

AT THE SEA SIDE.

SEA SIDE HOUSE,
Aug. 10th, '74.

The annihilation of time and space goes on more slowly in Oregon than in some countries, but we are gradually doing it, and the romance and enchantment of distance lessen as the years pass on. Twenty-four years ago this Summer I made the voyage from San Francisco to Astoria in 28 days, and seven more days occupied the brig Kendall in winding her way up the Columbia, before we saw the stumps and log houses that lined the river bank at Portland. Twenty-two years ago last winter I travelled to Salem from Portland, by the river route, the good steamer Caneham, Captain Bennett, being then on the Upper Willamette, and we annihilated the winding distance inside of three days' time. Later in that same season I made the river journey from Portland to the Dalles in the very satisfactory time of seventeen days, but that was when no steamboats profaned the primeval solitude, and when no railroad portages circumvented the wayward plunges of the great River of the West, either at the Cascades or Dalles. But these good old days are literally bygone, and those journeys remain as precious memories of the era when time and distance made serious resistance to progress and wide inroads upon life. Now a change has come over all things, and the innovator, man, pushes things before him and makes his presence felt in the most obtrusive manner. Man is a terrible fellow, and his maxim that "some things can be done as well as others" is every day making Nature blush, and, indeed, the modest old dame is gradually retiring from the contest and permitting steam and muscle to have undisputed sway.

Friday morning we were home, and expected to stay there. The command to move came suddenly, and at an hour's notice we were following a screaming, pushing, fire-eating locomotive down the road to Portland; that night we slept on board the steamer Emma Hayward, bound for Astoria; that afternoon, before 3 o'clock, we were looking out to sea and tracing the foaming breakers that wasted their dashes about the base of Cape Disappointment. Landing at Astoria, and gossiping for an hour with friends there, then we embarked on the little propeller Katata and went plunging and rolling across Young's Bay, and up the winding waters of Skipanon creek, to the Clatsop peninsula, where a lumbering stage-coach waited for us, and was soon rolling through the sandy and dusty ridges of, so-called, "Clatsop Plains," toward the Sea Side House, fourteen miles distant from Skipanon, under the shadow of the Head of Tillamook, where a cove harbors a watering place that has for some time been a rugged wilderness. Ten miles of our drive were past farm houses, orchards, and fields, constituting the oldest portions of settled Oregon. Near here the adventurous party of Lewis and Clarke wintered over so many years ago, and made winter provender of the great antlered elk that roamed the sand plains and ridges of Clatsop at will, and harbored from the storms in the tangled forests that outline the near distance. All Clatsop seems to be a summer resort; people come down here and board at the farm houses, finding their way to the beach in farm wagons every day, and living on the fat of Clatsop land. The summer resorts, proper, are found further down than the farms extend. You leave these behind, at length, and wend your way for the last four miles over execrable roads towards the frowning gloom of Tillamook Head, exercising lots of faith by the way, to realize at last that your confidence has found its reward, where the stage drives out of the cheerless forest, crosses an elegant bridge over a wide stream, fresh from the mountains, and enters an opening that art and labor have made charming, where a group of cottages lines one side of a spruce forest and the Sea Side House cheerfully awaits you with all the comforts of life, and with a landlord and landlady whose art is to make that comfort enjoyable. Scores of children are in the foreground. The piazza is thronged with older ones, anxious to see who the new comers are, and nobody asks us what is the news.

Soon we recognize friends, are washed and brushed clear of dust and dirt, and are at home, eating supper, and hearing the surf roar us a welcome from the other side of the spruce woods, not more than a furlong distant. This much has been accomplished between morning and evening, for the whole journey is completed before the shadows spill the day. From Portland to the sea side is done between

daylight and dark, and time and space are annihilated to that extent.

I shall leave a description of life at the Sea Side for to-morrow, as it would be too long a story to weave into shape for the Record to-day.

S. A. C.

CLATSOP BEACH, Aug. 12, '74.

