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TUESDAY, JULY 4, 1911.

THE LESSON OF THE DAY.

"It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires and illuminations from one end of this continent to the other from this time forward forevermore."

So wrote John Adams, of Massachusetts, to his wife about the adoption of the resolution offered by Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, by the Continental Congress assembled in Philadelphia in 1776, one hundred and thirty-five years ago. The resolution declaring that "these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States, that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, that all political connection between them and Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved," was offered by Lee on June 4, but was not adopted until the 2d of July, the Congress having devoted nearly a whole month to the serious consideration and frequent discussion of the subject. Two days later the formal expression of independence contained in Jefferson's immortal document was adopted by the Congress, but not until it had been picked over clause by clause and amended by the exclusion of two very important paragraphs proposed by Mr. Jefferson and concurred in by the committee appointed to prepare a declaration suitable to be laid before the world—a paragraph arraigning with terrible severity the slave trade, and another paragraph charging that the English people had been equally guilty with King and Parliament in their attitude towards the American Colonies.

There were many differences of opinion among the members of the Congress. Six of the Colonies were opposed to the Lee resolution at the beginning of the debate, and it was not until the will of a majority of the people had been fully ascertained that the resolution was adopted; indeed, it was not until the 9th of July, seven days after the adoption of the Lee resolution and five days after the adoption of the Declaration, that the Provincial Congress of New York, lamenting the "cruel necessity which had rendered that measure unavoidable," gave its approval to the same, and "at the risk of our lives and fortunes, join with the other Colonies in supporting it." The Declaration was not entered upon lightly, but soberly, discreetly and in the fear of God. The soul of the Lee resolution resided in the Declaration that "these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States." The purpose which led the members of the Continental Congress to dissolve all political connection between the Colonies and Great Britain was set forth in the Jeffersonian maxim that governments "derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." There would otherwise have been no wish or disposition to escape from all allegiance to the British Crown.

It is well to recall in these imperialistic times the wisdom and patriotism of the Founders and to gather from the contemplation of their unselfish conduct fresh courage for the struggle which must be made in defence of the rights of the people. At no previous time in the history of this country has the integrity of our institutions been so sorely menaced. The "free and independent States" of the Declaration are to be made mere political appanages of a centralized government at Washington. It is well that we should take account on this natal day of the Republic of the evil tendencies of the times and pledge ourselves anew to the faith of the fathers.

George William Curtis spoke with the voice of the seer at the Centennial Celebration in the town of Northfield in New York State on July 4, 1876, as follows:

"The test of our national greatness is the use we make of our opportunities. If they breed extravagance, wild riot and license; if they make fraud plausible and corruption easy; if they confuse private morality and debauch the public conscience—beware, beware! for all our prosperity is then but a Belshazzar's feast of splendor, and while we sit drunken with wine and crowned with flowers, the walls of our stately palace are flaming and cracking with the terrible words of our doom."

"Beware, beware!" "The test of our national greatness is the use we make of our opportunities." Extravagance, wild riot and license have come to this country, and come by encouragement of the very men who have been chosen by the people to administer their affairs. The public conscience has been debauched. The fibre of the people has been greatly weakened by the excesses of government and the false teaching of false prophets. The people are steadily losing the power of resistance. We are losing our boasted character as a nation of freemen, and are becoming a nation of slaves. What is needed is a rekindling of the spirit of '76. The celebration of this day will be worse than vain if we do not resolve once more that governments "derive their just powers from the consent of the governed."

HOW TO KEEP THE FOURTH.

Good advice for the Fourth: Keep cool. Don't take much exercise. Just hang around the house. Avoid fireworks either in explosive or liquid form. Contemplate the Constitution of your country. Reflect upon the mischief-makers who are trying to adapt it not to the necessities of the people or the interests of good government, but to their own selfish political ambitions. Resolve that you will stand fast by the faith of the fathers. Rejoice and be glad that they fought for your freedom and independence and for the rights of men. Set your face like flint against all the follies of the time and pray devoutly that this Government may not perish from the earth.

