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RAMBLING NOTES ON OLDEN TIMES

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There is to me no known country where the people generally are so passionately fond of their adopted home as the Oregonian. He loves the mountains that surround him; adores the rivers fed by eternal snows; is enchanted by the bewitching loveliness of the undulating, grass-covered prairies; sees unending beauty in our immensity of forests; almost worships the familiar snows that have whitened our extinct volcanoes for ages; is entranced with the Italian loveliness of our summers; gradually begins to hanker after "Oregon mists" in their sea-

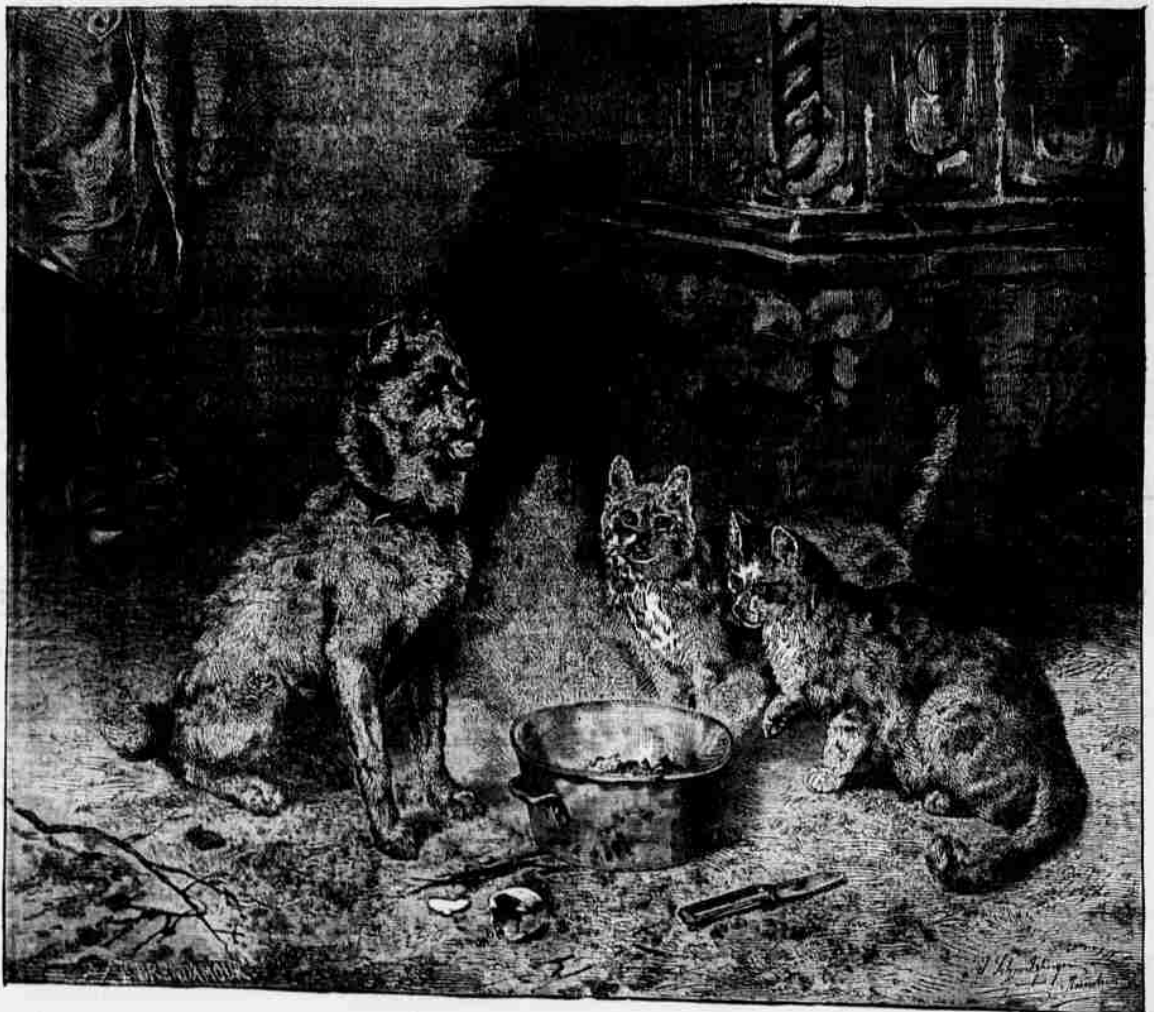
over, the thrill of pleasure we feel in taking by the hand these old opponents shows how deep and lasting are the impressions made by associations of pioneer times.

