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TODAY'S WEATHER—Threatening, with possibly light showers; winds mostly southerly.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, AUGUST 5.

THE NORTH CAROLINA PROCEEDING

The kernel of the suffrage amendment just adopted in North Carolina is in the following paragraph:

Every person presenting himself for registration shall be able to read and write any section of the Constitution, in the English language; and, before he shall be entitled to vote, he shall have paid on or before the first day of May, of the year in which he proposes to vote, his poll-tax for the previous year, as prescribed by article 5, section 1, of the Constitution. But no male person who was on January 1, 1867, or at any time prior thereto, entitled to vote under the laws of any state in the United States wherein he then resided, and no lineal descendant of any such person shall be denied the right to register and vote at any election in this state by reason of his failure to possess the educational qualification herein described, provided he shall have registered in accordance with the terms of this section prior to December 1, 1908.

This amendment, it will be seen, is devised expressly to disfranchise illiterate negroes and yet to protect illiterate whites. Of the latter, there are very large numbers in the state. And of course, since the administration of the law will be carried on in a partisan spirit, it will be easy for the officer of registration to decide that the negro cannot "read and write any section of the Constitution," in a satisfactory manner; or if his vote can be vouched for by a politician of the dominant party, he may pass for registration, though his power to read and write be of the lowest possible description. At the same time the illiterate white man may register, without question. This, of course, is not fair; but it will stand, even though, as ex-Senator Ransom (of North Carolina) says, "it makes dust of the fifteenth amendment."

The truth is, the fifteenth amendment is the most colossal political mistake ever made in the United States. In the states where the negroes are numerous it is now practically nullified. Experience has shown the nullification to be necessary. It is nothing less than a hideous doctrine that all persons have an equal right to participate in government, on equal terms, or that "self-government" or "consent of the governed" requires the acceptance or application of this doctrine. Our people have practically changed their opinions on this subject, since the fifteenth amendment was adopted; for, throughout the Northern states, scarcely a voice is now lifted against this wholesale disfranchisement of the negroes in the South. Again, nothing could be more inconsistent than the course of those who are denying the right of the negroes of our country to participation in the Government, and to control of the Government where they are a majority, and yet who utter a stream of mumbling cant about "consent of the governed" in the Philippine Islands—asserting at the same time that the Filipinos are unfit for liberty and self-government and therefore that, while we must not assert our sovereignty, we should maintain a "protectorate" over them.

Why should the "niggers" of the Philippine Islands have better right to "self-government" than the "niggers" of our Southern states? As a whole, those of the Philippines are far less fitted for it. Here is a problem which your Democratic anti-imperialist might "tackle," but he will not. The truth is, the doctrine of "consent of the governed," except perhaps as an ideal, and that unrealizable, is silly vapidity. The fittest must rule, will rule and ought to rule. Difference of race intensifies the principle, or the fact. Imperialism is the rule of those best fitted to rule, and the cry of "anti-imperialism," now heard so much, is an unmeaning jargon.

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.

A Walla Walla farmhand, having told his faithless wife he should be away from home all night, returned a few hours later, found her, as he had expected to find her, in bed with a guard from the neighboring penitentiary, shot the intruder through the heart, spoke a word of reproach to his wife, and left the house. Thus, in another sphere, we see re-enacted the Deacon-Abeille tragedy of years ago at Paris. There is no difference in the plot or the motives of the actors or the tragic denouement. The only variation is in the costumes worn and the settings of the stage.

So much of superstitious fancy is thrown about the actions of variant social groups that it may be worth while just to turn aside for a moment and note the identity of human passions in all the sundered walks of life. We hear a great deal about the immorality of Parisian society, but here is the identical temptation, sin and vengeance which once set the world awag at the evils of aristocratic circles. Down in Whitechapel exactly the same things are going on for which Captain Thomas, of New York, made his dramatic raid on the Tivoli, Thursday night, only in humbler clothing. The heir goes home drunk in his carriage and the hoodlum lies intoxicated in the gutter. The dice are loaded on the bar of the Sailor's Retreat, and in London's West End clubs the smoothest cheater wins at baccarat. In French novels you can find out a great deal about the immorality of Paris, but in the country paper must be found the story of incest with the wife's connivance. The knockout drops will perform for the Bowery tough the same service that the poisoned pin of the badge of honor used to render, and perhaps does yet, at St. Petersburg.