THE SOUTH IN CONGRESS.

The Macon Telegraph explains that if Hoke Smith shall be sent to the United States Senate from Georgia—he was only inducted into the office of Governor a day or so ago—it will be done by anti-Smith men who do not want to see him in the Governor's chair any longer than is absolutely necessary.

There must be some mistake about this, because the Telegraph is a very sensible paper and must know that it is almost as important for Georgia to be represented well in the United States Senate as it is for Georgia to be well represented in the office of Governor. The mistake the Southern States have made oftentimes is that the Government at Washington is so far removed from them that it does not matter greatly who shall be their representatives in the Congress at Washington. This is to be regretted, because the National Government has been getting closer, and steadily more uncomfortably close, to the States in the last few years than ever before.

What the South needs in Washington are its strongest and best men, men of experience, men of character, men of ability, men who understand the true relations of the Federal Government to the States, and who will be strong enough at Washington to resist encroachments on the rights of the States. The point we would make is that if Hoke Smith is not the best man for Governor of Georgia, he is not the best man for United States Senator from Georgia.

O! JOSEPHUS.

The North Carolina Press Association held its annual meeting at Lenoir last week, and among the distinguished journalists present was Josephus Daniels, of the Raleigh News and Observer, who has been writing in his newspaper about what he saw and heard and thought while he was with the brethren of the press. He liked the long drive from Lenoir to Blowing Rock, and he almost gave himself away as follows:

"There seems to be something about these long country rides, behind a horse not too fast, that impels men to open the secret recesses of their hearts, and I am almost tempted to say that no man ever knew another unless he had enjoyed long buggy rides with him. That is the reason why it is a dangerous thing for a young lady to go buggy riding with a good looking man. It takes both hands to drive an automobile, while a capable man can drive a horse with one hand. The girl had sense who sang:

"The man who takes two hands to drive
Is not the man for me!"

There it is! Think of Josephus Daniels harboring such thoughts as this. We do not know what it means. We draw the curtain.

RATHER WARM YESTERDAY.

It must be admitted that the weather on Sunday and yesterday, to say nothing about the weather of the preceding eight or nine days, was rather warm here, but read the reports that come from Milwaukee and Canada and the Maine coast, and thank Heaven that you did not leave home to keep cool.

It was sixteen degrees hotter in New York yesterday morning than it was Sunday morning. In Philadelphia the Government thermometer on the top of the highest building registered 98 at 1 o'clock in the afternoon. Nine deaths from heat were reported up to that hour, and scores of prostrations had been treated in the hospitals. In Kansas City the day was the hottest in twenty-three years. The sufferings of the poor in the tenement districts were intense. In St. Jo the record on Sunday was 104 degrees in the shade. In Baltimore yesterday conditions were stifling, Chicago was sweltering, and in Newark at 10 o'clock in the morning the mercury registered 100 degrees in the shade. In Detroit the temperature in the street was 109 degrees at noon, and there were eleven heat prostrations. At New Haven, the highest record was 100 degrees, while at Ansonia the thermometer showed 101½ degrees at 1 o'clock. In Boston there were many prostrations, with the thermometer at 100½ degrees. At 11 o'clock yesterday morning the official thermometer in New York, 320 feet above the street, registered 97 degrees. There were many heat prostrations, and to add zest to the occasion a man ran amuck with a knife trying to stab citizens and police officers and was shot dead by an officer because that was the only way to dispose of him. In Indianapolis, the heat at the street level was 100 degrees, this is particularly interesting because it is in Indianapolis that the President is to pull the tail feathers out of the Bird of Freedom to-day, and a sweaty time he will have, to be sure. At 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon the official thermometers registered 98 degrees in the coolest places, and the Government thermometer in the street showed that it was 107 degrees hot out in the open.

