THE WEST SHORE

POR THE WEST SHORE.
DE PROFUNDIS.

We wade know-deep in mire and dirt; We stand as dwarfs amid the light, When to the mountains diray height Our souls should lear with feet alert.

Through sweat and blood we reach the sta That lead to God, whose flaming bars Mark out a road of golden stars 'Neath bluer skies - through purer airs.

From lowest depths of earthly woe, We grow from non to gods instead; We breathe new life who once were de

From out the soul of darkest night.

The fairest morning cre-ps full-blown,.

As Pallas sprang full-grass, full-grawn,
From head of Jove with torch of light.

I hold this truth through all my life, To be a cure for human seriow: That each to-day forbodes a morrow: That peace is ever born of strife.

That deepest grief brings surest calm And saidest hearts a healthy bloom Of rares foult from out the tomb,— For every wound God gives a balm.

The crowns we wear are son by toil;
The purest lives grow white and still
Through good, despair and sternest ill,
Since man's first curse to fill the soil.

God holds the two extremes of time, With His own hand He marks the way Our feet shall trund-from day to day, Through dearth and death to purer clime.

THE LITERATURE OF OREGON.

BY MES. P. P. VICTOR

Have we a literature? Where are our historians, scientists, humorists, poets? Let us see if we can find them.

W. H. Gray, in his "History of Oregon, relates that more than thiny years ago there existed at Oregon City—then the business, as it was afterwards the political capital of a literary society. He says the object of it was to bring together the American and British occupants of the country, and furnish an opportunity for the discussion of certain ticklish points concerning a provisional government without exciting opposition or alarm. He and others may have used the opportunity for such a purpose, but I have never heard that motive ascribed to the society by any other of the members. Undoubtedly it was hoped it would promote concord of fe eling and unison of social sentiment. Hon, Geo. Abernethy says that one of the customs of the society was to deposit anonmous contributions in a receptacle called the "Omnibus Box," from which they were drawn and read, and that among them were many of considerable merit, both sections and witty.

In due course the provisional government was formed, whether by the aid of the society or not. It was an event to being out the talent in the country, literary and executive. A committee was appoint ed to form a code or draft the organic laws of the county. The labor, however, finally devolved upon Jesse Applegate, Esq., leader of the immigration of 1843, a man whose natural gifts eminently fitted him for a literary life, but who, with so many others, sunk his abilities in the wilds of Oregon, where no suitable arena could be found for the exercise of his powers. The public documents of those early times, of which he is the author, are of a classic purity of dyle that his seldom been analised to and never excelled by any writer in the State. public offices as the country afforded were open to him, but unless he saw that his services were really required, he declined to accept the small honor and smaller profit, retiring upon his farm to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, and writing

In looking over this journal one is struck with the evidences of literary ment in the community, and led to conmaleut in the community, and led to conjecture that the editors must have had secess to the "Cumibus Box" of the literary society. Scissors could not have —for which he is eminently fitted—between

Watther

played a very important part in getting up paper, when the mail arrived not oftener than once in six months, and then by private hand. I have made some inquiry with regard to the authorship of contributed articles with partial success. A poem, entitled "Adventures of a Columbia River Salmon," of a good deal more than average merit, was written by Henry N. Peers, an officer of the British ship Moderte, lying at Fort Vancouver from 1844 to 1847. "Lines o Mount Hood" were the production of Hon. Geo. L. Curry, who was at one time editor of the Spectator, and who was then and is now favorably known as a writer. Some verses addressed to "Mary" appear to have been written by an officer of the Modeste on the departure of that ship, and make us wonder which one of Oregon's earliest daughters captured this British heart. Another contributor of merit was "J. B. P."—his name was Passenger; and still another, Mrs. Dr. Bally. These were all writers of verse, as well as several others who wrote anonymously, as "Lothario,"
"Wandering Bard," "Theta," "Ulysses,"
"Posiwat" and "M. J. R." A talented
writer in those times was H. A. G. Lee, the second editor of the Speciator; and also G. J. Campbell. Others there were who lived under the provisional government who may at different times have contributed to the Spectator, but who are best known for their connection with other matters Hon, Peter H. Burnett, J. Quinn Thornton, Gustavus D. Hines, S. Q. Thurston, and Dr. E. White, all of whom, excepting Thurston, have published books about the country. Hon. Geo. Abernethy, who wrote only in his capacity of Governor of the colony, furnished able and finished documents of much use to the future historian; and there were doubtless others connected with the mission who could and did wield a graceful quill whenever circumstances There were several gentlemen connected with the Hudson's Bay Company who were elegant writers as well as cultivated gentlemen.

