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accents has nothing more ridiculous than the dialects of our own "mountain whites" or the patois of our American street arabs. French immorality has nothing more shameful than the almost promiscuous intercourse which obtains in some isolated and degraded sections of the west.

There is another side to this matter of "accent," and that is the foolish pride that bases itself on certain provincial mannerisms. If the Irish brogue or the Scotch accent is to be smiled at, so is the Boston intonation and the soft Southern "a" or "o." English is English. There is a standard of pronunciation as well as of spelling, and in Webster it tells you how to form your vowels and consonants and diphthongs. It is said that the finest French is spoken in Dublin, and the finest English in the Hague. Perhaps this is true. Certainly Parisian French and London English leave something to be desired. In Germany every little district has its own pronunciation, which it will fight for as the only correct one. Each, of course, is equally wrong. The vocabulary and idiom of the English is irreproachable as are those without geographical peculiarities. Sir Henry Irving and the Dublin purist and President Eliot speak alike. They who exploit peculiarities of speech only advertise their own provincialism.

CRANKS, MINUS THE MICROSCOPE.

They who saw Minnie Maddern twenty years ago or less leaning in front of the "Blue Albatross Mountains" and "Little Fisher Maiden" in the fresh youth of both singer and those melodious ballads will take a pleasurable pride in the appearance of Mrs. Fiske in the International Monthly for May as the author of a paper on the modern drama. No cynic could do justice to her admirable essay—its appreciation of Shakespeare, its strictures on "problem" plays from Ibsen to "Camille," its loyalty to the traditions of the old school of faithful actors, its depreciation of dialectalism and coarseness alike, its freshening breeze of optimism and health. But there is one passage in it which is apt to set the newspaper-maker and newspaper-reader to thinking. We refer to her clever thrust at the critics who forever insist that the play shall preach a sermon or point a moral.

Mrs. Fiske says that there is a considerable body of current opinion which accords the conception of the theater as a place of amusement, rest or recreation. But she also says that this notion is made by a very few persons. They are always in evidence in the newspapers, but they make a showing highly disproportionate to their numbers. They are almost lost in the rank and file of theater-goers. Most of them never go to the theater. The few that do go are generally deadbeats. No manager need cut out his course with a view to their support. A very little reflection will convince the most casual observer that Mrs. Fiske is right. People who spend money for theater tickets do so as a desire to enjoy themselves. They are not looking for mental and moral improvement. If they want sermons there is the preacher. If they want to study venery or neurology there are the professor and the hospital.

This discovery of the numerical value of the theatrical moralist affords a hint for the overworked interpreter of public opinion that may be utilized in other fields. The Oregonian has printed in the past five years a great many letters on the adoption of bimetals by the Republican party and the prosperity which therefrom resulted. The uninitiated reader may have formed the impression that this is a widespread popular conviction; but, come to think of it, these letters all came from the same source, under the various expressions of "S. Penney," "X," "Citizen," "Fair Play," etc.

There is a man in Portland who must have married injudiciously, for whenever matrimony is up for discussion he writes a letter in tremendous derogation of womankind. There is a good woman on the East Side who always comes to the front when prohibition is attacked. There is a man in South Portland who writes an anonymous letter to The Oregonian whenever the Portland Savings Bank is remotely referred to. Two or three "common-sense" foods can make more noise than a whole state of farmers, and our devoted band of socialists will fill the paper up every day with public opinion on their own lines if they were permitted.

Let us then be reassured. If any have wondered why the theatrical manager has dared to defy the strident public sentiment that demands orthodoxy from the leading man and repentance on the part of the "heavy," they only need notice that a whole state of farmers, and our devoted band of socialists will fill the paper up every day with public opinion on their own lines if they were permitted.

DIALECTS, HIGH AND LOW.

We had supposed that the Celtic sense of humor would have been sufficient to deter all Hibernians from proposing to rob society of the legendary Irish policeman with a sand-paper wig and scarlet whiskers encircling his visage as with an aureole. Can it really be possible that any one regards this delightful caricature as the sober expression of intelligent opinion? It is, apparently, for the dispatches say so, just as they said a while ago that Kentucky women proposed to abolish Levee by legislative enactment.