"The indications are," said the Associated Press dispatches last night, "that to-morrow will be the hottest Fourth of July ever experienced east of the Mississippi River." We shall see, and, though the most of us would prefer lower temperatures, we must rejoice with those of our neighbors who are always saying that they "like hot weather;" "can't make it too hot for us," and the blessing they longed for has come to them, and for this the reasonable people must be thankful. When we think of the poor communities in the Northern States, of New York and Boston and the New England resorts and of Montreal with a temperature of 107 degrees, we cannot be too grateful that there is such a place as Richmond with the majestic James sweeping by on its way to the sea.

PUTTING UP WITH FAIRBANKS.

President Taft will be the chief attraction of the Fourth of July celebration at Indianapolis to-day. He will make a speech, of course. That is why he has gone out there, and he will doubtless say some things in his speech on the subject of reciprocity, a question which has been giving him a good deal of concern, and it is hoped that he will make it very hot for the "Progressives," so called, of his own party, who have been making a losing fight against him on this great issue.

Mr. Taft will be entertained while he is in Indianapolis by former Vice-President Fairbanks, and we know that he will have a good time, and this gives us another opportunity to speak a kind word for the former Vice-President, who was made a great deal of in a rather mean way by the alleged humorists of the press when he filled with honor and distinction the second highest office in this country. He stood his punishment well, and if we must have another Republican administration, which Heaven forbid! there are many thousands of people in the United States who would rejoice to see Mr. Fairbanks in Washington as presiding officer of the United States Senate.

"PLAYING UP" THE SHONTSES.

The newspapers say that Mrs. Theodore P. Shonts has filed a suit against her husband for separate maintenance. Naturally, her husband has declined to discuss the matter in any way whatever, and Mrs. Shonts is now with her daughter, the Duchess Chaulnes, in Paris. We do not know why she wants to separate from her husband, and why, if she should really desire a separation, he should care particularly to have her around.

Mr. Shonts was formerly Chairman of the Panama Canal Commission, and later President of the Interborough Metropolitan Street Railway Company, of New York. We believe he has led a very clean life, and he has been much appreciated by those who have been associated with him in many great enterprises for his ability and his character. It must be very distressing to him that there should be wide publicity of als domestic infelicities, and this is one of the features of so-called modern journalism which we do not like at all.

Mr. Shonts is a rich man. He is said to be a very rich man, but even rich men, we suppose, must have feelings like other men. Merely because he is rich and his daughter married a French Duke, why should all the family linen be brought out and strung on a public clothes-line for the vicious and the vulgar to look at? Not one in a million of the readers who will now be apprised of the existence of Mr. Shonts, and who have never known him or that he had a wife, will be flooded with all the details of the disagreement between him and his wife. It is a shame that the American press should encourage this sort of thing.

HAS A SUSPICIOUS LOOK.

Representative Sisson, of Mississippi, has introduced an important resolution in Congress directing an investigation into the ownership of valuable property lying between the Capitol Grounds and the Union Station in Washington, which the Government has been authorized to purchase under the terms of a law passed by Congress two or three years ago. When the law was passed authorizing the creation of a commission to make the purchases, the commission was to be composed of the Vice-President of the United States, the Speaker of the House and the Superintendent of the Capitol Buildings and Grounds. A year ago this law was amended, making the Hon. Joseph G. Cannon, instead of the Speaker of the House, a member of the Commission, and the object of the Sisson resolution is to ascertain who owns the property that the Government is to buy, by whom the titles are now held, what connection, if any, the owners of any of the property have with the United States Government or the District of Columbia, the date on which the present owners obtained title to this property and for what purpose, and whether or not the owners of any of this property are related directly or indirectly, by blood or by marriage, to any officer of the Government, or to any member of Congress.

