

The West Shore.

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DE MORTUIS NIL NISI DONUM.

The origin of this maxim is not ascertained, and the morality of it is more than doubtful. The popular and practical rendering of it, is—"Speak no evil of the dead."

The precept is rigidly obeyed in the composition of the ordinary obituary—particularly those published in the religious press. These speak the language of unvaried and unqualified eulogy. If the subjects of these eulogiums ever done evil in their lives, it does not "live after them," but contrary to and beyond the aphorism of Marc Antony, "is always interred with their bones."

The speeches in Congress upon the announcement of the death of a member, usually partake of the same characteristic. The member, when living, so many distrusted or denounced, when dead, is held up to the admiration of the world by his bereaved and grief-stricken competitors, as a model Senator or Representative. It is not generally conceded that every Mason, Odd Fellow or member of any other social society, while in the flesh, is either distinguished for ability or virtue. Indeed, some of them are very justly regarded as only common mortals, and, to say the least, no better than they should be. But no sooner has death passed on any one of them, than the fraternal survivors rush into print with a stereotyped preamble and resolutions, to the effect, that the deceased, whose untimely loss they are called upon to deplore, was a beloved and valuable member of the community and a paragon of well-doing and propriety.

If this indiscriminate practice of canonizing a deceased Congressman or Brother is to continue, as it bids fair to, and become a part of the established ritual of Congress and the social societies, it would be well to devise some means to hear both sides of the question before pronouncing sentence. As in the case of a person proposed for sainthood in the Roman Catholic Church, an Advocate Diaboli might be appointed for such occasions, whose duty it would be to resist the proposed eulogy, by calling attention to the faults of the deceased.

If the duty of this Devil's Advocate was honestly performed, it is safe to assume that the result would sometimes be in his favor; and the special friends of a deceased mortal would be cautious how they subjected his claim to post mortem honors, to such an ordeal.

The fact that he had given a title of his ill-gotten wealth to the poor—often for the most selfish reasons—would count but little in his favor then; for it ought never to be forgotten that mere charity, however lavish, can never atone for or expiate a fraud or theft. Retribution and reprobation must precede any claim to forgiveness.

Yet in the case of private obituaries and funeral obsequies, something will always be allowed to the partiality of surviving friends. It can hardly be expected that the faults of the dead will be specially noted

by those who sincerely mourn his loss.

But in the case of a popular favorite, the sentiment of this maxim is often relied upon to prevent a free and fair discussion of his merits and demerits. Upon the death of a person who has occupied a prominent position in business or public affairs, his life and character are generally considered legitimate subjects of comment and criticism. But if the press of the country is to be muzzled with the maxim—*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, what becomes of the truth and what is the comment and the deduction therefrom worth? It has been claimed that this maxim should be read with *verum* for *bonum*. Then it would require us to speak only the truth of the dead. To speak the truth of the dead with good motives and justifiable ends, is always proper on the part of a writer or orator; and often it becomes his imperative duty to do so. While the partial or paid

lessening heap cries to you to stop. You would like to buy this, that and the other; but you know exactly how much money you have left, and if you go on buying more things your purse will soon be empty. You do not see this when you take credit. You give your orders freely, without thought or calculation; and when the day of payment comes, you find that you have overrun the Constable.

On every hand we see people living on credit, putting off pay day to the last, making in the end some desperate effort, either by begging or borrowing, to scrape the money together, and then struggling on again, with the canker of care eating at their hearts, to the inevitable goal of bankruptcy. If people would only make a push at the beginning instead of the end, they would save themselves all this misery. The great secret of being solvent, and well-to-do, and comfortable, is to get ahead of your expenses. Eat and drink this month what you earned last month; not what you are going to earn next month.

There are, no doubt, many persons so unfortunately situated that they can never accomplish this. No man can guard against ill-health; no man can insure himself a well-conducted, helpful family, or a permanent income. There will always be people who cannot help their misfortunes. But, as a rule, these unfortunates are

the opposite extreme—meanness in the treatment of the horse. In looking at the construction of a very large portion of our horse stables, I am sometimes led to think that the object of the builder must have been to see how widely he could depart from every principle of humanity and expediency—humanity in compelling a patient and faithful animal to remain penned up in a close, dark and filthy apartment—expediency in thus sacrificing not only the comfort, but the health, and consequently the usefulness and value of the animal.

"Light is indispensable to the plant and to the man; is it less to the horse? If it is, why? When the tyrants of the old countries sought to inflict their most fearful punishments, next to death, confinement in a dark cell was considered the most severe. Is it reasonable that the horse—whose native home is in the desert and wilderness, where there is nothing to obstruct the free light of heaven—is it reasonable, I ask, that he should suffer from confinement generally in our dark and gloomy stables? To it and a shanty, in a land like ours where glass enough for a moderate sized window can be had for fifty cents, that a valuable horse should be shut up in a dark stall or stable? Let every horse owner's heart, if he has one, answer.

"Is foul air wholesome for plants? Certainly not. Is it wholesome for men? Most emphatically, no! Is not wholesome for plants or men, can it be for the horse? The answer is emphatically, no!