Just at the point where the Sea Side House is built a beautiful creek comes down from the coast mountains, and right here it breaks its last ripple and gives up its existence to the embrace of the ocean tides. Above, it flows through charming forests, offers a home for the speckled trout, and on its upper water the elk are still found at times, when they come down to sip a cooling draught. Deer, elk, and bear are more or less abundant in the mountains that look down on Clatsop beach, and at whose feet the surf kneels and offers its perpetual and varying song. Only a few days ago Dr. Towler killed a fine elk not more than a mile and a half back, and the other specimens of large game are to be found more easily still. Grouse and pheasants belong to the mountain feature of the locality, and snipe are piping in the marshy borders of the creek below. Above the ripple you can embark on boats and row up stream a mile or so, perfectly bowered by overhanging branches and shadowed so densely that sunbeams are only occasional. Such a sylvan solitude as the upper Ne-kan-a-kum affords is the perfect realization of forest seclusion, and the hidden windings of the stream lend the quietest charm a solitude can have. Below the house other boats await one, and all the way to the sea the creek flows imperceptibly, wider and smoother, with meadow shores and no shaded reaches. The tides rise and fall here. The pugie or flounder takes your bait, or else the soft-shell crab claims it for a dinner and becomes a dinner dish instead. Herrings are to be scooped up here in proper season, and it is an estuary of the sea rather than a mountain stream. The creek runs parallel with the beach for three miles, then loses itself in the ocean. It is not more than a furlong's distance from the creek to the sea—from the front stream to the ocean beach—and one of the great and most peculiar attractions of this charming spot is its remoteness from all civilization and its singular possession of the charms of mountain life on one side and of the sea upon the other. Tillamook Head wades out into the surf, and makes a wild cove under its lee. The shores of this cove are piled with huge boulders, and on these the higher tides have heaped up great tree trunks, brought down by the river floods and borne seaward, but old Ocean rebukes the presumptuous floods for having ravished their shores of proud trees that have been planted there and reared through centuries of seasons, by lifting them with the strong arms of the surf upon this untamed shore. The surf has torn limb from limb, broken and bent is the huge body and twisted are the gnarled roots, and here they lie, thrown aside as trifles by the sea.

Art has assisted nature to make the pleasant shores of the Ne-kan-a-kum more habitable. The grounds around us are carefully improved, and the road to the beach graded, so that, instead of an uneven path through tangled thickets and over cobble-stones of all sizes, it is now a smooth carriage way, prepared at no small cost. A bathing house stands on the shore, and the smooth sandy beach below is kept in perfect order by the recurring tides, and there the bather can wade out on the shelving bottom without fear.

The sea shore is for saunterings, not for labors. It is happiness to sit hour after hour, clustered in groups on the piled sea drift, and watch the surf break and see the tides come and go. There is no monotony about it, for the surf line changes every hour. The sea wears varying aspects, the breakers grow larger or smaller, and the sky changes hues with the ocean constantly. Now a sea fog comes driving in, and mists curl about the storm-wreathed brow of Tillamook Head. Now sun-shine and calm and a lazy ocean bound the horizon with blue; whales blow lazily, porpoises go leaping, or some steamer pushes past with its trail of murky smoke. Now again a stiff breeze, and a surf that pounds heavier and louder; a million sea birds ride the huge waves and blacken the sea; a steamer bound outwards bends into the cove and salutes the flag whose cabalistic letters "R. H." float from the flag-staff on the shore. No, there is no monotony on the sea shore, day or night. When the tides are down, scores of children are busy along the sands, digging for hidden treasures,

running races, throwing up breast-works for imaginary armies, making cabalistic signs all over the unwritten page, that the sea rises over and the tides wash out and leave all fresh again, to be reinscribed with the hieroglyphic lore of childhood. The days pass with these migrations to and from the beach, this watching of the sea and shore, with clever gossip, pleasant chit-chat, witty sayings, and keen-set repartee. Good humor and social sunshine are as prevalent here as winds and tides.

