

the Farallone Islands, and did not square away for her destination till nearly noon on the 31st of January. She arrived in the Mersey river in 104 days, beating the time of the *Three Brothers* eight days and that of the British King fourteen days. And Oregon was avenged! On the return trip of the *Western Shore* she made the matter still worse for the *Three Brothers* and *British King*, making the passage in 110 days, while the jet ship of San Francisco was 124 days and the blazed British monarch 132. This gave San Francisco the worst kind of a lops-ache and the subject is a sore one among the old salts of the Golden City. * The *Three Brothers* is a large vessel and an enormous carrier in proportion to her size; but to claim her as a San Francisco-built ship, is a farce. Her guns and rigging were made here; it is true, but her hull is the old side-wheel steamer *Franklin*, which at one time ran between New York and Havre. The *Western Shore*, on the contrary, was built in Oregon; and, save the tannin door-posts in her cabin, has not a splinter about her that did not grow in the forests of Washington. Her total cost was \$16,000 and her owners can get \$100,000 for her any day within the next four years. The cost of such a ship at Bath, Maine, would not be less than \$102,000 or \$100,000 at New York or East Boston. And when you talk of Oregon products at the Centennial let me take occasion to say that the exhibit of Oregon will be incomplete without the *Western Shore*. She will do more for the State, in the way of inducing immigration, than all the wheat and flax that Commissioner Duffin can carry there. I am aware that this sounds a good deal like "boast," but I think I am a good deal more justified in bragging over this ship than the Oregon press were in crowing over the victory of Foster, a Kentucky-bred race-horse in whom an Oregonian had chosen to purchase a one-third interest.

When this article was put in type the cable dispatches announced another victory for the *Western Shore*. She made the trip from the Columbia River to Liverpool in 102 days beating her competitor, the *Cambesano* 19 days, and at the same time making the fastest trip on record between this coast and Liverpool, by 8 days—Bosra.

RAMBLING NOTES ON OLDEN TIMES.

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

The pioneers who drove their ox teams, waded to skeletons, into the Willamette Valley in an early day had generally little thought of living to witness the magic changes that have occurred here since then—changes that perhaps for the discovery of gold mines would have been much sorer in coming. Nevertheless they had faith in the bright future of the country. They loved it passionately, because of its many advantages and because it was so different from the land from whence they came. Some loved it for its mild climate, preferring even the winter rains, where cattle lived on native grasses without feed, to the long winters of snow, sleet and ice—seasons of annually recurring horror, they had been used to; but had often, in scattering fodder with frozen fingers to cattle covered with frost and icicles, wondered whether God had not really made a better country somewhere away off toward the waiting sun, as a home for the "elect," as Canaan, far beyond a wilderness, once was for the Jews—the new Canaan for Jews and Gentiles, having been purposely placed beyond the Rocky Mountains and beyond the sage plains, so that only men of stamina could reach it. Some loved it because they had in them a something that warmed or brightened into emotions of pleasure, known only to superior souls in gazing at picturesque landscapes, mountains covered with stately evergreens, with here and there a peak piercing the clouds, and covered with eternal snows, feeding rivets of crystal purity that dashed down the mountain sides, over a hundred roaring cascades, and

sought the ocean through their tortuous windings among rich and beautiful valleys below. Some, occupying a lower plane, saw little of beauty in the new world when gazing at it through optics, the lids of which were not entirely washed of Mississippi Valley soil, learned to love it because a trip back over the route they came was regarded then as an impossibility. The former class believed in the future empire to spring up on this coast, and were more than satisfied after seeing the country of its adaptability to such a state of things. The most sanguine, however, while they hoped it would be so, and sometimes, when they heard of a hundred emigrant wagonen route to Oregon that year, had their faith much strengthened; yet, they often found themselves relapsing into skepticism regarding what Tom Benton told the St. Louis people in a speech Oct. 19, 1844—"I say the man is alive, full grown, and is listening to what I say (without believing it perhaps) who will yet see the Asiatic commerce traversing the North Pacific Ocean—entering the Oregon river—climbing the northern slope—issuing from its gorges—and spreading its fertilizing streams over our whole extended Union! The steamboat and the steam car have not exhausted all their wonders. They have not yet even found their amplest and most appropriate theaters—the tranquil surface of the North Pacific Ocean, and the vast inclined planes which spread east and west from the base of the Rocky Mountains. The magic boat and the flying car are not yet seen upon this ocean and upon this plain, but they will be seen there! and St. Louis is yet to find herself as near to Canton as she now is to London! with a better and safer route, by land and sea, to China and Japan, than she now has to France and Great Britain."