Here we have presented the picture of a little colony of one or two thousand people, of mixed nationality, sequestered from all the world by thousands of milpoor as to money and goods, toilsome, illdressed, weather-beaten, yet full of spirit, patriotism and courage, with time to culti They had, at least, this rate literature. advantage—they brought their culture with them. But how about their immediate them. descendants? Do they come up to the standard of their progenitors? Talent seldom descends in a direct line from father to son; yet there is a natural feeling of expectancy regarding certain traits, the impression being that, even in the absence of marked heredity of gifts, there must at all events be a conspicuous inheritance of habits of mind and culture. Unhappily in all new countries the first generation is for the most part sacrificed to fill up the gap between an old and a new civilization

Yet Oregon is not without her men and women of gifts bred on her soil-poets and romancists, and possibly philosophers. F. I., and O. C. Applegate are men with the hereditary strain of literary talent in their composition-neglected, case of their uncle, "the sage of Yoncalla. The genius of Sam. and Sylvester C. Simpson is undoubted, both in prose and poetical composition. Mrs. Belle W. poetical composition. Mrs. Belle W. Cooke is a paid contributor to the New York Independent. A Salem lady, over the nom de plume of "Mem Linton," has also written very acceptably for different journals of this State. Rev. Thos. Condon has contributed valuable and interesting articles but little.

In 1846 a newspaper called the Specialist study, "The Geology of Oregon." Hon. was started at Oregon City by a company of gentlemen called the Oregon Printing he could intermit for a little his judicial labors, furnished the Overland Monthly and journals of California and Oregon with

the labors of law and journalism. Minto, Esq., has written a good deal in the interest of Oregon and agriculture. S.A. interest of Oregon and agriculture. SAA-Clarke, Fiq., of Salem, is a facile writer of prose, an excellent newspaper correspon ent, a journalist, and a versifier also, Harvey/Scott, Esq., is another good news-paper water. His sisters, Mrs. A. J. Duni-way and Mrs. C. A. Coburn, have made places for themselves in the newsp-per world under great difficulties, showing that, in this instance, as in several oth Oregon, talent pervades the whole family

e question naturally suggests itself: If all these writers, and many more prob ably that have been overlooked, are in possession of the "divine afflatus" to any extent, why we have not a literature purely Oregonian? The answer is not far to find. Men of real ability have generally a corresponding ambition, and in Oregon they find their audience too small to excite enthusiasm. Besides, literature, to be of any worth, should be made a profession. and in Oregon the profession of literature will not give so good a living as almost anything else—hardly furnish a living at Even journalism-the only branch of literature that pays-is not considered of sufficient importance to be performed really well. The "leaders" of our newspapers may have been written with some care, but the local columns with none at all. The grammar, the diction, the paucity of language exhibit small regard for ary merit by the publishers of these jour-nals. It might be discreet, while thinking they will do well enough at home-a false proposition-to think how they look to the world beyond home, who take our public journals as standards of our intellectual advancement and our social status.

But we have yet to notice our most and only famous literary man, who, with his gifted wife, determined to win distinction by seeking a wider field, and succeeded-Miller, fantastically dubbed "Joaquin." it is not necessary to advertise his meritshe has done that himself; nor his demerits -they, too, have been rendered sufficiently conspicuous. But as a purely Oregon production, he is worthy of particular mention He has written as one imbued with the very spirit of the wildness and beauty of the scenes among which he grew up; and whatever faults of style he has, he is in that respect admirable. The very noblest utterances in all the range of his productions are when he speaks of Oregon, though likely enough he calls it California through the promptings of a mean vanity to be thought to belong to a State more favored than his own in authorship. I pass over some bits of mountain pictures in words that I would like to quote, to give place to his tribute to the pioneers of Oregon, made, as I have said, to seem a tribute to the pioneers of California by putting "the Pacific" for "Oregon," and Sierras" for "Cascades;" but we all recognize the picture, and feel to the him for this evidence of recognition, however surreptitiously yielded:

PIONEERS OF THE PACIFIC.