Now it is said by intelligent Irishmen that they never heard "begorra" and "bedad" till they came to America. "Hot mon" is alleged to have been unknown by our Scottish citizens on their native heath, and it is certain that the familiar caricature of the Hebrew clothing merchant or pawnbroker is as gross an exaggeration as our Irish friends complain of in the wig and red whiskers. Usually there is enough cosmopolitanism in all of us to laugh at these extravagances, without malice either in performer or observer. Usually there is discernment enough—and if not, there ought to be—to teach us that no nationality is free from its peculiarities. Irish brogue or Scotch

feminine reach is afforded in the lives of countless men, brave, virile and vigorous as any, but dominated by the power of conscience or an inborn love of goodness and truth. He who has not known such men in every walk of life has employed his gregarious capacity to poor prosperity. He has lived far more dark and sullied world than the natural one in which every man lives is permitted to dwell. Such examples of pure yet robust manhood as come within the view of every life should be cultivated by all, especially by the young. A man's character is largely formed by his acquaintances. He molds his destiny when he selects his friends. The blessing he picks out for himself when he selects his poverty, the great and good is inestimable; and when he permits his leisure hours to be dominated by men who he knows, however gifted and winning they are, to be unworthy a pure woman's love and respect, he starts on a downward path whose end is lost in deepening shadows of an endless night.

His manly, let us say, is an experiment. What does Spenser, Gibbon and Draper have written on the power of climatic and racial forces is largely incontrovertible. Yet equally true and of vastly more compelling meaning to the soul are the infinite vistas of choice opened up before the Human Will. The destiny of humanity, whether upward to the stars or downward by retracing steps again to the mire, is in the keeping of the individual units of the race. It is an inauspicious token that so many men of brains and force of character are disposed to look with lenience upon the submerging of the higher nature under whelming waves of self-indulgence. Whatever a man's heredity, whatever his early and adult environment, an obligation is laid upon him to lift his better nature up and keep his passions down. On each rests accordingly the measure of responsibility for the outcome of creation, and in the surrender of the noble to the base in any life there is a distinct betrayal of the eternal plan which made the world so beautiful and created man in the image of his Maker. The man whose baser passions are not disciplined into perfect control may be wise and great and otherwise good, but there is a blemish on his character which extends to other lives. The mirror of the half-mooned lake at the door of men who ought to be pure.

EARTHQUAKES, OLD AND NEW.

In the history of disaster involving the loss of human life, earthquake accompanied by volcanic action takes the lead as an element of destruction. Briefly stated, 13,000,000 people have perished from this cause during the period covered by authentic data, while the loss in property for all practical purposes exceeds computation. Going back to the first century of the Christian era we find the people of the ancient city of Pompeii arrested in the full flow of a wickedness that was directed toward the gulf of pleasure by this greatest of calamities. The city was slowly but surely invested with a gray shroud of ashes, in preparation for a burial that was accomplished when the Vesuvius disintegrated lava in a fiery stream, overwhelming and obliterating it. The neighboring cities of Herculaneum and Stabiae shared with Pompeii the fate of extinction as cities of the living through this great convulsion of Nature, which was literally the opening of a valve through which the contending elements of fire, water and air vented their power and their wrath. The number of lives destroyed by the burial of these cities can only be conjectured. It is sufficient to know that they numbered many thousands.

All along the track of history we find records of earthquakes and volcanic eruptions coming suddenly, causing helplessness, consternation and leaving death in their wake. Superstition in past ages found in them a terrible expression of the wrath of God, or of the displeasure of the gods, and puny human hands and terrified human voices were lifted in supplication in the desperate pious hope that thereby this expression of "offended" Deity might be turned aside. One of the most notable of the relatively modern earthquakes was that of Lisbon, in 1755, which took into the awful maw of earth and sea 60,000 human beings. Japan has in later years and at various times been in the throes of this prodigious power by which she herself was projected out of the sea, and her people by hundreds of thousands have been swallowed up by the yawning earth and engulfing waters. South America has been frequently the scene of disastrous earthquakes, and the horrors of such a disaster familiar to the students of geography half a century and more ago, illustrated as it was by pictures, purely imaginary, yet sufficiently graphic, of yawning fissures into which reeling houses and despairing human beings were sinking.

