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TODAY'S WEATHER.—Fair, northwesterly winds.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 30

Unmistakable signs, both in Oregon and Washington, point to a deepening sense of party responsibility among members of the Legislature. At Olympia, Democrats have met to discuss policies upon which the party can safely unite, and in Oregon the most notable feature of the Senatorial campaign is a earnest and for the most part a good-tempered discussion of the party caucus.

Dr. D. K. Pearsons, the Chicago philanthropist, gave himself a good Christmas by announcing a new batch of college bequests to amount to \$30,000. One would hate to have to decide which are of the greater merit, the benevolence of Dr. Pearsons or those of Mr. Rockefeller. They are castly classified—Mr. Rockefeller gives in large blocks to a great university. Dr. Pearsons spreads his benefactions out over a multitude of country colleges. Either end is a noble position that this question, as well as the question of how the vote should be taken, should be decided by the judgment of the members themselves. It is a position that does him credit, and we have little doubt that Senator McBride will, if asked, express substantially the same sentiment.

Actual candidates of his party bids fair to receive a decided check in the quarters where example will be contagious. It seems futile to look towards Croker and Hill in New York, or the intellectual paralysis of the south, to get the party back on same grounds. New York is for Bryan and the gold standard; the Rocky Mountain States are for Bryan and expansion, and the South is for Bryan and consent of the governed; so that if anybody is to rally with sanity, it would seem to be the great Middle West, which has apparently become the controlling factor in National politics. It is true that Tammany and the South are for Democracy and foolishness; but they would be just as rampant and unreasoning for Democracy and sense; they would shout just as lustily for Cleveland, Olney or Carlisle as they do for Bryan. Therefore the main line of difference which Tammany or the South thinks on any public question. They are heart and soul for whatever the Democratic platform says. This has been the source of timidity in the Northwest, but it need be so no longer. The same group of states, centering at Chicago, that forced "gold" into the St. Louis platform in 1892 and stood against national liberty looked far distant in 1891 to those who believed in the largest political freedom for the greatest number. On the night of Napoleon's final defeat at Waterloo it could not be said it was a victory for the rights of the people, for it remitted France to the stretched rule of the Bourbons, Spain to the brutal tyranny of a worthless King, Italy to the oppression of Austria, and Poland to the domination of Russia. Surely Waterloo, which substituted for the enlightened despotism of Napoleon the narrow-minded, ignorant tyranny of the cruel and cowardly sovereigns of Europe, who for nearly twenty years had been groping about their fallen thrones feeling for their lost freedom, did not promise much for the enlargement of popular freedom. Even in England, the best country in Europe, representative government at the dawn of this century was but a name. Great cities, like Manchester, sent not a member to Parliament, while scores of represented places had only fifty electors, and some had only three or four. The franchise was so carefully restricted that the wealthy classes until after the passage of the great reform bill of 1832 the masses had small voice in public affairs. Jews were subjected to civil disabilities, and up to 1829 Catholics in Ireland could not own land, hold any office, be returned to Parliament or enjoy any of the civic rights of other men of the same station. Nonconformists in England were social outcasts, and Deists like Paley and Unitarians like Priestley were equally reviled and hated for advocating a creed that now is not only tolerated, but respectfully treated, both in England and America.

The year 1837 saw the extinction of human slavery in the West Indies; two years later saw the grant of home rule to rebellious Canada; the corn laws were repealed in 1846; the use of female and child labor in coal mines was prohibited; the Jews were relieved from the last of their civic disabilities, including the ancient test oath. In 1847 the Irish Church was disestablished; in 1848 the conditions of peasant land tenure in Ireland have been steadily improved; the rights of labor have been greatly enlarged. The century was a third past before the government ceased hanging men, women and children for petty thefts, and not until about 1840 were the whole bodies restricted to murder. Imprisonment for debt, sometimes for life, lasted well into the second half of the century. The treatment of the insane was not less barbarous, for lunatics were chained to the floor of noisome cells or confined in iron cages. In England at the beginning of our century all men except the rich and the nobles were liable to seizure at night in the seaport towns by the press gang, dragged on board a man-of-war, and sent away to fight the crew. There were no free schools in England, and even in America they were of a rudimentary character. The first visitation of the cholera in 1832 owed its extraordinary fatality to the fact that sources of water supply in great cities included public pumps and common wells, from whose contaminated water infection spread through the city. Portland, built in the sixties, was a wilderness, has today a system of water works, sewerage and lighting superior to the best of these conveniences enjoyed by the great cities of the world 100 years ago.

