pleasure. Some distant day, perhaps, there will be too much joy and happiness in the world. Then the minstrel shall be turned into a Censor, the theater into a torture chamber, and the cello into a whipping-post.

PHANTASMAGORIA OF TYRANNY.

For save we let the island men go free Those baffled and dislaureled ghosts Will curse us from the lamentable coasts Where walk the frustrate dead. -William Vaughn Moody's poem in the May

So we find that this great force (national it stinct) which bears statesmen hither and thither, like cockies on the tide, is nothing but the great national instinct of greed, the craving of the belly. What power has it to excuse statesmen for breaches of the moral law?-H. D. Sedgwick, Jr.'s, essay in the May Atlantic. One of the oldest and most inveterate ccupations of humanity is the pursuit f phantoms. Every individual mind the prey of countless refracted and erverted influences that come through eredity from the most distant antioulty. Every member of our variou ivilizations is descended from men who, centuries ago, lived by the Nile who, centuries ago, lived by the Nile or the Euphrates, founded Rome or peo-pled Greece, journeyed with Xerxes into Thrace or with Alexander into Persia, fought in Gaul with Germanius or Arminius, crossed the channel to nvade Britain or toiled eastward to scue the Holy Sepulcher. Within our blood old battles flow, from Troy itself and the Pyramids to Trafalgar and Waterloo. Our instincts are resultants of forces exerted upon us since before the body took its human form as we see in the aversion for snakes, derived the day our hairy ancestors rom wung from the limbs of tropical forsts or hid in the earth from beasts and storm and burning heat. Our prejdices survive for centuries after their sources have been forgotten-we still reproach the Jew for his slowness at the profession of arms which for ages was denied him, we still fear that a Catholic in office will deliver the Government over to the Vatican. Added to these influences of heredity and tradiion are the thousand casual impressions of the passing hour. A momentary glance into a book at a receptive noment, or a casual remark overheard on our hurried way, sinks into our con sness and turns aside the whole current of our thought and our existnce. Trifles light as air mould thought transform character, determine destiny. The Golden Fleece, the Holy Grail, the fountain of perpetual youth, the sinless state-all these are chimeras that men have pursued and then have left for other objects, some more real, some equally intangible.

These are the preconceptions through which the actual world, like light through a prism, impresses itself upon the mind of man. It is not strange, therefore, that the objects many men of thought pursue are distorted shadows of real objects or phantoms of their own imagining. Such a phantom is the idea embodied in the extracts at the head of this article, and notably embodied in the utterances of Senator Hoar and Edward Atkinson. Its power to influence events is limited, because the things that are absolutely right and accessary to be done will get themselves done somehow. Protest was made against the war with Spain, but arose, it merged into the treaty of Paris, it compelled the acquisition of the Spanish Islands, suppression of insurrection in Luzon, provision for re-lief in Puerto Rico, the iron hand of

land.

It is a far cry from West or Barlow military despotism doing the work of the troubadour of old romance or he "last minstrel" immortalized in the sanitation and industry in Cuba. Protests of dissenters weighed no more Yet against the progress of events than did there are many points in common, and the reluctance of the active particihe new minstrelsy is perhaps quite as nuch a restoration as the product of a pants or the halting timidity of the Adhousand years of evolution. Our modministration. And so just now the demand for "freedom" for the Filipinos, ern troubadour has drawn upon all purces for his equipment. His finished in whatever name and by whatever

is not a Christmas present. It is an employment in which only the competent can engage.

