

THE WEST SHORE.

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THE WEST SHORE.

With this number we start our fourth year, and comparing the present issue with the first one published, even the most careless reader will admit that we have made immense improvements. The paper hereafter, including cover and frontispiece, will be thirty-eight pages and will be sent out, as this time, neatly stitched and trimmed. Although the expense of producing *THE WEST SHORE* in this form is greatly enlarged, we have decided not to increase the subscription price.

We say it without fear of contradiction, that there is not another publication on the Pacific Coast that is kept as clean and pure as *THE WEST SHORE*. Even our advertising columns are carefully guarded, so that nothing finds its way to our readers that even the most fastidious could possibly object to. In this age of corruption, when nearly all papers fairly bristle with sensational, nauseating reading matter, and advertisements of quack doctors, swindling astrologists, and pretending spiritualistic mediums, what can be more honorable than to assist in increasing the circulation of a journal which carefully excludes everything of that kind. Nearly every one has it in their power to swell our list by at least one, and now, the commencement of our fourth volume, is a proper time for our friends to make an effort in our behalf, and induce their neighbors and acquaintances to try our paper for one year. Birthday presents of this kind are always appreciated.

WHITHER ARE WE DRIFTING.

The blood spots from the boy Joseph are still distinctly distinguishable on the Third-street sidewalk, and already the blood of another victim is spilled, in broad daylight, on the most prominent business corner in this city. The peaceable citizen naturally inquires, whither are we drifting? Is it no longer safe to venture on our streets, even in business hours? Are the lives of our little ones to be jeopardized in going to or returning from school? And why? Simply because laws are

not enforced and every cowardly hoodlum is allowed to carry a pistol, which he does not at all hesitate to use, knowing that we have in our midst a sickly set of sentimental milk-sops, who make it their business to get up sympathy, and pardons, if necessary, for every criminal who feels remorse, (?) just *after* the crime is committed. We shall not enter into the details of this late difficulty—we have but the unfortunate result to deal with. A respected and honorable gentleman hurried to an untimely grave; a poor widow left without a protector, and a man, who had nothing whatever to do with the difficulty, wounded, so as to deprive him of earning his daily bread. How much longer shall this last? Is peace and order, or hoodlumism and crime, to hold sway in Portland?

THE STATE AS A RUMSELLER.

It is a pity that Oregon, wealthy a State as she is, is unable to get along in the world without engaging in the whisky traffic. These are the reflections which naturally suggest themselves to the visitor at the Capitol, in Salem. A saloon employing two bartenders is in full blast in the building. We do not know whether the State authorities are running this dramshop or renting it out, but it is certainly a pertinent question to ask, by what right such business is carried on in the Capitol building. If our law-makers can not possibly stand a two or three hour session without whisky, then let them carry pocket-flasks; but they have no right to disgrace the entire State by countenancing the conversion of our beautiful State-house into a whisky saloon. Let the nuisance be abated without further delay.

SINCE the above was placed in print, Mr. Joseph Acton, a member of the House from this county, has introduced a resolution to stop the whisky traffic in the capitol building, but so far nothing definite has been done about it.

ABOUT two hundred thousand feet of hardwood lumber go every month from White River, W. T., to San Francisco.

THE INDIAN.

Again by superior cunning has the Indian bamboozled the white man and Chief Moses undoubtedly laughed in his sleeve—after leaving the grounds of the late pow wow with Gen. Howard. Strange as it may seem, the words uttered by Moses, such as, having a good heart toward the whites, and numerous other lies, have already been used hundreds of times by every sneaking red cur who wanted a lot of Government blankets and rations for approaching winter. As long as the Government treats Indians as tribes with chiefs, allowing them to maintain a kingdom inside of a republic, just as long will it be necessary to maintain expensive armies on the frontier, have annual fall treaties and distributions of free lunch and blankets towards winter. Why not maintain our great army of tramps at Government expense just as well as to maintain hordes of lazy Indians? This Moses, however, is certainly possessed of the greatest amount of metallic cheek of any Indian we ever heard of; the very selection of his reservation stamps him at once to the close observer as fully able to cope with his white neighbors and all this slobbering sympathy for the poor (?) Indian may as well be laid aside at once. On these lands which Moses wants for his kingdom several industrious white settlers have years ago made farms, are cultivating them now, and we hope that the Government will protect them so that they shall not be compelled to leave their little all, simply to gratify the peculiar whims of a handful of Indians. If Moses and his band want land let them dissolve their tribal relations, become citizens, take up lands, obey the laws of the country, and no white man will dare to molest them.

JUSTLY REWARDED.—L. B. Magoon, Esq., who formerly drove hack for Corbett's Livery Stable, is now a partner in one of the largest merchandizing establishments in Albany. We are pleased to see Mr. Magoon prospering, as he was always noted for being industrious, economical and accommodating.