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WEDNESDAY, JULY 19, 1911.

HOORAY FOR HEYBURN.

Heyburn broke out again in the United States Senate yesterday, this time in resisting the consideration of a bill appropriating $100,000 for a Confederate Naval Monument in the Vicksburg Military Park, to be finished in time for the semi-centennial "Blue and Grey" reunion to be held at Vicksburg in 1913. Senator John Sharp Williams secured the consideration of the bill, and when Heyburn began to speak abruptly left the chamber, thus dignifying the contemptible creature, but saving himself from a very distressing spectacle.

Heyburn was at his best. He protested against the principle of Federal recognition of Confederate acts, he declared that it was intolerable that the deeds of Confederate armies should be recited in laws that call upon the public treasury for contributions, he described the War Between the States as "a history of murder," he denounced the disloyalty of the newspapers of the country, he objected to the printing of the Confederate flag on envelopes and the carriage of letters bearing such a design through the mails, and so on to the end of the chapter of the same old weary, dreary drizzle indulged in by the men who never charged a battery, fired a gun or felt a wound. Heyburn is as safe now as his Quaker family was when the fight was going on. He is not worth killing. He is not fit to die. All the old soldiers of both sides who have passed away would make it rather lively for him with their jests and imprecations if he should go over to the majority just now. Besides, he must feel very much like a fool whenever he thinks of himself and the ass that he is making of himself, and that should be punishment enough.

It is to be deplored, of course, that the South was compelled to go to war in defence of its rights, and it will be admitted, generally, that it gave a fairly good account of itself while the struggle was going on and since. The precious lives which were lost cannot be restored, but at least the bitterness of the conflict can be forgotten in the larger and sweeter life upon which the country has entered. But if the deeds of the Confederate armies may not be recited in the laws that call upon the public treasury for money, how would it be possible for Heyburn to get any of his pension bills through? How could the Congress appropriate $150,000,000 annually to meet the demands of the men who "saved the Union"?

We suppose that Heyburn was created for some good purpose, as there is absolutely no waste in this world. We do not know why he was made, particularly do we not understand why he should be in the United States Senate; but he is there, and will be there, barring accidents, until 1915, and we would not spare him because he shows how far we have traveled since the days when there were many like him in the seats of the mighty.

NINE SMITHS ALL IN A ROW.

With the addition of Hoke Smith, there will be nine of the Smith family in the halls of national legislation—four in the Senate and five in the House—and Hoke will lead all the rest in bulk and brains; for, distrustful of his good faith as we are, there can be no question of his ability as a lawyer, his gifts as a speaker, his cleverness as a politician. We should say that John Walter Smith is the best Senator of the Smith bunch; but it must not be forgotten, indeed, there is no easy way to forget it, that the South Carolina Smith is still there and frequently with both feet, and with that unwavering confidence in himself and in his God-given mission to keep up the price of cotton to not less than 11 cents the pound, and unafraid to tackle any subject from a sweeping revision of the tariff right off the bat to an exposition of the mysteries of Providence that would make the best of the higher critics envious of his gifts of ratiocination. The Smiths in the Lower House do not count for very much. Two of them come from Michigan, one from California, one from Texas and one from New York, which goes to show that there are a good many Smiths in the country, and that they have a penchant for public station.

The most interesting of the Smiths just now is the newly-elected Senator from Georgia, who has but recently been inaugurated Governor of that "potentially cracked" State, and wants to hold on to both jobs as long as he can, but who is to be requested to resign the office of Governor so that he may proceed to Washington and take up the duties of Senator. It is not known positively with what wing of the party he will flop when he settles down in the Senate, but it is assumed that he will be allied with the most radical element whatever its name; indeed, we should not be surprised if the radicals shall find that there is excellent Presidential timber in the new Senator from Georgia; not the sort of timber we would choose for building purposes, but the sort that would look well on the outside and impress the public with the substantial character of its buttresses.

