which he was so successful as to excite the jealousy of his rivals, was ignominiously beheaded by order of Pedrarius Davila, for the alleged crime of disloyalty to the Spanish crown. He died protesting his innocence, and his headless body was subjected before burial to the usual brutal indignities of a barbaric populace.

In the year 1519 the ill fated commander, Magellan, started on his famous voyage which resulted in the discovery of the long sought route to the Indies. It was he who gave the name Pacific to the mighty discovery of Balboa, the wondrous ocean of the Occident from whose singing shores I have come to greet you.

California was discovered in 1534, by Martin Jimenez, a mutineer who had previously incited an outbreak on board the ship of which he was pilot, which resulted in the tragic death of Commander Magellan. But to Sir Francis Drake unquestionably belongs the honor of having been the first of the European race to land upon the coast of the present state of California, which he did in June of the year 1579.

It was not until after the lapse of nearly two centuries, in August of the year 1775, that the great headlands of the Colum-

bila River were first discovered or outlined upon any chart. In this year Commander Heceta discovered a promontory which he called Cape San Roque; and immediately south of it, in latitude 46°, an opening in the land, between headlands of the true nature of which he was in doubt. This opening is represented on old Spanish charts by the names Entrada de Ascension, and Rio de San Roque, and is without doubt the mouth of the Columbia River.

Of this discovery Captain Robert Greenhow, a painstaking Pacific Coast historian, tells us that this discovery of Heceta was undoubtedly the mouth of the greatest river on the western side of the America continent, the which, in 1792, was first entered by the ship Columbia from Boston under the command of Robert Gray, and has ever since been known as the Columbia River.

Captain Vancouver, who was employed by the British government to conduct scientific surveys on the coast shortly after the war of the revolution beheld the headlands of the Columbia a short time before their discovery by Captain Gray. But, although the weather was clear, he decided that "no river was there; only a sort of bay."

Captain Robert Gray, who happened to be cruising in contiguous waters, in the employ of a firm of Boston traders, upon finding that Captain Vancouver was not disposed to credit his theory of an open river, made extended observations on his own account, and after noting particularly that the color of the water of the bay was different from that of the open sea, this Yankee commander sailed inside on the 11th day of May, 1792. Concerning

this important discovery Captain Gray said in his log book: "At four o'clock on the morning of the 11th we beheld our desired port bearing east-southeast, distant six leagues. At eight A. M., being a little to the windward of the entrance to the harbor, we bore away and ran in east northeast, between the breakers, having from five to seven fathoms of water. When we came over the bar we found this to be a large river of fresh water, up which we steered. Many canoes came alongside. The entrance between the bars bore west southwest, distant ten miles; the north side of the river, distant a half mile from the ship; the south side of the same two and a half miles distant; a village on the north side of the river, west by south, distant three quarters of a mile. Vast numbers of the natives came alongside. People were employed pumping the salt water out of our casks while the ship floated in. So ends."

To this Mrs. Frances Fuller Victor, Oregon's eminent historian, author of "The Risen Atlantis", adds "No, not 'so ends', O, modest Captain Gray of the ship Columbia. The end is not yet nor will be until all the vast territory rich with every possible production, which is drained by the waters of the new found river, shall have yielded up its illimitable wealth to distant generations."

Let us now turn the search light of history upon the inland Empire of the Pacific Northwest and study its discovery from

a landsman's standpoint.

The time is the year 1804. Not a person within the range of my voice --not one of the hundreds of thousands gathered today within these gates was then upon the earth in conscious form.

The seasons came and went as now. Birds sang in the air, fishes swam in the water, beasts prowled in the forests, flowers rejoiced in the sunshine. The wigwam of the wild Indian occupied the site of the ~~Wald's~~ Columbian Exposition and the forest maiden beheld her dusky charms in the placid waters that now reflect the artistic proportions of this Woman's Building. But womanhood, as an entity, distinct and immortal, had not then been discovered. It was scarcely even dreamed of as a personality existing within and of itself, like other animate things. It remained for the Board of Lady Managers of this Exposition, with Mrs. Potter Palmer at their head, to conceive and carry out the dreams of utility and beauty which we perceive around us. Just here let us pay a passing tribute to the illustrious prototype of these women, Queen Isabella of Spain, who, in spite of the narrow bigotry of her environment, pierced the gloom of superstition and ignorance with the eye of prophecy, and by laying her jewels at the feet of Columbus, made the present discovery of womanhood possible.

