The Times-Dispatch

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SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1906.

> When thou prayest, rather let thy heart be without words, than thy words without heart.
>
> —Bunyan.

Reconstruction in Cuba.

"The real issue in Cuba," says Mr. Talcott Williams, in the Outlook, "is not between this or that party, or between President Palma and his opponents, but whether the new Cuba of independence, railways, plantations, and schools, has the leadership and nothing force to suppress wandering bands of negro laborers led by politicians out of a job and seeking one."

Mr. Williams, son of a missionary, was born in Turkey, and it is said that his views on the relationship between the races were formerly not such as are entertained by white men in the South. For the past several years he has been an editorial writer on the staff of the Philadelphia Press, and it is needless to say that training in that school did not tend to bring him more nearly in accord with Southern sentiment. But Mr. Williams has had a revelation. From year to year he has been coming to the South with the "Ogden party," and he has met the negro race and the negro problem face to face. We have heard that this experience has served at least to modify his views concerning the aptitude of the negro race for self-government. At any rate, he frankly states that the negro element in Cuba must be politically controlled, or Cuba can have no "middle government."

We wonder what Mr. Williams would have said, had he come South during the period of Reconstruction and seen the dark colorts led by white carpet-baggers and scalawags, all such honors falling under the designation as "politicians out of a job and seeking one." The negroes had but recently emerged from slavery. They had had no training in the art of government. They were ignorant, superstitious and emotional, and were the easy prey of political adventurers. They were organized into the notorious "Union Leagues," and voted en masse. They knew but one party they acknowledged but one allegiance. They voted as their political masters directed; to do otherwise would have been regarded as an act of treason.

It was such an organization that ruled if over the native whites and made and administered the law.

But there was no hostile intervention on the part of the United States government in behalf of the whites. The Democrats did not send his personal representative hither to appeal to the "honor of negroes." On the contrary, the infamous regime was supported by federal bayonets, and the whites were compelled to resort to the Kuklux to save themselves from the negroes and the carpet-bagger.

We have no disposition to discuss the subject, but it is interesting to read the attitude which Mr. Williams has assumed, its statements and its [illegible] in the South after the War between the States. It is the editor of the Philadelphia Press who has evidently undergone a revolution.

We had the same feeling a few years ago, [illegible] remember to Editor Williams. It was whether he and his brother editors were able to conceive that "wandering bands of negroes led by politicians out of a job and seeking one" were made up in the South and for the same reason that we were. Little to do, forsooth! A hard and [illegible] struggle, and at bottom the problem of government here [illegible] the carpet-baggers were [illegible] the negroes [illegible] ignorant and [illegible] to have come into power [illegible] from the [illegible] effect of the [illegible] to prevent an [illegible] Since then we have [illegible] educating the negro and [illegible] the public expense [illegible] a fair chance to [illegible] generally improve [illegible] the meanwhile [illegible] good wealth [illegible] have thousands [illegible] wedding. Our friends here [illegible] too is complete.

By and by when we shall have [illegible] our breath, we shall turn our [illegible] to national politics, and in due [illegible] we shall nominate a [illegible] Democrat and elect him.

Cuba may well take heart, for the South's struggle and triumph.

Put Your Label On.

The dream of the great Napoleon has in it that there might be no higher order than valor. Richmond has more real manhood than cream.

It would be a useful lesson if the American people would place that principle, and make it their rule of conduct in all the affairs of life. We should blame ever have preference over the real thing? Better one plain gold ring or pin than a vulgar display of sham jewelry; better one small diamond than clusters of "brilliants"; better one little work of art in your parlor than walls lined with cheap chromos. If you cannot get the genuine article, don't have anything, for the sham will vitiate your taste, if it do not corrupt your morals. The better the imitation the greater the deception, and one may not practice deception in any form without consequent degradation, more or less.

In a higher sense, better an honest sinner than a sham saint; better a bold highwayman than a sneak-thief; better a professional politician than a pretended "statesman," and so on throughout the list. There is no statute on the subject, but the moral law demands that a man wear his own label, be it good or bad.

