

THE WATSONIAN

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FEBRUARY, 1928

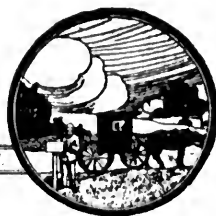
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THE



WATSONIAN

"I had rather go down in a storm than rot tied to the wharf!"—Thos. E. Watson

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No. I.

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AMERICA—SHOULD A CATHOLIC BECOME PRESIDENT

THE WATSONIAN

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EDITORIALS

That Jackson Day Dinner

When one thinks of Andrew Jackson one thinks of a combatant, a man who would lose his last drop of blood upholding a conviction. Can you picture Jackson straddling a fence on any public question? Can you imagine Old Hickory sidestepping an issue or pleading for harmony when great principles were at stake? **NO! A thousand times No.**

But that is just what we find our Democratic leaders doing at a dinner, called a Jackson Day Dinner—Why? No one knows. Much was said of Jackson and Jefferson and their principles in the ball room of the Mayflower Hotel on the night of January 12th. Yet when we read the full proceedings of that dinner we fail to find a single action which would back up the great principles handed down to us by the founders of the Democratic Party.

HARMONY! was the cry, and when a speaker threatened to voice a conviction the toastmaster would rap for order.

Don't assail the Trusts and Money Interests as we must have their large contributions in the approaching campaign.

Don't assail the Catholic Church for meddling in American politics because we will lose the **Priest Led Vote** of America.

Don't assail the nullifiers of the 18th amendment because we must have the backing of the liquor ring.

No! ! You must not even discuss these issues because they might cause friction and we **MUST HAVE HARMONY.**

Listen to these words from a would-be Jackson:

In choosing a color bearer for 1928 do not measure his fitness by his relation to the prohibition law nor his religious affiliation.

The American people are not going to stand for any such rot as this. The Democratic Party can not dodge these issues in their platform and entertain the least hope of victory. These questions are **burning the ears** of every loyal American and they will not accept the word **HARMONY** for an answer.

* * *

GEORGE OF GEORGIA

There seems to be a few Georgia Democratic leaders silly enough

to think that a Southerner has a chance to win the nomination of their party. Either this or they have sold out lock, stock, and barrel to the Eastern wing. Much is being said about Senator Walter F. George, and the **Eastern Democrats** are handing the Southern boys a few sugar coated pills. The best for which these George backers may hope is a Smith-George ticket.

The Georgia Committee is seeking to send a full George delegation to the convention without an election. And since the two arch enemies, Atlanta Constitution and Atlanta Journal, have crawled into the same hole, this will no doubt be accomplished. We regret that the people of Georgia will not be given the opportunity to show just how they stand on this Al Smith question. We had hoped that the Constitution, Macon Telegraph, Columbus Enquirer-Sun and other like papers, would present their choice, Mr. Smith, to the people of Georgia. They will not because they have seen the writing on the wall. Let the Georgia delegation realize that the people of Georgia will not tolerate their electoral vote being cast for Smith or any other similar candidate, and should they compromise with the Smith leaders in any shape, form or fashion, **may pity be with them forever in Georgia politics.**

* * *

A THIRD PARTY IS OUR ONLY HOPE

A Savannah friend writes:

The Nomination of Al Smith by the Democratic Party will be the greatest blessing bestowed on the South since the time the yankees killed their fool selves keeping us in the Union. His nomination will swing the Protestants into the saddle, split the solid South, give forever two great political parties, elect a Protestant Republican President, and make Georgia the recipient of Federal favors. If you are a loyal Georgian stand by your State and damn the one party system that for 60 years has held her a serf. Smith is the only cosmic soul that can turn the trick. Dont damn your Saviour.

There is no question that an Al Smith nomination would split the South and cause thousands of Democrats to forever forsake their party. **But where will we go?** Does the Republican Party offer any inducement when they proudly boast that they uphold the hands of big business instead of protecting the masses. Is anything to be gained by switching to a party whose President gives the lives of American boys to protect financial interests of great banking firms thus following in the footsteps of our last Democratic President. President Coolidge is willing to guard with **American Blood** the holdings of the Money Trusts in a foreign country, but stands ready to spank with his veto paddle any bill attempting to give relief to the victims of the Privileged classes.

What is the Solution? Mr. Watson gives it below:

BREAK AWAY FROM PARTY BONDAGE

Have we a greater man than John Wesley?

He struggled with might and main,—from the time he was an Oxford College boy until the snows of eighty-one years rested upon his noble head,—to get reform inside the **Episcopal Church**.

His failure to do so was hopelessly complete.

Then, at last, he gave up his lifelong effort to do the impossible, and set up an independent Methodist Church.

Yet you Democrats keep on yawping "**Let us get Reform inside the Democratic Party.**"

And you Republicans, who are at heart in rebellion against the infamous regime of the Stand-patters, continue to prate, "**Let us get Reform inside the Republican Party.**"

John Huss sought Reform inside the Church,—and lost his life, without bringing about any reforms.

Similar was the fate of Savonarola.

But Luther went outside the Church, and set up an independent movement. Thus he not only established a purer and diviner worship, but compelled the Catholic Church to purge itself and lead a better life.

In France, all the efforts of the great statesman Turgot to work out Reform from within met with failure. Futile, likewise, were the utmost efforts of Necker.

Reform had to come from without. So case-hardened were the pets of Special Privilege,—lay and clerical,—that it took the lightning of Revolution to level the walls of Caste.

In England it was the Independent movement of Richard Cobden and John Bright that struck down the Corn Laws, and gave to Great Britain the Freedom of Trade which has made her the Commercial Mistress of the world.

Reform inside either of the corrupt, class-ridden parties is a self-evident absurdity.

Jefferson smashed the semi-royalism of the Federalists with an Independent Movement.

Jackson dethroned King Caucus and the rule of the Bank Ring by organizing a break-away appeal to the masses.

If we ever wring **equal rights for all** out of the greedy clutches of the exploiters of **Special Privilege**, we've got to have a **common ground upon which the Reformers of all parties can come together.**

And that makes necessary an Independent movement of **some kind.**

* * *

CATHOLICS ONLY DESIRE A NEW CONSTITUTION FOR MEXICO—SUCH MODESTY.

If the strife between the Roman Catholic Church and the Government of Mexico will not awaken the American people to the **CURSE OF PAPACY** we frankly admit that we will not be awakened until brought face to face with the same problem now facing the Mexican Government.

Bishop Pascual Diaz of Mexico has prepared quite a lengthy paper in which he attempts to explain that "CATHOLICS SEEK NO FAVORS IN MEXICO". And to convince us of his sincerity he makes the following statement in his article as it appeared in The New York World.

The Catholic Church demands in the name of the Catholic People the abrogation of certain clauses of the Mexican Constitution and reform of others.

To be sure, the tolerant, liberal, Catholic Church would never think of asking special favors in Mexico. Just abolish the present Mexican Constitution and let Pope Pius frame one. A very simple matter.

* * *

TOLERANT CATHOLICISM

In the December issue of THE WATSONIAN appeared an editorial in which we gave our reasons for believing that A GOOD CATHOLIC COULD NOT BE A GOOD PRESIDENT. The Anderson (S. C.) Independent-Tribune republished this editorial and within a few days published a reply from A. K. Gwynn, a Catholic Priest of Anderson. Father Gwynn did not attempt to answer the charges propounded against his Church but instead gave the familiar cry of "I pity the ignorance and bigotry behind that article." To further prove that we were incorrect he quoted the following words from the late Cardinal James Gibbons, "America's foremost citizen."

I consider the republic of the United States one of the most precious heirlooms ever bestowed on mankind down the ages, and it is the duty and should be the delight of every citizen to strengthen and perpetuate our Government by the observance of its laws and by the integrity of his private life.....

Mr. Watson replied to these hallucinations of Cardinal Gibbons in his book "Is Roman Catholicism in America Identical with that of the Popes"? or "Open Letters to Cardinal James Gibbons". We quote from pages 74 and 75.

Cardinal, when you wrote that your church heartily endorsed the spirit of our laws and principles of our Constitution, you uttered a bareface, monumental falsehood! Being a Jesuit, your morality encourages you to deceive.

With you Jesuits, there is no such thing as morality that frustrates the aims of your order and your church. Your morality sanctions duplicity, mendacity, any sort of crime, if thereby the interests of the organization be served.

Is it not so, my Prince? Demand that I Prove it, AND I WILL!

Let us not waste time over ancient history: let us recur to your own times and your own ministry, to discover whether you could have been honest, in telling our people that your church approves our institutions and our laws.

