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AN IDLE HOUR  
IN  
LIFE'S PILGRIMAGE

BY  
J. M. LOWE.

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KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI,  
MAY, 1906.



# An Idle Hour in Life's Pilgrimage.

FOR PRIVATE DISTRIBUTION ONLY.

William Lowe and Robert Lowe, of England, first settled in Virginia, Robert never married and died there, reputed quite wealthy. This is tradition. William Lowe was in the United States Army under Gov. St. Clair and was in St. Clair's defeat at Miami, Ohio. Afterwards settled in Pendleton County, Kentucky, three miles southwest of Morgan Station, ten miles south of Falmouth, on the K. C. R. R., and married Nancy Jones, daughter of Joshua Jones, of Harrison County. She had three brothers, Louis, Evan and John Jones. (I have long intended looking up this Jones family.) William and Nancy had ten children; raised eight, to-wit: Squire, Jerry, Louis, Moses, Robert, Nancy, Marksberry and Elizabeth, all of whom I remember well.

Moses Lowe was married to Nancy Watson Porter in 1824 in Pendleton County and raised ten children. Moses Lowe, like his father, was a farmer. He was for years a justice of the county court. Died in 1857.

Robert Porter was born in Pennsylvania in 1750 and settled in Kentucky. Died in 1826 in Pendleton County, Kentucky. He was a soldier in the Army of the Revolution for seven years, with Washington. He married Elizabeth Watson and had seven children, to-wit: John, Thomas, Watson, Andrew and William, Margaret and Elizabeth.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.

Bureau of Pensions,

Washington, D. C.,

4

June 25, 1902

J R N  
35567-Inv  
Rev War

Sir

In reply to your request for a statement of the military history of Robert Porter, a soldier of the REVOLUTIONARY WAR, you will find below the desired information as contained in his (~~or his~~ widow's) application for pension on file in this Bureau.

DATES OF ENLISTMENT OR APPOINTMENT.	LENGTH OF SERVICE.	RANK	OFFICERS UNDER WHOM SERVICE WAS RENDERED		STATE
			CAPTAIN.	COLONEL.	
<u>1776 to</u>	<u>1782</u>	<u>Col.</u>	<u>Eli Myers</u>	<u>McCoy</u>	<u>Pa</u>
		<u>Serjnt</u>	<u>John Finley</u>	<u>Brodhead</u>	

Battles engaged in, None mentioned.  
 Residence of soldier at enlistment, Town not stated.  
 Date of application for pension, Apr. 1, 1818.  
 Residence at date of application, Bowling Co Ky.  
 Age at date of application, 68 years.  
 Remarks: This claim was allowed.

Very respectfully,  
Wm J M Lowe  
311 Mass Bldg, Kansas City  
Mo.

E. F. Ware  
 Commissioner.



Thomas Porter married Mary Oder and had nine children, to-wit: Sally, Elizabeth, Polly, Margaret, Robert, Rufus, Joseph, William and Nancy Watson. Nancy was born on the "Hingston" creek, in Bourbon County, in 1807. Was married to Moses Lowe in 1824. She was seventeen and he nineteen years of age. They raised ten children: William Thomas, Francis Marion, James Franklin, Richard Montgomery, Georgie Anna, Moses, John Watson, Joseph M., Margaret and Mary Jane.

The probability is that Robert Porter of Revolutionary fame was a brother of Governor Andrew Porter of Pennsylvania. Robert Porter named his first son born after the war Andrew. Andrew was married twice. His first wife was a Widow Morris and his second was Mary Pollard. He had three boys and one girl. She married a Wayman. The boys were machinists and lived in Cynthiana, Ky. Watson Porter moved to Iowa in an early day and settled near Mt. Pleasant. John Watson, a brother to Great Grandmother Porter, and after whom my brother was named, lived in Cincinnati and his family used often to visit the old folks in Kentucky. One of Watson Porter's sons, to-wit. Col. Asbury Porter, was colonel of the Fourth Iowa Cavalry in the Civil War. Mrs. Dr. McClure and Major Beckwith's wife, of Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, are his daughters.

Uncle Ben Asbury and Aunt Polly were married in Kentucky in 18— and moved to Iowa in 18—. They raised five children, to-wit: Thomas P. Asbury, Benjamin, Mary P. ———— and William Henry Harrison Asbury, of Ottumwa, Iowa. He, too, was in the Federal Army. Indeed, it runs in the blood, never to let a chance slip to take a hand in whatever is going on.

Robert probably had a brother in Virginia and the following is his military record:

Wt. No. 2895.

Council Chamber, 5th April, 1784.

I do certify that Thomas Porter is entitled to the proportion of land allowed a sergeant of the Continental line for three years' service.

BENJAMIN HARRISON,  
THOMAS MERIWETHER.

A warrant for 200 acres issued to Thomas Porter,  
8th April, 1784.

Land Office, Richmond, Va.

I hereby certify that the foregoing is a true copy from the records of this office. Witness my hand and seal of office, this 19th day of February, 1900.

JNO. W. RICHARDSON,  
Register of the Land Office.

There is an interesting tradition of the departure of Preston Kennett and his wife Margaret (Porter) Kennett from Falmouth, Ky., for the "Far West." This must have been about the year 1800. It is that they loaded a canoe with the small necessities of frontier life and rowed away down the Licking river to the Ohio at Cincinnati, thence down the Ohio, whose banks were infested with hostile Indians, and up the Mississippi to St. Louis. What hardihood! What nerve! What magnificent courage! Is it remarkable that such environment should produce a race of heroes? I remember well hearing the story that when Robert Porter was away in the army, where he spent seven of the best years of his life to establish a free country, his wife, Great Grandmother Elizabeth, had to live in a fort at Lexington on account of the Indians. That on one occasion, when out looking for her cow, she stopped to gather some wild grapes, and, climbing the trunk of a fallen tree, she discovered an Indian sneaking up on the other side. She jumped down and then began a race for life, but she beat him to the fort. The Indian was

afterward captured and recognized her. Is it any wonder that Margaret would bravely face frontier dangers and hardships? Is it any wonder that Grandfather Thomas Porter should be found with "Mad" Anthony Wayne, retrieving the terrible disaster which overtook the unfortunate St. Clair? "The Wilderness Road" does not exhaust the material for historical novels.

The children of Preston Graves Kennett and Margaret Porter Kennett were:

First, Luther M. Kennett, born 1807, died in 1873, while living in Paris, France. He was Mayor of St. Louis prior to 1860, was a member of Congress, and lived with his family in Paris from 1866 to 1873, the date of his death. He left several children.

Second, Mortimer Kennett, born 1809, died 1879.

Third, Ferdinand Kennett, born 1813, died 1861. He built "Kennett Castle," 33 miles south of St. Louis. This magnificent "castle," said to be finer than anything this side of the Rhine, is built upon a high promontory and from the turrets the Mississippi can be seen for many miles. It is surrounded by a magnificent estate of 4,500 acres, and R. Graham Frost, Congressman from St. Louis, who married Lottie K., one of the daughters of Ferdinand, formerly lived here.

Fourth, Susan Margaret, born in 1823, and is still living. She is the widow of John Simonds.

Fifth, Nancy K.

Sixth, Oscar.

Seventh, Ann Louisa.

Eighth, Eupheme.

Ninth, Caroline.

Tenth, Elizabeth.

The Kennetts, Luther M. and Ferdinand, built and owned the famous shot tower in St. Louis.

Grandfather Porter and John Porter married sisters, to-wit: Grandmother Mary Oder and Nancy Oder, and lived on Raven's Creek, in

Harrison County, Kentucky. Mary and Nancy's father and mother were pioneers from Virginia. They both lived to extreme old age. The husband was totally both blind and deaf in his later life, and both were ill and approaching the dark river at the same time, but the wife beat him across. The only way the attendants could convey the intelligence to the afflicted husband was to carry her to his bedside and place his hand upon her cold brow. He said: "She only beat me a few hours. Do not bury her until I am ready;" and sure enough he soon followed, and thus these two loving souls were not even parted in death, and were buried in a single grave.

Joseph M. Lowe was born in Pendleton County, Kentucky, December 13th, 1844, and married to Mary Elizabeth McWilliams on the 15th day of March, 1876, in Clinton County, Missouri, and have two children, John Roger and Florence Marion.

Watson Porter, mother's uncle, married Elizabeth Barnett, daughter of Elder George Barnett, of Millersburg, Ky.

Andrew Porter's first wife was a Widow Morris. His second wife was Mary Pollard, of Cynthiana.

I do not know whom William married.

Grandfather Porter and Grandmother Porter were members of the Brushy Fork church, near Millersburg, Ky.—Baptists. Elder George Barnett was their preacher. Grandmother Lowe always attended Old Point Pleasant Baptist church, near the old Lowe homestead in Pendleton County, Kentucky. Old "Daddy" Monroe was the preacher. Grandmother Lowe was a Baptist in belief, but her people were Methodists. She always attended on Saturday, but on Sunday she remained at home to superintend the dinner for company. As I remember her, she was above the medium height, well formed and was always a very handsome woman. Even in her old days, when perfectly blind, she was still a handsome,

dignified, patient, lovable woman. She made her home with father and mother, and so warm was the attachment between mother and her that not a cross word was ever known to pass between them—and the same was true of all of our family, so much did we love and respect her. I remember that I always regarded her as a woman immensely above and beyond the ordinary. She had a way of doing the most commonplace things in a superior way, so that the act acquired a new and different meaning from that ordinarily bestowed. I can see her now approach her "reticule," that depository of immense depth and fabulous wealth which always hung at the head of her bed, and, diving into its innermost depths, she would bring forth candy and sugar and bestow it in a way—it seemed to me—to purchase a kingdom. I remember her funeral, though I was quite a child, and how it all seemed to break poor mother's heart. I was thirteen years of age when father died, on the 31st day of October, 1857. As I remember him, he was of medium size, compactly built, square shouldered and straight as an Indian. He was a quiet, self-poised gentleman, universally esteemed by everyone. I do not remember ever to have heard one cross word between him and my mother. I never saw him in ill humor but once and that was when the sheriff and posse brought a man by the name of Greene before him at our house for preliminary trial. Green was charged with counterfeiting, and I remember when the attorneys insisted on an immediate hearing how indignant father became at the suggestion that a criminal trial should be held in the presence of his family, and, ordering his horse, he set off to the county seat with the whole cavalcade following. To my youthful imagination he was greater, because leader, than all of them. I can see him now as he sat his horse, a very Napoleon in appearance. He was the very soul of old-fashioned hospitality. And what crowds I have seen gather at our house! All the

family were musicians, and I can hear mother's sweet, clear, ringing voice singing down all the years that have gone, those grand old songs: "How Firm a Foundation," "White Pilgrim," and one, the name of which I never knew, and never heard anyone else sing it, but fragments of which still linger in my memory, though in no connected form:

"When for eternal worlds we steer  
And seas are calm and skies are clear  
And faith in lively exercise,  
On distant hills of Caanan rise,  
Oh, then for joy she spreads her wings,  
And loud her lovely sonnet sings:

Vain world, adieu; Vain world, adieu,  
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,  
Vain world, adieu."