THE DECLINE OF ENGLISH FICTION

There is a clear decline in the produc tion of excellent fiction of the first quality in England. The English novel of sterling permanent quality may be said to date from Fielding. Between Field-ing and Scott there was pienty of English fiction, but, with the exception of the admirable novels of Jane Austen, ardently admired by men so different as Walter Scott and Macaulay, nothing of permanent quality. The seventy years that have elapsed since Scott ceased his best productiveness have given us but two really great names in iction, viz., Thackeray and George Ellot. To the second rank belong Dickens, Charles Reade, Thomas Hardy, George Meredith, Conan Doyle and Mrs. Humphrey Ward. It was a long day of barren fiction between Fielding and Scott; a long day between Scott, Thackersy and George Ellot, and since George Ellot the quality of English fiction has steadily declined, so that popular taste seems to be divided betwee the wildly sensational school of "outtoor" adventure represented by Rider Haggard and the morbid school of Hall Caine, who is the shrill voice of sexual sentimentality, whose heroines are madcap women, prone to make rash. mean marriages, and then sure to go to the devil as soon as they find what they are persuaded is their true affin-

To do Haggard justice, his novels are bealthy. They are as incredible and as innocuous as a sailor's "yarn" told to beguile a voyage, or a soldier's fairy story invented to while away the monotony of camp or garrison life. Haggard has palled upon the popular taste, and even Kipling, with far more original genius and artistic power than Haggard, is beginning to grow stale. Soon ripe, soon rotten, is likely to be the fate of Kipling. Bret Harte never gave us anything as good as his first book, "The Luck of Roaring Camp," and Kipling has never given us anything as good as his "Soldiers Three." Bret Harte, away from his first literary environment of California in the days of '49, always walks with an awkward and languid stride, and so Kipling, removed from British India, writes like a man of superior talent, but without a spark of the genius that irradi-ated his short Indian sketches and poems. The distance between men of the stature of Walter Scott in fiction and men like Bret Harte, Haggard and Kipling, is proved by their limitations. Harte can tell admirably what he say and part of which he was in California; Haggard writes with remarkable dramatic and picturesque power of externals in South Africa, where he served as a soldier, and so does Kipling of India: but all three recall the mistake the swan made, which, when complimented upon her beautiful motion on the water, left her natural element to prove that she was equally graceful on

The swan's failure has passed into a proverb, and if Haggard, Harte and Kipling had never left their native pool. the world would not have found out what it knows today-that they are not literary amphibians. The supremacy of Scott over these novelists, who can only tell what they have seen and lived, resided in his fine imagination, which enabled him to weave a beautiful story out of scenes he had never visited and concerning folk he had never seen, Thackeray had the same fine historical imagination, for his "Henry Esmond" is as good a bit of work as Scott's "Kenilworth." "Old Mortality" or "Old Mortality" "Woodstock," but Haggard, Harte and even Kipling belong to a school of fiction of which Dickens stands at the head. Dickens was a man of genius with the training of a reporter, and the temperament of an actor. Dickens was a "Bohemian" of genius and a man of enormous industry. He told, like Bret Harte and Kipling, admirably what he had seen and been a part of, and when. ever he tried to do more than this he fell very flat, and so does Kipling. Lowell said of Cooper that he drew one great, original character, Leather Stocking, and all his other noteworthy characters were nothing but Leath Stocking in another garb. Long Tom Coffin was Leather Stocking in a sailor's togs, while the noble Indian, Chinsachcook, was nothing but Leather Stocking painted red. This is equally true of Kipling. He has added "Terence Mulvaney" to the roll of immortal characters in English fiction, and "Terence Mulvaney" and the kind of human nature that he stands for is as much the highest reach of Kipling's genlus as Leather Stocking is of Cooper's. The influence of Kipling, so far as he has any influence, evil, because it is the apotheosis of the grossly animal and inhuman side of English character. A keen French critic fairly says of Kipling: "The very water seems to come into the mouths of his favorite characters, the soldiery in the colonies, when they tell each other their different methods of killing. All the methods seem equally good to Kipling. The sole virtue that he recognizes is force, whether it concerns an individual, a machine or an empire." Of course, such a man could no more draw the picture of a really fine woman, like "Maggie Tulliver," than could Carlyle, had he tried his hand at fiction, for Kipling and Carlyle so completely worship the gospel of force that a really noble woman has no charms for them, since she is not a fightin animal. Harriet Martineau shrewdly said that nobody could read "Vanity Fair" without suspecting that its author had never enjoyed the friendship and confidence of a really fine-spirited, noble-minded woman. If "Vanity Fair" excited this suspicion, the reading of Kipling makes it certain that he never knew a really fine woman long enough to draw her picture. But the French critic, while deploring Kipling's moral limitations, confesses that "whatever happens, he will remain the one writer, original and modern among all others, who has known how to seize the element of beauty in our practical lifeto transform the hissing of steam into music."