It is expected that there will be criticism of Senator Smith—this is a censorious generation of vipers—and The Sun will, of course, refer to him as Hocus Pocus; but such is one of the penalties that greatness must suffer for the entertainment of the irreverent and undemocratic. We are expecting that the Smith from Georgia will be at least a fair stand-off to the Smith of South Carolina.

"O SIR," IT WAS ONLY FOR JUSTICE.

In his speech on the state of the Union and Mr. Taft's general unfitness for the office of President, Senator LaFollette admitted that the great issue for which President Roosevelt strove so mightily was not the tariff, or railway regulation, or conservation, except "O, Sir," as these are included in his demand "for justice, eternal and everlasting justice, for every human being against organized selfishness and power." That was it.

That was why President Roosevelt promoted the theft of the territory of a friendly republic so that the Canal Zone might be made available for our commercial purposes. That was why he seized the custom houses in San Domingo without consulting the Senate. That was why he would not prosecute the great thieving criminal Sugar Trust in Philadelphia. That was why he persuaded "My Dear Harriman" to raise $250,000 for campaign purposes in New York, a large part of which sum came out of the funds of companies owned and operated in the interest of those whose lives were insured for the benefit of dependents. That was why he did not touch the tariff, which imposes burdens upon all the people for the benefit of the predatory interests. That was why he obtained at least a hundred thousand dollars' worth of transportation from the railroad companies without paying for it.

That was it—"justice, eternal and everlasting justice, for every human being against organized selfishness and power," and "O Sir," in the exquisite language of Senator LaFollette, it is no wonder that the country is in a bad way. In the equally expressive, but far more common style of the New York Sun, which knows an oration when it shines upon it, "O Sugar!"

LOOKS LIKE BALTIMORE.

There is no means of anybody on the outside knowing what the National Committee will do about selecting the place for holding the next National Democratic Convention; but the Baltimore Sun learns that "it is settled for Baltimore to get the convention, though announcement for publication will not be made yet." Why, we haven't the least idea. It would seem that there could be no room for juggling in a matter like this, even if it were possible to conceive of the Democratic Committee engaging in work of this sort. The Middle West is said to be generally in favor of Baltimore, and as Baltimore has raised enough money to meet the expenses of the Convention and raised it first, and as Baltimore is nearer the heart of the Democrats who must win the election if it is to be won at all, for every reason Baltimore should be selected, and the Committee should make the announcement for publication at once.

A GOOD PIRATE.

An English barrister, Sir Cornelius Neale Dalton, who would certainly claim kin with the North Carolina Daltons if he knew them, has written a book to show that the real Captain Kidd was not the eccentric sailor whose talents we have so long admired and tried to find in sand dunes and on desert islands. "A worthy, honest-hearted, steadfast, much-enduring sailor," is the character given our historic friend, who "in very difficult circumstances" unflinchingly and loyally served his King and his country.

According to Sir Cornelius, the troubles of Captain Kidd were mainly due to "the solicitations, if not the intimidations, of personages of higher rank than his own," and his inglorious end was caused by "his reliance on the word and honor of a Whig nobleman."

Wholesale piracy cannot be charged against the worthy captain, his defender argues. The world will hardly ever change its mind about that, but upon this new evidence we may be sure that this "jolly-go-free gentleman," as they would have called him if he had sailed on the high seas around Lunenburg, was

"As mild a mannered man as ever
scuttled ship
Or cut a throat."

IN THE WRONG PLACE.

Senator Du Pont, of Delaware, who has filled valuable space in the Congressional Directory with his war record, does not own any stock in the Du Pont Powder Company. His holdings have been sold out to other members of the family, and so he simply maintains a "sentimental and sympathetic" relationship to the Powder Trust. Be that as it may, his connection is enough to justify his exclusion from all committees that might be serviceable to the trust. He is still on these committees, however, having a place on all of them that relate to war and military. Powder legislation always comes up in the committees of which Du Pont is a member.