I have mentioned the huge tree trunks that pile the shore. These are not all from our own rivers. The redwoods of California are sometimes driven up the coast by the south winds of winter and are beached here. The famous Japan Current, that circles the northern seas, bears hither trees that have travelled by that devious journey from the far coasts of Asia. As you watch the surf and note the changing tides, you picture to yourself the times when the Spanish navigators went sweeping by three hundred years ago, and compare the old galleons of Castile with the steamer that shoots by to-day. You recognize the wonderful power the wonderful power that brings sea offerings from the shores of the Occident and the Orient to heap them on the beach of Clatsop, and you recollect that Chinese and Japanese junks have been wrecked along this northwest shore.

Speaking of wrecks, I am told that in the center of Clatsop plains can yet be found the wreck of an old Spanish galleon, concerning which tradition says it came ashore here centuries ago and contained a wonderful treasure which was buried somewhere along the mountain sides not far from Tillamook Head. The Indians say the Spaniards buried the treasure box and killed a man and buried him on top of it, and their superstition, or rather the superstition of their ancestors, prevented any opening of the grave. Clatsop peninsula is a succession of sea beaches, ridges the sea has thrown up and then retired to build other breastworks upon still outer lines. This wreck, like the supposed ship in the desert, has been left inland by the receding shores.

S. A. C.

LIFE AT THE SEA-SIDE.

CLATSOP BEACH, Aug. 13, '74.

We reached the Sea Side House on Saturday evening, and found a great bustle and preparation going on, and a programme chalked on the bulletin board for the evening, of an entertainment to take place in the parlors. Two of the ladies, Mesdames Hatch and Russel, had organized a minstrel troupe out of the band of juveniles, and the advertised "show" was for the benefit of the Good Samaritan Hospital at Portland. The parlors were filled at the appointed hour. One of the leading merchants of the emporium acted as scene-shifter, the piano was presided over by Miss Mayer, one of the most delightful musical geniuses our State possesses, and the entertainment proved to be a decided success. The youngsters were disguised with charcoal sketches and suitably altered to represent Aunt Chloe or Dinah or Uncle Sambo and Pete. Gaining confidence, they soon threw themselves into the business with perfect abandon, and we had songs, choruses, conundrums, and story-telling, in complete minstrel style, winding up with the railroad scene copied from the Maguire's. This will serve as a sample of the evening amusements at the Sea Side. The pleasant parlors frequently resound to music, and it is a great pleasure to listen to choice gems of opera rendered by Miss Mayer, whose voice has great power and has been well disciplined.—She finds inspiration in music, and it is her delight to cultivate it, as well as ours to enjoy it. Mr. and Mrs. Dexter devote themselves to making their guests comfortable very successfully. Dexter has been an old expressman, has an expressman's knack and tact, and is the very soul of good humor.—The House is most comfortable, and the grounds are supplied with swings, croquet, shuffle-board, etc. The upper and lower creeks are well supplied with boats, at the service of the guests, and there are pleasant walks to invite pedestrianism. Parties go fishing, or hunting, or picnicking, or stay at home to find enjoyment as best they can.—The visitors are all social and friendly, and singularly harmonious. Groups are constantly going or returning to and from the beach; wandering up and down the creek meadows; go to see the huge elk with the big antlers, the smaller elk, the deer, the seal in his tank, the chained black bears, foxes, coons, eagles, and other animals gathered into Holladay's menagerie. Ben

Holladay occupies a cottage residence across the lawn, but is lame and an invalid. He walks on crutches, or is hauled about by hand in his phaeton, and still goes fishing in the midst of such difficulties.

Bathing is of course the great feature of the day and attracts most attention. When the tide is about half in, the bathers prepare to invade the realms of Ocean. Then the cells of the bathing-house come into use for dressing, or rather for undressing rooms, and gents and ladies appear decidedly out of costume, laying appearances aside to enjoy a good souze and carouse in the sea. Then the little ones are in all their glory. They rush down to play with the surf, and permit the elders to carry them out to be ducked to their hearts' content. There is a good deal of enjoyment in sitting on the shore and watching the evolutions, but the bathers seem to enjoy the sport amazingly, and to find health as well as recreation in it.

