

MISCELLANY

PACIFIED.

"I wish you to kill and burn. The more you kill, the more you will please me. The interior of Samar must be made a howling wilderness. Kill every boy over ten years old."—General Smith's order of several months ago.

"Samar is completely pacified."—Imperialist newspapers of to-day.

When you've made a howling wilderness,
On which God's sunlight frowns;
When you've massacred the natives;
When you've burned the native towns;
When the meanest hut is ashes;
When the smallest boy has died—
Then's the time to cry in chorus,
"They're completely pacified!"

They're completely pacified.
We can speak of it with pride;
We have sent them to a happy land,
Where bayonets can't divide;
And, because they're dead, you see,
They're as peaceful as can be;
And you cannot disagree,
When we proclaim them pacified.

We have learnt a lot from Weyler,
And the records left by Spain.
We have studied up on oriental tortures,
Not in vain;
And, in terror and in agony,
Have found the shortest way
To make a pain-racked wretch
His brother countrymen betray.

But, at last, they're pacified;
So proclaim it far and wide.
They're contented with our government;
You cannot say we've lied.
For we've shot and hanged and drowned,
Until we've killed the last we found,
And we've put him underground,
And he's completely pacified.

Oh, our boys were smartened up a bit,
In doing it, be sure.
They were taught to shoot at children,
And to give the water cure,
And to torture with the twisted rope,
And butcher man and beast;
But we brought about a state of things
Where all resistance ceased.

For our foes are pacified.
They have struggled and they've cried,
As for country and for liberty
They suffered and they died.
But the bitter fight is o'er;
And, upon a distant shore,
Their Souls have met their Maker,
And, at last—are pacified.

BERTRAND SHADWELL.

CAREER.

The army to-day offers a career.—Boston Transcript.

Standing on the brink of world politics, we were like the naked boy at the river's edge in summer. We shivered in anticipation of the plunge. But having plunged, oh! how delicious.

As is usual with very great peoples, we include numbers of young men who are too noble to work. Hitherto the rest of us have selfishly left these to get along as best they

might, to marry money, to dine out every day, or to starve, as they chose, while we went about our business. This has been a national reproach, and it has been felt as such by the more right-thinking.

'Tis pleasant, then, to reflect that henceforth there lies before the ambitious, yet fastidious youth a wider choice; that the hand which he might hitherto only harden with toil or hang listless in his pocket, he may now imbrue in the blood of his country's foes.

The thought that our statesmanship will not be always equal to providing foes is unworthy of us.—Life.

EXPERIENCE OF AN EVANGELIST.

A story is told of Evangelist Sunday and his encounter with a sharp-witted sinner. The ex-baseballist was holding meetings in a tent in Sioux City, Ia., where he had great success, his spectacular methods, his theatrical manner and sensational statements being hailed with joy by the populace of the western town. The meetings were held in a tent near the post office, and one of the great griefs of the evangelist was that a great many people would congregate about the tent but would not enter. If Mr. Sunday spied anyone at the outer edge he usually shouted an invitation for the person to enter.

One night just before meeting a fellow came slouching along and finally propped himself unsteadily against one of the tent poles.

"Come on in, my man," shouted Sunday from the platform. "Don't be afraid of us. We mean to do you good."

"Don't want to," was the surly reply of the swaying man.

"Why not?" came back the question as quick as a flash from the quick-spoken evangelist.

"Caush yer all my enemiesh in there," said the stranger with an effort.

"Ah, but you must remember that the Saviour went among his enemies," replied the evangelist, soothingly.

"Yes, an' just see what dey done to him, too?" was the reply, and Mr. Sunday turned to the choir and said:

"Let's sing something."—Chicago Chronicle.

PHILIPPINE LITERATURE.

Undoubtedly the most extensive and important library of Philippiniana, if I may use that word, is the property of a Spanish gentleman, W.

E. Retana, who printed an admirable catalogue of his collection in 1898. At that time Senor Retana had 2,986 pieces in his library. The books included (a) works printed in the islands, (b) works treating of the islands, and (c) works written by Filipinos. . . . It will be a surprise to many to learn that books have been printed in the islands and that many of these are in native languages, yet such is the case. Among the earliest books in these languages are certainly San Buenaventura's *Vocabulario of the Tagal*, which was printed in 1613, and San Agustin's *Tagal Arte*, which appeared in 1703. Retana has no copy of these. The oldest work of linguistic character in his collection is Mateo Sanchez's *Vocabulario of the Bisayan*, which was printed in Manila in 1711, and forms a folio volume of nearly 600 pages. Since that time to the present printing presses, not only at Manila and other island towns, but in various foreign lands, have been busy, and to-day considerably more than 1,000 printed works, in or upon the native languages, exist.

Senor Retana himself possesses more than 900 of these. They represent 25 different languages. . . . A notable characteristic of the Filipino is his fondness for poetry. So great is this, that many of the strictly religious booklets are wholly or in part in verse. There are some forms of poetical production which are, though semi-religious in character, and often prepared by the priests—highly popular. Such are *pastorelas*, for singing and acting, celebrating the birth of Christ and various passion plays. Still more popular are the *corridos*, of which Retana has nearly 50. These are long and highly romantic poems detailing the doings of knights and ladies, princes and princesses, with high sounding names and dwelling in Spain, Portugal, Albania, Turkey, Hungary and other regions so remote and unknown in Filipino experience as to be practically fairyland or some other mythic district. Such works as these lead us on to set dramas of which a number have been printed in Tagal, Ilocan, Bicol and Bisayan. On the whole comedy appears the favorite, though not the only dramatic form. A number of poems pure and simple, with no attempt at either romance or drama, may also be attributed to Filipinos, several of them being by indios, i. e., individuals without Spanish admixture.—Prof. Frederick Starr, of the University of Chicago, in the *American Antiquarian* for May and June, 1902.