The search lights of history shows us that in the year 1804 an expedition led by Captains Lewis and Clarke started westward from a point east of the Mississippi, into the unexplored and

almost unknown wilds stretching across the North American continent. It was a reckless and daring expedition, quite equal in perilous endeavor to any ever undertaken in earlier time by Cortez, or Balboa, or Magellan, or Meccola, or Vancouver or Gray. It numbered nine young Kentuckians, fourteen soldiers, two French watermen, one hunter, one interpreter, one negro servant, and no woman.

After a summer of wild, enjoyable adventure in the wilderness the party went into winter quarters in the fall of the same year on the banks of the upper Missouri River, in what is now the State of Montana. The following year, after having grown accustomed to their adventurous life, they pitched camp for winter quarters at the mouth of the Lou Lou fork of the Bitter Root River, a branch of the Upper Missouri, near what is now the thriving modern city of Missoula. From this point they made frequent excursions, and by ascending Lou Lou fork discovered the now famous Lolo trail through the otherwise formidable Bitter Root Mountains. After having suffered severely from cold and hunger the party reached a Nez Perce village in the early spring, situated on an open plain contiguous to the south fork of the Clearwater, an important tributary to the Snake River.

Captain Clarke was the first white man to discover the Snake River of our modern geographies, originally known on the maps as Lewis and Clarke's river.

In passing down the Clearwater the party noted three

creeks, the most famous of these being now known as the Potlatch, which fructifies the beautiful and extensive Paradise Valley of Idaho, in the midst of which sits Moscow, a border town of sufficient pretensions to have already furnished the State of Idaho with a United States Senator who is now the state's governor, and a representative ^{citizen} who is a member of the United States Congress.

The journey of Lewis and Clarke down the Snake River to its junction with the Columbia, and thence down the Columbia to the present site of Astoria, thence to Clatsop Plains on the western coast of Oregon, which place they reached in November of the year 1805, was a series of exciting, laborious and often perilous adventures. But they reached the coast in safety and erected a rude fortification for winter quarters which they named Fort Clatsop. The natives swarmed around them in great numbers, from whom they learned that white men had before visited the locality for purposes of trade. They belonged to the Hudson's Bay Company of trappers and traders, of whom Lewis and Clarke said: "The Indians inform us that they speak the same language as we do; and, indeed, the few words which the Indians have learned from the sailors, such as musket, powder, shot, knife, ^{fill} ~~fill~~, heave-the-lead, damned rascal and other phrases of that description, show that the visitors speak the English language. Colonel Gilbert, in his "Historic Sketches", ^{says} ~~tells~~ that the long isolation, from civilization of this little forlorn hope of American explorers is thrown into strong relief by a statement that was penned and

fastened to the inside walls of their fort as they turned from it on their way back across the continent. It said: "The object of this last is that through the medium of some civilized person who may see the same, it may be made known to the world that the party consisting of the persons whose names are hereunto annexed, and who were sent out by the government to explore the interior of the continent of North America, did penetrate the same by way of the Missouri and Columbia Rivers to the discharge of the latter into the Pacific Ocean, where they arrived on the fourteenth day of November, 1805, and departed on the 23rd day of March, 1806, on their return to the United States by the same route by which they had come out." An inventory of the merchandise upon which they depended for the purchase of provisions on their way home, revealed one blue and six scarlet robes, one United States artillery hat and coat, five robes made from the flag, and a few old clothes trimmed with ribbon, all of which could have been tied up in a couple of handkerchiefs.

Nothing daunted by this meager array of merchandise, they started on their return, and after a leisurely voyage up the Columbia they reached the Willamette River, called by the natives Multnomah, which was discovered by Captain Clarke on the second day of April, 1806.

Continuing their journey up the Columbia they found The Dalles and Deschutes Indians very hostile and inhospitable.

Doubtless the premonition of their forthcoming fate had dawned upon the tribes, and the instinct of self preservation, powerful even when hopeless, had been awakened by rumors of a dreaded invasion of which these explorers were deemed forerunners.

But Yellept, the head chief of the Walla Wallas, inspired no doubt by the same premonitions, although they affected him differently, received the party with savage demonstrations of joy. He begged them to partake of his hospitality, and urged them to invite all nations to treat the Indians kindly. Setting an example himself, he brought them an armful of wood and a platter of roasted mullets with his own hands--a most peculiar service from the hands of an Indian chieftan, since it is a well known part of the Indians unwritten code to delegate every kind of domestic duties to women, including every burden of the camp and fire incident to their primitive modes of life.

