

The Oregonian

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TODAY'S WEATHER—Fair and continued warm, northerly winds.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, JUNE 10, 1900.

The seamy side of colonization vexed the souls of conservatives 150 years ago, just as it does today. Doubtless we should have to go far back than this for the first rude beginning of anti-imperialism, for the same long history that extended Israel's dominion to the widest bounds left us the solemn adjuration "Remove not the ancient landmark." But to come down to the eighteenth century, we find the famous Abbe Raynal publishing in 1770 his "Philosophical and Political History of the Establishments and Commerce of the Europeans in the two Indies."

Another exemplary anti-imperialist was the Abbe Genty, who published in Orleans in 1817 an elaborate essay, in two volumes, entitled, "The Influence of the Discovery of America Upon the Happiness of the Human Race." His conclusion is, "Nothing, worse than nothing. The world would have been much better off if America had never been discovered, and the ocean route to Asia had remained unknown."

It would be a waste of time to argue now whether the discovery of America had profited mankind more than injured, for the things that Raynal and Genty weighed in the balance would get little attention from the modern mind, in view of the tremendous fact—America is today in the material, intellectual and moral world.

But perhaps the one essential thing for our anti-imperialists to observe is that whatever their protests, how reasonably based or stoutly maintained, are alike futile. They can remonstrate if they like, or petition, or plead, or gear mad and call names. This will tend to relieve their feelings and is pretty certain to induce a wholesome caution in the administrative details of expansion.

"A republic," declares Mr. Bryan, sentimentally, "can have no subjects," which is correct enough in so far as it doesn't contravene the simple fact that all the citizens of a republic are its subjects.

Mr. Bryan's article in the North American Review contains one sentence that answers all his fulminations against the trusts. He says: "In other words, the legislation necessary at this time must be directed against private monopolies in whatever form they appear."

he inveighs against trusts simply as the agents of the Money Power. It is not surprising he becomes ridiculous.

NO EYE FOR HISTORICAL PROFIT.

Theodore Roosevelt, in the May Scribner, shows his utter lack of the sense of historic proportion when he institutes a comparison between Lincoln's conduct just before his second election, in 1864, and that of Cromwell to the disparagement of the latter. Roosevelt argues that it was infinitely more essential to the salvation of the Union that Lincoln should be continued in power than it was to the salvation of the English commonwealth in 1644 that Cromwell should be continued in power; that Lincoln would have been far more excusable than Cromwell if he had insisted upon keeping control.

Milton fairly said that they who mix with men, and especially they who govern them, must in many things obey them. They who will yield to no such conditions may be hermits, but cannot be generals and statesmen. Cromwell held in trust and for the benefit of his time the rights of the commonwealth, not as his own private property, but as a trustee for the commonwealth.

Cromwell never coveted despotic power; he never deserted the Parliament till it had deserted its duty. He did not dissolve it by force until he found its members were desirous to appropriate to themselves a power they held in trust and for the benefit of the commonwealth.

It is the same through all lines of labor. Part of the laboring men who are now participating in the general prosperity all over the Coast are saving money in anticipation of the time when wages may be lower and work less plentiful. Others are investing over to the gambling halls or in mills all that they make, and the next era of depression will find them following the free lunch routes, or regular guests of the free soup kitchens, and all the while damning the man who has a dollar.

FIT MATE FOR MR. BRYAN.

The chilly silence with which the newspapers of the country have received the announcement of Hon. William B. Hearst's Vice-Presidential candidacy must be ascribed to envy, unadmitted, jaundiced envy. It is painful to chronicle the fact, but no other motive can be assigned for the preconcerted unanimity with which all the great editor's competitors refuse to burst into one loud shout of joyful acclaim.

statesmanship with which he solved it, and by the spirit and temper of his environment. Measuring in this way, Milton is justified in his admiration of Cromwell as a man who won power nobly and used it with magnanimity, moderation and tolerance, to the end of maintaining justice under law and glorious peace with honor.

PROSPERITY OF LABOR.

Sheep-shearers east of the Cascade Mountains are reported to be earning from \$8 to \$12 per day. Quite a number of fishermen at the mouth of the river have sold over 1500 worth of salmon, each, with the season not yet two months old. There has been a scarcity of longshoremen and stevedores at 40 and 50 cents per hour in this city, and railroad hands, loggers and laborers of all kinds are in demand all over the Northwest, at better prices than they have been paid for several years.

It therefore seems proper that the Hearst candidacy be regarded in no spirit of jealousy or of levity, but that it be accorded all the serious consideration it deserves.

A BOLD PROPOSAL.

A humanitarians bold, a pessimist more pronounced or a reformer more radical than usual—a physician without—has lately published a book on "Hereditary and Human Progress." Impressed with the dangers of "the ever-strengthening torrent of defective and criminal heredity," Dr. W. Duncan McKim, of New York, is of the opinion that the religion, philanthropy and law have all shown themselves powerless to stem its tide.