Five Thousand for Sentimentality

In the local columns of The Times-Dispatch yesterday, the following brief item of news appeared:

"The Poor Committee met yesterday afternoon at the City Home and considered the location for the colored almshouse. It was finally determined to change the location slightly to the south, thus bringing it to the brow of the hill just north of the white house."

This means that the committee, in spite of the protest of the superintendent and his assistant, the surgeon and some of its own members, proposes to place the new building for the colored poor below the hill, instead of on a level with the building for the whites. To do this, it would cost four or five thousand dollars extra for excavation work and the surgeon is satisfied that the sanitation would be imperfect. On the other hand, if the location on top of the hill should be chosen, the cost of excavation would be saved, and the building would be more healthful, more comfortable, more convenient and more desirable. Moreover, the superintendent believes he can save from $500 to $1,500 in the cost of operation, if the two buildings are placed on the same lot.

All this is admitted, we believe, by the committee, but some of the members are sensitive on the race question. They seem to think that to put both buildings on the same level would be too much like putting the two races on equality; therefore, the building for the colored folks must be put down the hill, in order that the supremacy of the white race may be preserved, and the colored race held down to a lower level.

Did you ever hear the like of that? Does anybody believe that George H. Davis would be in favor of mixing the races? The fact is that the two buildings would be in no remote way connected. They would be a hundred feet apart, separated by high walls and would front on different streets.

It is hoped that the Council will take the rational view. The present management has saved the city $30,000 in the cost of operating the two almshouses, and from $2,000 to $2,500 a year can be saved on the present basis of expense, if the two institutions can be brought under one operation. Nobody can be more earnest in in favor of racial separation than The Times-Dispatch, but we do not believe in carrying the principle to absurd extremes. The taxpayers are unwilling to pay $3,000 down and $2,500 a year continuously for a sentimentality.

Opium.

The news that the Chinese government has issued an edict prohibiting the use of opium in the empire within a decade (apparently opposite a wonder as to what England will do about it. Opium exports to China are worth many millions of pounds sterling annually to the revenue of the Indian treasury. China tried to resist the importation of the drug in 1840 and Great Britain did not side openly on the side. The Opium War was the result, and when the smoke of it had cleared away China found herself committed to the continued use of the Indian dope.

India is the largest producer of opium in the world, as China is the largest consumer. Immense fields of poppies are cultivated for the purpose in the rich river tracts along the Ganges. Despite the opinion held by philanthropists as to the deleterious effects of the drug, it is the most valuable staple in the world, from the revenue standpoint, to the Indian government. It is a monopoly, and the revenue derived from it is used to pay the salaries of the English officials, who are sent out to India to "develop the country" and get back home as soon as possible. The Indian government is not the only one that is interested in the production of opium. The Turkish government derives a large revenue from it, and Persia is practically dependent upon it for a large part of her revenue. The Chinese Empire, in its efforts to shake off the opium habit, is the most conspicuous example of a nation that is willing to sacrifice revenue to moral principle. In this age, however, the British government will hardly care to force the trade upon a country that doesn't want it and honestly tried to get rid of it more than sixty years ago.

Riches of the Southwest

Our recent letter from Abingdon by a staff correspondent, outlining the riches of that part of Virginia, was a revelation to many citizens of our own State. Virginia is so large, and her resources are so varied that one section knows but too little about the other. All of us have a vague idea of the mineral wealth of the Southwest, but who is prepared to believe that a property in that locality, which sold during hard times for the pitiful sum of $35,000, is now yielding a gross annual income of $750,000? Yet we have reliable information that such is the fact.

In the neighborhood of Abingdon the wealth of timber, minerals, water-power, agricultural and mineral lands is beyond belief, and it must soon become one of the most prosperous sections of the South. More than a century ago a scientific man predicted that this corner of Virginia, with its rich bluegrass meadows, its mountains and hills filled with almost every known mineral, and its three rivers, each with rapids every few hundred yards to furnish unlimited water-power, would some day be the most densely populated section of the United States, because it could sustain such a population from the soil. That prophesy is now in process of fulfillment.

