

TO THE NORTH-WEST

Thou great North-West! Thou fertile West!
The north cannot your limits bound;
To look, the sky, your flaming crest,
Appears to rise from out the ground,
Which there, in restless slopes and furrows,
Conceals the myriad gopher burrows.

Again, in day-dream of the West,
Sweet music sinks profuse around;
The shrubs, the grass by winds caressed,
And small slough frogs in chorus sound;
While with his voice, low-pitched and mellow,
The wild fawn bleats unto his fellow.

Anew in service of the West
Were greater odors ever found
Than they which mould upon thy breast,
In Nature's flavors, sweet, profound?
Or, crushed beneath the foot of range,
Soar in the air to greet the stranger?