In that early day, while some of us had faith in Benton's predictions, we somehow never could imagine cities being built, vessels discharging mighty cargoes at our wharves, and steam cars sweeping along every half hour, in the absence of population. Even those who came here sighing "for a lodge in some vast wilderness," were soon surfeited with the monotony of a frontier life, and either for commercial advantages, or from a desire to see others enjoying what afforded them pleasure, were soon so anxious about an increase of population, that no news was so acceptable as a flying report that the advance wagons of a heavy immigration had reached Foster's, and would be out in the valley after resting their cattle a day or two and roasting potatoes. Another reason the immigration was so anxiously looked for, they generally brought letters—letters fresh from "the States," telling of the weal or woe of absent friends. A man who brought a letter then, though for some person far from where he settled, had only to lay it by in his trunk and it was sure to be called for sometime and devoured with interest.

In passing through Missouri, a native visited our camp and requested us to write him a letter to a relation in Oregon and carry it to him. We cheerfully agreed to, when we learned that he could neither read or write himself, and saw how his great heart yearned to communicate with absent friends.

We said, what shall we write. He replied—"Tell the old man how that Nancy and the children is all well exceptin the hoopin cough which they had last fall but got well without a doctor." Well! what else? "I don't think of anything more—but pears to me there is something else—why, yes—tell him my Ole Jule mar has had two powerful fine colts, and I sold one of them for a hundred dollars." Well, what else? Read what your's writ and let me see how it sounds."

"LITTLE YALLER, MISSOURI,
"April 25, 1848.

"Dear Foster Benton—Nancy and the children are all well. They had the whooping cough last fall, but by a timely use of

medicines within our reach we soon mitigated the aggravated character of the disorder, and finally succeeded in restoring the children to their usual health without the aid of a physician. The old mare, Jule, has brought me two fine colts since you left, and one of them being a particularly fine one, brought me a hundred dollars in hard cash."

Here he jumped to his feet, rolled up his eyes, and raising both hands, exclaimed—"That's all, stranger! blast my skin if that don't tell the whole story. I'll be dot rotted if it ain't the perfectest letter I ever seed writ afore. Jist put my name to it, and when you git there give it to the old man, tell him I got you to write it, and the old woman will give you the nicest cup of coffee and the best pone of cawn bread you ever eat. By the way, stranger, what must your name be?"

It must be Smith but it isn't.

"May I ask you what State you must be from?" I must be from Posey county, Indiana, but I came recently from Illinois. "Ealenos! Scuse my ignorance, stranger, I haint traveled much—how far is Ealenos from the State of Linkum in Tennessee?"

Just here an old fat lady dressed in lincey with a blue calico night cap on her head, with bare feet waddled up to camp, having heard that we were for Oregon, and with a shrill double tenor voice broke in—"An your's bonn for the Origons are ye? You'll rue the day you ever went to the Origons, but you'll get no warnick bark thar. That's a dead shear thing, stranger, for when I lived up on Hig Yaller, Elder Bosaw told us as how the neighbors a him up near the Iowa line went over into the Iowa bottom for bark, when their own gin out, and how the Iowa boys run them back home before they got warnick bark enough to color a pair o socks. Then the Elder, said some on em moved to the Origons, and how they writ back, that thar want no warnick trees grew thar. Stranger! (pointing her finger at us and shaking her head in dead earnest)—it's my opinion and so 'is of Elder Bosaw's, that the abolitionists will soon run all the dimmycrats out the Origons, and you'll soon see 'em migratin back to this kelentry, toin their young-uns on their backs."