(1). One of our institutions is, our Public Schools. Have not you, your-

self, denounced **that** institution? Have not all your higher prelates done so? Did not Archbishop Messmer, of Milwaukee, threaten to excommunicate those of his church who patronized the public schools?

In that respect, he faithfully obeyed the Papal Law, as laid down by Pope Pius IX.

(2). Another of our institutions is, a free press. Did not your infallible Papa, Gregory XVI., denounce all those who maintained the liberty of the press; and did he not use the most ferocious epithets in his denunciations? Did not your Papa Pius IX, in 1864, do the same thing?

Sworn to obey the Italian Pope, and to **persecute to extirpation** all those fellow creatures of yours who are **not** foot kissers, how can you decently contend that you heartily approve the American Law and Institution of the Free Press?

(3). Cardinal you can not be ignorant of the fact that Pius, IX., in 1861 and again in 1864, fulminated savagely against liberty of speech, and of conscience, and of worship!

How, then, dare you to contend that your church favors our American law of Free Speech, Free Conscience, Free Worship.

(4). Cardinal, you know very well that your church claims the right to fix the line between civil and religious authority; that she claims the right to employ force; that she claims the right to supremacy in her own sphere, **she herself being the sole judge of the limits of the sphere.**

You know that herein lies the fatal germ of ecclesiastical despotism, as boundless and as dangerous as it ever was thundered in the Dark Ages.

Yet, you tell us to rest at ease, there is no cloud on the horizon, there is no significance in the current that slowly makes its circle, **on the outer rim of the maelstrom!**

Does the same tree always bear the same fruit? Does the sowing of dragon's teeth always portend the upspringing crop of armed men? Shall any man deceive himself as to what the serpent will do when once it has been warmed into life at our hearth?

* * *

THE SUBSIDIZED PRESS

If there is the least doubt in the minds of our people that the press is not subsidized let them read the recent controversy between Senator Robinson and Senator Heflin as it appears in the Congressional Record and daily press. A more patriotic speech was never delivered on the floor of the Senate, than the one delivered by Sen. Heflin. He thoroughly "operated" on Senator Robinson when he (Robinson) undertook to lecture him for his continued fight against Catholicism, however, the Catholic controlled press paints a different picture. We will have more to say on this subject in the next issue.

* * *

AN ESTIMATE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

—By—

THOMAS E. WATSON

Ed Note—A Northern Magazine applied to Mr. Watson for an article on Abraham Lincoln which he submitted after some hesitation. In this article Mr. Watson "sized up" Lincoln just as he would measure the proportions of any other historic figure. But the Northern editor was afraid the article would cause sectional feeling. He, therefore, returned it with the usual polite letter.

Whoever reads this rejected Lincoln article will probably feel some surprise that so liberal an estimate of Lincoln was ruled out, as contraband, by the Northern Magazine.

When the editor of————Magazine applied to me for an article on Abraham Lincoln, my first inclination was to decline the commission. Although it is high time that some one should strike a note of sanity in the universal laudation of Mr. Lincoln, a Southern man is not, perhaps, the proper person to do it. On further consideration, however, it occurred to me that my position was radically different from that of any other public man in the South. People on the other side of Mason and Dixon's line cannot be ignorant or oblivious of the fact that for the last twenty years I have waged warfare upon the Bourbonism of my own section and the narrowness of my own people. In every possible way I have appealed to them to rise above sectional prejudice and party bigotry. While I, myself, have suffered terribly during this long series of years, some good has followed my work. Twenty years ago, a white man in the South who openly professed himself a member of the Republican party was socially ostracised. Every one realizes how completely that state of things has been revolutionized,—we see it in the heavy Republican vote cast in Southern States in the recent election; we see it in the ovations given to Mr. Roosevelt and to Mr. Taft in the Southern cities.

My part in bringing about this change for the better is so well known in the North that no well informed man or woman will attribute to sectionalism anything in my estimate of Mr. Lincoln which may appear to be harsh or unjust.

Let us see to what extent the adulation of Mr. Lincoln has gone.

In Harper's Weekly for November 7th, 1908, a British gentleman of the name of P. D. Ross offers to amend the high estimate which Colonel Harvey had already placed upon Mr. Lincoln by classing our martyred President as "The greatest man the world has produced." Colonel Harvey soberly accepts the amendment,—thus Miss Ida Tarbell is left far behind, and Hay and Nicolay eclipsed.

One of the more recent biographers of Mr. Lincoln hotly denounced as untrue the statement that "He used to sit around and tell anecdotes like a traveling man."

Do we not all remember how, as children, we were fascinated with the story of "The Scottish Chiefs", by Miss Jane Porter? Did not the Sir William Wallace of that good lady's romance appeal to us as a perfect hero, an ideal

knight, exemplifying in himself the loftiest type of chivalry? Yet, when we grew to be older, we were not surprised to learn that Sir Walter Scott—certainly a good judge of such matters, and certainly a patriotic Scotchman—wrathfully and contemptuously found fault with Miss Porter because she had made “a fine gentleman” out of a great, rugged, national hero. Every well balanced American, North and South, ought to feel the same way toward those authors who take Abraham Lincoln into their hands, dress him up, tone him down, polish him and change him until he is no longer the same man.

The outpouring of Lincolnian eulogy which will greet the country in February will probably be all of a sort—indiscriminate praise—each orator and speaker straining and struggling to carry the high water mark of laudation higher than it has ever yet gone.

Let us study Mr. Lincoln with an earnest desire to find out what he was. Let it be remembered that the biography of him written by his law partner, Mr. Herndon, was that biography in which the best picture of him might have been expected. His law partner was his friend, personally and politically. It was that law partner who converted him to abolitionism. To the task of writing the biography of the deceased member of the firm, Mr. Herndon brought devotion to the memory of a man whom he had respected and loved; yet, being honest, he told the truth about Mr. Lincoln,—painting his portrait with the warts on. **The fact that this record, written by a sorrowing friend, was destroyed,** and a spurious, after-thought Herndon biography put in its place, must always be a fact worthy of serious consideration.

I can imagine one of the reasons for the suppression of Herndon's original manuscript when I note, with amusement, the vigor and indignation with which a later biographer defends Mr. Lincoln from the terrible accusation of “sitting around and telling anecdotes to amuse a crowd.”

Those who take the least pains to ascertain the facts as to Mr. Lincoln's story telling habits soon convince themselves that nothing said upon the subject could well be an exaggeration. In his day, the broadest, vulgarest anecdotes were current in the South and West, and thousands of public men, who ought to have been ashamed of themselves for doing so, made a practice of repeating these stories to juries in the court house, to crowds on the hustings, and to groups in the streets, stores and hotels.

Upon one occasion, while I was in conversation with Thomas H. Tibbles, a surviving personal acquaintance of John Brown and Abraham Lincoln, I interrogated him eagerly as to both. Directing his attention to this matter of Mr. Lincoln's alleged fondness for the relation of smutty stories, Mr. Tibbles very promptly replied that the very first time he ever saw Mr. Lincoln he was directed to his room in the hotel by a series of bursts of loud laughter. Mr. Tibbles' curiosity was aroused by the continuous hilarity which resounded from this particular room and he went to it. There he found a great, long, raw-

boned man seated in a chair with his big feet up on the table, telling smutty yarns to a circle of men who were exploding with laughter at the end of each story.

Every man must be judged by the standards of his time. People of elegance and refinement, according to the standards of the Elizabethan age, listened to comedies which were considered in good taste then, but which would not be tolerated in any decent community now. The manners of the West and of the rural South in Mr. Lincoln's day, were quite different from what they are now. Even now, however, there are men who call themselves gentlemen, and women who think they are ladies, that make a specialty of cultivating a talent for the relation of doubtful stories. The fact that Mr. Lincoln let his gift of entertainment and his fondness for the humorous lead him down to the low plane of his audience does not by any means indicate a defect of heart or mind. As a lawyer and as a politician, it was a part of his business to cultivate popularity. He made friends in just such circles as that into which Mr. Tibbles walked. The men who laughed with Mr. Lincoln, enjoying the inimitable way in which he related anecdotes, naturally warmed to him, and they gave him verdicts and votes.

Mr. P. D. Ross, Editor of the Ottawa (Canada) National, claims that Mr. Lincoln was "The greatest man the world has produced", and the editor of Harper's Weekly soberly falls into line.

Well, there should be some standard by which one is enabled to measure a man's greatness. Mr. Lincoln was a lawyer, a statesman, and a chief magistrate of a republic. In each of these capacities let us see what was his rank.

