

The Times-Dispatch.

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THE CONFEDERATE AND THE UNION.

In Sunday's paper we printed a communication from Hon. A. C. Heersman, of Christiansburg, in which he took to task those Confederates who say they are not glad that the Confederate cause failed and that the South was whipped back into the Union.

Dr. J. William Jones, at our request, replied to Mr. Heersman, but there are a few points which we wish to add.

In order to appreciate the situation, the point of view must be changed. We must go back to Appomattox. Suppose the Confederates had then known what was in store for them. Suppose they could have foreseen that the emancipated slaves were to be clothed with the right of suffrage and turned loose upon the South, with carpet-baggers from the North to lead them. Suppose they could have foreseen that white men were to be disfranchised, and that the affairs of government were to be put into the hands of this black-and-tan horde. Suppose they could have foreseen all the outrages, the plundering and the debauchery of reconstruction, including the attempt to pass the force bill and kindred measures. Suppose they had foreseen the terror of Southern women as black fiends prowled around. Would they have surrendered? Would they not have preferred death to such humiliation and suffering as this accursed regime promised?

And now, let us again change the point of view. Let us come down to the present time, and let us take a look backward. For a Confederate to be glad that the South failed is for him to be glad in spite of the curse of reconstruction. He must bring himself up to the point of saying that he would rather for the South to have passed through the ordeal which we have recalled, and the horrors of which cannot be exaggerated, in order to be once more a part of the Union, than to have triumphed in a noble cause and set up an honorable government of her own.

Again, the South was right in the position she took, and Charles Francis Adams and other fairminded men at the North confess it. The South understood the situation, and the North was led by a set of fanatics, who were not only wild, but ignorant. But recently press and people at the North have confessed that the Fifteenth Amendment was a stupid blunder, and could not be enacted in the present state of public sentiment. And still Confederates now say that they are glad the true and honorable principle for which they fought was crushed by Northern arms? Can any rational and upright man ever feel joy in his heart that he failed of triumph in a good cause?

To be glad that the Confederate cause failed is to confess that the South was wrong; that Lee and Jackson and all the rest of them were traitors, and met the fate they deserved. We have no hungering and thirsting after martyrdom, but before we would make such a cowardly and unrighteous confession, we would go to the stake crying, "Hurray for Southern rights and the men who fought for them!" We recant nothing. We have never doubted the righteousness of the Confederate cause any more than we have doubted the righteousness of the Christian religion. Believing with all our heart and mind in the principles for which the South fought, and remembering all the evils of negro suffrage and reconstruction, we cannot say and will never say that we are glad our noble cause failed.

There is in this expression no taint of gloomy to the flag of the Union, which is now our flag. It is not that we love Caesar less, but that we love Rome more.

NEGRO INDUSTRIES.

One of our Northern contemporaries discusses at some length the proposal to establish in the city of Richmond a large tobacco factory, to be managed and worked altogether by negroes. It thinks that Richmond is peculiarly a fit place for the establishment of such an industry, because there are here negro banks, negro stores, negro physicians, negro churches and schools, and adds that it is the successful operation of negro banks in Richmond which has suggested the establishment of negro factories.

We have no doubt that negroes can build up certain branches of trade and industry among themselves, and we believe that there is a field for negro professionals among their own race. To be sure, the field is limited, but it will broaden as the negro race advances. But we have

serious doubt of the success of a tobacco factory conducted and operated by negroes on purely sentimental grounds. It is said that if this factory is established the brands of tobacco which will be sold will have some sort of negro designation, and the negroes at large will be urged to give preference to these brands, because they are made by members of their own race. It is easy to see that this would, first of all, have the tendency to prejudice white men against the use of these goods. Many white men would undoubtedly refuse to buy a piece of tobacco bearing the brand, "The Negro's Friend."

The factory would, therefore, have to depend almost entirely upon negroes to purchase goods so labelled, and negroes, like white people, are not apt to buy goods for sentimental reasons. They will buy the tobacco that suits their taste and their pocket-book, and unless the negro brand is better and cheaper than any brand manufactured by white men, it will not be given the preference over the white man's goods, even by negro purchasers. There is very little sentiment in trade.

We do not say this by way of discouraging the negroes who propose to engage in industry, but by way of giving them a business hint. Many of the negroes of Virginia have been raised in tobacco factories and make most satisfactory workmen. A negro factory, properly conducted, would turn out a good article of tobacco at competing prices, and if put on the market without any race designation it would have a fair chance with brands manufactured by white concerns. In short, if this factory is to succeed, it must be on the principles of business and not on sentiment.

MANUFACTURED BEWILDERMENT.