The United States has been relatively exempt from disastrous earthquakes, though not entirely so. Early in the century, in 1811-12, a series of seismic disturbances occurred near the head of the Mississippi Delta. This was known as the New Madrid earthquake, and the series of shocks extended over a period of about two years, but owing to the sparse population of the area affected, no loss of life occurred as the result of the protracted disturbances. Minor shocks have occurred from time to time in California, and tremors of very brief duration have extended down the coast to Alaska, but there have been no violent or destructive shocks in this region in recent years. The earthquake of Charleston, S. C., in 1886 is the only destructive earthquake that has taken place within the United States. The incidents of this event are still fresh in the public mind. These were of terror, apprehension and loss of property rather than of actual loss of life. The property loss amounted to between \$3,000 and \$10,000,000, while the loss of life was less than three-score.

Ranking with the terrible calamities of Lisbon and Caracas, and approaching in fatality those of ancient Pompeii and of modern Japan, is the calamity that a few days ago befell St. Pierre, on the French island of Martinique. Accounts tell us that the earth and sea in the vicinity were for a time obscured by vapor and ashes; that following a terrific explosion the scene was lighted suddenly by a livid glare as a volume of molten lava rolled from the open crater of Mount Pelee to the sea, burying the city of 25,000 people so that as far as known not one escaped; laying waste the neighboring country with a fiery rain, and causing the death of at least 40,000 people. The imagination of a sane man, not half in the attempt to describe such a scene, and so dark a description as is possible, horror-stricken humanity turns sudder-

ingly away. A calamity against which human power, either of strength or forethought or flight, can offer no defense; of the causes of which even science refuses to speak with its accustomed positiveness; dreadful in anticipation, terrible beyond words, in its realization, the world can only bear with wonder and pity the dictates of this old new catastrophe that adds 40,000 human lives to the long casualty list of violence.

The Salvation Army in this country has planned three colonies in pursuance of its plan to elevate the people of the slums in cities by giving them a chance to work in the country. These are located at Fort Amick, Colo.; Fort Romie, Cal., and Fort Hermy, O. Together they contain nearly 400 people, who were utterly destitute when taken from the city slums. These people have greatly improved in condition and morals, are comfortably housed and clad, and well fed. This they compass for themselves, being simply given the opportunity. They have paid back to the army nearly \$13,000 of the money advanced to them in the beginning, and want nothing, except the way of a loan, that they cannot earn. The idea is not to make them subjects of charity, but to give them a chance to support themselves and encourage them in habits of thrift and independence. This is in direct line with intelligent charitable effort here and elsewhere. Mr. Thomas Stinson set this principle out in strong language in these columns recently, and people who are genuinely "sorry for the poor" will do well to follow the suggestion that the City Board of Charities be allowed to dispense their aims.

If the Northern Securities Company does not control the parallel transcontinentals, Great Northern and Northern Pacific, as the answer in the "anti-trust" suit implies, how does the existence of that "trust" have any bearing on the situation of the Burlington? And would Mr. Harriman, who said control of the Burlington by the Northern lines a year ago produced a situation that would do well to follow the suggestion that the City Board of Charities be allowed to dispense their aims.

The names of a number of men notable in the various walks of public life have been added to the list of the dead within the past week. Among these is that of Amos J. Cummings, member of Congress from New York; Admiral Sampson, of the United States Navy; Archbishop Corrigan, of the Roman Catholic Diocese of New York; Bret Harte, the American author, whose tales of the mining camp formed a distinctive feature of the early literature of the Pacific Coast; Paul Leicester Ford, a story-writer of recent fame, and Potter Palmer, of Chicago, prominent in the world of finance. For a time it looked as though the name of Wilhelmina, the young Queen of Holland, would be added to this list, but the danger that threatened her life seems to have passed. Death came to each of these men suddenly, to one tragically, and all have been borne to the grave with eulogy, and some with pomp and circumstance. The record is a remarkable one as covering the mortality events of a single week.

There is a bill before Congress providing for the payment of an annuity of \$6000 to Miss Clara Barton. Miss Barton's services in behalf of humanity in the great cities of New York and New Orleans during the late civil war are well known. She was a woman of high computation, and they have been given often at great inconvenience, suffering and expense to herself. In view of these facts she is much more justly entitled to an annuity from the Government than is any wealthy woman of ease whose sole claim to such consideration is that she married a man who in the course of years became President. The public, however, of whom Congress is supposed to be the echo, does not view the matter in this light, and, bound by precedent, continues to favor women whom circumstances have favored, and leave those who have worked their way to distinction through heroic deeds or deeds of mercy to work their way still. This is the way of the world, where it is useless to complain, and against which it is vain to strive with words.