The temperature here varies from 58° to 70°, and the latter is rather warm for Clatsop. Of course the sea is not overly warm either, and bathing is not continued for a great length of time. The surf comes rolling in, breaking into cataracts of foam, and inundating one with semi-occasional effects that are startling at first, but become quite luxurious and intoxicating as one becomes accustomed to the shock and acquires a capacity to relish them. But the most delightful and sociable moment to one not a bather is when the tide is low down, and the smooth beach, pounded down and rolled hard and smooth by the beating surf, stretches like a highway up and down the coast for miles. Then those tinged with romance can form pleasant parties and promenade up and down the margin of the waves and sniff the salt-sea, low-tide air. Those more literally disposed can waste their energies in digging clams. 'Tis but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, you see.

Sabbath afternoon we had parlor service, with an improvised choir and an excellent and appropriate discourse from Rev. T. L. Eliot, of Portland. Dr. Hawthorne is here, and his health is much improved by sea air and sea bathing. Messrs. Shelly and Tompkins, of Harrisburg, are making themselves very acceptable as beaux. Young gentlemen are very handy about a watering place, where ladies abound and have a thousand whims to put a young man's politeness to the test. My opinion is that Harrisburg is acquiring an enviable reputation at the sea side in the persons of its able representatives above named, and that they are having a decidedly good time and making themselves thoroughly useful there is no room to doubt.

Yesterday we made a large party and went boating in Dexter's "Maggie," which holds a couple of dozen very comfortably. We pulled four ours, and went far down the wide-creek to where an old Indian burial ground existed. The dead were formerly placed in canoes, their effects, trinkets, weapons, and utensils were put by their side, and the canoes then elevated into the tree-tops. This custom ceased years ago, but it is a favorite pastime with us to visit the relics of the past, which are rapidly lessening and passing away. The canoes have nearly all fallen down and rotted, and even the bones have disappeared, while all the trinkets have passed into the possession of curious visitors.

Such is a glimpse of our life at the sea side, and I must say that time passes pleasantly. We have no fashion or style here to worry us, and all seem to have come here purely for health and recreation.

S. A. C.

A Suggestion.

The following suggestion is made by a prominent citizen, and one which we think important, particularly to persons doing business in the city and should command their attention:

SALEM, Aug. 14, 1874.
MR. EDITOR, The city of Salem has had the State Fair for a number of years, yet the citizens have never offered any large premiums to induce people from a distance to attend.

I would suggest that our citizens get up a purse say of five hundred dollars with a reasonable entrance fee added, for a running race, free for all horses. Also a purse of say \$500 for the best trotting race upon the same conditions.

These purses would bring those interested in raising fine thoroughbred stock from Eastern and Southern Oregon, as well as from Washington and Idaho Territories. The additional number of people that would come to witness a contest of this sort would bring thousands of dollars to the Capital city merchants. Indeed every person in the city would be benefited thereby directly or indirectly. Why will not some leading and influential man in the city take the matter in hand and see what can be done. Yours,
KENTUCKY.

R. C. McCormick, of Arizona, has declined a nomination as delegate to Congress.

THE SALMON RIVER PARTY.

SALEM, Aug. 10th, 1874.

ED. RECORD: After near three weeks sojourn from the "city of peace," we reached home at half past ten Saturday night, somewhat tired and very dusty. Mr. Lawrence, our John, left here last Thursday morning between nine and ten o'clock and reached our camp at the beach at one P. M., on Friday; leaving there at 2:30 P. M., on Friday; leaving there at 10:30 P. M., making the quickest round trip on record. We drove from the toll gate home on Saturday, a distance of fifty-three miles. The entire distance to the coast including the detour by Sheridan to avoid a hilly road, is 53 miles. I found by the section stakes that our camp was located in Sec., 32, T. 6 south, R. 11 W.

Our hunting expeditions, of which we had two, were fruitless as to game but invigorating and successful as to the real benefit sought. Game was started, but owing to the ignorance of the habits of the deer we failed to intercept them on their way to the fresh water lake near by.

A large company made a trip to the Siletz bay and accompanied by Van Delashmunte and Charley Clark, both old printers and formerly of Salem. I visited the wreck of a schooner stranded in the bay. Her hull lies partially careened towards the mouth of the river and can be boarded at low tide. She measures over one hundred feet in length and was a staunch vessel. What has been her history, who commanded her, whence she sailed, when and how wrecked, how many of her crew were lost, her name, etc., are all unanswered queries. I have never heard of the wreck before.

