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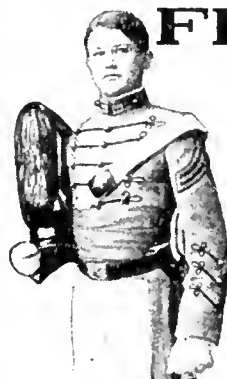
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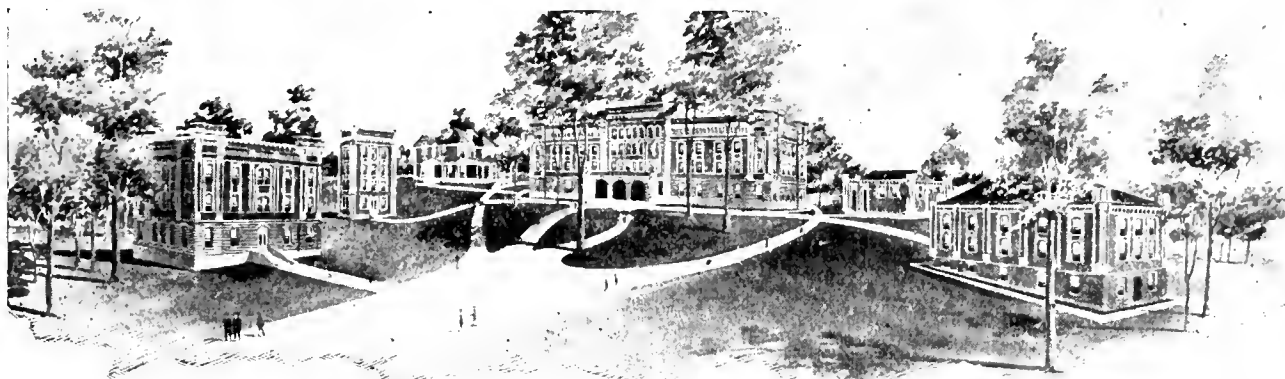
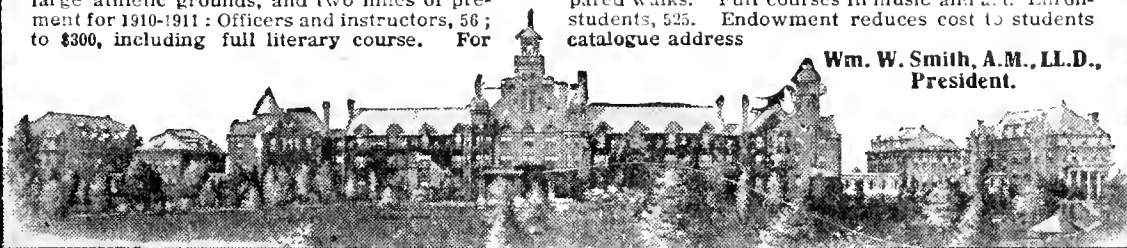
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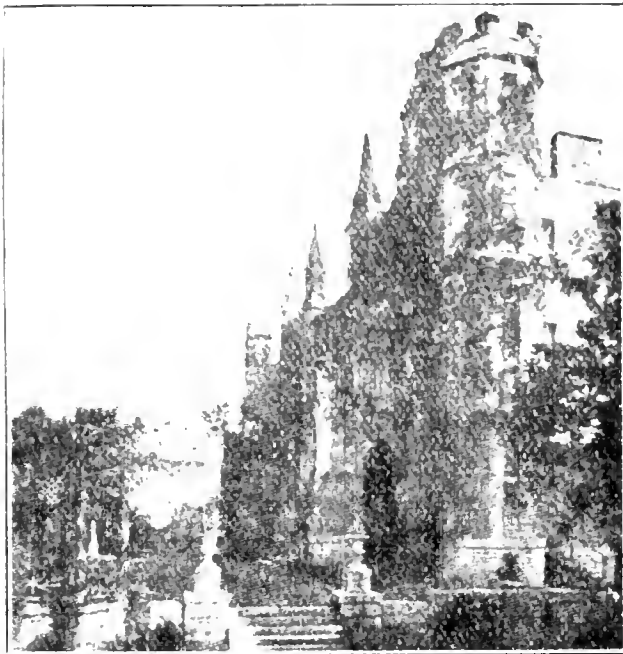


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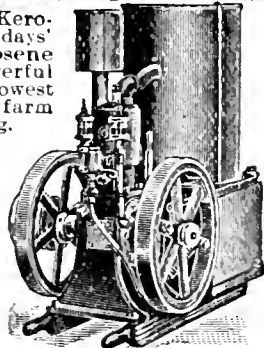
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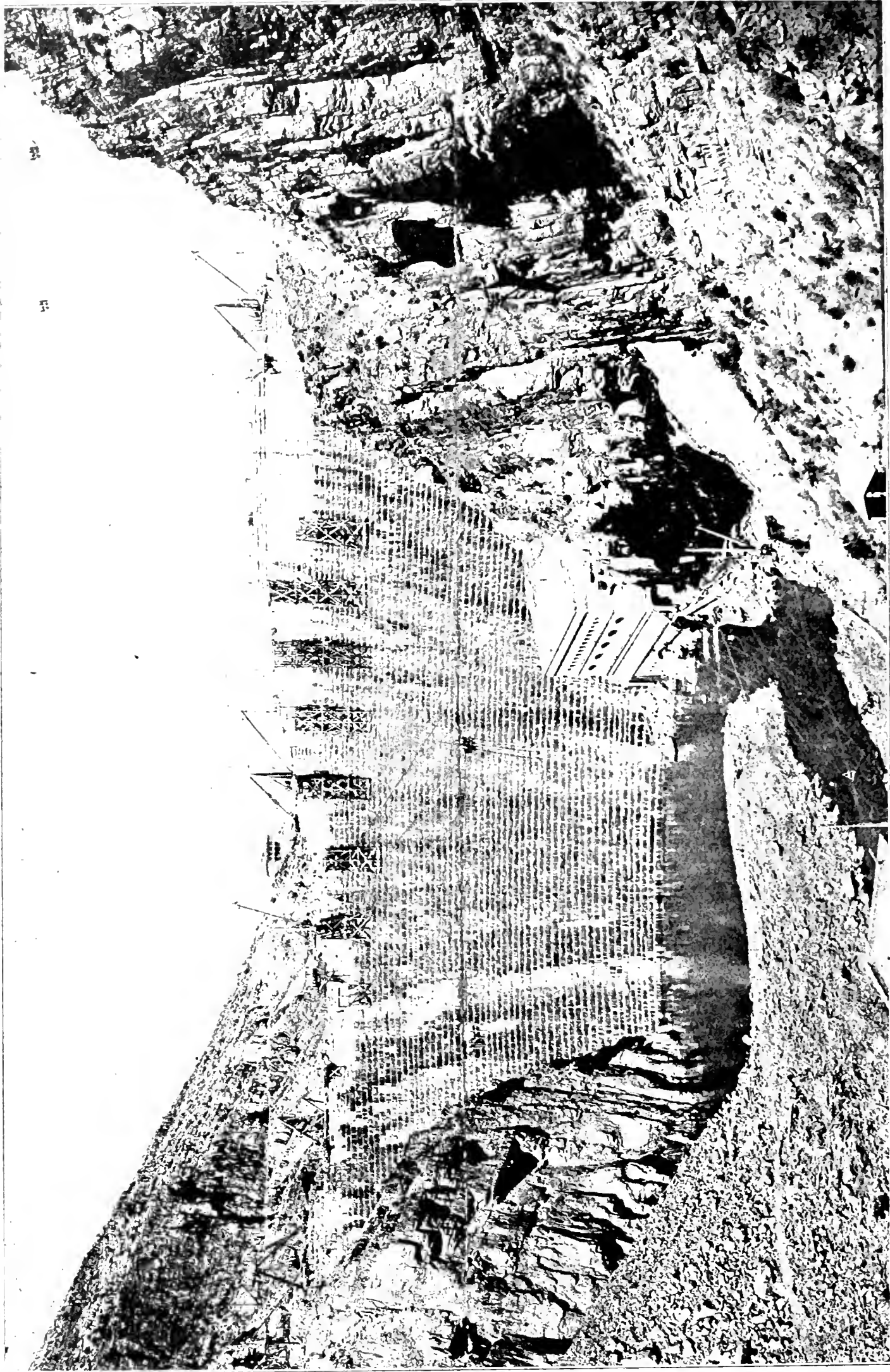
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THE OLDEST AND THE BEST



ROOSEVELT DAM, SALT RIVER VALLEY, ARIZONA.—See Page 121.



EDITORIALS



By THOS. E. WATSON

The Story of the South and West

(Copyright by Thos. E. Watson, 1911.)

CHAPTER V.

VALHAT was the name of the Frenchman who was sent forward by Ribault, in a pirogue, (Indian boat) to reconnoitre the ground in advance, and who came back, with tears in his eyes, to announce that the Spaniards were in possession of the fort.

To that bedraggled, half-starved and unarmed band of French Protestants, the report of the scout was a death-knell. Bewildered by adversity which had dealt them such bitter blows, in such swift succession, they staggered right into the Spanish settlement on the coast!

The satanic Menendez saw them in the distance. Their helpless plight was obvious. He had only forty soldiers with him, and a river ran between himself and his destined prey. Yet the French were so demoralized and so unsuspecting that they surrendered, without any struggle or effort to escape. They allowed themselves to be tied, hands behind backs; and thus ferried across the river. Eight of the prisoners claimed to be Catholics; these were set at liberty. The others, to the number of 192, were led up to a mark, which Menendez had traced in the sand with his cane. On reaching this dead-line, the Protestants

were stabbed to death by the Roman Catholic Spaniards. Not one Protestant was spared. And their only crime was that they *were* Protestants. This appalling crime was committed not very far from where I am now writing the account of it. (East Coast of Florida, below St. Augustine).

But Ribault and his immediate followers were still alive. Next day after the massacre of the 192 Protestants, the remainder of the little army of Frenchmen arrived.

Menendez sent one of his officers, Vallemonde, to the enemy; and this officer pledged his word of honor, *on the sacred Cross, which he reverently kissed*, that, if the French would surrender, their lives would be spared.

Ignorant of the massacre of the garrison at Fort Caroline; ignorant of the butchery of the 192 on the day before, Ribault and nearly all of his men allowed themselves to be duped. A few of the Protestants mistrusted the Spaniards, and made their escape through the woods. But the luckless Ribault and his followers submitted; and were tied, back-to-back, in groups of four. Those who claimed to be Catholics were separated from their companions,

and placed to one side. The others were slaughtered in cold blood. As they stood there, bound together in fours, the Spaniards fell upon them with howls and curses of rage; and hacked them to pieces with swords and knives.

Think of it! Four hundred prisoners who had been solemnly promised mercy, cut down and mangled with fiendish ferocity while the priest, Mendoza, looked on approvingly, encouraging the murderers by look and gesture and verbal exhortation!

As the agonized cries of the Protestants mingled with the savage yells of the Catholic soldiers, Menendez offered up a prayer of thanksgiving: God had been so good to him in delivering so many accursed Protestants into his hands!

At length, there was a silence. The groans were no longer heard. The quivering flesh became rigid and cold. Blanched features, no longer convulsed by pain and fear, looked up toward the skies, as though mutely asking of God, "Why do You suffer such as this? Why does no bolt of divine wrath smite the shedders of innocent blood? Why is there no frown on the heavens, when earth is thus sullied with the horrors of hell?"

Four hundred stark victims lying there on the beautiful Florida Coast—and two hundred the day before: six hundred in all! a greater number than immortalized Thermopylæ and the Alamo. Hewn to pieces amid demoniac howls of remorseless fury, while a man of God, a Catholic priest, cried on the havoc and in the name of the tender-hearted Christ blessed the men whose hands were dripping with human gore!

There were too many corpses to bury; to allow them to rot where they lay, meant pestilence to the living. So the murderers gathered up a huge pile of wood, set it on fire, and into this improvised pyre the 600 Protestants were tossed, to be reduced to ashes—the most hideous funeral the American world ever saw.

Savage were the Red Men, but not so savage as that; savage were the wild beasts of the jungle; but not so savage as this. In truth, the human race never knew what human ferocity was capable of, until Christians began to torture one another *because of differences of opinion*.

Six hundred images of God burning to ashes, at one time, on the lovely, wave-lapped coast of The Land of Flowers! Six hundred! The same number that rode into the jaws of hell, at the siege of Sebastopol; the same number that mounted in hot haste, rode out of Georgia, Tennessee and the Carolinas to stem and turn the tide of the Revolutionary War, at King's Mountain! Six hundred, for whom mothers and wives and sweethearts, in the Sunny land of France were waiting, and would continue to wait for many and many a year! Six hundred who learned, at the cost of life, that *the Catholic is not bound to keep faith with a Protestant*.

When the funeral pyre had become a bed of ashes, Menendez caused a board to be nailed to the nearest tree, and upon it was written:

"Slaughtered, not as Frenchmen, but as Lutherans."

Before Ribault's body was cast into the flames, Menendez had the skin stripped off, and cuttings taken

from his beard. Parcels of the skin and of the beard, he sent to Europe, as souvenirs for his friends.

* * *

When the grewsome details of this Florida atrocity spread over the European world, there was an outburst of grief and indignation among the Protestants, and of exultant joy among the Catholics. The bits of Ribault's hide and hair were no doubt passed from hand to hand, amid exclamations of ferocious satisfaction.

But, for once, retribution exacted full measure of the guilty. The French government took no action, but the French people did. From Dieppe, Rochelle, Havre and Bordeaux small, swift-sailing ships put forth like keenbeaked falcons, to pounce upon Spanish vessels.

Merchantmen, galleons laden with treasure from the Indies or South America, were attacked, wherever encountered, their cargoes taken, their crews slain. It was not long before the English sea-captains imitated the example of the French; and the havoc was enormous. The Spanish flag was practically outlawed; and a Spanish ship was legitimate spoil to whomsoever was strong enough to seize it. From this era dates the decadence of the immense empire of Charles V. Spanish commerce suffered such ruinous depredation, and the royal treasury such irreparable losses, that the Spanish armies, seething with the discontent of unpaid soldiers, became less and less effective. Tempests beat upon huge Spanish armadas, and scattered wreckage far and wide.

The proud King, Philip II., after all of his presumptuous efforts to

sweep back the resistless waves of Free Thought, shrunk into a commonplace repudiation of his debts; and thus, again, carried desolation to the commercial houses that had put faith in royal "honor."

But the story would be incomplete, if it did not embrace the daring revenge taken by a private citizen against the King of Spain.

Dominique de Gourgues was a Frenchman, of noble family and enterprising character. He was a soldier by profession; and had signalized his courage by holding a fort manned by thirty men, against a Spanish regiment. Instead of admiring his gallantry, the Spaniards massacred the garrison and sentenced DeGourgues to the slave-galleys. Fastened to the oar, his shoulders often felt the lash of his Spanish task-masters.

By and bye, this galley was captured by the Turks. Then his Spanish ex-task-masters became his fellow-servants. Later on, a French ship recaptured the galley, and DeGourgues regained his liberty.

After that, he made several voyages to South America and he never neglected an opportunity to cut a Spanish throat, or to scuttle a Spanish ship.

When he heard of what Menendez had done, and of the insulting inscription which explained the murderous motive, he converted into cash everything that he owned; and began to organize an expedition against the Spanish fort in Florida. From his brother, the head of his noble house, he borrowed what money he needed, in addition to what he had realized on his own property. Three small vessels, conveying eighty sailors, and one hun-

dred musketeers formed the little army of revenge—but in DeGourgues it had a Captain who, on a larger stage, might have played a role of the first magnitude.

He outwitted the European Catholics; and when he was sighted by those of Florida they actually fired a salute, taking him for a fellow-countryman. He returned the salute, and kept on his way up the coast. Landing, he made friends with the Indians. There was not a Red Man that had come in contact with the Spaniards who did not hate them consumedly. To the French, they were eager to render every assistance, in provisions, warriors, guides—everything. The Cacique, Satourina, was so thoughtfully hospitable as to lend his youngest and most beautiful wife to DeGourgues, during the latter's brief stay in the Cacique's country.

The expedition was a brilliant success: never was there a more remarkable case of "Tit for Tat." The Spaniards were caught napping, and were conquered before they clearly comprehended what was happening.

The garrison had sat down to dinner without a suspicion that a relentless avenger was drawing near. The rattle of dishes, the clink of glasses, the hum of conversation, the ring of laughter, went on within the fort: outside, and near at hand, was the little army that had spent the night under a deluge of rain, and up to their knees in the water; but who are now ready to dash forward and seize the fort. A musket-shot, and a frightened yell, "*The French! the French!*" struck the color out of the cheeks of the feasting Spaniards. The outwork was stormed, and the

sixty soldiers who held it were killed to a man. Then, the second fort was attacked, and as easily taken. DeGourgues managed to save fifteen Spaniards: the others were slain. There yet remained Fort Caroline itself, in which there were 300 soldiers.

For two days the Spanish commandant remained inactive, seemingly paralyzed. At length, he sent out a spy disguised as an Indian. DeGourgues was expecting that manœuvre, and his Indians were on the look-out. The *real* natives detected the subterfuge, and the spy was promptly carried to DeGourgues. On being interrogated, this Spaniard admitted that the garrison was greatly discouraged, believing that the attacking force numbered 2,000.

The Spanish commandant sent out a decoy party of sixty men, to entice the French from the cover of the woods. DeGourgues laid an ambush for the sixty, every one of whom was killed outside the fort. Then, with their Captain at their head, the French rushed the citadel. Almost without resistance, the Spaniards allowed themselves cut down. Out of the whole 300, DeGourgues could only save sixty.

Every one of these, he strung up, by the neck, on the trees near the fort; and, in remembrance of the inscription of Menendez, he placed one of his own:

"I do this, not as to Spaniards, but as to traitors, robbers and thieves."

His appointed task finished, he destroyed the fort, returned to the Cacique the wife that had been lent to him, re-embarked his force, and returned to France.

Rochelle gave him a great ovation; but the Catholic nobles, headed by the Duke of Guise, demanded that he be arrested, and delivered to the King of Spain. Philip manifested a most unholy eagerness to get possession of De Gourgues, and made formal demands to that effect.

Coligny, however, resisted the Guises so stoutly and made it so clear that the Protestants would rise in defense of the hero, that the government took no action. The hero himself thought it prudent to go into retirement.

In Sir Walter Besant's "Coligny," it is stated that DeGourgues finally retreated to England, where he was protected from Catholic persecution. Furthermore, that he died

suddenly while preparing another expedition against the Spanish settlement in Florida.

In Johnson's "Encyclopedia," it is stated that DeGourgues lived in strict retirement several years after his feat in Florida; and that on being offered high command in the navy of Portugal, he accepted; and died suddenly as he was on the point of setting out to take up his new duties.

The authorities agree, as to his sudden death, and a suspicion of poison arises. Before this narrative is put in book form, I intend to exhaust all the sources of information on the subject, and ascertain the truth as to the last years of this most remarkable man.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



The God I Worship

Alonzo Rice

*Most gracious God, Thou hast no fixed abode
Where one day out of seven I may repair,
Heedless the rest of all Thy loving care,
Of mercies morning, noon and night bestowed.
The burdens of faint comrades down the road,
In the heat of day I ever hope to share,
The cup of cold water kindly given bear;
Each day, love's servitor to ease some load.*

*The God I kneel to, whispers in the breeze
That woos the wayside flowers; He is seen
In stars that gem the night; the mighty sea's
Loud voice is His: the snow, the dewy sheen,
The visitation of the rain; my shrine the leas,
As lily bells my thoughts to prayer convene.*

The Roman Catholic Hierarchy: The Deadliest Menace to Our Liberties and Our Civilization

(Copyright by Thomas E. Watson, 1911)

[For the individual Roman Catholic, who finds happiness in his faith, I have no word of unkindness. Some of my best friends are devout believers in their "Holy Father." If anything contained in the series of chapters dealing with the hierarchy causes them pain, and alienates their good will, I will deplore it.

The Roman Catholic ORGANIZATION is the object of my profoundest detestation—NOT the belief of THE INDIVIDUAL.]

CHAPTER X.

IN the South Kensington Museum, (England) is to be seen a medieval Virgin and Child, painted in Della Robbia ware. (See cut No. 1.) Let us study this painting carefully, and learn how much paganism it embodies. In the first place, the woman and babe are represented exactly as they were depicted in Assyria, Babylonia, Phœnicia, India, Egypt and Etruria. On ancient coins, monuments, wall paintings, vessels and sculptures, the unimpeachable testimony still exists, to prove that the unscriptural adoration of Mary was borrowed from the religions of antiquity.

Note that the Madonna is framed in a horse-shoe. To this very day, we hold this to be emblematic of good luck; and we nail it up, over the door to keep evil spirits out! How many of us know what the horse-shoe represents? It was used in Phallic worship—it being the female symbol. I cannot proceed, but must refer you to some Unabridged Dictionary, or some Encyclopedia. (Consult "Phallic Worship.")