We also love the names that mountains, rivers and towns were wont to bear before our now grown-up children were born. The moral sense of every American who had any was outraged when the Bostonians tore down the humble residence of Daniel Webster, and built in its place a palace to light up with a smile the face of a simpleton; but mark all over the the countenances of the man of literature who stood by his side gazing at the modern architecture indications of disgust and unutterable scorn. So of the humble residence in the same city that once stood on the hallowed spot where Benjamin Franklin was born. Oregonians were disgusted when, at the suggestion of some one, Marysville went down after Korah and his company, and in its stead up rose Corvallis. We were disgust-

It would indeed be an interesting history if one could be written by a man (or woman) who would write naked facts, with enough only of embellishment and humor to make it readable—a history of Oregon in every sense of the word—a history of its institutions, its prominent characters who moulded and led society, great and small; with cuts illustrating the narrative as it passed along, and containing portraits of men and women who, instead of passing away unknown, are deserving of more immortality than is one who, with less brains and less daring, has been honored as "The Pathfinder," and nominated for the presidency. A long row of patriots, heroes and incidents, representing familiar faces and familiar scenes that ought to be embalmed in such a book, rises up just now as I shut my eyes and lean over my paper in a mood of dreamy retrospect.

There! Like a true clairvoyant that I am (not), I seem lifted in mid air and floating along to some old-time scene or

ruin or windmill that will solve the mystery; or, like Wordsworth scratching his hands in crawling through a briar patch after something to inspire a nursery rhyme, I may light on "a violet under a mossy stone;" or,—well! here is a clam shell. It must have lain here for age—ever since the flood—perhaps longer. It must be decomposed—soft, by this time. No, it is hard—hard as adamant; a veritable "hard shell." There! I've got it—not as good a thing as Archimedes had when the law of specific gravity flashed across his brain; so, like him, I shan't rush out naked shouting "Eureka!" I am at the last old immigrant crossing of Sandy, ten miles east of Foster's in the Cascades. This petrified shell reminds me that about twenty-five years ago I camped here two days with the most zealous hard-shell Baptist preacher I had ever met. We were waiting for the river, swollen by late rains, to subside, so we could cross and help the immigrants through the mountains. I, too, was a



EXPECTATION.

son; and finally becomes proud of the name of "Web-foot," and in returning home a thousand pleasing associations of by-gone days are revived in memory by the familiar gabble of the salmon-catching Chinooks that line the shores of the Willamette, unless he should hear some drunken digger accord him with—"Wahlam, Wahlam!" (for "William.")

We all, not only love our country and learn to love what at first we deemed its disadvantages, but we take the most intense interest in its prosperity. We love to have others with appreciative tastes come and enjoy with us what affords so much pleasure. We love our old associates of early days—the pioneers who with us trod down the sage of the plains, shared with us the pleasures of pioneer life, and with us ate the luscious ox that dripped on a clean rail at the altar of some anniversary gathering. Political strife afterwards for a time made some some of us apparent foes, but, the battle

*How are you?

ed with the new name, of course, and we should have been if the legislature had changed the name of Samuel R. Thurston, our first and best delegate to Congress, to Peter Pancake Smith. Imagine our feelings should the next legislature change the name of Mount Hood to Mount Rat-amit, even though some scribbler should waste much paper and ink to prove that it was the original Ararat on which Noah's ark first touched bottom—consequently, the "rat" part of the name was exceedingly appropriate.

No, we don't want any changing of our old names any more than we want a false gloss thrown over our history. We want posterity to know things by the names we knew them when we wore buckskin, and we now wish our descendants could see in the public archives the buckskin breeches we cut up for whip crackers. We want them to see us as we have seen one another through media unaffected by malice or prejudice, and we intend to try to have them do so.

pioneer incident. Now, gentle reader, if you have lived here a long time, you doubtless have a little of that vanity common to all great men which perhaps induces you to hope that my Pegasus will let me down softly on a hallowed spot where some great deed was performed that ought to go into history, with your portrait, ovet "*Quorum Magna pars fuit, Clonar.*"

Without a bridle or a saddle,
Across old Peg I ride astraddle,
And he must carry me whither he will.

Well, here I am at a dead halt on terra firma. The place looks rather familiar, but where am I? Tall, fir-covered mountains loom up all around, and a river dashes madly by. No monument commemorates any great deed done here, or marks the resting place of a fallen hero. Yet I must have been brought here for a purpose. I thread my way along the bank of the river, Quisotic like, in quest of adventures. Like him, I may run against a monument,

*Can't sell.

zealous theologian, pretty well posted in the pros and cons of the dogmas deemed "vital" or "essential," located all along as waymarks between transcendentalism and non-essentialism that had occupied the forensic talent of church magnates, and shed rivers of blood, from the excommunication of Arius by the Nicene Council to the happy period when St. Patrick succeeded in banishing the frogs and toads from Ireland. My hard-shell friend, made up in zeal what he lacked in useless rubbish such as is usually found in books. Those two days were periods of combat, though friendly. Ben. S— believed the doctrine of total depravity, effectual calling, and the final perseverance of saints, if ever a man did. He seemed to think all would be well when the world generally accepted it. I came out of that controversy the worse for wear, and carry the scars yet. I wasn't lucky enough to get the point of a halberd through the joints of his harness—it was labor wasted on an ironclad. I gave up