The case is about the same with Senator Guggenheim, the copper prince of Colorado. He manages to get on all committees that have to do with public lands, mines, water power, and such things as pertain to his private business and the trust of which he is master. Of course, it might be said for the defense, if there is any defense, that he knows more about these things, and, therefore, his service on these committees would help in the solution of all the questions that come up touching them. Popular belief rejects that justification. These men are there to serve the special interests with which they are affiliated. If Du Pont and Guggenheim had any sense of propriety they would not serve on these committees. A judge who is interested in the outcome of a case is not allowed to decide that case, and it does seem only right to carry the principle further and deny to a legislator the right to cast any material vote affecting something in which he has personal interest.

Du Pont on powder and Guggenheim on mines is an association that is not acceptable to the people of the country, and that is harmful to the Republican party which put these men where they are.

WANTED THE REAL NEWS.

It is reported that when, after many weeks of isolation the inhabitants of the Pribyloff Islands in Alaskan waters, came into touch with the rest of the world through the new naval wireless station the other day, they assembled to celebrate the event. They were news-hungry.

What did they want to know about? The progress of reciprocity? Whether La Follette had said anything yet? How Wilson and Clark and Harmon were getting along? How John Hays Hammond looked at the coronation? How the weather was? Whether the Virginia Press Association had adjourned? Whether Shafer Street had been paved yet? Did they want to know any of these things? Not them. They wanted other news.

"What's the standing of all the clubs in the American and National Leagues?" was their first question, which came like a great chorus. This information was obtained from Honolulu, and then the Pribyloff Islanders shot a volley of questions at the wireless operator.

"What's Ty Cobb's batting average? How's Lajoie doing and Tris Speaker and Honus Wagner?" So on and so on. It was the "real news" they wanted. When the Honolulu operator tried to send something about the coronation they "cussed" and shouted, "Give us the baseball scores!"

The Government will supply this demand hereafter, and until the close of the season daily scores of the big leagues will be sent by wireless to the dwellers on the desolate fog-bound islands. As a contemporary put it, "one touch of baseball makes the whole world kin."

THE WHEEL'S THE THING.

Six fatal automobile accidents of the last ten days may be traced to the neglect of the driver in each instance to fix his attention on the steering wheel.

In New Jersey the other day the driver of a speedy car turned loose the wheel to brush some cigarette ashes from his coat. In the next instant, the car smashed into a tree and the three passengers were thrown out and seriously hurt. A man speeding along the highway from Buffalo turned his head to ask his wife if she needed a wrap, and the car was ditched. Both man and wife were killed.

Here are two accidents out of many that can be connected directly with carelessness in steering. The man who cannot fix his attention on the wheel and the road ought never to drive a car. The man who neglects even for a moment the wheel of a fast moving car is an idiotic criminal.

PLENTY OF MONEY.

James J. Hill, the Builder of the Northwest, speaking the other day of the industrial outlook of the country, said: "There is plenty of money in the country, and it is being offered at a low rate of interest for short time loans; but little of it seems to be going into the creation of new business enterprises. On the contrary, much of our money is going to foreign lands for investment." "We have in this brief statement," says the New York World, "a presentation of one of the greatest of the indirect evils growing out of the monopoly of industries by great corporations."

That is only half true, however, because "the monopoly of industries by great corporations" has, in fact, provided for a larger distribution of the benefits of co-operation among the people of the country than was ever known before in this or any other land. Of course, the great corporations are criminal—the law says they are in the methods employed by them in the manipulation of their vast businesses, and the law should prohibit and prevent their further encroachments upon the rights of individuals and States; but that does not mean that the corporations are to be destroyed instantly by legislative fiat, as that would be disastrous to the industrial life of the Nation. None but the revolutionists of the most extreme and dangerous type would support any such policy, and it is little short of criminal to encourage the view that outrage must be added to outrage. Mr. Hill was talking about conditions as they are and as they must be met, soberly, advisedly and not with the axe and torch. But, says The World:

"In former times the small factories of the country held in solution the annual earnings of each separate community. Money remained largely in the locality where it was earned and was used by local business men to develop local enterprises. Under the present system there is no large number of small interests to hold money diffused through the country. It passes to the banks and from them is sent to New York. Here it becomes available for big capitalists. But they use it only for big purposes. Little enterprises do not appeal to them. Therefore, our money, as Mr. Hill says, is going abroad. Corporation finance is cosmopolitan. It takes with impartial hand the farm earnings of Kansas and the mill earnings of Vermont to build railways in China or float loans in Honduras. But it doesn't create new business enterprises at home."