Get rid of the idea, if you have it, that vice and crime, or contentment and misery, are creatures of attire, or the neighborhood, or the latest session laws. The error has been well exploited by Shakespeare, by Thackeray, by Emerson. Rich and poor, the Lord is the maker of them all. And the pattern, in the main lines of elemental passions, is little varied. What we have we estimate as of no account. What we have not we crave. The prison guard is as welcome to the farmhand's wife as the courtly Abeille was to the equally tempted Mrs. Deacon. And he sleeps just as soundly. We shall see if there is any difference in the treatment given the avenging husband.

"FREE" EDUCATION.

In his interesting annual report, printed yesterday, County Superintendent Armstrong inveighs almost spiritedly against state aid to higher education. He has nothing against the benefaction, per se, but he resents its apparent injury to the primary schools. "If money cannot be appropriated for both," he says, "common schools should be given the preference over those of advanced grade. The school system of the state is already top-heavy. The remedy for this undesirable condition is plain and simple—divert money from secondary schools to the elementary."

It is difficult to see how such a position is successfully to be maintained. The major premise understood is that public policy is more concerned in primary education than in higher education—a doctrine that is popular, but far from established. Education used to be conceived as the sole and adequate equipment of citizenship. The theory is that the state in its own defense must make its subjects wise, or they will be its ultimate undoing. Experience has called the doctrine into grave question. We have seen, as the old Virginia annalist puts it, that education enables many a man "to err very learnedly," and invariably "makes the fool more abundantly foolish." A good man is a better man for his education, but a bad man is worse.

Through our American public school system we have raised up a tribe of creatures who threaten the safety of our institutions with a smattering of knowledge. The assailants of peace and honor, sound economics and honest finance, are not the ignorant so much as the immature scholar. We are threatened with confusion from the half educated. Every man that can read is an original thinker. Every man that can write is a publicist with a party, a philosopher with a school. The man to reach the reading and writing masses must not know so much of history or economics or human nature as to be careful of his assertions, or thorough in his thinking or honest in his views. He must know no more than to be plausible, he must not have too great insight into truth to be specious in flattery and superficial in reasoning. What show would Burke or Mill stand for the Senate as against Mason or Depew? Who would flock to Goethe or Bacon, so he might listen to Bryan and "Coin" Harvey, or Coxey and Sovereign, or Altgeld and Tillman, or Wolcott and Web Davis?

It is open to doubt whether we need many more semi-educated worse than we need a few more thoroughly educated. The country needs men who have learned the lessons of history, as applicable to government, and who have the force to compel obedience to those lessons. It is an end beyond the reach of primary or secondary schools, private or public.

Men are coming to see that education is nothing more or less than a part of the individual's equipment for the battle of life, and on the same basis as regards the duty of society on which any other artificial endowment rests. Mr. Herbert Spencer, who has pointed us to the higher education as our only bulwark against socialism, has also shown us the communistic nature of the public school. Theoretically Superintendent Armstrong is wrong. Practically, it is necessary to agree with him, in order that the diversion of taxes to the delectation of the individual may be kept at the lowest point possible.

CAVALRY IN FUTURE WARS.

It has been a common prediction that modern firearms would make cavalry useless in war. But it does not prove true. It does not follow that because a direct cavalry charge cannot now succeed, as formerly, cavalry therefore will be superseded as a military arm. On the contrary, cavalry, under the conditions of modern warfare, becomes more necessary than ever. The mobility of a force is the chief factor in war.

Modern arms, it was said, are so far-reaching and destructive, and bodies of cavalry so big a target, that such bodies would be cut to pieces before they could ever reach their enemy. But the direct assault is not the purpose for which cavalry is to be employed. The quick movement, beyond the infantry, the long circuit and sudden attack on some vulnerable point, can be effected only by cavalry. The Boers won so long as they had this advantage over the British; the British won so soon as they formed a cavalry that gave their forces the necessary mobility. There could be no relief for Kimberley or for Mafeking, till the "dash" could be made by mounted men.

A military critic in the London National Review for July says the British might have learned from the American Civil War the lesson necessary for success in South Africa, without having to reach it through an actual experience. The cardinal problem of this war, he says, was how to deal with an enemy whose whole force consisted of some 40,000 to 60,000 very mobile mounted infantry. "There is no modern war," he continues, "in which masses of mounted infantry had been used, save the great struggle of the Federals and Confederates in 1861-65. The campaigns which our professional advisers should have been studying last Autumn—when they had to arrange for the checking of the Boer invaders of Natal and Cape Colony—were those of the great leaders of mounted infantry across the Atlantic, such as J. E B. Stuart, Forrest and Morgan. None of these officers ever had more than 10,000 men concentrated on a single spot for a single stroke; yet when one reads of the astounding forced marches of the Confederate Generals, of the way in which they rode completely round their enemy's army, cutting communications, capturing wagon trains, breaking railways and capturing isolated bodies of men, one is filled with a sense of deep thankfulness that the burghers sat down to conduct sieges."