Having adopted the pagan emblem for the setting of his picture of Mary, let us see what other heathen symbols were woven into his work by the pious Catholic artist. We find that the phallic horse-shoe is

wreathed with *grapes*, typical of the mythological Dionysus! And with the wheat ears of Ceres! And the triformed leaf of Asher! And with the apricot and the pomegranate, emblematic, among the pagans, of woman and motherhood! Quite a heathen grouping, isn't it?

The black Virgins that were revered in so many Catholic Cathedrals, during the Middle Ages, were *basalt images of Isis*—the very statuettes that had been carried in procession in Alexandria and in Rome. *In taking over the pagan's temple, the priests took over its idols.*

The Roman satirist, Juvenal, had seen some of these black "Virgins" borne through the streets of pagan Rome, "escorted by the tonsured, surpliced train." This poet flourished under Nero and Domitian, when the Christians were a despised and persecuted sect.

The "tonsured, surpliced train," at which Juvenal mocked so derisively, were the priests of Isis. Had he survived to the days of Theodosius, he might have seen a procession precisely similar, in the same Eternal City: the image borne, being the same basalt statuette of the Egyptian goddess; its devout escort being tonsured, surpliced

priests of the Roman Catholic Church.

The proper title of Isis, in Latin, was "Domina," for that is the exact

"domna" relates back to the heathen goddess of the Nile.

The worship of the Egyptian trinity—Osiris, Isis and Horus—



Plate 1

translation of the Sanscrit *Isi*, was at its height when the great "Mater Domina" was what the struggle of Augustus and Marc Antony took place. When the Roman votaries of Isis called her. Therefore, even the word "Ma- torious Cæsar returned from the

East, many of the heathen idols, rites and superstitions came with him to Rome. So popular did the worship of Isis and Horus become that small images of them were worn as charms. Where the Italian beggar now beseeches passers-by to purchase a picture of the Virgin Mary, there sat in the days of the Roman emperors the beggar who sold small images of the Virgin Isis—or begged alms in the name of the holy Osiris. Not only did Nero patronize the Egyptian priests, but Vespasian professed himself a be-



Plate 2

liever in their claims to miraculous powers; and the Emperor Domitian built, in Rome, a temple to Osiris (Serapis) and another to Isis. Holy water, for use in this pagan worship, was brought from the Nile; and a college of priests, as splendid as those of the Papa Pius X., was maintained at the expense of the state.

When Antinous, the favorite of the Emperor Hadrian, died in Egypt, he was by imperial decree added to the list of Egyptian deities. The Emperor Commodus had his head tonsured (shaved) as a priest of Isis; and walked in procession

with her votaries, carrying the Anubis-staff.

The figures shown in our Plate No. 2, are those of the Egyptian goddess and her son—Isis and Horus. They appear upon a copper vase found at Cairo. The vase was covered with ancient hieroglyphics. Note that the child is being “nursed.” Note, also, that the framework of the engraving is composed of *bells*. Do you happen to know the symbolic meaning of the bell? It was, *virginity*. (See, the Pentateuch.)

It was a custom in the East for the maiden to wear a bell, in token of her innocence. It was discarded at her wedding. Lest she might accidentally rupture the virginal membrane, by taking, involuntarily, too long or violent a stride, the girl wore, at the level of the knees, a light chain, or cord, which served to regulate her steps. The mincing gait and the tinkling bell, announced *the Virgin*. So, here we have on this antique vase, excavated on the banks of the Nile, the evidence which carries the Madonna and her suckling infant back to the very beginning of discoverable things. Symbolically, Isis is the Virgin; and, as such the ancient Egyptians worshipped her.

So popular was this cult, *this worship of the pure Mother*, that the Catholic priests transplanted it, into their own faith.

But look, now, at our Plate No. 3. This is a reproduction of a photograph of a small bronze image, in the Mayer collection, in the Free Museum of Liverpool, England. It is another representation of Isis and Horus. This extremely old statuette is about nine inches in

height; and is particularly suggestive because of *the fish*, which surmounts the head of Isis.

Here again, I must revert to symbolism—as delicately as possible. Strange as it may seem to us now, the fish typified fecundity; and, stranger still, the early priests bor-

symbolised by the fish!

Then, when you reflect that the Catholic priests made Friday both *Venus day and fish day*, you will be incredulous, indeed, if you are not convinced that Mary-worship, with the emblematic fish, were direct importations from heathen mythology.

But gaze, now, at our Plate No. 4. The figures are those of the Hindu Maia and her son, Chrishua. They are the Madonna group of ancient



Plate 3

rowed both the sign and its signification. (See Seinkeiwitz's "*Quo Vadis*," for a curious corroboration.)

It is well known what Venus represented: it is well known what the "worship" of her encouraged: it is well known that a certain class of shameful diseases perpetuate her name. What may not be so well known is, that Venus, like Isis, was



Plate 4

India; and were seen in the pagan temples, several hundred years before Christ. In fact, there is not a single one of the religions of antiquity which did not have its images or emblems of a Holy Mother and her holy Son. All the pagans worshipped, under one name or another, "the Mother of God." The Catholic priests despaired of rooting out this universal adoration; and they made a virtue of necessity by adopting it. Not one word in its favor can be discovered in either Testament, Old or New.

Let us glance at one more picture; (Plate No. 5) wherein a medieval

Catholic Bishop and a modern Catholic nun are portrayed. The bishop is thought to be St. Augustine. The drawing is taken from "Old England Pictorially Illustrated." The circle round the head is a solar emblem, as old almost as the world. It occurs in all the ancient religions. The shaven crown (forbidden by the Bible!) is likewise a most antique solar symbol. (The Brahmans wore it: Egyptian priests wore it, etc.) This Catholic bishop is wearing the

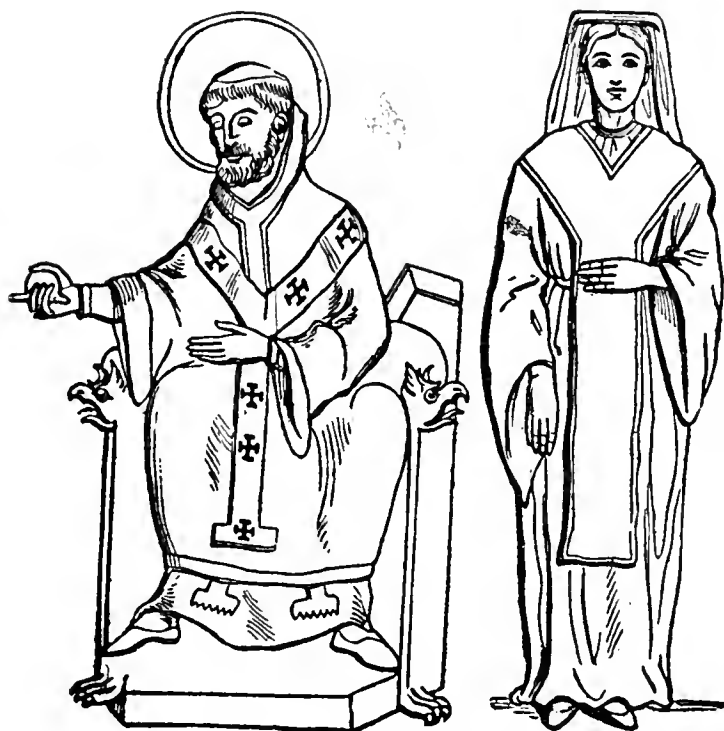


Plate 5

horse-shoe sign (pallium) of phallic worship! His head, *going through the feminine symbol*, exactly represents the conjunction of the organs of generation, *as the pagans typified the act!!!* And to make the plagiarism from the ancient heathen yet more glaring, the feminine symbol is dotted six times in front, with the *phallic sign for the male organs*. (The masculine triad is meant.) The right hand of this Catholic bishop is outstretched, with forefinger extended, *the gesture being that of the Assyrian priest*.

Evidently, St. Augustine was the rankest of plagiarizers, or the densest of ignoramuses; else he would have known that, according to the ancient religions, the donning of the mystic pallium, *in worship*, by the male, *represents the joint action of the male triad and the feminine organ*. In plainer language, the ancient pagans, worshipping the generative members of the human body, adopted the use of the pallium, sown with phallic crosses, and *penetrated* by the head of the priest, to symbolize what the classic Shakespeare calls "the animal with two backs."

That's enough about the bishop: let us now rivet out attention on the nun. Innocent thing! she, too, is demurely wearing the phallic emblem of the external womb. *This costume is modern*; and I do not suppose that it ever occurs to a nun, thus dressed, that she is very immodestly garbed; and that her costume is copied from that worn in phallic worship five thousand years ago.

The priestly vestments now in use date back to the time of Numa Pompilius, the author of the Roman Popedom and priesthood. The girdle and the stole are Jewish in their origin.

The Roman deity, Janus, bore "the keys" of heaven: when Janus ceased to be a god, and Peter had become one, Peter got the keys.

The Jews had but one altar: the pagans, many: the Catholic multiplicity of altars and lights are purely pagan.

The Catholic pictures of the Devil make him, not only the brother, but the twin brother of the Greek god Pan—horns, hoofs, and all.

Creed and Duty

AS I sit among my books, surrounded by the comforts of home—a citizen secure in many inestimable rights—I wonder at the origin of those inestimable rights, and I dream of the dreamers who conceived them, the poets who caught them up in song, of the orators who spoke for them, of the warriors who fought for them, of the martyrs who died for them, and the statesmen who wrote them into laws.

I can worship God as I choose—not as some other man chooses—and there is no wheel to break me on, as there used to be, if my conscience varied from the King's.

I can vote as I please, and claim a voice in the making of laws, in the choosing of rulers, and there is no block to be-head me on—as there used to be, for those who could see no “divine right” in the one-man power.

I can put forth the strength of my hand in any field of industry and whatsoever I earn is mine, *mine*—and is not to be carted up to the embattled castle to feed that lazy lout of a robber who calls himself my feudal lord.

I can think of any thing that comes into my head, and having thought it can speak it—nay, speak it vociferously to any assemblage of human brethren who choose to listen—and I can attack the government and every body connected with it for sins of omission and commission, without the slightest fear of being hanged for treason, or having the dragoons disperse the meeting, or of being shut up in prison as a riotous and seditious person—all of which

happenings would have occurred to me a few generations ago, unless perchance I had turned my tongue to the chant of the priest and to flatteries of the king. It has not been long since it was a crime to talk of the rights of the common people, a crime to assemble and discuss grievances, a crime to say that the governed should have a voice in the government, a crime to claim liberty of speech and conscience.

When I think of the awful punishments wreaked on those who dared to denounce wrong in the olden days, I seek in vain for words to express my profound admiration for the courage of those who gave their lives for the Cause of Right. No such heroism has ever been shown on the field of battle as has been shown by the martyrs of civil liberty.

The frown of kings could not silence them, nor the curses of popes turn them. Prisons could not quench their fires, nor could the rack break aught but bones. As they marched to the block they stepped lightly—as pioneers leading the free to a great New World. As they mounted the scaffold, they rose, step by step, proudly, like conquerors leading men upward and onward.

Their names are lost—nearly all of them—but here in my quiet home I sit, the legatee of their heroic work.

I lay my hand on the code of my country, and every great, good law in it cost some brave man his life. I am guarded round about with guarantees and safeguards—all consecrated with the blood of human sacrifice.

And do I owe nothing to anybody for all this?

Am I to nurse the slippared feet, by my own fireside, in selfish ease, and never stir forth to inquire how fares it with my brother?

Am I to be deaf to the cry of human suffering, blind to the havoc wrought by bad laws, cold-hearted to the plea of the weak against the tyranny of the strong?

Am I to bask in the blessings brought to me by the heroes of the past, and care naught for the miseries that may come upon the children who follow us? God forbid!

No man holds life for himself alone, but holds its splendid gift as trustee—a trustee who must come to an account some day, with the Most High.

Shall I be cast down because our

efforts seem to result in so little? Shall I mope and fret because the world decides against us at the ballot-box?

The man who strives merely to run with the biggest crowd is, at best, a sorry creature. The man who strives to be right, and to do right is, after all, the only citizen who can rest under the infinite comfort of an approving conscience.

As legatees of the patriots of the past and trustees of the present and future, let us stand firm in the defense of the right.

Let us preach its gospel to whosoever will hear. And, as a mere matter of honesty and patriotic duty, let us speak as we believe, vote as we speak, and hold aloft, always, the higher and better ideals to which the human race must ever strive if it would move onward and upward.



Foreign Missions, and the Price of Cotton

McWhorter, Ga., April 11, 1911.

Hon. T. E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir: Desiring some information on the subject of Foreign Missions, I will write you a brief letter and ask that you kindly answer through the columns of your *Jeffersonian Magazine*.

Recently I heard the subject discussed by Rev. John S. Jenkins, who is the Presiding Elder of the Rome District, whose circuit embraces several counties of North Georgia.

In his address in question he contended that our commerce with the Orient had its origin in the work of our missionaries. He says that the men whom we send to propagate religion among the Chinese have been the means by which cotton goods were introduced into that country, and as a result we get a higher price for our cotton. By reason of this he says we get from five to ten dollars more per bale than we otherwise would get.

Are the missionaries responsible for the open-door policy of the Orient? Or was this policy possible by reason of governmental treaties? Have the preachers who

have been sent to China and Japan been the instruments of fostering our commerce with those Oriental nations? Would those people possibly ever have used our cotton goods if no ministers had ever been sent there?

He asked for contributions to Foreign Missions on the ground that the preachers there had made the price of cotton better, intimating that we, for that reason, should support the "glorious work."

I am a boy eighteen years of age and could not stand to hear him make such statements that, I believe, are so misleading to the public. I have never seen anything on this line from you, and I shall await with great interest your reply. I take your magazine through Mr. R. J. Hilley.

Respectfully yours,
OWEN PHILLIPS.

Answer.

IS not that a most refreshing letter? It is written by a youth of eighteen, who went to church reverently, to listen to the sermon

of the Presiding Elder; but instead of opening his mouth to gulp down every statement made from the pulpit, he *opened his mind*, to receive *intelligently* what the parson might have to say. Thank the Lord! When the pew becomes critical of the pulpit, a vast benefit will accrue to both. When preachers realize that sermons will be gauged by their truth and merit, lots of the cant and the recklessness of statement will cease to afflict the judicious.

Elder John S. Jenkins, of the Rome, Georgia, Circuit needs to brush up a bit: his notions of foreign trade are sadly out of line with the facts. He must beware of Missionary Literature, as a source of historical information. The special object of this class of literature being to get more money for the system, sober truth and literal facts are too frequently sacrificed.

I thought everybody knew the immediate successor of the explorer, was *the merchant*. In fact, the explorer was, in many cases, an enterprising, fearless trader.

Poor Brother Jenkins! Can he be ignorant of the commonly known truth that the people of the Orient were using cotton cloth and silk garments thousands of years before Christ? Heavens above! At the time when the ancestors of Brother Jenkins were going bare-legged, bare-footed, bare-headed, and with nothing but the shaggy hides of cows and bears and wolves to wear as clothing, the inhabitants of the East were diked out in purple, fine linen, and calicos of gorgeous dye and beauty.

Why, plague take it! the very word, "Calico," is of Chinese origin, *and so is the manufacture of*

cotton. If Brother Jenkins doesn't know historic facts of this kind, he'd better confine himself to "Christ and Him Crucified."

A truism is, that "Trade follows the flag." In other words, governments arrange commercial treaties, and trade follows. We had to use *cannon* to breach the walls of Japanese exclusiveness—and I thought that even the school-children knew it. (Commodore Perry's expedition.)

No: the missionaries are not the authors of the open-door policy. Our manufacturers don't have to depend on the missionaries. Unfortunately, Big Business runs the Government, and is most amply able to take care of itself. If China had attempted to shut out the goods of the American factory, our fleet of battle-ships would have soon put a veto on *that* proposition.

Brother Jenkins should bear in mind that China, India, Japan, Korea and Oceanica pay less for the cotton goods sold to them by American manufacturers than we, ourselves, pay for the same grade of merchandise.

Again, China takes more cotton goods from Europe than she takes from us.

Again, if the Eastern trade controls the price of cotton, why does it fluctuate so violently; and why is it that the manufacturer hogs all the profit?

If the monstrous system which latter-day Boards have built up, are to be maintained, on the ground that American commerce is extended thereby, the enormous expense of the system should come out of its beneficiaries. These beneficiaries are, the Dry-goods Trust, the Asso-

ciated manufacturers, the Steel Trust, the Standard Oil Company, the Lumber Trust, and so on.

To the average cotton-grower, our foreign commerce means just nothing at all. Were the tariff-wall lowered, it would be altogether different.

Finally; when a Presiding Elder, or anybody else, advocates the present extravaganza of Foreign Missions on the plea *that it brings us a better price for cotton*, he degrades what was originally a divinely beautiful work.

The first evangelists were fired with noble, unselfish zeal. They had been

purified and consecrated; and they burned to hasten with the glad tidings to the perishing souls of heathen lands!

Alas! for the sordid, sodden times! Where is the blazing torch of Judson? Where the unselfish devotion of Las Casas? Where the consuming purpose of Wesley?

Shame upon the lowered standard, the fading ideal, the drooping soul: we must now turn our pockets wrong-side outwards, in behalf of salaried Boards and pampered missionaries—for what purpose?

To keep up the price of cotton!



Some Errors in Our Last Number

(1) Bismarck was never known as the "Iron Duke." He was called "The Iron Chancellor." His hereditary title was "Count:" upon the formation of the German Empire, he was made a "Prince."

(2) Beulow is not the nephew of the Emperor. He is not a member of the royal family, at all.

(3) *State Socialism* is not a menace to the home, the church and the state. *State socialism* is almost identical with Populism and Jeffersonian democracy. Its leading tenets are, the control of public education, and the public ownership of public utilities. Karl Marx Socialism is something altogether different, and is a menace to the home, the church and the state.

(4) Mr. Bryan *talked* against imperialism, but *worked* for it. He left camp at Tampa, and betook himself to Washington City, where,

by personal persuasion and insistence, he prevailed upon Senator Clay and a few other Democrats to vote with the Republicans for the ratification of the Treaty of Paris. In this way, Mr. Bryan made himself personally responsible for Imperialism.

He had made a grand-stand play, offering his services to President McKinley—going spectacularly to the White House to do so. He was made "Colonel" of a regiment which he never learned how to drill; and was sent to Tampa, Florida. Here he was neatly bottled-up. All that he could do was to spell-bind an occasional dinner-party. This innocuous routine he varied, now and then, by having his unctious smile photographed.

Even this grew monotonous, and Bryan chafed under the restraints of the situation. It did not increase

his happiness to read those glorifications of Roosevelt that were prepared in Roosevelt's tent, under Roosevelt's vigilant and stimulative supervision. Bryan began to be apprehensive that a fickle public might lose sight of *HIM*. Awful thought!

The U. S. Disbursing Officer to the Peace Commission, in Paris, was almost exhausted signing checks for the salaries of himself and the Commissioners; but at last the Dove manifested indications of a tendency to "return." If we would only consent to cough up twenty million dollars, for the holders of Spanish bonds, the Dove would alight. We readily consented. What was \$20,000,000 to a Peace Commission, which would not have to pay a cent of it? True, we had conquered the Philippines; but it was *so* genteel to buy them, also. Besides, the holders of Spain's bonds needed the money.

Accordingly, it came to pass that we of the American republic were invited to embark in the policy of holding and controlling distant colonies—a distinctly imperialistic and anti-republican policy. But when the Treaty of Paris was offered to the U. S. Senate for approval, the Democrats balked. The Republicans were divided; and did

not muster enough votes to ratify what our well-paid Peace Commission had done. In this emergency, they were saved by W. J. B. That ambitious individual rushed to Washington, and never rested until he had aided the Republicans to borrow from the Democratic ranks the needed votes to saddle imperialism on us.

That is the record. Mr. Bryan deliberately sacrificed his country to his personal interests—as he has done in several other instances.

If Mr. Stephen M. Young, Jr., will study Bryan's career, he will see the words "Selfishness" and "Inconsistency," written all over it.

(5) The angels who transported the house of the Virgin Mary to Italy, "lit" in Loretto, and not at Spoleto. If you should ask me *why* the angels robbed the heirs of Joseph and Mary of their property—the house—I could not tell you, to save my life. Nor can I explain why they took it to Loretto, instead of to Rome. It was pretty rough on the owners of the domicile to be dispossessed in that miraculous manner. Whether any of them were in the house when the heavenly despoilers flew away with it, I really do not know. Perhaps Falconio does.