Mr. Sisson does not believe that the Government needs this property, that the Capitol Grounds are large enough now, and that the purchase of the property would require the expenditure of a very large sum of money, and that as the Government does not need the property for the purposes of government the expenditure would be a flagrant squandering of the public funds. When the bill authorizing the acquisition of this land was under consideration in the House, the statement was made that the property could be bought by the Government for $3,500,000. Mr. Sisson insists that, if the present programme is carried out, the property will cost the Government at least $8,500,000. He wants to know where this money is going, who is to get it and why it should be expended at all, and he is entirely right. He makes no charges against anybody, but he wants to know and so do the people of the country, why this desire for territorial extension at an enormous cost to the public treasury. Sisson's resolution was referred to the Committee on Rules, of which Representative Henry, of Texas, is Chairman. It is really remarkable how many things the Republicans did that the Democrats have found to require explanation.

ARCHIE BUTT AND MARCUS AURELIUS.

President Taft arrived at Beverly, Massachusetts, last Saturday morning, and spent his first day's vacation for the summer on the links playing golf with Major Archie Butt, and in the afternoon reading Marcus Aurelius. It is said that he read twice a passage wherein a charitable Roman says that a man sure in his heart of his sincerity and effort may even arouse himself a bit without having any pangs of remorse."

Marcus Aurelius was entirely right, but there was an older than this old heathen—Solomon, the son of David, and the wisest man, who in his Book of Proverbs, in which he discusses the moral virtues and their contrary vices, said this: "For as he thinketh in his heart, so is he."

If Mr. Taft would drop the Roman and would take the Jew for his meditations during the remainder of his vacation period, he would find a great many epigrammatic sayings that might be of service to him in standing up against his enemies and in his accounting to himself for himself. As a course of related reading, we would suggest that he would find a great many things in the Westminster Assembly's Shorter Catechism that would help him some when he becomes involved in questions of doubt as to exactly which way he should turn to get rid of the enemies round about.

OUR MINES AND OUR MORALS.

Following the suggestion of The Times-Dispatch that the development of our morals should go hand in hand with the development of our mines in the South, the Knoxville Journal and Tribune says that "in the South, 'the old South,' if you choose to put it that way, it must be conceded that there was a loyalty to the faith that was not to be found in some other parts of the country. The people of the South have had their faults, but running off after every figment of the speculative brain, of those rooted and grounded in nothing, has not been one of them." Continuing, the Journal and Tribune says:

"As has often been said, and as the facts show, the population of the South is more truly American than that of any other section of the country. While other sections have drifted away from American institutions, one of which is the observance of the Christian Sabbath, the great mass of the people of the South yet believe there is virtue in remembering the Sabbath day and keeping it holy. The Richmond contemporary is on the right track when it assumes that 'the development of our morals should go hand in hand with the development of our mines.' Both are worthy of all encouragement, but the former is the greater."

It is true, we believe, that the South, or "the States lately in Rebellion" as the law used to have it, is the most American part of the country, and the most American thing is to be found in the simple religious faith which was believed in by the fathers. Just to the extent that we have departed from their teachings have we become involved in the troubles that have beset us in our social conduct and in our political thinking.

OUR ONLY WOMAN MAYOR.

Mrs. Ella Wilson, the Mayor of Hunnewell, Kansas, is making good. She has instituted a number of reforms in the administration of the affairs of the town. One of her first official acts was to appoint Mrs. Rosie E. Osbourne City Marshal, or Chief of Police as the officer is called in Eastern towns, and she has proved equal to the demands made upon her, the Kansans having learned to their peril that when a woman makes up her mind to shoot she can shoot as straight as a man. She couldn't "put 'em over," possibly, in a game of baseball; but it is different when it comes to handling firearms, and the more men she shall be compelled to kill in the discharge of her official duties the more will Chief Osbourne endear herself to the people of the country; for in all the world it is not likely that any other political division the size of Kansas harbors so many trifling men.