Our military writers, especially those of the Confederate states, fairly show that the South never begun really to fail till the Northern military authorities had organized large bodies of cavalry, to raid the country, destroy the gathered crops and other supplies, burn mills and barns and agricultural implements, cut lines of communication and harass the people remote from the main armies. This wore the South out. Again, as the Federal armies penetrated further and further into the South, the supply of horses for the Confederate cavalry ran short, and the advantage of mobility turned in favor of the Northern arms.

Cavalry will be used no more in war as Napoleon used it; but, instead of being superseded, it becomes more necessary than ever. Modern firearms render front attacks on chosen positions next to impossible. This the British found to their cost in South Africa. But so soon as they had obtained a cavalry force and were able to make circuits around the positions taken by the Boers, the latter at once withdrew. Thus the beleaguered British garrisons were relieved and the Boers were turned out of every position, from their frontiers to Pretoria.

Use of cavalry from this time is certain to receive more attention in war than it ever had before. This result, not abandonment of cavalry, is to be a consequence of the improvement of the effectiveness of firearms.

THE ROMANCE OF DISCOVERY.

On Thursday last the Marquette monument meeting was held on the parade grounds at old Fort Mackinaw. About two thousand persons were present. The Marquette Monument Association is not sectarian in its composition, for its president is Franklin MacVeagh, an eminent citizen of Chicago, and its membership includes General John C. Black, Pension Commissioner during Cleveland's first term, and other American non-Catholics. The memory of the great Jesuit missionary and discoverer is worthily honored, because he was a man of humane and gentle spirit, who lived a pure and heroic life. Father Marquette belongs to humanity and to history, a beautiful man, an adventurous voyager at once of religious and romantic spirit. Father Marquette and his companion voyager, Joliet, were Jesuits who fitly represented the heroic virtues of Loyola, the great founder of that famous order. Loyola had been a gallant Spanish soldier in his youth, but wounds had made him a cripple for life. A man of passionate, imaginative mind, of morbid intensity and energy of temper, he rose from his bed of sickness, resolved that since he could no longer be a soldier of the world, he would be the soldier and knight-errant of the cross of Christ.

The spirit of a religious enthusiast and the soul of heroic chivalry were mingled in Loyola, who in the great Catholic reaction bore the same part that Luther bore in the great Protestant movement. A man of vehemence, a man of policy, a man of exact discipline, a man of self-denial, superior to the dearest private ties, a man of intense and stubborn devotion to a single end, a man of dauntless courage, Loyola taught the great order which he founded how to fight the battle of their church, and the history of that order is the history of the great Catholic reaction, and in the spirit of their founder the great order soon went forth conquering and to conquer. The Jesuits crossed oceans and deserts, faced hunger and pestilence, dungeons, racks and gibbets. They invaded all the countries which the great maritime discoveries of the sixteenth century had laid open to European enterprise. They were found in the mines of Peru, at the slave marts of Africa, in the Philippines, in the heart of China. The leaders of this great order included many men not inferior in sincerity, constancy, courage and austerity of life to the apostles of the Reformation, and their evangelists overspread the world, eager to expend every drop of their blood in the cause of their church.

Of this great order Father Marquette was the pupil, the faithful servant and heroic apostle from seventeen until he died at the foot of an humble altar in the lonely wilderness of Michigan at the early age of thirty-eight, prematurely worn out by the physical hardships of his patient yet passionate service of his order and its church. It was because he was the child of this remarkable order that the gentle, poetic-minded Marquette became not only a great missionary, but a great discoverer. Left to his own natural ambition and tastes, such a man would have been the faithful cure of a quiet village in France, or had he turned to literature, he would have written in the spirit and style of the humane, spiritual-minded Fenelon. But he was a soldier of the order of Jesus. The order sent him to Canada, and in his heroic ambition to become a great and successful missionary he became an adventurous voyager, who, protected only by his religious garb and mission, made that wonderful water journey through the Ottawa and St. Lawrence Rivers and through the Great Lakes, which, as recited in the eloquent pages of Parkman, is the romance of discovery in North America.