Another sadly sweet song, which I suppose has passed out of print—at least out of any modern collection of songs—began:

"Oh sing to me of Heaven  
When I am called to die.  
Sing songs of holy ecstasy,  
To waft my soul on high."

Around my lifeless clay,  
Assemble those I love,  
And sing of Heaven, Delightful Heaven,  
My glorious home above."

Etc., Etc.

"I Would Not Live Always" was another. In November, 1895, when nearly 89 years of age, she was heard singing "Nearer, My God, To Thee" when alone in her room. Poor, dear, sweet soul! Yonder she sits while I pen these lines, in her Kentucky home, clothed in absolute darkness and deafness. All the joys of life departed, save the memory of those earlier and happier days. She is a member of the Disciples, or Christian church. After long years of absence, I visited her in November of 1895. Long years of con-

flict with the world had planted furrows in my brow and sorrows in my heart, and I, a scarred and calloused man of 50, had forgotten largely the tender affections of earlier days, until I felt the pressure of her feeble arms once more around my neck, and heard her call me over and over again, "My Baby! My Baby!" Then I appreciated, as never before, the wondrous strength and endurance of a mother's love. Time nor distance, prosperity or adversity, made no difference. What to her the fact that I was 50 years old, with grown children of my own? To her I was a baby still, *and her baby!*

Science may sound the depths of the ocean; measure the stars in their courses; even—were it possible—fix the limits of limitless space, but who shall drop the plummet into the deeper depths of a mother's love? Mathematics and rhetoric are alike useless in such a task. There is a wideness in such a love which, like God's mercy, extends from the throne of Heaven to the outer rim of the universe. There is a depth like God's love, which extends far below the deepest deep.

We, the boys and hands, always had a half holiday on Saturday, and oh, how we did look forward to this day, which we usually spent in fishing in Jack Hand's mill pond on Fork Lick, and sometimes in the Licking river. But Hand's mill pond—the old swimming hole. What fun it was! Why can't a boy be a boy forever and go a-swimming? There was the largest weeping willow in the front pasture near the old orchard, near Grandma Lowe's old home, that I have ever seen. What fun I have had in its branches. Grandma Lowe, when returning from school, broke off a twig and stuck it in the ground and it grew into a tree at least nine feet in circumference. A school girl! Try to think of it! Here she lived, and loved, and married grandfather, who lived about half a mile to the southwest. And father found mother, a school girl, a half mile

to the southwest of this. Then after their marriage and the death of both grandfathers, father bought both the Jones and Porter farms, built a new house just east of the "Sugar Camp" and nearly midway between the Jones and the Porter house, and here they reared a large family and here both grandmothers died. If the Jones orchard furnished the largest willow and the sweetest apples, the Porter place supplied the juiciest pears and the largest blackberries. And the old sugar camp! What times we had making the spiles and the troughs, tapping the trees, gathering the water. Sometimes we would have to carry the water and boil all night. At such times, some of the neighbor boys and girls would come in and what romps we would have! The sugar house was a long, low, log building, with a row of kettles set in a furnace through the middle of the house. The first kettle was an immensely large one. Then came three or four smaller ones and last, the smallest one of all, in which we "stirred off." In boiling sugar water, you dip from the first kettle back, beginning next to the smallest, which sits over the hottest place in the furnace, near the chimney. In this night work, somebody's hen roost was sure to be visited, both for the chickens and eggs, just for the fun there was in it. And then the sugar! No sand or other impurity in it. What a delight on a moonlight night, in early spring to stand alone with God in the forest and listen to the gentle rhythm of the water distilling from the trees and falling with such a sweet cadence in a gentle drip, drip, drip, into the troughs. What soul is not enriched by such an experience.

A few years ago I visited this old home, and the iconoclastic hand of greed had cut down this consecrated willow and destroyed the old sugar orchard. How my soul revolted at such a sacrilege! The old family graveyard, with its tall, white, quaking asp trees (a species of silver poplar) were intact, the leaves of which



are always in motion, although no air may be stirring. I was always afraid of them, even though they were pretty, and the dead of long, long ago are still sleeping beneath their shade.

This old home was in the family for one hundred years—until 1856. It ought to have so remained forever. The old homestead! What memories cluster around it! Here should ever be the Mecca of every member of the family for successive generations. Alas, "The Old Homestead," "The Family Roof Tree," has passed into poesy and song—indeed, has been dramatized; but how few remain to vouch the reality of the picture! I doubt if any rural home remains in all Scotland to authenticate "Cotter's Saturday Night" and the "Old Kentucky Home" is a splendid and true picture of a splendid and a happier civilization; but it exists only in song now and on canvas.

Standing by this old graveyard my mind recurred to the sadly beautiful poem which Lincoln loved so well:

"Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?  
Like a swift fleeting meteor; a fast flying cloud.  
A flash of the lightning; a break of the wave,  
Man passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,  
Be scattered around and together be laid;  
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,  
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie:

The infant a mother attended and loved;  
The mother that infant's affection who proved;  
The husband that mother and infant who blessed,  
Each, all, are away to the dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye  
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;  
And the memory of those who loved her and praised,  
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne;  
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn;  
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave,  
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave:

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap;  
The herdsman who climbed with his goats up the steep;  
The beggar who wandered in search of his bread,  
'Have faded away like the grass that we tread.'

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven;  
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven;  
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,  
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust:

So the multitude goes, like the flower or the weed,  
That withers away to let others succeed;  
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,  
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

We see the same sights our fathers have seen;  
We drink the same stream and view the same sun,  
For we are the same our fathers have been;  
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;  
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink;  
To the life we are clinging they also would cling;  
But it speeds for us all, like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;  
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;  
They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers will come;  
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died, ay! they died; and we things that are now,  
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,  
Who make in their dwelling a transient abode,  
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

'Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,  
We mingle together in sunshine and rain;  
And the smiles and the tears, the song and the dirge,  
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,  
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,  
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud—  
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud.'

Here our grandparents lived, and loved, and died;  
and here they sleep. Oh, so sweetly!

“Dark clouds may arise and loud thunders may roll,  
And gathering storms may arise;  
But calm are their feelings, at rest are their souls,  
The tears are all wiped from their eyes.”

Many incidents, pathetic and ludicrous, I recall of early boyhood, but not sufficiently different from other childish experiences to justify their mention. Father had a very keen sense of the ludicrous and a warm appreciation of wit and humor. He kept a man employed on the farm, I always believed, as much for the pleasure of his original wit, as his services, and how many pages I could fill with the ludicrous and witty sayings of George Harrison! This untutored child of nature, with the imagination of a Nasby and the wit of a Twain, has long since laughed in the face of the grim monster and gone to join the silent majority. He regarded life as a great joke. I doubt if he took death seriously. He was a man of infinite jest; of most excellent fancy. His flashes of merriment always set the table in a roar, and at such times I have seen the tears stream down father's face, while his body shook with uncontrollable laughter.

During the first hundred years of this country's history to be a farmer was to be a gentleman. The aristocracy—if aristocracy it may be called—lived in the country, and followed agricultural pursuits. England was contemptuously referred to as a nation of "shopkeepers." The farmer had money to loan—indeed, no one else had. The attractions of country life were such that no one except the shopkeeper thought of living in town.

Adjoining the old farm lived "Aunt Peggy" Draper. She was not our aunt, but we children did not know it. Her first husband was James Moore, sheriff of Pendleton county, and among her children was Captain Thomas M. Moore, with whom I volunteered in 1862. After her first husband's death, she married Draper, and after his death, she married Robert Makenson. She was mother's life-long friend, and a better mother, friend and neighbor, God never gave to anyone. Captain Thomas was elected circuit clerk and in 1862 raised a

company of his neighbors' boys and joined the Confederacy and served with distinguished credit to the close of the war. A braver, truer, more manly man never drew a sword or fired a gun. His was always the post of danger, where shot and shell and saber strokes were thickest, and yet he looked but little like the spirit of war when not in battle, and was as effeminate and tender in his sympathies and as quietly sensitive to misery and distress as a woman.

Brave, generous, high-spirited Tom Moore. I would the poet's pen were mine, that I might bathe its diamond point in fire and emblazon this hero's name high up among those of the imperishable few who were not born to die. Gentle as a woman and brave as a lion. When in repose his voice was as soft and tender as a mother's lullaby; yet in action, it rang out above the din of battle like the piercing note of a bugle blast. Of humble and unpretentious origin, yet the atmosphere around him was impregnated with his splendid manhood. Born and reared among the rough hills and rocks of Pendleton, yet no child nurtured in the lap of luxury and magnificent repose ever had a softer, gentler, more refined bearing toward all than he. Kind hearted and sympathetic, almost to effeminacy, yet the very genius of war when in battle and at all times and under all circumstances, a quiet, self-possessed, splendid gentleman. Indeed, in him did the elements so mix that all the world might rise up and say: "This is a man." Married to a daughter of Major John Shawhan, he now lives in prosperous old age near the station of that name in Harrison county, the same quiet, dignified, courteous gentleman as in his early manhood.

In those older—and I must believe—happier days, hospitality and good fellowship reigned universally. What "dinings" we had, when whole families went from house to house and ate their bread with gladness and singleness of heart. "Let's go a-visitin'" meant more

than to watch an opportunity when your neighbor was out, to rush over and stick a "calling card" under the front door and then at evening recount the great success or luck you had had in finding so many of your friends "not in."