Mayor Wilson has been criticised, of course, about her administration—that was to be expected, it goes with the office. "They" did not like the way she was dealing with some of the so-called "moral questions" that affect the community, that affect every community, in fact, and Mayor Wilson disposed of her critics upon these points by the simple statement that "Hunnewell is no worse than a lot of other towns, but it is going to be better than most of them."

That was not all that she said, or the best that she said, as, warming up to her work, she laid down the proposition that "if the W. C. T. U., ladies' aid societies and kindred organizations would devote more time to promoting better moral, sanitary and social conditions and a little less to fighting evils which can better be checked by education and evolution than by revolution, they would be of more benefit to the community." There is a great deal of common sense in that. It will not satisfy those who are trying to accomplish reforms by legislative acts instead of by the cultivation of the domestic virtues; but it is a very practical view of the extent to which executive authority can go in picking up the lost stitches of the family establishment, the family being the responsible unit of the American establishment we call government.

Mayor Wilson has a husband who is paralyzed, and two sons nearly grown whom she is educating, and she is said by the Chattanooga Times to be "a devout member of the Presbyterian Church." There is nothing in this for which any apology should be made, and it looks to us as if she is predestinated to give Hunnewell the best administration of its affairs that it has ever known.

GOOD FOR PAT HARRISON.

The Jackson, Mississippi, News says of the Honorable Pat Harrison, member of Congress from the Sixth Mississippi District, that "clambering over the clouds is one of Pat's specialties. Get him warmed up to a subject, and he simply soars, and soars, and soars—and then soars some more. He rings in the birds, the flowers, the bright tints of the morning, the glorious glow of the sunset, and all that sort of thing"; but, despite his tendency to rhetoric and his thinking in dactyls and iambics, our Jackson contemporary says that "the people down in the Sixth District believe that Pat will make an efficient Congressman after he has 'learned the ropes' up at Washington." It resents Pat's lugging into his salutatory a piece of alleged poetry perpetrated some years ago by some one without the fear of detection before his eyes as the Mississippi ode, and declines to admit that "sippi" rhymes with "nigh" and "by," even when the writer of verse is permitted the broadest license. Then the News gives Mr. Harrison this good advice:

"If Pat will just tell those people up at Washington about our millions of acres of idle land, the opportunities we offer for industrious white settlers, the magnificent crops we grow with little effort, the many bountiful resources and industries of our State, and of the improvements needed by our rivers and harbors, he will be saying something really worth while, and his line of conversation will probably be productive of some substantial good."

This is all true, but in his opening address on the tariff, which did not seem to touch the subject, except in high spots, Mr. Harrison incidentally compelled the attention of the country and made himself a force to be reckoned with in the settlement of the great economic issues with which the Congress must deal.

A little poetry every now and then is relished even by the members of Congress. There is so much dry as dust discussion in that body. When a member of Congress can paint the skies a deeper blue and fill the House with the verdancy of outdoor fields and forests and make the running streams obedient to his touch, statesmen of the more sober-minded sort are almost certain to give him an expectant hearing, and so it is that by dipping into extravagances of descriptive speech the Honorable Pat made himself solid with the House of Representatives. We wish he would soar some more, and the more the better, because the rest of the members of the House appear to be wholly devoted to a too serious consideration of questions and policies which they do not understand.

Sympathizing with the view of The Times-Dispatch that the divorce cancer, which is eating at the very heart of the social life of this country, must have radical treatment, the Huntington (West Virginia) Dispatch says the evil is largely caused by ill-considered marriages and advises: "Marry right and you'll be apt to live right, and if you live right divorce will be neither desirable nor possible."

One very good way to keep the house cool this hot weather is to shut down all the windows during the day and open them at night, so that while the heathen are raging on the outside the people on the inside can be reasonably comfortable.