The discoveries of De Soto, of Cortez, of Ponce de Leon, were the work of armed soldiers, whose purpose was as worldly as that of Pizarro; for the Spanish soldier in North America was nothing but an insatiable, ferocious gold-hunter. The Englishmen who settled Jamestown and the Puritans who settled New England were first of all traders; their passion for discovery was limited by "souls curbed in a sixpence" compared with the spirit of Marquette and his fellow Jesuits. The Englishmen, neither in New England nor in Virginia, were missionaries to Indians and martyrs like the Jesuits Lallemet and De Brebeuf among the Iroquois, or missionaries and discoverers like Marquette and Joliet. The Englishmen in North America had no use for the Indians except when they wanted to buy their furs or steal their land. For the body of the Indian in this world or his soul in the next world the Englishmen who settled North America from Casco Bay to the mouth of the Savannah felt not the slightest concern; the Indian must treat or trade or travel. But to Marquette every Indian convert was another soldier of Christ; another soul rescued from perdition and fitted for paradise. And so, taking his life in his hand, this heroic Jesuit missionary visited every Indian tribe between Montreal and the Mississippi. Something about him won the affection or imposed on the superstition of the savages, for they not only never insulted or injured him, but treated him with absolute affection and reverence. Of course, he was fortunate in not meeting the Iroquois, who would have murdered him at once, not because he was a Christian, but because he was a Frenchman.

The story of this gentle-hearted, heroic-minded missionary traveling from Montreal to Lake Superior, from Lake Superior to the Mississippi, protected by nothing but his unarmed personality, is in striking contrast with the story of English settlement of North America. The French carried their flag from New Orleans to Minneapolis; from Montreal to Lake Superior; from Lake Superior to the prairies of Illinois and Indiana, within a comparatively few years, but the Englishman, from the day he landed at Plymouth Rock and at Jamestown, never extended the dominion of his flag in the spirit of discovery. He was purely a man of business and a home-maker. He was ready to extend his boundaries only when furs became scarce and fertile farms dear. This difference was due something to the fact that he was not a romantic Frenchman, but it was due far more to the fact that the romantic Frenchman was a devout Catholic, whose priests were ardent Jesuits eager for discovery, not merely to enlarge their worldly empire, but to convert heathens to Christianity and multiply the soldiers of Christ.

If the report that the Chinese Government has given notice that any attempt of the allies to march on Pekin will be followed by the murder of the foreign Legations is true, it will be treated with contempt. The Ministers, so far as we know, are not yet prisoners, and are not likely to surrender to a government that proposes to murder them if their friends advance to their relief. The Ministers can probably hold out until relief arrives, but at all events it is their best chance of safety, for a government that threatens to treat them as hostages is entirely capable of murdering them or turning them over to the tender mercies of the mob. To die fighting is not worse than a cruel death at the hands of a treacherous government or a brutal mob. The probabilities are, however, that the government at Pekin is only "playing a bluff," for it knows that ultimately the murder of the Legations would be most terribly punished. The government knows that the members of the Legation living might be both willing and able to plead with their governments for leniency, but that their murder would never be forgiven. The murder of the Legations would mean the ultimate destruction of Pekin and the execution of every member of the government responsible for their death. The only effect of the threat to murder the foreign Ministers is to confirm the conviction that the Pekin Government is acting with characteristic Oriental duplicity, and is really the architect and engineer of the insurrection.

David Starr Jordan, opposing retention of the Philippine Islands, says: "If we admit as citizens any number of millions of people that are not ready for liberty; if we admit them with all the degradation which they must bring into our politics, we must take the consequences." We shall not admit the Filipinos as citizens, to participate in government, further than we think proper and safe; but shall hold them down, for their own good and for the common good, as the South holds down the negro. There is no more danger of our "degradation" from the one proceeding than from the other. President Jordan says we "must not be respecters of persons." But we are, always have been. And we always must be, if we are not to lose civilization. The basis of the Bryan party is subordination of the negro. What hypocrisy in that party to exclaim against subordination of the Filipino nigger! There are about eight millions of each sort, but the American negro is by far the fitter for participation in government.

General James H. Wilson, who is now on his way to China to report to Major-General Chaffee at Tien Tsin, spent a year in China in 1885-86, and is the only general officer in the United States Army who is familiar with the country where the coming military operations will take place. He knows Pekin, and has traveled six times by night on horseback from that city to Tien Tsin, and has ridden twice by the road from Taku to Tien Tsin. In China he studied the people and the customs, knows all the leading Chinese statesmen, and is personally familiar with their military organization. General Wilson wrote a book called "China and Glimpses of Japan" as a result of his first visit to the Flowery Kingdom.

