

## The West Shore.

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### STAND FROM UNDER.

It is our time to grumble, and we do it as follows:

The United States Government undertakes for a consideration which is undoubtedly ample to forward our mails. Its sub-contractors, yeelp mail-carriers, receive a certain amount for carrying the mails over stated routes. Are they fulfilling their contracts? Have we no rights that these people are bound to respect? The Sacramento mail of the 7th of February arrived here on the 23d in a condition proving very plainly what the drivers of the stage routes between Redding and Roseburg had used the mail-bags for, namely, to fill up "chuck holes." Not more than one-half the papers were readable, the majority of them being delivered here in an unrecognizable pulp. However, this route has been spoken of in no very complimentary terms by a number of our Oregon papers, with no prospect of relief.

Another model mail carrier has the people of Puget Sound "under his thumb," namely, Captain Starr. This gentleman receives a very large sum for carrying a tri-weekly mail on the Sound. It is, however, a mystery to us what possible object he can have in carrying the mail up and down the Sound several times before delivering it. From personal observation made during a late trip in that part of the country we are convinced that the mails are not carried as they should be. For instance: a friend at Seattle received a package of newspapers from Portland which had been three months and five days on the road, one from Olympia, distance 72 miles, fourteen days on the road, and others in fully as quick (1) time. The fact is, this "King of the Sound" has no regular days for running his steamer. Although announced to go up the Sound on Tuesday and Friday, he is as likely to come along any other day without previous announcement. Isn't it about time something was done to make these men come to time? If Captain Starr doesn't possess ability enough to run a little boat on time on the placid waters of Puget Sound, he should be compelled to give up the mail contract. And right here it may be as well to remark that we are inclined to think the gallant Captain is hardly the right man in the right place. In the down trip on Thursday, February 10th, the pilot stood back at Olympia and Captain S. undertook to run the North Pacific. All went well until past Tacoma. Here from some cause the Captain became a little frightened and had to run back to Tacoma, where the captain of the steamer Alida was hunted up and taken aboard, who finally brought the North Pacific through all O. K.

Another trouble is that most mail carriers look upon paper mail as of no special value. They should be made to understand that newspapers are often more valuable than letters; and we for one would be willing rather to lose many of our letters than a single copy of some of our favorite journals.

Qua station on the N. P. R. is looking up. Mr. Wm. Pumphrey, formerly of Pumphrey's landing, has opened a general merchandise store at this place, and reports trade brisk. Mr. Pumphrey is also a farmer on an extensive scale, his farm adjoining the station.

"Mother," said a little girl who was engaged in making her doll an apron, "I believe I will be a duchess when I grow up."  
 "How do you ever expect to become a duchess, my daughter?" her mother asked.  
 "Why, by marrying a Dutchman, to be sure," replied the girl.

### BIOGRAPHICAL.

Prof. L. L. Rowland, A. M., M. D., is Superintendent of Public Instruction of Oregon. He was born in Tenn., Sept. 17th, 1837; but he emigrated to Oregon in 1844, spending his youthful days in Yamhill county, and availing himself of such meager educational advantages as the ordinary country-school of that early day of our infant territory afforded the pioneer's son. But he enjoyed in the winter of 1850, on North Yamhill, a ten-weeks course

under the tuition of Dr. W. L. Adams, which proved of inestimable value both in rendering him thorough in the first principles of science and in awakening a thirst for deeper learning. Having fitted himself for college, and having, by dint of hard work and rigid economy, accumulated a sufficiency to defray the expenses of a collegiate course, he left Lafayette, Feb. 8th, 1853, aboard the first little steamer of the upper Willamette, on his way, via Panama,

to Bethany College, W. Va., where he graduated in 1856, receiving the classical degree of A. B., and subsequently that of A. M. He also graduated in the Theological Department of the college. After traveling extensively over the Middle and Southern States, he taught for two years a select school in Alabama. Nov. 18th, 1858, he was married to Miss Emma Sanders, of Marian, Ala., and to them have been born five children, only one of whom, however, is living. Returning home in 1859, he was chosen Principal of Bethel Collegiate Institute. In 1860 he was elected school Superintendent for Polk county, and organized, it is said, the first educational association in the state. His health failing, he resigned both his superintendency and his position in his school, and retired to his farm near Independence. With the hope of regaining his health, he removed, in 1863, to Eastern Oregon, where he embarked in farming and stock-raising near Dalles City, and where he still owns an extensive stock-ranch. In 1866 he was chosen President of Christian

College; but he afterward resigned this position and accepted a call to the pastorate of the First Christian Church in Salem, where he was also elected to the Chair of Physiology and Microscopy in the Medical Department of Willamette University, in which institution he had previously graduated. Here for the most part, he has ever since lived and labored. He spent seven months, however, in 1873 visiting schools and colleges in many of the Atlantic States. Having been appointed by the National Association of his church to supervise their missionary work among the Indians in Oregon, he spent, with a view to this, several months in 1874 at the Malheur Indian Agency; accepting the appointment and performing the duties, in the mean time, of Resident Physician. While thus occupied, he was elected, June 1st, 1874, to the above mentioned office during the term of four years.