and Honolulu. With the fear that the American navigation laws be extended to Hawaii, and thus shut the Garonne out of that trade, they made a great fight and finally suc ceeded in securing American registry for the vessel. Was there any vigor ous objection raised by the Seattle and facoma papers to this admission of a

detested. "free ship"? If so, it has been delayed in transmission. The Garonne was needed to handle the increasing business of Puget Sound. Her owners sold her to the Seattle men at a lower price than they could have secured a similar American vessel for under the American flag, and the United States in general and Puget Sound in particular gained by the transaction. If the same course was pursued with other ships needed in handling the wheat and lumber of Oregon and Washington, the producers of these states would soon have the satisfaction of seeing their products go foreign in American ships which would stand in no need of a sub sidy.

Does Portland want a park commission? The question is to be determined at the approaching June election. The proposed scheme of reposing government of the park system in the hands of an independent body, with full control of its own finances, is in line with the policies adopted in many Eastern cities, producing most satisfactory results. All are in favor of parks and the adornment of streets, boulevards and public and private grounds. Portland has, however, made only moderate progress in that direction of artistic external development and scientific landscape effects, and in the improvement of places for public recreation and Nothing advertises a city leasure. like a park. Nothing so completely discovers its tastes, culture and spirit. Nothing can be made so pleasing and attractive to visitors. It is time that Portland seized this opportunity to do something for its own adornment, and the comfort and pleasure of all its people.

The burial today, with military honors, by his late comrades, of a brave soldier who fell in battle in the Philippines, is a gracious and fitting tribute to pay to one whose life was offered in the service of his country. Yet there is a sentiment in connection with this that should ever be borne in mind. Honor is due every man who offered his life for his country, whether the bullets of the enemy or the hand of disease exacted the full measure of the offering or not. The men who went into battle and came out again merely wounded or completely unscathed deserve the same honor living and respect in being laid away when dead as those who were less fortunate in the uncertainties of war, and it matters not whether the offer of their lives was made to save the Nation from destruction, to protect the defenseless from the scalping-knives of savages, or to ad-vance the cause of human liberty in other lands.

In the removal of Thomas Kay, of Salem, death called away a most valuable citizen. The scope of his activities covered various parts of Western Oregon, but was always confined to the one particular industry of which he had expert knowledge-the manufacture of woolen goods. For nearly thirty years he was an important figure-in recent years the most important, with one exception-in the development of our local woolen manufacturing industry, the towns of Brownsville, Dallas, Ashland, Waterioo and Salem having experienced the benefits of his practical knowledge and keen-sighted enterprise It appears to be the fact that, while woolen mills in various places languished and finally failed for want of

THE OLD ROUNDER'S RETURN. **MASTERPIECES OF LITERATURE--XI**

He Distributes a Few Pearls of Wisdom on Politics

An old acquaintance of The Oregonian readers turned up in Portland the other day. He was the Old Rounder, who was more or less conspicuous in the Senatorial fight of 1895 and the campaign of 1896 in this state. He joined the Klondike rush in 1897, and went north to commune with the Aurora Borealia. The net results of his Arctic experience appear to con-sist mainly of an enriched vocabulary, a deeper dye on his tiluminating pose and a more consuming thirst. No sooner had he returned than he made a round-up at Bat Bowers' palace of refreshment. "Tve just emerged from the walley of the shadder of Dawson," he said. "Dawson's a unburned Sodom of sorrer and a baleful Gomorrer of busted cheechawkers. When I laid aside the oneryous burdens of state here and went a-chasin' rainbows, I could see the pearly gates wide open for me at the North Pole. But now I'm wise. I'm next. Portland's a good enough Summer resort for me. I don't want to be the ice man."