Arkansas has a political sensation. The Democratic State Central Committee invited ex-Governor William M. Fishback to canvass the state. He refuses, in an open letter, in which he intimates his belief that Jeff Davis, now Attorney-General and nominee of the Democrats for Governor, has been improperly influenced by trusts to drop suits against them. Republicans get as much satisfaction from his letter as Bryanites do from Tom Reed's neglect to answer the Republican National Committee's request to him to make some speeches in Maine.

Europe's urgent needs for gold postpone the day predicted by currency visionaries when the yellow metal must be demonetized on account of its abundance. London's bank reserves are falling, and discount rates stiffening. The least visible surplus of gold here is sure to be scrambled for by England, Germany, France and Russia. There is gold enough, and the effort to prove it too scarce is apparently no more unsuccessful than the one to prove it too abundant.

The German critics have been obliged finally to come around in support of Secretary Hay's policy. Not that they relish it, but there comes a time when even the German sense of humor asserts itself. The keenest sufferers are the Aunties. How galling it must be to find foreign and almost hostile nations uniting in praise of the acts of an Administration whose every act they are bound to denounce as subversive of our liberties!

Representative Dolliver, of Iowa, and Jerry Simpson, of Kansas, are to hold a political debate August 9 at Shelbyville, Ill. It may not prove of much value in swaying the judgment of voters on the matters before the country, but it ought to be highly interesting as a display of oratorical fireworks.

New Jersey's decision to prosecute its anarchist conspirators if evidence of guilt appears reflects credit upon its administration. But it puts in ridiculous light the first brandishing of technicalities.

SLINGS AND ARROWS.

Maud Muller Again.

Maud Muller on a Summer's day
Got sick of raking up the hay.

And togging out in bright array,
For Paris gayly sailed away.

While papa hooked the crop of hay
That Maud's expenses he might pay,

She stayed three weeks in Paris gay,
And came back feeling dead blase.

And when the Judge she met one day
She asked him: "Parlez vous Francais?"

The Judge in English said, "Nay, nay";
And in disgust Maud turned away.

She sized the Judge up for a jay,
Because he couldn't talk that way.

The Judge thought Maud had got too gay,
And so did not propose that day.

Thus Maud's one prospect soared away,
And now she's back at raking hay.

The moral of this simple lay,
Requires but few words to say,

Just stick to English, come what may,
Or you'll be in the consomme.

In the Weather Office.

"You always stand pretty high, don't you?" inquired the thermometer.

"Yes," said the barometer, "but I have my ups and downs. How do you keep up so well?"

"Oh, that's easy," replied the thermometer. "You see, I got some high degrees when I was graduated."

Hear to Heart With Kwang Hsu.

We're afraid that your Minister Wu
Kwang Hsu
Isn't telling us all that is true
Of you,
He's keeping us guessing
By things he's suppressing—
A course which is not going to do,
Kwang Hsu,
Which is piling up trouble for you.

We're afraid that the Boxers and you,
Kwang Hsu,
And our smooth friend in Washington, too—
That's Wu—
Are birds of one feather,
And flocking together,
To do all the harm you can do,
Kwang Hsu,
And there's trouble ahead for your crew.

If you'd like to hang on to your queue,
Kwang Hsu,
And the headpiece that goes with it too,
Tell Wu
To give information
On this situation,
That schoolboys can't see isn't true,
Kwang Hsu,
Just send those instructions to Wu.

A-Playin' Goff.

The following was received from a rural contributor, and indicates that the people of his vicinity are becoming up to date:

There's a cur'us race o' people down behind the pastur' lot,
An' we can't make out exactly if they're clean gone daft or not.
Every day we see 'em down there, cuttin' up the queerest jinks,
On a piece o' rolling meddar which is called by them "the links."
All they do is santer easy, talkin' now an' then a crack
At a ball with sticks that's carried by a youngster in a sack.
Once I askod a feller down there if he wasn't kind o' off,
An' he said he guessed not hardly, that he jest was playin' goff.

It would make you smile to tell you how these these funny folks is dressed,
Wear knee pants and big thick stockins, little coats an' nary vest.
Folks down here believe they fancy that they're playin' at a game,
But there ain't no game about it that is worthy o' the name.
All they do is wander slowly, like men jest about to drop,
An' they never walk a minute 'fore they turn around an' stop;
But of course we don't disturb 'em; tain't fur us to mock or scoff,
At the poor unhappy fellers—let 'em play their harmless goff.