Our esteemed contemporary, the Norfolk Virginian-Pilot, in commenting on some recent remarks of ours, said: "Now what puzzles and confounds us is the purpose of The Times-Dispatch in advocating the nomination of Hon. Grover Cleveland. It says that he would have no right to expect the support of Bryan in 1896 and in 1900. It is a red-hot advocate of the gold standard itself, and a staid old fellow in the platform of 1904. It is in the position of advocating the nomination of Cleveland on a gold standard platform, while declaring at the same time that he could not expect 6,000,000 Democrats who believe in bimetallicism to vote for him."

Our contemporary's bewilderment is of its own making. First of all, The Times-Dispatch is not advocating the nomination of Mr. Cleveland. We have simply held him up to Democrats and asked them how they liked him. We have printed replies from press and people, some favorable, but most of them unfavorable, and so we have not changed our opinion, expressed at the outset, that nothing short of a political miracle will put Mr. Cleveland again in the White House.

Nor have we said that Cleveland, if nominated, would have no right to expect the support of the 6,000,000 Democrats who voted for Bryan. In reply to a categorical question, we said that Cleveland, if nominated on a gold standard platform, would not have the right to expect the support of the advocates of free silver. But it is absurd to say that the 6,000,000 Democrats who supported Bryan in 1896 are now advocates of the free coinage of silver at 16 to 1. The Virginian-Pilot is not such an advocate to-day, and our contemporary knows full well that the number of such advocates is trifling.

As for our own position on the financial issue, we believe in the gold standard, and we believe in a plain, outspoken declaration on all public questions. We should certainly be opposed to any straddle on the part of the Democratic Convention, but we should be satisfied to accept the financial plank of 1892 as the financial plank of the Democratic platform of 1904. Would not our Norfolk contemporary accept that plank? Would it not be "true to the Democratic party?" If that plank should be adopted by the convention of 1904? And if, through a political miracle, Mr. Cleveland should be nominated on a platform otherwise acceptable, would it not give him a cordial support, and would it not expect the great body of Democrats throughout the land to do likewise?

We ask these questions in no querulous spirit, but with a view to getting at our contemporary's sentiments. "This is no time for 'reminiscence and recrimination.' It is a time for friendly conference among Democrats, the time for conciliation and peace. In point of fact, we believe that the differences between Democrats to-day are so slight that they can be amicably and satisfactorily settled without compromise of principle. If this course be pursued, Democrats can get together on a comfortable platform, and if so they have a splendid chance to elect the President next year. That is our great desire. We are not trying to hoodwink Mr. Cleveland. We wish he would get out of the way. What we are after is to find a good, reliable Democrat who can lead the party to victory.

THE SHIPBUILDING INDUSTRY

Our esteemed contemporary, the Newport News Press, does not think well of the proposition to relocate the shipyard at Richmond. It thinks that Richmond has few natural advantages for carrying on the shipbuilding industry, while Newport News has many, and adds that "if investors in that section have any money to put into the industry they will find it necessary to go away from home to find profitable investment."

The Triggs Shipyard's trouble did not grow out of any disadvantage of location. The industry was affected by conditions which have affected shipbuilding in nearly all other parts of the country, as was recently shown by the American Siren and Shipping. We ask our Newport News contemporary to name any shipyard that has paid dividends to its stockholders within the past few years. We ask our contemporary if the men who put their money into the great shipyard at Newport News have thus far found it a profitable investment? We ask our contemporary if the stockholders in the Newport News Shipyard have ever received any dividend whatever on their investment?

Richmond has many advantages as a manufacturing point, and within certain limitations the shipbuilding industry can be carried on as profitably here as at Newport News or elsewhere. In other words, whenever conditions are such as

to make shipbuilding on the seaboard a profitable enterprise, a shipyard at Richmond will pay.

Mr. Machen is of the opinion that his arrest is "nothing but grand stand play." Let him not be too sure about that. Next year the President will be elected. Mr. Roosevelt will not care to have his candidity embarrassed by a whole lot of postoffice scandals. He would rather have the whole matter probed now and gotten out of the way. The necessities of the case, added to Roosevelt's natural tendency to investigate, combine to make it quite probable that he will take a hand in the postoffice business and very much scare, if he does not seriously injure, the aspects.

Rather than hear next year the old cry, "Turn the rascals out," he, himself, may turn some of the rascals out! So we say, Machen and his associates would better not count too much upon their political pull.

A short while ago a Philadelphia firm applied to the government for permission to bring in from Europe a number of lace-makers. The application was made under a clause in the new immigration law, which allows skilled laborers to be imported "if the kind unemployed cannot be found in this country." The firm in its statement declared that there were unemployed lace-makers in New England, but that it would be a breach of business etiquette to employ them, because they were strikers. The request of the firm was refused by the Immigration Bureau on the ground that such an importation of skilled laborers might be made for the express purpose of breaking a strike.

While Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa and other Western States are being drowned out with excessive rains and floods, that are proving destructive to life and property, the New England States are still parched up, and the people are praying for rain to save their stock and their crops. In the meantime, down here in Virginia, we have been having just enough rain, and there has been no flood damage and crops are moving off in fine shape. Old Virginia is a mighty good State to live in.

The New York Board of Estimate and Apportionment has just authorized \$10,000,000 worth of municipal improvements for Greater New York. It is a good thing for a big town to have lots of money. Ten million dollars ought to go a good ways towards making New York the handsomest city in the world, if too much of it does not stick to the paws of the men who handle the funds before they get down to the real work of municipal improvements.

Out in Ohio they are going to have trolley line sleeping cars. The experiment has already been determined upon, and the cars are being built for a line that extends from Cincinnati to Columbus, and is being constructed on to Cleveland. This first of street railway sleepers will be ready for use in about a month, and will be twenty berths, and it is claimed will be more convenient than ordinary railway sleepers. There will not be quite as many stops, and not near so many jerks as on the Main Street line in Richmond, otherwise there will be precious little sleeping from Cincinnati to Columbus.

This country has never been without a Josiah Quincy, and the indications are that it never will be. Another one was born in Massachusetts the other day. This youngster is of the regular old line. The Quincys, of Massachusetts, have added lustre to the pages of our country's history, and as the ancient blood flows in the veins of the latest Josiah, Jr., we are justified in the belief that he will not permit those pages to be dimmed, because of his existence.

President Roosevelt recently held up Senator Hanna and made him withdraw his opposition to an endorsement of the Roosevelt boom by the Ohio Convention. Miss Hanna, the Senator's daughter, has now retaliated by holding up the President and making him change his plans, so as to enable him to be present at her wedding, which will take place in Cleveland on June 10th.

The annual bore who has never learned whether it is hot enough for us is due to arrive in the city to-day. His train may be a little late, but he is on his way.

Will Governor Pennypacker tighten the muzzle on the Pennsylvania papers when the dog days come? That's the question they are now up against.

King Alfonso's fortune, just inherited from his grandfather, will buy him several nice little gunboats to play navy with.

Attention, June brides: The fatal month is at hand.

The Democrats, or some of them, can well afford to pay Hanna a big price to teach them how to harmonize on the P. D. Q. order.

Let us pause to ask: Where was Mrs. Nathan when the Nebraska floods and the Kansas tornadoes came with such a rush?

We have had enough rain for the present. What we want now is three weeks of sunshine to bring in the roasting-hot season.

Anyhow local option in Virginia makes the cost of canvassing for county offices a good deal lighter than it used to be.

Senator Hanna's idea of harmony is most respectfully recommended to Messrs. Waterson, Bryan, and a few others.

The war is over. General Wheeler has heard the explanation and knows why the carriage did not arrive.

Wouldn't some of those far westerners enjoy our natural irrigation apparatus about now?

The President will find it hard to get down to business in Washington next Saturday, but he must do it you know.

Mr. Hanna will be real glad to see the President on his return and explain just how it all happened.

Wonder if it is possible for Kentucky to refer her feuds to The Hague.

Half Hour With Virginia Editors.

The Norfolk Ledger explains: It is the Jamestown Exposition, of course, in connection with which the great International naval parade is to take place in Hampton Roads, but if they want to have one there sooner in connection with the St. Louis Fair, why there will be no objection.

Here is a short story from the Virginia Gazette, of Williamsburg, which is both sad and cheering:

One of the oldest frame houses in town, a quaint old structure, on Duke of Gloucester Street, has about disappeared. And so will go these old landmarks to make way for modern buildings. These old structures belong to the past, not the future.

The Norfolk Virginian-Pilot says: The greatest disturber of the world's commerce is the monstrous know as the Dingley tariff. And some bright morning its beneficiaries will wake up to learn that the world is not their egg.

The New Castle Record says: It seems that there is a wide misconception of the dog law and its objects among many. While some bright morning its beneficiaries will wake up to learn that the world is not their egg.

Charles Stevens, secretary of the Anti-Vaccination League, of Minneapolis, died from small-pox. He had frequently denounced its practice as inefficient and a barbarous practice.

Sarah Callway came into the family of John Harvey of Centerville, Ind., as a servant in 1836 at the age of twelve years, and has been continuously acting as such ever since. She is now 70 years of age, though the original Harvey and first gave her employment passed away long ago.

Sir Thomas Lipton's advertising genius was fully developed long before he came into his own. Being on a ship years ago which had to lighten cargo because of an accident in the Red Sea, he obtained permission to stencil the name "Lipton" on each box and bale before it was thrown overboard.

North Carolina Sentiment. The hopeful Charlotte News says: We may be permitted to hope that there will be no more stump speeches by leading members of the party under guise of other court decisions or dissembling opinions.

