

where politicians discussed finance, where farmers wrote of agriculture, poets sang of war, wine and women, and where the disappointed politician, the combative theologian, strong-minded woman, and the love-sick swain were allowed to give vent to their feelings in maudlin prose or sentimental doggerel. All this and more, posterity will know of us, for the world has taken a new departure, and files of our newspapers will be handed down to remote generations, who will shudder at our inhuman laws, ridicule our habits and tastes, wonder at our ignorance, bigotry and intolerance, and laugh at our fashions, slow going steamboats and railroad travel.

From the records we have, how little we know of our ancestors who settled the New World. The man who goes to Plymouth and sees the huge iron pot in which Miles Standish cooked his dinners, the rude spinning wheels, the uncouth arm chairs, the flint-lock carbines and huge pewter plates brought over in the Mayflower, and then passes through Copp's Hill Cemetery in Boston, where Cotton and Increase Mather are buried, has a far different view of the intelligence and handicraft of our fathers than have those who have only read of them in history. The religious intolerance of the Old World set adrift from the moorings of religious bigotry a peculiar people, and landed them upon the shores of the New. They were human, of course, for they ate, drank, slept, loved, hated, married, quarreled and got divorced just as others did and do; but they had idiosyncrasies of character and peculiarities of physiognomical contour that no other people had. It might have required skill in diagnosis to find them, but they were there. The

grease ended and tobacco juice began. They were marks that showed the workings of a more than ordinary soul—genius that could not be "hid under a bushel," or kept out of sight by unkempt hair, a dirty shirt or butternut colored clothing—marks that were bound to tell on his future life and the character of his yet unborn offspring, when the wheat bread, mild climate, salubrious atmosphere, crystal waters and romantic scenery of Oregon should cleanse him of corn, bacon and mercury, and cooperate with his intellectual "inwardness" to lift him to a position where he couldn't do without an agricultural or illustrated newspaper, and would hanker after a clean shirt every Sunday morning.

Landing in Oregon, he found, in addition to the advantages for a more rapid development already enumerated, several co-operating handmaids. Priestly dictation was at a discount, politicians were scarce, as taxes and salaries were low, the "spoils" consisting of wheat, beef hides and orders on stores with empty shelves; doctors' saddlebags had become empty, with no drug stores to replenish, and the Goddess of Fashion had never as yet even perched herself on one of our mountain tops to look down on our women, who were weaned from milliner shops, and content to wear home-made "sundowns," and dresses cut from unbleached sheeting colored with tea grounds. A strong prohibitory liquor law that forbade a sale or gift of ardent spirits stood



THE NARROWS OF THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

is corroborated by another "poetic production" which appeared the same day and year as the above.

TO MY SUSAN,
I beg assistance
From above,
Kind Cupid haste
My pen to move,
While I in raptures
Write my love
To Susan.

Fraud nature
Leads her match-
less skill,
My former works
Thy new excel,
And ah, she did her
jury me all
In Susan.

Could I but call
that jewel mine,
Dearest of all
things save di-
vine,
To humble love me
at the shrine
of Susan.

Oh, then through
every vale and
glade,
By moon-tide and
evening haze,
Thy charms and
grace the God
that made
My Susan.



Let clans and families all join the den,
This survival house will never need a den.

masses were ignorant in science, profoundly so, compared with their descendants of to-day—but they had their great men in Adams, Hancock and Washington; greater perhaps on the whole than the world had ever seen, for they lived in one of those epochs which, under a great law of evolution, occur at long intervals in the cycles of ages and set up great waymarks in human progress by illuminating the heavens with such intellectual meteors as Moses, Homer, Byron, Newton and Franklin—epochs which, notwithstanding our blind attachment to traditionary names, will continue to produce still greater and greater men.

The intolerance of climate, fitful, fickle, and shifting from intense cold to extreme heat, the malaria that pervaded the atmosphere, the unsatisfactory results of farm labor, with a migratory disposition inherited from ancestors drifting towards the setting sun and increasing as they traveled, sent long years ago a band of peculiar people to Oregon. They, like our fathers, possessed many characteristics in common with those they left behind to raise corn, eat catfish, and nurse torpid livers; but still they were a peculiar people. The difference between the man who came and the man who staid on the old place was really great, though to a superficial observer it was scarcely perceptible. To look at one of the immigrants of '43 or '50, most people would have said he looked like any other Missourian; but he was not, for marks of something that placed him above the friends he left behind flashed out through his optics and the intervening streaks of cuticle that showed where bacon

like an angel with flaming sword at the door of every cabin where the thirsty toper knocked for admittance, and sent him to the cooling spring to quench his thirst and vitalize his brain. There was some grumbling at the law, of course, by new comers who took their last horn out of the old stone jug they brought from Pike, away back on Snake River, and smacked their lips in the vain hope that they could buy a barrel when they reached the Willamette. It will be thirty years the ninth of next July since an Oregon "poet" took his pen in hand to rap these fellows over the knuckles and explain the "spirit of our laws" on ardent spirits:

"What is the spirit of our laws?
To read there is no
bother:
So as you please
with your own
will,
But justly by an-
other.
Make liquor, then,
and drink it, too,
Much as you please
to measure,
But if you will or
give away,
We'll take you or
your treasure.
Your money, then,
we'll take it all,
Or we will sure
transport you;
But if we have an
uncurry—then?
You may depend
we'll hang you."