It is said that within the past six months 4000 immigrants who have landed in Canada, hoping to cross over into the United States, have been stranded there, as our immigration inspectors would not permit them to pass. A great many of these people are suffering from infectious diseases, which are the direct result of filthy and unsanitary habits and conditions, hence our inspectors would not accept them. Of course, Canada does not want them, but, having effected a landing within her borders, she finds it difficult or impossible to displace them. The remedy, if there is to be one for this state of affairs, lies in holding steamship companies to a stricter accountability in the matter of allowing the destitute and defective to be "assisted" to America over their lines.

The public is to be congratulated upon the settlement that has been amicably effected between sawmill-owners and their employes in this city. We are now at the beginning of a building season of great activity and wide influence in the labor world. A check upon this activity at this time would be disastrous, and its ill effects would extend far beyond the present time. All concerned, including the general public, are fortunate in this reasonable adjustment of differences.

THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII.

From Bulwer Lytton's Celebrated Novel.

The cloud, which had scattered so deep a murkiness over the day, had now settled into a solid and impenetrable mass. It resembled less even the thickest gloom of a heavy winter day, when the close and blind darkness of some narrow room. But in proportion as the blackness gathered, did the lightnings around Vesuvius increase in their vivid and scorching glare. Nor was their horrible peal confined to the usual hues of fire; no rainbow ever rivaled their varying and prodigious dyes. Now brightly blue as the most azure depth of a Southern sky—now of a livid smoke-like green, darting restlessly to and fro as the folds of an enormous serpent—now of a lurid and intolerable crimson, rushing forth through the columns of smoke, far and wide, and lighting up the whole city from arch to arch—then suddenly drying into a sickly paleness, like the ghost of their own life!

In the pauses of the showers, you heard the rumbling of the earth beneath, and the groaning waves of the tortured sea; then a low and audible but to the watch of intense fear, the grinding and hissing murmur of the escaping gases through the chasms of the distant mountain. Sometimes the cloud appeared to break from its solid mass, and, by the lightning, to assume quaint and vast mimickers of human or of monster shapes, striding across the gloom, hurrying one upon the other, and vanishing swiftly into the turbulent abyss of shade, but to the eyes and fancies of the affrighted wanderers, the unsubstantial vapors were as the bodily forms of gigantic foes—the agents of terror and of death.

The anxious wishes in men's hearts were already knee-deep; and the boiling showers which came from the steaming breath of the volcano forced their way into the houses, bearing with them a strong and suffocating odor. In some places immense fragments of rock, hurled upon the house roofs, bore down along the streets masses of confused ruin, which yet more and more, with every hour, obstructed the way; and, thus, the motion of the earth was more sensibly felt, the footing seemed to slide and creep—no chariot or litter be kept steady, even the most level ground.

Sometimes the huge stones striking against each other as they fell, broke into countless fragments, emitting sparks of fire, which caught whatever was combustible within their reach; and along the plains beyond the city, the darkness was now terribly relieved; for several houses, and even villages, had been set on flames; and at various intervals, the fire would suddenly and fiercely assail the solid gloom. To add to the horror, the darkness of the darkness, the citizens had, here and there, in the more public places, such as the porticoes of temples and the entrances to the Forum, endeavored to place rows of torches; but these had, in the meantime, the showers and the winds extinguished them, and the sudden darkness into which their fitful light was converted had some-thing in it doubly terrible and doubly oppressive on the impotence of human hopes, the lesson of despair.

Frequently, by the momentary light of these torches, parties of fugitives encountered each other, some hurrying toward the sea, others flying back to the sea back to the land; for the ocean had retreated rapidly from the shore—an utter darkness lay over it, and upon its glowing and foaming waves, the storm of clinders and rocks fell without the protection which the streets and roofs afforded to the land. Wild-baggard—ghastly, with supernatural fears, these groups encountered each other, and, in the urgency to speak, to consult, to advise, for the showers fell now frequently, though not continuously, extinguishing the lights, which shewed to each hand the deathlike faces of the other, who crushed and sought refuge beneath the nearest shelter. The whole elements of civilization were broken up. Ever and anon, by the flickering lights, you saw the thick hastening of the crowd, the hurrying all to seek refuge beneath the nearest shelter. The whole elements of civilization were broken up. Ever and anon, by the flickering lights, you saw the thick hastening of the crowd, the hurrying all to seek refuge beneath the nearest shelter.