Raphael Semmes

Alde Fridge

IT is indeed a hard matter for one born and bred in the land of the South to write without prejudice on the bloody events that marked that bitter struggle between the two sections of our country. So long and so hard was the fight, and so many were the brave deeds done on both sides, that the following generations in North and South have grown up in the belief that no other side than their own could have been in the right and that no other men could have made the marks in history that their own men made. However, after almost fifty years, this intense feeling of sectionalism is at last dying out, and the sooner it is altogether forgotten, the better will it be for our united country.

But, though our country will be vastly better off when all memory of the causes of the strife itself is dead, the deeds of valor that marked the many battles of the Civil War deserve to be remembered, and the lives of great men, whether from North or South, should never be forgotten. With this thought in mind, it has been my effort to give this article a fair and unbiased account of the war-time life of one whose efforts did more for the Southland during the great struggle than perhaps any other one, save Lee alone. What Raphael Semmes did for his country, no one else had ever done before, nor, in this day and time, need anyone ever hope to do again.

Previous to the war, Admiral Semmes had enjoyed a position in the United States navy, having served as flag- lieutenant in the Gulf squadron during the Mexican war. This gave him a large amount of valuable knowledge concerning military and naval affairs, which was to serve him in good stead during his life in the Confederate navy. After the war with Mexico,

he was given a position on the United States light house board, and took up his residence in Washington City.

It was while pursuing his duties in this office that, in February of 1861, he received a telegram from Montgomery, Ala. The congress of the Confederate States of America had passed a bill authorizing "the Committee on Naval Affairs to procure the attendance at Montgomery of all such persons versed in naval affairs as they might deem advisable to consult with." Could the services of Lieutenant Semmes be secured? Semmes' answer was speedy and decisive. He had received the telegram on the fourteenth of February; on the fifteenth he had resigned his position in the United States government, and on the eighteenth he was in Montgomery.

The following day a joint session of the Military and Naval committees was held, at which Semmes and eight other former Union officers were present. The purpose of this meeting was to consider preparations for the war which was now seen to be inevitable, and also to decide on the most expedient steps to take with regard to existing conditions. As a result of their deliberations on the first question, Semmes was immediately sent North by President Davis to purchase munitions of war.

In the North, he found "the people everywhere not only willing, but anxious to contract with him." Going to New York, he bought large quantities of percussion caps, which he sent by express to Montgomery. He procured artillery and rifling machinery, and even succeeded in getting experienced Northern mechanics to go South and set it in working order. With the keenest sense of honor, he never afterward revealed the names of these Northerners, some of whom, he says,

“occupied high social position, and were men of wealth.” He left New York on the last of March, and was again in Montgomery by April fourth.

Immediately after his return, he was commissioned commander of the *Sumter*, the first of the ocean-going cruisers of the Confederate navy proper. This boat was not a privateer, as has often been claimed, but was bought and fitted out at New Orleans by the Confederate States government. Arriving in this city, Semmes found the Mississippi river blockaded by the Union steamer, *Brooklyn*. This circumstance, however, worried him little. After waiting awhile for a suitable opportunity, he put on all steam, passed the *Brooklyn* in broad daylight, outran her in the chase which followed and finally made the open Gulf in safety.

At this time there was no Confederate fleet, for it was possible at first to equip only one or two vessels for naval service. Thus, in fitting out the *Sumter*, the Confederate government had in view the destruction of the enemy's commerce. It was intended that the *Sumter* should prey on the freighters and merchant vessels sent out by Northern firms.

At first, the success of the enterprise seemed doubtful, as captures were not made at once, and not until the *Sumter* had entered West Indies waters was the first prize taken. This came on July third, and was rapidly followed by others for several days. Two or more captures were often made in the same day. But this state of affairs could not last long, for the *Sumter's* destructive work soon began to tell on the trade fleet, and prizes became less frequently encountered in the West Indies locality. Semmes then cruised over into Venezuelan waters and went down the South American coast as far as Maranhão, Brazil. From there he turned eastward and started on the long voyage across the Atlantic.

During this time the *Sumter* had

been in a good commercial zone; all had gone well, and captures had been reasonably frequent. But a difficulty was now encountered; her coal supply, which had not been replenished for some time, was running low, and Semmes put into the port of St. Pierre, Martinique, to take on the necessary store. While coaling here, he was surprised by the appearance in the harbor of the United States sloop of war, *Iroquois*. This boat immediately violated the law of neutrality by her menacing actions toward the *Sumter*, and was forced by the port authorities to retire from the harbor. But she lay just outside the neutral line, and, being much the *Sumter's* superior, succeeded in blockading her for a period of some two weeks. After waiting this length of time for a sufficiently dark night, Semmes at last eluded the *Iroquois* on the twenty-third of November, and continued on his way across to Europe.

But the work of the *Sumter* was destined to come to a sudden and unexpected end. After a short period of cruising, and a few captures in European waters, her coal supply again ran low, and Semmes put into Gibraltar to replenish his store. But the authorities here interfered, this being a neutral port, and denied him the privilege of securing this necessity. Very soon, a fleet of Federal ships was lying outside the harbor, and the *Sumter* now found herself thoroughly blockaded. As escape was out of the question, Captain Semmes ended the six months' cruise of the *Sumter* by having her docked and sold. During her time afloat, she had made eighteen captures, and the damage wrought by her on the United States commerce is estimated at over \$150,000.

Soon after the docking of the *Sumter*, Semmes hurried off to take command of a new ship which was being constructed for the Confederacy in England. Owing to skillful diplomatic management and the friendly feeling

which that country held for the South, it was possible to build ships for Confederate use in British ports, notwithstanding that England was a neutral country. It was through the aid of an English merchant and the fortunate negligence of certain British authorities that it was possible to build the "290" for use in the Confederate navy. The transaction was handled in such a way that from a legal viewpoint it was absolutely legitimate, though even before the ship was finished, there was strong suspicions that she was intended for Southern service. The United States minister to England demanded an investigation into the matter, but by the time the British authorities took things in hand the "290" was already well out to sea.

This cruiser was built by the Lairds of Birkenhead, England, and her numerical nickname is due to the fact that she was the two hundred and ninetieth boat built by that firm. In September of 1862 she sailed to the Azore Islands, where she was joined by the *Bahama* and the *Agrippina*. These boats brought her officers and battery from Europe, for, as a matter of course, she could leave England fitted out only as a merchant vessel. The "290" and the *Agrippina* were now lashed together, and the battery and ammunition were speedily transferred. Within a few days the last fitting out was completed, and the new cruiser of the Confederate States navy was christened "*The Alabama*."

Semmes now took command. As yet the *Alabama* had no crew, and without a crew she was necessarily helpless. Consequently, Semmes called around him a number of sailors from the several ships lying at hand and gave them a short talk, explaining the nationality of the new ship, and the nature of the work in which she was about to engage. Since there were no friendly ports to which she might send her captures, her orders were to "sink, burn, and destroy

so-called United States of America." All this Semmes made known. Yet, after his speech was finished, eighty odd seamen came forward and renounced their right to British citizenship by enlisting on the Confederate cruiser. The *Bahama* now departed for Europe, and the *Alabama* raised anchor and commenced the first stage of her famous two years' cruise.

Semmes soon found that he was master of a vessel which had, at that time, few equals. Her speed, with the combined power of sail and steam which she carried, was fifteen knots an hour, and by using steam alone she was capable of a ten or twelve-knot speed. She answered easily to her helm, and Semmes says that he often surprised the commanders of captured prizes by the agility with which he could accomplish a difficult manœuvre. Although the *Alabama* was built along lines of speed, her battery had also been well considered. She carried, besides one large hundred pound gun, six thirty-two pound guns, and one eight inch gun.

The first prize was taken after about eleven days of cruising on the Eastern Atlantic whaling ground. Other captures quickly followed the first, and the whaling fleet was rapidly dispersed. After disposing of the whalers, Captain Semmes steered for Sandy Hook, hoping to intercept some of the New York trade ships. But a heavy gale was encountered, which swept the *Alabama* far southward. Semmes then changed his course and entered the Caribbean Sea, making an occasional capture along the way.

The coal supply of the *Alabama* now needed replenishing, and Semmes proceeded to the Island of Martinique to take on a store. Here the *Alabama*, as in the case of the *Sumter*, was blockaded by a Federal ship of war, this time the *San Jacinto*. But the blockade was easily eluded, and the open sea was gained in safety.

Soon after the escape from the *San*

Jacinto, a prize was taken on which papers were found revealing the fact that the Federal transport fleet was at that time due in the Gulf of Mexico. Semmes straightway set out in search of it, and after a few days cruise in the Gulf sighted five ships off the coast of Galveston. But a closer inspection proved them to be—not the transport fleet—but five Federal men-of-war!

One of these, the *Hatteras*, soon bore down on the *Alabama*, which promptly swung about and made off, as though running. In the meantime, the rest of the fleet was getting up steam, and Semmes realized that he was now in a perilous position. Quick action was necessary, for if the Union fleet should overtake him before he reached one of the two entrances to the Gulf, he would be permanently blockaded, if not actually captured. He therefore steered in such a manner that the *Hatteras* was steadily drawn away from the other ships. When a position had been reached where he thought an action would be safe, he slowed down and allowed his pursuer to come within hailing distance.

In reply to the call from the other ship, he gave word back that this was "His Majesty's Ship, *Petrel*." The *Hatteras* requested permission to send a boat abroad, which request was, of course, granted. At the same time, Semmes passed word around that the signal to fire would be the word, "*Alabama*," and ordered the men to stand ready to fire. The boat was lowered from the *Hatteras* and started toward the Confederate ship. When it had reached a point about half way between the two vessels Semmes called out: "This is the Confederate States ship, *Alabama*!" A shattering broadside instantly swept the *Hatteras* and was quickly returned. A running fight now commenced which lasted for ten or twelve minutes. The *Hatteras* fought bravely, but little damage was inflicted on the *Alabama*, and at the end of thir-

teen minutes the Union ship was reduced to a sinking condition.

Boats were sent out from the *Alabama* to rescue the crew of the fast filling vessel, and every man on board was saved. By this time, the lights of the approaching fleet were becoming dangerously near, and Semmes crowded on all steam to clear the Gulf. The Union ships rapidly fell behind, and the *Alabama* crossed over to Kingston, Jamaica, where the prisoners were paroled.

After attending to some necessary repairs on the *Alabama*, Semmes set out for the coast of Brazil. Here, several weeks were spent in active work. Prize after prize fell a victim to the speedy little Confederate ship, and her name became a terror to United States merchant vessels.

Semmes soon thinned out the commerce on the South American coast, and as prizes became less frequently met with, he decided to cross the Atlantic Ocean. Pursuing this course, he arrived at length in Saldanha Bay, on the West Coast of Africa. Going south from here, he cruised off the Cape of Good Hope, and entered the Indian Ocean. He then crossed over to the Strait of Sunda and passed through this into the China Sea. Prizes had been reasonably frequent, and just inside the Strait, he captured and burned the *Winged Racer*, a New York clipper ship. This procedure so frightened the other Northern traders in that locality that they all hurried into neutral ports, and after another capture in the Straits of Malacca, Semmes re-entered the Indian Ocean.

The next stage of the *Alabama's* work was to clear the Bay of Bengal of American traders. To accomplish this required only a short time, and after breaking up the East Indian commerce, Semmes crossed the Arabian Sea and retraced his course down the East Coast of Africa. Rounding the Cape of Good Hope, he arrived again at Cape Town.

Here ensued a long controversy with the British government concerning the seizure of the *Alabama's* tender, the *Tuscaloosa*. The matter was finally amicably settled by the release of the *Tuscaloosa*, and Semmes continued on up the West African coast.

The *Alabama* had now been cruising almost two years. In this short time she had practically driven the United States commerce from the sea, and had even had the rare experience of fighting and defeating a United States man-of-war. She had cruised in every ocean on the globe, and had made, all told, some seventy captures. But the long and continued service had told severely on the staunch little craft. Her boilers were burn out and every seam and joint was loose and open. All these things seriously affected her speed, and Semmes at last decided to put into some European port and have her thoroughly overhauled and refitted.

With this object in view, he steered for the coast of France and, entering the harbor of Cherbourg on the eleventh of June, 1864, sought dockage for his ship. But unfortunately, all the Cherbourg docks were owned by the French government, and it was necessary to communicate with the Emperor before their use could be obtained. This circumstance occasioned a delay, and the *Alabama* dropped anchor and awaited the reply of the French authorities.

While she was thus laying to, her crew was not a little excited by the appearance in the harbor of the United States ship of war, *Kearsarge*. This ship had been lying off Flushing as the *Alabama* entered the harbor, and her appearance here was not unexpected. Her purpose in coming in had been to take on prisoners sent ashore by the *Alabama*, but against this Captain Semmes protested, since such a procedure would violate the laws of neutrality by augmenting the enemy's crew in a French port. The authorities upheld Semmes in his objection, and the

Kearsarge steamed out of the port, keeping well over to the other side of the harbor.

Semmes summoned his commanding officer and discussed with him the probabilities of a fight with the *Kearsarge*. The advantages of both ships were closely reviewed. A careful summing up of the strong points of both boats showed that the *Kearsarge* was the *Alabama's* superior, both in crew and battery. Still, Semmes thought he had a fair chance of defeating his enemy in open battle. Besides, there was no way out of the difficulty other than a fight, for a delay in the port would mean a blockade by a fleet of Union gunboats. Consequently, Semmes sent word to Captain Winslow, commander of the *Kearsarge*, that if he would wait until the *Alabama* could coal up, he would come out and give battle. The defiance was, of course, accepted.

Captain Semmes now set about putting the *Alabama* in fighting trim. This occupied a day or two, but by the morning of the nineteenth of June everything was in the best of order, and the decks were cleared and sanded. These final preparations being completed, the *Alabama* went out to meet her foe. When she had cleared the harbor, and the *Kearsarge* had started to meet her, Semmes called all hands together and addressed them as follows:

"Officers and seamen of the *Alabama*! You have at last another opportunity to meet the enemy—the first that has been presented to you since you sank the *Hatteras*. In the meantime, you have been all over the world, and it is not too much to say, that you have destroyed and driven for protection under neutral flags, one-half of the enemy's commerce, which at the beginning of the war, covered every sea. This is an achievement of which you may well be proud; and a grateful country will not be unmindful of it. The name of your ship has become a household word wherever civilization extends. Shall

that name be tarnished by defeat? The thing is impossible! Remember, that you are in the English Channel, the theatre of so much of the naval glory of our race, and that the eyes of all Europe are at this moment upon you. The flag that floats over you is that of a young republic, which bids defiance to her enemies whenever and wherever found. Show the world that you know how to uphold it! Go to your quarters!"

Great, noble Semmes! How was he to know that the faithful little craft he had so long commanded was going out to fight her last battle? He could not tell that the boat he was about to encounter was an ironclad and immeasurably his superior. The *Kearsarge's* true strength had been so cleverly concealed by the best of mechanics, that even a telescope had failed to reveal the fact that she carried a metal armor. And Semmes was hurrying forward in his little wooden craft to fight against an armored cruiser!

The *Kearsarge* was now well under way and the two ships drew rapidly together. When a distance of about a mile separated them, the *Alabama* opened fire with her starboard battery. The *Kearsarge* quickly replied, and both boats were soon enveloped in the smoke of battle. Both were working in a circle round a common center, and firing their broadside batteries. Gradually the circle became smaller and smaller and the ships came closer and closer together. The heavy shells from the *Kearsarge* were doing serious execution on board the *Alabama*, and, to make matters worse, it was found that the ammunition being used against the *Kearsarge* was defective, and was not exploding. Semmes then ordered solid shot to be used, but even these failed to penetrate the armor of the Union boat. The Southern commander then realized that the day was lost, and after a futile attempt to lay the *Kearsarge* by the board, he ordered on all steam for the coast of France.

But even in this last refuge the fates were against him. A heavy shell crashed into the engine room, just below the water line, and the engineer rushed on deck to report that the water had extinguished the engine room fires, and was rising beyond control of the pumps. The *Kearsarge* was now getting into position to pour a raking fire into the *Alabama*, and Captain Semmes, realizing that all was lost, cast his sword into the sea and ordered the colors lowered. This, however, did not stop the fire of the *Kearsarge*, and five more shots were thrown into the sinking ship.

It was now apparent that the *Alabama* could float only a little longer, and as the *Kearsarge* was making no effort to come to the rescue, Semmes ordered all hands to save themselves. A few moments later, the wounded ship reared her prow high in air and plunged downward to her last resting place. In the general swim which followed, ten of the *Alabama's* men were drowned. Semmes himself was rescued by a private yacht, the *Deerhound*, and was taken to England. Though he was not seriously disabled, his right arm had been badly injured by a flying piece of shell.

In England, he received the most generous treatment, and a party of British officers presented him with a handsome sword, inscribed, "To replace the one so gallantly won, defended, and lost." He also received, as a mark of esteem, a Confederate flag, which was presented to him by a noble English lady.

But his stay in England was short, and after a brief tour on the Continent he returned again to America and the service of his Southland. Arriving in Richmond during February of 1865, he was placed in command of the demoralized James River Squadron, with the rank of rear admiral. But no fighting was done by the squadron, and on the second of April, Semmes received a telegram advising him that Lee had evacuated Richmond. He was ordered to fit

his men for field service, destroy his fleet, and join the Confederate forces at Danville, Va.

He at once set about carrying out these orders, and early on the morning of the 23rd, the explosion caused by the destruction of the Confederate fleet lit up the surrounding country for miles. The crews disembarked at Richmond, and Semmes then faced the real difficulty of the work. With an ill-assorted company of sailors, loaded down with pots, pans, and sundry other camp outfit, he was to join forces with the Confederates at Danville, some hundred and twenty-five miles distant. However, the problem was solved by the discovery in a neighboring freight yard of two small engines and a string of flat cars. By means of this improvised train, Danville was reached the following night.

Ten days of anxious waiting followed and then came the fatal news of Lee's surrender. Semmes dispersed his command, and surrendered with General

Johnston's army as Admiral and Brigadier-General.

Thus ended the war-time career of Raphael Semmes. For four years he had devoted his life and energies to the struggle which his land was making for independence. The fact that his efforts had not been in vain, even though the great cause was lost, is beautifully expressed by General Bradley T. Johnson, when he said:

"His exploits make a record for brilliancy and efficiency unequalled in the annals of war upon the high seas, in the history of the world. He captured and ransomed or burned eighty-nine merchant vessels bearing the United States flag, and literally obliterated the commerce of the United States from the high sea. He carried the Confederate battle flag into the face of four continents and surrendered it in a blaze of glory that will glow as long as chivalry shall nerve the hearts of men, or the story of gallant deeds stir the pulses of the human race."



The Pendulum

Ralph Methven Thomson

*From right to wrong—from wrong to right—
And to and fro, from joy to strife;
From dimpled day to cheerless night,
We mark the weighted clock of life.*

*The bitter and the sweet we find,
From birth until the springs are dumb,
Control the heart and make the mind
An ever swaying pendulum.*

New State of Arizona

Col. H. L. Pickett

THAT Arizona possesses every qualification requisite for statehood—area, resources, and population—is indisputable. It extends from Utah on the north, to the Republic of Mexico on the south, a distance of some four hundred miles; and from Mexico on the east, to California on the west, a distance of some three hundred and fifty miles. Arizona contains a greater area in square miles than any other state of the Union, except the states of California, Texas and Montana. Its area of square miles exceeds that of all six of the New England states, with Pennsylvania thrown in. It is an Empire within itself, with resources enough, when fully developed, to support a population of several millions of people.

Arizona has for the last few years led all the states and territories in the United States in the production of copper. It has one great copper mine in the northern part of the territory, known as the United Verde, owned by ex-Senator Clark, of Montana, which has paid more than \$24,000,000 of dividends, and which is regarded as being one of the very greatest copper mines in the United States, if not in the world.

In the extreme southeastern portion of the territory, in Cochise county, near the city of Bisbee, are located the immense copper mines of Phelps, Dodge & Company, which paid in dividends last year the sum of \$6,000,000. These mines have been in operation since 1880, and have produced many million of dollars worth of copper.

The copper deposits of Arizona are not confined to any particular section, but are widely diffused throughout the entire territory; with the great United Verde in the north; the Copper Queen

(Phelps, Dodge & Company), the greatest dividend-paying copper mine in the United States, in the south; the famous Clifton and Morenci mines in the east, which have been in active operation since 1880 and have contributed many millions of dollars to the wealth of Arizona; and near central Arizona lies the Globe mineral belt, which bids fair to be not only the greatest copper producing section of the territory, but in the United States.

It is predicted by men well informed in copper mining that when Arizona's vast copper deposits are developed fully it will lead, not only all the other states of the Union, but all countries in the production of that ore.

Arizona is noted for its great production of gold and silver. Tombstone, which sprang up as if by magic and became so famous in the early '80's, has a record of \$40,000,000 to its credit, and its mines are still operated. Many other gold and silver mines could be mentioned, which have produced their millions, and well it has been said that "Arizona is the great mineral storehouse of the West."