Population of Counties

A correspondent thinks that The Times-Dispatch was in error in saying that Pittsylvania was the most populous county in the State, with the exception of Norfolk county. He suggests that Henrico is far ahead. It is, if the city of Richmond be included. But Danville was not included in the population of Pittsylvania, nor Norfolk city in that of Norfolk county.

The population of Norfolk county proper is 30,780; that of Pittsylvania, 36,894, while the population of Henrico is 30,002. There are several counties with a larger population than Henrico. Halifax has 37,197; Rockingham, 32,537; Accomac, 32,570; Augusta, 32,559; Bedford, 30,366.

"Trust in the Lord and Do Good."

(Selected for The Times-Dispatch.)

"Trust in the Lord and do good: so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed."—Psalm xxxvii, 3.

There is something very significant in the order of thought in this text.

It is, "Trust in the Lord and do good"—not do good and trust in the Lord. The Psalmist had his eye on the vital root out of which all living goodness springs. Good deeds will have a living greenness and a boundless fertility when their root is planted by the river of the grace and love of God.

Trust in God. Believe in Him, love Him, make it the joy of your heart and the glory of your life to serve Him, and "do good"; then "shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed."

Trust in the good Lord, who loves goodness supremely, who made the world to be the theatre of well-doing, and whose heart will be gladdened by your good work as it is saddened by your sin.

Trust in God, in whose sight good deeds are beautiful, and open your heart to His inspiration. Know that in you there is a power to live like Him. Partake of the Divine nature that is the glory of the human. The perfect man is the God-made, the perfect human deeds are the deeds which the God-man frames and inspires. And they are the blessed deeds, the glorious deeds, in every world but this.

Trust in God, who represents a world of living intelligence all around you, where lovers of truth and righteousness, and doers of good deeds, find loving sympathy, joyous greetings, throngs of friends, the kindred and friends of eternity. Trust in God and rise at once to their fellowship. Do good because God does good, and they live to do good in heaven.

But what is good? What are good deeds? "What shall we do that we may work the works of God?" How many would be thankful for a list of good deeds with the counter-sign of heaven? But God gives the catalogue of good deeds in His Word. He goes at once to the root of the matter. Be good, if you would do good. And there is but one way to be good, begin at the beginning. Enter today the training school of duty.

Here and now do the good thing which lies nearest to your hand. Master that fallen temper which makes all around you wretched. Tame that selfish habit that mars the happiness of your home. Look out daily for some means of helping and blessing others. Let your life be as a gleam of sunlight on the lives of those whom you love. Wrestle with that envious, fretful, ambitious, resentful thought there in the secret chamber of your heart which God's eye only looks upon.

Struggle with that temptation to do a mean, base, dishonest trick, and fling it from you. Trust in God for strength to crush it beneath your feet, and your way will soon be clear to the loftier paths of Christ-like living. Thus will you truly hallow your powers to make your life a benediction to the world.

Begin with the things you know to be good in the common levels of life they are those all around you. Pray for God's help.

From the habit of doing good in the little things in the way I am trying, treading the good that lieth in sight, and the way to great things lies open. There is One on high, watching Who will keep alive the feeble fire and fan it to a mighty flame. The love of God will soon glow like a furnace. You will then be trained for the noblest work, the purest joy and the radiant glory of eternity.

"So shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed."

The Psalmist has no ideal meanings here—he means simply home and bread. The work of the world has to be carried on by those to whom home and bread are precious, and their families the great interest of their lives. The promise is to them and their children. And this would be the normal condition of things if the world were not so terribly jarred and out of joint.

To dwell in the land means not surely to wall around a bit of it and possess it, but to dwell among brethren, sharing their public life in honor and in love. "Trust in the Lord and do good," and your home among your brethren is sure. They know the well-doers, they love them, they make room for them.