"Humph! we thought you'd gone gallianting off to fight the oppressed niggers in them Philippiny Islands," remarked Bat. "I ain't lost no islands," replied the Rounder. "The dusky descendant of my late friend Ham may be a man an' brother, but I ain't hankerin' after mixin' up in his family affairs. I'm willin' to leave them troubles to the Major and Cousin George, to settle with their break-'Fire when you're ready, Gridley,' says Cousin George, 48 minutes before the breakfast gong sent a shivery thrill around the world; and we've been a-expandin' on a empty stomach every since. peakin' of expansion, I'm a desert island myzelf, surrounded by wisions of beautiful bottled sperrits an' nary a drop to feed the serpent, which stingeth like an adder and biteth like a Klondike muskeeter. Does any gent feel disposed to cloud up and rain a few fragrant drops on

The sympathetic Mr. Bowers invited the prator to imbibe, which he did copiously. "Well," he continued, "I see that George

"His wife done it." said General Willfeather. "Oh, mathremunny, what appalin' deeds is done in thy name." And being thus inspired, the eloquent Killfeather continued:

O realm of bliss, O habitation

spell, Full many years I knew the perfect pleasure

Of feeding fuel to the nuptial flame, And since I've spent an awful lot of leisure In wishing that I hadn't ever came.

"Of course, that ain't facts. That's jest poetry," he concluded.

"Married, eh!" remarked the Rounder. "Well, nothin' but a Queen of Sheeby outriggered like Solomon in all his giory, or a bloomin' Looloo of the Willymette Valley could ketch George. I s'pose Little Joe will be inveigled up the orangem steps of the matrimonyul halter next. In the Spring the young maid's fancy fondly turns to turtle doves; in the Spring the young man's fancy lightly turns to beer-and cloves. When did the hobse

The bold and dashing Admiral, A famous man was he, But when he met that gay old gal 'He struck his colors, see?

Responded Killfeather.

"I ain't a-talkin' about our inwincible and all-conquerin' hero who, while he was a shovin' one iron heel down the gaspin' throat of General Weyler was a-listenin' to the seductive tones of Cupid with the other," was the response. "I mean George Well, 1 reckon they haven't got time between snores to dream love's young dream down in Columbia County. As I was sayin', George is a-holdin' the sack. I went to seen Jack Matthews t'other day, and, sez "'Well, Jack, mark me present. Am I

way. And leaves the world to darkness and to me II. Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight And all the air a solemn stillness holds, save where the bestle wheels his droning fight, And drowsy tinkings bull the distant folds. III. Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower The moping owl does to the moon compl Of such as, wandering near her secret bower, Molest her ancient solitary reign. IV. Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade. Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap, Each in his narrow cell for ever laid, The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep, ٧.

"Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard"

-Thomas Grav.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day, The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea, The ploughman homeward plots his weary

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn, The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,

The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn, No more bed. shall rouse them from their lowly

VL For them no more the blazing hearth shall

burn, Or busy housewife ply her evening care; No children run to lisp their sire's ; Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

VII Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield, Their furrow oft the stubborn giebe has broke;

How jocund did they drive their team afield! bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke! How

VIII.

Let not Ambition mock their useful toll, Their homely joys, and destiny obscure; Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile The short and simple annals of the Poor,

IX.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power, And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave Await allke th' inevitable hour-The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

you, ye Proud, impute to these the fault If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted

The pealing anthem swells the note of praise,

XI. Can storied urn or animated bust

Eack to its mansion call the fleeting breath? Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust, Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear at Death?

XIL

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire; Hands, that the rod of empire might have

Or waked to ecstacy the living lyre. XIII

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unrolly Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage, And froze the genial current of the soul.