Does any one claim that he was the greatest lawyer that ever lived? Surely not. There is not the slightest doubt that Mr. Lincoln was a famous verdict getter. He could do about as much with a jury as any advocate in the West, but he certainly never won any court house victories that were more famous than those of Dan Voorhees, Emory Storrs, Bob Ingersoll, Matt Carpenter, Sargent Prentiss, Robert Toombs and of scores of other lawyers who could easily be named. In knowledge of the law, force of mental power of the judicial sort,—such as Chief Justice John Marshall and Daniel Webster and Rufus Choate had,—does anybody for a moment claim that Mr. Lincoln out-ranks all other lawyers? Surely not. He is not to be named in the same class as Reverdy Johnson, Jeremiah Black, or Senator Edmunds, Charles O'Connor,—to say nothing of Jeremiah Mason, of Massachusetts, and Luther Martin, of Maryland, William Pinkney, of the same State, and Edmund Randolph, of Virginia.

Mr. Lincoln served in Congress. Did he cut any figure there? None whatever. He appeared to be out of his element. His Congressional record is not to be compared to that of Thaddeus Stevens or Stephen A. Douglas. We look into the lives of such men as Benjamin Franklin, the elder Adams, of

Thomas Jefferson, of Clay, Calhoun and Webster, of Alexander Hamilton and George Washington, and there is no trouble in finding **their** foot-prints on the sands of time; but in the achievements of statesmanship **where are the foot-prints of Mr. Lincoln?** You will look into the statute-books in vain to find them. We have a great financial policy, born of the creative, forceful statesmanship of Alexander Hamilton and Henry Clay; we have a great protective system, owing its origin to the same two statesmen; we have a great homestead policy, which owes its birth to Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee; we have a great national policy of internal improvements, but Mr. Lincoln was not its father. **Consequently, there is not a single national line of policy which owes its paternity to this statesman whom Mr. Ross classes as "The greatest man the world has produced."**

In the State of Illinois, compare Mr. Lincoln's work with Mr. Jefferson's work in the State of Virginia. Did Mr. Lincoln leave his impress any where upon the established order in Illinois? I have never heard of it. In Virginia, Jefferson found the church and state united, both taxing the people and dividing the spoils. Mr. Jefferson divorced the church from the state, confiscated the church's ill-gotten wealth, devoting it to charitable and educational purposes; and put an end to legalized religious intolerance. In Virginia there was a land monopoly, perpetuated by entails and primogenitures. Mr. Jefferson made war upon it, broke it up, and thus overthrew the local aristocracy. He formulated a school system and established in America its first modern college. Can anything which Mr. Lincoln, the statesman, did in Illinois compare with Mr. Jefferson's work in Virginia?

So far as national statesmanship is concerned, Mr. Lincoln is not to be classed with either of "The Great Trio", nor with Mr. Jefferson, nor with Alexander Hamilton. Each of the five named were statesmen of the first order; possessing original, creative ability in that field of work. There is no evidence whatever that Mr. Lincoln possessed that talent.

It must be, then, as chief-magistrate of the republic that he won the title of "great". That, in fact, is the case. He was a great chief-executive. As such, he deserves immortality. Because he sealed his work with his life blood, his memory will always be sacred. But, is it absolutely certain that no other American would have succeeded in piloting the vessel of state through the storm of the Civil War? Is it quite certain that Stephen A. Douglas, himself, would not have succeeded where Mr. Lincoln succeeded? Who knows and can dogmatically say that Thaddeus Stevens or Oliver Morton, or Zack Chandler, or Ben Wade could not have done it? What was it that Mr. Lincoln did during the Civil War that was so much greater and grander than what might have been expected from Andrew Jackson in the same crisis? Somehow I fail to see it. He did not lose courage, but there were brave men before Agamemnon, and the world has never been lacking in heroic types that stand forth and meet emergencies.

In studying Mr. Lincoln's course during the Civil War we can discover a great deal of patience, a great deal of tact, a great deal of diplomacy, a great deal of determination to win, a great deal of consecration to patriotic duty. He struck the right key-note when he said that he was fighting not to free the negroes but to preserve the Union. This insight into the situation which enabled him to take the strongest possible position showed political genius of a high order. This alone would entitle him to be classed as a great statesman, a great chief magistrate, a great national leader.

When we calmly reflect upon what he had to do, and the means which were at his command for doing it, we see nothing in the result that borders upon the miraculous. All the advantage was on his side. The fire-eaters of the South played into his hands beautifully. They were so very blind to what was necessary for their success that they even surrendered possession of Washington City, when they might just as well have held it and rushed their troops to it, thus making sure not only of Baltimore, but of the whole State of Maryland—to say nothing of the enormous moral advantage of holding possession of the capital of the nation. It was a clever strategy which, while talking peace, adopted those measures which compelled the Confederate authorities to fire upon the flag at Fort Sumter. But that most effective bit of strategy appears to have had its birth in the fertile brain of William H. Seward. The diplomacy which kept dangling before the eyes of the border states the promise to pay for the slaves until the necessity of duping the waverers had passed, was clever in its way; but there is no evidence that the fine Italian hand of Mr. Seward was not in this policy also.

After the battle of Bull Run, Congress passed a resolution declaring that the war was being waged for the sole purpose of preserving the Union, and that the Federal Government had no intention of interfering with slavery. This was subtle politics and it had the desired effect upon the doubtful Southern States; but there is no evidence that Mr. Lincoln was the first to suggest the resolution.

Was Mr. Lincoln sincere in making the beautiful and touching plea for peace, in his first inaugural? Unquestionably. Yet he would make no concessions, nor encourage any efforts at reconciliation. He opposed the Crittenden Compromise, which demanded no sacrifice of principle by the North and which surrendered much that had been claimed by the South. Of the 1,200,000 square miles of public domain, the Southern leaders offered to close 900,000 square miles to slavery, leaving it to the people of the remaining 300,000 square miles to decide for or against slavery when they came to frame their state constitutions. Democrats, North and South, favored this Compromise. The Republicans rejected it. Then, the last hope of peaceable settlement was gone.

Mr. Lincoln threw his influence as President-elect against the Peace Congress, and rejected the South's offer to adjust the sectional differences by a

restoration and extension of the old Missouri Compromise line.

The proclamation in which Mr. Lincoln assured the seceding states that slavery should not be disturbed provided the insurgents laid down their arms by the 1st of January, 1863, proves that Mr. Lincoln is not entitled to the very great credit that is given him for signing the Emancipation Act. Mr. Lincoln was never a rabid abolitionist, and was an eleventh hour man, at that; he bore none of the brunt of the pioneers' fight; he could show no such scars as Wendell Phillips and Lloyd Garrison and Cassius M. Clay carried; he never ran the risk of becoming a martyr, like Lovejoy; he stood aside, a good Whig, until the abolition movement was sweeping his own section, and then he fell into line with it like a practical, sensible, adjustable politician. He himself joked about the manner in which Thaddeus Stevens, Benjamin Wade and Charles Sumner nagged at him from week to week, and month to month, because of his luke-warmness in the matter of emancipation. Of and concerning those three more rabid abolitionists, Mr. Lincoln told his somewhat celebrated anecdote of the little Sunday School boy and those "same three damn fellows, Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego."

Not until it became a military necessity to do it, did Mr. Lincoln sign the Emancipation Act. Therefore, his hand having been forced by military policy rather than by the dictates of philanthropy, it does not seem just to class him with the crusaders of the abolition government.

If he meant what he said in his famous letter to Alexander H. Stephens, if he meant what he said even in his last inaugural,—to say nothing of the first,—it was never Lincoln's intention to go farther than to combat the South in her efforts to extend slavery into the free states and territories.

In guiding the non-seceding states through the perils of civil strife, Mr. Lincoln's position was never so difficult as was that of Mazarin, nor that of Richelieu; not so difficult as that of Cromwell; not so difficult as that of William the Silent, or William of Orange, and very much less difficult than that of the younger Pitt,—"The pilot that weathered the storm" of the revolutionary and Napoleonic wars. Mr. Lincoln's achievements as chief magistrate and as a statesman certainly do not outrank those of George Washington, nor even those of Cavour, to whom modern Italy owes her existence; nor of Bismarck, creator of the German Empire. **Finally, it should be remembered that the South was combatting the Spirit of the Age and the Conscience of Mankind.** This fact lightened Mr. Lincoln's task, immensely.

