

The Lost Lode

by W.C.H (*Who IS W.C.H.?*)

Retyped by Dean Bones 2022

A rumor here has gone the round
That near Mt. Hebo once was found
A mine of wealth, rich and rare
Which Siana the assayer claimed was cinnabar

One of Oregon's pioneers
Made this discovery it appears,
But was lost, by some 'tis said,
When he the rich discovery made

He'd many times these mountains crossed;
Yet never dreamed of getting lost.
But this time did the story goes,
And wandered where God only knows.

And in his wanderings found the place
Somewhere near Mt. Hebo's base,
There in a canyon found the ore
But, alas, could find the place no more

To find himself was no light task.
Yet this he did, then loudly asked,
"Where is my mine of cinnabar?"
An echo answered "Tlonas Caw"

Time and gold he spent in vain,
in hopes to find the lode again;
Yet nature found an easy task,
To keep it from the old man's grasp

Then mountains high and gulches deep,
With rocky spurs, sharp and steep,
Were found to guard for ought we know
the wealth surrounding Mr. Hebo

(I searched for the meaning of "Tlonas Caw", and could find nothing. Could it actually be Talons Caw? db)