The West Shore,

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SALUTATORY.

In making our first appearance, it is expected that we should say a few words to the public, and particularly to those upon whose patronage we depend, respecting the objects of our paper and what our readers may look for in its columns. We are not inclined to herald our debut with a flourish of trumpets; we prefer yielding obedience to a time-honored custom rather than have the aim and purpose of our existence be the *subjects* of misconception. Above aught else, our efforts will be exerted to make The West Shore, *the* literary paper of the Pacific Northwest—to this end, we have secured contributors from the brightest intellects and ablest writers in this State. We shall devote some space to the subject of Horticulture, and this department will be under the direction of a Horticulturist of considerable experience. Our readers will be furnished with a reliable Financial and Commercial Review from the pen of a writer conversant with all matters relating to those subjects. For the benefit of immigrants, we will publish gratis, a descriptive list of farming lands for sale in this State and Washington Territory.

We will secure information upon literary and other topics for such correspondents as may desire the same.

In addition to illustrations of a general character, we will, from time to time, illustrate our public buildings, schools, churches, business blocks and residences, home manufactures and inventions. In short, no pains will be spared to make The West Shore interesting to its readers and profitable to its publisher, and we are convinced that should we succed in fulfilling these objects, it cannot prove otherwise than satisfactory to all parties concerned.

PORTLAND—HOW IT CAME TO BE THE OREGON EMPORIUM.

Prior to 1849, Oregon City, then commonly called Wallamet Falls, or The Falls, was the social, political and commercial metropolis of the country west of the Rocky Mountains and north of California. Indeed, its supremacy might be said to have extended over San Francisco, then a straggling adobe village called *Yerba Buena*, where lived an enterprising merchant, hight C. L. Ross, who in April, 1848, advertised his country store in the columns of the Oregon metropolitan press, and referred to its principal merchants—Kilborn, Lawton, Abernethy and others.

But the discovery of gold in California in 1848, soon changed all this, and the obscure Yerba Buena suddenly shot up into the famous San Francisco, and overshadowed the whole Pacific Coast. This discovery was soon followed by an active trade between San Francisco and Oregon, via the Columbia River, which brought prominently forward the question of where was the proper place for the future commercial town of Oregon. Although Portland had been located and named as early as 1844, it was yet a doubtful experiment, and much known, as only "a place twelve miles below Oregon City."

The trade and commerce of the country were based upon the agricultural products and the consumption of the Wallamet Valley. The ox-team and the row-boat—particularly the former—were the principal, if not the only means of transport between tide water and the interior. The row-boat, carrying from 500 to 5,000 pounds, was a slow and laborious process of exchanging Oregon flour for Sandwich Island sugar and coffee. The people on the east side of the river could draw moderate loads to and from Oregon City with their teams, but owing to the height of the mountain range on the west bank of the river, it was difficult to get to it with wagons below the mouth of the Yamhill.

But Oregon City itself was above the head of ship navigation—and the passage of the Clackamas Rapids was then very difficult and tedious for even row boats, except for a few weeks in the June rise. While the annual cargo of the Hudson's Bay Company, and the occasional supplies of the Mission and a few independent traders, constituted the merchandise of the country, it was not so material whether the place of trade or exchange was at or above the head of ship navigation. But now the external commerce of the country was growing so rapidly that it became a matter of the first moment to bring the prairie schooners and the ocean-going vessels together.

Of the northern part of the valley, the west side of the river was much the larger and more productive country. The Tualitin Plains and Yamhill District contained large bodies of arable prairie land, to which many of the earliest settlers of the country were attracted; while the corresponding section of the country on the east side was comparatively densely wooded and sparsely settled.

Various attempts had been made to establish towns on the west bank of the Wallamet and the south bank of the Columbia, with a view of commanding the trade of this west side country. Besides Portland, there were, among others, Linnton, St. Helens and Milton. The first named was situate about one and a half miles below the site of Springville. It was commenced in 1843 upon the site of an old Hudson's Bay Company landing, by McCarver and Burnett. Great things were expected of it. In 1844 McCarver wrote back to "the States" that Linnton would soon be one of the largest cities in America—*if they could only get nails enough*. Poor Mac! What drafts he made upon the rosy future. Surely he was the *man* of whom the poet said:

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast—
Man never is, but always to be blest."