But the strangest thing about 'em is the lingo that they speak,
Some of us believe it's Indian, while there's others think it's Greek.
Words like "loftin'," "tee" an' "foozle," "bunker," an' such things as that,
They talk off right smooth an' easy, jest as if they had 'em pat.
My boy packs the goff sticks fur 'em, an' hears everything they say,
But he never understands 'em when they talk that funny way.
'Course they may be all well balanced, but they seem a little off,
Fur it looks as if a sane man wouldn't be a-playin' goff.

Came by It Honestly.

Englishman, proudly—I can trace my ancestry back to William the Conqueror.

Shanghai War Correspondent—That's nothing. I can trace mine back to Ananias.

August.

Gettin' kind of hazy,
'Round the edges of the sky,
Trees is kind o' dusty
An' the grass is gettin' dry;
Birds has quit their singin',
An' the cricks is runnin' low,
Flowers is a-fadin'
In the pasture down below.
Nature's gettin' thirsty
Fur a cool, refreshin' rain,
Streams an' hills an' meadows
Say that August's here again.

J. J. MONTAGUE.

Belief in a Future State.

PORTLAND, Aug. 4.—(To the Editor.)—The writer has frequently heard the statement made, not only in conversation, but from the pulpit, that all races of men have a religion of some kind, and that all peoples believe in a future state, or life after death. On the other hand, a correspondent in your paper some time ago stated that many races have no conception of a Creator or Supreme Being or of life after death.

I have anxiously waited to see the subject more thoroughly discussed, but have been disappointed. In view of this "conflict of authorities," will not some of the erudite furnish your readers with the facts? G. S. WHITE.

The subject is the largest in the history of the human race, and the literature of the subject is immense. The whole space in this issue of The Oregonian would be inadequate for a catalogue of a tenth part of the literature. Start with Tylor's "Primitive Culture"—two volumes—Williams & Norgate, London.

The Increasing Use of Metal.

Cassier's Magazine.

In the United States steel cars are being substituted for wooden ones on railways, and to this one new departure a goodly share of steel industry activity is ascribed. The various uses to which electricity has been applied in late years, the water supply of cities, and all kinds of engineering enterprises, have also greatly increased the demand for iron and steel in all countries; and, lastly, a new era in railway-building has commenced in Russia, the United States and some other countries, the great Siberian enterprises of Russia alone calling for immense quantities of railway material.

A World-Sermon.

Atlanta Constitution.

I reckon de Lawd is a-runnin' de sky,
En he know w'en ter bind en deliver;
W'enever dey starts in ter prayin' fer dry,
Down come de rain' lak' a river!

En w'enever dey prayin' de loudes' fer rain—
W'en dey never a cloud up on high—
De sun shine so hot on de hill en de plain
Hit des cracks de worl' en de sky!

Don't take me ez sayin' dat prayin' ain't right
(De bes' er de people hez done it),
But de Lawd made de worl', wid its green en its bright,
En I reckon he knows how ter run it!

AN OREGON POEM BY BURROUGHS

When John Burroughs was in Portland a year ago, on his way from Alaska with the Harriman expedition, it was whispered about that he had written a poem on our Oregon robin. Naturally our curiosity was somewhat piqued to know just what he was going to say to the world about our Western songster, who, truth to tell, must seem a bit shy and unsociable to those who are familiar with the good comradery of his Yankee prototype. He is rather a sad fellow, with a plaintive, unfinished song of five or six notes, regularly descending in a dirge-like minor key, and is distinguished from the common American robin by the black collar he wears about the neck, the orange wing markings and the habit of perching on a tree in somber silence. So perhaps Mr. Burroughs—who, after all, could not be unkind if he tried—is not to blame for presenting our feathered friend in rather an unflattering light. But there must have been some sort of fascination about him to have inspired the genial verses that are now published for the first time in the August Century.

Mr. Burroughs made his acquaintance with the shy creature on Kadiak Island, along the coast of Alaska; for our robin leaves Oregon on a long journey northward each year in May, and does not return till October. Here are the attractive scenes amid which he disports himself—in his own sad and gloomy fashion—when away from home on his Summer vacation:

"We all climbed the mighty emerald billow that rose from the rear of the village, some of us repeatedly," writes Mr.

