

the argument, though not willing to adopt the prayer of Burns' Holy Willie:

O Thou who in the heavens dost dwell,  
Who as it pleases best Thyself  
Sends one to heaven and ten to hell—  
All for the glory,  
And not for any good or ill  
They've done before thee.

Years after that Ben left the pulpit for the political rostrum and the public crib, I know not what his present views are on theology, but it may be some satisfaction to the orthodox to know that I lean a little more than I then did to the doctrine of "total depravity" and a good deal less toward the "final perseverance of the saints" dogma. Ben will, of course, "finish his course and fight a good fight," politically, without soiling his sacerdotal robes; but

#### THE UNWRITTEN SIDE OF GREAT MEN.

We always think of great men in the act of performing deeds which give them renown or else in stately repose—grand, silent and majestic. And yet this is hardly fair, because the most gracious and magnificent of human beings have to bother themselves with the little things of this life which engage the attention of us smaller people. No doubt Moses snarled and got angry when he had a severe cold in his head, and if a fly bit his leg while he was in the desert, why should we suppose he did not jump and use violent language and rub the sore place? And Caesar—isn't it tolerable certain he used to become furious when he went up-stairs to get his slippers in the dark and found that Calphurnia had shoved them under the bed so that he had to sweep around for them wildly with a broom handle! And when Solomon cracked his crazy bone, is it unreasonable to suppose he ran around the room, and felt as if he wanted to cry? Imagine George Washington sitting on the edge of the bed and putting on a clean shirt, and growling at Martha because the buttons were off; or St. Augustine with an apron around his neck having his hair cut; or Joan of Arc holding her front hair in her mouth, as women do, while

#### RESPECTABLE EMPLOYMENT.

The idea of respectable employment is the rock upon which thousands of newcomers split and shipwreck themselves and all who depend on them. All employments are respectable that bring honest gain. The laborer who is willing to turn his hands to anything is as respectable as the banker or store-keeper. Indeed, the man who is ready to work whenever work offers, whatever it may be, is far more respectable than one who turns up his nose at hard labor, stands on street corners cursing the country, wears his friends with complaints because he can get nothing respectable to do, pockets their benefactions without thankfulness, and goes from day to day a useless, lazy grumbler.

#### TO OUR PATRONS.

The columns of the West Shore offer superior inducements to advertisers. The majority of our subscribers file the paper to have it bound at the end of the volume (subscribers generally do that with illustrated papers), thereby making your card more valuable than in an ordinary publication.

Our circulation is large—second to none in Oregon; and another and most important advantage—we keep the columns of the West Shore PURE. We do not, and never will, admit advertisements from quacks, lotteries, vanity fairs and kindred advertisers. Any one reading an advertisement in the West Shore can be certain that the party advertising is reliable and worthy of patronage.

Appreciating the very liberal patronage bestowed on us so far, we have concluded to enlarge to twelve pages in January, and at the same time, or as soon thereafter as practicable, to dress the West Shore in an entire new suit, now being cast especially to order for us.

Still, even a twelve-page paper is not what we are aiming at. We want one of sixteen pages, to be published at the same price—\$1.50 per annum; and we can do it with the help of our present patrons. If everyone who is now a subscriber will, during this month, influence some friend or neighbor to become a subscriber, we could double our circulation without the expense of canvassers, and would give you the benefit of it by at once enlarging to sixteen pages. If you cannot influence your neighbor, subscribe for an extra copy yourself to send to some friend abroad. The larger our paper, the more useful, interesting and influential we can make it, and the more good we can accomplish for the entire Pacific northwest.

We know of a similar publication to ours issued in California which receives a bonus from the State of \$3,000 per annum. We ask for no bonus. All we want is legitimate advertising and subscription patronage.

Consolation for old maids—"Misfortunes never come singly."

What does an honest grocer do with his goods? He gives them away (a weigh).

An editor has had returned to him a book borrowed twenty seven years ago, and begins to have hopes of humanity after all.

A few more of these snappy mornings and no house-fly will care a copper whether the family he lives with means to run in debt for their cord-wood or pay cash.

If they want to pull 'em back all the men in the land can't stop 'em.

Why is a doctor better taken care of than his patients?—Because, when he goes to bed, somebody is sure to rap him up.

Grandfather to his hopeful—"My son, which would you rather have when you get home, a little brother or a little sister?" Grandson—"Well, I would rather have a little pony."

Take care of the poor Indian and he'll take hair of the white man.



UPPER CASCADES (from the Black House), COLUMBIA RIVER.

can he say as did Joe Meek in resigning the office of Territorial Marshal, Feb. 5th, 1846: "From the first organization of the government up to the time of my appointment as Marshal of Oregon by the legislature I served as sheriff. The duties of my office I discharged with alacrity to the best of my ability, and which were by no means light, and were performed at no small personal sacrifice, for which I received a few dollars—nominally nothing."

To know why a "few dollars" in those days were "nominally nothing" is to understand the "currency," which consisted in orders on stores in Oregon City which had nothing in them to sell. Joe Meek worked hard and did his duties well considering the salary, and the fact that he knew more about trapping among Indians than about law. The greatest blunder I ever heard of his making was at the first term of court he perhaps ever attended, and then in the new role of sheriff, after having practised thoroughly on his first lesson given him by the clerk. When the clerk ordered him to call John and James Johnson into court, Joe thrust his head through the hole that admitted light into the log cabin hall of justice, and shouted: "John and Jas. Johnson! John and Jas. Johnson! John and James Johnson! come into court!"