Within five years thereafter nothing remained to mark the site of this prospective city. But its hopeful projector and exalted prophet, through many mutations of fortune, still dreamed of the great mart he should build on the Pacific shore, and just thirty years from the announcement of the future greatness of the now forgotten Linnton, he breathed his last, some nine score miles to the northward of it, where he had founded another city of the future—the deep-water port and terminal town, Tacoma.

In 1846 a trail was cut through the woods from Portland to the plains along the comparatively low ridge between the Canyon and the Barnes' Road. This was the first direct communication between Portland and the interior. Gradually this trail broadened into a wagon road, and the ox-team found its way to the ships at Portland, while Linnton, comparatively isolated from the interior by the height of the mountain in its rear, languished and died.

In the Spring of 1848 Lownsdale, who then owned the tannery back of town, discovered the pass to the Plains, now called the Canyon, and soon after Wilcox, Carter and he explored it and ascertained that a good road could be made through it to the Plains at a comparatively small cost.

In the Fall of the same year, Lownsdale purchased the Portland Claim for $5,000 in leather, and commenced working up the project of getting a road to the interior and up the valley through this Canyon.

The plank road furore had lately swept over the Western States, and the farther wave of it had now broken upon the Oregon shore. The "Stick-road," as the natives called it, was thought to be just the thing for the emergency. Accordingly, on January 29, 1851, an Act was passed by the Legislature incorporating "The Portland and Valley Plank Road Company, for the purpose of constructing a plank road from Portland, in the county of Washington, to the town of Lafayette (via Hillsboro), in the county of Yamhill, to some point on Mary's River, to be be determined by said Company."

On July 30, 1851, the Company was organized at Lafayette by the election of Hembree, Flanders, Carter, Chambers and Chapman as directors. Soon after the Corner-plank of the road was laid at the mouth of the Canyon with due ceremony and much rejoicing. Even the great political leaders and rivals of the day—King and Dryer—fraternized on the occasion, and united in apostrophising the American eagle and lauding this first great internal improvement on the Pacific Coast.

What followed is soon told. The wooden way was not laid through the valley. Sundry Portland subscribers failed to come to time on the assessments on their stock, and the farmers and others along the line of the route who took stock with a view of getting the road through their neighborhoods were compelled to make good the deficiency. But within a year the Canyon was cleared out and graded and a fair plank road of cedar puncheons constructed to the summit. Thereafter the trade of the valley, both on the east and west side, was rapidly drawn to Portland. Persons coming from the East to engage in business naturally stopped at the head of ship navigation; and within two years from the commencement of the plank road, most of the present wealthy men of Portland had commenced here, empty-handed, to make their start in the world.

In the Winter of 1851-2 the seat of government was practically removed from Oregon City to Salem. At the same time its trade was diverted to Portland, and the old Mistress of the Pacific gradually retired from the contest and shrank into the ways and limits of a forsaken village.

For a few years afterwards, St. Helen, through the interested aid of the officers and agents of the then powerful Pacific Mail Company, kept up a struggle with Portland for the commercial emporium of the country. But with even this great odds against her, the position of Portland could not be seriously affected; and in a few years the company gave up the unprofitable contest, and abandoned their wharves and warehouses at St. Helen.

The problem of the emporium was solved by the construction of a practicable wagon road through the mountains on the west side of the river. By this means Portland was made the place where the ox-teams of the interior and "the ships of the sea" should first meet and exchange cargoes, and from this circumstance she has grown to her present relative greatness.

RAMBLING NOTES ON OLDEN TIMES.

BY W. L. ADAMS, M. D., A. M., LL. D.

