

The West Shore,

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THE FOURTH OF JULY FROM THE STAND POINT OF THE FAR FUTURE.

Two thousand years from now when some devoted archæologist of the far future shall be engaged in the laborious and uncertain task of bringing to the knowledge of his contemporaries the long forgotten history of the once powerful and self-asserting Americans, and deciphering and explaining the then scanty remains of their labor and learning, if he shall chance to come upon some fragments of the staturary, painting, poetry, advertisements, essays and oratory of the remote period of 1876, he will naturally enquire why did this remarkable people make so much of this hot and disagreeable day—the Fourth of July?

Upon pursuing his researches he may be able to make a report to the archæological society, from which it will appear that on that day one hundred years before a small assembly of the ambitious and aspiring youths from the English Colonies in North America had ruthlessly resolved to cut the apron strings which hitherto bound them to their *Insular* mother—*Britannia*—and set up for themselves, and that in pursuance of that heroic purpose they then and there pledged to each other their lives their fortunes and their sacred honor; and also published a remarkable broadside or manifesto declaring that these same colonies are and of right ought to be free and independent states. From this circumstance this production came to be known as *The Declaration of Independence*, and regarded by many people as a political gospel and a veritable enumeration of the rights of the Melian man and the wrongs of the English man. The Declaration was written or compiled by one Thomas Jefferson, a son or descendant of one Jellers, a Welshman who left the poor land of Cwyls and Gouls to cultivate niggers and tobacco on the virgin soil of Virginia, a country once famous for gentlemen and the Resolutions of '98.

As our worker in the ruins of antiquity explored the lives of these illustrious "signers," he might stumble upon the singular circumstance, which he would triumphantly cite as another instance of the difference between precept, even in the good old days of the 18th century, and practice, that the Jefferson who appears to have penned the immortal line, that all men are created (not born) equal, and endowed by their creator with certain unalienable rights among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, was at that very time the owner of sundry negro slaves whose liberty and pursuit of happiness belonged to their master, the said T. J.

This convention of rebellious sons who thus disinterestedly declared themselves absolved from all further filial obligation to the mistress of the seas, was presided over by one John Hancock. This J. H. is said to have written a singularly bold and beautiful hand, so that his signature to the Declaration came to be considered as a type of manliness and a rare specimen of the art of Calligraphy. He hailed from the colony of the Puritans called from the Indians with whom they dealt for it, Massa-two-sets, and afterwards corrupted into Massachusetts. This singular people were distinguished for their regard for the rights of the aborigines

which led them to acquire their lands by peaceful operations rather than war-like ones. It is related of them that at one time they purchased of the Indians a large tract of valuable land, for which the latter would take nothing less than gun powder. The powder was duly delivered, but self preservation being at that early day the first law of nature, they at the same time ingeniously assured the credulous Indian that the black grain was a vegetable product, which if he would only sow in the ground, in due time he would obtain an abundant supply for the few pounds then furnished. It is not necessary to add that the powder seed never sprouted and that the Puritan continued to dwell in peace with the red men whose lands they had honestly purchased and paid for. From this and other like circumstances their less ingenious neighbors in time applied the epithets *cut and thray* to this people. From the shores of the Chesapeake came a delegate who signed himself Charles Carrol of Carrolton. This patriot was descended from a family of English ballad singers, and hence the name Carrol. Some lines are yet extant of an old Christmas song of theirs. The refrain ran—

—Carol, Brothers, Carol, Carol—

The people of Carrol's province appear to have been somewhat infected by the hilarity of the "Carol Brothers," and their country was therefore called Merryland & the people Merrylanders. At one time they drank apple toddy, and indulged in the profane sports of cock-fighting and horse-racing.

From these circumstances they were regarded by their serious Puritan associates as calculated to provoke the Divine displeasure on the cause of Independence.

However, in the desultory war that followed the Declaration, in the troops of the line, called the Continentals, these Merrylanders were always distinguished for not running away and being in at the death.

For some centuries after the Declaration of Independence, it was the custom for the people to get together in the towns and villages on the anniversary of that day and exuberate over their freedom and success. Generally the schoolmaster read the Declaration, and the attorney or the minister made an oration, justifying the rebellion and magnifying the glory and greatness of the country. In time this became monotonous, the story grew threadbare and the celebration of the Declaration died out. The day remained as a holiday, but its patriotic observance ceased and its original significance was lost. The enterprising inhabitants of the country called China came over to the country in great numbers and settled in it. Being industrious, frugal and temperate they soon acquired a strong foothold in the country and gradually introduced the fire cracker and the kite in the place of the Declaration and the Oration.

It is believed that the literature of the

Fourth of July for the first century after the Declaration was the most singular and incongruous compound of eloquence, egotism, conceit, learning self-laudation and local exaggeration that can be found in the remains of any people. It was a school for political prophets; and many persons who attained high position and great power in the States took their first lessons in tickling the public ear and winning public favor on the Fourth of July platform.

FORGOT TO FLOP.

Mr. M. L. Nichols, of Beaverton, furnishes the following:

Many years ago there lived in the classic shades of Yamhill a young man with a very ingenious turn of mind. He had a remarkable faculty for inventing and experimenting. In latter days he became known as a manufacturer and dispenser of pills, and in the directions for the use of said purgatives appears this very singular injunction: "Take three on going to bed, and put your trust in God." He was also noted as a mechanical genius, for many are the crude and unique articles of his invention and construction. There are at this time a number of rustic chairs

scattered about the metropolis of Oregon which stand as living monuments to his genius.

