

fession may be, it is impossible for any impartial observer to deny that it has been a complete failure. Outside of the Caucasian race there does not at present, nor ever has existed a race of people, or any material portion of a race, which has embraced the doctrine of Christianity, or voluntarily become amenable to the laws of civilized life. And is it not to our advantage—is it not our very duty to take a lesson from the past? How many of the hardy pioneers—brave men, gentle women and innocent children—have been cruelly slaughtered, too frequently after suffering tortures, the mere rehearsal of which is sufficient to make the blood curdle in our veins and cause every white man to swear eternal vengeance against the perpetrators, victims of a policy which, the whole history of the world tells us, has never once been successful? While begetting a morbid and sentimental sympathy for a race of men who are themselves utterly incapable of either sympathy or gratitude and in whose nature we find scarce one redeeming trait, people are apt to lose entirely that far nobler sympathy, which should exist in every breast for those of their own race and color, those who, forced in the hard struggle for existence from the over-crowded centres of civilization, boldly and manfully, with unflinching courage and determination, face the uninhabited wilderness, willing to give up every comfort, to sacrifice every enjoyment in the effort to make by their honest industry a home for themselves and their descendants. Experience teaches us that the red man is untamable—the inherent wildness of his nature cannot be eliminated. Like the caged hyena, ever pacing back-



YELLOW LUPINE.

wards and forwards within the narrow limits of his prison walls watching an opportunity for escape, and snarling and showing his teeth at the very hand that feeds him; so the Indian on his reservation broods silently over his fancied wrongs, until driven by his own dark thoughts to a state of desperation, overcoming the natural cowardice of his nature, he rushes madly forth, and like the savage beast, thirsting for blood, wreaks his vengeance on the innocent and unprotected.

For how long is this state of things to be endured? How long are we, one of the foremost nations in the world, to be held in check—not, it is true, by a handful of Indians, but by a band of pining sentimentalists who have eyes and ears for nothing but the wrongs of the poor red man, even at the very moment that same red man is engaged in an indiscriminate butchery of the unprotected frontiersmen and their families!

The missionary has had his day—the church has proved powerless, religion of no effect in its futile attempt to change the blood-thirsty nature of the savage or restrain him from deeds of violence and crime. Then let the priest give way to the soldier—let the hand of iron crush that which kindness and gentleness has failed to subdue. No longer let a mistaken mercy dictate terms of peace with an enemy that has never been known to miss an opportunity to break a treaty, no matter how solemn and binding that treaty may have been. No longer let the Indian escape unpunished for crimes which, if committed by a white man,



THE ANGLER, OR FISHING FROG.—See page 164.

would surely be rewarded by an ignominious death.

And when, in the not far distant future, the last of the "noble redskins" shall have taken his departure for those hunting grounds where the buffalo and elk are ever plenty and the white man never intrudes—when the Indian is a creation of the past and lives only on the page of history or novel—when the stories of his misdeeds and atrocities, though mellowed down by time, will still be sufficiently harrowing to excite the dire indignation of their readers; then our descendants will thank us that we have blotted out from the face of this beautiful country a race that from the first landing of the pilgrim fathers on Plymouth Rock until the present time have blurred the pages of history with one uninterrupted succession of bloody outrages and murders.

THE YELLOW LUPINE.

This is a remarkable and exceedingly valuable plant, seeds of which can be bought at our leading florists, or begged from the Government seed-shop at Washington, or what is still better, gathered on the Blue Mountains, especially on the route from Cayuse Station to Pelican's, where it is found growing wild in great profusion. For reclaiming sandy wastes, nothing will equal the lupine. The Golden Gate Park at San Francisco, once a sandy waste, has been transformed into a blooming garden by this plant.

The yellow lupine starts slowly and even matures slowly, hence it has to be sown with rye, which grows faster and makes a rank stalk to protect the young lupine from the encroachments of the sand.

But once the lupine gets above the ground, it can not only protect itself at all hazards, but it also absorbs all the life of the rye, and soon turns it yellow. In the fall the lupine sheds its old leaves and new ones begin to sprout, while

the old ones form a rich paste like muck, and cover the ground. At the end of five years the lupine dies having fulfilled its mission. The ground must now be sown with grass and harrowed over, for no plowing is needed. Up comes a rich crop, and the once barren plains glow with verdure. Such is the history of Golden Gate Park, the greatest pride of San Francisco; and such too will be the history of the lands along the Columbia from Hood river to Fort Colville if our people only take hold of the matter with a determination to go in and win.

HON. S. C. ADAMS.