Let a man live out fearlessly the Divine rule, and daily his life will grow richer in love, in honor and in the supply of all his needs. We "half trust the promise, and then complain that it fails us.

This statement is one made by the Psalmist. It is no absolute legal promise. The life and death of Christ should remind us that the most Divine goodness may find no home—no bread in a world like this. The world's martyrs have not been its chief sinners. Always a deeper and more solemn claim of heaven may be pressed on us.

Some there are for whom God may see it is best that their bread in this world should fail. But there is still the everlasting Rock beneath them. There is a land from whose home all the forces of the universe cannot thrust them; and "angels' bread," which all the banded hosts of darkness can never snatch from their lips.

News comes from New York that the State Democratic Convention to be held at Buffalo will read Mr. Hearst out of the party.

That is not necessary. Mr. Hearst has read himself out of the party. All that the convention has to do is to ignore him and refuse to consider him as a candidate. Suppose some delegate should propose the name of Platt, or Higgins, or any well known Republican, what would the convention do? Mr. Hearst is in the same attitude, for he has quit the party. He has accepted a nomination from an independent political organization, and he has publicly declared that he favors the formation of a third party. What right has a man in such a predicament to be seeking honors in a straight Democratic convention?

The man who adjusted things so amicably for Messrs. Witte and Kamura seems to have difficulties in performing a similar service for Hons. Palma and Guerra. It is so much easier to attend to other people's business than your own.

P. S.—Especially when the eye of the anti-imperialist wing is fixed sternly on you.

Cuba's Secretary of the Treasury is named Senor Fonts y Sterling, and if the fighting on the island becomes serious, it may cost that man dear who pounds Sterling.—Washington Post.

He will find, in short, that he has got hold of the wrong Fonts.

Even supposing that there was a conspiracy to beat Winston Churchill, you would hardly expect a novelist to kick at getting next to a new plot, would you?

If college professors ought to be paid $15,000 a year, as one of them argues in a magazine, what in the world shall we have to pay for our halfbacks?

If the administration is really sincere in desiring peace in Cuba, it does seem a little strange that they haven't sent Boomer Barnes down there.

Mr. Taft may not accomplish a peace in Cuba, but at least he has the chance of a lifetime to get clear Havana smokes at ground-floor quotations.

Brigadier-General Fred. Funston left in time to throw a few pairs of swimming trunks in his grip.

Busy days for the Chinese junk dealers, these. Six hundred have just been destroyed at one fell swoop.

Delays in effecting peace being inevitable, Secretary Taft will have to put up with a good deal of additional wait.

Whatever its faults, the Democratic convention in New York is not likely to prove an Adamless Eden.

It is now up to the canned-tomato makers, too, to quit selling under false colors.

Secretary Root reaches Panama too late in the season to buy any hats.

"Picnic candidates" will henceforward have to stand on their own feet.

General Wessels, also, must be having his merry thoughts.

Hong Kong is preceded by a death-like silence.

Now what does Mr. Hearst think of it?

A Correction.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—In justice to Professor Bruce R. Payne, of the University of Virginia, I desire to correct an error in the report of the meeting of the School Improvement League at Gethsemane Church, appearing in your issue of 20th instant.

Professor Payne, the speaker of the evening, was quoted as saying: "In him the audience beheld the originator of the high school bill, the man who had made possible such a school in their community." Professor Payne is an excellent and able speaker, but in no sense an egotistical one. The language attributed to Professor Payne was used by me in a slightly changed form in introducing Professor Payne to his audience.

H. CARTER REDD.

Beaver Dam, Va., September 21, 1906.

A Query.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Please tell me if Jack O'Brien and Bob Fitzsimmons ever fought each other.

H. A.

O'Brien was from Fitzsimmons on a foul in a fight pulled off in San Francisco about seven years ago.

Maurer's Rat-and Roach-Paste

attracts these vermin by its odor; they eat it and die instantly.

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Convenient for tourists.