Arizona is not only famous for its great mineral resources, but it possesses some of the richest agricultural valleys of any state in the Union, not even excelled by the Valley of the Nile.

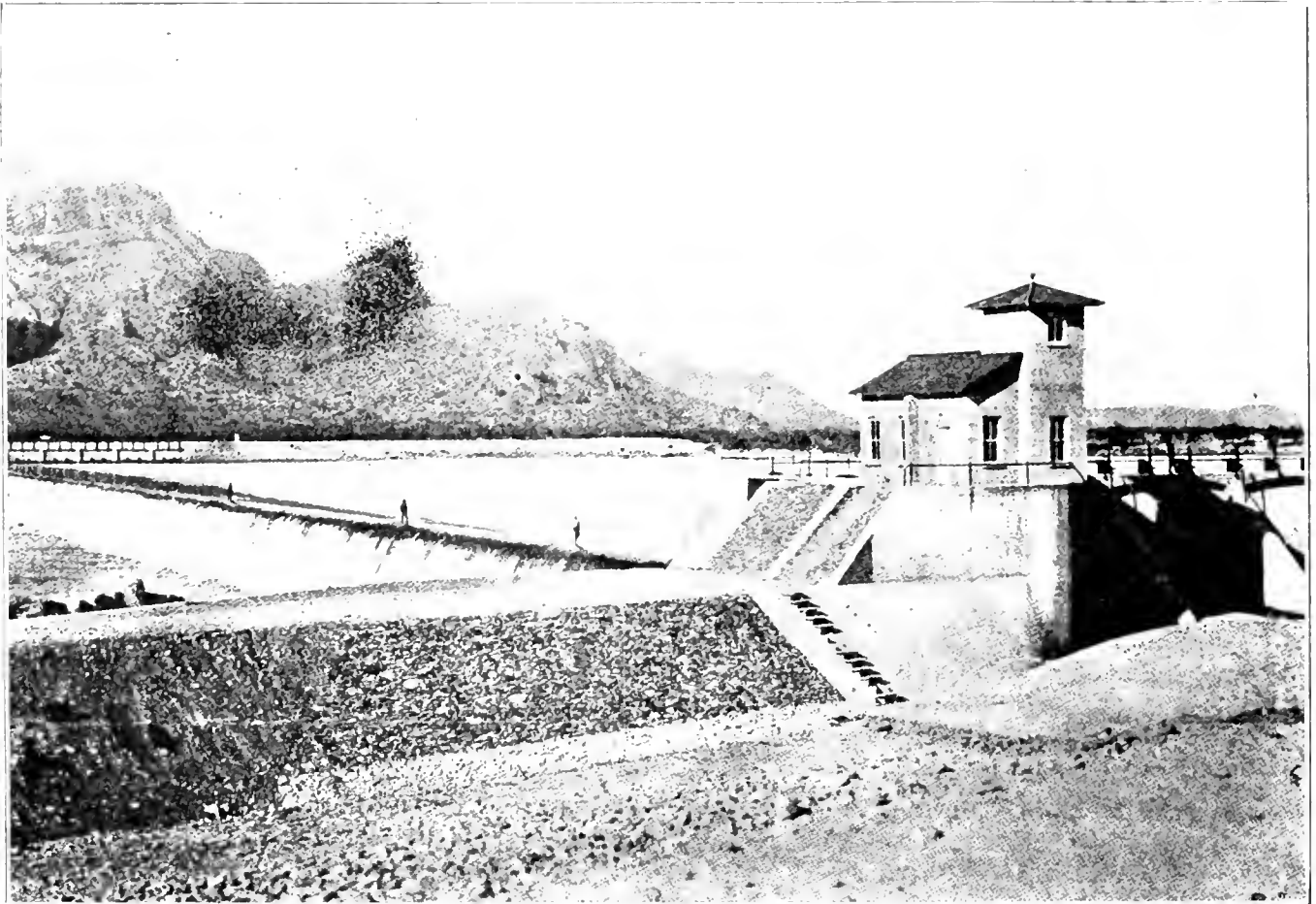
It was in Arizona that the United States Reclamation Service first began its great work for the storage of water for irrigation, and, as a result of that work, Arizona can boast today of having the largest artificial reservoir in the world—the great Roosevelt dam, which stores sufficient water to irrigate 240,000 acres of land in the Salt River Valley, which in productiveness is unexcelled in any part of the world.

The Reclamation Service is also con-

structing what is known as the Laguna dam, on the Colorado River, near Yuma, which, when completed, will store sufficient water to irrigate 250,000 acres of Arizona's rich alluvial soil, capable of producing from five to six crops yearly. These are two of the greatest irrigation enterprises the Government has ever undertaken in the West, and will add millions to the wealth of Arizona.

tion of the West, with its 2,000,000 sheep and its hundreds of thousands of cattle ranging upon the public domain from the snow capped San Francisco Mountains of the north to the sunny plains of Cochise of the south.

Arizona has the largest pine forest in the world, extending along the line of the Santa Fe Railroad, in the northern portion of the territory, for a distance of some two hundred and fifty



The Diversion Dam at Granite Key, Salt River Valley, Arizona

Arizona produces the finest oranges grown in the United States. When the California orange and the Florida orange are selling in New York at \$4 per box, the Arizona orange brings \$8.

This territory is the natural home of the ostrich. It has the largest ostrich farm in the United States; in fact, two-thirds of all the ostriches found in the United States are to be found in Arizona.

For stock raising, Arizona is equalled by few and surpassed by no other sec-

miles in length, and some hundred miles in width.

The population of Arizona is 204,000, which is more than any territory has had at the time of its admission into the Union, except the territories of North Dakota, Oklahoma, Utah and Washington. Its population, therefore, entitles it to admission to statehood, according to the rules applied to other territories seeking admission.

The great state of Indiana, which now has a population of 2,500,000, had,

when admitted in 1800, a population of only 24,530. The state of Nevada had at the time of its admission, in 1864, a population of 21,109; a state which produced more than \$23,000,000 of gold and silver last year, to say nothing of other products.

Even the great commonwealth of Texas, large enough for an Empire, when admitted in 1845, had a population of only 200,000. If population is the standard by which territories are to be measured in their fitness to become states, Arizona should have been admitted more than a decade ago.

When Arizona is admitted, it will be the wonderland state of the Union, with the world's greatest wonder within its boundaries—the Grand Canyon of Arizona, 217 miles long, thirteen miles wide and one mile deep. President Theodore Roosevelt visited the Grand Canyon, May 6, 1903. In his notable speech on that occasion, he said: "It fills me with awe; it is beyond description. Keep it for your children, your children's children, and all who come after you as the one great

sight which every American should see." Added to this, is Arizona's Petrified Forest—a forest fallen and turned to stone centuries ago.

It was in this sun-kissed land that a prehistoric people once dwelt; demonstrated by excavations disclosing their ancient cities buried perhaps for centuries, the masonry of which is found in a high state of preservation, although their construction is one of the lost arts. That this people lived by irrigation and tilling the soil is shown by remnants of their ancient canals or irrigating ditches, which are still to be seen, some of them many miles in length, but almost obliterated by time, of which history gives no account.

Arizona, when it becomes a state, will be one of the largest, one of the most resourceful, and one of the most attractive of all the states of the Union; and when the forty-seventh star representing the new state of Arizona is added to the flag of the Nation, it will be one of the most brilliant in the galaxy which constitutes the flag.



Where Dreams Come True

George B. Steff

*Where is the land where dreams come true,
Is it in some fair strand
Where skies with canopies of blue
Spread ever o'er the land?*

*Where is the land where dreams come true,
Beyond the sunset's gold?
Then show the path that leads us to
It's magic portals old.*

*Somewhere it's shores in splendor gleam
With glorious golden hue,
While we can only hope and dream
Of where the dreams come true.*

The Real Christopher Columbus

[The real character of Christopher Columbus has been so industriously misrepresented, venerated and varnished over, by the Roman Church, that the portrait of the discoverer which appeared in a previous number of the *Jeffersonian* appears difficult to recognize. The following extract, from the twelfth chapter of Del Mar's "History of the Precious Metals," the most authoritative work on the subject, places the character of this much-vaunted hero in its true light. Mr. Del Mar's authorities are the original books and manuscripts in the Library of Simancas.]

NO sooner had Columbus taken formal possession of the island of Hispaniola than he asked the wondering natives for gold. This fatal word, so fraught with misfortune to the aborigines that it might fittingly furnish an epitaph for their race, and so tainted with dishonor to their conquerors that four centuries of time have not sufficed to remove its stigma, seems to have been literally the first verbal communication from the Old World to the New.

Some of the islanders had a few gold ornaments about them. "Poor wretches" (says Navarette) "if they had possessed the slightest gift of prophecy, they would have thrown these baubles into the deepest sea!" They pointed south and answered, "Cubanacan," meaning the middle of Cuba.

Shortly after the discovery, Columbus was wrecked on the coast of Cuba, and he sent to the neighbouring cacique, Guacanagari, to inform him of his misfortune. The good chief was moved to tears by the sad accident, and with the labour of his people lightened the wrecked vessel, removed the effects to a place of safety, stationed guards around them for their better security, and then offered Columbus all of his property to make good any loss which the latter had sustained.

Touched by this unparalleled kindness, Columbus thus expressed himself of these Indios: "They are a loving, uncovetous people, so docile in all things that, I assure your Highnesses, I believe in all the world there is not a better people or a better country; they love their neighbours as themselves, and they

have the sweetest way in the world of talking, and always with a smile."

In return for their hospitality and loving kindness, the Spanish captain resolved to establish a colony among them, having found such goodwill and such signs of gold. He built a fort, called it La Navidad, left forty adventurers in it, among them an Irishman and an Englishman, and sailed to Spain.

The first thing done, after his return home—the recital of his wondrous story, his reception at the Court of Spain, and the *Te Deum*—was to obtain a grant of the newly-found domain and all its contents, animate and inanimate, from the Pope of Rome. These objects were effected by a Bull, dated May, 1493.

In September, 1493, Columbus set forth again, this time with seventeen vessels and 1,500 men.

He found La Navidad destroyed, and his forty colonists missing. According to the cacique, Guacanagari, the Spaniards had made a raid, probably for gold, upon a tribe of the interior, and notwithstanding the advantage of their arms, had been defeated and killed to a man. Columbus built another fort in another part of the island, called it Isabella, and at once gave his attention to the subject of gold.

"Hearing of the mines of Cibao, he sent to reconnoitre them; and the Indios, little foreseeing what was to come of it, gave gold to the Spanish messengers. Columbus accordingly resolved to found a colony at Cibao."

In January, 1494, Columbus sent to the joint sovereigns of Spain, by the

hands of Antonio de Torres, the Receiver of the colony, an account of his second voyage, with recommendations for the consideration and approval of Los Reyes.

After the complimentary address, it begins with the reasons why the admiral had not been able to send home more gold. His people have been ill; it was necessary to keep guard, etc. "*He has done well,*" is written in the margin by order of Los Reyes.

He suggests the building of a fortress near the place where gold can be got. Their Highnesses approve: "*This is well, and so it must be done.*"

He then suggests to make slaves of the Indios, and to ship some of them to Spain, to help pay for the expenses of the expedition. The answer to this atrocious project is evasive, as though Los Reyes did not wish to wound so valued a servant by a point blank refusal. It is: "*Suspended for the present.*"

Money was very welcome at the Spanish Court, where there was more show than maravedis; but Los Reyes was not yet prepared to obtain it by sanctioning the enslavement of an innocent and friendly people. On the other hand, Columbus was eager for the measure.

While de Torres was at the Court with these recommendations, Columbus' colony fared badly on the island. The provisions which they had brought with them failed, and white men were threatened with starvation, where the Indios lived without effort. To their great disgust the Spaniards had to go to work, and till the earth for bread, instead of scouring it, as they had expected, for gold.

"The rage and vexation of these men, many of whom had come out with the notion of finding gold ready for them on the seashore, may be imagined. . . . The colonists, however, were somewhat cheered, after a time, by hearing of gold mines, and seeing specimens of 'ore' brought from thence; and the admiral

went himself, and founded the fort of St. Thomas, in the mining district of Cibao."

It is needless to say that, without the establishment of any permanent sources of supplies, the gold hunters failed in their enterprise, and most of them lost their lives. "They went straggling over the country; they consumed the provisions of the poor Indians, astonishing them by their voracious appetites; waste, rapine, injury and insult followed in their steps."

Worn out with their sufferings, the miserable Indios "passed from terror to despair," and threatened the Spanish settlement. Columbus sallies forth, routs the Indios of Macorix, and captures the majority, four shiploads of whom he sends to Spain, February twenty-fourth, 1495, as slaves. These were the very ships that brought out the evasive reply of Los Reyes to Columbus' request for leave to enslave the natives.

After this, Columbus starts upon another expedition, at the head of 400 cavalry, clad in steel, armed with arquebuses, and attended by bloodhounds. He is opposed by 100,000 Incuos. Their soft and naked bodies not being proof against horses, fire-arms, or ferocious dogs, a horrible carnage ensues, and another bloody installment is paid towards the cost of gold. Columbus captures the cacique, Caonabo, through the vilest treachery, and imposes a tribute of gold upon the entire population of Hispaniola.

The tribute is as follows: Every Indio above fourteen years old, who was in the provinces of the mines, or near to these provinces, was to pay every three months a little bellfull of gold; and all other Indios an arroba of cotton. . .

When this unreasonable tribute was imposed, Guarionex, cacique of the Vega Real, said that his people did not know where to find the gold, and offered in its place to cultivate a huge farm, fifty-five leagues long, covering the

whole island, and to produce therefrom enough corn to feed the whole of Castile. Poor Indio! This was, indeed, a suggestion of despair. Hispaniola, at the utmost, did not contain more than 1,200,000 Indios, man, woman, and child. Castile contained a population of 3,000,000 to 4,000,000. An attempt to feed a population so large by one so small, and at a distance of 4,000 miles, could only have ended in failure. But Guarionex might as well have made this as any other proposal. What their Catholic Majesties wanted was not bread but gold; and this is what, in their names, Columbus was bent upon obtaining. Yet however much he desired it, the gold could not be collected, simply because there were no gold mines of any consequence, only some poor washings, in Hispaniola, from whence it might be got. Columbus was, therefore, obliged to change the nature of his oppressions. This was done by reducing the whole native population to vassalage; and thus, in the year of our Lord 1496, was begun the system of *repartimientos* in America.* Such was the reward of the unparalleled kindness of good Guacanagari, and for his loving, uncovetous people, "who always spoke with a smile."

Reduced to a condition of vassalage, infinitely worse than slavery, the Indios fell into the profoundest sadness, and bethought themselves of the desperate remedy of attempting to starve out their masters by refusing to sow or plant anything. The wild scheme reacted upon themselves. The Spaniards did, indeed, suffer from famine; but power, exercised in the cruelest manner enabled them to elude the fate which had been intended for them; whilst the Indios

died in great numbers of hunger, sickness and misery.

In the early part of 1496, Columbus discovered a gold mine in the southeastern part of Hispaniola. On his return to Spain in the same year he sent out orders to his brother Bartholomew to build a fort there. This was done and the place called San Domingo. From this port Bartholomew sailed out to Xaragua, east of the modern Port-au-Prince, the only unconquered portion of the island. He reduced it to vassalage and demanded tribute in gold. The cacique Bohechio pleaded that there was no gold in his dominions; so the tribute had to be commuted in cotton and casaba-bread. Returning to Fort Isabella, Bartholomew found that 300 of his followers had died from hunger and disease, the first considerable installment of the myriads of Spaniards who subsequently perished in the same criminal search for the precious metals.

In 1498 Columbus again set forth from Spain—this time with eight ships and about 900 men. Upon his arrival at San Domingo he sent five of these ships to Spain laden with 600 slaves.

The Court of Spain—at first conditionally, as though it hesitated to thwart its favorite commanders, afterwards absolutely, when it found that none of them were above the practice, and that all evaded the conditions—disapproved of enslaving the Indios. Its objection to this transaction of Columbus was that the captives were not taken in war, and it marked the severity of its displeasure by superseding Columbus in his command and ordering him home.

The officer chosen to replace him was Ovano. In the instructions given to this knight A. D. 1501, he was ordered to treat the Indios justly, and pay them one golden peso a year for their labour in getting gold. Between subjecting themselves to these conditions and living in a state of slavery, there could have been to the Indios but little choice,

* The *repartimiento*, afterwards the *encomienda*, was derived from the feudal tenures of Spain. It was a grant of Indios (not including land) to render fixed tribute, or personal services, or both, during the life of the *encomendero* or suzerain. This was afterwards extended to two, three, four, five and six lives, and was greatly abused. Consult Irving's "Conquest of Granada," Vol. I, pp. 145, 164, 173, 197, 198, and IV., p. 353 et seq.

even if it had been accorded them. It is due to the Spanish crown to say that, deceived by the reports of the over-sanguine gold-hunters, it supposed that gold was easy of acquisition in the West Indies, and that a moderate amount of involuntary labor on the part of the natives would suffice to produce what was demanded of them.

Ovando left Spain in 1502 with a score or more vessels, and 2,500 persons. As these vessels neared the shore of San Domingo, the colonists ran down to hear the news from home, and, in return, to narrate that a lump of gold of extraordinary size had recently been obtained on the island. It had been picked up by a native woman and was estimated to have been worth 1,350,000 maravedis. Nothing more clearly reveals the character of these expeditions and the persons who composed them, than a brief relation of the fatal consequences of this announcement. Ovando's people no sooner landed than they ran off to the placers, where, in a short time, more than 1,000 of the 2,500 perished miserably from hunger and disease.

"Here it may be noticed that, in general, those colonists who devoted themselves to mining, remained poor; while the farmers grew rich. When melting time came, which was at stated intervals of eight months, it often happened that after the king's dues were paid, and those who had claims upon the produce for advances already made to the miners, were satisfied, nothing remained for the miner himself. *And so all this blood and toil were not paid for, even in money;* and many still continued to eat their meals from the same wooden platters they had been accustomed to in the old country: only with discontented minds and souls beginning to be imbruted with cruelty." (Helps.)

At this juncture, Columbus, authorized to make further explorations in the New World, suddenly appeared in San

Domingo. The orders of the Crown forbade him to disembark at the island, for fear that the course of administration for which he had been rebuked would be persisted in; but a violent hurricane was apprehended, and the safety of his fleet afforded him sufficient excuse to seek a harbor. In this storm, which took place as the admiral had foreseen, the greater part of a large fleet of vessels which had recently set sail for Spain were lost, with all on board—another sacrifice to the thirst for gold.

Shortly after this, a force of 400 men was sent to reduce the Indios of the province of Higüey. These unfortunates were hunted with firearms and bloodhounds. Of the captives taken, those not wanted as slaves had both their hands cut off, many were thrown to the dogs, and several thousand put to the sword.

Ovando, finding that, under the merciful instructions of Los Reyes about dealing with the Indios, he could get no gold—for they shunned the Spaniards "as the sparrow the hawk" and fled to the woods, there to avoid them and die—transmitted to the Court a report to this effect. In a reply dated December, 1503, Ovando was directed "to compel" the Indios to have dealings with the Spaniards; and thus the slave system begun by Columbus, was re-established by the Court.

It may not be uninteresting in this place to hear what the Indios themselves thought about the conquest of America and the motives which impelled the Spaniards in its persecution. Something of this is embodied in the story of Hatuey, cacique of a province of Cuba.

Apprehensive that the Spaniards would come, as they afterwards did come, to his territory, Hatuey called his people together and recounting the cruelties of the white men, said they did all these things for a great God whom they loved much. This God he would

show them. Accordingly he produced a small casket filled with gold. "Here is the God whom they serve and after whom they go: and, as you have heard, already they are longing to pass over to this place, *not pretending more than to seek this God*; wherefore let us make to him here a festival and dances, so that when they come, He may tell them to do us no harm." (Herrera.)

The Indios approved this council, and to propitiate the God whom they thought their enemies worshipped, they danced around it until they were exhausted; when the cacique turned to them and said that they should not keep the God of the Christians anywhere, for were it even in their entrails it would be torn out; but that they should throw it in the river that the Christians might not know where it was; "and there," says the account, "they threw it."

In 1503, Ovando set out with seventy horsemen and 300 foot-soldiers to visit the friendly Queen Anacaona of Xaragua, who hospitably received him with feasting and rejoicing. In return, Ovando, whose object was to terrify the unhappy natives into submission and slavery, invited the chiefs to a mock tournament, where, at a signal from himself, the queen and her caciques were all treacherously captured, the former was put to death by hanging and the latter were burnt alive.

Shortly afterwards, in an expedition against the Indios of the province of Higüey, the Spaniards cut off the hands of their captives, hanged thirteen of them "in honour and reverence of Christ our Lord and His twelve Apostles," and used the hanging bodies of their miserable victims as dumb figures to try their swords upon. At another time, the Indios were burnt alive in a sort of wooden cradle. "*Todo esto yo lo víde, con mis ojos corporeales mortales.*" All this I saw with my own corporeal mortal eyes. (Las Casas.)