Voice of the People

A Monument to Poe.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Richmond is greatly honored in heaving produced the greatest literary genius of America—yea, even of the Western World. This is surely no little honor, and yet the city goes on seemingly unconscious of the fact. It has its dazzling theatres, its gorgeous amusement parks, its splendid mansions, but one sees nothing to bring to memory this great man. Less than a hundred years ago the great Poe walked her streets and his great mind contemplated her scenes. This great genius, once a citizen of the capital of the Old Dominion, is no more. There remains only his name, and, perhaps, his memory. That seems doubtful, for, in passing through old Richmond, one sees not the merest trifle of a memento of one of her greatest sons. Great monuments and memorials tower up in graceful beauty on every hand, but one sees nothing to remind him that the city once fostered the only English writer of America recognized abroad as a man of letters.

We can but say, wake up, old city, and lay aside your prejudices and honor your great son, whom the National Hall of Fame has but recently honored! In years to come boast of this son, for he is worthy of a boast; be proud of him, for he is a true object of pride; and show the world that you remember him by a grand monument towering towards the skies. Yea, even to the skies if necessary, for just so did this mighty mind loom up above its fellows in the world of literature. In the future let the traveler and stranger, passing through your beautiful and historical streets, be reminded again and again of one of your greatest sons, "the weird genius," Edgar Allan Poe.

ROBT. C. ASTROP.

Ashland, Va.

Daily Queries and Answers

Polo and Shinny.

Please give me the rules of playing polo and shinny. READER.

Polo is played by opposing teams mounted on ponies trained for the game. From three to six persons can play on each side. In match games the number must be four. The ball is tossed into the middle of the field. The players take up their positions behind their respective goal-posts, and at the dropping of a flag they charge toward the ball, each side striving to reach and strike it first. Match games reach an hour and ten minutes, with five minutes' rest after each twenty minutes of play. One player on each side acts as goal-keeper and remains at the goal. The object is to get the ball over the adversaries' goal. The game involves expense and is played only by the rich.

The word shinny is a corruption of shinty, the Scotch name for hockey. The game so-called is played with sticks crooked at the end and is something like polo, except that it is played on foot and not on horseback.

Murat.

What is the English pronunciation of Joachim Murat? P. D.

It is a French name, and pronounced Zho-a-cam Mu-rah. The habit of English-speaking people who are not particular about pronunciation is to sound the name as the spelling indicates.

Indian Language.

Please state where a person could sell a new complete dictionary or handbook of the Indian language. E. C.

There is no such thing as "the Indian language." Every tribe of Indians in America spoke a different tongue. Their speech varied from mere dialectical differences to a total dissimilarity of construction, suggesting no kinship or common origin.

Rubber Heels.

Are rubber heels of any real benefit to the health? P. I.

They are of no special benefit unless one belongs to those persons who in walking put down the heel first and do so with a bang, experiencing more or less of a jar at each step. Such persons belong to one of two classes: First, those who have never learned to walk properly, or, second, those who are carrying objects in front of them, be they trays, as in the case of waitresses, or fat, as in the case of corpulent persons. Since the jarring is very fatiguing and unpleasant, it is desirable to relieve it as far as possible, and for this the rubber heel may be used to advantage. There is, however, the danger of acquiring the rubber-heel habit instead of the art of walking. They are also useful for those members of society who signal their approach by unnecessary noise at long distances, in thus protecting other members of society from a nuisance.

Hydrogen Peroxide.

1. On what day of the week did January 30, 1869 fall?
2. Is hydrogen peroxide poison?
3. Can it be used without diluting in water?
4. Can it be procured at any drug store? SUBSCRIBER.

1. Saturday.
2. I shouldn't advise you to drink it. It is used as an antiseptic in tonsilitis and other diseases of the throat.
3. It depends upon how you are going to use it. Dilute it to use on the teeth one-half.
4. Yes.

To Remove Ants.

Tell me of a method by which I can get rid of small black ants. I have a great deal of trouble with them in my kitchen and cellar. O. L.