PREPARED BY

F. W. Lyon, D.D.S.

Rhymes for To-Day

Summer Redivivus.

SEPTEMBER'S days have waxed as warm as days can ever grow—
They scarce can beat this frightful heat in regions down below:
'Tis like the furnace Shadrach tramped beside Abednego.

Yet once I guessed: "Ah! summer's past, and autumn brings the blues!"
I bade farewell to leafy dell, good-by to peekaboos,
I cried: "The drear November's near!" and gave some low boo-hoos.

And then, as though he wished to show the poet was his tool,
The weather man he took a han' and steamed away the cool,
And showed up Me, as you can see, as pretty nigh a fool.

I'll not regret the summer yet; I feel it isn't lost—
I did that once—ah, erring dunce!—and look at what it's cost!
Nor e'er I'll greet the autumn sweet until I see the frost.

H. S. H.

MERELY JOKING.

Defined.

"Pa, what is a Bohemian?" "A man who'll borrow your last dollar with him, my boy."—Pittsburg Post.

To Begin Again.

Grace: "I hear that Charlie and Helen have made up their quarrel." Gussie: "Only temporarily. They are going to be married soon."—Illustrated Bits.

As Usual.

She: "Did you notice the beautiful palms in the new restaurant?" He: "The only palms I saw were the waiters'."—Boston Transcript.

Flattering.

He: "What a number of parties your sister must go to. She's always out when I call." She: "Yes; she's the lucky one."—The Sketch.

Didn't Need it.

"Can I sell you a photograph?" "You are evidently mistaken, my man." "How so?" "My wife has gone away for the summer."—Boston Post.

Frigatfully Sarcastic.

Slow train, local time. Dispute between passenger and guard. Guard: "Well, sir, I've been on this train 'ere and man, for thirty-five years."—Bill-o'-Fagg's Passenger: "Good heavens, man, what shame did you get on at?"—Punch.

Not Quite Definite.

He (hesitatingly): "I can marry any woman I please." She (cynically): "That's all right, but are you sure you can please any?"—Baltimore American.

VIRGINIA SENTIMENT.

Off Their Base.

The Lynchburg News and the Virginian-Pilot seem to us as unpractical in their contention that the fifteenth amendment should be submitted to the United States Supreme Court for adjudication at this late day, as the Baltimore sun is in advocating the nomination of a Southern man for the presidency, which the south itself prefers a Nebraska man.—Petersburg Index-Appeal.

Captain Lamb's Revolt.

Congressman John Lamb, of Richmond, is out against government ownership. This they charge to disagree with Mr. Bryan—Fredericksburg Star.

Judge Lynch's Home.

The Times-Dispatch should be easy on the News. The Mr. Lynch who was the founder of Lynchburg was also the regulator from whom Lynch law derived its name. Allowance must be made for respect to ancestral tradition.—Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.

A Hopeless Case.

An inmate of a lunatic asylum in England made his escape and asked to be allowed to pay something toward the cost of his maintenance out of his earnings, which amount to one [illegible]. The board regarded the letter as perfectly sane and have granted the request. Every one who can read regard the letter as evidence of hopeless insanity.—Farmville Herald.

NORTH CAROLINA SENTIMENT.

Statue of Charles D. McIver.

The friends of the late Charles Duncan McIver will gather the state with be glad to know that a movement is afoot to erect a monument to the memory of that useful man. It has not yet been decided on a bronze figure that will perpetuate his form and expression.—Raleigh News and Observer.

Ah, There, Colonel!

There is a corporation called the International River Jordan Water Company. Its object is to divert water from the River Jordan to be used for irrigation. The president of the company is a Kentucky colonel.—Wilmington Messenger.

The South's Mistake.

The South will never get what is coming to her out of the Democratic party as long as she is content to open up and holler for whoever happens to be in the road.—Durham Herald.

Greensboro's Boost.