How do the people of the South feel toward Lincoln? Kindly. We honor his memory. We think that he was broad-minded, free from vindictiveness, free from sectionalism, free from class-hatred. We think he was a strong man, a sagacious man, and a very determined man. We have always reparded his assassination as the worst blow the South got after Appomattox. We think that he, alone, could have stemmed the torrent of sectional hatred, and could have worked out a simple plan of restoring the seceding states to the Union which

would have reunited the family without that carnival of debauchery and crime known as the "Reconstruction period."

We think that the man who made the appeal to the South which he made in his first inaugural, and the man who at Gettysburg, soon after the battle, praised the courage of the troops who made the effort to storm such heights as those, and on the night of Lee's surrender called upon the bands to play "Dixie", was not a bitter partizan of the Thaddeus Stevens stripe, who, after the guns had been stacked and the flags furled, would have used all the tremendous and irresistible power of the Federal Government to humiliate, outrage, despoil and drive to desperation a people who were already in the dust.

It is not true that Mr. Lincoln offered generous terms to the South at the Hampton Roads Conference. He did not say to the Confederate Commissioners, "Write the word '**Union**' first and you may write whatever you please after that."

It is not true that he offered payment for the slaves.

The official reports made to both Governments, as well as Mr. Stephens' story of the celebrated Conference, conclusively prove that Mr. Lincoln demanded the unconditional surrender of the Confederacy as a preliminary to any discussion of terms.

In fact, at the close of the Conference of four hours, Mr. R. M. T. Hunter, one of the Confederate Commissioners, feelingly complained of the harshness and humiliation involved in the "unconditional surrender" demanded of the seceding states.

Mr. Lincoln declined to commit himself, **officially**, to the proposition that the South, by laying down her arms and submitting to the restoration of the national authority throughout her limits, could resume her former relations to the Government. **Personally**, he thought she could. He refused **officially** to commit himself on the subject of paying the slave-owners for their slaves. **Personally**, he was willing to be taxed for that purpose, and he **believed** that the Northern people held the same views. He knew of some who favored a Congressional appropriation of \$400,000,000 for that purpose. But give any pledges? Oh, no. The Confederacy must first abolish itself,—**then** there would be a discussion of terms!

Fort Fisher, North Carolina, had recently fallen; the Confederacy was reeling under the shock of repeated disaster, the thin battle lines of the Gray were almost exhausted,—and Mr. Lincoln was now certain that secession was doomed.

In the "Recollections" of J. R. Gilmore, there is a curious account of an informal mission undertaken by himself and Col. J. F. Jaquess for the purpose of ending the war. According to Gilmore, he went to Washington, had an interview with Mr. Lincoln, and drew from him a statement of the **terms** which he was willing to offer the Confederate Government.

The gist of his several propositions was that the Confederacy should dissolve, the armies disband, the seceding states acknowledge national authority

and come back into Congress with their representatives, that slavery should be abolished and that \$500,000,000 be paid the South for the slaves. This was in June, 1864.

Gilmore and Colonel Jaquess were given passage through the lines, went to Richmond and saw Mr. Davis. After listening to the unofficial proposals of the self-appointed envoys, Mr. Davis declared that the South was not struggling to maintain slavery, but to make good "**our right to govern ourselves.**"

As the terms offered took away this fundamental right from the South, Mr. Davis declined to treat.

How hopeless, at that time, must have seemed the cause for which Jefferson Davis stood! How eternally assured that of Mr. Lincoln! Yet, see how old Father Time works his miracles,—the Jefferson Davis principle has risen from the ashes, a very Phoenix of life immortal. The Lincoln position has been abandoned by the Party which made him its first President. The cause of Home Rule is stronger throughout the world than when the fugitive President of the broken Confederacy faced his official family, at its last Cabinet meeting, in the village of Washington, Georgia, and asked, despairingly, "**Is it all over?**"

The hateful Amendments, which struck so foul and cruel a blow at "our right to govern ourselves," and now nothing more than monuments reared by political partisans to their own vindictive passions. The better element throughout the North would be glad to forget them. They have been distorted by the Federal Judiciary and have proven to be a curse to the whole country, in that they are the refuge of the corporations which plunder the people.

Republican leaders look on, asquiescent, while state after state that seceded from the Union puts into practice the principle for which the South fought in the Civil War,—the right to regulate our own domestic concerns.

A Republican President has made an Ex-Confederate soldier the official head of the military establishment of the United States; a Republican President has stood his ground against negro resentment upon the proposition that the South may disfranchise the negroes if she likes; a Republican President-elect manfully held the same position throughout a heated campaign in which niggerites and Bryanites assaulted both Taft and Roosevelt because of this pro-Southern attitude.

"We are fighting, not for slavery, but for the right to govern ourselves." So said our President; so said our Statesmen; so said our soldiers; so said our civilians. And today we are vindicated.

The insanest war in history, as one studies it, is seen to have been fought for a principle which both sides now admit to have been right, and which Mr. Lincoln repeatedly and most earnestly declared was right, before a shot was fired.

LIFE OF THOS. E. WATSON

By His Grand-Daughter
GEORGIA WATSON LEE

CHAPTER XII.

THE DARK ANGEL

Before going into Mr. Watson's heated congressional race, we turn aside with sadness to tell you of the death of Louise Watson, the youngest of the three children.

As Mr. Watson's fame as a lawyer spread, his business prospered, and his home life became happier and happier bordering on the ideal. Shortly after the birth of his son Durham, a beautiful home with sixty five acres of fertile farm land was purchased. The house was built in Queen Anne style, ornately decorated with fret and scroll work, done entirely by hand.

This purchase marked the beginning of Mr. Watson's dealings in real estate, and it was not long before he owned more land than any one in his neighboring counties, and was conceded to be the operator of more plows than any individual farm owner in Georgia.

Three years after the Watsons had moved into their new home a little girl was born to whom they gave the name of Agnes Pearce, in honor of Mr. Robert Pearce, Mr. Watson's benefactor and teacher of whom we have told you. The little girl grew to be strikingly like her father both in feature and disposition. Then another two years passed bringing little Louise, who became the pet of the household. She possessed the same calm delicate beauty of Miss Georgia and added with it a piquant reserve that made her delightfully charming.

Never robust the child was always a tender care to her parents. Her little illnesses seemed to have forecast her early death. But no matter how cautious or fearful Miss Georgia and Mr. Watson were they were not prepared for the terrible sacrifice exacted from them in the fourth year of their baby's life. To their death they carried the imprint of the wound of their young days, and were never able to speak the name Louise nor to hear it mentioned in their presence.

Mr. Watson was possessed of so highly a temperamental and emotional disposition, the prodigious amount of literary, professional and political work which he did greatly emphasizing this natural

tensity, that the death of Louise almost crazed him for a while and had it not been for the understanding sympathy and regard of Miss Georgia who suffered alone in quietude in order to help him, and who urged him to write his masterpiece "The Story of France" he would surely have lost his mind, and died unknown to the universe.

On April 16, 1889, when the spring flowers were blooming in profusion and the birds had come to make their summer home in the hospitable trees of the Watson grove, the three children were out playing in the friendly sunshine. After their games were over little Louise ran to her father's study, as she was wont to do at that time of day with no preliminaries and cried gleefully, "Papa see my hat I've fixed with all the pretty flowers," as she ran to sit in his lap and kiss him. On the table, in her carefree manner, she flung the hat bedecked with flowers, and there the hat remained, no one daring to move it though the hat became moulded and the flowers became withered and brittle.

At the time Mr. Watson noticed the unnatural glitter of Louise's dark violet eyes with the expression so like her mother, which Mr. Watson loved so dearly, but he was not alarmed until Miss Georgia called him to go for Dr. Durham, who at that time was living on Whiteoak St.

As the night drew to a hopeless dawn and Louise became steadily worse another physician, Dr. Harrison was called, only to stand by, helpless and yield to a power greater than all the doctors in the world.

For a scarce forty-eight hours she lingered in the most pitiful suffering for a last few words with the adoring family who stood around her bedside in the greatest agony of heart and mind imaginable till the Angel of death gently came to end her brief stay on earth as a ray of heavenly light for a little more than four years.

Let Mr. Watson tell us in his mastery of pathos of her immortal death scene.

She was dying. We all knew it—we all felt it. Stupor was slowly fastening itself on her fragile limbs and bringing sleep to the tender eyes.

To recall the wandering attention, to get one last ray from the flickering light, I stood over her and said "Missy"—the old pet name so linked with all the joy of her little life. She was not too far gone to hear me; not too far for the warm little heart to treasure the tone of caress, and opening her pure eyes upon me she smiled as sweetly as if there were no death—and then passed away.