Advancing, as men groped for escape in a dungeon, one and her lover continued their uncertain way. At the moments when the volcanic lightnings lingered over the streets, they were enabled, by that fitful light, to see the whole of their progress; yet little did the view it presented to them cheer or encourage their path. In parts, where the ashes lay dry and unincumbered with the boiling torrents, they advanced from the burning and caustic intervals, the surface of the earth presented a leprosy and ghastly white. In other places, clinder and rock lay matted in heaps, from beneath which emerged the hideous limbs of the dead, and the mangled fugitive. The groans of the dying were broken by wild shrieks of women's terror—now near, now distant—when, heard in the utter darkness, they rendered the appalling by the crushing sense of helplessness and uncertainty of the peril around; and clear and distinct through all were the mighty and various noises from the fatal mountain; its roaring and hissing, and the deaf and deaf roar, from time to time, the burst and roar of some more fiery and fierce explosion. And ever as the winds swept whirling along the street, they bore sharp streams of burning sand, and the burning and poisonous vapors as took away, for the instant, breath and consciousness, followed by a rapid revulsion of the arrested blood, and a tingling sensation of agony trembling through every nerve and fiber of the frame.

Suddenly, as he spoke, the place became lighted with an intense and lurid glow. A bright and gigantic fire, with the dark and which close to the ground, like the walls of hell, the mountain shone a pile of fire! Its summit seemed risen in two; or rather, above its surface there seemed to rise two monstrous shapes, each confronting each, as if demons contending for a world. There were of one deep, blood-red hue of fire, which lighted up the whole atmosphere, and which, below, the ether part of the atmosphere, was dark and shadowy, and save in three places, adown which flowed, serpentine, and irregular, rivers of molten lava. Darkly red through the profound gloom of their banks, they flowed slowly on as toward the devoted city. Over the broadest there seemed to spring a bragg and stupendous arch, from which, as from the jaws of hell, gushed the sources of the sudden Phlegethon. And through the settled air was heard the rattling of the fragments of rock, hurrying one upon another as they were borne down the fiery catenacis—darkening, for one instant, the spot where they fell, and sparkling the next, in the brightened hues of the flood along which they floated!

And meekly, sofly, beautifully, dawned at last the light over the trembling deep! The winds were sinking into rest—the fire died from the glowing azure of that delirious sea. Around the east, thin mists caught gradually the rose hues that heralded the morning; light was about to return, the sun was about to rise, and massive in the distance, lay the broken fragments of the destroying cloud, from which red streaks, burning, dilling and more dim, betrayed the yet rolling fires of the mountain of the scorched fields. The white walls and gleaming columns that had adorned the lovely coast were no more. Sullen and dull were the shores, lately created by the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii; the darlings of the deep were snatched from her embrace! Century after century shall the mighty Mother stretch forth her aure and arms, and watch the sun rising round the sepulchral of the Lost!

MUSINGS BY THE WAYSIDE.

How many people, I wonder, who did not know him, except through his stories, feel a personal loss in the death of Bret Harte? After winning high and perennial place in American literature, he has, in his long and useful career, been among another English-speaking world full content. He tried it, but he did not find it notable in a foreign country. His fame rests on his California stories and some exceptionally clever verse. The foundation is secure. And though he chose to forsake his native land, he left us the best that was in him. What a charitable man he was! Where there is another writer who puts into the hearts and minds of social outcasts the manly and womanly attributes which are the proudest heritage of mankind? It is very evident that Harte believed that accident as often as intent made gamblers and Magdalens out of those who, under other circumstances and in other environment, could have led honorable lives. He never excused crime nor put rainbow tints on morality; he did not make preambles, but through his manly writing, he taught that no man or woman is entirely lost; that the divinity in the human being can not be killed.

Harte delighted to tell by indirection the beauty of sacrifice; he created real heroes. True, they did not carry swords, nor look forward to stars on their shoulders, and their pictures on the front page of every newspaper between two columns, the stuff of which real heroes are made were modest, seeing their duty and doing it without the aid and inspiration of the flag and brass bands. He makes "Mother Shipton," the toughest woman of Poker Flat, starve herself to death in order to furnish food for an innocent girl. For a tale of life-long devotion, read "Miggies." Always to be consistent, Harte never holds out hope of reward. There is only the sweetness of sacrifice.