Greensboro is getting to be more and more of an insurance center. As told in our columns yesterday a new fire million dollar fire insurance company has been launched with some of Greensboro's most capable business men behind it. Greensboro's supremacy as an insurance center is a source of satisfaction to all who live in the town and want to see it make "Greensboro" its motto in all things.—Greensboro Telegram.

Cannon's Inconsistency.

It is an astonishing state of affairs when Speaker Cannon consents to keep Sheep, the lone Republican Congressman from Virginia, and fails to go into the Eighth and help Hockenberry. Perhaps "Uncle Joe," as his intimates call him, has accumulated a huge disgust for Hackney by reason of his failure to land his Quaker friend, Prof. Frazier—Greensboro Record.

Too Much of It.

Eastern newspapers did not display the utterances of Mr. Bryan in Raleigh, and indeed few of them so much as gave him notice, and that, too, when they had his words hot from the wire. The Associated Press carried more than one thousand words of his address in Raleigh, which was put on our leased wire by 9 o'clock in the afternoon. The papers had it, but there is no rule to require them to publish it. Perhaps they had their fill at Madison square.—Raleigh Times.

A Warranted Suspicion.

"My wife was arrested yesterday."

"You surprise me. What was the trouble?"

"She got off a trolley car the right way and a policeman thought she was a man in disguise."—Puck.

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IDOLS OF THE PEOPLE

Great Popular Leaders in America and Elsewhere---Parts Played by Heredity.

BY SAVOYARD.

Our country has produced four brilliant men who dazzled their followers and may be named as popular idols—Henry Clay, Stephen A. Douglas, James G. Blaine, and William Jennings Bryan. Washington and Lincoln were in another class, venerated rather than admired, trusted more than loved. Jackson was a military hero and got to be the head of a party, but he cannot be classed as "a man of magnetism." New England admired Webster for his giant intellect, despite the laxity of his morals and the idiosyncrasy of his integrity. The South admired Calhoun for his exquisite intellect and venerated him for the Roman austerity of his private character. John C. Breckinridge was the favorite of an epoch and Thaddeus Stevens was the incarnation of an idea.

But, after all, Clay, Douglas, Blaine and Bryan are our popular idols. And of these Clay was immeasurably the greatest. He was not only a great orator, but a great statesman. He was not only a superb popular leader, but an unrivaled constructive statesman. He made the war of 1812. He was the artificer of the miscalled "Missouri Compromise." He saved the country from revolution and blood in the real compromise of 1833. He wore the mantle of Alexander Hamilton as the apostle of the "American System of Protection." He again averted war by the compromise of 1850. His following was the most devoted army America ever had. Men loved him to delirium. Though he was a chaste man, women raved about him. He was Alcibiades without his vices and Coriolanus without his treason. Thrice he was his party's candidate for President and thrice he was defeated, but his fame is the brighter for it, and he lives in history as the knightliest man in our entire citizenship.

Douglas, like Clay, sprang from the people. He did not have the graceful person, the mellifluent voice, the commanding individuality of Clay, but he was the greatest debater of an age richer in great debaters than any other epoch of our annals. He knew no history but American history, he was acquainted with no literature but the literature of American politics. It is doubtful if he knew whether the house of Tudor preceded the house of Plantagenet or succeeded the house of Stuart. He probably could not have told whether William III. reigned before or after Edward III. If he ever read a classic, he kept that fact to himself. There is not a poetical quotation in all his speeches. He was devoid of the sense of humor. But on the stump he was matchless, and in the Senate that contained Toombs and Davis, Fessenden and Sumner, Benjamin and Crittenden, Seward and Chase, he was the first personality and the strongest man.

Douglas might have been President if he had organized his following in 1852 or 1856 as he organized it in 1860. But the fact is that Douglas did not court the nomination in 1852 or 1856. He felt that the Senate was his field, and he was right. Men loved him desperately. He was approachable and convivial. He lived fast and died early. I shall not speculate upon what might have been had he survived the war. Would he have acted as did Logan, or would he have done as did Tilden? Would he have sustained Lincoln in suspending the Constitution for the preservation of the Union? It does not require a very vivid imagination to speculate that his death was as necessary to the triumph of the Union arms as Stonewall Jackson's. What if he had led the political result that McClellan headed?