This and other productions of that day preserved in our archives show that, in common with the antediluvians, old Oregonians were "men of like passions with ourselves." This



RAPIDS ABOVE TUMWATER FALLS, COLUMBIA RIVER.

If that fellow, after he won his black-eyed Susan, had seen the hair pulling ahead, and from the basaltic cliffs at the Falls could have peered through the thirty years' future and seen her as she is to-day, an artful grass widow, with a large slice of her heart in the purse of some dozen nice fast men, he would, like many other theologians, have found that his first impressions about the design of the Deity in making Susan were slightly erroneous.

It is estimated that the State of Oregon has within its limits a district of rich soil to the amount of 2,752,000 acres. One fourth of this area, devoted to the raising of wheat, at twenty-five bushels to the acre, would result in a yield of 17,200,000 bushels per annum. Less than one-tenth of this will satisfy home consumption, leaving over 15,000,000 bushels for export, a source of wealth in itself that is simply immense.

THE WEATHER.—We of the Dalles for some days past have had and are having delightful weather. The thermometer ranges from 40 to 65 degrees above zero. Grass is springing up all over the hills around us and growing finely. Several kinds of birds—which are generally supposed to be weather wise and know what they are about—have migrated hither and carol sweetly. Spring is actually here unless appearances are very deceptive.—*Dalles Tribune, Feb. 19th.*

CHEAP AND VALUABLE LINIMENT.—The following recipe was originally given nearly one hundred years ago, and has been constantly in use in one family for more than eighty years:

"One quarter of a pound of camphor and the same quantity of pure castile soap; mash the camphor and add to it a wine glass full of high proof brandy or alcohol; scrape the soap fine and put both into a junk bottle, and add a pint of spirits of turpentine. Put in the cork not very tight and set the bottle in warm water, increasing the heat until the contents of the bottle are amalgamated. This liniment is excellent for bathing sprains and bruises, and for internal soreness; 18

drops taken in a spoonful of sugar will be found highly efficacious. I am confident that all who will try this simple medicine will ever after keep it constantly on hand, as a ready, safe and certain remedy."

COMING BACK.—Last Summer a well to do farmer living out on the Coppei came to the conclusion that he did not like Walla Walla valley, and after leasing his farm here, because he could not sell it for what he considered it worth, he started back to his old home in Indiana, taking his family and a large band of horses. He arrived there in the Fall, and found that feed for stock was so scarce and high that he could not afford to winter his horses there, and as he could not sell them, drove them into Illinois to winter. He now writes back here that Indiana has changed a good deal since he left there, and that he thinks Walla Walla is a better country than he used to believe it to be; and finally that he will return here in the Spring, or just as soon as he can sell his horses, and that he will hereafter make this valley his home. Every year we have cases of this kind under our observation, and it generally gives a man who has lived here for some time a better opinion of this country to take a little trip like the one referred to. When they see how much poorer other countries generally are than ours, they are almost invariably glad to return.—*Walla Walla Union.*

THE DAYTON (W. T.) NEWS says: The WEST SMOKE, an illustrated monthly, published at Portland by L. Samuel, Esq., has been received in this community with great favor. Mr. Samuel has incorporated some new features in his manner of conducting this paper which should commend



No wonder people stare and eat grins,
When cocks and trees and stacks and stumps make faces.

themselves to every newspaper reader. The reading matter is select and suitable for all family circles. The illustrations are excellent, and convey to the reader abroad a more correct idea of the advancement made in Oregon and Washington than any other publication we have seen.

THE OUTLOOK.—We have abundant cause to predict that the year 1876 will prove one of unusual prosperity. The season thus far has been all that the tillers of the soil could desire, barring the rain. There has been but little frost to retard vegetation, and there have been no floods to do any serious injury; hence the prospect for bountiful harvest in 1876 is truly flattering. Owing to the continued early rains last fall, the acreage of fall-sown grain is not near as large as heretofore, but the deficiency will be made up by the spring crop. Farmers are running the plows constantly. The health of the State is generally good, and its prospects for prosperity were never more favorable.

The DAYTON (W. T.) NEWS of January 15th, speaking of Columbia county, says: "We have a young population of about 800, and assessable property amounting to about \$1,000,000. There are twenty-five townships of surveyed land in the county, a very large proportion of which, being the finest wheat lands on the coast and the remainder first-class grazing lands. Walla Walla and Columbia counties to-day offer greater inducements to the agriculturist than any other district of country on the Pacific slope. As we are writing we can look out upon the hills surrounding Dayton and see green grass in every direction. Go out upon any road from town and you can see farmers plowing their fields."