Clerk—Call one at a time.

Sheriff—Come one at a time! Come one at a time! Come one at a time!

Clerk—You've fixed it now.

Sheriff—You needn't come; they've fixed it without you!—You needn't come; they've fixed it without you! You needn't come; they've fixed it without you!

hair; or Martin Luther in a night-shirt trying to put the baby to sleep at two o'clock in the morning; or Alexander the Great with the hiccoughs; or Thomas Jefferson getting suddenly over a fence to avoid a dog; or the Duke of Wellington with the mumps; or Daniel Webster abusing his wife because she hadn't tucked the covers at the foot of the bed; or Benjamin Franklin paring his corns with a razor; or Jonathan Edwards, at the dinner table, wanting to sneeze just as he got his mouth full of hot beef; or Noah standing at his window at night throwing bricks at a cat!

A CANDID URSCHIN.—"What did your mother say, my little man? Did you give her my card?" asked an inexperienced young gentleman of a little boy whose mother had given him an invitation to call upon her, and whose street door was accordingly opened to his untimely summons by the urchin.

"Yes, sir," said the urchin quite innocently, "and mother said, if you were not a natural born fool, you wouldn't come on Monday morning, a time when everybody was washing!"

At this juncture, mamma, with a sweet smile of welcome, made her appearance at the end of the hall, when, to her surprise, Mr. Verisoph, the visitor, bowed.

"What in the world does the man mean?" inquired the mother.

"I dunno," replied the urchin; "guess he's forgot suthin'."



LOWER MULTNOMAH FALL, COLUMBIA RIVER.

The list of towns that Professor Herrmann, the world renowned Magician, will visit after the close of his engagement in this city, appears on the seventh page of THE WEST SHORE. During the past week the Professor has been greeted here with crowded houses, and our country cousins will certainly miss a treat if they fail to see him. Go by all means.

THE New style Home Shuttle Sewing Machine is gaining an excellent reputation, and sales are steadily increasing, judging from the number sent out from the salesroom, corner Morrison and Third streets. Mr. Traver informs us that inquiries for price lists and applications for agencies are coming by every mail. The low price and being capable of doing the heaviest kinds of work, are the strongest points in its favor. Illustrated circulars and full particulars will be forwarded by addressing the Agent.

The favorably-known Howe Sewing Machine Co. have sent out a large number of machines within the past few days. They are intended for holiday presents for wives and sweethearts. The Howe is the oldest machine in the market, and is very popular. A. M. Cannon, agent, corner Alder and Third.

TO OUR AMATEUR FLORISTS.—Owing to the great press of other reading matter, we are compelled to dispense, for this month only, with our usual article on floriculture.

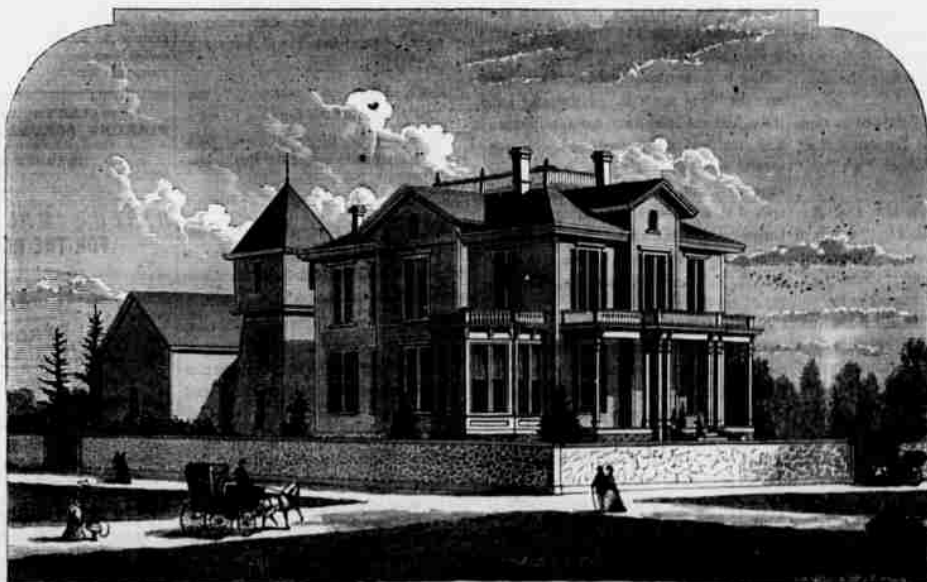
SPRINKLING BROOK, in Central Market makes the best display of holiday meats of any butcher in Portland. Go and see them.

AT THE Great Eastern Clothing Store of W. Harris, in Monaster's building, may be found an immense stock of fashionable clothing.

A BEAUTIFUL display of holiday presents may be seen at the jewelry store of B. L. Stone, 103 Front st., at prices that defy competition.

W. H. MONMASTER, 129 First street, has a card in to-day's West Shore, giving price lists of crockery and glassware suitable for holiday presents. Read it.

BY THE AJAX Mr. S. L. Stone, corner First and Ash streets, received a large shipment of pure San Francisco and French candies; as well as merchandise pipes and cigar holders, with cases, match boxes, etc just the kind of goods suitable for holiday presents.



RESIDENCE OF DONALD MACLEAY, COR. YAMHILL AND THIRTEENTH STS., PORTLAND.