James G. Blaine was more loved by his following than Douglas was by his, or Bryan is by his; but men did not idolize him as they did Clay. He was in Congress while Grant, Thomas, Sherman and Sheridan were in the field. But none of these was the popular idol Blaine was. Conkling was an abler man, Carpenter an abler and a more brilliant man, Morton a stronger man, but the young guard, everywhere, swore by "the man from Maine." Ben Hill unhorsed him in the famous debate, but he emerged from it "a plumed knight, who threw his shining lance full and fair in the brazen face of treason." Carpenter set him upside down and Thurman turned him inside out in the great debate on the disposition of the proceeds of "the Geneva Award," but the galleries rose to him. No other man of his day could have survived the "Mulligan Letters," and it is a tribute to the man that millions of his followers never read them.

He would have been President had he obeyed his own instincts. Late in 1881, against his own judgment, he was dragged to the Middle West. He insisted that the battle ground was New York and was kept in Ohio and Indiana the ten days that would have made New York safe. There was a fatality in it, and maybe a benificent Providence that Clay and Douglas and Blaine all failed in the ambition to be President.

Mr. Bryan is just come from foreign parts, where he went to study political systems. Before he got home the Republicans were walking the floor; now the Democrats are walking the floor. But Mr. Bryan is a man of magnetism and a popular idol. If he had the sagacity of Samuel J. Tilden he would go far. For ten years he has been in the public eye, but always the question has obtruded, "Where is the man's wisdom?"

I heard his first speech in Congress. It was on the tariff—Bastiat's epigrams in eloquent tongue. It set the house afire. Not one member in ten had ever heard that stuff before, and none had ever seen it in so attractive a dress. It stampeded the Chicago convention in a figure from Burke's great speech on the regency bill, and I give him the credit to believe that he never read that speech and never heard of the regency bill.

He went up and down the earth preaching that the stamp of the government made the dollar, and it is not possible that any other statesman of our entire history ever imbibed so much false logic if we can associate fallacy with the word logic, as William J. Bryan did in 1896; but he is going to eclipse it now with his impossible government ownership of trunk lines, and his absurd State ownership of local lines.

If the Republicans could have chosen a committee to write the railroad clause of Bryan's Madison Square Garden speech, it could not have been constructed more to the advantage of the Republican party than Bryan made it himself. Unless the Democratic party is ready to go to the slaughter on this impossibility, as they went to it on the 16-to-1 absurdity, that party must get a lantern and go searching for a Democrat to nominate in 1908.

James G. Blaine's grandson, third of the name, is a clerk in a New York bank and gnawing his chains even as would his grandsire had that great man accepted the department clerkship in Washington when, a penniless young adventurer, it was offered him. Of this Blaine of the third generation it is remarked: "He would rather be United States Senator than corner the markets of the world." It is possible that his grand dad would have suffered a long hiatus—maybap a perpetual absence—in his service in the Senate to corner the markets of New York for forty-eight hours. The elder Blaine was a born man of affairs, and on Wall Street he would have been a Midas of the first magnitude.

Heredity is a thing we may speculate upon. It is more apparent among horses and dogs, sheep and chickens, than it is among human beings. There is the myth that Marcus Brutus was the son of Julius Caesar; there is the scandal that Anne Boleyn was the daughter of Henry VIII.; there is the absurdity that Francis Bacon was the son of Queen Elizabeth—these concoctions of the fancy for the credulous.

Let us take the family of Plantagenet, and go back no farther, the Black Prince, a splendid hero—

Poitiers and Crecy tell the victory—

was the son of one of the greatest kings who ever wore the English purple, and the father of one of the weakest kings of English history. What a glorious story is that of Henry V—Shakespeare's Prince Hal. His queen was that Kate of France who was the ancestress of the house of Tudor, a grand-dame of Queen Bess, and yet the sin of England that she and "Hal" gave the English throne was that hapless weakling, Henry VI., who, though his queen was the heroic Margaret of Anjou, perished miserably before the arms of the "White Rose."