The subject of this biographical sketch, one of Oregon's early pioneers, deserves a more extended notice than the limited space of the *West Shore* can accord. Mr. Adams, who is a brother of Dr. W. L. Adams, whose biography we have already published, was born in Huron county, Ohio, July 28, 1825, removed to Galesburg, Illinois, in 1837, and received his education in Knox College, famous for its thorough disciplinarians as teachers. After finishing his education, he devoted his time to teaching. His wonderful faculty of imparting instruction, made him so popular as a teacher that his services were always in demand. He removed to Oregon in 1856, and assisted his brother, Dr. W. L. Adams, in the conduct of a school in a log hut in Yamhill county, which, in the language of Wendell Phillips, "turned out Governors and great men." Of the pupils in this school, one, John B. McBride, was sent to Congress from Oregon, was afterwards Chief Justice of Idaho, and is now one of the ablest attorneys in Utah. Another, L. L. Howland, became President of a College, and is at present the very popular Superintendent of Public Instruction for Oregon. Another, James Shelton, became the editor of a medical journal, and is now a successfully practicing physician in Salem. Thomas B. McBride, a young lawyer of fine promise, who is now practicing law with his brother, the Hon. J. B. McBride, in Salt Lake City, was also educated in this smoky log hut in Yamhill—famous for "great men." Another of the Adams pupils who was trained in this school, George L. Woods, became the Governor of Oregon, and the writer of this article was informed by Governors, Senators, and other leading men in New England, that Woods was considered "one of the finest stump orators on the American continent."

In mentioning these facts, we write down a part of the history of Oregon and give our readers an idea of some of the influences exerted by the sub-



THE SWALLOW THAT MAKES THE EATABLE NEST.—See page 164.

jects of our biographies in developing the intellect of this State, of which every old Oregonian is so proud. Mr. Adams was married to Martha E., daughter of Dr. James McBride, Minister to the Hawaiian Island in 1851. In 1855, he took charge of McMinnville College. In 1862, he was elected County Clerk of Yamhill county, and such was his popularity, owing to his efficiency and accommodating manner, that he was thrice elected to the same office. In 1868, he was called by the citizens of Yamhill to serve them as State Senator, for a period of four years. During all the period in which Mr. Adams was teaching school or serving his State and county, he was continually impressed with the idea that while the facilities for acquiring knowledge in other fields had been much improved in modern times, the student of history entered a dark labyrinth of disconnected and jumbled data out of which he emerged, after years of study, with less knowledge than he might have attained in a few weeks. His great mind struck upon a plan for building a grand, luminous turnpike from Adam to our time, set all along with mile posts, on which the student could read not only the history of all the nations, tribes and kingdoms that ever existed, but see the progress of the world in its architecture, its arts, its inventions, and even in the change of form and expression given to the human head and face by the appliances of a slowly developed civilization. The result of this reflection was "Adams' Synecronological Chart, or, Illustrated Map of History," which has given the author not only a national but a world-wide fame. To describe this chart, would occupy too much space. As we gaze at it, it seems, in the language of Homer, to be "the labor of a god." The Rev. Mr. West, who had it on exhibition at the Centennial Fair, assured us that literary men expressed themselves that it excelled everything on the fair grounds—that it was, in fact, "the greatest invention of the age." To give the readers of the *West Shore* an idea of the estimation in which it is held, we give three testimonials out of many thousand we might quote, to show how the literary world receive this Oregon production:

The Hon. S. C. Adams' "Map of History," is one of the most ingenious productions we have ever



HON. S. C. ADAMS.

seen. . . . The ingenuity which marks its composition and construction is something almost beyond praise. We can not imagine anything which could more interest a student or class in history than this chart. It would form an invaluable means of instruction in most schools. . . . A detailed description is impossible, but its simplicity, and the manifold fields which are opened for thought by its use, give it all claim for commendation.—*Boston Traveler*.

From HON. NEWTON BATEMAN, LL. D., State Superintendent Public Instruction, Springfield, Ill.

Having examined the "Chart of History," by S. C. Adams, and being impressed by its originality and beauty, and more especially by its usefulness and value, I commend both it and its estimable author to the confidence of every community and people. Many have experienced the difficulties attending the effort to eliminate the great salient facts of general history from the voluminous network of subordinate facts and details with which they seem entangled. He who contributes to the means of doing this, deserves the grateful recognition of scholars and teachers. No one can glance along the graphic and picturesque lines of Adams' Chart without realizing that in it just such a service has been rendered.

We have lately received an educational novelty, which, after examination, we can recommend to teachers and students as a valuable and useful aid to study. It is a Chart handsomely mounted and printed in colors, 29 feet long by 40 inches wide. The plan adopted is a very ingenious one. . . . The arrangement of the maps is such, that the student sees at a glance exactly the condition of the world at any given date, and by the aid of colors, pictures, etc., he is given an idea of the progress of arts, sciences and succession of rulers, and similar facts, important to be remembered. We need not point out the obvious utility of this remarkable production. . . . The execution of the work is excellent and indicates an immense amount of labor and research on the part of the author, which should not go unrewarded. . . .—*Scientific American*.

Mr. Adams is one of the few pioneers to this coast who has contributed to Oregon's fame and Oregon's glory, and it is in keeping with the exalted position the *West Shore* aims to take as an exponent of the progress of our State and an impartial record of the deeds of the illustrious ones who have helped to make us what we are, that we devote this much of our space to the biography of one member of a family, which has so conspicuously figured in the history of this State.