My treasure! oh my heart has been wrung and wrung and wrung! How can I ever hope so hopefully; what joy can ever be mine without grief, like a black wolf, pressing its track!

Ambition! what can it give to fill the vacant place?

What praise can ever be so sweet as one echo of her laughter?

What monument can ever make me forget the little slab that covers her?

Riches! every comfort they bring me and the others will be embittered by the thought that she will share them with us no more!

She had said "Let me sleep, Mamma", to the poor wife and mother whose love for the child was a poem in its beauty and its perfection—And so, the sleep came and remains—and the smile is gone forever—out of our lives into our memories.

* * * * *

She was our youngest child—her life had been to us the joy of joys. She was so delicate of constitution, that she had been the cause of much fear, twice before; but now, the spring was far advanced, she had borne its changes without sickness and her mother at last believed the child was safe.

She was stricken most suddenly; she passed directly from the play-ground to the bed of hopeless disease. Her laughter was still about the house when we bent over her in hopeless grief; her little tracks were yet fresh among the flowers which they gathered for her burial.

Such a day of suspense? Such a night of hopeless suffering! Such a darkness, when her little light went out before the coming dawn; such a numb, despairing day—as she lay in the house silent, silent forever! What a dreadful going to the grave-yard—for the first time! What an empty house on the return! All over the house her tiny clothing, her toys, her books—her touch yet warm upon them: in her hat the young leaves and twigs she had bedecked it with and which she laid away for use again tomorrow!

The hat is there on my table—reminding us always! The leaves and twigs are there—sadly withered. But Louise and the "tomorrow"—where are they! God Pity Us All.

In the scrap book is a touching tribute to Louise, written by Mr. Watson on Christmas Eve of the year following the sad death. Any parent who has experienced the ordeal of giving up a child of their own, can visualize the strain of facing Christmas, the day of days for childhood without the little one.

CHRISTMAS EVE, 1889.

To reach the point where the old forever leaves the new—where a page of the book is to be turned and never lifted again—where music and joy and light have gone and can never come again—this, all this is mine on this night of December 24, 1889.

The ring of Christmas merriment is on the streets outside—here within, is sadness which finds no relief in tears! A year ago my heart was full of tenderness and gladness as I gathered together the offerings of Santa Claus for the little ones and anticipated every shout of pleasure which on the morrow would come from the little sleepers.

Tonight, there is the same tenderness—tenfold more tender, but no gladness; and no gifts, and none to receive gifts, for life has ended the dear mystery to the elder two, and to the younger one has come a greater mystery—death.

And so Christmas Eve at my house is henceforth to be the night of all nights—the saddest.

Lock thyself, oh student! amid thy books and let memory search, with sighs, through the ashes of the dead to find if by chance an ember of the old

glad life is there. Bend your ear to catch the tone of her voice growing fainter every day, tax recollection to paint again the features dearer to you that life,—and as a great cry wells up in your breast “come to me, little one” bow to the great mystery where wisdom is as helpless as folly, and the heart of gold can achieve no more than the heart of flint—save to suffer.

Across the lapse of the twelve months just gone, the gayety of the last Christmas comes to me yet very faintly like the silver chimes of the buried city. Oh, memory! save these treasures to me always; in all the changes of the shifting years, preserve to me always her voice, her look—the smile where love was its light,—the tone where tenderness ever dwelt; and thus perhaps, may come the light from out the gloom, and purposes, purified, leading to achievements without stain may become the monument best holding her, remembered.

But oh! the sadness of it! The loneliness—the life that’s to be led without her tiny footfall making a sound within it again! No return to be a triumph when she meets me at the gate—no flower ever again to be made sweeter because its offering spoke her love!

Sing to me ever, my angel, chastening, softening, some day sanctifying! It may be that the good God will let me come to you; if that be so—oh, little one! meet me at the gate as you were used to do, with the old time flowers in your hands and the joyous kisses which were so dear to me!

Duty! yes it must be met. Courage! yes it must be heroic. Still the dull throbbing of the old wound; can courage always keep tears from the eye!

Must there not be a loyalty which forbids forgetfulness and which pleads against the lost one being supplanted?

Louise, poor child! We loved you, oh, we loved you! and all the coming and going of the years can not hide your radiant face from us. The playmates in whom you delighted, the pets whom you fondled—all, all may have lost recollection of you and gone on to others who suit as well; but to us, there can be no filling of the void, sacred to your precious life.

The brightest day finds us recalling when you were a part of its brightness; the sweetest flowers sadden us, because once you loved them; the joy of children weighs us down—for we fancy how joyous your voice would have been amid them.

Some day the summons will reach us; it may be when we creep, decrepit, into the gray gloom of old age; whenever it comes, the thought of the dead child will be in our souls as it is today; and could we know that she will be ours again with all her loveliness and all her purity—death would become a tempter rather than a threat.

But never to see her again; to hear her voice, no more; to be greeted by her smile no more—this is the thought which breaks my heart and deadens my hope.

GREAT GOD! some day, some day, out of thy infinite compassion touch these weary souls with resignation and HOPE.



ROMAN CATHOLIC HIERARCHY

BY
THOS. E. WATSON

CHAPTER XII.

Christ's mother not a perpetual Virgin; Mary had many children by Joseph; The worship of Mary is unscriptural; She neither claimed, nor exercised any share in Christ's power and ministry; The Bible does not say what became of her in the years after the Crucifixion.

There are few quotations from the Bible that have had a more general circulation and a more emphatic vindication than the remarks which Jesus made, when his homefolks repudiated him:

"A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country."

He had wrought mightily among strangers, but when he came to his own country, and would have taught his own people, they murmured:

"Is not this the carpenter's son? Is not his mother called Mary? And his brothers, James, and Joseph and Simon and Judas?

"And his sisters, are they not all with us?"

And Christ "did not many mighty works there because of their unbelief."

Where does this leave the Roman Catholics? They believe in the perpetual virginity of Mary. They worship as a virgin, a matron that bore to her husband four sons whose names are given; and so many daughters, as to justify the indefinite but comprehensive term, "all".

The neighbors could readily name the four brothers of Jesus, but apparently he had so many sisters it was easier to use the word "all" than to enumerate them severally. This was the human offspring of the carpenter, Joseph, and his spouse, Mary. And these paganzed Catholic priests keep on adoring this prolific wife, as the Virgin Mary.

In the ancient religions, the Virgin mother who was adored as "Queen of the Heavens," had but one son. It was so with Venus, it was so with Isis, and it was so with Mylitta; it was so with the virgin mother of the Hindoo, Crishna.

When the Roman Catholic Hierarchy introduced, for the first time, the worship of the Virgin Mary, in imitation of the pagans, they stupidly overlooked the Scriptural evidence that Mary, as the human mate of a human husband, became the human mother of a large human family.

To describe the mother of numerous children as a virgin, to separate her entirely from the human family of which she was an integral part, and to connect her with the Godhead, as a divine portion thereof, is to defy the Biblical record, and to go exactly opposite to the course of Jesus himself. If there is any one thing absolutely beyond question—so far as the New Testament is concerned—it is that Mary never did claim, and never was accorded, any special distinction.

At the age of twelve, he assumes a bearing of aloofness from Joseph and Mary, and that attitude is never thereafter changed, so far as we know.

Thenceforward, it would seem that he treated his mother as an ordinary human being, while he himself was preparing for his Father's work.

In fact, whenever Mary is represented, in the Scriptural record, as speaking to Christ, he is represented as rebuking her—at least discouraging her interference with him.

Not only did Christ refuse to see or greet Mary when she and his brothers came to the house where he was teaching, but in doing so he proclaimed them to be on the same level with all other mothers and brothers who did the will of God.

You will recall another instance, where he repelled the advances of Mary. At the marriage festival of Cana, when the wine failed, it was Mary who informed him of it. You, of course, remember his answer—which, humanely considered, sounds rude: "Woman, what have I to do with thee?" (The original Greek reads: "What to me, or to thee?" Meaning, "that does not concern you or me.")

A few moments later, he issues orders to the servants and the jars are filled with water, which when served to the guests proves to be the best wine of the feast.

Then, again, when some one invokes a special blessing on the womb that bore him, Christ very promptly and very positively rejects the distinction, saying that the doing of the will of God was the source of pre-eminence.

We are told, to the minutest detail, how, when and where Christ died. We are not told when Mary died, nor where, nor how. We can trace The Twelve and we can trace Paul; but who can trace Mary? We know that John took her to his house to live; but how long she survived her crucified Son, we are not informed. Could evidence be more conclusive that the Disciples did not regard her as the "Empress of the Heavens?"