The Chicago Chronicle (Dem.) makes the following remark: That Oregon isn't worth carrying, anyway. This is encouraging to Colonel Bryan's enthusiastic and industrious admirers, like Mitt Miller and Judge O'Day, who count that day lost whose low descending sun has seen no blow struck for it to 1.

Washington has a poet. His name is Jones. He is a member of Congress. He contributes to the Congressional Record a gorgeous apostrophe to his state. Jim Ham Lewis has not lived, labored and lost in vain. There are others, and they get there with all their rhetorical feet.

Fred Clayson's body has been found along the Yukon, and the missing link in proof of a most foul crime secured. Three men—Clayson, Olsen and Reife—were held up on the Dawson trail last January, and brutally murdered for their money. Their bodies could not be found, and while there were traces of a struggle, it was awkward to prove that the men had been murdered by one of the supposed murderers.

toward Cape Nome. We shall have troubles enough and to spare from the far north later in the year. The country is uncouth, and fiercely inhospitable. Most of the Nomers are tender-foot, and will not know how to care for themselves, how to dress, or what to eat and how to cook it.

Editor Johnny Wilson rejoices in his Seattle organ that the Alaska code is a law and that the National Administration has been vindicated from the slanders of its enemies that "powerful interests and especially huge corporations" were to have special privileges at Cape Nome this season. It is not probable that the President had anything to do with the Alaska bill, or that he is in special need of the vindication tendered him by the great Seattle editor.

The lowest number of locations said to have been made by one person was four, and the highest thirty. To such an extent was the power of attorney here abused, that more than 7000 acres of ground were located by fewer than fifty persons.

These claims were largely located by agents of the big Alaska corporations, or were afterwards acquired by them. Vast numbers were taken up by persons not citizens, who pretended to pass title to a great California speculator. The new law does nothing to defeat this great conspiracy.

Rev. E. N. Condit, who has just died at Walla Walla, was long one of the important educators of Oregon. He was of clean and noble life, rigid idealist and agreeable personality. He was intimately known by many young men and women of the Willamette Valley, whose good fortune it was to come under the influence of his example and training at Albany College.

Governor Steunenberg took measures to enforce the law and restore and preserve order among the murderous ruffians in the Couer d'Alene. He was denounced by Democratic demagogues everywhere, and that means every cheap Sulzer in the country. Now he is upheld by the Democratic party of his state. The matter is now up to Kansas City.

Senator Depew's defense in the ugly Hazel Judgship case is that the public could not expect a first-class lawyer to accept a \$2500 judicial position. We don't know about that. We do know that Depew did not recommend a first-class lawyer. Besides, the Judgship is worth \$6000.

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Kentucky gave her namesake a battle-shield a beautiful silver necklace, with nothing in it. This was not deliberate impotence. It was simply forgetfulness. There are Gold Democrats in this town who think they are still Democrats; but they are not helping make any Democratic platforms this year.

Editorial Note on the Alaska code and National Administration. The editor of the Seattle organ that the Alaska code is a law and that the National Administration has been vindicated from the slanders of its enemies that "powerful interests and especially huge corporations" were to have special privileges at Cape Nome this season.

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SLINGS AND ARROWS.

Tennyson's Posthumous Protest. The night was dark. The phosphorescent shade of the late A. Tennyson stole softly up the broad steps of Window Castle, filtered through the massive doors, and stood for a moment at the threshold of the library of her gracious majesty, the Queen.

There are many aspiring amateur actors in Portland who have not yet succeeded in finding a play to suit them. To these the following up-to-date modern drama is submitted, with the assurance that they will not be charged any royalty for using it.

Office of M. Ployer, bald-headed merchant. Enter Hole E. Fright, a whisky drummer.

Fright—Aha, judging from the fact that the room is empty, I would infer that there is no one in it. While I am doing nothing, I will sing a little song. (Comes forward to footlights, puts his left hand on his breast, and sings.)

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MASTERPIECES OF LITERATURE.

"The Vision of Mirza"—Joseph Addison

On the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bardat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer.

My heart melted away in secret raptures. I had been often told, that the rock before me was the haunt of a Genius; and that several had been entertained with music, who had passed by it, but never returned to us, or had been found made himself visible. When he had related his conversation, as I looked upon him, like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand, directed me to approach the place where he sat.

He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, "Cast thy eyes eastward," said he, "and tell me what thou seest." "I see," said I, "a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it."

As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers drooping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and upon further examination, perceived that the water was in fact, added to those of every arch.

My heart was filled with a deep melancholy, to see several drooping, unexpectedly, in the midst of their journey, and watching by everything that stood by them to save themselves.

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