

West Shore

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The WEST SHORE offers the Best Medium for Advertisers of any publication on the Pacific Coast.

Saturday, July 26, 1890.

WHILE there is little doubt that the final fate of the American aborigine will be total extinction, as a race, the question of what part, either active or passive, the Caucasian race in America is playing is an important one. The history of the conflict of civilization with barbarism in this country is one that civilization can never contemplate with the least approach to pride. The poor Indian has been deceived with false promises, robbed of his patrimony, crowded out of the homes of his fathers, wronged in his domestic relations, insulted and injured in his person, knocked about from pillar to post, conquered into subjection by superior power whenever his outraged feelings have led him to rebel, placed on reservations and deprived of his usual means of procuring a livelihood on the one hand and robbed by official incompetence and dishonesty of the means intended by the government to be provided for him on the other, and in a thousand ways has been so treated that where once there were millions now there are but thousands. The chief characteristic of all this is the utter disregard that has been shown for the true welfare of the Indian himself. He has been looked upon as simply an incumbrance, and generally as a dangerous one, and the leading idea has been to get rid of him as speedily as possible. Perhaps this is right and in accordance with the law of nature that the higher forms shall drive out the lower, but the American people can not congratulate themselves that in obeying this law they have done it in the way the higher civilization they claim to represent demands. But homilies upon this subject are well-nigh useless. The American Indian policy has been settled by years of precedents, and doubtless Poor Lo will be crowded from his reservations as fast as the land is required by settlers, and forced about the country hither and

thither until, like the Son of Man, he will have no place to lay his head, and will be worn away by attrition, until the last full-blood Indian shall find an unremembered grave. A desirable result? Yes, perhaps it is; but what of the means by which it is attained?

Fulfillment of prophecies that when first stated were so self-evident they could scarcely be classed as such, call for but little comment, yet WEST SHORE can not refrain from calling attention to the happy contrast between the deluded boomers of Oklahoma and the more fortunate men who, at the time of the Oklahoma excitement, had enough good sense to turn their backs upon that arid region and seek homes in the Pacific northwest. Reports from Oklahoma are to the effect that crops are a failure and destitution and misery are the common lot of all. Here we are blessed with a bountiful harvest and a cool, comfortable summer, not at all unusual, but a little better than the average. Every industrious man who came here during the Oklahoma excitement has reason to be thankful for the circumstances that turned his feet northwestward, and the sun-scorched boomers in that land of delusion will be better off a year from now if they abandon their claims and seek new homes in this land of sure crops and genial climate.

The Society of California Pioneers have declined to participate with the Native Sons in celebrating the fortieth anniversary of the admission of the state into the union, and are candid enough to admit that they do it because they fear the younger society will outshine them. This jealous pique is very childish. The Pioneers have not done any more than have the Native Sons to make California what she is to-day, yet they might, if they would but preserve their dignity and recognize the fact that they are fast diminishing in numbers, and must of necessity relinquish the management of these celebrations to younger hands, remain the central figure and occupy the post of honor on such occasions till the last member of their society is laid to rest forever.

The Farmers' Alliance, of Minnesota, has combined with the labor organizations to put an independent state ticket in the field. This is claimed by the enthusiastic president of the alliance to be the founding of a new political party. New parties are very much like new papers—easy to found, but hard to keep alive.

With commendable enthusiasm for peace, if not with extreme modesty, the pope has offered to become the arbiter for the whole world.