XIV.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene The dark, unfathom'd caves of ocean bear; Full many a flower is born to blush unseen, And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

XV.

village Hampden, that with dauntless breast

The little tyrant of his fields withstood. Some mute, inglorious Militon here may rest, Some Cronwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

XVL Th' applause of list'ning senates to command, The threats of pain and ruin to despise, To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,

And read their history in a nation's even

XVIL

Their lot forbade; nor circumscribed alone Their growing virtues; but their crimes confined; Forbade to wade through slaughter to a thro

a famishin' archypelygo?"

is up agin' the cold outeide."

Wherein 'tis granted to the good to dwell, Most blessed of the things of God's creation Where Hymen weaves his sweet enchanting

quies heventuate?"

For Dewey in Manila Bay Fought Spaniards most amazin' But he was licked that fatal day

He wedded Widder Hazen

product is nothing short of an epitome of civilization. The march of soldiers and the recognition of the National spirit harks back to old Rome and the ancient state. These athletes had their prototypes in the Olympian games and the combats of the Collseum. Ballad omes through Italy from dim antiquity, and here perhaps as nowhere he topical song and laconic witticism on current foibles of society perpetuate the functions of Athenian comedy and the censorial calling of the old Greek chorus.

MODERN MINSTRELSY.

oving lines of Walter Scott.

Modern minstrelsy has risen to the needs of the cultivated without losing ts hold on the masses. In the universality of its perfected appeal it is surassed alone by the circus, and its survival can only be ascribed to talent's slow but conscious adaptation of means to ends. Development has given rise to high forms of skill, and along these ines we may forecast the coming minstrel. The old "middleman." pompous and rigid, has gone his way before such genuine dramatic work as Mr. West mparts to the difficult role of the Interested listener. To have seen rare comedy like that of Ernest Tenney and Lew Baldwin is to be forever after unsatisfied with the rough-andready horseplay of other days. Mr. Jose is a striking exemplification of what the ballad-singer of the future must be-native sweetness of voice and the lyric method brought up to high levels of artistic achievement through study and training-sweet song purified by cultivation, not destroyed by tech-

nique. There are steps yet to climb and ross to be purged away. It is a credit to minstrelsy that it has honorable part in the discovery and embalmment of the only true American music, our negro melodies, and no one can wish to discourage this development. But it is not necessary to descend to vulgarity. The lullaby and the pure love song, the rhythm of movement and the abandon of fun, are to be perpetuated, but the owest levels of negro civilization must not be dragged for the delectation of an ignorant or a lascivious audience. Illicit love is to be tolerated in no guise whether in court trappings at Madrid and Versailles or in the toughs and wenches of Darktown brothels. "Coon songs" may be beautiful or damnable; and some of these we get nowadays ought not to be tolerated by the selfrespecting audience.

Take him all in all, the modern min strel comes to an overworked world, tired and oross with the multiplicity of its cares and worries, as a means of grace. In the rise of modern amusements, his is a seat of high honor. He has had the discernment to see that play is only a little less important than work, and perhaps quite as important, because without play very little of the work we do will have any real power. The service of the circus man, the minstrel and the comedian has been to help us discover the high function of rest and recreation. We had almost concluded that we are to go to the theater to work and study; but in time we have learned that it has been given for our

hibboleth invoked, will fail, because there is no way, physically possible, by which the thing can be done. In justice to ourselves we cannot leave these islands to be derelicts in the deep; in justice to their inhabitants we cannot leave them the prey to their own incapacity and ungovernable desires. The chief source of regret is the spectacle of wise and good minds so bewildered by the brilliancy of their own imagination and led astray by their own conjurings. It is regrettable to see the Atlantic, for example, descend from Mr. Page's virile discussions, which did so much for clarification of Eastern sentiment, to accept the imperfect vison of men like Sedgwick and Nelson, There is a terrible falling off, at which

