

The Oregonian.

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rowing ten or twenty dollars of some prosperous but weak-willed individual who thereby unwittingly laid hold on fame.

But it is well. One man can't have all the good things in this world. Anybody can pay his debts. Only the genius can write "The Conqueror Worm" and "The Manuscript Found in a Bottle."

Against such handicaps has his good fortune, that by their magnitude they return any manuscripts sent to it without solicitation. No stamps should be inclosed for his letters.

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great was that he had but one life to give for his country. We treat the memory of Hale with respect; his state has honored him with a monument; our history recites his story with pride.

But suppose that Hale had been capable of making such a speech as that uttered by Emmet and had been permitted to utter it, and it was part of our popular literature today; then Hale would be to our school boys what Emmet is—an eloquent memory.

But Hale could not have made such a speech, even if he had been given an opportunity, because he came of Puritan English stock, while Emmet was a Celt, a magnetic, fervid, golden-mouthed Irishman.

Hofer is not to Tyrrol what Emmet is to Irish history, because he omitted no immortal eloquence before he was executed as a rebel against Napoleon. To his eloquence rather than to his martyrdom, Emmet owes his permanent historic fame.

Clark, the presiding Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal church, in his ninety-second year, recalls the fact that he was a man of most interesting personality, because he had mastered the art of growing old gracefully.

He was an eloquent preacher and noted for his keen sense of humor. When he was considerably past 75 his public speeches were so full of humor that they kept his clergy in roars of laughter.

This blessed gift of humorists sensibility was like what his good Bishop Clark's life, for men of exceedingly morose temper and boorish manners, like Lord Brougham, have lived to a great age, but it doubtless did enable him to grow old gracefully.

great keenness with which Americans pursue their sports tends more and more to give too much importance to victory and too little to the game itself.

Football, for example, with its before-the-season practice, seems to be played by college men less for the fun there is in it than for the opportunity to vanquish the other team.

Members of a boat's crew have been known to cry on crossing the line behind their rivals. Not with them was it better to have rowed and lost than never to have rowed at all.

And that is the state to which we are adjured to bring golf and lawn tennis. What recreation, spiced with friendly contest, is to be left us? Must the red pepper of international competition be shaken over all our games? Leave us our golf.

Let us fizzle without the burning thought that all America grows and breathes the same. The condemnation of our conscience and the chuckle of our personal opponent are stimulus enough.

Lawn tennis, it is to be feared, has fallen from grace. It is cursed with an international cup. Leave us, then, one game at which we can play as suits our mood, totally leisurely, tomorrow strenuous.

Lee received a West Point education at the Government's expense. He accepted a commission from the Nation, not from the State of Virginia, and he drew a liberal salary from Uncle Sam.

renewed. Thomas, while born in Virginia, was not a Virginia landholder; had spent his life in the Army.

Emmet had spent his life in the Army. Emmet's purity of character, his burning zeal, his devotion to a hopeless cause, has ever since been enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen.

It is just 100 years today since Robert Emmet stood upon the plank, that was to launch him into the unknown, and, half raising the black hood that was drawn over his head, declared that he died in peace.

"My friends," said he, "I die in peace, and with sentiments of universal love and kindness towards all men." He then removed his stock, and assisted the hangman to adjust the noose. As he stood, handkerchief in hand to give the signal, the plank was sprung, and all that remained to Emmet was the imperishable memory of his dearest son.

Robert Emmet was born in Dublin in the year 1778. His father, who was physician to the Viceroy, brought up his children as Nationalists, and Robert's brother, Thomas Addis Emmet, was one of the foremost figures in the United Irishmen.

Thomas eventually emigrated to New York, where he became Attorney-General of the state, dying suddenly in 1827. As a case to be tried in 1827. At an early age Robert went to Trinity College, and there made the friendship of Thomas Moore, a fellow-student.

In the troublous times of the United Irishmen, who were banded together for the first time at Belfast in 1790, Emmet was too young to take a leading part, but he was the head of the movement in the university, and would in all probability have drawn Moore into the ranks of the rebels without difficulty.

Emmet visited his brother in prison at St. George, and two years later interviewed Napoleon and Talleyrand, the former promising him to secure the independence of Ireland.

It was in October, 1802, that young Emmet returned to Dublin determined to lead a rebellion against English rule. He seems to have had no definite plan, and his actions were one to believe that he had entered upon an undertaking that he knew to be doomed from its inception.

With less than £500, a ridiculous sum for the provision of arms alone, he began his work. A few muskets were bought, and 30 or 40 men were put to work forging pikes. Finally, on Saturday, July 23, 1802, Emmet, clad in green coat and white breeches, a form he favored in his hat, set forth for the castle at the head of a few score of untrained men, without cohesion and without plans.

On the way the aged Lord Kilwarden was encountered in his carriage, and was killed by the pikemen, much to Emmet's sorrow. Meanwhile the castle was aroused, and the officials were in the utmost consternation. An effort was made to have all the troops called out, and it was only abandoned when the news came that the ordinary day guard had dispersed the rebels without difficulty.

Emmet sought shelter in the Wicklow hills, whence he might possibly have escaped to the Continent had not love drawn him to Dublin. He returned to take leave of his sweetheart, Sarah Curran, daughter of the celebrated orator and wit. While in hiding at Harold's Cross he was taken by Major Sirr, the captain of Lord Edward Fitzgerald's regiment.

