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THE GREAT ULTIMATUM.

BY L. F. VENEN.

The first nomadic mania in the world was the mania for going west. Even long prior to the dissolution of staid, patriarchal forms of government, a strange infatuation seems to have possessed the human mind. Then, as now, that vociferation, "Westward, ho!" was the shibboleth of enterprise among the children of men. As the stars rose in the east and set in the west, so did the great trend of the world's early population point towards the setting sun.

We do not undertake to explain this irrepressible occidental tendency on the part of the world's humanity, but that it always has existed and is so now, there is no question. The diurnal rotation of the earth from west to east is not a more positive fixture in the economy of the solar system, than is the tendency of human enterprise to gravitate towards the mysterious west.

When God called Abraham and that primitive emigrant journeyed with his family from the land of his fathers, he set his face towards what was to him the unexplored West. After wandering forty years in the wilderness of Syria, the children of Israel consummated their homestretch by fording, westward, the river that separated them from the promised land, the grand fulfillment of all their hopes. The magi of the east journeyed westward in quest of the babe of Bethlehem. Xerxes led the Persian hosts westward when he invaded Greece. The culminating stroke of Julius Caesar's eventful career was to carry still westward the germs of Latin civilization and refinement and plant them in the soil of ancient Britain. The western empire of Rome was but the outgrowth of the maturity and gradual decay of Eastern magnificence. Mahomet fled westward to escape the lynch law of righteous indignation which had been raised against him in

Mecca. Columbus boldly steered his little fleet into the heart of the unknown and mysterious western ocean, to seek and open unto mankind a new world. The pilgrims came west in quest of religious and political liberty. And so, west, west, west, from the Orient to the Occident, has been the watchword from ancient to mediæval times, and thence to the present day.

Amid all this curious progression which we have thus traced for centuries, and whose current we find infinitely stronger to-day than ever before, there have been successive stopping places—relays, as it were, or goals—to attain which, it has engrossed and taxed the ambition of the thousands and tens of thousands who have been drawn into the surging tide and become a part and parcel of its accumulated mass. After what has been said, let no one be startled when we say that we verily believe there is a grander and more glorious future in waiting for the Pacific coast than for any other portion of the habitable globe.

In point of fact, the lively burden of that soul-inspiring legend,

"Westward the star of empire takes its way," is no more a living presence to-day than it was in the earliest ages of civilization.

Away up in the mountains there is the source of a mighty river. A thousand little rivulets take their rise in the valleys of the foot-hills, and go dancing and sauntering down to the sleeping plains below; thence, after meandering through the alluvium of verdant meadows and grain fields, they are finally lost in the broad river that rolls in stately grandeur to the ocean. Each tiny rill brings down its quota of earthy and organic particles, which, after passing through an infinitude of tortuous windings, is at last deposited upon that common rendezvous, the delta.

So have we often conceived it to be with modern immigration. The Pacific coast is the ultimate delta of this great river of throbbing humanity, which we have traced through a thousand windings around the circumference of the globe. Here, in the final sunset land of romance, is the rendez-

vous of nations. When we speak of the "Pacific coast," how many of our friends clearly understand the true import of the term? Think, one moment, of our magnificent proportions. From the snowy crest of the Sierras on the east to the "Peaceful ocean" on the west; from San Diego, California, on the south to the Straits of Fuca on the north, there is comprised a variety of soil, climate and scenery which is excelled by no other portion of the earth's surface of similar extent.

The Pacific States and Territories are already rivaling the Atlantic States in many things. Year by year, and we had almost said day by day, we are becoming more and more independent in all things that appertain to the necessities and pleasures of life. In like manner, Oregon and Washington Territory are fast becoming the peers of California in agricultural and mineral wealth, as well as in the moral and intellectual eminence of their sovereign people. But time and space forbid further discussion of this interesting topic at present.

MOUNT ADAMS, HEAD AND FOOT.

BY W. D. LYMAN.

Mt. Adams is forty miles north of the Columbia river. From one narrow point on the river, midway between the mouths of the White Salmon and Hood river, Mts. Adams and Hood are both visible. In one scene, the clear, icy waters of the two little rivers tumbling through their rocky banks, and their snowy sources lying up among the clouds.

This is the western limit of the sunny "East-of-the-Mountains." Down river, the ghostly clouds peer cautiously over the shoulders of Bald mountain, and clamber slowly up the pinnacles of Shell rock. But the sun with fiery contempt of these watery visitors from the sea, melts their fingers with a glance, and they roll down into the gorges behind the cliff and hide themselves in the forest.

Up river, the rocks and bare hillslopes palpitate in the fiery blaze, and the pine trees all bow eastward to do obeisance to the universal king.