Queen Isabella of Spain died in November, 1504. Could she with her dying eyes have seen into the Far West, she

would have beheld the Indian laboring at the mine under the most cruel buffetings, his family neglected, perishing, or enslaved; she would have marked him on his return, after eight months of dire toil, enter a place which knew him not, or a household that could only sorrow over the gaunt creature who had returned to them, and mingle their sorrows with his; or, still more sad, she would have seen Indians who had been brought from far distant homes, linger at the mines, too hopeless or too careless to return."

Isabella's will contained a bequest which unfortunately removed all restraint from the oppressions visited upon the Indios. She left to her widower, the Regent Ferdinand, one-half of the revenues of the Indies as a life estate. In the methods which were resorted to for the collection of these revenues, this meant one-half of the gold which could be extorted by the sweat and blood of the Indios; and Ferdinand, needy and thus endowed, withheld no license to the adventurers in America, which they alleged was needful in order to swell the Fifths due to the Crown, and the importance of the Queen's legacy.

Upon the death of Isabella, Ferdinand, not being the immediate heir to the crown of Spain, retired to his kingdom of Naples, and was succeeded in the government of Spain by King Philip. This monarch died in 1506, and Ferdinand then became King of Spain. A few months before this, Columbus had died, and, like all the other Conquistadores, in poverty and debt.

At this period the Indios had become "a sort of money" which was granted in repartimiento to favorites at the Spanish court. "The mania for gold finding was now propably at its height, and the sacrifice of Indian life proportionately great." So few of the Indios remained alive that negro slaves began to be imported from Africa to fill their places at the mines.

The king was told that the Bahama

Islands were full of Indios who might be transported to Hispaniola in order that “they might assist in getting gold, and the king be much served.” Ferdinand, who was fully as mindful of his interests as the adventurers upon the islands, gave the required license, and the evil work commenced. In five years time, forty thousand of the Bahamians, captured under every circumstance of treachery and cruelty, were transported across the sea, all of them to die lingering deaths at the gold mines.

This was among the last acts of the Ovando administration, which closed with the appointment of Diego Columbus in 1509. Only seventeen years had elapsed since the discovery of the is-

land. According to Humboldt’s “Fluctuations of Gold,” the amount of gold thus far obtained was scarcely more than five million dollars. The cost of its production was several expensive expeditions with their outfits, some thousands of Spanish lives, and at least a million and a half of Indios!

Such was the cruelty of the gold-hunters, and the terror they inspired in the natives, that according to the Abbe Raynal, when Drake captured San Domingo in 1586, he learned from the few survivors of what had once been a populous country that, rather than become the fathers of children who might be subjected to the treatment they had endured, they had unanimously refrained from conjugal intercourse!



“Near the Parting of the Ways”

W. C. Estabrook

IT was a big, wide-porched, green-shuttered farm house, old-fashioned and built for comfort. The rows upon rows of trees that intervened between it and the curving country road gave it a certain air of aloofness that was accentuated rather than relieved by the throngs of people who now lined the shady walks and crowded the porches and spacious chambers.

It was not a palatial house, by any means, but it was a very comfortable one. Eben Wainwright took a great deal of satisfaction in the thought that his family had always known a comfortable home.

He sauntered down to the barn that morning for a last look at the sleek, fat cattle eating contentedly at the ricks, but the unaccustomed throng of people who tied their teams to his fence and filed gapingly through his front gate discomfited him terribly, and he turned

back aimlessly in the direction of the house.

He was a big-boned, powerful man, whose sixty-five years, spent for the most part in the fields, had marvelously preserved his vitality. His face was bronzed and white-bearded, his eyes grey and level-gazed. There was about him the quiet air of self-reliance and determination that had made four generations of Wainwrights the most important factors in the community.

He stopped at the old spring house that his wife’s fathers had built so many years before and dipped the gourd into the cool, black depths.

It seemed to him that the water had never tasted quite so good. While he stood drinking slowly, an old man came hobbling down the secluded path that led from the house to the spring, where the crowd had not yet trespassed. He approached Wainwright with an em-

barrassment which, despite a half century of friendship, he was unable to conceal.

"Eben!" he cried, his old voice shaking gustily, "is this true—what Nancy tells my Marthy?"

Wainwright eyed his old neighbor steadily before answering.

For a moment the words stuck in John Marley's throat.

"That—that you're goin' to—to—separate!" he blundered finally, as if the accusation were too monstrous to make against a man and woman.

Wainwright's jaws came together with a snap.

"It was the agreement between us that nobody outside our own family, except Lawyer Wilson and Colonel Moffet was to know till every thing was over. Nancy had no business to tell Martha nor nobody else," he replied gruffly.

"Then it's true!" ejaculated Marley, aghast. "Why, Eben. Marthy thought that Nancy had gone plum crazy when she told her about it. Even puttin' her story alongside this auction and sale business didn't convince us. We just thought she had gone plum daft. But don't blame Nancy for it. You see, she's knowed Marthy all her life, and she said she jest had to open her heart to someone—but, oh don't blame her—it won't get no furd'er with us. My God, man, after all these years, workin' and enjoyin' and sufferin' side by side, can't the thing be patched up some way, can't"—

"There, now, John Marley, don't meddle," blazed Wainwright; "it's our own affair. Each one of us has chosen his road and we're going to stick by that choice—leastways I am. Things have gone too far now for me to change my mind as long's I've got a speck of pride left. It's our affair, so let us alone."

He hung up the gourd and stalked sternly along the path to the house. He avoided the porches and entered by

the side door that opened on the rear hall. The lower portion of the house was thrown open and he glimpsed his wife in the big front room to the left.

She moved about the groups of unsuspecting friends who crowded the room, her face serene and apparently untroubled. Watching her furtively, Wainwright filled with bitter rage that she could be so untouched by the tragedy of their lives. Proud as he knew her to be, he had thought—in the little time the whirl of trouble had given him for thinking—that somehow, her pride must yield to his stubbornness in this case, as it had so often done before. But it had not, and the breach had widened until it was a chasm which threatened to engulf the happiness of the few years left to them.

With a sudden defiant lifting of the head he entered the room to the right. About him were men and women whom he had known all of his life. There were wives and husbands whose playmates he had been and whose children had been reared almost with his own. He mingled with them as had always been his custom, and was kept busy explaining what he and his wife had given out already by agreement—that they were tired of farming, that the old life was too hard for them, and that they had determined to "auction off" everything and move to the city for a change.

It was only a makeshift to soften the blow of the ultimate announcement, from the publicity of which both still shrank. Wainwright, who all his life had hated subterfuges and who was given to speak the truth bluntly, found the new task no easy one. It irritated him to know that his wife, who had always been so dependent upon him, could face the ordeal with such apparent composure.

The two old friends whom they had found it necessary to acquaint with their plans had received the news as they would have received the word of

the old couples' death. The lawyer thought it was to have been expected long ago of people as proud as Eben Wainwright and his wife. Colonel Moffet shrewdly blamed the disaster upon the meddlesome children, who had inherited the temper and pride of their respective parents along with some less desirable qualities from more distant forbears.

At five minutes of ten Colonel Moffet left his place on the porch and entered the house. His keen black eyes traveled over the faces around him until they met Wainwright's. He beckoned the old farmer to him and drew him back to the rear hall.

“Eben, you're still determined to sell out and”— He did not finish the sentence.

Wainwright's level gaze met the anxious eyes of his life-time friend.

“I'd have told you if I'd changed my mind,” he said grimly.

Without another word Colonel Moffet made his way back to the front room. He was white-haired, silvery-voiced old gentleman of the type which is too fast disappearing. Every man, woman and child for miles around knew him and loved him. Educated for the law, he had returned from the Civil War and taken up the more humble calling of auctioneer for reasons he had never deigned to give, although there were those who declared that his unrequited love for the girl Wainright had married had taken all the zest of life from him and left him ambitionless. For years his auctions had been the events of the country side. They rivalled the comings of the most noted political speakers, both in the crowds they drew and the entertainment they afforded.

As he took a position near the piano and raised his hand for silence, his usual gaiety of manner gave way to a solemnity that was almost ministerial. “Friends,” he began, “you all know that nothing but the best ever came into

this house. Eben and Nancy Wainright are too genuine themselves to have ever permitted anything shoddy about them. The fact that an article is sold from this house is a guarantee that it is the best that money can buy.

“I shall start the day's business with the sale of this grand piano. You know this instrument—most of you have sung or danced to its music right here in this room. They made honest pianos forty-five years ago, friends, because they made honest men then. Nancy Wainright's father gave her this piano when she was a girl seventeen years old. It was a birthday gift, and I remember as well as if it had been yesterday the day they brought it up to the door there. It took a four-horse team to haul it from the station, and while I'll admit that the roads were a trifle bad then, it gives you an idea of the weight of it. There's no veneer in this case—it's all solid mahogany.

“And the tone! The first time I heard Nancy play it made me think of rainbows of sound! It was one night when she was home from the Hopedale Seminary. Eben was there that night—he had just begun keeping company with Nancy then—and there were a few others whom I see here now—Luke Walden and his wife there in the corner, and the Widow Phillips over there by the door, and the Malthys out in the other room.

“My! I'll never forget how Nancy played ‘The Maiden's Prayer,’ and ‘The Storm’—that was a terribly difficult piece—thunder and lightning and rain and all that sort of thing in it. Then there was ‘Silvery Waves’ and ‘The Black Key Mazurka!’ And when she had finished the fancy music that she had learned at the Seminary, she cut loose on ‘Tucker’ and ‘Speed the Plough’ and ‘The Devil's Dream.’ Her father was a red-hot Methodist those days and when Nancy came to those tunes some of us young folks sneaked out and danced them on the lawn. All but

Eben—you couldn't have pulled him away from this piano that night with all the king's horses. I can just see Nancy and Eben like they were that night, he leaning over the music rack and Nancy's fingers darting about the keys like swallows.

"And I'll never forget the time their engagement was announced. After everybody had congratulated them and toasted them, we all gathered about the piano and sang 'Then You'll Remember Me,' and 'Douglas, Tender and True.' I never hear the tinkle of this instrument that I don't think of the day, a few months later, when they were married: Susan McKenzies played the wedding march and Eben and Nancy came down stairs together and marched over there by the bay window, where they had fixed up an altar of flowers and evergreens.

"Oh, it has always sounded happiness and good cheer, this old piano. It has stood here and played into the ardent love of youth, and then tears and joys of consummated love, which, after all, is the sweetest thing that can come to any of us, and at last the prayers and hopes of the evening of life! Is it any wonder that it fairly quivers out an ecstasy of music whenever its old keys are touched?

"I remember so well way back in the seventies when a blight of panic was over the land. Eben had mortgaged the farm and the three crop failures that followed had brought him closer to ruin than any of us at the time dreamed of. One night on my way from Hopedale I stopped here and Eben told me all about his terrible straits. He was almost distracted with the thought of his terrible loss. Finally, Nancy, who had been listening to it all, got up and went to the piano and, with tears still in her eyes, she began on lively old tunes and sang and played until we almost forgot the trouble.

"Give me a woman with a little music in her soul—a noble woman like

Nancy Wainwright, who has borne her share of the burdens of forty years, who has cheered and helped, as we are all ready to bear witness, who sung when things looked dark and laughed when she felt like crying—and then give me a noble instrument like this to help her song along.

"If I were an old man I should buy it for the sentiment it has entwined with its harmonies here in this house, the songs it has accompanied—songs that came straight from a good woman's heart, for the memories of the long, happy life it awakens. And if I were a young man I should buy it for the happiness it seems to typify, that my wife might dream her dreams where another noble woman had dreamed hers, that she might sing her songs where other songs of love and truth and life had been sung."

He stopped for an instant, and the crowd pushed nearer. When he resumed his voice had lost its appealing and there was left only the inciting tone of the professional auctioneer.

"Gentlemen, what am I offered for this fine old instrument? Speak up, speak up!"

Eben Wainwright elbowed his way towards the piano. His grim face was pale and drawn.

"Hold, Colonel," he cried, reaching out a detaining hand, "I—I've decided to reserve the piano. I don't want it sold."

Some of the older people smiled shyly, while the strangers in the room turned towards him wonderingly. A look of triumph shot from the Colonel's black eyes.

"Mr. Wainwright wishes to reserve the piano," he said, quietly. "We'll now proceed to something else."

He got down from his box and went into the old fashioned dining room, where he took his place beside the heavy oak table. Something of his old-time facetiousness had returned and there was a buoyancy in the life of his

white head and a confident note in his silvery tones that reminded the older people of those times when they used to stop the bidding to cheer his eloquence and wit.

“The next article I offer for your consideration, friends, is this fine old dining room set.”

He paused for a moment and indicated the broad table, the substantial chairs and the massive sideboard.

“There is about an old dining table something which, to my mind, symbolizes the sanctity of family unity,” he resumed. “Three times every day, more than a thousand times a year, a family gathers about its board. There, for the time being, are merged those different interests which the years inevitably bring to every family circle. There, the insistent demand of nature compels a flag of truce in the midst of the most trivial of domestic hostilities.

“And ever since civilization has decreed that man must provide for his family, the world has been prone to measure him by the good things he daily spreads for them. Eben Wainright certainly never fell short of the world’s standard.

“Right here I must recall something which, until now, had almost been covered by the dust of years. One bitter, cold afternoon, in the midst of a raging blizzard, I met Eben coming out of a store in Hopedale. He was tucking a package into his pocket, and when I asked him, jokingly, what precious thing it was that took him twelve miles from home on such a day, he told me he had ridden all the way to Hopedale to get some tea. When I asked him if he couldn’t have got the tea at the station, he fumbled into his gloves and then answered in the most matter-of-fact manner, as if ten extra miles on such a day were nothing at all:

“They’re out of the kind that Nancy likes over at the station.”

“I am surely old enough now,

friends, to be pardoned my habit of reminiscence. And when I offer this splendid set for your bidding I can’t help saying”—

There was a gentle movement of the crowd at the right and Nancy Wainright came from the other room, where she had been listening. Her sweet old voice was so tremulous that it could be scarcely heard even in the silence that suddenly prevailed.

“Colonel Moffet, I don’t think I can stand it—to—to see the old set go,” she wavered, brokenly.

“Mrs. Wainright reserves the dining room set,” said the Colonel, with a brusqueness that was altogether assumed. “And now before I proceed I should like to see Mrs. Wainright and her husband alone for a moment, that I may not again run counter to their reserve list which—I—er—seem to have misplaced.”

A moment later he had brought them together in the front room up-stairs. Wainright’s big arms went out suddenly and gathered the sobbing old wife to him.

The Colonel left them and pulled the door gently shut. He waited a while in the shadows of the upper landing and then went below, where he mounted a chair and looked smilingly about him.

“Uncle Eben and Aunt Nancy have found some of their old things more precious than they thought,” he said.

“They are sorry to have caused you this trouble of coming, and I announce for them, that until a definite list can be determined upon, this auction is postponed.”

Upstairs, Wainright and his wife watched the crowd depart. Their old faces held the traces of tears, but they were tears of happiness.

“It just seemed to me the Colonel was auctioning off my very heart,” said Mrs. Wainright, sobbingly.

"And mine, too, wife," replied Wainright, patting her shoulders with his old caress.

In the yard below a group of men accosted the auctioneer.

"Sort o' fizzle, eh, Colonel?" inquired one.

Colonel Moffet nodded discreetly, as if to acquiesce in the common opinion.

But, once under the cover of his old top sulky, he gave one wistful look at the up-stairs window of the big white house and smiled contentedly as he drove away.



The Arrest of Jefferson Davis

A. O'Donahue

(From an account published in The Wyoming Tribune)

ALTHOUGH nearly half a century has elapsed since that historic day when the South laid down her shattered sword to the conquering host of the North at Appomattox Court House, and the great civil conflict had become a memory, conflicting accounts, and often bias, still envelope many a stirring event of that Titanic struggle in a haze of doubt and uncertainty.

A question that has always been the subject of considerable controversy, and still, occasionally, of heated argument is whether or not Jefferson Davis, in attempting to escape from his pursuers, was, at the time of his capture, attired in woman's apparel. In that respect, and now, when in the natural order of things, the Grim Reaper is rapidly thinning the ranks of the "boys who wore the blue" in those momentous days, it is a matter of no little interest to meet and talk with a veteran who took a personal part in the capture of the Confederate president.

Such a man is John A. Skinner, for many years a resident of Boulder, Colo., and now senior member of the firm of Skinner & Skinner, brick manufacturers and builders of Shoshoni. Mr. Skinner is one of the few survivors of the detachment of the Fourth Michigan cavalry, which made a prisoner of the Southern statesman,

In conversation with the writer, a few evenings ago, Mr. Skinner gave the following graphic account of the historic incident:

"It was on the morning of May sixth, at Macon, Georgia, where we had been lying a short while, when 'strike tents' was sounded by the bugle. We packed up quickly. The order was given to fall into line and we took our respective places in the line of march. We were under sealed orders and did not know the nature of our mission, but next day in some way or other, the report got around among us that we were going to capture Jefferson Davis. We passed through Hawkinsville, and when we reached the ford of the Alabama river our horses were pretty nearly fagged out. Here we ran across the First Wisconsin.

"Colonel Pritchard, of the Fourth Michigan, was ranking officer. They picked out 128 of the best horses in the regiment. Colonel Pritchard instructed the Major of the First Wisconsin to proceed to a certain place and go into park, and that he would go into park at another point, both forces to concentrate in the morning at Ivanville. Colonel Pritchard secured a guide and leaving the remainder of the Fourth Michigan at the ford, our detachment of 128 men set out on the march. We cut

across through the woods and reached Ivanville between one and two o'clock in the morning.

"There were four of us, including myself, under command of Sergeant Mace Brown of Company I, in the advance of our detachment. We made a halt at Ivanville, trying to ascertain the fact whether any wagon train had passed through that day. We knocked on a door and the family answered our summons, but we told them not to make any light. Sergeant Brown and myself entered the house, and while we stood talking to the proprietor a little girl about fourteen years of age came down stairs, holding a lighted candle in her hand. She seemed to be greatly frightened. She would look at her father and then at us. Finally she spluttered out, 'Papa, I'll be damned if them ain't Yanks.' Sergeant Brown warned the man that if any of the family left the house they would be shot. They seemed to be friendly, and told us that four or five wagons passed through the town that afternoon.

"When we got back to the road we noticed the glare of a fire about three-quarters of a mile ahead of us. Sergeant Brown reported to Colonel Pritchard what he had heard.

"There were twenty-five of us detailed and placed under command of Lieutenant Purington, of Company I. We were ordered to make a circuit around the camp fire and be on the road that the campers would have to go out on. Orders were also given not to advance on the camp until daylight, or in case the party should break camp; and when Colonel Pritchard was to hear our firing he would charge with the other 105 men.

"We had laid on the ground about three-quarters of an hour when a detachment of mounted men came up on our rear. Lieutenant Purington shouted 'Halt! Who comes there?' The sergeant in command of the advance replied, 'You're the men we're looking for.'

"'Dismount, one in advance,' responded Purington. 'Let me know who you are, Federal or Confederate. We're Federal troops.' The sergeant of the troops in a loud voice said to one of his men, 'You dismount and let them know who we are.'

"They were very close to us and the sergeant spoke again in a low tone. 'Turn your horses and run,' said he; and off they bolted. Lieutenant Purington now shouted, 'Fire upon them!' and we sent a shower of lead after them with 25 Spencer rifles. Day was now beginning to dawn, but it was not yet clear enough for us to see who were the men we were firing upon, and who had now turned, and were pouring bullets into us volley for volley.

"When Colonel Pritchard heard the firing he placed a guard over the camp and with the remainder of our force made a charge, coming around to where we were engaged, and opening fire upon our opponents immediately. Thus, our detachment of 25 men found themselves under a galling fire from two sides. We broke to the right to escape this unpleasant position and waded through a swamp that was fairly alive with 'spike' alligators.

"The morning grew brighter and we were not a little surprised to learn that the men with whom we were engaged in a pitched battle were a detachment of the First Wisconsin. Orders to cease fire were of course immediately given. There was an elapse of a few seconds, then the Wisconsin poured another volley into Pritchard's force, killing one of our men and wounding another. The Wisconsin then discovered their mistake and ceased firing.

"We, twenty-five men, made our way back to the wagon train. There were five wagons and ambulances. Two men were lying on the ground on a straw 'tick.' Joseph Odron, of Company G, and myself, went up to where they were lying. They had their heads covered. We ordered them to get up. The one on the left side raised the quilts and

peeped out, then covered up his face again. I took hold of his pillow and raised his head, taking a belt with two revolvers and holsters from under it. Obron raised the other one's head and took his belt and revolvers from under the pillow. The man whose revolvers I removed proved to be John Reagen, postmaster general of the Confederacy. The other was his assistant, and brother of Mrs. Jefferson Davis.