True, Christmas still comes once a year, and the children and young people still enjoy it, but who lies awake half the night to be first to get everybody's "Christmas Gift?" Indeed, Christmas in the country, even now, is a very different thing from the Christmas in town, but at the time I speak of, the difference was still more pronounced. The most distinctive feature I recall, was the size of the wood pile. For weeks before Christmas all hands were employed in increasing its proportions, for it was well understood that Christmas would last three weeks and there must be no interruption to the frolic and fun. So there may be more Christmas trees now than then, but they had bigger wood piles than now, and the enjoyment was just as hearty and more genuine.

Of my immediate family, I do not speak here, except of brother John Watson. He was but two years my senior and I was always with him. In 1862, when but 18 years of age, he went, at what he construed to be his country's call, to the Confederate army. He fell, mortally wounded, at Chickamauga on the 20th of September, 1863, but lived long enough to know of the victory for which he had given his life. A braver, truer, nobler life never went out. He was incapable of a mean act. He was the soul of integrity and candor; and so he fell, battling for the right, as God gave him light to see the right. No matter now who was right or who was wrong in that terrible conflict; braver men never met in the shock of battle. Truer patriotism does not exist than in the ranks of the veterans of the South. Though many homes and firesides were made desolate, like our own, both North and South, yet the bond of

union, cemented by this unnatural war, is all the stronger and firmer. Men on the theater of life, both in war and in peace, have "Cut such capers before high Heaven as to make the angels weep," and vainly imagined that they were shaping and molding a nation's destiny, forgetting that there is a sovereign God of the universe, "who holds the destinies of nations in the hollow of His hand" and "who orders all things after the counsels of his own will," and so this "irrepressible conflict" was *irrepressible indeed*, and could have had no other beginning or ending than it did; and this, not because fate had anything to do with it, but as a demonstration that God rules and fate, chance or accident has no place in His councils. A thorough belief in the absolute sovereignty of God, not only does not lead to fatalism, but is the one absolute and conclusive argument against fate. Conceded that there is a God, the conception irresistibly followed is that He is a God of purpose, and must of necessity be absolutely sovereign in the execution of such purpose. Hence, no act or decree of any creature can alter or change the act or decree of an infinite God. If it can, God ceases to be God and man becomes something more than man. It must be that a God of infinite wisdom had an infinite purpose in creation. Can it be that there has at any time since the morning stars sang together at creation's birth been danger that such purpose would be thwarted, changed or affected by man? Is the finite greater than the infinite? Was there a possibility that Adam might prevent the necessity of a Christ? If so, then the plan of human redemption agreed upon from "Before the world was" had in it the possibility of failure! But it may be said: "Suppose that the sovereign God, in His infinite wisdom, chose to make man sovereign of his own will," then what? Why, this, as it seems to me: God would have abdicated, or at least endowed man with some of his own essential attributes, and in exercise of such sovereign power, man might have per-

verted and destroyed the whole plan and purpose of God! No law, no transgression. This, it would seem, is a reasonable excuse for Adam's transgression. No sin, no salvation. This may lead to the conclusion that God is the author of sin. What of it? But whether this be true or not, His "foreknowledge" stands confessed by all disputants. Then, if He foreknew that man would fall and provided a means of escape in advance, how was it—how is it possible—for man to change or divert the sure result of such knowledge? God either knew or he didn't know "The End from the Beginning." If He knew it, then it was fixed and certain. If he did not know it, then his judgment is no longer one of law and order, but is one of chance, liable to all the vicissitudes and uncertainties of accident. In other words, this leads inevitably to the conclusion that there is no God, for it is inconceivable that if there is a God, he does not know and do all things. The God of the Bible notes the sparrow's fall—the number of hairs on the human head. He knoweth all things; he doeth all things. Absolutely nothing is left to chance—nothing to accident—nothing to whim or caprice. Would you have ordered it differently? Would you abolish what you do not understand? Who sits in judgment upon the decrees of the Almighty? Then "all have sinned"—all died in Adam, who was a type of Christ, that in him all might be made alive. Who are the "All" referred to here? Who are the "saved?" Those for whom Christ made atonement. For whom did Christ make atonement? For all those whom the Father gave him. Did the Father give him all? Then it is certain that all shall be saved. But it is certain that some are lost. Then the atonement was not for all, for if all were included, none could be lost. If it were so, God would be mocked—Christ would have suffered and died in vain. Calvary would lose its meaning, or stand out in the history of God's dealings as the most stupendous and cruel blunders.

for if Christ died for all and yet some are lost, then Christ died in vain for all that are lost, and God knew before the sacrifice was made that his purpose would be defeated. If Adam could not thwart or change the plans of creation, can his descendants thwart or change His plan of redemption? It seems to me clear that they can, if by their voluntary acts they can accept or reject the provisions made in the atonement. Again, if man can, by this voluntary exercise of his own will, accept or reject the salvation offered, then to me, Calvary largely loses its significance—for why so great a sacrifice for so uncertain a purpose? Why the atonement at all, if man could save himself? If man holds his destiny in his own keeping, then the atonement did not atone. The redemption wrought by Christ did not redeem. Calvary loses its deep and awful meaning, and man should be crowned and enthroned by the side of Deity himself. If this be true, then it was possible that Christ, the son of God—Christ, one of the trinity—Christ, the “Equal with God”—Christ, the father of the eternities, he who agreed with the Father in the plan of human redemption, should, in the execution of his purpose, die for a world which might reject the terms thus offered! For if it was possible for even *one* to be lost for whom he died, then all might have been lost and Calvary remain only as a monument of weakness and cruelty! What then? Why this, as it seems to me: God alone is free, and He is His own interpreter. He giveth life to such as shall be saved. He knoweth His own. Salvation is alone in Christ. He will save all for whose sins He has atoned. He saw the end from the beginning. He knew who were His followers, his children, from before the creation. He is not a God of chance. All who were included in the atonement are saved. They cannot by any possibility be lost. They are not to be saved by and by, but are saved now. Aye, however difficult to grasp the idea, they



are not only saved now, but were saved before the creation, because with God there is no such thing as time, but His people were present in His heart and constituted His purpose from all eternity.

*McWilliams-Cleveland.*

John McWilliams married Elizabeth Cleveland in Virginia, December 10, 1778, and moved to Madison county, Kentucky, and settled on Silver Creek in 1798. John McWilliams was one of three brothers who came to this country some time prior to 1776. Alexander Cleveland was born in England in 1659. He married Milly Pressly and emigrated to Virginia and settled on Bull Run about 1740. Prior to this, Alexander Cleveland was born. He married Margaret Dolittle, and furnished the Colonial army six revolutionary heroes, to-wit: John, who was killed in the battle of Stony Point; James, Eli, Alexander, Oliver and William. They were present at Cornwallis' surrender at Yorktown. He had seven daughters, to-wit: Elizabeth, Anna, Milly, Ankie, Martha, Patsy, and one name unknown.

John McWilliams and Elizabeth Cleveland reared three sons and seven daughters. His sons were: Capt. John Cleveland McWilliams, Alexander Cleveland McWilliams and Eli Cleveland McWilliams. He gave his home farm to his son Eli on condition that he take care of his mother, Elizabeth, during her life, which he did, and the farm at this writing, is in possession of Eli's son, Oliver Cleveland McWilliams, who lives on it. She died in 1846.

Alexander Cleveland McWilliams married Jane Breedlove. They left a number of daughters, who are now living, and are in Kansas City, Mo., and two sons, Oliver Cleveland McWilliams, who died in 1894, in Kansas City, leaving his widow and two children, a son and daughter, surviving him; and Sydney McWilliams, now living in Kansas City, Mo. He has one son. To

trace the Cleveland family, which claims descent from Oliver Cromwell, would, of itself, fill a volume and I therefore start with their arrival in this country and confine this to a single branch.

Captain John C. McWilliams was a captain in the army of 1812, and about 1813 he married Nancy Hockaday, and reared a large family, to-wit: James, Schuyler N., Richard Cleveland, Capt. Samuel Hockaday, Dudley, Dr. John Q. A., Sydney, Elizabeth and Nancy. About 1856 he moved to Clinton county, Mo., where he died. His widow survived him until November 27th, 1893. She was 99 years of age at the time of her death. They were both members of the Baptist church and were baptized by Thomas Dudley, after whom they named one of their sons—one of the great preachers of Kentucky in her early history. Their son, Dr. John Quincy Adams McWilliams married Emma E. McCord, daughter of William Downy McCord and Theodosia (Elder) McCord in Madison county, Kentucky. They immigrated to Missouri and had two children—one a boy who died in infancy. The daughter, Mary Elizabeth, was born in Jackson county, Missouri, January 23, 1856. Her mother died in Fayette county, Missouri, where the family had settled while she was yet an infant. And her father, Dr. John, died in Plattsburg, Mo., shortly thereafter. She was reared by her grandmother, Nancy McWilliams, one of the noblest and best women God ever gave to an orphan child. Of the sterling qualities of both head and heart of this old "Mother in Israel," it would take a far abler pen than mine to do justice. Were I asked to mention her most prominent traits, I should answer promptly, her convictions of duty and her great unselfishness. Born in the seventeenth century, she lived through the eighteenth, and therefore saw its mighty progress. Yet, through it all, she had been a pioneer, living on the very outskirts of civilization.

By "Outskirts of Civilization," I mean that they gave up many of the luxuries and even comforts of an older, better developed environment and endured many of the necessary discomforts of a new country. A grave mistake as it seems to me, but one of very frequent occurrence. After a life-time spent in building and adorning a home—surrounding it with all the comforts and luxuries of home—surrounding it with the many attractions which enshrine it in the affections of the family, then to sell it, abandon it to strangers and go to a new one, always seemed wrong to me. Grandma McWilliams was a woman of strong local attachments and enduring love. She loved everything beautiful, everything true and worthy. In the old home in Madison county, Ky., she had been born and spent a happy, useful life, full of sunshine and achievement before she left it. There were her schoolmates, her early friends. There she met, was wooed and won by her warrior lover, Capt. John Cleveland McWilliams. There were all her "household gods," the idols of her heart. These must all be abandoned now. True, she took with her the family and the faithful negro servants, but the halo which rests upon the old family homestead can not be transferred, save in memory. She rests now in the family cemetery, in Clinton county. Brave, sweet soul, sleep on, sleep sweetly. If ever woman won the right to rest, surely this one did. If ever woman deserved a place in the memory of her friends and family, this one did. What a debt of everlasting love do I not owe her for imbuing with such high principles of character, truth and devotion the girl she gave me so trustingly. If I have attained to any degree of success in life, to any development of character, of purpose in right thinking and right doing, I owe it all to my wife. For she is thoroughly imbued with the same high resolves, the same love of truth, the same self-sacrificing unselfishness, the same stern devotion to duty as was this grand and noble woman.

