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BROADBRIM'S LETTER

The Die Is Cast For Weal Or Woe.

NATIONS OF THE WORLD.

ARE UNITED IN A COMMON BOND.

By the Perplexing Chinese Question—United States Troops in China Most Surprising—Clan-na-Gael Howl With Rage.

(Whig Correspondence, letter No. 1,206.)

New York, June 29.—Heaven be thanked, the agony is over and the die is cast, for weal or woe. On November 6th the oracles will proclaim the divine decision and expectant millions will then learn if "the voice of the people is the voice of God."

The storm centre which raged in such fury the first half of the week over the city of brotherly love darkened the sky at Manhattan, hundreds of anxious, pale-faced people crowded around the telegraph offices and long distance telephone stations, while knots of women filled the sidewalks, eagerly discussing the situation. And where it was very plain to be seen that the cowboy of the far-west and the rough rider of San Juan Hill had the calls many a gad-speed was breathed to our Teddy's behalf, as hopeful and sanguine as ever accorded to the thane of grace a hope and a trust that stood firm and unshaken and never flinched when victory seemed afar off, but waited with the assurance of fate till the supreme moment came at last. Then the indomitable purpose and stern resolve of our governor could endure no more. The representatives of millions of his fellow countrymen demanded his service and would accept no other, and when the people's mandate became manifest he bowed his head as a signal of his acceptance and defeat. A sharp spasm of pain shot across his face which had been as impassive as the sphinx's during the fiercest peltings of that pitiless storm. There was no sign of triumph on his face, though he had won the second great prize in the gift of his fellow countrymen by the grandest compliment ever paid to any American living or dead.

There was a number of remarkable scenes in the course of that tremendous battle which will not be forgotten during the life of the present generation. Senator Thomas C. Platt for some years has been the acknowledged leader of the republican party in the state of New York. How he got there or who put him there nobody knows. I thought I had kept a pretty straight tab on the general affairs of our state and I am free to confess I don't know; but he is there all the same. Since Theodore Roosevelt was elected governor he has never felt entirely comfortable, so he engineered a plan to get rid of his uncomfortable neighbor. He knew that no common but would tempt our slashing young governor, so he had him slated for the vice-presidency, for to New York the honor of the second place on the national ticket was conceded without question and governor Roosevelt was the man of men to fill the bill.

But there were "lions in the path" and senator Platt's little scheme to get rid of a dangerous rival did not work. Our governor was perfectly satisfied with his place and did not want to change, and our lieutenant-governor, Timothy Woodruff, an excellent young man, ambitious to serve his country, with a well filled purse and a pink vest, was anxious to fill the place which the governor refused. It was a singular state of affairs. The governor could get it and would not take it; Mr. Woodruff wanted it, but could not get it.

At last the pressure became so tremendous flesh and blood could stand it no longer. Mr. Platt found the ground slipping from under his feet. He lost his head, and going up to the governor, said, threatingly, "You will never get the nomination for governor of the state of New York." Then our Teddy rose to the sublimest height of American manhood. Turning half way round he gave the senator a cool look of superlative scorn and contempt, the memory of which he will carry to his grave. He saw on the instant that he had made the mistake of his life and realized that there was at least one man in the state of New York, over whose back he could not crack his political whip, and the first letters of his name are Teddy Roosevelt.

And here I trust I may be pardoned for calling the attention of the readers of the Broadbrim letters to a notice of governor Roosevelt, Letter 618, written twelve years ago, before he was known outside the borders of his own state. I was then reviewing the history of Ward McAllister's four hundred.

"Speaking of old blue blood, there is nothing bluer than the Roosevelts. It runs away back into the old colonial times, when they were landed gentry living on broad plantations, surrounded by negro slaves—for we had plantations and slavery in New York then—and a court that mimicked the royalty of the Georges at Windsor. They were brave in embroidered coats and knee breeches, cocked hats and shoe buckles, ruffles, swords and powdered wigs. Yes, indeed, among the whole of the colonial nobility there was nothing better than the Roosevelts. A survivor of that grand old stock still remains who does no dishonor to his race, perhaps a little erratic in some things but sound to the core, a live man all through and an American from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot. It is a pity there are not more like him among our golden youth; if there were, the country would be the better for it.

"The Roosevelts have been rich for generations; they have spent heaps of money, but there has been a prudent vein behind it all, so that each succeeding generation has always had a comfortable start in life. Theodore, who is now at the head of the civil service, was born with a golden spoon in his mouth. His fortune was ample, and there was not the slightest need for exertion; but he despised idleness and sloth, he looked with contempt on the foppery and folly of the fashionable young men of his class. He wanted to become a useful member of society, to be of some account among his fellowmen, and there are few men in New York or in the United States more respected for every quality that goes to make up a man than Theodore Roosevelt. Keep your eye on Teddy; you will hear from him one of these days."