Emmet was tried on September 19, 1802, on the charge of treason, and his sentence was passed by a court-martial. His words were made a thrilling speech. His words have not yet ceased to echo in the Irish heart, and the adjuration to leave his epithet unrepented of is still a household word.

"Let no man write my epitaph," said the prisoner at the bar, "for, as no man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let no pretensions or legends separate them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain unadorned until other times and other men can do justice to my character."

THE LOVER'S DEVICE. I sang to Dolly. Of her hair. How from her fully Every part.

I filled her kindness And my love— What utter blindness, Gods above! She would not hearken To my lay; My sky would darken At her way.

A man of cunning Put me right; And now I'm sunning In her sight; For with one ditty I won grace— My sky now gleams; Was her face.

HEARTACHES AND ILLS. ALBINA, Sept. 19.—(To the Editor)—Why is hair worn in a certain style called pompadour? After Pompadour Jim, a well-known pugilist of the last century.

THE QUESTION IS A PUZZLING ONE. You are quite right not to swallow the stones, and the advice must have come from a surgeon, for nothing is more likely to cause appendicitis. Flicking the stones at the waiter is an interesting way of getting rid of them, and is also useful in calling his attention to the matter.

THE WEST POINT CADETS HAVE BEEN DEPRIVED OF THEIR PRINCIPAL PLEASURE IN BEING ALLOWED TO SMOKE. King Peter has officially denied the rumor that he was assassinated, and we cannot doubt his official word.

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YESTERDAY'S WEATHER.

Maximum temperature, 86; minimum temperature, 52; precipitation, 0.

TODAY'S WEATHER.

Partly cloudy, with showers; winds mostly westerly.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, SEPT. 20, 1903.

UNIQUE FINANCIAL SYSTEM.

The object of the present paper is not to describe the system referred to, in any adequate detail, but merely to direct the attention of the needy to the place where it may be found.

Even his worst nonsense (and some of it is horrible) has an indelible charm of sentiment and melody. We can never forget that there is any meaning in his words.

To the man of ordinary resources this unequivocal condemnation of a poet-in-circumstances by a poet without a circumstance in his pocket would rise up as a decided obstacle, when the impetuous learned of the well-fixed one's superior financial status and bethought him of a more even distribution.

Subsequent ambitions of Poe, chiefly connected with the establishment of these celebrated magazines which were never established, opened the eyes of the great critic to the beauties of the Chivers muse, and in the great borrower's letters to this typical friend and benefactor we see his system working as beautifully as Kepler's law.

As Dr. Chivers did not produce the paltry \$1000, we heard no more from Poe for two years, though he continued to write as a humble though affluent poet should to a great critic.

AN IMMORTAL SPEECH.

Today is the one hundredth anniversary of the execution of Robert Emmet for high treason in Dublin. His immortality is due largely to the remarkable eloquence of his speech of defense before Lord Norbury, who condemned him to death.

Emmet has more Irish admirers today than when he died. The rebellion of 1798 was opposed by all the great Irish leaders of constitutional agitation for home rule; by Grattan, Flood, Charlesmont and Curran.

Emmet is a pathetic figure. His eloquence (he was but 27), his genius, his youth, his loss of his chance of escape through his anxiety to bid farewell to his sweetheart, all help to surround him with deep sentimental interest, but it is historical truth to say that the man was a poetic-minded enthusiast, an orator intoxicated by his own eloquence and vain, extravagant expectations.

Emmet dying on the scaffold at 23 probably left his noble spirit as capable of that wonderful speech, full in all its lines of passionate patriotism and indelible pathos. His death was fortunate for his permanent fame, so dramatic was his last opportunity for eloquence and so fitted to stimulate his great powers.

GROWING OLD GRACEFULLY.

The recent death of Thomas Marsh Clark, the presiding Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal church, in his ninety-second year, recalls the fact that he was a man of most interesting personality, because he had mastered the art of growing old gracefully.

He was an eloquent preacher and noted for his keen sense of humor. When he was considerably past 75 his public speeches were so full of humor that they kept his clergy in roars of laughter.

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BLOOD THICKER THAN WATER.

A Vancouver correspondent asks The Oregonian to pass judgment upon the alleged disloyalty of General R. E. Lee in resigning his commission in the United States Army upon the secession of Virginia.

Lee received a West Point education at the Government's expense. He accepted a commission from the Nation, not from the State of Virginia, and he drew a liberal salary from Uncle Sam.

General Lee had never been a secessionist. He has always been a patriot, and his influence in favor of the Union and against the secession of Virginia. He was the son of "Light Horse Harry," of the Revolution.

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THE RECORDS OF THE PASTEUR INSTITUTE.

In Paris show that 25,842 cases of hydrophobia have been treated there in the fifteen years that have passed since inoculation for this disease began.

General Simon B. Buckner, who graduated from West Point in 1844 and commanded a corps in the Confederate Army, an ex-Governor of Kentucky and candidate for Vice-President in the Gold Democratic ticket in 1896, made a speech at the opening of the Republican State Convention at Mumfordsville, Ky., on the 19th inst.

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HE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps, And lovers are round her sighing, But coldly she turns from their gaze and weeps.

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THE FUTURE OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

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