I sometimes wonder if I had never seen a Bible or heard a sermon I could doubt the existence of a Heaven just from knowing such women. There may be "sermons in rocks and brooks," but if so, what a grand demonstration of God's love is there in the good women with which He has so abundantly enriched human life.

Married in her early girlhood to a young Captain, then fresh from the War of 1812, she lived to send stalwart sons to the war between the states.

Brought down to April 1st, 1906.



# Lecture on Thomas Jefferson.

Delivered before The Jefferson Club of St. Louis, Mo., April 13, 1900.

The profoundest, most far-seeing, prophetic and least understood, the worst abused and the best loved statesman in American history, is Thomas Jefferson. His very name is an inspiration to every thoughtful and patriotic American citizen. To study his life is to learn alone the political history of the United States, but is to imbibe and become saturated with the ideas and principles of free government everywhere.

The life of Thomas Jefferson should be adopted as the text book of political economy by every qualified voter in the United States, for, *if Jefferson was wrong America is wrong*. If the principles he established were wrong, then the government of the United States has no rightful place among the nations of the earth. If men are not capable of governing themselves, as he believed they were, then it is clear that they are not capable of governing others. Jefferson was invited by Napoleon to suggest laws for a French Colony. He declined it, on the ground that no alien is qualified to make laws for another people. And Henry Clay, his great follower, in his speech in favor of the independence of the South American Republics, declared that "God never made a people incapable of self-government." He said that it was "the doctrine of thrones and a reflection upon Jehovah to say that he had created a people anywhere who

were incapable of governing themselves." And after all this is the commonest kind of common sense. No people ever became self-governing by being governed by others. To claim this right is to assume the prerogative of Deity—is to assume that God has specially qualified and set apart one individual or set of individuals, and divinely entrusted them with the welfare and government of others. It is the old claim, in a new guise, of "The Divine right of Kings." Neither can the science of government, if it be a science, be taught. It is inherent in the people. All the just powers of government reside in and come from the people governed. It can reside nowhere else. Jehovah has neither abdicated nor delegated His authority to others. Men are created different only in degree or by comparison. What constitutes good government for one people may be bad government for another, and of this the *people themselves* are not only the best judges, but they, of right, are the *sole* judges, from whose decision there is no appeal. A majority of any people have the inherent right to alter, change or abolish their own form of government and set up a new one which suits them better, regardless of what others may think or say or do.

The great philosopher-historian, Dr. Fiske, said: "We do not imagine that a community of Hottentots would be particularly benefited by our federal constitution any more than they would feel comfortable in our clothes." Constitutional government is a growth—the result of ages of evolution. Victor Hugo in *Notre Dame* says: "All civilization begins with Theocracy and ends with Democracy." These principles of Jefferson should be closely studied. The opponents of our form of government have always claimed that the government as organized and administered by the Fathers was unsafe. They clamored then, as some of them do now, for a *stronger government*. Indeed, there was a strong senti-

ment at the close of the Revolution to select one of the younger sons of George III. as king.

William H. Seward said, in a speech in the Senate: "The United States stands now confessed by the world the form of government not only most adapted to empire, but also most congenial with the constitution of human nature." And this was said fifty years before the sound of our guns rolled around the world from Santiago and Manila and awoke the slumbers of the sleeping nations of the earth. It has been said that in the late war the Philippine Islands were a "discovery" to our people. The United States was an even greater discovery to Europe.

History has proven that the government, as organized by Jefferson and his compeers, is the strongest as well as the freest on the face of the earth. Its weaknesses have been developed just in proportion as we have departed from his teachings. Rulers have been slow to learn that the strength of government lies, not in its standing armies and great navies, but in the freedom and education of its people. The man who does not believe in the principles advocated by Jefferson is not a good American, for the Jeffersonian idea is the American idea of government. When these principles shall have passed into desuetude as a vitalizing, living force, the government as originally founded, will have ceased to exist. The Jeffersonian idea came into active life with the birth of the Republic, and has dominated our political fortunes for one hundred years, more or less, and when it dies, popular government will have passed away from the earth. As it won its first triumphs over the European idea in Colonial times, so it has had to battle with the same reactionary force at every step in American history.

The Tory, or European idea, as opposed to the American, is no whit different from, or more dangerous, because it masquerades under a new uniform, under

new conditions and under new leadership. The great distinguishing feature is this: The American idea stands for law while the European idea stands for force.

Although at times the American principle has been almost lost sight of in the mad struggle for wealth, in the delirium of Empire building, or in order to win temporary political advantage or triumph, yet it is destined to permeate all lands, to strike the fetters from all people, to dominate all governments. Permanent defeat can never come to the great principles enunciated by Jefferson. They are woven into the warp and woof of the government formed by him. They are built upon the eternal foundations of truth, and are, therefore, indestructible.

The fundamental American idea of government is the Heaven inspired one that "All men" (not some men, but all men), are created equal before the law. That is the very basic principle of government by the people, of the people and for the people. Government in which every citizen is on an absolute equality with every other citizen. In such a government each individual has the "inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness;" and it is to secure *these* rights that "governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed." The only reason given in this immortal Magna Charta for the formation of government at all among men is, that these *rights* may be secured. Government, whose powers are derived wholly, not partly, from the consent of the governed, and securing the right to life, liberty and property. In this conception there is no place for force nor for establishing governments over an alien and an unwilling people. While this principle may seem to have gone down in the mad scramble in the Philippines, yet it is destined sooner or later, to work its way to the top again.

Equality of rights secured by a government formed by the consent of the governed. This is the character



of government outlined in the great declaration: This does not mean that equality which results from a dead level of mediocrity; nor that men are equal in mental endowments, or equally fortunate in material circumstances. It means that all men are equal before the law; that all men shall share the burdens and enjoy the benefits of government equally. It means equality of opportunity—that equality, in the language of Jefferson, which results from "*Protecting rights and not interests.*" "Equal rights to all—special privileges to none." Whenever we have departed from this principle, to that extent have we departed from the basic principles of the government as founded by the fathers. So long as there is an individual, an interest, an industry, a trust, or a corporation, enjoying special privileges, receiving special protection, whether this protection shall be given by bounties, subsidies or tariff taxes, and escaping the just responsibilities of government, to that extent has this ceased to be a Democratic government. Whole volumes of political discussion, and works on political economy, are here concentrated into seven English words. They comprehend and include all the wisdom of the ages on the duties and powers of government. Let the artificial creature of law, called a corporation, be shorn of its special privileges, and placed upon an exact equality with the individual citizen, and we will have gone far toward solving the Trust problem.

But his enemies have said, and continue to say, that he was "inconsistent;" that the Declaration of Independence prepared by Jefferson declared that all men are "born equal," and made no mention of the inequalities of negro slavery; and this omission has been strangely laid to the charge of its great author for more than an hundred years. This charge might still go unnoticed, as this question has now passed into history, but for the fact that William Cullen Bryant, and a host of lesser lights

who have followed him, continue to falsify history in this particular down to the present day.

The original draft of the Declaration when presented to the convention by Mr. Jefferson, contained the following paragraph: "He has waged cruel war against human nature itself; violating its most sacred rights of life and liberty, in the persons of a distant people who never offended him, captivating and carrying them into slavery in another hemisphere, or to incur miserable death in their transportation thither. This piratical warfare, the opprobrium of infidel power, is the warfare of the Christian King of England. Determined to keep open a market where men should be bought and sold, he has prostituted his negative by suppressing every legislative attempt to prohibit or restrain this execrable commerce; and that this assemblage of horrors might want no fact of distinguished aid, he is now exciting these very people to rise in arms among us, and to purchase that liberty of which he has deprived them, by murdering the people on whom he also obtruded them; thus paying off former crimes committed against the liberties of one people, with crimes he urged them to commit against the lives of another."

Suppose these flaming words of fiery indignation had been adopted by the convention? The Declaration would not then have been the subject of this criticism; slavery, under the educational influence of the great charter, would have soon ceased to exist, and the war between the States would have been averted. But like most great papers, the Declaration was the result of compromise. Too many people in the New England States were engaged in the slave trade, and they still found a market for this "execrable commerce" in two of the Southern states.

Therefore, this paragraph was stricken out by the Convention, against the protest of Jefferson, Franklin, Adams and Livingston. At that time so great a thinker

as Edward Burke, who had given much time to the study of the subject, held that slavery was a necessary evil, and Bossuet had declared that, "To condemn slavery was to condemn the Holy Ghost!" Although slavery existed in all the original thirteen states yet public opinion here on this question was far in advance of what it was in England. Lord Thurlow, the Chancellor in George III Cabinet, characterized the effort to abolish the slave trade as "miserable and abominable," and George III vetoed the Act of the Virginia House of Burgesses prohibiting the importation of slaves. In 1788 there were many free negroes in Virginia, and the Legislature passed a law that any person who should kidnap and sell into slavery any free person should suffer death on the gallows.

Before the Declaration was even dreamed of, to-wit: in 1874, too ill to attend the Continental Congress, he drafted and sent per express, for its adoption, a protest on slavery, very similar to this rejected paragraph. In 1799 he was chairman of the committee on revision of the laws of Virginia, and prepared an amendment emancipating the slaves of that state, but in his notes he says: "It was found that the public mind would not yet bear the proposition, nor will it bear it even at this date. Yet the day is not distant when it must bear and adopt it, or worse will follow. *Nothing is more certainly written in the book of fate than that these people are to be free.*"

And then, looking down the corridors of time for more than an hundred years, he saw the "irrepressible conflict," the inevitable Civil War, with all its attendant horrors, and declared "that it was impossible for the two races to live equally free in the same government; that nature, habit, opinion, had drawn indelible lines of distinction between them, that accordingly emancipation and deportation should go hand in hand," etc. "These," he said, "and many other circumstances will

divide us into parties and produce convulsions which will probably never end but in the extermination of the one or the other race." How like the midnight bell do these words of prophecy come ringing down through the ages. This clear-sighted prophet sat down at Monticello and saw the whole mighty panorama of the greatest civil war in history pass before him. He saw the serried columns of Grant and Lee hurled upon each other with Titanic force. He saw them reel and surge, and heard the tremendous death grapple which shook the foundations of the world. He saw the soil of his own beloved Virginia, bathed and saturated in the blood of the two grandest and bravest armies that ever met upon the embattled field of war.

