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PAGAN TEMPLES.

We give our readers in this number a picture of a pagan temple. It is a structure of wondrous massiveness and ornamentation. It lifts its head upon storied architecture toward the sky. As a building it is lofty and commanding, but what does it symbolize? If we think of the darkness which clouds the lives of those who reared it, the superstition and cruelty which is characteristic of their worship and of the base qualities which they attribute to their gods, in whose honor it was reared, does not our admiration of the building mourn that its greatness was for such a cause?

There are other pagan temples than those which are builded in pagan lands. There are lives of men which are founded and pursued for objects lower than pagan superstition. There are men who reach high station and disport themselves before the gaze of the whole world, whose lives are as base as their fortunes are lofty. They endure for a time and then pass away, as pagan temples are passing away before the advance of civilization. Let us build something that will endure. Let us form our lives upon right principles and for noble ends. Let us look upon this pagan temple and take warning that greatness must be true greatness or it will not endure.

ANNUAL ADDRESS

BEFORE THE STATE AG'L SOCIETY.

BY W. L. ADAMS, M. D.

Less than ten years ago I was disgusted by hearing an orator in Boston announce that "art is the true test of civilization and human advancement." To-day I am a firm believer in the doctrine I then scouted; and if I was wrong then, and right now, your humble servant is progressing along with the rest of you.

Suppose you should be taken up some night and carried in your sleep half way round the world, and then let down in a strange country among a new people, speaking an unknown language; your first impressions as to the moral and intellectual status of that people would be made by the evidences seen all around, of the extent to which art or human handicraft had gone in fashioning from original elements the comforts and conveniences of man.

We all believe that other planets besides our own are inhabited, some, perhaps, like Mercury, by an inferior race to ours; while others, like Jupiter and Saturn, we love to contemplate as peopled with a race as superior to us as we are superior (according to Darwin) to our monkey ancestors.

Now if we could be set down, first on one and then on the other of these planets, and find that on the first the primeval forests were yet undisturbed, there were no roads, no cities, no orchards and no fields of waving grain, that the people dressed in skins, lived in caves and sat on piles of bones from which they had gnawed the flesh of

animals killed by rough bludgeons and stone spears, we should naturally shrink back with horror from such a people as low enough down in the scale of humanity to be willing to dispatch us with a stone hammer and then eat us raw. We shouldn't want to tarry long among them, and should be well pleased to hear the last whistle and hear the cry of the conductor of our aerial chariot—"All aboard for Jupiter!"

On stepping off upon this magnifi-

manufacture diamonds from charcoal, to make all costly metals and precious stones from principles out of which they originally sprang under the slow process of geological formation.

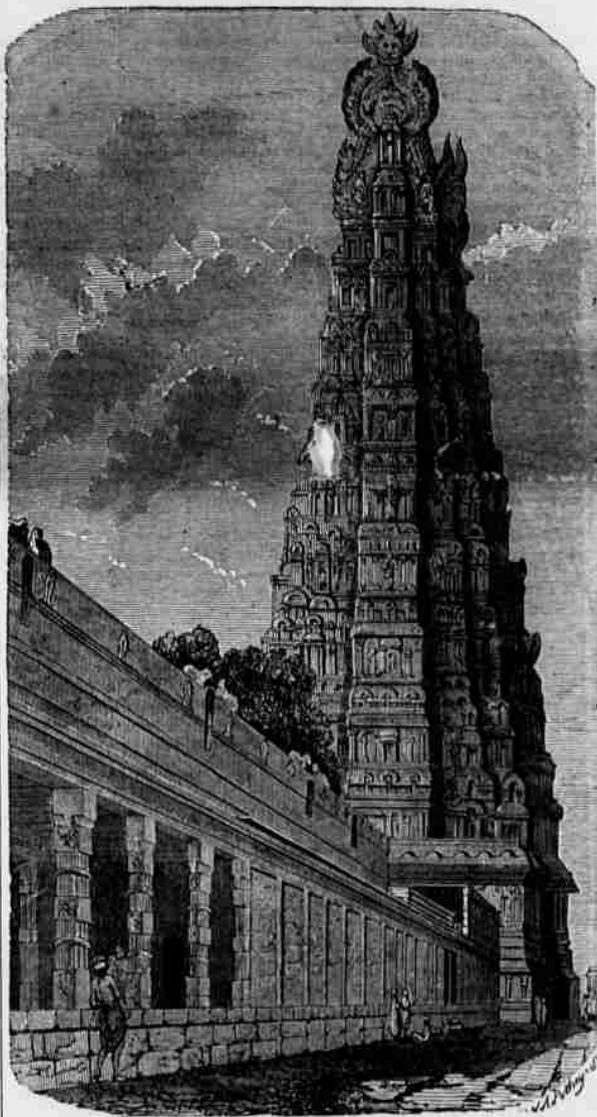
Suppose that ages ago they had slaughtered their last cattle as useless cumberers of the ground, science and art having taught them to make their meat, milk, butter, and cheese, not from the grasses, but from the elements found in nature, whence vegetation sprung, destined of old to be manufactured into meat, milk, butter and