When we remember that constitutional freedom is today enjoyed by united Italy, by Hungary, by imperial Germany, by France, by every country in Europe save Russia, when we remember that human emancipation has been served before America, and that the slave; when we remember the increased humanity of surgical skill and hospital care; when we remember the increased comfort and swiftness of travel; the increased cheapness of the necessities of life, the vast improvement in the sobriety and decency of the popular manners and habits, we may not deny the peculiar glory of the nineteenth century, the fact that it has been emphatically the people's century. The industrial era that creates comfortable and cheap dwellings for the decent and hard-working poor, drains cities, cleans streets, keeps out disease, restores the lame, illuminates the ignorant, converts the cruel to the gospel of humane life, beats down the doors of bigotry, enlarges the domain of the greatest good for the greatest number, the peculiar faith and practice of the last half of the nineteenth century. The advance in the comforts of the people, in the purchasing power of their wages, in their houses, surroundings, opportunities, educational and social and spiritual, has been the marked feature of the century. The world is happier and better than it has ever been, because the slow but steady trend of the nineteenth century has been to recognize popular liberty as a right, not as a favor; humane legislation as a duty in behalf of those whose weakness appeals for protection.

The glory of the nineteenth century is that it stands for greatly enlarged civil liberty and religious toleration, for the wide diffusion of popular education, the abatement of unjust laws, the purification of corrupt politics, the amelioration of poverty and extinction of disease, for increased sobriety and purity of life and manners, for increased popular happiness and social comfort due to better wages and more just and humane relations between employer and employed. In the matter of scientific discovery, the latter century to the abatement of the appetites and increase of the felicity of human existence, the nineteenth century is the most blessed period of human history. Far

feeling of seriousness and amity that seems to pervade the members of the Legislature. The demand for good work has never been so noticeable. Surely, with all its other plans the Legislature will find opportunity to do something to perfect the educational system of the state. Oregon ought to establish a name for herself in school annals, like that of Nebraska, or Wisconsin, or Michigan.

THE REQUEST OF THE CENTURY.

The request of the expiring century is various, but the supreme final test of its accumulations is, What have they done for man? How is it with man? On the whole, from the standpoint of the wide and most searching view, is man in the mass wiser, happier, holier, than he was when the chimes of midnight tolled forth their last alarm for the eighteenth century? With the beginning of this century the experiment of democracy in Europe had crossed literally a Red Sea of blood in France, only to be supplanted by the enlightened despotism of Napoleon, the victor of Marngo. The promised land of constitutional liberty looked far distant in 1801 to those who believed in the largest political freedom for the greatest number. On the night of Napoleon's final defeat at Waterloo it could not be said it was a victory for the rights of the people, for it remitted France to the stretched rule of the Bourbons, Spain to the brutal tyranny of a worthless King, Italy to the oppression of Austria, and Poland to the domination of Russia. Surely Waterloo, which substituted for the enlightened despotism of Napoleon the narrow-minded, ignorant tyranny of the cruel and cowardly sovereigns of Europe, who for nearly twenty years had been groping about their fallen thrones feeling for their lost freedom, did not promise much for the enlargement of popular freedom. Even in England, the best country in Europe, representative government at the dawn of this century was but a name. Great cities, like Manchester, sent not a member to Parliament, while scores of represented places had only fifty electors, and some had only three or four. The franchise was so carefully restricted that the wealthy classes until after the passage of the great reform bill of 1832 the masses had small voice in public affairs. Jews were subjected to civil disabilities, and up to 1829 Catholics in Ireland could not own land, hold any office, be returned to Parliament or enjoy any of the civic rights of other men of the same station. Nonconformists in England were social outcasts, and Deists like Paley and Unitarians like Priestley were equally reviled and hated for advocating a creed that now is not only tolerated, but respectfully treated, both in England and America.

A TRUE AMERICAN.

When the great Unitarian preacher, Channing, was buried, in 1842, the bells of the Roman Catholic churches tolled; the Roman Catholic clergy attended his funeral, and paid a glowing testimony to his saintly life and devout spirit from the pulpit. The memory of Dr. Channing was thus honored because he had stood up manfully for the rights of the Roman Catholic churches and their communicants; for their protection against and redress for gross acts of mob ruffianism and violence procured by the preaching of religious zealots and fanatics more than sixty years ago. Dr. Channing had given the right hand of humane fellowship to the Roman Catholic Bishop of Boston; had testified to the value of his noble Christian work among the poor and unfortunate; among the perishing classes that are a pathetic spectacle in every great city. The bells of the Roman Catholic churches tolled again, when the body of John A. Andrew, the great Governor of Massachusetts, was borne to the tomb followed by a procession in which Protestant and Catholic, Gentile and Jew, black and white, rich and poor, were largely represented. The memory of John A. Andrew was honored by men of all parties because he was a true American, the ocean of whose philanthropy, like the Phillips said of O'Connell, knew no shores. Governor Andrew was conspicuous in 1854-55 for his bitter denunciation of "know-nothingism," which was the designation of that day for A. P. A. When Henry Wilson and other conspicuous men coquetted with "know-nothingism," John A. Andrew denounced it without stint as utterly inconsistent with our constitutional separation of church and state and our prohibition of religious tests as qualification for office. He was a true American, a genuine democrat in the broadest sense of the word, and when he died not simply his party, but the whole people, mourned because a great man, a sincere servant of the state, had fallen prematurely dead in the harness of his upright labors. When Wendell Phillips died, he, too, was mourned by all parties. It was an Irish Democratic city convention that voted to have George William Curtis deliver a funeral oration, and it was an Irish Democratic city government that placed the tablet with a noble inscription to his memory that now marks the site of the old-time residence of the great orator on Essex street.