In discharging his official duties, Dr. Rowland seems to be giving general satisfaction. He has proven himself energetic and efficient, and—which is very important and to which he is largely indebted for his success, enjoys the heartiest co-operation of the press and of all friends of education throughout the State.

The West Shore, published in Portland by Mr. L. Samuel, comes to us as a welcome visitor. It is well and ably conducted, and has among its contributors some of the ablest writers in Oregon. It is well illustrated with scenery, some of which is taken by the artist from our own section of country. Those who wish a good periodical, and to, at the same time encourage something near home, had better send on their money and names, and receive the West Shore in return. Price, \$1.50 per annum.—Walla Walla Union.

"Oh, I am so glad you like birds! what kind do you most admire?" said a wife to her husband. "Ahem! Well, I think a good turkey, with plenty of seasoning," said the husband, "is as nice as any."

### RAMBLING NOTES ON OLDEN TIMES.

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

To gaze into the future and descry in the distance the dim outlines even of coming events is a desire that is common to humanity. What would we all give to look at a picture that would tell us just how people will dress, act and live, what kind of tenements they will occupy, their facilities for travel, their creeds, moral, social and political, a thousand years hence? And wouldn't we give nearly all the gold we have, to stand on one of the rings of Saturn and take in at a glance the speck of universe known as the "solar system;" see all its atoms as we can now see one under a seven hundred diameter microscope, and be surrounded for a month by all the spiritualities that were ever embodied from the dust of all the worlds in view, just as they will appear, radiant with intelligence gathered by half an eternity of investigation?

But "Heaven from all creatures wisely hides the book of fate"—draws a veil over the evolving ages to come, and spreads also a pall of darkness over, what through science we can only conjecture was, long before, and for ages after *Fauna* and *Flora* announced that the world was ready for the advent of man. What would we give to know just how the antediluvians lived and acted; to know what great moral questions agitated the public mind; just how elevated were their most exalted characters; to walk into the house of Noah, for instance, just as the family was seating itself to dine on a stewed kid, served up on chips, and have a familiar talk with the old gentleman on chemistry, geology, geography, and the theology of that age, and compare the probable rainfall of his country with that of Astoria? How delighted we would be to be able to see Adam and his consort, pure, unconsciously nude and beautiful, subsisting on fruits and flowers, and then follow their descendants down the stream of time till by eating meat, changing climate, and adopting new customs, up sprung the Negro, the Mongolian, and Indian—all no doubt destined by obeying the "laws of life," as they should have done at first, to take on the same sandy complexion that it is said their ancestors had. But all history, sacred and profane, throws but a glimmering light over past generations, even those who lived but a few hundred years ago. What those ages wanted were writers, painters and printers. Heroes in war they had, tall, ferocious and bloody; and giants in intellect, too, as is shown by the Iliad, preserved for centuries in the memories of versifiers. But they had no newspaper writers to sketch men and women as they moved in society, to daguerreotype passing events, great and small; no photographers to preserve the likenesses of the handiworks of the age. The great men of past ages, like Cicero, Demosthenes and Homer, only live in speeches and song.

What a pity we hadn't a regular file of newspapers preserved as we preserve them now, giving all the debates in the Roman Senate, the discussions in the ecclesiastical councils, the intrigues of courts, the condition of public morals, in the days of Theodora; the prices of provisions and clothing, the wages of mechanics, and what Cincinnatus paid his hired man to plow, and how much he plowed a day while his employer was gone to the war; how much wheat they got to the acre, what seed they used, and whether they "vitrioled" it to kill the smut; the wages of harvest hands, seamstresses and cooks; what eggs were worth a dozen and turkeys cost about Christmas. How interesting it would be to glance over the editorials describing in detail every set-to in the gladiatorial show, the names of all the killed, and what "trainer" was most successful in thickening the blood of those who were the longest in dying; then to glance over its columns of contributions



ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, WALLA WALLA.