From twenty to twenty-seven years ago, our immigration, which came once a year, numbered from six to eight hundred. Now it amounts to nearly that every two weeks. Then, it took us six long weary months to plow through the sage plains, climb over mountains, and swim or ford rivers that intervened between the "starting point" on the Missouri River and Philip Foster's, the "first house" in the Willamette Valley. Then, our women were heroes,—they washed, cooked, mended, nursed babies, while *en route*, besides walking much of the entire distance from Ft. Hall through, without a murmur of complaint. They also assisted in driving the loose stock, took turns with their husbands, when necessary, in driving the four yoke of cattle that hauled the wagon in which their effects were being conveyed to their new home towards the setting sun. My own wife did all this, besides assisting me in carrying our entire load by piecemeal on our backs up long muddy mountains,—an empty wagon being all that our jaded skeleton cattle could haul through the mire. It took us ten days of constant hard travel to cross the Cascade Mountains, from "Barlow's Gate" to Foster's. It rained on us in torrents, and some of the mountains were so slippery that our cattle could not maintain a foothold in descending before a wagon. We unyoked, drove the cattle down loose, and then took our wagons down by hand, after rough locking three of the wheels with log-chains, and tying a small fir tree, top foremost, behind the wagon, to keep it from stampeding down the mountain. The Rev. Mr. Kelly, who died a few weeks ago in East Portland, and myself, with the assistance of our women, brought our three wagons down Sandy Mountain in this way alone. The ten days we spent in the Cascades were days of struggle. It was October. The "rainy season" though a month away, threatened to set in. Occasionally the floating clouds sent down rain, as they did after Bro. Hammond's "snails" and the rest of the animals were housed in Noah's ark. These ten days of struggle were the last ten throes that ushered us into, to us, a new world. We had been so long accustomed to the wilderness, that the cackling of Foster's chickens, and the squealing of his pigs, was more musical to our ears than would have been the singing of the best trained choir, executing "Old Hundred," accompanied by a ten thousand dollar organ in a forty thousand dollar church. Our faces were literally pealed with the alkali of the sage plains, our wagon-covers were torn into shreds, our cattle were little better than dry bones, our women were *wake siah halo grease*, our commissariat reported, *halo muckamuck*. But Foster's potatoes, when roasted in our camp fire, made us wonder why an epicure should desire anything sweeter than Oregon potatoes and salt—especially when washed down with pure crystal waters that fed a beautiful river, which had never yet been defiled by a city sewer.

At Oregon City, the then seat of government and commercial emporium of Oregon—a small village of perhaps two hundred souls—we were pressed to dine with Mrs. Hood, a good Samaritan lady who kept boarding-house, who in feeding us probably anticipated the double pleasure of imitating Christ and having a talk with live immigrants of '48. The news ran like wild-fire through the city that an immigrant wagon was in town. Among others who sought us out was Doctor Locey, father of the late J. D. Locey who was killed only a few weeks ago by the accident to the Senator. Like his son, the Doctor was a man of large heart and generous impulse. He took us into his house to spend the night, drove the team into his yard, and turned the cattle loose to a whole wagon load of oats. Here our friend's table fairly dazzled my eyes with a display of salmon, potatoes, bread and butter, with coffee, milk and sugar. A young squaw served Mrs. L. as a servant. How she had been able to acquire a knowledge of the Indian language, so as to enable her to talk with that maid of the forest, was a matter of wonderment to me. The way the Siwash responded to—"*Iskum pire chuck-hiack?*" by bringing from the stove a pot of *aqua bulliens* with which to replenish the tea-pot, filled me with astonishment, and begat in my heart a strong desire to master the beautiful language. I remembered after that, that "*chuck*" was water, and supposed of course it was a generic term, embracing liquids in general. During the following winter I paid considerable attention to the study of Indian classics, and soon flattered myself that I was quite a Siwash linguist; though perhaps if I had been fortunate enough to get hold of McCormick's Key to the language, I should have found out that my expressions were often inelegant, if I didn't really "*copshut*" some very essential rules of Indian grammar. For want of a grammar and McCormick's dictionary, I couldn't see very often just where the laugh came in, when, in answer to some question I put in our native language to my scholars, I was responded to in a roar of laughter—as I was one day in asking my young lady pupils for a glass of milk—"*Nica hias ticky moosmoos chuck.*"

That school house was in Yamhill, where we had pitched our tent, after ferrying our wagon over the Willamette, and swimming the cattle with the yokes on to save ferriage money, which I didn't happen to have. After settling my ferriage, I had just ten cents left, out of two dollars loaned me by

(*See page eight.*)