It came. No pen has described it—no language can paint it—no imagination can color it. It has gone, and thirty-seven years of peace finds us still torn by the convulsions which he foretold. Finds us still groping in darkness for the solution of questions left in unsettled chaos at its close.

In 1780 Mr. Jefferson, as Governor of Virginia, made a deed ceding the Northwest Territory, now comprising the states of Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Michigan and Wisconsin, to the government. In this deed was a clause providing that after the year 1800 neither slavery nor unconditional servitude should exist in said territory.

In 1784 he was chairman of the Committee to prepare a plan for the temporary government of this Territory, and reported a similar clause. But the Congress held that under the Articles of Confederation they could not accept a deed with such conditions, and this Article was defeated by a single vote. With Jefferson on this subject, stood such spirits of the grand old Commonwealth, as Judge George Wythe, George Mason, James Madison, Edmond Randolph, Patrick Henry and Richard Henry Lee, the greatest orator, next to Henry, of

Revolutionary time, and the great Uncle of that incomparable gentleman, that matchless soldier, who, according to President Roosevelt, was the "Greatest commander of the English speaking race," General Robert Edward Lee, who entertained precisely the same views as did his celebrated father, Henry Lee, who, as a member of the Virginia House of Delegates, led in the debate in favor of ratifying the Constitution, and who said, "notwithstanding it contains no provision for the emancipation of slavery, it is a long step toward that much desired consummation." This is the Lee, "Light Horse Harry," who declared that the great Washington was "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his Countrymen."

In speaking of the defeat of this measure, Jefferson wrote: "Thus we see the fate of millions unborn hanging on the tongue of one man, and heaven was silent in this awful moment." And yet his enemies charge him with insincerity in bringing forward this measure for the government of the Northwest Territory, and Bryant says it was "a scheme to fasten slavery upon said territory;" and have constantly sought to give the credit to a citizen of Massachusetts, a Mr. Cutler, who succeeded in passing a similar measure three years thereafter, and after the adoption of the present constitution which makes express provision for the government of territories.

John Fiske, in his great work entitled "The Critical Period in American History," says: "The difficulty with Mr. Jefferson's plan of dealing with the Northwestern Territory was the wholesale manner in which he tried to deal with the slavery question." Instead of trying to "fasten slavery upon that territory," he says, "He wished to hem in the probable extension of slavery by an impassible barrier, and accordingly he not only provided that it should be extinguished in the Northwestern Territory after the year 1800, but at the same time

his anti-slavery ardour led him to try to extend the national domain Southward. He did his best to persuade the Legislature of Virginia to crown its work by giving up Kentucky to the United States, and he urged that North Carolina and Georgia should also cede their Western Territories. As for South Carolina, she was shut in between the two neighboring states in such wise that her Western claims were vague and barren. Jefferson would thus have drawn a North and South line from Lake Erie down to the Spanish border of the Floridas, and west of this line he would have had all negro slavery end with the eighteenth century. The policy of restricting slavery, so as to let it die a natural death within a narrowly confined area—the policy to sustain which Mr. Lincoln was elected in 1860—was thus definitely outlined by Jefferson in 1784. It was the policy of forbidding slavery in the National Territory. Had this policy succeeded then, it would have been an “ounce of prevention worth many a pound of cure.” \* \* \* “But Jefferson’s scheme had not only to deal with the National domain as it was, but also to extend that domain Southward to Florida, and in this it failed,” by a single vote.

In speaking of Mr. Cutler’s action Mr. Fiske says: “Congress in 1787 proceeded to carry out the work which Jefferson had outlined three years before.”

Among all the great constructive works of Mr. Jefferson’s life it is doubtful if any of them should outrank the cession of the Northwest Territory. Here was empire building beyond the comprehension of most of his contemporaries. Here was first created a national domain over which the general government did exercise sovereignty; here was laid the foundation for future States. And here was created a great national fund for the lack of which the whole country had been on the verge of universal bankruptcy, chaos and ruin. What transcendent genius it was to provide for such a condition as this!

In speaking of the Act accepting this grant, Daniel Webster said: "I doubt whether one single law of any law-giver, ancient or modern, has produced effects of more distinct, marked and lasting character than the Ordinance of 1787."

Now, whatever the solution of the race problem may be, it is clear that the Southern people alone can make it. The restless agitators of the country can, by their untimely intermeddling, only make its settlement the more difficult, just as they made more difficult the settlement of the slavery question. That this is true may be proven by the fact that Virginia always honored the men who stood for individual freedom, and who were opposed to slavery. Kentucky kept the great emancipationist, Henry Clay, in the public councils for more than fifty years, and Madison, who agreed with Jefferson on this question, twice offered him a place in his cabinet. Missouri kept her great Benton in the Senate for more than thirty years, although he never missed an opportunity to oppose the extension of slavery. And so it was, and so it is to this day, that the real and the best friends of the negro were the people with whom they lived, and who knew them best. It may be of curious interest to some people to know that even the Confederate Constitution prohibited the slave trade, notwithstanding Toomb's threat to build a governmental structure whose "chief corner stone should be negro slavery," and Jefferson Davis manumitted his faithful slave, Ben Montgomery, two years before the fall of the Confederacy, and gave him property worth at his death in 1884, more than \$200,000.00. There are few more pathetic, eloquent and suggestive scenes than Mr. Davis delivering the funeral oration on the death of faithful Ben Montgomery.

We have erected monuments to, and written volumes in eulogizing the virtues of an innumerable body of lesser

men suddenly thrown to the surface by the march of succeeding events, and who happened to be in the glare of the footlights when the curtain was rung down on this most melancholy drama. But, if men are to be enrolled among the immortals because of what they said and did in favor of human rights, and human liberty, then Jefferson's name should be written high above that of any man's in the whole range of this country's political history.

He secured freedom, as we have shown, in the Northwest Territory. Suppose he had fastened slavery upon those states, as he undoubtedly could have done and as some of them desired? Subsequent history would have been written vastly different. At the session of Congress in 1789, North Carolina ceded Tennessee, with a perpetual *slave* clause in the deed, and it was accepted, adopted, and held to be binding upon the Government, under the Constitution as it then existed. But whatever the legal effect of Mr. Jefferson's action might have been, it is still historically true that slavery did exist in some of those territories notwithstanding the ordinance of 1787.

Slavery existed in some of them after the adoption of the constitution of those states, and in the state of Illinois, especially, down to as late a date as 1840. The point is, that he threw the tremendous influence of his great name always, everywhere and under all circumstances, in favor of universal freedom, whereas he could have wielded a controlling influence in the opposite direction. I must add that the people of those states, with splendid American spirit, disregarded deeds, ordinances, and Acts of Congress, even when they came to adopt constitutions of their own, and dealt with their own domestic concerns in their own way and as they saw fit. But his critics say that he did not make a good war governor. He succeeded Patrick Henry at a time when Virginia was well nigh depleted of both men and war



material: Most of her brave sons were with their own loved commander at Valley Forge, and many were with Nathaniel Green and Francis Marion, the "Swamp Fox" of the South, and with "Light Horse Harry Lee," the great and invincible field marshal of the Revolution. Just before Governor Henry's term expired, the chivalrous George Rogers Clarke, that splendid soldier of Kentucky, whom John Randolph called the "Hannibal of the West," applied for a commission to take and hold Kaskaskias, Vincennes and Detroit. Governor Henry called Thomas Jefferson, George Wythe and George Mason, to his council, although not members of the administration, and they advised a prompt issuance of the commission, and the next day these three gave Clarke a letter pledging the legislature of Virginia to give each volunteer three hundred acres of land. Clarke raised less than one hundred and fifty volunteers, but with these intrepid troops he made that unparalleled march through the swamps and swollen rivers of Illinois and Indiana in the dead of winter, and captured Vincennes, thus gaining in a single battle all that splendid territory already referred to as "the Northwestern Territory"—a territory more than half as large as the original thirteen states, to secure the liberty of which it took seven long years of war. (Marginal note.)

Seeing the approach of peace, and believing that only territory in actual possession could be held, Governor Jefferson, who had succeeded Henry, then applied to Washington for a loan of arms and equipment with which to re-enforce Colonel Clarke, so that he might capture and hold Detroit and the whole of Canada. Washington realized its importance, but before the plan could be executed, the traitor, Benedict Arnold, and the dreaded Tarlton had invaded Virginia, and when they were driven out, Yorktown fell, and the English became "our guests." Appointed one of the Commissioners to treat with England he made rapid preparations

to sail, but the terms of peace were agreed upon before he could leave the country.

It has always been a consensus of well informed opinion that had he been there to aid Franklin, instead of Adams and Jay to hinder, the whole of the British Possessions in North America would have been secured. However this may be, it is what *ought* to have been, and it is what *will be* at some day in the future. He was chairman of the committee to which the Treaty of Peace was referred and drew up the report ratifying it, which recognized the independence of the States; the declaration of which he had written seven long years before. So unpopular was this Treaty in England because it included the Northwest Territory, that it led to the dissolution of the English cabinet, and Canada has never forgiven it. He was chairman of the Committee and drafted the resolutions accepting the resignation of Washington, as Commander of the Army. Appointed Minister to France he met Ledyard, the great explorer, and he and Lafayette supplied him with money and sent him on an exploring tour through Siberia across the Behring Straits, through Alaska and down through the Northwest to the Mississippi, the eastern bank of which he had secured through Rogers Clarke in the battle of Vincennes—the identical route now being surveyed in seeking an all land route from Paris to New York. But Ledyard was arrested as a spy in Russia, and thrown into prison. Jefferson, however, never lost sight of the great Northwest, as will be shown further on, and sent his private secretary, Merriwether Lewis and William Clarke, brother to Col. George Rogers Clarke, to explore it after he became President. He was the author of the statute securing religious freedom, thus securing to Virginia the lead of all the States on this subject, and this Act was translated into French and Italian and much commented on throughout Europe. He was the

author of the Act abolishing primogeniture and of entail, and it was this, added to the principles enunciated in the Declaration, which drew upon him the venomous opposition of the "Aristocracy" of the whole country.

They said he was an anarchist, begged that he might compromise by allowing the eldest son to have at least a double portion. His reply was, "I will, if you can show that he can eat twice as much, or wear twice as much clothing." This was a "leveling" process for which those who believed in placing the dollar above the man have never forgiven him.