There is a great deal of truth in that; but it is not all true by any means. There are some hundreds of millions of dollars of foreign capital invested in American enterprises. Many American securities have been placed in foreign lands. Whenever there is a great bond issue in American railroad securities or American industrials, foreign capital has been invited to participate and foreign capital has not been slow to take the chances. There is probably more foreign money invested in the United States than there is American money invested in foreign enterprises. If the farm earnings of Kansas and the mill earnings of Vermont can be invested in Chinese railways and in Honduran loans at a better rate of interest and with greater security—the Chinese are known the world over to be honest in their financial dealings—what possible objection in law or morals or patriotism can there be to such investment? Besides, as the American temper has been carefully cultivated against American enterprises of the big sort, what encouragement for "local business men to develop local enterprises?" The truth is we have been overdoing the agitation business, with the result that those who have anything are trying to hold on to it. This is one side of the question that should now and then have a little consideration from those who would make over the world in less than six days.

THE COMING AMERICAN.

Mayor Gaynor at the recent celebration of the centennial of the New York City Hall spoke of the metropolis of the nation as the gathering place of the world's races. The great problem that we must ponder to-day, he said, is whether we can weld a harmonious people out of so many different elements of society. Can a unit be made of them? Unless it be done through the common schools, it cannot be done at all, asserted Mayor Gaynor, for there the children have the same books, the same teachers, the same songs—powerful influences for unification. The Mayor said, in part:

"It seems to me now that the children of all nationalities in the schools come out with a different kind of face from their forefathers. The noses of some of them are a little shorter and of others a little longer and the high cheek bones go down a little in others, and an American face is even now coming out of the public schools, because the mind does affect the body without any doubt whatever and in that way also we are getting a sort of uniform mind."

To illustrate this "uniform face" of which Mayor Gaynor spoke, The World made a composite photograph of the likenesses of twenty-five boys and twenty-five girls, all in the New York public schools. Each boy and each girl represented a different nationality, so that each composite photograph represents twenty-five nationalities blended into one face. The nationalities represented were: American, English, Chinese, Japanese, Dutch, Swedish, Danish, Irish, Scotch, Finnish, Polish, Italian, Syrian, Armenian, Russian, Bohemian, Norwegian, French, Spanish, German, Greek, Canadian, Austrian, Rumanian, Negro.

The result is described as "not unsatisfactory." The coming American boy and girl will have, according to this experiment, rather large, strong, handsome features, strong chins, dark eyes, dark hair, firm mouths.

AGE AND THE PRESIDENT.

According to the Des Moines Register, the argument against Governor Harmon, of Ohio, as an available candidate for the Democratic nomination for President that is most worrying his friends is his age. He is past sixty-seven, and with but a single exception is older than any man ever elected to occupy the White House.

The presidential age is somewhere between fifty and sixty, with more precedent for going below the minimum than above the maximum. Grant, Cleveland, Pierce, Polk and Roosevelt were all under fifty when elected. Only five Presidents have been chosen after three score, and two of them died in office.

Senator La Follette is 56 years old, and President Taft is 54. Woodrow Wilson is 56. Mr. Bryan, the youngest man ever nominated for the Presidency, is only 52. All of these are at the favored age, especially Mr. Bryan, who will always be of presidential age. Champ Clark, however, is 62, and his friends are worrying about it.

The Register thinks rightly that it is a good precedent that keeps the Presidency in the hands of men of youth as well as of maturity. Only a man in the supreme vigor of his years could have endured what Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft have endured. The physical strain is to be taken strongly into account in naming a man to become the Atlas of the nation.