Bret Harte notes in the rude life of every California mining camp a deference to pure woman, which amounts to reverence. They are always under protection. That interesting old fraud, Colonel Starbottle, whose worship of the weaker sex is stamped with Southern chivalry, is not more courteous than the driver of the Steamship stage. Mr. John Oakhurst, a gambler, though he never presumes to address folk outside his own craft, develops a knowledge of proprieties equal to that of Mr. Van Bibber, gentleman, Fifth avenue, New York.

Bret Harte was the prince of story-tellers; the master of the short story. Professor Brandeis, in his "The Law and Ink," has a chapter on the philosophy of the short-story. He defines it thus: "The difference between a Novel and a Novelle is one of length only; a Novelle is a brief Novel. But the difference between a Novel and a Short-story is something other and something more than a mere story which is short. A true Short-story differs from the Novel chiefly in its essential unity of impression. It is far more exact and precise in use of the word, a Short-story has unity as a novel cannot have it. A Short-story deals with a single character, a single event, a single emotion or a series of emotions called forth by a single situation. . . . I have written Short-story with a capital S and a hyphen because I wished to emphasize the distinction between the Short-story and the story which is merely short. The Short-story is a high and difficult department of fiction."

In a little corner of my own mental gallery of authors, very close to Thackeray, I hang a picture of my favorite Short-story writer, Edward Everett Hale was there first, and I have often wished he would write another story half so good as "The Man Without a Country." Afterward Bret Harte occupied the place of honor. He was never removed, but for several years Kipling hung to the left of him. Perhaps if Richard Harding Davis had conceived another story equal to "Her First Appearance," he, too, would have had a place. A few years later, when I finished "Domestic," "A Doctor of the Old School" and "Drumshough's Love Story," I took down Kipling and hung Jan MacLaren. Measured by the pleasure I have received, I put Bret Harte first of all, and I wish to record my sense of personal loss in his death.

When an insane brother murdered Paul Leicester Ford last Thursday, American literature was robbed of a creative genius. There is no telling what he might have done. Ford was young. In his early 30's he wrote "The Honorable Peter Stirling," the best American novel of recent years. He was never questioned. Perhaps some reader of the clever and sometimes fascinating "historical" novels with which we have been deluged the past four years will "prove" by the number of tons sold that "The Honorable Peter Stirling" holds only the eleventh or twelfth place. Borrowing his argument, I retort that the New York Journal or the World sell 10 times as many copies as the New York Evening Post; yet the Post, for ability and character, is easily the best daily newspaper in New York.

Who is to succeed Sol Smith Russell? He was sui generis. He never reminded you of any one else, and no one else could remind you of him. Off the stage on a, he was quaint, simple, affectionate, hopeful, patient, with strong love for children and a reservoir of humor as large as the bay. Withal, his sense of humor was not only the most musical quality, I cannot recall a more charming voice—not one that pleased the ear, but some way or other, stirred the latent emotions and put you on better terms with yourself. And his funny legs. They were so long and so slender and so eloquent in their awkwardness. He did not use them acrobatically, like Tom Segbrooke, but like an overgrown boy, who did not know exactly what to do with them. Now they are to be collected and weigh the evidence, and we will listen to the opinions of naval experts of other nations, and a few years hence will bring in their verdict. Some future Captain Mahan will put the facts and the findings into a bound record. Temperamental fallings which his contemporaries observed with regret will not be known to the rising generation. In the course of time Admiral Schey will pass and what will Grant. Now they are to be collected and weigh the evidence, and we will listen to the opinions of naval experts of other nations, and a few years hence will bring in their verdict. Some future Captain Mahan will put the facts and the findings into a bound record. Temperamental fallings which his contemporaries observed with regret will not be known to the rising generation. In the course of time Admiral Schey will pass and what will Grant. Now they are to be collected and weigh the evidence, and we will listen to the opinions of naval experts of other nations, and a few years hence will bring in their verdict. Some future Captain Mahan will put the facts and the findings into a bound record. Temperamental fallings which his contemporaries observed with regret will not be known to the rising generation. 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