He was the author of our unit of value, and he fixed the ration between gold and silver. He believed in coined money, and opposed the United States Bank with its paper issues and its attendant evils.

He came to the Presidency at the most critical period in our national history. It was an open question whether this should be a limited monarchy, fashioned after that of England, as advocated by Hamilton, or whether it should venture into the new and untried experimental field of self-government. The weight of argument and public opinion seemed about equally balanced. The two previous administrations had left the whole question in the gravest doubt and uncertainty. Wm. H. Seward, the great Secretary in Mr. Lincoln's cabinet, in one of his splendid speeches in the Senate in discussing this period, said: "The continuous administrations of Washington and John Adams had closed under a cloud which had thrown a broad, dark shadow over the future; the nation was deeply indebted at home and abroad, and its *credit was prostrate*."

Daniel Webster had said in his matchless rhetoric that "Hamilton touched the corpse of the Public Credit and it sprang into life." Splendid rhetoric but barren of fact, for it was President Jefferson who touched this corpse, and he touched it with *Coined money*, which the government took for the land of the Northwest Ter-

itory; and it did, indeed, "spring into life." In truth it was the darkest and most dangerous period in our national history. Mr. Seward said further "This transition stage is always more perilous than any other in the career of nations, and especially in the career of Republics. It proved fatal to the Commonwealth of England. Scarcely any of the Spanish-American states have yet emerged from it; and it has more than once been sadly signalized by the ruin of the Republican cause in France." That we survived this period we stand indebted to-day to the wisdom and statesmanship of Thomas Jefferson, who steered the old Ship of State through all the storm and stress of adverse weather, and at last cast anchor beneath the protecting sails of the Declaration of Independence, and moored her firmly to a strict construction of the Constitution of the United States.

In this age of iconoclasm, a host of small writers have been turned loose upon the public, to tear down and destroy, if possible, the reputation of the men who fashioned and framed the great republic. Just now the virus of this class of penny-a-liners is directed toward Jefferson. To discredit the American idea of Government, its author must first be eliminated. Alleged fiction, poetry and biographies innumerable are written to show that, after all, the traitors and tories of the Revolution were the heroes and patriots. As a majority in some of the states believed in the English limited monarchy then, so some of them are still opposed to the form of government established by Jefferson and his compeers. The venom of this class may be understood when I quote from a defense of one of these inconsequential books, whose authoress, in speaking of Jefferson, says: "He has plebianized this country with such thoroughness that it is more uncomfortable to live in than any kingdom of Europe."

"The people," growled Napoleon to Duroc, when he had all Europe at his feet, 'The people.' There are no

people. There are only subjects." "The people be damned," said one of the "400."

Over against such critics as these may be placed the great name of Henry Clay who introduced into Kentucky legislature a resolution declaring that "Thomas Jefferson is entitled to the thanks of his country for the ability, uprightness and intelligence which he has displayed in the management both of our foreign relations and our domestic concerns," which resolution received the unanimous vote of that body, with a single exception, and Clay fought a duel with that member within two weeks. (Note.)

And so it was plebianized, until men have a right to sit down under their own "vine and fig tree" and "worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences." Children have a right to inherit equally their father's fortune, and the people select their own rulers and frame their own laws. But this authoress has unwittingly given expression to the inmost thought of every Federalist from the organization of that party to the present day. In their blind, unreasoning opposition they even seek to throw discredit upon the Louisiana purchase. All honor to the city of St. Louis for proposing to celebrate this great Act, and for erecting a monument to its great author.

St. Louis honors herself most by honoring the name of Jefferson. Situated as she is, midway between the lakes of the North and the Gulf on the South, and on the banks of that river so celebrated in poetry and song, and the navigation of which Jefferson determined to have at "all hazards," it is most fitting that this celebration should be held there, in the very heart of that territory,—there on the sun-set side of that river whose eastern bank had been secured by that intrepid Kentucky soldier, George Rogers Clarke, and whose brother afterwards became Governor of Missouri. There, where the indomitable spirit transmitted by such men as these

has made possible the accomplishment of so vast and splendid a celebration. And there, in the city of St. Louis, on Missouri soil, already the first state not only of this splendid Purchase but the first of all the states in agriculture and in educational facilities, should be erected a monument of everlasting granite, commemorating the exalted character, the illumined statesmanship, the transcendent genius and the inspirational achievements of Thomas Jefferson.

By the conquest of the "Northwest Territory" our frontier was pushed westward to the Mississippi, and secured to us the navigation of 2,000 miles of the upper portion of that stream. But Spain held Louisiana and Florida. This was a source of constant irritation until the "hunters of Kentucky" threatened to secede, "not only from Virginia but from the Confederacy." This was as early as 1782. In writing of this Jefferson said: "I own I should think this a most calamitous event, and such a one as every good citizen should set himself against. Our present federal limits are not too large for good government, nor will the increase of votes in congress be of any ill effect. On the contrary, it will drown the little divisions at present existing there. *Our Confederacy must be viewed as the nest from which all America, North and South, is to be peopled.* We should take care, too, not to think it for the interest of that great continent to press too soon on the Spaniards. Those countries cannot be in better hands. My fear is that they are too feeble to hold them until our population can be sufficiently advanced to gain it from them, piece by piece. *The navigation of the Mississippi we must have.*" This was eleven years prior to the Louisiana purchase and Jefferson alone had his eye on it from the beginning of Colonel Clarke's campaign. It is thus made apparent too, why he had only talked of the joint navigation of the Mississippi, and of acquiring only Florida, so long as they remained in the hands of Spain,

a weak and decaying power; but when Louisiana fell into the hands of France, the greatest world power then existing, we will find that the leonine growl of this wily old diplomat caused Napoleon to change front very rapidly. Before the cession of France, by Spain, Jefferson, as Secretary of State, in Washington's cabinet, wrote to Carmichael, our Charge De Affairs at Madrid, saying: "Your discretion will suggest that they (our claims) must be pressed more softly, and that patience and persuasion must temper your conferences till either those may prevail, or some other circumstance turn up which may enable us to use other means for the attainment of an object which we are determined, in the end, to attain at *any risk*." (Jefferson to Carmichael, August 2, 1790.) It is therefore apparent what Jefferson's purpose was from the beginning.

Chancellor Livingston was slow to realize the full scope and purpose of his mission to France. This is evident from his correspondence, as is fully disclosed in his dispatch of January 13th, 1802, in which he says: "I have, however, on all occasions declared that as long as France conforms to the existing treaty between us and Spain, the government of the United States does not consider herself as having any interest in opposing the exchange. The evil our country has suffered by their rupture with France is not to be calculated. We have become an object of jealousy, both to the government and the people."

Whereas, the moment Jefferson knew of the deal between Spain and France, he decided to form an alliance with England, if necessary, and fight France; and when this decision and determination reached Napoleon he took the negotiations out of Taileyrand's hands and promptly decided to sell, practically for any price the United States would give. But compare the above dispatch with Jefferson's letter to Livingston, dated April 18, 1802. It is too long to quote, but the following

extract will convey some idea of its tenor and meaning: After speaking of our gratitude and friendship for France, he goes on to say: "There is on the globe one single spot, the possessor of which is our natural and habitual enemy. It is New Orleans, through which the produce of three-eighths of our territory must pass to the market, and from its fertility it will, ere long, yield more than half of the whole produce and contain more than half of our inhabitants. France, placing herself in that door, assumes the attitude of defiance. Spain might have retained it quietly for years. She is a weak, inert, feeble power," etc.

"The day that France takes possession of New Orleans fixes the sentence which is to restrain her forever within the low water mark. It seals the union of two nations (England and the United States) who, in conjunction, can maintain exclusive possession of the ocean. From that moment we must marry ourselves to the British fleet and nation." His critics say that herein he was again inconsistent in expressing friendship for England. He did not express friendship, but did propose to join her in humbling Napoleon, simply for the purpose of making this Louisiana purchase.

On the very day Livingston sent this disheartening dispatch, to-wit, January 13th, 1802, Jefferson, who had appointed Mr. Monroe to go to Paris to aid Livingston, wrote him (Monroe) as follows: "If we cannot by a purchase of the country insure to ourselves a course of perpetual peace and friendship with all nations, then as war cannot be distant, it behooves us immediately to be preparing for that course, without, however, hastening it; and it may be necessary (on your failure on the continent) *to cross the channel.*" And yet so unfair are his critics that they even seek to give the credit to Napoleon, in the effort to belittle Jefferson. This is the very acme of un-American foolishness. Napoleon was forced to sell in order to avoid a greater evil. The moment an



alliance between the United States and England should have been formed, Louisiana would have been lost to France.

Livingston was vigorously and earnestly, though slowly, contesting every foot of ground, and it was not intended to supersede or even criticise his efforts, but only to aid him by sending Monroe to his assistance. That he and his friends so interpreted it, was proved in the next election, when New York voted by an increased majority for Mr. Madison, who was Secretary of State, under Mr. Jefferson.

On the 11th of April (Monroe did not arrive in Paris until the 12th) Livingston wrote to his government that Talleyrand had that day asked him whether the United States "wished to have the whole of Louisiana." That he told him "No, that our wishes only extended to New Orleans and the Floridas." Talleyrand refused to sell (and wisely) unless we would buy all, and Livingston refused to consider this proposition until Monroe should arrive. And on the 30th—war with England being then impending—Bonaparte, although bitterly opposed by Joseph, Lucien and others of his family, wisely determined to sell, and the purchase was made.

The commissioners reported the purchase May 13th, 1803, which was written by Livingston, but was signed by both, stating that they feared that they had exceeded their authority in purchasing all the territory. Mr. Madison, Mr. Jefferson's Secretary of State, replied that they had not exceeded their authority, and added that the private instructions carried by Monroe fully covered everything the commissioners had done. The Congress, urged on by Mr. Jefferson, ratified the treaty November 30th, 1803.

On July 13th, 1803, while the treaty was still pending in Congress, ratifying this purchase, Jefferson wrote to General Gates as follows: "I find our opposition is

very willing to pluck feathers from Monroe, although not fond of sticking them into Livingston's coat. The truth is, both have a just portion of merit, and were it necessary or proper, it would be shown that each has rendered peculiar services and of important value. These grumblers, too, are very uneasy lest the administration should have some little credit for the acquisition, the whole of which they ascribe to the accident of war. They would be cruelly mortified could they see our files from May, 1801, the first organization of the administration, but more especially from April, 1802. They would see that though we could not say when war would arise, yet we said with energy what would take place when it should arise. We did not, by our intrigues, produce the war, but we availed ourselves of it when it happened." There is the whole story in a few sentences.