That prophecy was verified last Thursday, when he was selected as the only man in a population of 80,000,000 Americans citizens who would be entirely acceptable for the second place on the national ticket. The national republican convention of last week will mark an advanced epoch in our history for all time. It was expected that the dissatisfied elements within the convention, enemies of imperialism, would put up a terrible fight for supremacy, which would eventually lead to the disruption of the party. Never was there a graver mistake in our political forecasts. The republican party never before assembled with such entire unanimity of purpose and fixedness of design. It was a unit from first to last, and the nomination of the man who is to lead the republican hosts in the coming campaign was a scene never to be forgotten as long as a man survives who was present on that great occasion. Age forgot its weakness, and official pomp its gravity, madness ruled the hour till at last its pent-up passion found vent in the inspiring strain of the battle hymn of the republic, "Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory of the Coming of the Lord," etc.

No such state of affairs as now confronts the party in power has ever existed in the history of past time. In four short years the map of the world has had to be recast and one of the greatest nations whose conquests fill the most important pages in the world's history for the past four or five hundred years has suddenly collapsed. The hand which sent forth Columbus on his voyage of discovery when the queen's jewels were pledged for his success, the conquering nation that sent out Cortez and Pizzaro, the warriors who added the brightest jewel to the crown of Arragon and Castile, a nation which left the impress of his name, of its law and religion on a distant empire in the islands of the sea, has passed away like a dream of the night.

The marvellous succession of events that have altered our nation's place in history where the fear is expressed by millions that the term republic may be turned to an empire. But to dispel that folly we fall back on the patriotism of the great majority of the American people who recognize the stars and stripes as the symbol of progress and national honor, which has never failed us when it came to the final appeal. We have seen embattled thousands rally around that symbol of the nation's faith and hope, for the extension of the area of human freedom in whose security lies the peace and prosperity of the world for all time. It stands like the grim Roman sentinel at the gate of Pompeii. The wave of fire rolls down the mountain side. He can die at his post, but he will not go back.

Who four years ago could have imagined in his wildest dream that American soldiers would be marching up to the gates of the capital of the Chinese empire? What living man can solve the mystery? It's a position we did not seek, and while massacre goes on with a wild fury which appalls the world, the American soldier presses forward to the relief of his imperilled countrymen and the Krupp gun, the Hotchkiss and the rapid fire Maxim become the symbol of peace, above which waves the banner of the cross.

Li Hung Chang, who understands the present situation at home and abroad better than any living Chinaman, declares that the present outburst of Chinese wrath is a mere temporary affair, to cure which he resorts to the universal Chinese panacea of cutting off heads. If this remedy could only be administered with wholesale results it might lead up to a solution of the Chinese problem. But we must not fail to remember that we are called upon to solve one of the most vexing questions that ever confronted the nations of the world. Here is an empire representing 300,000,000 of the human race, bound together by an autonomy which finds no parallel on the face of the earth. No matter how far the Chinaman wanders away from his home, either living or dead he hopes to reach his native land once more.

The situation which confronts us in the celestial empire has brought the fighting nations of the world into a common bond. The Russians fear lives beside the Irish of France and the British empire, which a few weeks ago had an army of two hundred thousand men in South Africa, finds herself fighting beside the bitterest of her former foes, but bound together by the necessities of the times.

This is the situation which we as a nation are called upon to face and which will need a most careful judgment to pass through surely and with unblemished honor.

The news from the Philippines becomes brighter and more cheerful but the peace of South Africa is yet disturbed by a storm cloud, through which there seems to be little hope for permanent harmony and peace.

In this hour of stormy travel we turn to our Divine leader for aid and solace—the Leader who hath been our cloud by day and our pillar of fire by night.

But while looking on a united republican party, where every manifestation points to harmony, success and victory, it would be well to remember that another great party is yet to be heard from, whose representative for the exalted office of president of the United States will undoubtedly be "The Lay orator of the Platte." No more active or tireless worker ever entered a political campaign. He embodies in his own proper person many of the elements of success; he is personally agreeable to the constituency he represents, and stands firmly on that plank in the Chicago platform which proclaims the democratic shibboleth in the coming campaign to be sixteen to one, "sink or swim, survive or perish."

The arrival of Mr. Croker from his British estate at Wantage on Friday was ominous of disaster. There was no such spontaneous gush of feeling as greeted his departure. The crowd that saw him off five months ago was conspicuous for its absence, and the deportation of the Irish assassins who figured so prominently in the Phoenix park murders, brought out a howl of rage and despair from the Clan-a-Gael, that expected to use them as horrible examples of British barbarity at the next presidential election.

We now wait anxiously the clarion blast from Kansas City when the choice of the democracy is announced the fiercest political battle in our history will begin, and Broadbrim proposes that grand old toast, to which democrats, republicans and populists, free silver or no silver, can subscribe, "Hurrah for our side and may the best man win!"

—BROADBRIM.

A Thief's Cleverness.

London Globe.

We do not remember to have seen for a long time a more curious case of a thief's cleverness than that which was recorded at Clerkenwell yesterday. Solomon Buffler, who, with a companion, was convicted of burglary in a jeweler's shop, managed to conceal two diamond rings in spite of the most thorough search by the police, and contrived to pass one of them away to his wife when he was in the cells, "putting it into her mouth by means of his tongue when kissing her." The other he kept under his tongue all the time he was under arrest, and it would probably never have been found at all if his companion had not exposed him in court, and so induced the judge to order a careful inspection of his mouth.

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