"By this time the whole command had come up. Pritchard had left one man, Andrew Bee, a German of Company L, on guard at the tent.

"At this juncture two young women, with what I thought was a little old woman, walking between them and carrying a small tin bucket in her hand, came out of the tent. The person who looked like a little old woman wore a waterproof cloak extending to the ground with a little black shawl over her head and tied under her chin. Bee asked them where they were going. One of the young ladies replied that they were taking their mother out to the branch to get some water. The guard told them that they could not go. Adjutant Dickinson was standing a short distance off and one of the young women said, 'Lieutenant, can't the guard pass us out?' Dickinson called

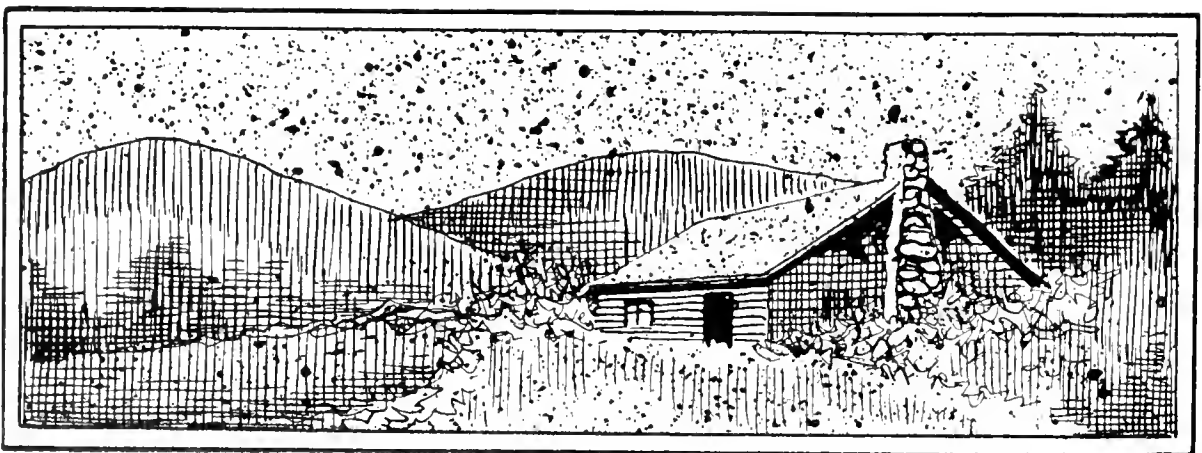
out, 'Guard, pass the ladies out,' and out they went.

"They had gotten about 100 yards away from the tent when Bee exclaimed, 'By Jesus, that's no woman! that's Sheff Davis.'

"He ran in pursuit, and as he started a big dark-complexioned woman came out of the tent and ran after him. Bee got before the women and crossing his musket in front of them, ordered them to halt. At that instant the stout dark woman caught up with him and cried out, 'For God's sake, don't shoot the president.'

"The troops began to circle around the group. One of them opened the water-proof cloak, while another took the little shawl from his head, and there stood Jefferson Davis in the uniform of a Confederate General. He was game to the core and pointing to his breast, said, 'Shoot me right there.'

"It has been said and repeated time and again, that the Confederate president at the time of his capture, even wore skirts and hoops. But I was right there, an eye witness of the event, and am willing to swear to the fact that the only garments worn by Jefferson Davis that might be described as feminine were the water-proof cloak and the little shawl over his head."



Governor Hooper===Mayor Howse and Negro Equality in Tennessee

Florent T. Jaudon

THE political unrest which has existed for several years in Tennessee does not seem to have abated since the last gubernatorial election.

Factional feeling is more bitter, and the seeming effort to make political capital of the ever-vexed and always vexing "negro question" has added greatly to the disturbing element.

Governor B. W. Hooper, of Tennessee, and Hillery E. Howse, of Nashville, don't agree politically on a great many points, but they unite in their individual efforts to make political capital of the negro of Tennessee. Hooper wants him as a presidential delegate; Howse wants him at the polls; and gets him there with whiskey.

A dozen or more negroes caught under a falling wall were the basis for a political symposium, a high jinks in praise of the colored brother, at the Nashville Auditorium, March 23, 1911, when, among other flattering things, Hooper said:

"Some people misjudge the colored race, because they pick out the lowest specimens of the race as typical of the whole. We would not like for our race to be so judged. Again, some people are disposed to expect too much of the colored race. They expect them to do in fifty years what we have done in fifteen hundred years."

Coming from a speaker cradled in Republicanism, from a section noted for its partisan bitterness during and since the war, the meaning of these words cannot be misunderstood. They came from a man the most prominent now of his party in the State, whose evident ambition is to Republicanize Tennessee. The mouthpiece of the party that for long and bitter years has forced the negro voter on the South, that still

desires to do so, solely for despicable partisan success. Hooper and the leaders of his Africo-White party know the negro should not vote where white interests and happiness are at stake.

March 24, 1911, *The Tennessean* said of Hooper's speech, that it "might be termed a message to the colored race."

Yes, it was intended as a party message to the negroes of Tennessee, and all his speeches are made for that purpose, although nominally all do not come under a political head. He has an eye single to the profit of his party, though trying to make it appear he is most liberal in politics. Hooper is smooth, he manipulates the political pea-and-shell as deftly as an old Arkansas river sport. But there is a mote in Hooper's eye; he does not focus the times aright.

The Republican party has made a political barbarism by giving the negro a vote in the South. It not only made him a political curse here, but also a social one, as it led the black brute to think that he is our social equal. Hooper knows the negro has been a continuing blight to the South, and knowing this, he would not vote for an amendment to our Constitution to free us from it, an amendment that would disfranchise the ignorant black.

For his negro hearers these words could have had only this meaning:

"If you had had the same opportunities the whites had, been free as long as they had, had the schools and churches as long as they had—you would be as far advanced as they are."

If he did not mean this, or want them so to understand him, he should have added, "but socially, politically, educationally, religiously you cannot reach as high a position as the white race has.

You can improve your condition by temperance, industry and economy."

The Supreme Being has created non-progressive races—the negro, Bushmen and Digger Indians are examples. Why He did this, why He made these human abortions. He only knows. Should He see fit to instantaneously sweep them from the earth, as clogs, hindrances to human progress, great good would result, and the writer would say, "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away: blessed be the name of the Lord."

We have no proof that the negro race is not as old as any other, that he has not been in Africa since God made man, and what is he now? The same head-hunting savage as he was at first—has neither advanced nor fallen back—is dead to civilization!

Though our earliest known ancestors were cave-dwellers, with no better opportunities than the negroes, compare us now with the negroes of Africa! Nature had put her ban on human slavery, however low that enslaved humanity may be, but slavery has surrounded the negroes with the only comforts and freedom they have ever had: in Africa, they are savages, slaves to the strongest still. In the United States they have reached a semi-civilization, as far as they can be advanced, and that is imitative; left to themselves, they would lapse into barbarism.

Put our nine millions of negroes in Africa tomorrow and in five years time they would be head-hunters, clothed in tattoos, just as the natives of its jungles are.

The Southern people have not misjudged the negro, they have been very patient with them; they have had them as slaves for three hundred years, as freemen they have had them fifty years; they have had them as their political masters through the tyranny of the Republican party; our women have suffered through their brutal lust tortures that Christ never suffered on the Cross; we have had

them forced on us by the Republican party as voters and renegades in our elections and they have been political wreckers: we have had them as free laborers to our financial damage; they have kept us from getting foreign laborers, as well as those from the North: we have spent millions in trying to educate them, only to sharpen their inborn viciousness and ability to violate the law, while progressive white children needed schooling: they have been, are, and will be the pestilence by day and by night to our women, and the rope, the bullet, the stake will not restrain their hellish passions—they are distinguished from the brute creation only by the power of speech.

Seward said of the negro before he was freed, there was an "irrepressible" conflict before us: the negro is free and there is an "irrepressible necessity—necessity that will have to be met—to rid ourselves of him, though political traitors and knaves dispute it; though corporate money hogs in the South deny it, as they get his work cheaper than white labor; because smaller money gluttons value a negro's dollar as highly as they do a white man's dollar!

Being inferiors and descendants of ex-slaves, this vicious generation of young negroes is jealous of us and hate us, and this jealousy and malice and hatred and danger will increase as they increase in numbers.

Peaceably, how are we to rid ourselves of them? How are we to avoid that "Irrepressible Conflict" that history declares must sooner or later come unless a peaceable separation is made before the war of extermination of one or the other race takes place?

By doing our own work, as is being done in a few communities South, with most satisfactory results. The Northern people have done their own work for many generations—note how far ahead they are of us in everything desirable in life—and more precious still, their

women are free from the terror, danger, that makes the lives of ours a constant dread!

Do our own work and they must get work elsewhere, as white men have to do when work gives out. Where can the negro go then? Mexico lies right at our doors; in a few days time, at a small cost, railroads will put them there. That climate for the negro is as good as our own. The negro is superior in intelligence to the mongrel people of Mexico; intermarriage with them would not be a violation of Nature's law. In non-progressiveness, the negro and the Mexican are alike: in civilization, our negroes are above them, as ours for centuries have had the benefit of white civilization as far as they were able to receive it.

Every white man South, true to her interests, will condemn Gov. Hooper for the sentiments expressed in his words to those negroes, that with time the negro can reach the white man's level. Coming from the Governor of Tennessee, it was an unpardonable insult to the Democrats, ex-Confederates who supported him. This was what made Howse commit a greater insult against them, who followed him.

If Gov. Hooper, through conceit, through servility to the commands of his party, thinks he can turn Tennessee over to it, he under-estimates our manhood and womanhood. That party is so coupled with the brutal negro politically that has tried to indirectly force social equality on us through the negroes' votes, that without the unconquerable objection that Nature has planted in us against the negro, it would be impossible. We have spurned a white democracy that truckled to the negro; we surely will not bow to a white Republican party that does it, if we have, as a people, due self-respect!

Democrats, ex-Confederate soldiers, voted for Hooper solely because they felt satisfied he would execute the laws

—for no other reason, they detested his party while they voted for him. Let him not deceive himself as to this.

He will never see a second term through their votes. They accomplished their purpose when they defeated leaders faithless to them. They will now re-unite in the party that will be true to the white man's interests South. Andrew Jackson, self-made, with only Nature's help, sat in the President's chair, was impeached because he wanted to be just to his people, the white people South—but Hooper is not Andy Jackson. Has he the self-assurance that the White House may be reached by him?

Gov. Hooper is abreast of the times politically. North as well as South the negro's true worth is now known by the people. North, the fever of sentimentality has run its course, except with a few high-brows and sham philanthropists—with the Tafts and Roosevelts of the political underworld and their underlings South.

Mr. Taft, masquerading in the President's chair, appoints the negro Napier Register of the Treasury; Lewis, the Baked Beans negro, Assistant Attorney General, not because they are as well qualified as tens of thousands of white men, but solely because they are negroes, and it is safe to assume that Hooper, if it was safe, would appoint some Tennessee negro college graduate to a good office. But he goes as far as he dares—gives them noxious advice at the Auditorium to tickle their vanity.

Booker Washington, in a recent magazine article, says Roosevelt invited him to dine at the White House, that he did dine there with him, his family and "a gentleman from Colorado." Booker neglected to tell what constitutes "a gentlemen." Will this do? "Any white man that would dine with Booker." Gentlemen of the Republican party, visit Booker and receive the accolade; financial magnates above the Line pro-

vide a groaning table for Roosevelt's social side-partner.

Never has that ex-presidential renegade, the son of a Southern mother, atoned to her, apologized to the Nation, for that pre-eminent, manifest insult, to the race he so foully acted the traitor to socially.

Yet this Social Outlaw, justly so, comes South still unreconstructed socially, and the South bows down to him, and at the same time bows down to Booker, that thrift may follow fawning, thinking he may again be President and they, by this servility, will be allowed to help loot the National Treasury. This and nothing more.

Abraham Lincoln is one of the South's political heirlooms, he was born South but he belonged not to Roosevelt's order of social depravity—he put the negro where Nature put him, where God put him. Time and again Our Abe, the Nation's Colossus, told his negro hearers that the Almighty had built a social wall between the white and black races that could not be torn down. Yet these Republican sycophants, Roosevelt and his like, without shame, encourage negro social and political equality, would suspend God's decree, make Lincoln, the patriot, a liar. Roosevelt butted his head against that wall; like a negro, Taft bruises his knuckles against it, and Hooper throws straws at it.

Nature has decreed that social and political equality are one and inseparable, that the ballot belongs solely to social equals—equals by birth—who mentally and physically are not race antagonists.

Give the suffrage to the progressive and non-progressives, Nature's opposites, and social and political degradation will surely follow; where she decrees a social separation, she ordains a political one also.

Taft, the supreme ward-heeler of the Africo-Republican party, sends Booker Washington, Roosevelt's table *vis a vis*,

his most abject "sympathies" for the richly deserved clubbing that negro head of the annex of the party got—no, not its negro head, but its mulatto dictator, who has all the cunning of both races.

The intent of Booker Washington, the product of racial adulteration and sexual debasement, is to place his race where it can wreak vengeance on us for their enslavement, as did the negroes of Hayti on the whites there. Our negroes are biding their time, growing bolder and bolder, more aggressive as time goes by—they need only a leader. Booker is a half breed, the most dangerous of all breeds, with the evil traits of both breeds.

High praise for those people of the South who are offering aid in Mr. Ulrich's defense for beating that negro prowler at ten o'clock at night.

If a white man South, a real white man, had met that negro, under the same circumstances, the coroner would have taken charge of the remains! Gov. Vardaman, of the Old Guard, who has the old-time reverence for women, was right when he said the facts showed the negro was there for a purpose—his own admissions show it.

Ranson, one of New York's negro divines, said there: "Whenever an accusation, however unjust, or a suspicion, however unfounded, is lodged against a negro, public sentiment is quickly inflamed, and if a white woman gives her word, it would stand against the whole world so far as a negro's word is concerned. We are not here," said Ranson, "to assail the discredited accusers of Dr. Washington, but to vouch for our confidence in him." Just as well have one bunch of chicken thieves vouch for the honesty of another bunch. The witness stand shows, proves, you can trust a negro's oath as far as you can trust a hound pup with a tenderloin steak.

The disfranchisement of the negro in certain Southern states has been of in-

calculable benefit, and the recent elections in Tennessee show the absolute necessity of taking the ballot from him, but ask Taft if he would advise it and with that unctuous smile of his, as broad as his political hypocrisy, he would say, "No." Taft has honeyed words for the white Democrats South and gives Napier, the negro, a high office in the National Treasury. Officially, he ranks these human standstills as high as the highest white men South.

The old-time, sincere Abolitionists desired the freedom of the negroes because every man should earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, not by the sweat of a slave's brow, but they did not want to free him so that he might enslave his former masters and their descendants.

As long as the Republican party in Tennessee and its Democratic allies oppose disfranchisement of its negroes, so long politically will its large cities be at the mercy of these political blacks.

Davidson county has, by the last census 29,033 white and 12,666 negro voters; Shelby county, 33,028 white and 26,964 black voters; Hamilton county, 17,567 white, and 7,812 negro voters; 12 negro voters in Davidson to 29 white; 13 black in Shelby to 17 white, and seven black to 17 white in Hamilton.

There it is, in black and white, the negroes always solid for mis-government and whiskey. How can you beat them in those cities where white degenerate pander to them? Yet Hooper, for his party, and so-called Democrats in their hellish lust for political power, hold the negro as our political equal and therefore our social equal.

The writer and many other ex-Confederate soldiers supported Hooper solely because they believed he would execute the law but were opposed to his political views—"Dad was under the hay," and, Sunday or no Sunday, the hay had to be forked! Hooper's bondage to his party is

greater than his obligation to his race, and these he makes political slaves of for the negro vote. If Hooper were broad-minded, a statesman, he would not favor political savagery.

How far Hooper's childhood, under that "most subtle serpent of life, Poverty," embittered him against the ruling class South, perhaps he is not aware of. He comes from a section of the state where the Union was the Diety and slavery was the Devil, where bush-whacking during our unhappy war was the rule and the rules of war the exception.

He was born and bred in an environment that saturated him with political prejudices, which he tries to hide, but which are not dead. He and his party still endorse the negro political fallacy and outrage—Roosevelt sets the Devil's pace in social equality. They will never repudiate it until that party has statesmen as leaders!

Where shall true Democrats go in Tennessee? Reconstruct their own party by throwing overboard their renegade leaders, or come under the yoke of the negro party—shall they form a new party? Some of our leaders have pandered more shamelessly to the negroes in the late elections than have the Republicans. Are we at the parting of the ways—we people, going from under the yoke of both oligarchies, political despotisms, feudalisms? Have we nothing but will-o'-the-wisps as leaders, who have and are leading us into bogs? We are more to blame than they are, for we are the dupes of the dollar, its slaves, and through it, political serfs. We are satisfied with the chains barter and trade have put on us, that insane greed has forged for us.

We have desperate leaders, reckless demagogues, that have made the followers desperate. These leaders have brought us to the brink of ruin and the voters will not go over it at the commands of these political wolves. Give

these patriotic voters of Tennessee, its Independent Democrats, honorable, patriotic leaders, and they will stay with it—give us men, not those who betrayed us!

Howse, whose name blisters the tongue, made himself notorious at the Auditorium, too, *The Tennessean* saying:

"In introducing Mayor Howse, Rev. Gates (negro) referred to him in complimentary terms." As the negro's spiritual asset is whiskey, Howse gives him a wide-open town. Why should not Gates, a negro, compliment him?

Howse put that dozen or more dead negroes on the same patriotic level with our Southern dead; put them in the Hall of Fame with our dead, who filled graves from Gettysburg to the Rio Grande. He put the dead who died for Dixie no higher than the common negro, who knows not what patriotism is, put them in graves no more honorable than those filled by black brutes!

In speaking of those dead, non-progressive negroes, Howse declared: "They died as patriotic a death as any soldier who ever died on the battlefield."

And this man, man only in physical proportions, is mayor of Nashville, the Capitol of Tennessee—the negroes' mayor and the white man's disgrace—perhaps claims to be a mourner for our dead, on Decoration Day puts wreaths on their graves, hypocritically takes his hat off to our living heroes, thrills when he hears Dixie!

Yes, he is mayor of Nashville, to its unpardonable disgrace, put there by voters whose fathers, brothers and sons fought, died, under the Flag that Father Ryan embalmed in immortal verse. What do you Southern

men have to say now of this scoffer at your dead, this reviler of our dead, you who stood shoulder to shoulder at the polls with the brutal negroes who made him mayor—what do you think of him now? You had no shame then; have you any now?

Ah, if Carmack had been alive Hooper and Howse would not have escaped the editorial lash; but Carmack is dead, and the independence of *The Tennessean* went into the grave with him.

This subserviency to the negro and his vassals has assignable reasons, commercial debauchery and political servility to that debasement. Of great commercial interest are the nine millions of negroes, and their money has the same marketable value as that of the whites. Money is a great silencer and destroyer of principle, and it is Booker here and Booker there, and the Southern press has been Bookerized into dumbness as to that negro's prowling conduct in New York; and, furthermore, he dined with our friend, the President, whom we Southern people adore, line the sidewalks for, show our adoration for by press pages of adulation—the negro is a power, commercially, politically and presidentially. Hats off to the negro!

The South had editorial giants before the war. Now look at its editorial Grub-streeters, pigmies, tools for the trusts and corporations!

They know as little of editorial independence as the peon of Mexico and the fellah of Egypt do of liberty.

The ante-bellum days South were its rich editorial years; these are its lean years, editorially, and nubbins make poor shoats. The universal ruse for the debasing dollar has wrought mental poverty.



Andrew Jackson

Dr. Ivan Lee Holt

(Response to the toast, "Andrew Jackson," at the Annual Banquet of the Tennessee Society of St. Louis, January 7th, 1911)

MY acquaintance with Andrew Jackson dates from the time when I read in my first history of the refusal of a spirited Carolina boy to black the boots of a British officer. That acquaintance has ripened to friendship through subsequent reading and association. During my college days at Vanderbilt it was my good fortune to see a number of times and to talk with the late Col. A. S. Colyar, of Nashville, at that time engaged in preparing his large two-volume life of Andrew Jackson. It has been my pleasure to know as friends several of the descendants of the Donelson family, to which Mrs. Jackson belonged, both in Memphis and Nashville. To one of these descendants as Secretary and as Regent of the Ladies' Hermitage Association, as much as to any other one person, is due the credit of preserving the home of Andrew Jackson; in company with her and other friends I have visited the Hermitage, walking through its halls and rooms, viewing its antique furniture, wandering over the surrounding fields, pulling violets in the garden where the old soldier and his wife lie buried.