And what an achievement this was! A distinguished writer has truthfully said: "No conqueror who has trod the earth to fill it with desolation and mourning, ever conquered and permanently amalgamated with his native kingdom a remote approach to the same extent of territory." A territory capable of supporting a population as dense as that of all Europe. But one kingdom in Europe is equal in area to the State of Nebraska alone. Napoleon, from whom this great purchase was made, continued to decimate Europe until the whole country from the Polar seas to the Mediterranean was like one vast slaughter house. There was scarcely a home left in all Europe where the voice of lamentation and woe was not heard. But not one foot of ground was permanently added to his country's limits, nor one soul made happier, freer and better. He played out his tremendous tragedy, and died an exile and a captive on a desolate rock.

Jefferson shed not one drop of human blood. "He caused out his single tear of human woe." He added not one dollar to the burdens of government; and yet,

he acquired a country vaster and richer than any over which Napoleon's gory plume ever waved. And yet, strangest and most incomprehensible of all; this is all, *absolutely all*, in his letter to General Gates, that he ever said in praise of his own connection with this mighty work! He wrote no laurelled letter, he asked no triumph. So great was the soul of this man that when he came to die, he wrote his own epitaph, but made no mention of this great achievement. In his death, as in his life, his great intellect dwelt only upon great ideas. He asked that his monument should indicate only that he had stood for individual freedom, for religious freedom, for educational freedom.

On his death bed he said, "the world has at last learned that some men are not born with saddles on their backs, whilst others are born booted and spurred and divinely appointed to ride."

His great mind and heart were still wrestling with the rights of Man. Plebian ideas, 'tis true, but how God-like is their conception!

Afterwards a serious question arose between England and the United States as to which had the better title to that vast territory known as the Oregon Territory. This remained a diplomatic "bone of contention" down to 1844, when Polk was nominated and elected over Clay on a platform declaring in favor of "54-40 or fight." After the election Calhoun, the Secretary of State, in Polk's cabinet, jealous of the extension of free territory, compromised on the 49th parallel. The great Missouri senator, Benton, joined Calhoun, and thus consented to the only compromise the old Roman was ever known to have made.

Had Jefferson been President, it is safe to assume that "54-40" would have been the line adopted, and there would have been no fight either.

The Federal party opposed the acquisition of Louisiana. But one man of this party, Mr. Dayton, voted

with the majority to ratify the Treaty. The Treaty ratified, their opposition did not cease. When the bill was brought in to admit Louisiana as a state Josiah Quincy said from his place in Congress: "It is my deliberate opinion that if this bill passes, the bonds of the Union are virtually dissolved; that the states which compose it are free from their moral obligation, and that as it will be the right of all, so it will be the duty of some, definitely to prepare for separation, amicably if they can, violently, if they must."

The Legislature of Massachusetts resolved: "That the annexation of Louisiana to the Union transcends the constitutional power of the government of the United States. It forms a new confederacy to which the states, as united by the former compact, are not bound to adhere." Suppose the treaty had not have been ratified, and that this purchase had not been consummated. When Wellington defeated Napoleon at Waterloo, Louisiana would have fallen into the hands of the English, and thus surrounded on all sides by our old enemy we would have lost all and more than all we had fought seven long years to gain. It cost the fraction of one cent per acre, but he is a small thinker who values this purchase in dollars and cents. Had the ideas and purposes of the Federal party prevailed, American independence would have lasted less than a dozen years. We would not only have lost the country West of the Mississippi, but in losing that territory we would have lost the whole country.

When a bill was brought forward in Congress providing for the temporary government of this territory, it was opposed by the same party, and the plan proposed by that party was the English Colonial system—the very same system sought to be fastened now upon the Philippine Islands. And herein lies our immediate danger. It does not lie in expansion, but in the character and purpose of expansion. The principles of the Declara-

tion of Independence must be destroyed, or Colonialism must fail; hence the attack now made upon Mr. Jefferson, and upon the Declaration.

Did Jefferson favor expansion? Certainly, and if anything is written in the book of fate, it is that Cuba shall ultimately form one of the brightest stars in the constellation of American states. There is one thing which governments cannot do, and that is to permanently arrest the march of human destiny. You might as well try to stop the tides of the ocean, or prevent the circling of the stars in their courses. Left to the politicians, Cuba would now be dying under the cruel heel of Spanish dominion. But the people of the United States rose in their majesty and might as one man, and said she should be free! And the world looked on with astonishment and wonder. The angels looked down and clapped their hands for joy at the magnificent spectacle of one people going to war that another, and an alien people, might be Free! *There is nothing like it in the books.*

Jefferson was an "expansionist!" And so is every well informed and true American. They believe, as did Jefferson, in *American but not in European expansion.* They believe in the widest possible expansion of the American principle of government. They believe that as contiguous territory is occupied by American citizens and form Republican governments, they should be admitted as American states. Who will undertake to fetter the limbs of this giant Republic? Congress may make as many treaties as she will, and adopt as many resolutions guaranteeing her future purpose, but she will break them all, and her course will be onward to a limit no man can describe. When the Nicaragua or Panama canal shall be built, I care not how many restrictions may hedge it about, the country contiguous and at either end will be occupied and developed by American citizens, with American capital, and no

amount of European bluster and intrigue will prevent its domination and control by the American people.

A recent writer has said: "It is a magnificent thing for civilization that such a tremendous power for good should, in the course of societary evolution, pass into the hands of one great nation which stands for free Democratic institutions, and has reached its present greatness through the persistent development of its own industrial, social and moral civilization. No nation ever had so great a responsibility, so imperative an obligation, to hold fast and true these vital principles, in whatever influence it may come to exercise upon the world policies of the future. The danger is that American statesmen will not adequately realize that the first condition of holding true to these principles in our foreign relations is to hold true to them at home. To surrender any feature of democratic principles in favor of a quasi-monarchical type of 'expansion,' or lessen the effort to build up the highest and finest type of free and prosperous domestic civilization, as an example and guidance to all nations in favor of a greedy chase after foreign possessions, will simply mean reducing the quality of our influence and international affairs to the old familiar level of militarism, land grabbing and colonization by force. Have our publicists and statesmen begun to realize the character of our world influence in the future is going to be determined by the direction we give to our national policies now?"

In one of those splendidly logical and patriotic speeches on the "Lecompton Constitution," Senator Stephen A. Douglass, the great student of Jefferson, said: "I deny the right of Congress to force a slave holding state upon an unwilling people. I deny their right to force a free state upon an unwilling people. I deny their right to force a good thing upon a people who are unwilling to receive it. The great principle is the right of every community to judge and decide for itself whether

a thing is right or wrong, whether it would be good or evil for them to adopt it; and the right of free action, the right of free thought, the right of free judgment upon the question is dearer to every true American than any other under a free government."

He said further, "Whenever you put a limitation upon the right of any people to decide what laws they want, you have destroyed the fundamental principle of self-government."

Jefferson, next to Monroe himself, was the real author of the "Monroe Doctrine," although the credit is sought for John Quincy Adams. In a report recently made to the Massachusetts Historical Society by Charles Francis Adams and Washington C. Ford this claim is made. It is true that John Quincy Adams was a member of Mr. Monroe's cabinet, and that he warmly approved that great doctrine, but Mr. Jefferson was entitled to the greatest credit for the following reasons: First, because he was the author of the Declaration of Independence out of which this doctrine springs, and a part of which it is; and, second, because Mr. Monroe was Mr. Jefferson's pupil without whose opinion he never acted on any great measure; and, third, because before preparing his message embodying this great measure he laid it before the Sage of Monticello who was then eighty years of age. Mr. Jefferson's letter is too long to quote, but the whole letter reads like a battle shout, and led to the immortalization of the name of James Monroe. Among other things the grand old Jefferson said: "We will oppose, with all our means, the forcible interposition of any other power, as auxiliary, stipendiary, or any other form of pretext, and most especially their transfer to any power by conquest, cession or acquisition in any other way. \* \* \* \* As this may lead to war, the declaration of which requires an Act of Congress, the case should be laid before them

for consideration at their first meeting," etc. There it is as strong as human language can make it.

Afterward Russia, which owned Alaska, wishing to extend her possessions on the Pacific Ocean, was negotiating with Spain for the purchase of California. President Monroe notified both powers that the United States was not an indifferent observer, and the subject was promptly dropped. What a splendid exhibition of American backbone was this! What a lusty crow for so small a bantam! Spain, one of the great world powers, and the Russian Bear, whose growl made all Europe tremble, both bowed respectfully before the "Monroe Doctrine" within a few months after its promulgation! And yet we sometimes hear of the "Colorless" Administration of James Monroe.

The best evidence the committee above mentioned could obtain for claiming the credit for Mr. Adams was found in some private memorandum kept by Mr. Adams, in which he stated to the Russian Minister the policy of the United States, as follows:

First: That the institution of government to be lawful must be pacific, that is, founded upon the consent and by the agreement of the governed; and, second, that each nation is exclusively the judge of the government best suited to itself, and that no other nation can justly interfere by force to impose a different government upon it. A necessary consequence of the second of these principles is that the United States recognize in other nations the right which they claim and exercise for themselves of establishing and modifying their own governments, according to their own judgments and views of their interests, not encroaching upon the rights of others.

Mr. Jefferson said further, in his letter to Mr. Monroe:

"I candidly confess, that I have ever looked on Cuba as the most interesting addition which could ever



be made to our system of states. The control, which, with Florida Point, this island would give us over the Gulf of Mexico, and the countries and isthmus bordering on it, as well as all those whose waters flow into it, would fill up the measure of our political well being. I have been so long weaned from political subjects, and have so long ceased to take any interest in them, that I am sensible I am not qualified to offer opinions on them worthy of any attention. But the question now proposed (the Monroe Doctrine) involves consequences so lasting, and effects so decisive of our future destinies, the greatest since that of Independence, as to rekindle all the interest I have heretofore felt on such occasions, and to induce me to the hazard of opinions, which will prove only my wish to contribute still my mite towards anything which may be useful to our country. And praying you to accept it at only what it is worth, I add the assurances of my constant and affectionate friendship and respect. Th. Jefferson." The Kaizer thought to crack this doctrine in Venezuela. He has changed his notion.