There is at least one corporation which has a soul. A Yonkers, New York, company distributed $35,000 among twenty-seven of the employees in its machine shops who had worked for the corporation for twenty years or more. The checks ran from $1,000 upward. It was a fine thing to do, because it was not done to soften discontent nor to stifle a strike, but simply as a recognition of faithful service. There was no troubled corporate conscience to quiet, for the firm has always paid what it regarded fair wages. There was sentiment in the gift, the president of the corporation declaring that he gave it as a memorial to his brother who was once a member of the firm.

Who will give the boys of Richmond a spacious, clean, well-equipped place to swim in—some place out in the open air, where there can be diving boards and plenty of water to splash in? Surely the hundreds of lads who have to be content with liquid mud deserve something better.

Professor Dodd has written a letter to the Columbia State, in which he admits that he did not tell the truth about D. A. Tompkins, of Charlotte, but in which he continues to prevaricate about the former editor of the Charleston News and Courier.

Sheriff Elmore Martin, of Charleston, has discovered a new way to make roosters quit crowing in the morning when other people want to sleep. He avers that when fed on pokeberries, roosters lose all their natural desire to crow. The cure is said to be infallible and can be used with impunity on the chickens of one's neighbors.

John D. Rockefeller says that he would have remained a poor man if he had not profited by the business ability of his wife. Husbands, obey your wives, and shell out your shekels.

Admiring women from other cities and climes have oft remarked on the fact that there are practically no bald-headed men in Richmond, and wondered why. The answer is simple: intense cold is a hair grower, and it is never hot here. Sir Ernest Shackleton, the Dr. Cook of the South Pole, has lately said that as his men approached the colder latitudes their hair became longer and thicker. Baldness, he said, is unknown to the natives of the frozen areas. Of course, the climate here is always equable and mild, and the absence of any hot weather accounts largely for the ever blossoming heads of our men.

Andrew Fisher, Prime Minister of Australia, has refused to receive a degree from Oxford on the ground that he is not an educated man, and the honor is not suited to him. His position is amusingly untenable. Every year our best universities and colleges bestow their most solemn degrees on uneducated men as well as on educated men who have neither right nor title to them. Perhaps, though, Sir Andrew prefers to be exclusive.

The arduous vocation of the book agent is glorified by many illustrious names. Napoleon Bonaparte was once a seller of books; Jay Gould was a canvasser; George Washington in his youth sold more than two hundred copies of a subscription book; General Grant for a time earned his living as a subscription agent; Webster and Bismarck and ex-Governor Frank S. Black paid part of their college expenses through book agencies. Let those who shut their doors in the faces of book agents hereafter reflect that they may be repelling a future President or chieftain.

Fourteen fraudulent fire insurance companies were raided in Philadelphia the other day. The nominal president of one of them was an office boy of nineteen years, whose pay was $5 the week. This company had clients all over the country, and had an income of more than $27,000 the month, which went into the pockets of unscrupulous men who used the office boy to sign papers for them. Justice ought to be very severe on an insurance thief. There is no meaner thief.

Voice of the People

Evolution.

Death, the great leveler, brings us
sweet Peace;
Death, the great builder of Manhood
and Health;
Death, the relentless, says Folly must
cease;
Death pities not Weakness, nor panders to Wealth.

War, the Destroyer and servant of
Fate;
War, the great maker of Law, and
its knell;
War, the grim father of Progress and
Hate;
War, the great Arbiter, terrible,
Hell!

Peace, the ideal of Women and Fools;
Peace, the smug father of Avarice
and Greed;
Peace, the Valhalla of Misers and
Schools;
Peace means stagnation, and running to seed.

Greed is a coward! Wealth fears the
cold steel;
War, the tribunal of Nature, with
Death,
The brother of Sleep, to carry her seal,
When the sand has run out of our
time upon Earth.

To fight is but human; kind Death is
our friend!
So live out your life, and fear not
to die!
Nature's measure of Manhood is fight
to the end—
Let me die in my armor, with never
a sigh.