To one who has eyes to see and ears to hear, such a contact with the natural scenes amid which a striking life developed is full of inspiration. That we may better understand the life and character of Andrew Jackson, we shall recall the principal events in his life, already more or less familiar to all of you. He was born nine years before the signing of the Declaration of Independence in a community of Irish immigrants in the Carolinas. From this same people there came two men who were afterwards to be among Jackson's

political opponents, John C. Calhoun and William Henry Crawford—men whose antagonism made the political history of the greater part of the second and third decades of the last century. Andrew Jackson, Sr., was probably the poorest settler in the community and was forced to take a claim far out in the wilderness; his struggle with this wilderness was soon over and he died within two years after he reached America, and a few weeks before Andrew's birth. Two of Andrew's brothers gave up their lives for their country in the last days of the Revolutionary War, and his mother died of a fever contracted while nursing American soldiers at Charletson. In one of her novels George Eliot speaks of the influence of one's childhood on one's after-life; there is no wonder that Andrew Jackson hated the English and loved his country, when all the members of his family but himself died as martyrs for the land they loved, three of the four in opposing the forces of England.

During the last half of the eighteenth century the intellectual activity of the young men in America, which had previously been devoted to the study of theology, was directed to the law; as the country developed the complication of property rights and diversification of industry rendered some legal knowledge necessary. Jackson studied law, was admitted to the bar in 1788 and came to Tennessee in 1789 as public prosecutor for this frontier country. The whites were still engaged in conflict with the Indians, the difficulty of cultivating where forests abound and where abundance of game furnishes food rendering them idle, thriftless and akin to the

savages in habits and occupations. These pioneers were not always the heroes we make them in song and story and sometimes lowered themselves in their contact with the wild savage life of the wilderness. They were litigious: Court Day was and still is in some of the mountain towns of Tennessee and Kentucky a social gathering, an occasion for gossip, an opportunity for trading, a time for moulding public opinion by the stump speech and political oration. To be a prosecutor in such a community was to take one's life into one's own hands, especially if the breaker of the law had public sentiment on his side.

It required courage, determination and common sense; that Jackson proved himself equal to the task of introducing law and order is evidenced by a remark of Governor Blount, when certain wrongs were reported to him, "Just inform Mr. Jackson: he will be sure to do his duty, and the offenders will be punished." Appointed as judge, Jackson was equally fearless; on the way to hold court at Jonesboro in the fall of 1803 he was informed that a combination had been formed against him to mob him. At the time he was suffering from intermittent fever; weary from his long journey and burning with fever, he lay down upon a bed in the tavern on his arrival at Jonesboro. A little while after his coming a friend rushed to his room to tell him to lock the door, for a colonel and a whole crowd of men had assembled in front of the tavern for the purpose of tarring and feathering him. Instead of locking the door, he threw it wide open and sent this message to the colonel: "Give my compliments to the colonel and tell him my door is open to receive him and his regiment whenever they choose to wait upon me, and that I hope the colonel's chivalry will induce him to lead his men, not follow them."

From 1796 to 1798 he had represented Tennessee in Congress, but made very little impression; in fact, at the close of

the first decade of the nineteenth century, though well known in his own state, he was not a national figure. Within ten years he was the dominant personality of his age. In 1801 he had been elected Major-General of the Tennessee militia over John Sevier by one vote. It is interesting to speculate on the consequences of that one vote: had it not been for that vote there would have been no Indian campaign; had there been no Indian campaign, there would have been no New Orleans; had there been no New Orleans, there would have been no election to the Presidency. In the popular mind, Jackson's military reputation rests on the victory at New Orleans; it is interesting to record that the Duke of Wellington once remarked, "If he had done nothing else, this Creek campaign would have made Jackson one of the great generals of the world."

Jackson's victory at New Orleans in 1815 was more than a combination of good luck, reckless audacity and the blundering of his enemies. Such a combination even cannot account for the defeat of Pakenham, with the single exception of Wellington the greatest General in the English army, supported by such veterans as Hannibal had at Cannae. It is true that Pakenham made the same mistake of every British officer who fought in America, from Braddock down, of despising his enemy. "Who would have thought it?" muttered Braddock as he was dying, and the words might well have been Pakenham's. As a strategist, a tactician, a fighter, a disciplinarian and a leader of men, Jackson does not suffer in comparison with the most accomplished officers of his time. He had limited opportunities, small resources and his operations were comparatively insignificant. Carlyle says: "You may paint with a very large brush and not be a painter after all;" and the converse is true—you may paint with a small brush and be a master.

When Jackson went to Washington

as President, to be a Democrat was synonymous with being a man of the very plain people. The Presidents who had preceded him were men of culture, refinement and aristocratic descent. For the first time the mass of the people felt that they had a President; their attitude was "he is one of us," "he is not proud and does not care for style, but only for plenty of what is sound, strong and good." Though from the inauguration greater freedom prevailed at Presidential receptions than ever before, those who expected to find the "Backwoods General" rude and vulgar were surprised. Possessed of the manners and courtesy, which seem to grow into the nature of one brought up in the South and so impossible of imitation by any other people anywhere, it is doubtful if we have ever had, not even excepting Chester A. Arthur, a President of more polished manners.

Jackson's administration of public affairs, his messages to Congress, his state papers, show the same courage and determination that characterized him as a soldier. It is true that personal prejudices very frequently colored his thoughts and actions, but no less true that a conscientious devotion to the best interests of all the people governed prompted him to make his decisions. His hatred of Henry Clay no doubt added fuel to the fire of his determination to rid the country of the Bank of the United States when Clay championed the cause of the bank, but I can not believe that this hatred kindled the fire. His personal dislike of Calhoun had much to do with his stand against the States' rights and nullification theories of South Carolina. But I am convinced that something more than private dislike, rather a personal conviction backed by a conscientious interpretation of the Constitution and patriotic devotion to the national union led Jackson to propose at a toast at the nullification banquet of Calhoun and his friends: "The Federal Union, it must and shall be preserved."

You may believe with me that Calhoun's arguments in favor of the constitutional right of a state to secede have not and can not be answered; but we should be thankful that Jackson's determination held the union together. Had he been President during those days of vacillation from 1857 to 1861, our great war might have been averted. I say this with a due appreciation of the heroism and conviction of the men who wore the grey. The theory for which they fought was not so weak that we need feel ashamed of the struggle they made; every true Southerner may well resent a reference to that war as a rebellion. Though the situation of 1832 was different from that of 1861, we can now see that it is far better not to have lost a star of the flag and to have preserved the "Union, one and inseparable, now and forever." Jackson never hesitated for political reasons to express his opinion; the bill to re-charter the Bank of the United States came to him a few months before the election of 1832. He was opposed to it and yet his friends tried to show him that if he vetoed it, he would lose the votes of Pennsylvania and some of the New England States. There is scarcely a President in the long list whom this would not have influenced, but Jackson did not hesitate to veto the bill. It would be refreshing in this day of political makeshift to encounter such courageous public leaders as Andrew Jackson.

He was as much the idol of the people when he closed his second presidential term as when he began his first. Of his retirement, Bancroft well says: "No man in private life so possessed the hearts of all around him; no public man of this country ever returned to private life with such an abiding mastery over the affections of the people. No man with truer instincts received American ideas; no man expressed them so completely, or so boldly, or so sincerely. Up to the last he dared to do anything that was right to do. He united personal courage and moral courage be-

yond any man of whom history keeps record. Not danger, not an army in battle array, not age, not the anguish of disease could impair in the least degree the vigor of his steadfast mind. The heroes of antiquity would have contemplated with awe the unmatched hardihood of his character; and Napoleon, had he possessed his disinterested will, could never have been vanquished."

After his retirement to the Hermitage, General Jackson took no active interest in national politics—an example that might have been followed with profit to himself by a political leader of our day. Having refused to unite with the Church because his political enemies might call it a political move, after his retirement the General fulfilled his promise to Mrs. Jackson and became a communicant. To the end of his life he was democratic in theory and practice. Two months before his death Commodore Elliott offered him as his final resting place the sarcophagus of Alexander Severus, recently brought to this country from Palestine. One paragraph of Jackson's answer contains his political philosophy and democratic creed: "I can not consent that my mortal body shall be laid in a repository prepared for an Emperor or King. My republican feelings and principles forbid it; the simplicity of our system of government forbids it. Every monument erected to perpetuate the memory of our heroes and statesmen ought to bear evidences of the economy and simplicity of our republican institutions and of the plainness of our republican citizens, who are the sovereigns of our glorious Union and whose virtue it is to perpetuate it. True virtue can not exist where pomp and parade are the governing passions. It can only dwell with the people—the great laboring and producing classes—that form the bone and sinew of our Confederacy."

No man has been more criticised or

more bitterly assailed than Andrew Jackson. He has been criticised for impulsiveness and the criticism is just. He has been accused of murder in his execution of certain rebellious and mutinous soldiers and of two Indian agents in Florida; as for myself, I can not justify some of those executions. He has been criticised for insubordination; twice did he defy the courts of the United States and twice did he disobey the orders of his superior, the Secretary of War—a disobedience which he should not have brooked for a moment. He has been called rude and ignorant; unlike his predecessors, he did not have a college education; he was never able to spell correctly, and though Harvard University did confer on him the degree of LL. D., it seems more like a sycophantic compliment than a deserving honor, easily explicable when we remember that Harvard has the custom of conferring this degree on every man, deserving or undeserving, who is elected Governor of the State of Massachusetts. Doubtless he failed to conform to certain rules of etiquette; there are some men who can so fail and still be more courteous and genteel than others who observe every requirement, because their courtesy is more than a veneer. True courtesy is not so much a training of tongue as a disposition of the heart. Sir Phillip Sidney was the pattern to all England of the perfect gentleman, and yet he was a soldier, who, on the field of Zutphen refused, though wounded, to quench his thirst until the poor, dying soldier at his side had first been satisfied. Such was the courtesy of Andrew Jackson. It has been stated that he did not write his state papers; there is no doubt that he was unduly influenced by certain rather unscrupulous men and that the final form of his state papers is due to other hands than his own; but the spirit and the thought are intensely Jacksonian; and these are of more importance than mere phraseol-

ogy. He has been accused of being actuated too much by personal hatred; he often wished that he could lay aside the robes of office and attack Henry Clay; after his retirement he sometimes doubted whether it would not have been better if he had executed Calhoun for high treason on account of his nullification views.

No man made more mistakes, no man had more faults; but he was fortunate in being placed in situations in which his very faults were sometimes virtues. When I think of the extravagance of the age in which we live, when we should be troubled, as Mr. Hill aptly puts it, not so much by the high cost of living as the cost of high living, when we are willing to sacrifice everything to maintain the standard we have set for ourselves, I wish a little of the simplicity of Jackson could be woven into the texture of our lives. When we

look about us and see political leaders with ears bent to the ground to catch the distant rumble of public opinion, rather than leading men in the paths of their convictions; when we see moral leaders hesitating because they despair of the finality of spiritual standards; when we see ourselves vacillating on questions of right and wrong, well would it be for us, if some of Jackson's conscientious determination could find its way into our world.

In a country where there is a growing discord between special privileges and oppressed humanity, a little of Jackson's confidence in the people might help to bring harmony. In our time we may well pause and study the life of Andrew Jackson, who with all of his faults, stands as the exponent of the simple life, the incarnation of human will and the apotheosis of the spirit of true Democracy.



On the Trail of the Settler

Ernest Cancroft

I AM young and I wanted to see some history in the making. So I took myself through Canada. The geography of the Dominion changes more frequently than it is possible to issue special editions of the school-books for the latest threatened examinations. There is where I expected to find News being woven into History, and I found it.

You may read of the flight of Tamerlane and then bear in mind that a movement involving more people is on in Alberta Province; you may revel in those terse Scriptural chronicles of tribal movements, but do not overlook the fact that the flank of the Settler's Army bounds more people in the glorious valley and province of

Saskatchewan, than comprised many a nation of old, and the pages of Prescott, Parkman and the quill of Hough, may make the blood quiver with reminders of youth, but above Edmonton, just beyond the Last Frontier, in the vicinity of the Peace River, the horsemen, the ox-team, and the pioneer, are initiating history in the same sense that the French and Jesuit missionaries made it in an earlier day. But in that generation the soldiers followed to do the work that the missionary-explorers could not do; today the railroad promoter and the young college men with their tape-lines are dogging the footsteps of the pioneer population, which pushes west and northward more rapidly than the mills of Carnegie can provide the rails for

the on-coming Trans-continental Express.

It was to get on The Trail of the Settler that I wended my way over the Niagara border, seeking rates and tickets in the Toronto offices of the Canadian Pacific at midnight. "Colonist, Tourist, or Pullman?" the agent said in so many words. There were no doubts in my mind. Anything that a man saves in rates below Pullman he makes up in odor. Railroad and steamship experiences on three continents had taught me that the only way to travel is "First Cabin," and that the man who wants to make sociological investigations with his stomach intact, had better walk from the Pullman to the Colonist, or from the Saloon to the Steerage, for that purpose. The Pullman fare over the continent was an invulnerable seventeen dollars, plus a ticket overflow of seventy-two dollars; but I had heard of the wonders and wealth of Winnipeg, that city which passed from a Fortress to a metropolis in twenty-five years, and so I planked down eight dollars for the privilege of seeking needed rest in the upper berth of an overcrowded Pullman bound for the Chicago of the Canadian West.

That eight dollars to Winnipeg afforded me more cosmopolitan company than ever blessed the Strand. Our train transported a Congress of the Nations. There was the protected baggage-car ahead carrying westward the gold to pay the farmers for a part of the one hundred million bushels of wheat raised in the fertile fields of Alberta and Saskatchewan. There were three Colonist coaches, one containing Yorkshire lads bound for the Salvation Army lands of Alberta, another filled with hopeful Russian peasants expecting to find liberty and opportunity on the one hundred and seventy-five million acres of vacant land in Western Canada, and the third with a motly throng of Gallians, Jews and Gentiles, Yankees from the abandoned farms of New England.

This was the revelation of a sunrise trip through the Continental Express. Amidst of the conversation of the throng there arose the early morning lamentations of a gentleman who exposed all the indiscretions of the previous year in his continued mutterings: "Nipissing, Nippissing, Nipissing."

Two private cars containing the opaque capitalists of New York and Pittsburg, left us at North Bay for Cobalt, and we hurried forward to the lands where wheat is wealth, contented in the knowledge that while Oil Creek may have another City of Pithole and Cobalt may afford the disappointments of a Klondike, the men and the money that found the future on wheat lands need not fear Dame Fortune.

Port Arthur and Fort William are the pivots of empire in the flight across the continent. There at the head of the Great Lakes the wheat of an agricultural empire is gathered for shipment to the ports of Europe. Those immense elevators, that meeting the trans-continental roads at the head of the greatest inland port of the world, combine to startle into thoughtfulness even the casual observer. The train leaves the boats and boatmen, the buckets of wheat and the ships of the Inland Seas, and the trip over the rugged fields of Ontario to Manitoba commences.

These are the sections that Canadians delight to deem the settled portions of the Dominion. These people share the land-hunger and wander-lust of the Anglo-Saxon. The promised land is always just beyond the next railroad station. Another night has taken the train into wonderful Winnipeg, that city of immigrant stations and wheat exchanges, land offices galore but with good land for sale, a veritable cosmopolis of those seeking to earn an honest, independent living amidst the Democracy and opportunities of an unappropriated clime. Commerce and romance marry here in Winnipeg. Go along Main street from the *Royal Alexandra*;

there you will find the older but still active business men recalling the days of the Riel rebellion, when the present city of Winnipeg was only a fortress of the west; the men who can speak of the early skirmishes directed by Wolseley, how they followed him from youth to the days when he won the Cross in India and South Africa. Then there are the younger commercial leaders, who, impressed by the development of their own city, point to the westward, which every year receives two hundred thousand settlers and sends in return, through Winnipeg as a funnel, one hundred million bushels of wheat. London may enjoy the cosmopolitan company of South African premiers, Yankee ambassadors and Hindu Pundits; Paris may be the delight and be delighted by the women of fashion, the men of letters, and the ex-leaders in the world of insurance—but here in Winnipeg, one may find the cosmopolitan company of the ambitious proletariat from every country of the Old World, the men and women who know that they may obtain in the Last West what they did not, and could not, secure in effete Europe, a wholesome living, and that out of their surplus they may afford their children what they themselves did not have in youth, an education. These men have no badge of distinction but the passing ephemeral sweat of their brows; but to mingle among them, to seek out the tragedy of their lives, to find that when free from the overcrowding of the great cities they are not a menace to the institutions of the continent, is quite as instructive and refreshing as to wander through the burial-cathedrals of Europe viewing the monumental reminders of those worthies who were the first settlers of the New World in the days of seizure and the sword.

But the Trail of the Settler has other revelations. I paid seven dollars for a Pullman berth on the Canadian Northern from Winnipeg to Edmonton. The

twenty-five million acres of vacant, fertile lands in Manitoba did not cause the pioneers to linger there, and so we too press on. Out from Winnipeg three trans-continental roads are in pursuit of the settlers who had gone on before, on horseback, afoot, or in the conventional wagons of the Yankee settlers. The railroads have a selfish desire to bring the rich wheat of these settlers back to Port Arthur and Montreal, while some credit the officials with a philanthropic ambition to enable these increasingly prosperous farmers to revisit their old homes amidst the luxuries of a Pullman.

Two years ago the Canadian Northern was the dream of a lot of gentlemen who thrive on franchises; today it is the line along which one hundred settlements, towns and cities are located. The Canadian Northern has reached Edmonton and it is bound for Prince Rupert, that city-to-be which is two hundred miles nearer by water route to the ports of Asia than any other point on the American Pacific. Thus I passed through the pantry of the British Empire, and I chanced to have the company of McLeod, that grim, silent man, who eighteen months before projected this line out on the plains of Manitoba, through the fertile fields of the Province and into the beautiful valley of the mighty Saskatchewan and into Edmonton, the capital of Alberta, that Last Town on the Frontier, nine hundred miles from Winnipeg and two thousand from the Atlantic. "Humboldt, Vegreville, Warman, Togo, Gladstone, Vermilion," were a few of the towns which greeted us in the course of a two-day journey. "That town is only five months old," McLeod would remark as we moved out of the station filled with agricultural implements and surrounded with elevators. "There is another ten-months-old settlement," again he would remark as we passed into the scene of life and production. "Do you

know those towns? Are they in your mind as geographical centers?" No, they are not, and this is what appeals to the traveller as he passes through the Dominion. How much more interesting is the *progress* of any work than the finished product! We visit the cities of the Old World, and wonder at the works of man in centuries past, and along the line of the Canadian Northern, the *trick* of population extends and continues. There they are making cities right under our eyes, and so rapidly that we can *see* them grow, without waiting around a generation and taking notes to mark the growth. They who would understand the mechanism of history should view the development of settlements into cities, out in the Last West. Here one day is a homesteader commencing his three-year period of cultivation requisite to completing title to the desired one hundred and sixty acres; then he has a neighbor from Iowa, the plains of Russia, or the farms of the Fatherland. Others come, and still others join the settlement. Then they put through a main street of the city-to-be. Next day the railroad builds a depot, to be followed by a towering elevator the following summer. A school-house, a hotel, a land-office and a church, follow in rapid succession, and now history is in the making.

But here we are in Edmonton. During the past ten years, Edmonton has been busy getting onto the map of Canada, and right well it has succeeded. Over one hundred years ago, the Hudson Bay Company selected this site on the Saskatchewan River as a convenient trading post, and thus this fur-trading settlement lingered for a century. The Canadian Pacific built a two hundred mile road up from Calgary, and founded Strathcona, thinking so lightly of Edmontonian prospects that to bridge the stream was thought unwarranted. But during the early hours of the Klondike rush, some

adventuresome spirits learned that in Edmonton were trappers and half-breeds who knew the way through the Yukon country to the promised land of snow and gold. Thither they betook themselves, to be given much advice and relieved of considerable specie. Edmonton had been known in the fur-merchants' offices of London and Paris; but when the Klondike rush ceased the city had obtained a definite geographical status and site. Now it is the center of a thousand-mile circle of rich wheat lands. Along Jasper avenue, under the glare of the Pittsburg electric lights, men tell you of the coal bed under the city, the large timber areas which are tapped by the Saskatchewan, the furs that the Hudson Bay trappers will bring down in the spring for the ladies of Fifth avenue and Picadilly. They speak in a tone of optimistic prophecy of the prospects of the Metropolis of the Last Frontier. History in the making, like humanity in action, is a series of startling paradoxes. There in the valley of the Saskatchewan, they are erecting the Alberta capital adjacent to the old Hudson Bay post; and along that Jasper avenue, which was but a trail a few years ago, the rival fur companies have erected modern office buildings, while the Atlantic steamship companies feel justified in appealing to their prosperous patrons with office window posters headed: "Spend your holiday in Europe; special rates for those who want to visit the old home."