Colonel Gilbert, in the "Historic Sketches" before alluded to tells us that Yellept had five sons who were all slain in battle or perished miserably from white mens diseases. A number of years after Lewis and Clarke had partaken of his hospitality this noble chieftan saw the last one of them die. Heart-broken, the old man called his tribe together and lying down upon the body of his son in the grave, he sternly commanded them to cover him up with his dead.

A wail of lamentation went up from his people, but they buried him alive as he had ordered, and the glory and greatness

"of the Walla Wallas had departed."

The modern psychic tells us, upon evidence that to him is demonstration, that the Indians' heaven is located within the earth's aura, directly above the earth and beneath the American pale faces' "Devochan"; that in this Heaven all genuinely "good" Indians find their happy hunting grounds restored to them in duplicate, with all the modern improvements added. In these Elysian shades the pale face cannot enter to rob them of their homes, or possess their squaws or maidens, or spread among them the diseases and disasters of civilization and death.

It was my purpose, when I began this lecture, to have somewhat to say in relation to the discovery, early history, and settlement of Puget Sound, the mighty inland sea which indents the western edge of Oregon's first great subdivision, the progressive state of Washington. I also meant to pay extended attention to the early history of Oregon's two younger daughters, the ambitious states of Montana and Idaho. But time presses, and I must leave this part of my theme and hasten to consider the more vital, because ever pressing present, with which we are all concerned, as much from necessity as from choice. But before we leave it let us pause to pay a passing tribute to the memory of our risen pioneers.

The swaying pines of the lands they loved, and left to us as a heritage, chant their eternal requiem. The mighty moun-

tains wear white crowns of everlasting snow in their honor and the broad prairies adorn their lowly graves with regularly returning flowers as the seasons come and go. The iron horse wakes shrillest echoes now, where erst the bellowing of the belabored ox was heard. Steam and lightning have out-distanced time and conquered space in the years that have flown since they fell asleep. The echoes of the mountains and the rocks are answering back ~~the~~ ^{to} new conditions ^{now}, and the sons and daughters of the pioneers are confronted by new problems of which they scarcely dreamed. These pioneers, in goodly numbers, found their way to Oregon early in the "forties" and "fifties", making their way across the continent in the dim wake of Lewis and Clarke, ^{with the} The four-wheeled ship of the desert was their vehicle and the rough-ribbed ox was their motive power. I cannot linger here to tell you of the vicissitudes of their journeying; how in peril often, in fatigue always, ~~and~~ sometimes in sickness, ^{and again} through death and deprivation, they struggled onward, toward the setting sun.

But these early settlers found at length a country that well repaid them for their toil; a country of surpassing beauty and diversity of scenery, soil and climate; a country in which the giant winds that planned their exodus from other lands might have the ample room they needed to expand and grow. ^{after} ~~Before~~ reaching the territory of Oregon, they settled, often, in widely separated

fields. For several years they lived in isolation, but also in health, peace and primitive plenty. They made friends with the Indians and, forming a provisional government of their own, protected themselves and the red man alike within its statutes.

But the discovery of gold, first in California, and a little later in Oregon, was the lever that worked the change in the provincial habits of these Spartan-souled heroes, the end of which is not yet foreseen; and I sometimes wonder if we have hardly seen its beginning. ¹¹² The whole world caught the gold fever. Men left their homes and families and flocked together to the new Eldora like cormorants scenting the means of subsistence from afar. They settled California with a heterogeneous multitude from all the nations of the earth and gradually, as the contagion spread, extended their peregrinations to Oregon, where nature had, in many places, been equally successful in storing up and hiding away her precious ores.

I cannot stop to tell you now about the many multi millionaires of the Pacific Coast who have risen from poverty to their present status during their sojourn beside the sunset seas. Nor can I stop to more than drop a word in recognition of the many more who became victims of hopes-deferred and who, failing to acquire the Midas' touch, grew weary of the struggle and retired to the seclusion and security of the country or returned to

