THE MENOM NEE HUNTERS.

TO CARLOS WINES AND JOE. BARBER.

BY ROBERT S. THOMAS.

Come leave your mills and workshops,
Come leave the city's noise;
And join us in the wild woods—
Were merry hunter boys.

There's pleasures in the city,
But take your midnight spree;
For fun, give me a hunt, boys,
Up the Menominee.

Then take your pole and paddle,
And launch your light canoe;
Don't fear the rushing rapids,
Stout arms will push you through.

Come where the mink and muskrat
Beneath the moonbeams play;
The otter slides the steep bank;
The beaver scatters spray.

Our camp is on the island;
A bark roof overhead;
Our rifles are our pillows,
And hemlock boughs our bed.

With cheerful glow the camp-fire
Is blazing at our feet;
Among the green old pine trees,
The darkening shadows meet.

The sun's last beam has vanished,
The hungry, grey wolves howl,
The owl begins his hooting,
The lynx begins to prowl.

And when we merry hunters
Load up our rifles true,
We trim our bright-eyed lanterns,
And board our light canoe.

A ripple scarcely making,
We paddle down the stream,
As silent as the bushes
On which our lanterns gleam.

Hark! hark! the deer is splashing
Upon the other shore,
We swing into the river,
And softly paddle o'er.

Now through the darkness gleaming,
Appears his eyes so bright;
In wonder he is gazing
Upon the phantom light.

A crack! the fatal bullet
Has done its work of death:
A noble buck lies dying—
Lies struggling for his breath.

Now from its sheath comes flashing,
The keen edged hunting knife;
The game is ours, hurrah boys
For a bold hunter's life.

Hurrah boys for the wild woods;
We hunters gay and free,
Range over hill and valley,
Up the Menominee.

THE PACIFIC SLOPE.

An interesting Account of the Land Beyond the Mountains—The California Redwood—Some Astonishing Figures—50,000 Feet of Boards Made from a Single Tree.

The wonderful fertility of the Pacific slope, and its wealth of natural resources, are but little appreciated or understood this side of the Rocky mountains. More than a year ago a prominent Michigan lumberman of our acquaintance, returned from a sojourn among the big trees of the Sierras, with the somewhat startling proposition, that he had seen numbers of acres, from each of which one million feet of lumber might be cut. We are in receipt of the Sonoma Democrat, published at Santa Rosa, Sonoma County, California, and from its New Year's issue, making the following extracts:

The redwood is second only to the giant pines of the Sierra Nevada. As a wood of commerce it has no equal on the coast. The largest trees are fifty feet in circumference, growing to a great height with scarcely a perceptible diminution in size, often two hundred and fifty feet without branches, attaining a total height of from three hundred and fifty to four hundred feet. They stand in forest-like wooden columns, so densely shaded that no shrubbery or smaller trees grow between. In this gloom of shade and stillness one may realize something of the feeling which led the Druids of old to consecrate their groves. The great redwood timber belt of this State extends from Humboldt county through Mendocino into Sonoma, where it terminates on the edge of the open lands which we have described as the Sonoma Downs. Crossing this gap we come to a detached forest in Marion county. There was another, long since cut out, in the hills back of Oakland South of San Fran-