No wonder the priests have always and everywhere kept the Bible from the people. No wonder they drive it out of the schools—not on the ground that you and I might endorse, but because they don't want the children to know what the New Testament contains.

The last time we see Mary in the Bible, she is on her knees, in prayer, soon after the Ascension. We see her no more, forever.

More than 200 years after Christ, a legend began to float around among the Gnostics, that Christ and the angels came down to earth and bore Mary to Heaven, both her body and her spirit.

This story gradually gained ground; but it was not until 700 years after the crucifixion, that the Catholic Church of the East instituted a festival in honor of the event. It was 900 years after Christ before the Western Catholics did the same thing. They said that the body and soul of "the Virgin" had been "assumed" into Heaven; and the feast in commemoration of the miracle is known as that of the Assumption.

The festival is based upon a story quite as veracious as that which repre-

sented Castor and Pollux, appearing on horseback in the clouds, to re-animate the fainting spirits of the Roman soldiers.

But do the Roman Catholic priests encourage the actual worship of "the Virgin Mary," the mother of so many Jews, by a Hebrew husband?

Let us see what the facts are, using for the present, the **evidence of the Romanists themselves.**

The Council of Trent (held in 1545), adopted a decree of Pope Sixtus IV. in which occurs an official deification of Mary. In this decree she is styled "the Queen of the Heavens," "a path of mercy," "the Mother of Grace," "the Consoler of the human race," "the vigilant advocate of the salvation of the faithful," who "intercedes with the King whom she has brought forth, * * that thereby they may become more fit for divine grace, by the merits of the intercession of the same virgin."

The Roman Catholic priests were more than 1500 years in finding Mary's true place in their system; **and they needed three more centuries to properly place her mother.** Verily, verily, Rome was not built in a day, spiritually or temporally.

The Catechism of the Council of Trent styles Mary, the "Mother of Mercy," **and prayer to her is enjoined upon the faithful.**

Pope Gregory XVI., (in 1832, Encyclical Letter, Aug. 15,) uses the following language:

"Let us raise our eyes and hands to the most holy Virgin Mary, who, only, destroys all heresies, who is our greatest hope; yea, **the entire ground of our hope.**"

You will search the Scriptures in vain for any authority for a prayer to any, save God. There is no hint of any remission of sin through invocations to saints, or to the mother of Christ. When we last see her in the New Testament, she and other good women are kneeling in prayer together. None prays to her; all pray to God. She does not any more assume superior sanctity over the other women, than does Peter over the other disciples. **And that picture in the Arts, of perfect equality,—Mary, to the Christian women, and Peter, to the Christian men—must forever be hateful to the contemplation of the paganzed Roman Hierarchy.**

Turn to the Litanies of Rome and you'll find them teeming with prayers to Mary. Some of these hymns to her are almost paraphrases of hymns to Juno, to Isis, to Minerva, to Diana, to Venus.

One of the passionate prayers to "the Virgin" is found in the "Mission Book," p. 161, N. Y., 1806, quoted by Wm. Cathcart, D. D., in his *Papal System*, which I have freely used in the foregoing pages:

"Most holy and immaculate Virgin, my mother Mary, it is to thee, the mother of my God, the Queen of the world, the advocate, the hope, and the refuge of sinners, that I have recourse today, I who am the most miserable of all. I render thee my humble homage, O great Queen, and I thank thee for all

the graces which thou hast bestowed upon me till now, particularly for having delivered me from hell, which I have so often deserved. I love thee, O most amiable sovereign, and for the love I bear thee, I promise to serve thee always, and to do all in my power to make others love thee also. I place in thee after God all my hopes. I confide my salvation to thy care. Accept me for thy servant, and receive me under thy mantle, O Mother of Mercy; and since thou art so powerful with God, deliver me from all temptations, or rather obtain for me the strength to triumph over them till death. Obtain for me, I beseech thee, a perfect love for Jesus Christ. To thee I look for grace to make a good death. O my Mother, by the love which thou bearest to God, I beseech thee to help me at all times, and particularly at the decisive moment of death. Do not leave me till thou seest me safe in heaven, occupied in blessing thee and singing thy mercies throughout eternity."

Everybody who has studied the subject knows, that, when the early church began to pray for the Saints, Mary was prayed for, just as the others were. The difference between praying for her, and praying to her is about as great as can be imagined. Prayers made in her behalf implied, of course, that her condition in Heaven was not as good as it might be made. Prayer for her was inseparable from the belief that she could be called up higher, made more glorious, more powerful, more happy. That the condition of the dead can be improved by the intercessions of the living, is a doctrine which finds no foundation in the Gospel of Jesus Christ; but it was a firm belief among older religions, and it gradually worked its way into the early Christian church. In this way Mary came to be prayed for; and the Eucharist was offered in her behalf.

(See the Clementine Liturgy, and those that go by the name of St. James, St. Mark, St. Chrysostom, St. Basil, and also, the Ethiopic and the old Roman).

In Dr. J. H. Eager's "Romanism in Its Home," page 156, we read:

"One hundred and twenty churches in Rome are dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and only fifteen to Christ. The rosary consists of 166 beads. * * These beads represent one creed, 15 Our Fathers, and 150 Hail Mary's."

"Mary has 41 festivals a year in Rome, while Christ has but twenty-two."

On page 15, Dr. Eager, who was then at Modena, says:

"I noticed that one particular object attracted special attention and drew an unusual number of worshippers. I found it to be an old painting of Mary, which the priests claim is endowed with miraculous power to grant both temporal and spiritual blessings. It was enclosed in a large glass case, and surrounded by flowers and votive offerings of all kinds, brought by the people as an expression of gratitude for blessings received. I saw watches, ear-rings, bracelets, medals, gold chains, and other objects. Going a little nearer, my eyes fell upon a small framed image of the Virgin, with three prayers grouped around it, and this is what I read:

"Prayers to the Most Holy Virgin, refuge of sinners, whose holy image

is venerated in the cathedral of Modena: 'Most loving Virgin, refuge of sinners, in the stormy sea of this world all look to you as a star which guides to port. You are the hope of all in trouble, the loving object of all hearts. Upon all, therefore, O Mary, turn your pitying eyes, gather and protect all under your mantle. No one, O blessed Virgin Mary, can hope for salvation except through your aid. It is a sign of salvation to have your name, O Mary, continually upon one's lips. Aid from Jesus, our most loving Savior, comes through you; light to the blind, comfort to the weak, fervor to the lukewarm, consolation to the afflicted, and the great gift of final perseverance to all. O Mary, refuge of sinners, pray for us.'

"When I read these words and saw the people bowing humbly before this image, I thought of what a Catholic bishop said to a large audience—all Protestant, except six or eight—in a certain American town which I visited in 1888. He solemnly declared that the Catholic Church did not forbid the reading of the Bible, had never persecuted, and that there was no such thing in the church as image worship. Of course, any one who has lived in Italy, or who has read church history, knows that these statements, though solemnly uttered by a bishop, are contradicted by a mighty array of facts. In the cathedral of Modena I saw as genuine image worship as could be found in India or China. During the few moments occupied in writing down the above prayer, thirty persons paid their devotion to this image."

With Council and Pope and authorized books leading the way to the worship of Mary, can we be surprised that the "true believers" followed?

No Roman Catholic will object to having his religion known by its fruits, in countries where it has had the fullest control. If in Italy, for example, it has degenerated into gross idolatry, the presumption would be that its innate tendency is to become pagan. If Mary has supplanted God the Father, God the Son, and God the Spirit in Italy, it would do so in any country where, as in Italy, the Papal system became supreme. Let us then consider some evidence as to what Romanism is, in its home.

In "Kirwan's Letters" to Chief Justice Roger B. Taney, page 161, we read:

"The pictures and statues that most abound and to which most resort in prayer and prostration are those of the Virgin Mary! Indeed, what the Prophet is to Mohammedanism, the Virgin is to Romanism." (A very striking comparison and a just one).

In the Psalter of David, as reformed by Bonaventura, we find this sentence—

"Come unto Mary, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and she shall refresh your souls.' "

"Mary is to the Romans what Diana was to the Ephesians. Rome, as a city, is given to idolatry."

"Through Spain," is the title of a very interesting book of travel, by C. P.

Scott. He describes Virgin worship, as he found it; and he found it, wherever he went. At Seville, he saw the Indulgence, framed in silver, hanging beside the "bedizened doll representing the Virgin." He translated the Indulgence thus:

"Pope Leo VII. grants perpetual indulgence, and remission of sins, to all who on Good Friday, from earliest dawn to sunset, visit this image of Our Lady of Pardon, and pray for the extension of the faith, the suppression of heresy, and the other objects of the church, having first duly confessed and communicated. December 17, 1824."