The Asheville Citizen furnishes this bit of refreshing information: The Agricultural and Mechanical College at Raleigh seems to have lost its luster. The point where it is living up to its name. We note among the prizes awarded to Jersey at this year's exhibition, a pair of boots, a ton of fertilizer and two cream separators.

The Greensboro Record says: The right thing happened yesterday when a Cabarrus county man went out with his gun to shoot a squirrel. In the act he was killed by a stray shot from a neighbor's gun and was discharged, killing the squirrel.

The Concord Tribune keeps the door of hope open to the Chief Justice. It says: If Judge Clarke cannot get Mr. Bryan's nomination, Martin Butler talks like a man who has one to dispose of.

The Greensville Reflector says: As Judge Clarke has not yet grown enthusiastic about it, it is supposed that he has a previous engagement.

Remarks about Richmond. Newport News Press: "Commonwealth's Attorney Richardson, of Richmond, having secured the conviction of a man who had been charged with the determination to go after a few more of the high chairs in the grafting deck."

Montgomery, Ala., Advertiser: "The good old city of Richmond on the James is coming to the front and the Times-Dispatch tells of a 'sky-scaper' to be erected in the near future. The height of the proposed innovation is not mentioned, but we suppose it will be at least three stories, possibly four—Richmond is catching on."

Norfolk Ledger: "Richmond, it appears, threatens to do the St. Louis act in the matter of holding up the local legislative business—and she wouldn't do some of her sister cities any harm in doing it. A few lessons of the St. Louis sort, given at various points in the country, would have a salutary effect upon the modern municipal and State legislator."

DAILY FASHION HINTS.

Misses' Frock.

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THE PURPLE GOD.

By WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON. Copyright, 1903.

CHAPTER XIX. A MYSTERIOUS MURDER.

There was a brief interval of silence—a breathless, ominous calm—while the wreaths of smoke, silvered by the moonlight, drifted slowly away from the scene of destruction.

Then the storm burst again, more furiously than before. The order to retreat to the inner defenses came loudly from Manroo Punt's lips, and swiftly on the heels of it rang the exultant yells of the "Reds" and "Blacks," as they streamed through the shattered gateway and up the steps.

Some of the zemindar's men were hopelessly cut off, but the greater part were rescued, by way of the bridge and the ditch. They fled through the passade, and the rear most closed and barred the strong gate.

All hope of a successful resistance was crushed, and the inevitable end could not long be delayed. But the spirit of the garrison under these trying circumstances was most admirable, and they fought a brave and effective fight.

Jack, after leaving Madge in the house, hastily returned to take part in the defense. Both he and Estcourt thrived to avenge the death of poor Ruzles, and the did splendid service with their rifles. While the fighting was hottest Govind Punt, who had been among the first to seek safety within the enclosure, suddenly disappeared.

Jack, after leaving Madge in the house, hastily returned to take part in the defense. Both he and Estcourt thrived to avenge the death of poor Ruzles, and the did splendid service with their rifles. While the fighting was hottest Govind Punt, who had been among the first to seek safety within the enclosure, suddenly disappeared.

These chaps aren't cowards, what- ever else they may be," shouted Estcourt, with forced admiration, "I'd give my right arm to see them in a tight place, but I can't spot him."

"And what wouldn't I give for a fair shot at the cursed renegade, Joel Span- ish!" Jack replied, as he shifted the muzzle of his rifle from one hand to the other. "Of course he is skulking in the rear."

"They're wavering, Punt!" "By Jove, so they are!" "Hurray!" "Either because the hail of bullets was so utterly destructive at close range or for some other reason best known to Manroo Khan, a couple of blasts of a trumpet sent the enemy scattering like the cover of a book, which was large enough to shelter the entire force.

Firing ceased on both sides, and as the smoke curled upward the space between the passade and the ruined gate- way was seen to be strewn with dead and wounded.

Then a signal of truce—a white turban on a gun barrel—was hoisted into view. In a loud voice, Manroo Khan formulated terms of surrender, offering the chance of life and safety to the beleaguered garrison, if they would deliver up the fortresses.

"Have I not given my final answer?" Manroo Punt replied angrily. "You do but waste your breath, thou son of a burnt faggot!"

"Trator and heretic, death will be the sure lot of thee and thine!" "A shot fired from one of the zemindar's men, fired either by accident or design, knocked the turban out of sight. The negotiations came to a sudden termination, and the "Reds" and "Blacks" again set to work to maul the invaders from a straggling volley over the edge of the ditch.

Then a silence fell, and very deep and profound it seemed after the rattle of musketry and the hiss of bullets. A momentary hush, a voice in guarded tones, and a cracking, rumbling noise began to draw near.

"They are bringing up their artillery!" exclaimed Estcourt.