I was highly entertained many times during the few days that Capt. Lamson remained in camp, in hearing his interesting recitals of navy life during the war. He was engaged in capturing of blockade runners, seven of which he overhauled and among them was the Lallain, since called the Virginia, so noted in connection with the butchery of some American citizens in Cuba. Capt. Lamson has a fine pair of marine glasses presented to him by the captain of the Virginia after her capture. She had sailed from Wilmington, N. C., with one bale of cotton. The cargo and vessel were worth a million and a half. It can scarcely be comprehended that the engines of that vessel cost over a quarter of a million. Capt. Lamson's career during his entire connection with our navy from his entrance at the Academy to his promotion as Fleet Lieut. under Admirable Goldsborough of the European squadron was one of distinction, and Oregon may well be proud of him for he is an Oregon Boy and got much of his elementary training in our home institution—the Willamette University.

On Monday the 3d inst., a large part of our pleasant excursionists broke camp and turned their faces homeward. Others however were daily arriving, and during our stay of two weeks over 200 persons visited Salmon River beach. On Tuesday morning the beach for miles was literally strewed with dead cod fish. Thousands upon thousands lay in the pools about the rocks. Some were in an advanced state of decay while others were quite fresh. I am quite curious to know the cause of this wholesale slaughter of such countless numbers and a correspondent from Yaquina over a week prior to this time mentions the coming ashore at that point of innumerable bodies of dead cod fish.

On our return trip at one point this side of the divide between the Salmon and Nestucca, we were startled at some unearthly yell away down the mountain side. At the first open space we came to a half-dozen yelling continuing at a most frightful pitch, mingled with sundry other sounds that reminded one of the old sport of "lap-jacket." On cautiously approaching the vicinity of the uproar and peering round a sharp curve and down a very steep declivity what should greet our eyes but our well known and usually jovial but not now very good humored Captain Jerome. Here he was trying to compel two stubborn mules to draw a very heavily loaded wagon up the mountain and in accounting for the uproar, one of the ladies remarked that the owner of the mules advised them to whip and yell if they were unable to pull, and they were simply following counsel. But it was of no earthly use, for the more they yelled the farther the team backed. I suggested to the Captain that if he had an engine aboard he could cross the bar; "yes, I guess I would or blow her up," was his reply. We hitched on and landed him safe at the summit of the mountain, and received the thanks of the entire company and the Captain's assurance that if he ever met either of us on the river "he would make it all right." We met eight teams following close after Capt. Jerome's party. The remainder of our trip was made by hard driving in the midst of clouds of dust and under a warmsun, save from Spring valley home, which distance was traveled after dark.

Most of the grain fields which were so green three weeks since, are yellow and waiting for the reaper, and in many places the grain lies in the field sacked ready for transportation.

To those who are employed indoors for the greater part of the year and seldom pass the limits of our corporation such a tour as the one I have just concluded is most invigorating and necessary. Our business men are not generally men of great longevity and the prime cause is to be sought in their self-imposed imprisonment and exacting routine of never ending work and care. It pays in innumerable and indefinable ways, to break up the monotony of a busy trade or profession and seek diversion in the mountains or on the sea beach. If these memorandum sketches of the very profitable and healthful excursion have proven sufficiently interesting to warrant their perusal by your not over critical readers, I have been simply repaid.

ACCIDENTAL DROWNING AT ASTORIA.—Charley, the eldest son of W. W. Page, Esq., a bright child of some seven or eight summers, was accidentally drowned at Astoria Tuesday last. It appears that he wandered away from his parents and embarked in a skiff, in which he paddled alongside a flatboat, and it is supposed that in attempting to board the larger craft the skiff slipped out from beneath him, and falling between the two crafts he was drowned. The boy being missing it was ascertained that he had been seen in a skiff, and the river being dragged his lifeless form was found beneath the flatboat. The remains were brought to this city on the Emma Hayward this afternoon and will probably be interred to-morrow.—News.

A fundry is proposed at Dillay Station on the west side road in Washington county.