Speaking of the natives of Seville, the author says:

"Venus was then (in Roman times) as now (1885), their favorite goddess; her image was borne during the festivals on the shoulders of patrician women; and certain rites of the Phœnician Astarte, her prototype, survive in the ceremonies of modern holidays." The chief difference is that priests, dressed as women, bear the image of the Virgin Mary—the image being, in some cases, the ancient Venus.

One of the canonized saints of the Roman Catholic Church, Augustine, stated the doctrine as to Mary as follows:

"Christ was God and man. So far as it concerned His deity, He had no mother; so far as it concerned His humanity, He had. Therefore, Mary was the mother of His flesh, the mother of His humanity, the mother of the infirmity which He took on Himself for us. For the Lord of Heaven and Earth came by a woman. As He was the Lord of Heaven and Earth, He was also the Lord of Mary. As He was the Creator of Heaven and Earth, He was the Creator of Mary. But as it was said that He was made of a woman, made under the land, He was the son of Mary."

The term, "Mother of God," has no place in the language of true Christianity. It is a contradiction in terms. God, being the Creator of all things, could not, as a God, have a mother. Only as a man, could He be said to have human birth. This is so evident, that even a child would see it, if let alone. "Empress of Heaven," "Queen of the Angels" and similar titles are of modern adoption, but of mythological and heathenish parentage.

When Constantine the Great made Christianity the religion of the Roman world, and compelled every soldier to join the church of Christ, the heathens simply moved over into organized Christianity, bringing their pagan idols and beliefs with them.

Imperial decrees had no power to cause men to be born again. Baptisms by force were failures, whether ordered by Constantine, Charlemagne, or Louis XIV. Inherited, ingrained paganism could no more be extirpated by law, than a puny Pope of the 20th century can block the progress of Modernism by swearing the priests to eternal ignorance.

A SURVEY OF THE WORLD

The Brookmire Forecaster of New York in its January 9, 1928 issue under the title of "Analysis and Forecast of Fundamental Conditions" discusses many items of interest to general business and tells us that

The gold came to us these past few years because foreign currencies were off the gold base. The gold basis in Europe and elsewhere has now been restored, practically speaking. Therefore, gold can flow back to Europe—and other countries—as needed.

They tell us the result of this will be the renewal of business movements in cycles as they were in pre-war times and predict that business stability which has been with us since 1923 will disappear as our excess of gold supplies disappears. We are giving a few thoughts as presented in that publication; they are excellent food for those who would increase their stock of information on the way our Reserve Banks handle new gold supplies. (You know that an eminent economist has said that the science of finance is the science of government):

The way in which the Reserve Bank handled this new gold is the most significant part of the story. The Reserve Bank now has an additional

million dollars of gold against which the importing member bank had a reserve deposit of one million dollars. But the law requires only a 35 per cent reserve against deposits. Hence, the Reserve Bank could loan to other member banks almost two million dollars additional in the form of reserve accounts against this same million dollars of gold; or it could hold the gold in reserve, enter the open market and purchase securities which would give rise to reserve deposits to the credit of member banks. If the Reserve Banks had followed either of the above operations as the gold came in, we should have had a far greater expansion of bank credit accompanied by price inflation. The third option of the Reserve Bank was to put the gold in circulation. This is what the Banks did for the most part. They deposited the gold with the United States Treasury in return for gold certificates. They then paid out gold certificates and retired Federal Reserve notes; or in many cases, they pledged gold direct against Federal Reserve notes instead of using commercial paper as collateral.

In this way the Reserve Banks forced about three billion dollars of gold into circulation, directly or indirectly. This has constituted a fund on which they could draw at will to increase bank credit and into which they could divert excessive funds when inflation threatened. It is now a matter of general knowledge that the means of control were open market operations, supporting changes in the rediscount rate. The guiding principle during

the whole period has been to maintain money rates high enough to discourage member bank borrowing and so enable the Reserve Banks to put the accumulating gold into circulation; but, on the other hand, low enough to accommodate business or enable them to draw gold out of circulation to check too rapid declines in prices. This spelt "stability."

The discussion closes with a prediction that may be worth much to the business man if he will read it and study to get its meaning. If the prediction is correct the giving of it to the general public may prevent bankruptcies and business failures. We give it:

We have entered the period when the slack in our gold supply will gradually be taken up by exports and domestic credit expansion. Surplus gold stocks—largely in circulation—have been the basis of our voluntarily maintained stability the past five years. Disappearance of the surplus will bring an end to stability and the return of cyclical movements, though the cycle will be modified in character from the pre-war type. Business policies will need readjustment to the changed conditions. Such readjustment will converge on purchases, fixed capital account and utilization of surplus funds.

* * *

EDGAR ALLAN POE'S TOMB

in Westminster Graveyard, Baltimore, according to the New York Times is no longer lonely and neglected; it has become a point of interest. A register is kept and the visitors now average more than a thousand a month; the total for the year 1927 being 13,468.

In 1924 the total of visitors to

the Poe grave was less than 500. In March 1925, the Press Club of Baltimore obtained permission from the First Presbyterian Church of Baltimore, owner of Westminster Graveyard, to take charge of and maintain the Poe grave. Changes in the surroundings of the grave were made immediately. The Press Club installed a caretaker and placed placards in public places inviting people to Poe's resting place. Since then the number of registered visitors has gone above 30,000.

This is highly commendable and the writer of this column has often thought that something of this kind would be so appropriate for Thomas E. Watson's grave in the little city of Thomson, Georgia.

* * *

On the Front Page it is something like this: Fourteen persons perish in London flood; four persons killed by avalanche in the Alps; six deaths and many more seriously hurt in trolley car accident Atlanta, Georgia; gas explosion causes death of a score or more, some of the mutilated bodies found a mile from the scene of the accident; the S-4 rammed and all the crew lost, some of them dying by suffocation after days of suffering; explosion in coal mines and dozens of miners entrapped with no possible avenue of escape.

Thus it goes on ad infinitum

enumerating one horror after another till almost the entire front page is covered with such horrors and tragedies always, however, reserving one or more columns to put in the daily one or two, and sometimes more, murder cases with all their gruesome details. We rarely, if ever, see such prominence given to articles on economic, social and moral questions; these are to be found on the inside page with less pretentions head-lines.

Why is it this way? It is because you and I demand such front page matter and the editors not being in the newspaper business for their health, give us what we want, just as the merchant gives us what we want when we go into his store to buy groceries. It would be suicidal for the groceryman to give us a bag of peas when we order a bag of flour. Likewise, it would be suicidal for the newspaper editor to give us what we do not want and expect us to continue to read his pages. This kind of intellectual food is making sickly mental dyspeptics of many of us and leading others to condemn the editors for the prominence they give to this class of undesirable matter; we should not do this, for Mr. Editor is publishing what the general public will pay for and he well knows that if he purges his columns of such rot that the subscription list will soon be so low that bankruptcy will end his newspaper career. There is a

great field here for the moralist to educate the public mind away from this undesirable stuff and substitute for it real worth-while reading matter. Let the schools begin the reform. Only death will cure some of us older dyspeptics from hankering for such rotten news items. If they must be given, let them receive only proportionate prominence.

* * *

The Manufacturers' Record in the December 22, 1927 issue gave a revised reprint of an editorial appearing in that periodical August 28, 1919. This reprint was under the caption "The Supreme Need of America." We are giving you the first five paragraphs. Each paragraph is a sermon within itself:

The supreme need of this country is a nation-wide revival of the old-time, genuine prayer-meeting religion.

A religion that makes men realize that the same Divine authority that tells us that there is a Heaven also tells us that here is a Hell. If we accept the belief that in a Heaven, we must accept from the same authority the belief in a Hell—

A religion that makes men realize that every act of evil is recorded on their conscience and that, though it may sleep for a while, it can never die—

A religion that makes an employer understand that if he is unfair to his employees and pays them less than fair wages measured by their ability and their efficiency and zeal, he is a robber—a robber of his employees and a robber of himself of his honor—

A religion that makes an employee know that if he does not give full and efficient service to the extent of his

ability he, too, is a robber—a robber of his employer's time and a robber of his own character—

There are about 17 more paragraphs of the same kind following the five we have given here. They are all marvelous paragraphs of power. One cannot read them without feeling this power. We are not dishing out any free advertising, but we do feel that in this article there is a real message for us all. The writer is sending 25c in 1c stamps for 25 copies of it on the conditions stated in his footnote which we give below :

"This is a revised reprint of an editorial in the Manufacturers Record of August 28, 1919. That editorial, printed in leaflet form, was in demand from all parts of the United States to the extent of many thousands of copies. With a slight revision it is repeated here, as the leaflet has long since been out of print and there are still calls for it. Copies of the leaflet in numbers up to ten may be had at two cents a copy, for any larger number one cent a copy. These prices include postage.