The following campaign of extermination is recommended by a famous housekeeper: Mix 5 cents' worth of tartar emetic in an equal amount of sugar. Make it quite moist with water, put into small dishes and set on floor and shelves where ants are troublesome. The ants disappear as mysteriously as they come. Keep it out of the reach of children, as it is poisonous. Another recipe is to take one-half cake of yeast and dissolve it in a little water, then add a half cup of syrup. Set the mixture around their haunts, in the saucers of flower pots. Use borax and red pepper freely. Lay rags dipped in kerosene in their way and tack sticky fly-paper to the underside of the shelves in your kitchen.

Grammatical Questions.

1. Which is proper, "The goods were delivered to you on April 24th, according to the express company's records, they holding your receipt for the same," or "The goods were delivered to you on April the 24th, according to the express company's records, their holding your receipt for the same"?
2. In the sentence, "John's book was lost," is "John's book" a compound subject"? In "The book was lost," is "The book"? Why? OFFICE GIRL.

1. The former.
2. No. "Book" is really the subject, John's being simply a modifier. A compound subject is one in which there are two nouns connected by "and," as in the sentence, "The book and hat were lost," the compound subject in the case being "the book and hat."

Carnegie's Address.

Give me Mr. Andrew Carnegie's address. E. W.

No. 2 East Ninety-first Street, New York City.

The Maryland.

Is the U. S. S. Maryland rated as a first-class cruiser or a first-class battleship? W. S.

She is rated as a first-class armored cruiser.

Relationship.

If your great-grandfather and my great-grandfather were brothers, what relation would you and I be? F. M.

Third cousins.

Circulars.

Is it against the law to put on a circular that you make an article which you are selling when you do not? C. R.

No.

Lese Majeste.

"What is the correct pronunciation of 'Lese majeste?'" O. K.

Lase majestee. The a in the second word is broad.

Accented "E."

"What is the sound of 'e' with the accent mark on it?" O. K.

E in French is pronounced like a in English. A final e is not sounded unless accented. Then it is pronounced very distinctly a.

ONE OF PATRIARCHS OF BRITISH PEERAGE

BY LA MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

LORD FEVERSHAM, who is about to celebrate his golden wedding, is one of the patriarchs of the British peerage, and, I may add, of the most ornamental portion thereof, for his daughters have been celebrated for their beauty and his sons for their good looks. In fact, there have rarely been more comely women at the court of St. James than Lady Helen Duncombe, married to Sir Edgar Vincent, Lady Mabel, the wife of Sir Richard Graham of Netherby, Lady Ulrica, who after jilting the present Bishop of London, was led to the altar by Colonel the Hon. Everard Baring, and, above all, the late Lady Hermione, Duchess of Leinster, whose fame for perfect loveliness may be described as having been European. Lord Feversham's eldest son died in 1881, leaving a son, who bears the title of Viscount Helmsley, member of Parliament for the Thirsk Division of Yorkshire, and who is the husband of Lady Marjorie Greville, daughter of Lord and Lady Warwick.

Another son of Lord Feversham, who still survives, and who represented Cumberland for a number of years in Parliament, besides holding an honorary colonelcy in the army, spent a number of years in this country, where he may be said to have sown his wild oats. A few weeks after attaining his majority he was foolish enough to marry a music hall artiste, professionally known as "Nellie Lamar," but whose real name was Nellie Lewis. The ceremony took place, not at church, but in the registry office of St. George's, Hanover Square, London, and it is possibly due to this lack of any religious ceremony that the "peerages" and other similar works of reference contain no record of the union.

Of course, the latter gave great offense to old Lord Feversham, who is noted for his pride of birth and of ancestry, and the liberal allowance which the Hon. Hubert Duncombe had until then received was promptly dropped. He thereupon got still more heavily into debt than he had been before, and finally his extravagance, coupled with that of his wife, landed him in the Bankruptcy Court. The old earl then agreed to allow him an annuity of $2,000 a year on condition that he would leave England with his wife and live in the United States.