their childhoods' haunts, sadder, but not wiser nor richer than when they wandered away. Rather be it my province to point the way at this time for the many thousands of ambitious ones who were born too late to get a footing of their own upon the virgin soil of the older states, and are looking now for ideal homes in the Pacific Northwest--where there yet is room. Very many of our early settlers are tax-burdened with large tracts of the best and most fruitful lands, acquired when the settlements were sparse, which they are now ready to subdivide and sell, in small holdings and on easy terms, to actual settlers. These lands comprise every imaginable variety of soil, scenery and climate. The entire region lying west of the Cascade Mountains, within the "rain belt", rejoices in two seasons, the wet and the dry. And yet, there is no drouth in summer, nor is there any long-continued spell of rain at any one time in winter. The climate is mild throughout the year. Here is the home alike of the fruit and the grain, the forest and the mineral. If you fancy that you prefer to settle upon government lands there are yet many openings for such homes, where, by going from twenty to one hundred miles away from present railroad facilities, thus following in a much modified form the heroic example of early pioneers, you may, by overcoming comparatively few of the obstacles they encountered, achieve a like or a greater success.

Do you wish a climate with more marked extremes of heat

and cold? The extensive table lands of the eastern portion of this great domain invite you to possess them. Here also, in many places, are the homes of the fruit and the grain. Here are mountain fortresses with intersecting valleys and limpid streams. Here, too, is the home of irrigation, the home of the stock grower and the stronghold of the baser metals, as well as of gold and silver and precious stones.

While I do not believe in a one sexed country, any more than a one sexed home or government, I do believe that women should have equal chance with men to acquire the homes that both the sexes equally need, and must jointly occupy. The one great obstacle in the way of women getting homes in the country is their too frequent desire to possess lands of area so great that to live upon them means isolation. But, if women as well as men, when in quest of homes would be content with farms containing five ten, or at most forty acres, bringing with them, to a new country, sufficient means to carry them through the first year or so of settlement--say, anywhere from five hundred dollars up--there are comparatively few of you who are often rack-rented in the great cities and over-strained in every way ^{by} trying to keep up appearances--who would not find yourselves and those dependant upon you very soon in independent circumstances. When you live in the country, on land of your own, you are free from the burdens of house rent, water tax, ^{fuel tax} ~~wood~~ bills, and milk, butter, eggs, fruit, and vegetable bills. In your city garrets are old clothes enough

to keep your families ^{comfortably} clad in the country, till an income grows;
and through the care-free lives you ^{lead} ~~had~~ under such conditions your
health grows firm.

When I look into the pale faces of the ^{many} care-weary women
who wrestle daily with the ever increasing perplexities of the
present complex system of city life--women whose boys and girls
are growing toward maturity with no remunerative occupation in
sight,--my mind leaps out beyond the Rocky Mountains to the many
favored localities that would gladly afford them homes, under con-
ditions they could meet with reasonable effort if enough of fami-
lies with only a few hundred dollars each, as a basis for getting
a foothold would so cooperate that they might be of mutual as-
sistance to each other in the formation of new settlements. Such
a change would necessitate frugality, industry and some self-de-
nial. Their homes at first would be rude and simple, but cheap
and comfortable. Their church, school-house and public hall
would at first be ~~held~~ under the same roof, and their stores, work-
shops and manufactories would be primitive, but amply suffi-
cient to supply all their needs till the railroads could reach
them.

Bear in mind that it is difficult at this late day to
find room for large settlements, even in small ^{holdings} ~~buildings~~, directly
along the established railroad lines. If you would grow up with
the country you must ^{first} establish yourselves on its frontier.

I have at this moment in mind, many places where deeded

lands, held at reasonable prices ^{offered} on easy terms, can be bought in the Pacific Northwest for just such homes. I also know of whole townships on the still farther frontier, where irrigation lends the magic of its power to such marvels of production as are never seen elsewhere. These lands are from twenty to eighty and even one hundred miles away, at present, from railroads. But many thousands of acres are there awaiting possession, where many hundreds of ideal homes could be secured, contiguous to inexhaustible summer range for stock; where alfalfa yields prodigious returns from irrigation for winter's feed for stock; where a farm of forty acres or less would make an independent home. In these places chickens thrive like magic, on sun flowers bigger than dinner plates. Hogs grow fat on barley, harvested by themselves, after having thriven to maturity on alfalfa, also of their own harvestings. Small fruits, cereals and vegetables yield enormously. The air is as pure as ether and the scenery is as grand as Heaven.