It may be old-fashioned, but this sketch will not be complete without quoting a paragraph from the greatest state paper ever laid before any people, to-wit: the first inaugural address of Mr. Jefferson:

"About to enter, fellow citizens, on the exercise of duties which comprehend everything dear and valuable to you, you should understand what I deem the essential principles of our government, and consequently those which ought to share its administration. I will compress them within the narrowest compass they will bear, stating the general principle, but not all its limitations. Equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political; peace, commerce and honest friendship, with all nations—entangling alliances with none; the support of the state governments in all their rights, as the most competent ad-

ministrations for our domestic concerns and the surest bulwarks against anti-republican tendencies; the preservation of the general government in its present constitutional vigor, as the sheet anchor of our peace at home and safety abroad; a jealous care of the right of election by the people—a mild and safe corrective of abuses which are lopped by the sword of revolution where peaceable remedies are unprovided; absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority—the vital principle of republics from which there is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism; a well disciplined militia our best reliance in peace and for the first moments of war, till regulars may relieve them; the supremacy of the civil over the military authority. Economy in the public expense, that labor may be lightly burdened; the honest payment of our debts and sacred preservation of the public faith; encouragement to agriculture, and of commerce as its handmaid; the diffusion of information and the arraignment of all abuses at the bar of public reason; freedom of religion; freedom of the press; freedom of persons under the protection of the habeas corpus; and trial by jury impartially selected—these principles form the bright constellation which has gone before us, and guided our steps through the age of the revolution and reformation.

“The wisdom of our sages, and the blood of our heroes have been devoted to this attainment. They should be the creed of our political faith, the text of civil instructions—the touchstone by which to try the services of those we trust; and should we wander from them in moments of error or alarm, let us hasten to retrace our steps and to regain the road which alone leads to peace, liberty and safety.”

No room here for the interference of the Federal Executive between the employer and his employees, nor for the contemplated but dangerous constitutional amendment authorizing such interference in the settlement of

the Trust question. The contemplated remedy is worse than the disease. If the Federal Government is empowered to thus interfere in the private concerns of the people then all the safeguards offered in the Amendments to the Constitution before its adoption by the States will have disappeared and we will have Absolutism the most odious and disastrous in the whole range of history.

He was the greatest executive officer who ever presided at the White House. He knew men as well as measures. There was never a jar or a note of discord in his cabinet. At the expiration of his second term he said that if he had all the universe in which to choose he would not select a different cabinet. He was, after Washington, the best chief magistrate of a republic the world has ever known.

He was opposed to paternalism in all its forms, and this growing sentiment must be uprooted and destroyed, and individualism be restored again in all its beauty, strength and glory, or the government as founded cannot survive. Men must learn not to look to the Government for the protection of their interests but learn again that *they must protect the Government*. We must cease regarding the government as a bountiful parent, and look upon it simply as an instrument for the execution of the people's will. This true conception of governmental power will speedily end, not only the evils before mentioned, but it will also destroy that rapidly growing and dangerous theory of Governmental ownership of "public utilities," which is the full fruition of paternalism as taught by Protectionism.

On this question Mr. Jefferson said: "What an augmentation of the field for jobbing, plumbing, office-building and office-hunting would be produced by the assumption of such powers into the hands of the general government." "If," said the statesman, "our country

ever comes to destruction, it will be through consolidation first, and then corruption, its natural consequence."

If the time should ever come when the Government shall own and operate the Public Utilities, the railroads, telegraphs, coal mines, etc., etc., it will be the end of Jefferson's dreams, and Washington's prayers. The appalling number of government employees, more numerous than Xerxes' army, will spread over the land like the locusts of Egypt, eating up and destroying its substance, corrupting the public service from President to Constable. The wheels of Time will have rolled us round and back again through another French Revolution, only to emerge into a night of chaos and despair.

Let us be warned in time against the sophistical pleadings of those restless agitators, whose quack nostrums are so eloquently prescribed for all the ills, fancied or real, of the body politic, as well as against those who believe that the people need a Master.

Our safety lies in steering our way between Corporate greed and its corrupting influences on the one hand, and Socialism on the other, the Scylla and Charybdis of modern politics.

From all these vagaries and experiments, in the language of Mr. Jefferson, "let us hasten to retrace our steps and to regain the road which alone leads to peace, liberty and safety."

## APPENDIX.

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William Lowe. ....	Married Nancy Jones about.	1790
Squire Lowe. ....	No record.	
Jeremiah Lowe. ....	Married Mary Webster about.	1830
Louis Lowe. ....	No record.	
Robert Lowe. ....	—— Dance. . . . .	18—
Elizabeth Lowe. ....	Married John Jump. ....	18—
Marksberry Lowe. ....	Married——Moore . . . . .	18—
Nancy Lowe. ....	Married Samuel Henry. ....	18—
Moses Lowe. ....	Married Nancy Watson Porter.	1824

*Now come the descendants of Moses Lowe:*

William T. Lowe. ....	Married Jane Ashberry. ....	1842
Francis Marion Lowe. ....	Married H. Amanda Williams about 1858	
James Franklin Lowe. ....	Married Elizabeth Lucas. ....	1860
Richard Montgomery Lowe. ....	Married Carry Gregg. ....	1859
Georgie A. Lowe. ....	Married, 1st, John Thompson.	1856
Georgie A. Lowe. ....	Married, 2d, John A. Lemon.	1861
Margaret C. Lowe. ....	Married Richard Ashcraft. ....	1863
Mary Lowe. ....	Married Eugene Ashcraft. . .	1865
Moses Lowe, Jr. ....	Married Mary Hutchinson. . .	1860

John Watson Lowe never married. Killed at the age of eighteen in the Battle of Chickamauga, 1863.

J. M. Lowe. .... Married Mary E. McWilliams. 1876

John Roger Lowe, born Dec. 30th (son of J. M. and M. E. Lowe), 1876.

Florence Marion Lowe, born June 15th (daughter of J. M. and M. E. Lowe), 1878.

J. R. Lowe married Virginia Dillingham, and has two children, Mildred Elizabeth and Florence Marion. Florence Marion Lowe married Hughes Bryant.

Robert Porter of Pennsylvania. Married Elizabeth Watson  
about 1776

Watson Porter. ....	Married Elizabeth Barnett...	1820
John Porter. ....	Married Nancy Oder .....	1821
Andrew Porter. ....	Married, 1st, Widow Morris.	18—
Andrew Porter. ....	Married, 2d, Mary Pollard...	18—
Margaret Porter. ....	Married Preston Kennett....	18—
Elizabeth Porter. ....	Married Dr. Wilson.....	18—
William Porter. ....	Married, ——Collins. ....	
Thomas Porter. ....	Married Mary Oder, about...	1800

The Oders were John, Joseph, Martin, Barnett, William, Thomas, James and Reuben, and five girls, Nancy, Millie, Betsey, Mary and Sallie.

*Descendants of Thomas Porter, who was born January 7th, 1774:*

Sally Porter, born Aug. 10, 1800..	Married Leroy Beagle, about 1820
Elizabeth Porter, born July 30, 1805. . . . .	No record.
Polly Porter, born May 11, 1811..	Married Benjamin Asbury ..1821
Margaret Porter, born Feb. 15, 1820. . . . .	Married Benjamin Lanter....1840
Robert Porter, born Aug. 22, 1803.	Married Elizabeth Kendall...1830
Rufus Porter. . . . .	Died young.
Joseph Porter, born Feb., 1813...	No record.
William Porter, born Apr. 12, 1818.	Married Nancy Moore .....
Nancy Watson Porter, born March 22, 1807.....	Married Moses Lowe. ....1824
Alexander Cleveland. ....	Married Milly Presley, about.1740
Alexander Cleveland, Jr.....	Married Margaret Dolittle. . .
Elizabeth Cleveland .....	Married John McWilliams, Dec. 10 .....
	1779

*Descendants of John McWilliams:*

Alexander Cleveland McWilliams..	Married Jane Breedlove. ....	18—
Eli Cleveland McWilliams.....	Married Sally Hardin. ....	18—
Capt. John Cleveland McWilliams.	Married Nancy Hockaday. . .	1813

*Descendants of Capt. John Cleveland McWilliams:*

James McWilliams. ....	Married Elizabeth Munday...	18—
Schuyler M. McWilliams.....	Married Sally Newlan. ....	18—
Richard Cleveland McWilliams..	Married Mary A. McMurtry.	18—
Samuel Hockaday McWilliams...	Married Nannie McCorkle. . .	18—
Sydney G. McWilliams.....	Married Emerine McCorkle..	18—
Dudley McWilliams. ....	Married Amanda Medora Elder. ....	18—

Elizabeth McWilliams. ....	Married James Henshaw.....	18—
Nanny McWilliams. ....	Married James Henshaw.....	18—
Dr. John Q. A. McWilliams. ....	Married Emma Elder McCord. ....	18—

*Descendants of J. Q. A. McWilliams:*

Mary Elizabeth McWilliams.....	Married J. M. Lowe, Mar. 15, 1876
J. Roger Lowe, born Dec. 30, 1876.	Married Virginia Dillingham.
F. Marion Lowe, born June 15, 1878. . . . .	Married Hughes Bryant. ....

*Now come descendants of Eli Cleveland McWilliams:*

Oliver Cleveland McWilliams....
Dr. James McWilliams.....
John Cleveland McWilliams.....

*Descendants of Alexander Cleveland McWilliams:*

Oliver Cleveland McWilliams, married Kate George.....	1868
George McWilliams, son of O. C. and Kate, married Cora Cowgill. . . . .	1895
Pearl McWilliams, daughter of O. C. and Kate, married James Barton. . . . .	1894
Sydney McWilliams married Francis Ware.....	1868
Homer McWilliams, son of Syd. and Francis, unmarried.	
Eliza Jane McWilliams married Davis N. Cooper.....	1840
Jos. A. Cooper, son of Jane, married Pocahontas Bell.....	1873
Amanda McWilliams married E. J. O'Rear.....	1844
Almira McWilliams married Davis N. Cooper.....	1854
Lucien D. Cooper, son of Almira, married Lillian D. McWilliams.	1885
Ethel Cooper, daughter of the above.	
Joseph Cooper, son of the above.	
Harriet McWilliams married John W. Buttner.....	18—
Ophelia McWilliams married Brutus Crooke.....	18—
Corine McWilliams, unmarried.	
Virginia D. McWilliams married Geo. W. Warder.....	18—
Julia McWilliams married David Russell.....	18—











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