Society appears to have ignored their presence in this country. They drifted around from one city to another, drinking to the very dregs the full bitterness of life in third and fourth rate boarding houses. Finally, they decided that if they were to starve they might just as well do go in England, and they returned to London, where Mrs. Duncombe resumed her music hall profession, and, I am sorry to add, her questionable mode of life of her ante-nuptial days. Finally, the Hon. Hubert was forced to commence a suit for divorce against her on the ground of the betrayal of his honor, and naming as corespondent a Mr. Henry Yates, obtaining heavy damages for alienation of affections.

It is only fair to add that Hubert Duncombe has completely redeemed his past. He served with such gallantry during the South African War as a colonel of Yeomanry that he won the Distinguished Service Order, and the only thing against him is that owing to the miseries of his sojourn in America, he has always retained a certain amount of prejudice against everything American, a prejudice to which he gave expression on frequent occasions when sitting in Parliament.

The family of Duncombe, of which Lord Feversham is the chief, first came to the fore in the reign of Henry V., when its name occurs as lord of the manor of Ivington in the records of the herald's visitations of the county of Buckingham. The founder of the fortunes of the house was, however, Sir Charles Duncombe, who was Lord Mayor of London in 1708. He died unmarried, leaving his great wealth to Anthony Duncombe, the son of his younger brother, and Anthony was, by reason of his wealth and of the political influence connected therewith, raised to the peerage by George II. as Lord Feversham, in 1747. His children predeceased him, and in consequence thereof his fortune went to his sister's son, Thomas Browne, who, in accordance with the terms of his uncle's will, assumed the name and arms of Duncombe. His sister became Duchess of Argyll, and figures in Sir Walter Scott's novel, "The Heart of Midlothian." It was this first Lord Feversham's grandson, Charles Duncombe, who was created Baron Feversham, of Duncombe Park, by George IV., in 1826, and his grandson in turn, the third Lord Feversham of the present creation, was advanced to an earldom by Queen Victoria in 1868.

Duncombe Park, which has been in the possession of the Duncombes ever since the Sir Charles Duncombe who was Lord Mayor of London at the beginning, purchased the Yorkshire estates from George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham, is a stately mansion, designed by Vanbrugh, and his pupil, William Wakefield, and though partly destroyed by fire in January, 1879, when all the family portraits in the great salon were destroyed, has been restored with the most perfect taste and reverence for the original designs.

It occupies the site of the old Castle of Helmsley, which in the parliamentary wars was besieged and taken by General Lord Fairfax, and included in the vast grounds are the picturesque ruins of Rievaulx Abbey, which, founded in 1131 by Sir Walter d'Espee, passed, after the Reformation, first to the Earls of Rutland, and then to the Duncombes. The ruins are situated on a plateau of high ground, at the foot of a steep hill, in the narrow valley of the Rye, and while the west side of the transept is Norman, all the rest of the ancient pile is very fine early English.

Duncombe Park contains a wonderful collection of paintings and some superb statuary, including a marble reproduction of Lord Byron's celebrated dog. The salon is ninety feet long, and all the staircases, broad enough to allow a coach-and-four to pass up or down, are of superb mahogany. There is also a fine private chapel, while the park surrounding the hall extends over an area of some 5,000 acres.

Old Lord Feversham is a man of many fads, among the oddest of which is his refusal to pay any bills until absolutely obliged to do so. This is not due to any avarice, for he is most generous, nor to poverty, since his income amounts to considerably over a quarter of a million dollars a year. It is merely owing to his reluctance to sign checks, and he has on several occasions been held up, not only by his tradesmen in Yorkshire, but even by his servants, who have struck for unpaid wages, without exciting any further resentment on his part than an exclamation: "Damn their insolence! Bring me my check book!" After writing the checks, the tradesmen and domestics resume their service, just as before, until perhaps a couple of years or so later there is another strike. But neither servants nor tradesmen are ever discharged on this account by the old earl.

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