We told her we were going to Oregon to see the country and carry a letter to old man Benton—and so we did, and he got it too, for on reaching the valley we were asked for letters by nearly everybody we met. We told them of the only letter we had, and somehow the old gentleman who lived a hundred miles away got wind of it during the winter, and the next spring he saddled up his horse, and rode down the valley after it. He seemed as much delighted to get such fresh news from home, as a girl would be to get a tender epistle from an absent lover. In those days, everybody welcomed the new immigrants, whether they brought letters or not. Everywhere we stopped for the night, the old Oregonians crowded around our camp fire, and after asking for letters, always enquired if we had any old sacks, powder, lead, or percussion caps to trade for potatoes, chickens or pigs. Fortunately for us we had a dozen boxes of percussion caps, five or six greasy bacon sacks, and one old jeans coat, which we could spare. With these articles, we succeeded in purchasing five bushels of potatoes about as large as hickory nuts, one chicken, two sow pigs, which we put in a nail pen, covered with straw, and fed on potato skins, and a little boiled wheat. We often gazed for hours at those pigs to see whether they could be made to grow any taster, on rather a light diet, and think how happy we should be when from their increase and that of the chicken, we could have ham and eggs.

The grasses everywhere covered the prairies and hills, which we then thought would be out on the common when our children were grown. Within sight of us, on a prairie now thickly settled and nearly

all under the plow, roamed at will, four hundred head of Spanish cattle, wild as buffalo, and elk grazed with our milch cows within a few rods of the log hut which served as a temple of science, in which we trained the young ideas of boys who finally put off their buckskin, and became Governors, Presidents of Colleges, and Supreme Judges on the bench.

The cordial welcome that new immigrants everywhere met with in those early days, made everything bright and glorious, though we had to undergo what well fed immigrants nowadays would perhaps call "great privations." Not satisfied with rushing in from all the settlements to look at, shake hands with, and trade with, the dust covered and ragged new comer, the poets tuned their harp, and welcomed him in Homeric verse.

In September, 1846, one of these bards addressed the immigrants of that year through the *Spectator*:

"Welcome ye freeborn ye men of the soil,
Right welcome are you to our new made home,
Now ends your weary pilgrimage and toil,
You've reached the goal, and need no longer roam
O'er dreary wastes, and arid sterile sands,
O'er mountain emg, through torrents maul'ning
rivers

You're toiled undoubted, in courageous bands,
To seek a home in this far distant shore.
Here waits ye then, ye filers of the land,
The verdant prairie and prolific field,
Rich forest dells where giant colgars stand
Shining fresh treasures yet to be revealed.
The cunning artison of every trade,
The learned professor and the man of wealth,
Will for his journey here be soon repaid
With ample competence, and blooming health."

When we reached the Willamette Valley in the fall of 1848, the men had nearly all gone to the newly discovered gold mines of California, leaving the women to manage business at home. We rented a farm of Mrs. Fulton, on North Yamhill, and boarded with her while we were building a log hut to live in. We were in luck, for some who crossed the plains in the same train with us, settled in a newer portion of the country and mauled rails, subsisting all winter on bread and water alone. We occasionally had meat, a few potatoes, and several times we carved a small cabbage head, and enjoyed a baked squash. Sugar, butter, milk, tea and coffee, we had none. Yes, we had coffee—pea coffee—for when the women put on a pot of peas to boil they always browned a few for coffee. Our table always grained under peas, whatever else was lacking, there smoked a huge tin plate full of boiled peas.

Our appetite was fearful, and we felt as though we could eat a granary full before Spring. In the morning we ate peas till we were ashamed, and drew back hungry thinking, as the days were short, dinner would soon come. It did come regularly at twelve, but it seemed an age. When the pot was finally over the fire it seemed to boil as slow as the mills of the gods are said to grind. It was in vain that we rushed in every few minutes with an armful of dry kindlings. We could never smell the odor that told us the peas were about done, and made us frantic, till the slow moving sun had nearly reached the zenith. It was the same thing over—quit hungry at the dinner table for shame. From that time till supper, it seemed as though some Joshua was tinkering with the sun. We gazed at it a hundred times, and sighted past the corner of the cabin to see whether the thing moved.

In December, Mr. Fulton came home from the gold mines, and then there was a general clamor among the women of the neighborhood in urging us to move our little family and stop awhile with them. So we borrowed Fulton's wagon and oxen, loaded up and started for the cabin of Mrs. Dr. McBride, whose husband was yet at the mines. Midway on our journey we mired down to the wagon hubs, the cattle broke out the wagon tongue and we left the prairie schooner standing in the mud, after unyoking the cattle and turning them loose in the prairie. The team that Mrs. McBride sent to our rescue carried us