Here can be grown inexhaustible quantities the sugar beet, the mangel wurzel, and all the other staples on which man and beast do thrive, except, perhaps, your Indian corn, for which the delicious air of night is too cool to permit ^{the} ~~its~~ superabundant ^{yield of the Middle West,} growth. Adjacent mines abound in all directions, awaiting the toil and money of man for their development. ¹⁷ Again I think of evergreen forests, humid skies and fruit bearing vales, hard by the sunset seas. But many of these are also away from present lines of railroad,

though not more than twenty, thirty, or at most one hundred miles away. Think of it! Only one hundred miles! Why, we of the Pacific Coast went two thousand and three thousand miles away from our railroads to get our start!

Oh, those primitive times! How, amid all these scenes of wonder & I love to pause and live over again the far-off days when everybody in my great bailiwick knew everybody else; when there were no extremes of wealth or want, but everybody had enough and to spare. Families living hundreds of miles apart made annual visits to each other's homes at convenient seasons, their vehicles the same battered, creaking ships of the desert, their teams the same old oxen, grown fat and festive, that half-starved and footsore, had brought them across the continent in the bygone years.

Anon, the railroad era dawned upon the land, the shout of its coming was heard in the air, and songs like this floated out upon the breeze:

From the land of the distant East I come,

A railway abroad, and I love to roam,

In my lengthening, winding way,

On my ballast of rock and my ribs of pine

And my sinews of steel that glitter and shine,

While my workmen sap and ^{saw} ~~saw~~ and mine,

Steadily, day by day,

They tunnel the mountains and climb the ridges,

-18-

And span the culverts and rivet the bridges,

And waken the echoes , afar and anear,
With the shout of triumph and song of cheer!

The state of Oregon, or what is left of it since it married off its three territorial daughters, Washington, Montana and Idaho, to state governments, contains in round numbers an area of 95,275 square miles. Washington, the eldest of Oregon's "three stately Graces", possesses an about equal area. Montana comes next with skirts nearly as ample, and Idaho sits proudly at the eastward gates, holding aloft the rough similitude of a huge arm chair on her mountains' summits, inviting you to come and be seated.

There is much mountainous country throughout the Pacific Northwest, so much that the pure air of Heaven, playing at random among the heights, frightens away the cyclones of the flats areas, and sends them howling over the Kansas prairies and the great plains of Texas, leaving our rock-ribbed vales in smiling security. Tornadoes, drouth , and pestilence, from the same cause, escape us.

The trend of the main mountain ranges is north and south, with innumerable spurs reaching out in all directions, breaking the country into diversified valleys, well watered and fertile. Every cereal known to agriculture, every fruit and flower of the temperate zones and many products of semi-torrid climes, find congenial homes in different portions of this broad domain. Every mineral known to man abounds within our borders. Our forests are

gigantic and inexhaustible, our rivers are big and deep and rapid
and our creeks and rills and lakes and rivulets no man can number..

I am not here as a real estate boomer, nor do I come to
speculate. But I do come to say to the many earnest inquirers who
are seeking homes, and who really desire to do their part toward
making them, that in my country nature has done her part to per-
fection.

But, don't come to a new country wholly empty handed,
expecting the few who are on the ground ahead of you to furnish
you with employment. Come prepared to take care of yourselves
till you can have time to raise a crop. Come prepared to help
each other, just as did the early pioneers--just as all must do
who leave the mark of success upon the age in which they strug-
gled.

"The world belongs to those who take it;

Not to those who sit and wait."

Once, when I was twenty years younger than now, though
not a whit less enthusiastic, as I was journeying westward across
the continent by rail, I perpetrated some stanzas with which to
please my friends at home; and ^{now} ~~also~~ by special request of several
members of the World's Fair Board of Lady Managers, I will con-
clude *this address by their repetition within these walls.*

Ho for the bracing and breezy Pacific,

As surging and heaving he rolleth for aye;

Ho for the land where bold rocks bid us welcome,
And grandeur and beauty hold rivalling sway!
Yes, ho for the West, for the blest land of promise,
Where mountains, all white, bathe their brows in the sky,
While down their steep sides the cold torrent comes dashing
And eagles scream out from their eyries on high!

I have seen the bright East where the restless Atlantic
Forever and ever wails out his deep moan,
And I've stood in the shade of the dark Alleghanies,
Or listened, all rapt, to Niagara's groan.
Again, I have sailed through grand scenes on the Hudson;
Steamed down the Fall River through Long Island Sound;
The Ohio I've viewed and the weird Susquehanna,
Or skirted the Lake Shore when West I was bound.