The memory of ex-Governor Roger Wolcott deserves and doubtless will obtain equal honor from a sterling list of low-citizens of both parties, for it was due to the efforts of Governor Greenhalge, Lieutenant-Governor Wolcott and United States Senator Hoar that the fanaticism of the A. P. A. movement was fearlessly challenged and crushed in 1895, when it had reached formidable dimensions in the Republic of Massachusetts. Governor Greenhalge was of English birth, Lieutenant-Governor Wolcott came of the most distinguished New England ancestry. These two men joined hands to defy the A. P. A. movement. In the state convention United States Senator Hoar, alone among leading Republicans, had stood up straight for religious toleration. At this juncture Governor Greenhalge declared at a great public meeting at Holyoke that "it is time to take a square issue with bigotry; we would rather be beaten by one hundred thousand votes if one of those votes meant to favor ostracism and proscription." Lieutenant-Governor Wolcott at the same meeting said: "It seems to me that no greater injury can be done to the American people than in attempting to divide our citizens on the basis of race and religious animosity. And I believe that whoever undertakes to do that—no man here who has a spark of manhood in him—will be struck by lightning, and that, does an injury to the commonwealth. These good words were uttered at a

time when the majority of practical Republican politicians were truckling to A. P. A. Governor Greenhalge, United States Senator Hoar and Lieutenant-Governor Wolcott saved the party from defeat by their indignant refusal to proscribe the men of any religious faith. Governor Wolcott's memory, because of these good words, is equally dear today to men of all parties, all sects and creeds, as was that of Channing, Andrew and Phillips.

BULWER LYTON'S MASTERPIECE.

What shall we say of "Richelieu" which Mr. Ward and his company present so eagerly? It may be profitable to inquire whether it has lasting qualities, whether it is likely to hold its own permanently in association Shakespearean plays, and whether the crafty cardinal will continue to engage the attention of actors capable of interpreting and presenting the very highest in dramatic art. Next to all great English-speaking tragedians of the present generation and the one immediately preceding have played Richelieu. Why should Lytton keep company on the stage with incomparable Shakespeare? In libraries he is so far behind that he is almost lost sight of. But people who seldom or never go to the theater except to see Shakespearean plays do not know the "drawings" against "Richelieu" whose "drawings" powers, which are, in fact, equal "Richard III," "Othello," "The Merchant of Venice," or "Macbeth."

A BEAUTIFUL OLD MAN.

Among recent deaths is that of Rev. Dr. Cyrus A. Bartol, for more than fifty years minister of the West Church (Unitarian), Boston. Dr. Bartol was nearly 88 years of age. He retired from the pulpit in 1889. His church, although classed as Unitarian, steadfastly held an independent attitude, and was known as the "Independent Congregational Society." Dr. Bartol in his prime was easily the first preacher in the Unitarian pulpit of his day in his power of eloquent literary expression. He was a short man, of slight figure. His long white hair flowed over his benignant face, so that in his last days of pulpit service he was described by one of his admirers as looking like "a dear old moth-eaten angel." Dr. Bartol was a beautiful old man, who grew sweet rather than sour with advancing years. Tennyson, in his old age, wrote at times like a grim pessimist, but like the poetry of Holmes, the preaching of Dr. Bartol to the last days of his pulpit service was as optimistic, hopeful and sweet as the voice of his youth's bright and beautiful morning. It is a sure sign of a healthy and nobly philosophic spirit when a very old man greets the morning stars and the noontid sun with hosannas and hallelujahs rather than with the dismal, croaking voice of a rusty raven complaining from a cornice. Dr. Bartol, with all his sweetness of spirit, never flinched from his great argument against the prohibitory liquor law before the Massachusetts Legislature. Dr. Bartol preached a sermon in the course of which he warmly supported the opposition to prohibition. Wendell Phillips took up cudgels for the prohibitionists, and he did not spare Dr. Bartol, but poured out upon him a large quantity of very eloquent but exceedingly bitter personal abuse. He recalled to the public mind the fact that Dr. Bartol was the successor of Rev. Dr. Charles Lowell, and intimated that Dr. Bartol's "treachery to the cause of temperance" was in utter violation of the traditions of his pulpit and of Dr. Lowell's personal opinions and teachings in life. The assault of Mr. Phillips was terrible in its rhetorical skill and its vituperative bitterness. Dr. Bartol did not flinch, although he must have suffered, for he and Mr. Phillips were warm friends in the anti-slavery cause, but he replied to his assault with dignity, ability and spirit, but without bitterness. Some ten years later, when Wendell Phillips was borne to the tomb, Dr. Bartol preached a sermon which was noble and discriminating eulogy of the great orator. He had borne Mr. Phillips no malice; he had left to entire liberty to call upon him in his last sickness, and spoke over him words of unstinted praise because he believed Mr. Phillips to be absolutely sincere whether he praised or blamed. Dr. Bartol published a volume on his travels in Europe that include a description of the aurora borealis which is a memorable bit of word painting that does not fall short of John Ruskin's best poetic prose.