William the Silent was the first statesman of a grand epoch, and his son, Maurice of Nassau, was the most accomplished soldier of a generation that produced Spinola. What an illustrious family it was—that house of Orange! William III., of that line, whom Macaulay considered the greatest man of his time, had coursing his veins the bloods of Orange, Bourbon, Plantagenet, Stuart, Tudor, Lorraine. There is no finer-bred man in profane history, few greater statesmen, and no steuter soldier. Marlborough's son died early, but Berwick was his nephew, the marshal of Louis XIV., who was more like Bayard than any other, and none of us can read the history of his defense of France from the attack from the direction of Savoy without reminder of Robert E. Lee. A difference is that Lee failed and Berwick succeeded. What a different story history would tell if Berwick had not been barred from the English throne by the bar-sinister? If Arabella Churchill, instead of Ann Hyde, had been the wedded spouse of James II., in all probability the Stuart dynasty would now be regnant in the British empire. Charles Edward, hero of battle, and "Prince Charley," of song, was Berwick's nephew, and a direct lineal descendant of that Duke of Guise who restored Calais to France by one of the most heroic feats in the annals of war.

Another striking example of heredity is that of the two William Pitts, and there we may supplement with Hester Stanhope, of the third generation, granddaughter of the great Chatham. It would be hard to tell who was the greater man or greater orator, the first or second Pitt. Both ruled England when England could only be ruled by eloquence. Their great rival, Henry Fox, and the more eminent Charles James, father and son, also present a marvelous example of heredity. We are told that the younger Fox was the greatest parliamentary debater who ever spoke our tongue, and we can readily believe it after reading his crushing reply to Pitt in the debate on the breach of the treaty of Amiens. Not so learned as Burke, not so brilliant as Sheridan, perhaps not so eloquent as his rival, the younger Pitt, in reply he was the greatest orator our tongue has known. He was the most lovable man in the world, despite the worst training in the world. Reared by a fond father, who could deny him nothing, at sixteen he was a complete reprobate. Before he was thirty he had dissipated in riotous living one of the most opulent private fortunes in Europe. An inveterate gambler, he was ever unfortunate at hazard, and would rather be cheated at play than not to play at all. He was a drunkard and a rake, and when Pitt explained to wondering French statesmen how such a man could fill so great a place in the English public, he said: "You have not been under the wand of the magician." Fox was a direct descendant of Charles II. by a child of the left hand, and if George III. could have had his fondest desire, an act of Fox would have been Queen of England. Had it been so, there would have been no American revolution in 1776.

In our country there have been two families conspicuous for heredity—Marshall and Adams. This Mr. Hawes, who is the first orator of Missouri, is the nephew of Thomas F. Marshall, the first orator of Kentucky, who was the nephew of John Marshall, the first jurist of America. There are four generations of the Adams family all distinguished for intellect and character. The late W. C. P. Breckinridge was the grandson of William C. Preston, himself a magnificent orator and the grandson of the father of Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson, John Randolph of Roanoke, John Marshall and Robert E. Lee all sprang from a Randolph who flourished in Virginia in the colonial period.

But the theme is fruitless, and yet I cannot but think that all other pedigrees are base compared with that in the Gospel of Matthew, where a line is traced through more than two score generations.

With what contempt must Isaac of York have looked down on the house of Plantagenet.

An Appreciative Contemporary.

The Times-Dispatch of last Sunday had a four-column article on Chatham and Pittsylvania county, and a half column editorial on the same. It shows that this great daily (which has the city of Richmond at heart) is broad minded and enterprising, and therefore interested in every part of the State. Each article is a big bouquet of forget-me-nots, and our entire section will remember it. We wish we could reproduce the articles, but as we cannot, we render our sincere thanks for the service rendered our town and county in giving this section such wide publicity.—Pittsylvania Tribune.

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