the judicious can but grieve. The notion that American sovereignty means tyranny is one of the most unaccountable hallucinations that current discussion has been burdened with. Not only does it stubbornly resist the patriotic instinct which should at least restrain from error on the wrong side, but it also sets at defiance all material facts from which conclusions could be made up. Has the Republic lost its character as the asylum for the oppressed of all lands? Then why do they continue to pour in hither at the rate of 300,000 a year? Why does Japan, if our rule is tyrannous, release hundreds of her laborers to seek employment here and contemplate punitive

legislation to keep them home? The flag has been extended before, without the consent of the governed, with wars of subjugation, so-called, and with purchase. If we are going to restore land

to the dispossessed, where shall we begin? Massachusetts must go back to the 1500 Algonquins that survive the conquests made by the Pilgrim colonies. New York really belongs to the Iroquois and the Dutch. Give Florida to the Seminoles and Louisiana to the French, Texas to Mexico, California to Spain and Oregon to the Cayuses and Calapoolas. The Alaskans were bought at so much a head, and are fit subject for Bostonian sympathy. Yet they seem content. Hawali had her freedom, but solicited our sovereignty as Texas did fifty years before, and welcomed it as Porto Rico did almost sim ultaneously. As to how we shall treat the new accessions, these older ones testify in their content and loyalty. As to the determination of the people that justice shall be done, witness the outcry here at home against attempted injustice to Porto Rico, witness the good work done in Cuba and Guam, and even in Luzon and Porto Rico. The man who pleads for escape for the Filipinos from American tyranny impeaches both his patriotism and his discernment. It is liberty, and not oppression, that we are carrying to the Spanish islands. We have freed them from Spain, they must be delivered from themselves. They will rise in time to the same level of self-government enjoyed by Massachusetts and Oregon, and then they will have it. For no man can keep it from them. Self-government is a thing to be acquired. It

There is rare consistency among th Seattle and Tacoma papers in their policy regarding the upbuilding of America's merchant marine. The suggestio by The Oregonian that perhaps the best plan for meeting the competition of the foreigner was to follow his methods and buy ships where they were the cheapest, met with a roar of indignation from the subsidy graft advocates on the Sound. Some Seattle men recently purchased an ancient British steamer, called the Garonne, and placed cannot be bestowed like a garment. It her on the run between Puget Sound owns.

tion, the Kay mills were uniformly successful. His death is, therefore, a real loss to the state.

Newspapers are not morally as good as they should be. Neither are men. Some newspapers and many men are a great deal worse than they ought to be, and are proper subjects for reformation. But the way to do it for the former is not to turn them over to run as Jesus would have run them. The Topeka experiment proved nothing beyond the fact that Brother Sheldon didn't know the newspaper business but he did know his own business which was to get the greatest possible

personal advertisement out of it. That lead is now about worked out. No wonder similar enterprises excite only languid interest. A real live variation of a scheme now threadbare would be to turn a religious journal over to a secular journalist to show its readers how it ought to be conducted.

Even Baker County gives strong symptoms of a purpose to go Republi-can this Fall. The great influx of miners to Sumpter is one of the influences to bring it about. Baker has been a bulwark of silver; but we await with confidence and serenity' the news that Sumpter has fallen.

Assistant Secretary Melklejohn wants further data as to the unjust and harmful Philippine tariff. In the dull lexicon of torpid bureaucracy, there's no other word but data. Never action but under extreme pressure.

Negro minstrelsy may not be a thing of the past; but its jokes are.

in the game? "I haint examined your credentials, sez Jack. 'The hobo annex to our campaign is full,' sez he.

" 'Don't get gay, Jack,' sez I. 'T'm the man that elected Georgy in '95,' sez L "'Ha!' sez Jack. 'I've always been alaborin' under a strong and abidin' illusion that it was me.'

" 'Look here, Jack,' sez I, 'did you ever hear the cellybrated discussion on plagyrism between Cap. Humphrey and Lish Applegate?"