You see that this splendid article can be had for a song; the writer of these lines is teacher of an adult Men's Bible Class in a large Sunday School. The copies he is ordering will be distributed to members of the class, hoping that all may have the privilege of reading the entire article. We feel that we are rendering a service in telling where and how it can be had.

"She Gets Companionate Divorce" is the head-line over the picture of Mrs. Florian Hummer

of Cleveland, in the January 3, 1928 issue of the Palm Beach Post. Under her picture we read "The companionate divorce is the newest thing. Mrs. Florian Hummer of Cleveland was granted one from her husband. The husband will be the "managing financier" of their \$40,000.00 home while she will be the "managing housekeeper" and take care of the three children. Mr. Hummer will have a room in the home and she'll cook his meals."

Well, this beats any thing that we have ever heard of on the top side of this round world. We are not interested in her; we are not interested in him; but we are interested in the children. The dear little ones will hardly know whether they belong to him or to her or whether they are orphans. In fact, I think that they will feel more like orphans staying around among their kinfolks than any thing else. It is going to be mighty awkward for them when they go to visit Aunt Jane on the one side or Aunt Mary on the other to answer consistently all the inside family questions that are usually asked of the children of kinfolks when they visit kinfolks for a day or two. How will they invite their little cousins to visit them, especially, the cousins on Mr. Hummer's side of the house. I am afraid they will never hear Mr. Hummer say grace when they sit down to the family table for dinner; also, they will be deprived of that call of

Daddy at the break of day "get up children, it is time things were stirring around these 'diggings', the sun will be up in a few minutes and you all in bed—get up quick." This is what came in on the first sounds that greeted my ears when I was a petted, spoiled child. Furthermore, they will not be told by Daddy to be quiet or go to bed as he is tired and wants to read the paper in peace a little before he goes to bed. Well, the more we consider this state of domestic compatibility and agreement, the more we feel for these children: they will not hear their father on Sunday morning say "hurry up children and get ready for we must hurry or we will be late at Sunday School and church. In fact, will they ever know the truth of that Bible injunction that man and wife must be joined as one person and thus make a real home. This COMPANIONATE DIVORCE is, almost, something new under the sun.

* * *

PLANETARY PHENOMENA FOR JANUARY, 1928. (Taken from the December, 1927 issue, number 232 of the publications of the Astronomical Society of the Pacific).

NOTE—This article did not reach our desk in time for the January number of the *Watsonian*.

The new year opens with three bright planets closely grouped in the morning sky, while two other planets, one bright and the other telescopically visible, are to be found close together in the evening sky. Astronomical students who take pleasure in following the planets, either with the eye or

telescope, should not lose this opportunity.

Mercury passes superior conjunction on January 8 and inferior conjunction on February 24. On February 8 greatest eastern elongation is attained and the planet may be sought low in the western sky after sundown, although this may prove of more than usual difficulty because of the small elongation angle (about 18 degrees) and southern declination of this planet.

Venus is a conspicuous object in the morning sky, being of nearly—4 stellar magnitude and moving rapidly from **Libra** through **Scorpio**, **Sagittarius** and **Copricornus**. A close conjunction with **Saturn**, January 16 should be of more than usual interest since the two planets are separated by less than one half degree, **Venus** being to the north. Another conjunction, with **Mars** on February 13, is not so striking, but of some interest.

Mars, which remains for the most part in **Sagittarius**, rises several hours before the Sun. The conjunction with the Moon on January 20 is quite close and should attract attention.

Jupiter, having passed quadrature, is still a striking object in the western skies, occupying the constellation **Pisces**. Its only unusual conjunction should prove of more than passing interest, since it will give all observers an opportunity to see the much sought planet **Uranus**. The latter will be about one-half degree to the north on January 3 and should offer a remarkable sight in a small telescope.

Saturn, now on the borders between **Scorpio** and **Sagittarius**, is a prominent morning object. There are conjunctions with the Moon on January 18 and February 15, though neither is close. The conjunction with **Venus** has already been noted.

Uranus is in **Pisces**, but aside from the conjunction already mentioned there are no further notes to be made.

Neptune remains in **Leo**, not far from the bright star **Regulus** and reaches opposition on February 17. A careful charting and telescopic search will be needed to locate it.

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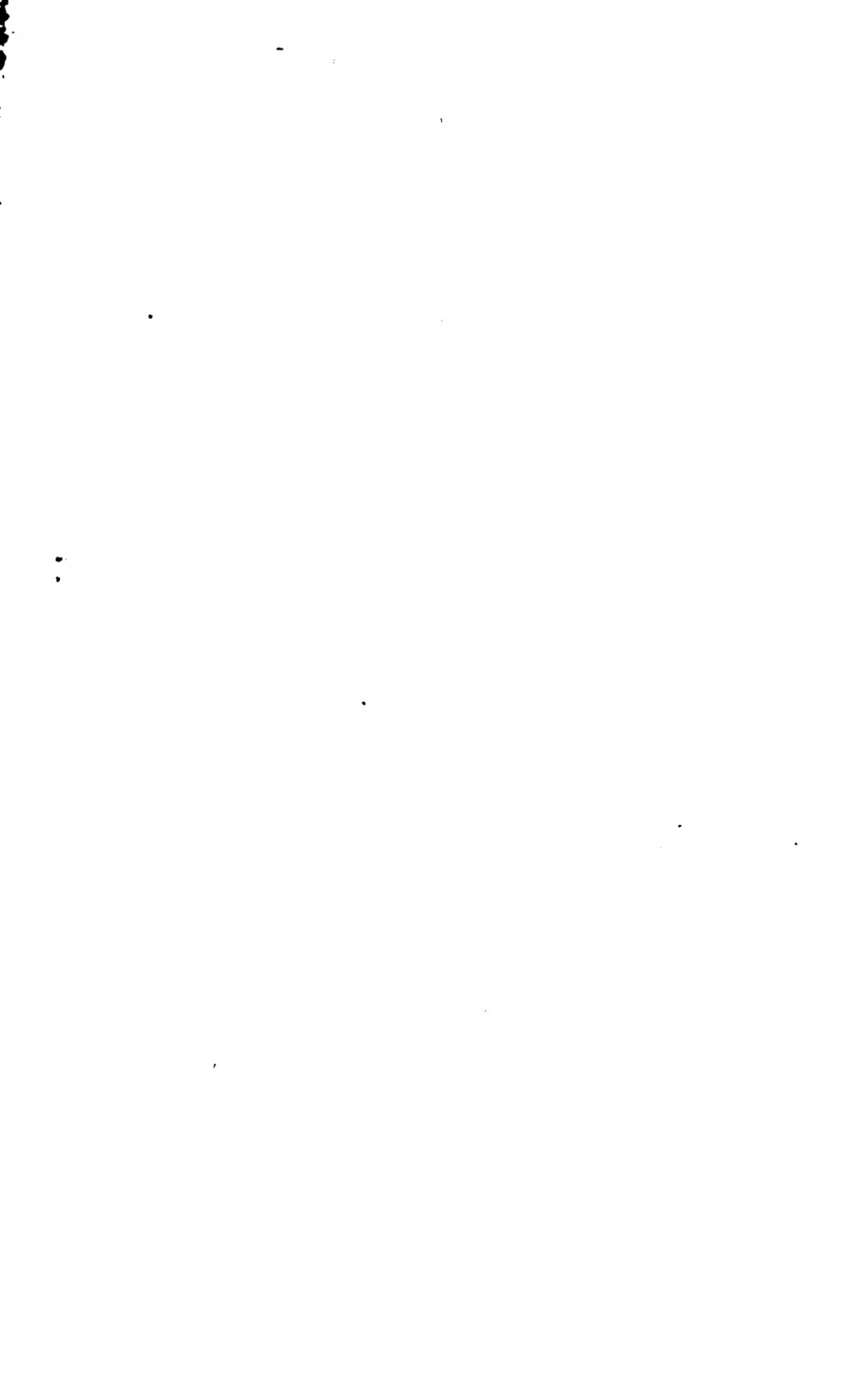
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—From Watson's speech delivered at Douglasville, July 4, 1893

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