"Why, then, are the majority of our stables constructed without the slightest regard to that most important feature, ventilation? In thousands of cases, an animal, than which none other loves fresh air better, is doomed to confinement for days and nights at a time, in a stable, the atmosphere of which is so foul that a man would die in it. How many of the diseases to which our horses or subject, may be traced to this unpardonable error. I say unpardonable, for no man possessed of either common sense or humanity, would thus punish one of his best and most faithful friends—the horse.

"As a word in conclusion. Farmers! if you would have healthy, lively, serviceable horses, give them plenty of light; God will supply it, if you will only furnish the means whereby it can be made to reach your stables.

"Look to the ventilation of your stable, if you would not have prematurely old and worn-out horses. Depend upon it, plenty of light, and plenty of fresh air in your stables, will save you many a dollar in a lifetime."

FAMILY COURTESIES.—In the family the law of pleasing ought to extend from the highest to the lowest. You are bound to please your children; and your children are bound to please each other; and you are bound to please your servants, if you expect them to please you. Some men are pleasant in the household, and nowhere else. I have known such men. They are good fathers and kind husbands. If you had seen them in their own house you would have thought that they were angels, almost. But if you had seen them on the street, or in the store, or anywhere else out of the house, you would have thought them almost demons. But the opposite is apt to be the case. When we are among our neighbors, or among strangers, we hold ourselves with self-respect, and endeavor to act with propriety; but when we get home we say to ourselves, "I have played my part well enough, and am now going to be natural." So we sit down, and we are ugly and snappish, and blunt and disagreeable. We lay aside those thousand little courtesies that make the roughest floor smooth, that make the hardest thing like velvet, and that make life pleasant. We expand all our politeness in places where it will be profitably—where it will bring silver and gold.

CORRECT SPEAKING.—We would advise all young people to acquire, in early life, the habit of correct speaking and writing; and to abstain, as early as possible, any use of slang words and phrases. The longer you live, the more difficult the language will be; and if the golden age of youth—the proper season for the acquisition of language—be passed in its abuse, the unfortunate victim, if neglected, is, very properly, doomed to talk slang for life. Money is not necessary to procure this education. Every man has it in his power. He has merely to use the language which he reads, instead of the slang which he hears; to form his taste from the best of speakers and poets in the country.

WIFE AND LADY.—It is certainly not in good taste for a gentleman to speak of his wife as his "Lady," or to register their names upon the books of a hotel as "John Smith and Lady," or to ask a friend, "How is your Lady?" This is fashionable vulgarity, and invariably betrays a lack of cultivation. The term wife is far more beautiful, appropriate and refined whatever may be said to the contrary. Suppose a lady should say, instead of "my husband," "my gentleman," or suppose we were to speak of "Mrs. Fitz Maurice and Gentleman"—the thing would be absolutely ludicrous, and its obverse is none the less so, if rightly considered. A man's wife is his wife, and not his lady and we marvel that the latter term is not absolutely tabooed in such a connection, at least by intelligent and educated people.



GOOD SAMARITAN HOSPITAL AND ORPHANAGE, PORTLAND, OREGON.

eulogist of the popular favorite is holding him up as an example to the rising generation, and pointing with pride to his public benefactions, such as building Churches and founding Orphan Asylums, the independent and impartial critic should always be at liberty to shade the picture with the more significant facts, that he seldom, if ever, worshipped God in the one, while his unrestrained life and corrupting example had made the other a necessary evil. By all means let us change the reading of the maxim so as to permit the truth to be spoken of the dead whenever the best interests of society demand it.

HINTS FOR HARD TIMES.

Credit never permits a man to know the real value of money, nor to have full control over his affairs. It presents all his expenses in the aggregate and not in detail. Every one has more or less of the miser's love of money—of the actual gold pieces and the crisp bank notes. Now, if you have these things in your pocket, you see them, as you make your purchases, visibly diminishing under your eyes. The

far less trouble to society than those in a better position who bring their misfortunes upon themselves by deliberate recklessness and extravagance. You may help a poor, honest, struggling man, to some purpose. But the utmost you can do for an unthrift is thrown away. You give him money you have earned by hard labor and saved by self-denial and economy, and he spends it in pleasures which you have never permitted yourself to enjoy.

The best pleasures, those which sweeten life most, and leave no bitterness behind, are cheap pleasures. What greater pleasure can a man enjoy than the sense of being free and independent? The man with his fine house, his glittering carriage, and his rich banquets, for which he is in debt, is a slave, a prisoner, forever dragging his chain behind him through all the grandeur of the false world in which he moves.

GIVE YOUR HORSES LIGHT AND AIR.

A correspondent gives some advice on the ventilation of stables, which every owner of a horse should read and profit by. We have never seen the subject more forcibly presented.

"History informs us that a certain Emperor loved a favorite horse so much that he had a golden manger made for him. This extravagance appears unpardonable in the estimation of many, now-a-days, and yet it is more pardonable than



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