The "Varied Thrush," or Oregon Robin.

Burroughs. From the ship it looked as smooth as a meadow, but the climber soon found himself knee-deep in ferns, grasses, and a score of flowering plants, and now and then pushing through a patch of alders as high as his head. He could not go far before his hands would be full of flowers, blue predominating. The wild geranium here is light blue, and it tinged the slopes as daisies and buttercups do at home. Near the summit there were patches of most exquisite forget-me-nots, of a pure, delicate blue, with a yellow center.

"They grew to the height of a foot, and a handful of them looked like something just caught out of the sky above. Here, too, were a small, delicate lady's-slipper, pale yellow striped with maroon, and a pretty dwarf rhododendron, its large purple flower sitting upon the moss and lichen. The climber also waded through patches of lupine, and put his feet upon bluebells, Jacob's Ladder, iris, saxifrage, cariopes, and many others. The songbirds that attracted our notice were the golden-crowned sparrow and the little hermit-thrush. The golden-crown had a peculiarly piercing, plaintive song, very simple but very appealing. There were only three notes, but they were from out the depths of the bird's soul. In them was all the burden of the mystery and pathos of life.

"In the spruce groves to the north, opened up by the old grassy road, besides the birds named, one heard the purple grosbeak, the gray-cheeked thrush, and the weird strain of the Oregon robin. This last bird was very shy, and hard to get a view of. I reclined for two hours one day upon the deep, dry moss, under the spruces, waiting for the singer to reveal himself. When seen, he looks like our robin in a holiday suit. His song was a long, tapering note or whistle, at times with a peculiar tolling effect.

TO THE OREGON ROBIN IN ALASKA.

O varied thrush! O robin strange!
Behold my mute surprise.
Thy form and flight I long have known,
But not this new disguise.

I do not know thy slaty coat,
Nor vest with darker zone;
I'm puzzled by thy recluse ways
And song in monotone.

I left thee 'mid my orchard's bloom
When May had crowned the year;
Thy nest was on the apple bough,
Where rose thy carol clear.

Thou lurest now through fragrant shades,
Where hoary spruces grow;
Where floor of moss infolds the foot,
Like depths of fallen snow.

Loquacious ravens clack and croak,
Nor heed me in my quest;
The purple grosbeaks perch and sing
Upon the cedar's crest.

But thou art doomed to shun the day,
A captive of the shade;
I only catch thy stealthy flight
Athwart the forest glade.

Thy voice is like a hermit's reed
That solitude beguiles;
Again 'tis like a silver bell
Adrift in forest aisles.

Throw off, throw off this masquerade
And don thy ruddy vest,
And let me find thee, as of old,
Beside thy orchard nest.

It must be conceded that Mr. Burroughs has treated our Oregon robin with all the gentle grace and courtesy that was possible under the circumstances. But we cannot refrain from wishing that he had remained with us long enough to see some of the grand and beautiful things of nature upon which we really pride ourselves—our fir forests, our river crags, our mountain peaks, and mossy, fern-clad waterfalls and tangles of vine-maple and starry dogwood. We have never boasted of our native songbirds. With some abasement, we are obliged to confess that we are represented chiefly by the fierce, uncanny birds of prey, those ghouls of the feathered world—the hawk, the buzzard, the eagle. But at least it must be granted that we have a proper sense of our own deficiencies. Have we not imported a whole colony of songbirds from Germany? GERTRUDE METCALFE.

John W. and Edward R. Geary.

This item has appeared in several newspapers, including The Oregonian:

John W. Geary, the last Alcalde and the first Mayor of San Francisco, has been invited to take part in California's semi-centennial celebration of its admission day.

John W. Geary, who was a Major-General in the Civil War and afterwards Governor of Pennsylvania, died in 1873. Is it possible that San Francisco's invitation committee was not aware of his death? He was a brother of Edward R. Geary, of Oregon. They were natives of Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania. John W. came to California in 1849; Edward R. to Oregon in 1851.

The Greatest Sonnet.

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He, returning chide,
"Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best. His state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."
—Milton.

MASTERPIECES OF LITERATURE

XXV.

Emerson in His Happiest Form.

The Problem.

I like a church; I like a cowl;
I love a prophet of the soul;
And on my heart monastic aisles
Fall like sweet strains, or pensive smiles
Yet not for all his faith can see
Would I that cowled churchman be.