EDMOND FONTAINE.
Charlottesville, Va., January, 1909.

More Campaign Poetry.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—This is submitted without apologies to Mr. T., the author of "Jack and Jill, Revised," or any one else, etc., except the waste-paper basket, where this will be consigned, of course. Why not? Why?

As Viewed From the Right Side of the Hill.

Tom and Bill went up no hill,
Nor down nor 'round the heather;
For Tom and Bill, as ever, still
Do not go together.

Tom might have been on plunder bent,
As "T" seems to conceive it;
For plunder Billy never went,
Though "T" might not believe it.

Billy did not stump his toe,
To "T's" great consternation,
And Taylor's solar plexus blow
Is "T's" imagination.

Strange "T" and Taylor do not know,
And seem to be mistaken,
About the purpose of the dough,
Before and after taken.

Jack Pot's the rub, not Jack and Jill,
That causes "T" much worry,
And this is why he hopes it will
Be ended in a hurry.

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PRINCESS ENGAGED AS MARRIAGE BROKER

BY LA MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

LIEVEN is so historic and illustrious a name in Europe, being borne by one of the few families of the Muscovite aristocracy that figure in the Almanach de Gotha, the only one, indeed, of these families to enjoy the predicate of "Serene Highness," that it is somewhat of a shock to find a full-fledged Princess Lieven earning a precarious livelihood as an avowed marriage broker in Berlin. Naturally, this style of business abroad brought her into contact with adventurers and swindlers, who seem to have used her name for all it is worth. To such a degree was this the case, that she was incriminated in the recent trial at Glogau of Count Gunther von Koenigsmarck for fraud, as one of his disreputable confederates.

The trial has ended in the conviction of the count, and of his sentence to terms of imprisonment with hard labor, along with several of his male associates; Princess Lieven escaping any other punishment than that of the exposure of her means of livelihood, and of her career, owing to the difficulty of actually proving criminal intent. It is perfectly true that she got a large quantity of goods on credit from credulous tradespeople in Berlin, and especially at Nauheim, who were victimized to the extent of many thousands of dollars. But she insisted so much that she expected to be able to pay in the long run for all she bought, by means of commissions to be obtained in her marriage brokerage business, through bringing about matrimonial alliances between European nobles and American heiresses, or millionaires' widows, that she was given the benefit of the doubt as to her intention to defraud.

The princess is of Russian birth, thirty-five years of age, and her maiden name was Kowalski. Her first husband was a Baron Wolf of Posen, and after his death she became the wife of the late Prince Alexander Lieven, who died about three years ago. She acknowledged during the course of the trial that she had no fixed residence, and that she divided her time between Nauheim, where she made her headquarters during the summer, for the purpose of getting into contact with rich Americans, and Berlin, where she had her brokerage bureau, the manager of which was a certain Leonhardt, who was wont to describe himself on his visiting cards as the "Private Secretary of Her Serene Highness the Princess Lieven." Leonhardt was one of the associates of Count Gunther von Koenigsmarck, and, like him, has received a long jail sentence.

One of the persons who has had to suffer a good deal through the swindles in which the widowed Princess Lieven became involved, has been her cousin, Prince Andrew Lieven, who is the representative of one of the leading banking and brokerage concerns at Berlin, with a seat as such on the Berlin Stock Exchange. He is a grandson of that old Prince Andrew Alexandrovitch Lieven who was for so many years Minister of the Imperial Domain at St. Petersburg, and whose wife was Princess Barbara Galitzin.

The Lievens are Livonians, and trace their ancestry back, in an unbroken line to a certain Henry Lieve, who was feudal baron, vassal to the Archbishop of Riga, in the thirteenth century. They owe their title of prince, and their prefix of Serene Highness, to the fact that the widow of Count Otto Lieven was governess to the children of Czar Paul, and the Emperor Alexander I. and Nicholas I. as well as the Czarovitch Constantine Paulovitch (who waived his right of succession to the throne in favor of his younger brother, because he had been privy to the killing of his crazy father,) all three regarded her as their second mother.