I've sniffed the bland breeze of the broad Mississippi,
And dreamed in the midst of his valley so great;
Have crossed and recrossed the bold turbid Missouri,
As he bears toward the Gulf Stream his steam guided freight;
And I've bathed my hot forehead in soft, limpid moonbeams,
That shimmered me o'er with their glow and their gold,
In the haunts where the loved of my youth gave glad welcome,
And memory recalled each dear voice as of old.

But though scenes such as these oft allure^d, please and
 charmed me,
Euterpe came out with her harp or my lyre;
Yet when I again reached thy prairies, Nebraska,
To sing she began me at once to inspire.
And, as westward we sped, o'er the broad rolling pampas,
Or slowly ascended the mountains all wild
Or dashed through the gorges and under the snowsheds,
The Nine with ^{crude} numbers my scenes beguiled.

Colorado's wild steeps and the rocks of Wyoming,
Their lone stunted pine trees and steep palisades,
And afar to the West the cold, bleak Rocky Mountains,
At whose feet the wild buffalo feeds in the glades,
Have each in their turn burst sublime on my vision,
While deserts all desolate gazed at the sky,
And away to the south rose the snow crested ^{Wasatch} Wasatch,
Bald, bleak and majestic, broad rolling and high.

I have stood where dead cities of sandstone columnar,
Loomed up in their grandeur, all solemn and still,
And mused o'er the elements' wars of the Ages,
That shaped them in symmetry wild at their will,
I have rolled down the boulders and waked the weird echoes,
Where serpents affrighted, have writhed in their rage,
And watched the fleet antelope bound o'er the desert,

Through vast beds of cacti[^] and grease-wood and sage.

Desert

I have sailed on the breast of the ~~deserted~~ Dea Sea,
And bathed in its waters all tranquil and clear;
Have gazed on the mountains and valleys of Humboldt,
Strange, primitive, awful, sad, silent and sere.

I have climbed and reclimbed the steep, wind-worn Sierras,
Peered in their deep gulches all dark and obscure;
Dreamed under the shadows of giant Sequoias,
Or talked with wild Indians, reserved and demure.

I have trusted my bark on the billows of ocean,
And watched them roll up and recede from the shore,
And have anchored within the fine bay San Francisco,
Where the Golden Gate husheth the Ocean's deep roar.
But not till I reached thy broad bosom, Columbia,
Where ever, forever, thou roll'st to the sea,
Did I feel that I'd found the full acme of grandeur,
Where song could run riot, or fancy go free.

Then my Pegasus changed his quick pen to a gallop,
Euterpe's wind harp waked Aeolian strains,
And the Nine in their rapture sang odes to the mountains,
That preside over Oregon's forests and plains.

Hoary Hood called aloud to the three virgin sisters

Who blushed with the roseate glow of the morn;
St. Helen and Ranier from over the border
Scowled and clouded their brows in pretension of scorn.

The Dalles of Columbia set up on their edges,
Swirled through the deep gorges as onward they rolled,
Or over huge boulders of basalt went dashing,
Dispersed into spray ere their story was told.
To the North and the South and the West rose the fir trees,
With proportions colossal and graceful and tall,
Dark green in their hue with a tinge of deep purple,
Casting shadows sometimes 'o'er the earth like a pall.

Bold headlands keep guard o'er the Oregon river
Whose dashings are heard far away o'er the main,
~~While~~ ^{As} roaring and foaming and rushing forever,
He struggles with ocean, some 'vantage to gain,
~~While~~ ^{White} cities sit smiling beside the Columbia,
Where, though land-walled the breeze of the sea she inhales,
While wind-worn Umatilla and gale torn Wallula
Keep sentinel watch o'er her broad eastern vales.

Then ho for the bracing and breezy Pacific,

Whose waves lave the Occident ever and aye!

I care naught for the grandeur of Asia and Europe

For my far western home greets me gladly today.

Yes, ho for the West! for the blest land of promise

Where mountains all green bathe their brows in the sky;

While down the tall snow peaks wild torrents come dashing

And eagles scream out from their eyries on high!

LARKE

PHARMACY

Oregon

It is not a question of Mr. Aldrich or Mr. Beveridge, but of the country. The country has in its interest of pledges to the people. The with-
drawal of the tariff from the hands of the people, and the refusal of Mr. Taft to speak in Indiana in behalf of Sen-
ator Tamm, is a question. The creation of a non-partisan tariff commission with non-sectional, non-discriminative and adjustable schedules providing ample revenue for governmental expenses and equal protection to American industries, American labor and the American consumer, is an adjustment



ARTH
HOOD

Opposite Butler Bank