Why should the vest on him allure,
Which I could not on me endure?
Not from a vain or shallow thought
His awful Jove young Phidias brought;
Never from lips of cunning fell
The thrilling Delphic oracle;
Out from the heart of nature rolled
The burdens of the Bible old;
The litanies of nations came,
Like the volcano's tongue of flame,
Up from the burning core below,—
The canticles of love and woe;
The hand that rounded Peter's dome
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome
Wrought in a sad sincerity;
Himself from God he could not free;
He builded better than he knew;—
The conscious stone to beauty grew.

Know'st thou what wove yon woodbird's nest
Of leaves, and feathers from her breast?
Or how the fish outbuilt her shell,
Painting with morn each annual cell?
Or how the sacred pine-tree adds
To her old leaves new myriads?
Such and so grew these holy piles,
Whilst love and terror laid the tiles.
Earth proudly wears the Parthenon,
As the best gem upon her zone,
And Morning opes with haste her lids
To gaze upon the Pyramids;
O'er England's abbeys bends the sky,
As on its friends, with kindred eye;
For out of Thought's interior sphere
These wonders rose to upper air;
And Nature gladly gave them place,
Adopted them into her race,
And granted them an equal date
With Andes and with Ararat.

These temples grew as grows the grass;
Art might obey, but not surpass.
The passive Master lent his hand
To the vast soul that o'er him planned;
And the same power that reared the shrine
Bestrode the tribes that knelt within.
Ever the fiery Pentecost
Girds with one flame the countless host,
Trances the heart through chanting choirs,
And through the priest the mind inspires.
The word unto the prophet spoken
Was writ on tables yet unbroken;
The word by seers or sibyls told,
In groves of oak, or fanes of gold,
Still floats upon the morning wind,
Still whispers to the willing mind.
One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world hath never lost.
I know what say the fathers wise,—
The Book itself before me lies,
Old Chrysostom, best Augustine,
And he who blent both in his line,
The younger Golden Lips or mines,
Taylor, the Shakespeare of divines.
His words are music in my ear,
I see his cowled portrait dear;
And yet, for all his faith could see,
I would not the good bishop be.

Each and All.

Little thinks, in the field, you red-cloaked clown
Of thee from the hilltop looking down;
The heifer that lows in the upland farm,
Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm;
The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,
Deems not that great Napoleon
Stops his horse, and lists with delight,
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine heights;
Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.

All are needed by each one;
Nothing is fair or good alone.
I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough;
I brought him home, in his nest, at even;
He sings the song, but it cheers not now,
For I did not bring home the river and sky;—
He sang to my ear,—they sang to my eye.
The delicate shells lay on the shore;
The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave,
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I wiped away the weeds and foam,
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore
With the sun and the sand and the wild uproar.

The lover watched his graceful maid,
As 'mid the virgin train she strayed,
Nor knew her beauty's best attire
Was woven still by the snow-white choir.
At last she came to his hermitage,
Like the bird from the woodlands to the cage;—
The gay enchantment was undone,
A gentle wife, but fairy none.

Then I said, "I covet truth;
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat;
I leave it behind with the games of youth."—
As I spoke, beneath my feet
The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,
Running over the club-moss burrs;
I inhaled the violet's breath;
Around me stood the oaks and firs;
Pine-cones and acorns lay on the ground;
Over me soared the eternal sky,
Full of light and of deity;
Again I saw, again I heard,
The rolling river, the morning bird;—
Beauty through my senses stole;
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

Concord Hymn.

(Sung at the completion of the Battle Monument, April 19, 1836.)

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set today a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

Brahma.

If the red slayer think he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Far or forgot to me is near;
Shadow and sunlight are the same;
The vanished gods to me appear;
And one to me are shame and fame.

They reckon ill who leave me out;
When me they fly, I am the wings;
I am the doubter and the doubt,
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.

The strong gods pine for my abode,
And pine in vain the sacred Seven;
But thou, meek lover of the good,
Find me, and turn thy back on heaven.

Friendship.

A ruddy drop of manly blood
The surging sea outweighs,
The world uncertain comes and goes;
The lover rooted stays.

I fancied he was fled,—
And, after many a year,
Glowed unexhausted kindliness,
Like daily sunrise there.

My careful heart was free again,
O friend, my bosom said,
Through thee alone the sky is arched,
Through thee the rose is red;

All things through thee take nobler form,
And look beyond the earth,
The mill-round of our fate appears
A sun-path in thy worth.

Me too thy nobleness has taught
To master my despair;
The fountains of my hidden life
Are through thy friendship fair.