/nat lives they lived! what deaths they died! a
thousand carrons, darkling wide
slow Sterm's dopes of pride.

covive them now.

And they who died Their ghosts are man-

Let th

The Piute.

tawny warrior, will dispute boundary with these. And I, a saw them live, who felt them die let their unplowed ashes sleep.

As stern crusader clad in steel,
They died afield as it was fit.
Made strong with hope, they dared to do
Achievement that a host to-day
Would stagger at, stand back and reel,
Defeated at the thought of it.

What he Of great endeavor.

What brave endeavor to endure! What patient hope when hope was past! What still surrounier at the last, A thousand leagues from hope! How pure They fired, how proud they died! How generous with life!

And glaried age of chivalry

Hath not one page like this to me.

Let all these golden days go by — breathe beneath another sky, et beauty glide in gilded car, ful that 'tis but one grave east unto the westmost wave

Yes, I remember! The still tears hat o'er uncoffined faces fell! he final, silent, and farewell! od! these are with me all the years key shall be with me over.

Shall not forget. I hold a trus They are a part of my existence

Adown the shining iron treek
We sweep, and fields of corn flash back,
And herds of lowing steets move by,
I turn to other days, to men
Who made a pathway with their dust.

Mrs. Miller, after trying her literary fores abroad, has returned to Oregon to reside. Her short poems show the true poetic inspiration, and have a finish remarkable in consideration of the little aid she could have had from her association proof that the true poet has not to be taught numbers.

We now come to a notice of books written and published in Oregon; books written in Oregon and published elsewhere, and books written about Oregon that have been published at home and abroad. Probably the list is incomplete, but it has been with some labor that it has been made as full as it is.

The first book printing done on the Pacific coast—unless the Spanish authorities in Mexico and California owned printing was done on a small hand press that was sent from the mission at Sandwich Islands to the Fresbyterian mis-Mr. H. H. sion at Lapwai, about 1840. Spalding, missionary at that station, printed portion of the New Testament and a collection of hymns in the Nez Percy tongue for the use of Indians. Idaho wa. then a part of the Oregon territory. Therefore it is proper to say that the first Oregon book was printed in the Indian language.

The first book printed in English was an edition of "Webster's Spelling Book" the office of the Specialor at Oregon City in 1846. If a copy of this Oregon edition of Webster could be found, it should be presented to the State library as a relic The next publication in book form, is from the same office, was "The Oregon Almanac," in 1848, a copy of which is preserved in Judge Deady's library. nns of the Speciator were used for the publication of the organic laws of the Ter-ritory and reports of legislative proceedthe book form being dispensed with

In March, 1848, a paper was started by Geo. L. Curry, Esq., called the Press—in allusion, perhaps, to the censorship to which as editor of the Speciator he had been subjected. Material was not to be had aither to the control of the Speciator he had been subjected. had either for "love or money" in thos days in Oregon, and "starting the paper in those was a much more difficult enterprise than it is to-day. But there are few thiugs that wit and will cannot accomplish. A woo press of home manufacture and wooden type, with an "m" turned upside down for a "w," and a "v" in the place of a "u," proved indeed that it was possible to have a free press in Oregon.

About the same time J. S. Griffin, Esq. of Hillsboro, started a paper called the of Hillaboro, started a paper called the Oregon American, the purpose of which was to expose the machinations of the Jesuits, and to prove that the Hudson's Bay Company were concerned in the massacre of the Protestant missionaries and immigrants at Walilatpu. Mr. Griffin's paper was printed on the little press be-longing to the mission in the upper country, which had been abandoned on account of the Indian war, and was about the size of the Indian war, and was about the size of

ordinary magazine page. Both these

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