Clara Sterling Doolittle in Chicago Record. Modified expressions are popular nowadays. A simple adjective or adverb seems to us crude or harsh. It must be modified by some word indicating degree. Hence the frequent use, sometimes correct and sometimes incorrect, of the little words "very," "rather," "real," "pretty" and "quite."

A STUDY IN ADVERBS OF DEGREE

We should do well in many cases to make no modification at all. Nine times out of ten the "very" or the "very, very" that we insert would better be left out. An unmodified adjective or adverb in these days is positively refreshing, and is so rare that it is forcible as well as pleasing. "Much" means more than "very much," and "brightly" more than "very brightly." "Very" (from the Latin, in verus, true), of course signifies "truly" and hence "to a high degree" or "exceedingly." It has been used so much, however, by persons who do not distinguish and who, therefore, do not appreciate, unconsciously welcome its rare appearance as the sign of a careful speaker, and realize that his unmodified expression means more than a long succession of "verys."

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS.

Make your New Year's resolutions, make as many as you can. Swear that when next year is ended you will be a better man. That you'll bid farewell to folly and will grasp the hand of work. And will tack any duty you have been disposed to shirk; Swear you'll drop the little vices that are so common to most men; Swear you'll be pleasant little vices—but just drop them, anyhow. Make your New Year's resolutions, though you are a clerk's boarder, "why they call it resolutions." Make them great and grand and noble—you can break them by and by.

SLINGS AND ARROWS.

Swear you'll never more grow angry at the girl who says "hello" Through the telephone receiver; you can't "swear" but, you know. And you only waste your passion on the cold, unfeeling air. For your wrath boils over the wire, and, behold, the telephone receiver is cold. Do not even swear she's lying like an Apollonia, she advises you, severely. "Line is busy; call again." Though it's hard to swear to stop it, you can do it if you try. So just make the resolution, you can break it by and by.

TRICKS OF THE TONGUE.

Swear you'll read the books you ought to, what they are you too well know; On your shelf they've long been standing, unmolested, in a row. How you've talked and talked about them, and have looked the covers over, and Picked them up, and dropped them sadly, to be closed forever more. There's no information that's exactly what you need. And there's dozens upon dozens of the books you ought to read. There's no resolution, and, if it grows galling, why, As you may like you can break it, in a second, by and by.

THE BIBLE DOES VIOLENCE TO ENGLISH.

There is a more common mistake that is not ungrammatical, but is quite objectionable as these—the use of "quite" in the sense of "rather" or "very." "Quite" is in itself an adverb of degree, and hence a grammatical equivalent of "rather" or "very." It is stronger than either, however, since it means "entirely."

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHS.

"Is the base in?" asked the stranger, entering the drug store. "No," replied the absent-minded clerk; "but we have something just as good." "Yonkers." "Yonkers?" "Yonkers," said Mr. Goodbody—Ah, little man! What to see the wheels go round? Waldo Beane—Thank you, sir, but I'm perfectly familiar with the modern of the modern chronometer—Harpers' Bazar. He'll better Half—Water—What will you please to order? Mr. Gaswell—I think I'll take some deviled ham. Mrs. Gaswell (remoning with mortification)—Bring me some of that hot lent—Chicago Tribune. Magistrate (severely)—How could you be so mean as to swindle people who put confidence in you? Prisoner—How could I be so mean as to swindle people who put confidence in me? It is so called because the miser to the mark every time she sees a bit of it suspended anywhere," said the cheerful idler. "Injustice."—She—You remember, dear, that five hundred dollars you gave me the other day to put in the bank? He—Good gracious! You haven't run through with that, have you? He (indignant)—You're not, I have never fifty left—Brooklyn Life. A Cautious Answer.—"Where is Jostler?" asked Mrs. Cornutus, uneasily. "Well," answered her husband, "he's been proceeding to fill his pipe. I won't say for certain, if the loc is as strong as he thinks it is, he's gone kloc; an' if it ain't, he's gone swimmin'."—Washington Star.

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