Long before any silver locks graced his inventive brow, he conceived the bold idea of flying. In his philosophical musing, he soliloquized thus:

"Franklin bottled lightning; Morse invented telegraphy; and Fulton made the first steamboat; but it remains for me to demonstrate to the civilized world that man can fly, for which an unborn generation of poets will sing my praise." So suiting his action to

this immortal thought, he set about the consummation of this sublime project. In the course of time, by indefatigable labor and untiring energy, he brought forth a pair of full fledged wings, and wishing to test his new invention, he mounted a gate post and made the attempt to fly, but straightway went lie to the ground.

This flat failure somewhat disconcerted our knight of the wing, but after deliberating a while he came to the conclusion that by getting high enough he could get under way before striking the ground. Therefore acting upon a suggestion of some of his wagish friends, he decided to try it again, this time, however, from the comb of the highest neighboring barn. The news spread like wild-fire. The appointed day came, and present on that memorable occasion was all the people far and near, to witness this wonderful performance.

At the stated hour our winged hero was seen perched upon the barn, calm and serene. The crowd gazed up with breathless anxiety, and as the moment drew near our friend raised himself to a standing posture, and after adjusting his wings a smile of contentment lighted

up his philosophical brow. A look of self-satisfaction and a consciousness of success reigned supreme. Everything being in readiness, at a given signal, off he went, landing a few yards from the base of the barn, making sad havoc with a chicken coop and an unfortunate pig pen. By the liberal use of camphor, a profuse dousing with buckets of cold water, and a vigorous rubbing, he was brought to his senses. On his complete recovery, some people laughed at him, while his more serious friends remonstrated with him for indulging in such reckless and foolish experiments. "Well, now," says he, "the experiment would have been a success only I—Forgot to Flop!"

PORTLAND CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

Our grand Centennial celebration just closed can safely be pronounced a success. It is estimated that no less than 12,000 strangers visited this city between the 3d and 8th to take part in the festivities of the week. About 8,000 were here at one time namely on the 4th. Visitors from neighboring towns generally went home in the evening and returned on the early boats and trains next morning.

To the credit of the inhabitants of this State and neighboring Territory he it said that not a single disturbance of a serious nature took place; but few arrests were made and those mostly for an *overboiling* of patriotism. But one or two accidents took place, and those not of a very serious nature. Too much praise cannot be bestowed on the Centennial Committee of Arrangements, and especially does Mr. H. D. Sanborn, of said Committee deserve special mention. His untiring energy has without a doubt secured all the success attained. He personally supervised the carrying out of every detail of the Programme as announced in our June number, in fact inventing many sports not announced, and doing everything in his power to make it agreeable and pleasant for visitors and enjoyable for everyone taking part in the celebration. The fire-works burned on the night of the 4th, under the supervision of Prof. Hughes, were the grandest affair of the kind ever attempted in this State.

The buildings were most beautifully decorated and long will this week be remembered and serve for years to measure future demonstrations by.

In our June number we gave illustrations of the Silver Cup and Gold Medals offered as prizes for skill, strength and endurance. We now take pleasure in announcing the result.

VACUATING.

Silver cup, valued at \$70, and \$20 in coin, awarded to the *Rainbow*, sailed by H. E. Pattee.

2d. prize, \$35, to the *Julia Milliken*, sailed by John La Chapelle.

3d. prize, \$25, to the *Oregonian*, sailed by Richard Harper.

4th. prize, \$15, to the *Owl*, sailed by Peter Blankholm.

DOUBLE SCULL RACE.

Two Gold Medals, each valued at \$75, awarded to Messrs. H. B. Lovelidge and J. R. Carr, the *Oxford crew*.

STEAM FIRE ENGINES.

Two Gold Medals, each valued at \$75.

1st. prize, awarded to Linn Engine Company, No. 2, of Albany.

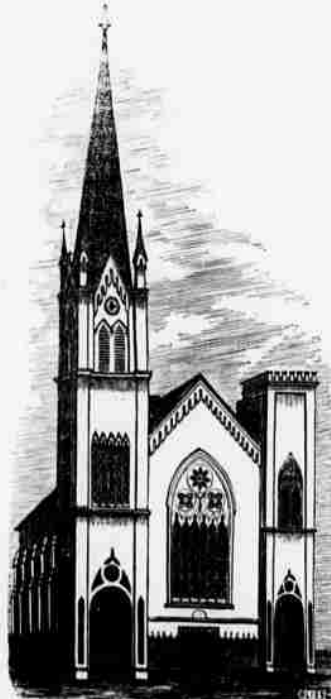
2d. prize, to Willamette, No. 1, of Portland.

HAND ENGINE.

Gold Medal, valued at \$75, to Tiget Engine Company, No. 5.

BASE BALL.

Ten Gold Medals, valued at \$300, awarded to the *Pioneers*, composed of Messrs. R. H. Thompson, M. O. Lowndsale, John Raleigh, Howard B.



TAYLOR STREET M. E. CHURCH, PORTLAND.