'No,' eez he. "'Well, Jack,' sez I, Tll tell it to you,

to point a lovely moral, and adorn my o'ertrue tale,' sez I. Then I tells Jack the followin' touchin' narrative:

"'Cap.' sez Lish, 'I have made up my mind to disclose to your startled cars the one dark and horrible secret of my life. Cap., did you ever hear the affectin' poem, 'Beautiful Snow?"

" 'I have,' sez Cap. 'Many a time; many a time."

" 'Well, Cap.,' sez Lish, 'did you ever hear who wrote "Beautiful Snow ?"

"No, sir, I never did,' sez Cap. "The name of the author is locked in the absers of oblyvyun,' sez Cap.

"'Well, Cap,' sez Lish, 'I'm the man that wrote "Beautiful Snow."

" 'Great snakes of Santiam!' sez Cap, Who'd a thought it! Well, now, look here, Lish. I believe in the good old maxim of exchangin' confidence for confience. I will also throw the electric searchghts on the dreadful mystery of my life, Did you ever hear the magnificent poem -beginnin':

"The Assyrian came down like the wolf on he fold; and his cohorts were gleaming with purple

and gold." "Yes, I've heern it,' sez Lish. 'What

of it? "'Well, Lish,' sez Cap., a-lowerin' his

voice into a stagey whisper, 'do you know who wrote it?" "'Come to think of it,' sez Lish,

don't." "'Well, Lish,' sez Cap., 'I'm the man

that wrote "The Assyrian Came Down." " 'Looky here, Cap!' sez Lish, a-gettin' nighty wrathy, and a-shakin' his fist nder Cap's nose; 'mebbe you think I didn't write "Beautiful Snow?"

"'An' mebbe you think I didn't write "The Assyrian Came Down?"' remarked Cap. An' so the incident closed, as the story books says. 'Now, Jack,' I sez, mebbe you don't see the point to that 'ere story; but I do,' sez I, and I walks

"Well, what was the point of it?" Killfeather.

"The point of that weracious epic from the unwritten pages of history lies in the happlication of it, to-wit, viz.: Whereas, the authorities differs about how George got his start for the sanctus sanctoryum of the Senate, but there ain't no question about his finish."

And shut the gates of mercy on mankind XVIII.

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,

To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

XIX.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray; Along the cool sequester'd vale of life kept the noiseless tenour of their

XX.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect Some frail memorial still erected nigh, With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd. Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

XXL

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd

Muse, The place of fame and elegy supply; And many a holy text around she strews That teach the rustic moralist to die.

XXII.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a proy, This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd. Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day, Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

XXIII.

On some fond breast the parting soul relies, Some plous drops the closing ove requires; E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

XXIV.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonor'd dead, Dost in these lines their artiess tale relate; If chance, by lonely Contemplation led, Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

XXV.

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say, Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn Brushing with hasty steps the dews away, To meet the sun upon the upland lawn;

XXVI.

There at the foot of yonder nodding beech That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high, His listless length at noontide would he stretch And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

XXVIL

Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in s Muttering his wayward fancies he rove:

fow drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn, Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopel-Now dro love.

XXVIII.

One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill, Along the heath, and near his favourite tree; Another came; nor yet beside the rill, Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

XXIX.

The next with dirges due in sad array Slow through the church-way path we saw him borge-

Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay Graved on the stone beneath you aged thorn.

THE EPITAPH.

XXX.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown; Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth, And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

XXXI.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincers Heaven did a recompense as largely send; He gave to Misery all he had, a tear, He gain'd from Heaven, 'twas all he wish'd, a friend.

XXXII.

No farther seek his merits to disclose, Or draw his frailties from their dread abods (There they alike in trembling hope repose), The bosom of his Father and his God.

Heavy College Expenses. Indianapolis Journal.

"Oh, very. You see, he has to have sil-

"Isn't your son's college education ex-

nograms on every baseball bat he