Still more famous, however, was her daughter-in-law, that Princess Lieven, nee Countess Dorothea Benckendorff, who played so important a role in the political history of Europe in the early part of the nineteenth century, as Russian ambassadress, first at Berlin, then for twenty years in London, where she was in many matters the confidential adviser of George IV., and at Vienna, where she was "the truest friend" of the great chancellor, Prince Clement Metternich. Even still more extraordinary was the influence which this by no means beautiful woman wielded at Paris, throughout the reign of King Louis Philippe, as the egeria of his all-powerful minister and premier, the historian Guizot, who entertained the most romantic devotion for her.

Another Prince Lieven who has come in for a good deal of attention, though of a different character, is the wife of Rear Admiral Prince Alexander Lieven, who commands the squadron of destroyers of the Baltic division of the Russian fleet, and who makes his headquarters at Libau. The princess, a native of Libau, and the daughter of a petty official of the name of Von Huebner, became first of all the wife of an army officer of the name of Von Klueppfel, stationed at Vladivostock, and on this union being sundered by divorce at Vladivostock, she married Prince Alexander von Lieven, at the time a captain of the navy, and as such stationed in the Far Orient. The marriage was looked upon by her husband's family, and by the court of the Czar, in the light of a mesalliance, and it was because of this condition of affairs that the prince remained on the Pacific coast, in order not to subject his wife to the affronts which she would have received at St. Petersburg.

Transferred from Vladivostock to Port Arthur, he was in command of the cruiser "Rasboinik" at the beginning of the war with Japan. After hostilities had broken out, he was transferred to the command of the cruiser "Diana," and when, in accordance with peremptory instructions from St. Petersburg, the Russian fleet made a dash out of Port Arthur, and then was driven back into port by Admiral Togo, Prince Alexander Lieven, managed by superior seamanship to get away, and to reach the French port of Saigon in safety, where his ship was dismantled, in accordance with the requirements of the laws of neutrality, to be held there until the end of the war.

The princess, who is a woman of the same age as her husband, that is to say, fifty years, wished to accompany him in his dash out of Port Arthur. But so firmly convinced was he that he was going to certain death, and would never succeed in getting through the blockading forces, that he declined to allow her to sail with him. On learning that he had reached Saigon in safety, she determined at all costs to rejoin him, and getting out of Port Arthur in the guise of a Chinaman, made her way on board a native junk, and under the cover of a blinding snowstorm, to Chefoo, eventually reaching her husband in safety at Saigon, after all sorts of thrilling adventures.

Sir Bryan Leighton, who has just been figuring in the English courts somewhat prominently, in the character of a successful plaintiff, against a former friend who had treated him in a particularly objectionable fashion in certain money matters, will be remembered by the veterans of the Spanish-American War, as the young English baronet who crossed the Atlantic to enlist in the United States army at the beginning of the conflict, and served right through, in the ranks, making many warm friends. Two years later he was engaged in fighting for his own country in South Africa, as an officer of the Imperial Light Horse Corps, commanded by Colonel Chisholme, and when that struggle was finally brought to a conclusion, he went off in search of further excitement to Mexico, where he smashed his kneecap by a bad fall, while wild sheep shooting, the stalking of which game is almost as risky as that of hunting chamois.

Since then he has settled down to the comparative quietude of life as a county magnate in Shropshire, where he owns a beautiful place known as Loton Park, which has been in his family for a couple of centuries, the entire estate comprising about 5,000 acres. He is the ninth baronet of a creation of William III., in 1692, although the family itself is very much older. The baronetcy was conferred for the part which Edward Leighton, of Loton Hall, played in bringing about the succession of William, of Orange, to the throne, having been intrusted by the Whig party with the overtures to the Dutch son-in-law of James II. The sixth baronet, Sir Baldwin Leighton, played a prominent role in the war between this country and England at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and also served under Wellington in the Peninsula. In spite of his Whig ancestry, Sir Bryan is an enthusiastic Tory.

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