scopes that enabled them to see distinctly what was going on through the whole solar system, telescopes through which they had witnessed and photographed all the changes that have been going on on this little ant hill of ours from the time that *flora* and *fauna* first adorned its crust, down to the advent of man; and that in their atheneums were hung up photographic pictures showing all the geological changes, evolutions and transformations that our planet has undergone during its puzzling geological epochs, with all its extinct and living animals down to this day. Among a people who had carried the arts to such perfection, what would we expect to find? Should we have any fear of being murdered, robbed or maltreated? From the exhibitions of handicraft seen everywhere, should we not feel sure of meeting a people with intelligent and pleasing faces, inspired with the belief that their world was made to be enjoyed, and that the best way to prepare for another world and please their God was to make a good use of their present world, and help their fellows to make such good use of it as to insure their highest possible felicity?

We will now leave the people on Jupiter and come down to our own little planet, and see what we can discover here, and what is the lesson of the hour. We shall come a little humbled, perhaps, and with some of the starch taken out of our conceit, a characteristic that weak men are noted for, especially illiterate Americans. By comparing ourselves with such as we have been talking about, we feel humiliated; but by comparing ourselves with the rest of the world, or even with our ancestors—and that is about as far as most men ever see—we naturally fall into a sort of Fourth of July glorification of ourselves. This is all well enough so long as it is not carried beyond the verge of an incentive to still higher and nobler attainments; but when we carry it to the extent that the German did whom Coleridge met at Frankfurt, who never spoke of himself without taking off his hat out of profound respect, we perhaps carry our egotism a little too far.

My postulate is, that art is the touchstone of human civilization and human advancement, and I am going to stick to my text. I may not be as succinct as was a hardshell brother who, in taking for his text—"The world, the flesh and the devil," announced that for want of time he should "merely glance at the world, barely touch on the flesh, and then hurry on to the devil."

Art is the disposition or modification of things by human skill to answer the purpose intended. This is Webster's definition, a very correct one, and it answers my purpose exactly, for under it we group in one cluster everything that belongs to this Fair. There isn't a machine on this ground but what is a specimen of human skill or a work of art. Every fine painting, every bed-quilt, every rag-carpet and every other manufactured article on exhibition, tells just what progress its fabricator has made in art or skill in that direction. Those beautiful and delicious apples have been developed from the sour and worthless crab-apple by pomological art. These fine-blooded and fast horses, these thoroughbred cattle, fine sheep, goats, and superior swine and poultry, have all been developed from "scrub" stock, by the long continued, patient and judicious use of art appliances. The woman who sends beautiful rolls of clean, sweet butter to market, nicely packed in some proper vessel, is a better artist and a better looking woma-



PAGAN TEMPLE.

cent planet, what would be our impressions of the people if we should see the evidences of art carried to such perfection that their cities contained nothing but the most magnificent and convenient structures, their streets all broad and perfectly clean, flowers, fruit trees and fountains everywhere; facilities for travel, such that the four hundred thousand-mile circuit of the entire planet could be safely made in half a day; that all animal labor had been superseded by machinery; that chemistry and alchemy had been carried to a perfection that enabled the people to

cheese, by passing through the laboratory of an animal's stomach, till man should become wise enough to make his own laboratory and be independent of kicking cows and dirty stables.

Suppose that we should find these people so familiar with the laws of life and so careful about their observance that they lived for millions of years; that they knew how to control the weather, make it rain when they wanted it, and cause it to "hold up" during Fair week; that they had observatories larger and higher than Mt. Hood, on which were mounted tele-