A few hours and four cents a mile carry the tourists southward through thriving villages and into Calgary, that typical British city on American soil. Calgary was once the abiding place of "remittance men," and horse-traders; now it is famous for a brewery and an irrigation canal that is to water three million acres, an area as large as the state of Connecticut. Were it not for the Panama and Erie canal projects, the tourist would view in the Cal-

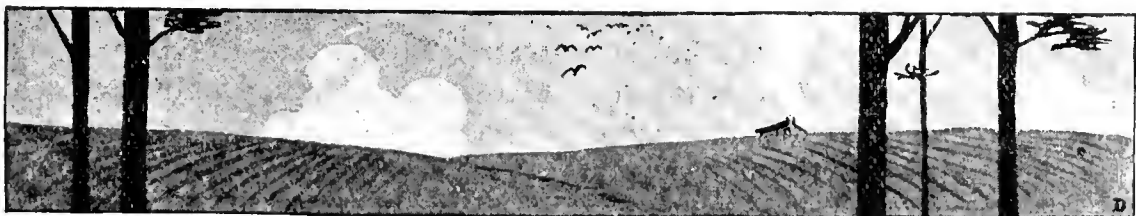
gary irrigation ditch one of the engineering feats of the generation, but we Americans of course think about our own ditches.

But the traveller who experiences the warmth of the "Chinook wind" at Calgary longs for the breezes of the Pacific Ocean, some seven hundred miles distant. The company controlling the Canadian Pullman demands another eight dollars for the privilege of riding to the Coast. Soon the train leaves Calgary and the great irrigation canal in the rear, and we near Banff, the Canadian Yellowstone where amid hills and dales the remaining buffaloes of the continent are preserved. "Puff, puff, puff," the train slowly moves over the Rockies, the Backbone of the Continent, now slipping between narrow chasms of towering rock and now winding snake-like around the heights which once defied the engineering skill of the Old World and the New. Glaciers of summer-fame—Kamloops, Revelstoke, and Sicamous Junction—are the sign posts which marks the distances over the hills, and soon the train is passing into the region where the saloon of the Fraser and the logs of the Thompson river, engage the attention of man. The first train on the Canadian Pacific reached the present site of Vancouver in 1886; and during the intervening score of years, a city with seven thousand inhabitants, a har-

bor filled with the fleets of Asia, and a community typical of the best things in the Old World as well as the New has been developed.

Thus the Trail of the Settler takes one to the very door-way of Manchuria, and the circle of the Anglo-Saxon is completed. Were we to reserve the precedent set out by so many tourists in every part of the world and return by the same route, we would find that between Calgary, Edmonton and Winnipeg, as the three pivots of the agricultural empire, new settlements were progressing cityward. This is the history we see in the making, when we pass through the Dominion.

The transforming of Hudson Bay posts into cities before one's very eyes; the development of rivers which only the Indian knew, into great channels of international commerce; the evolution of the trails of the trappers into the highways of a nation, are quite as inspiring, quite as replete with history and human action, surely as stimulating to the pulse and the imagination, as the armor of Cromwell in the Tower of London, or the ash-relies of Napoleon in his Parisian tomb. That is what is presented to the tourist in passing through Canada. These things represent spirit, hope as wide as the circle on the prairies, ambition as large as the continent, faith, earnestness, all those elements which make for manhood and for history.



Campaigning With Jeb Stuart

Col. G. N. Saussy

CHAPTER XI.

The Retirement From Gettysburg
SOMEWHAT discouraged and disappointed because it had failed in attempting the well-nigh impossible, the Army of Northern Virginia on the night of the Fourth of July, '63, began its retrograde movement.

The wonderful victories of this army over its powerful and well-appointed antagonist perhaps bred in the minds, both of officers and men, an over-confidence in its possibilities. When the Army of Northern Virginia drew out in battle line at Gettysburg it numbered approximately 62,000 of all arms. The Potomac Army had practically 105,000 men under arms and reinforcements hurrying to its assistance. Many military writers have attempted to criticise General Lee for delivering battle at this heretofore obscure village in central-southern Pennsylvania. No attempt will be made here to argue that question for the whole proposition is involved in that little but potential word **IF**.

The writer has not discounted General Lee's plan of battle, but believes success would have crowned his effort and Fame would have laid her crown of immortelles upon the Starry Cross had his plan been properly interpreted by his corps commanders, and a ready and hearty support thereto been accorded General Lee in carrying out his general plan of the battle.

Let us not "cry over spilled milk." The fate of the great American republic hinged upon the result of that fierce battle. If "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church," then perhaps that which the hills of Pennsylvania was baptised those three July days in 1863 will bring forth much fruit in the destiny of this country. Lee gave up

20,451 of his army, while General Meade was even more generous, with 23,003, a total of 46,454 as the casualties of that three days encounter between these two old antagonists.

Confidence in the class and heroism of the Army of Northern Virginia made its able commander believe that army would have repulsed the Potomac Army if it should attempt to move upon his position on Seminary Ridge, and thus gave General Meade ample time to deliver that counter-stroke, had that commander the interest or desire to do so. Both armies celebrated the nation's natal day busy in the grewsome duty of burying their dead, and preparation on the part of Lee's army to retire from General Meade's front. At dark of the Fourth of July, 1863, in the midst of a heavy rainstorm, the Army of Northern Virginia began its retrograde movement. Captain John Esten Cooke, soldier, poet, author, wrote:

"Then back again, the foe behind,
Back to the "Old Virginia shore"—
Some dead and wounded left—some holes
In flags the sullen greybacks bore,
We thus had made the great campaign—"

The cavalry had the important duty to guard the long train of wagons and ambulances. In one of the latter were two of the heroes of that campaign, Generals John B. Hood and Wade Hampton. Besides guarding the wagon trains, Stuart had the arduous duty of securing the flanks and protecting the rear.

In that fierce rainstorm we marched until probably 11 p. m. The darkness was of the scriptural kind known as the Egyptian brand. It was so dense it could have almost been cut into blocks and piled up to use when the

glare of a bright day was rather too severe on the eyesight.

The writer felt around, discovered a post-and-rail fence, hitched his weary and hungry steed, loosened two flat rails and prepared a downy(?) couch. He well recalls the council of war he held as to the wisdom of unrolling his blanket from its rubber cover or to take the downpour and save the blanket dry. A wet blanket will easily scald or gall a horse's back. It was decided in that council of war it was better to face the ill we had than to fly to those we knew might reach us with the morrow. So the blanket remained dry in the rubber cover, while this lad stretched on the two rails, with his hat over his face to protect him from the pelting rain, yielded to the demand of nature and slept for four hours in that heavy rainfall.

A provoking feature of that rainy night was, when day dawned we found we were within a hundred and fifty yards of a big farm house along whose front ran a wide veranda or porch. As my mount, like his rider, had been enduring an enforced fast, I turned him loose to crop what grass he could find, then hastened to the big house to interview the cook. She was already preparing the morning meal when your humble servant enquired if he might assist in the breakfast.

In no very amiable mood the young cook replied, "I don't know. You'll have to see the Captain." I assured her I was O. K. with "the Captain," though for the life of me I had no idea who "the Captain" was.

When the battercakes were served "Boots and saddles!" sang the bugles, but the writer was intent upon a share of those hot cakes. Hot cakes! Well, I reckon some. They just scorched my socks. Then the trumpets called "the assembly," and rushing out, the writer found his command forming. His horse was nowhere to be seen. Here was a dilemma. Out in the pasture

was an abandoned steed. Cautiously approaching, the nag was captured and equipments soon strapped upon it.

Next matter was to locate my white steed. This was done by forcing my captured(?) mount to the head of the brigade and carefully scrutinizing every file. The missing white charger was found in possession of a Phillips Legion trooper, who reluctantly gave it up.

In the order of retirement from Gettysburg, Hill's Second Corps preceded everything, the baggage train and prisoners, Longstreet's First and Ewell's Third corps brought up the rear. Two brigades of cavalry, under Fitz Lee, took the Cashtown road, Imboden guarding the wagon trains. Robertson, with his own and Jones' brigades, moved toward Fairfield to guard the Jack Mountain passes. Junkin and Chambliss, under Stuart, took the way via Emmettsburg, to guard that flank. In and around Emmettsburg we captured 60 or 70 prisoners and some valuable hospital stores, en route to Meade's army from Frederick.

Several attacks upon the flanks and efforts to reach our wagon trains were made by the enemy's cavalry. Part of Kilpatrick's command forced a passage at Monterey Gap and got some of Ewell's wagons and also some prisoners.

On the sixth Buford, with his division, arrived at Boonsboro, Md. It was arranged between himself and Kilpatrick the former should attack our trains at Williamsburg, while Kilpatrick should move upon Stuart at Hagerstown.

When we arrived at Funkstown a severe attack was made upon us, especially by the artillery. The shell-fire was unusually severe.

My command was in a body of woods to the right of the pike. The enemy concentrated a fierce shelling still further to our right. A courier was sent to see if there were any troops in that

part of this body of timber. Just as he turned to come back, a shell burst in front of him and not more than six feet from him. The courier fell forward on his horse, while the animal sat down upon his haunches. After a little while the horse slowly struggled up and the courier also roused himself. He rode across our front. He and his horse were apparently unhurt, but the courier seemed badly shocked by the explosion. It was decidedly a close call.

While we were busy with Kilpatrick near Hagerstown, Buford made a determined attack upon our trains parked at Williamsport. The Potomac, from recent rains, was beyond the fording stage, therefore the trains were massed here. Stuart fought his way through Hagerstown to Williamsport—distant six miles, driving out the enemy and opening the way. At Williamsport he promptly attacked the forces under Buford. Fitz Lee's coming up by the Greencastle road opportunely assisted in compelling Buford to raise the siege of Williamsport.

The Potomac continued so swollen the army could not cross. In the rear of Hagerstown General Lee selected a position, erected some slight intrenchments and offered battle to Meade. The Federal general called a council of war of his corps commanders on the thirteenth. These, except two, opposed attacking the Army of Northern Virginia.

That night, the river receding, the infantry vacated the light works just after dark. The writer recalls the cavalry (a large part of his command) was dismounted and occupied these entrenchments until just before day, when we quietly withdrew, remounted and at dawn were in the turbid waters of the swollen Potomac.

Without interference, the cavalry crossed at Williamsport and felt like joining in the old song—

“Carry me back, oh, carry me back
To old Virginia's shore.”

A part of Hill's corps, under Pettigrew, for some reason delayed at the river bank, was attacked by the enemy about 11 a. m., and General Pettigrew, “an officer of great promise and merit,” as General Lee styled him, was killed and several hundred stragglers were captured.

General Lee rested his tired army in the Lower Valley. Excepting Gregg's division of cavalry, the Federal army remained on the Maryland side of the border river, while General Lee proceeded to the vicinity of Bunker Hill, intending to cross the Shenandoah at that place and pass through the gaps of the Blue Mountains into the Loudoun Valley. But the Shenandoah being on a rampage, delayed Lee's movements.

Meanwhile, Meade crossed the Potomac east of the Ridge, and moved along its eastern slopes as if to cut Lee off. To prevent this, General Lee crossed through Chester's Gap and proceeded to Culpepper Court House, reaching that point on the twenty-fourth of July and the summer campaign had ended where it had begun.

Tremendously arduous had this campaign been from the first of June until the return of the army to its old line along the Rapidan. Especially strenuous had it been with the cavalry.

In the Federal service, the government provided great corrals for horses, from which requisitions from the quartermaster's department for the cavalry artillery, ambulance and wagon trains were filled. There was not much delay in replenishing any arm of the service from these big depots with all the animals needed. But matters were different in Dixie. The Confederate government allowed the men in the cavalry arm of the service to provide their own mounts, paying them hire for the horses and their value, if killed in battle. If the horse died from disease, was stolen or lost in any other manner, the loss fell upon his master. Usually, he was allowed a thirty days furlough

to go home and procure a remount. It is estimated this unfortunate condition robbed the cavalry of from 25 to 33 per cent of its active force. Consequently, when Stuart's command arrived at Culpepper, his brigades did not each muster, mounted and equipped for the field, the strength of a good regiment.

Re-equipped and recruited, Pleasanton began early to harrass Stuart's outposts. On the first of August the Federal cavalry made a determined attack upon the line near Brandy, Va., defended by the remnant of Hampton's Brigade, commanded by Col. S. S. Baker of the First North Carolina Cavalry. Stuart was present but seemed to have forgotten how Hampton's Brigade had been reduced by the fierce Gettysburg campaign and from early morning until 4 p. m. pitted their depleted brigade against a recruited division of Pleasanton's corps. My own command suffered to the extent of 25 per cent of the men engaged. Though Jones on one side and Robertson on the other were within easy support, Stuart failed to call upon them for assistance to Baker until late in the afternoon.

Twice or three times between the first of August and the thirteenth of September Pleasanton provoked trouble with Stuart. On the twelfth, General Stuart received accurate information that the whole force of the enemy's cavalry would move against him the next day; consequently, he ordered the sick, also baggage wagons, to move for the Rapidan before day on the thirteenth.

All the troopers also were in the saddle by dawn. There was considerable fighting during the forenoon, Stuart gradually withdrawing toward the Rapidan.

Just out of Culpepper Court House the writer's command got it from the rear, also left flank. He caught a bullet on his right shin, the ball mortally wounding his fine chestnut horse—the wound in the writer's leg was not

severe enough to retire him. Stuart now made the Rapidan his line of defense. Culpepper was soon occupied by Meade's Army, the Federal Cavalry approaching the Rapidan.

The topography of the country along the Rapidan gave the Confederates the advantage of position and not until the nineteenth or twentieth did Pleasanton make any serious demonstrations along their line.

The large portion of the Federal horse and horse artillery advanced against some three or four fords with the intent of gaining lodgement on the south bank of the Rapidan.

Again was the writer a free lance—this time dismounted. He happened at Raccoon Ford. Here Hay's Louisiana Brigade occupied a large body of timber above the ford. Just opposite the ford the land was cleared and dropped gradually down to the bank of the river. The road from the ford on the south bank turned down stream and was graded up the side of the hill. Above the road light rifle pits had been constructed which commanded the road. In the clearing opposite the ford were two of Hart's guns, with their detachments.

Those on the south bank could see the manouvers of the enemy in the large clearing on the other side. About a brigade and a half of blue troopers with eight or twelve guns formed for an assault upon the Raccoon Ford. These could easily be seen gathering for the attack. The writer went to Hart's two guns and asked the lieutenant commanding what ammunition he had to resist the impending attack. He replied, "ten cartridges and seventeen shells." The writer replied: "That looks like a very small amount with which to repel the impending attack." "I shall use them to the very best advantage," answered the lieutenant.

Just as the Federal artillery was about to open, Hay's men started to cross the open between their body of

woods and that which covered the road and rifle pits below the ford.

As soon as they broke cover, the Federal artillery rained shell upon them. I never saw guns so rapidly and superbly served. Hay's men made a dash for the timber beyond this clearing, but left forty-eight of their number dead or wounded. If they had moved around the brow of the hill in the rear of Hart's two guns, they could have gained the rifle pits unseen and possibly without loss, for it was their appearance in the open that attracted the enemy's fire.

Hart's men lay close to their guns, but did not reply to the Federal fire. The writer was near by, seated under a pine sapling when a shell burst in the top, probably about twenty feet above him, raining the pine needles down upon him. No fragment of the shell harmed him, however.

The appearance of Hay's men indicated to the blue troopers across the river we were prepared to accord them a warm reception. No demonstration other than that of their artillery was made at Raccoon Ford. At Summerville Ford, also the O. & A. R. R. bridge, large bodies of the enemy appeared and at Summerville a charge was made to secure the ford, but failed of success.

Pickets were established by the enemy at favorable points facing the line of the Rapidan. At Raccoon, these got possession of the building on the Culpepper side and their sharpshooters became very annoying to the Confederates on the opposite bank. Hays called for volunteers from his brigade to dispossess these troublesome fellows.

About forty volunteers were selected who discovered a blind ford, crossed the river, got cover in a drain or ravine and silently approached the enemy's position until quite near, when a sudden rush was made and all captured or killed and the annoyance abated.

A small redoubt fitted for two field

pieces had been built on an eminence above the ford, but within rifle range of the cluster of buildings on the Culpepper side of the stream.

A section from Nelson's Battery of the reserve artillery was occupying this little redoubt when a signal-corps man with his flag stopped there to establish communication between the signal station on Clark's Mountain and the next one below. This signal man planted his flag on the small breastwork and taking a seat beside it, awaited the wig-wag from above and below.

While thus resting, a sharpshooter on the other side drew a bead on the man and the peculiar whistle of a Minie close to his head advised him he had been made a target by the marksman across the river.

A second shot perforated his flag, when Captain Nelson exclaimed: "Here you! Just you get away from here! Don't you see you are drawing the enemy's fire upon us by that flag? Now you get a move on you. I don't propose to have my men made a target of by that flag of yours."

I learned then, this battery had been in the Army of Northern Virginia a year and a half, but had all that time been in the reserve artillery and had never been actively engaged in any of the big battles in which Lee's Army had taken conspicuous part. Of that, however, the deponent cannot aver.

Rio Grande City, Texas,

April 24, 1911.

Col. G. N. Saussy—Dear Sir and Comrade: I have read with much interest your account of the Battle of Upperville, on June twenty-first, 1863, in the March number of WATSON'S MAGAZINE for 1911.

I wish to correct a statement in regard to Hart's Battery. I was a member of that battery and was one of the cannoners that morning. You say in your report that one of the enemy's shells hit one of Hart's guns right in

the muzzle, disabling it, and that it was left. I think Gen. Stuart used about the same language in his official report. A mistake, but one that might reasonably occur under the circumstances. And one which might create an impression that would be an injustice to the brave men who stood by that gun that morning.

Early Sunday morning Capt. Hart was ordered to send two guns to the front. The second section, under Lieut. Bamberg, was sent. We went in position about seventy-five yards to the left of the Pike, and had been there about half an hour when the Yankees came in sight. We opened on them at once and had fired about seventy-five rounds when the fourth gun (the one I belonged to) broke the axle tree. The wood around it held it together and it was carried over the mountains to Millwood, where we repaired it the next day.

I think there were twelve or fifteen guns firing on us when our gun broke down. As we were going out across the creek, some 600 yards back, we met the other two guns of our battery coming in. The third gun remained and fought that whole battallion of artillery alone until the other guns got there. Shortly after the other guns went into action the second gun broke its axle (all from recoil). It had no wood on it, so the gun was carried out on the rear of a caison.

When our line was flanked and fell back, the two guns were not ordered out until our line of battle had passed the guns. The guns were between the two lines, the enemy pressing hard and getting close. As the third gun limbered up and was leaving a shell went

through the lumber chest, exploded it, and killed the three off-horses hitched to the gun. There was nothing for the men to do but save themselves.

We never had a gun hit or disabled, nor were the men ever driven from their guns or silenced in any battle, or left a position until ordered, during the war.

Had the gun been disabled the men would have carried it off, even should they have had to drag it with rope—but the horses were dead.

Hoping that you will publish this, I am,

Yours truly,

A. Wood.

Dear Mr. Watson: I return Mr. Wood's letter. I gave the incident on the Middleburg-Upperville pike as I recalled it. Major H. B. McClellan, Stuart's able Adjutant General, also states the gun was disabled (by a shell breaking the axle) and abandoned. My recollection was a shell from the enemy had struck the gun in the muzzle, disabling it. I therefore used my recollection rather than the statement of McClellan. I am glad that both were in error and I felicitated Comrade Wood on the nerve of bringing the gun out of action under such heroic circumstances.

If you publish Comrade Wood's letter you may add, I had stated the matter as recalled after forty-eight years and had the statement justified by Major McClellan's report, but gladly accept Veteran Wood's correction.

I certainly strive for accuracy and surely want to do no one injustice in these sketches, and least of all the splendid and heroic Hart's Battery.

Cordially, G. N. SAUSSY.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



The Martial vs. The Economic Spirit

Wm. A. Herrington

IT is a fact of history that while martial sentiment predominates among a people, their social and industrial systems remain in a vigorous condition. On the other hand, let the economic or commercial instinct reach supremacy, and decay sets in.

As an instance, Rome felt the influence of both classes. Almost before the age of fable was ended her war-like citizens had made themselves unquestioned masters of Italy. They had attained a supremacy that should direct the nation's movement for centuries; so that when the Gallic forces of Brennus should sack the Imperial City, when the adherents of Pyrrhus should attempt the subjugation of Italy, and later when the indomitable troops of Hannibal threatened the destruction of the whole Roman world her martial soldiers successively overcame these dangers.

This was the era of Roman progress, liberal government attaining a height such as was not reached again until nearly two thousand years afterwards.

But Rome entered into another period—one of economic supremacy. After the Punic Wars, peace prevailed throughout her boundaries and with the advantage of it there was perfected a money combine whose power meant decline in Roman civilization. This had not been instantaneous, but was gradual. From the expulsion of the kings the commercial class had struggled for the complete reins of government. Yet in spite of trickery and successive outrages, the more warlike party had, by frequent secessions, maintained for years the control of the Republic, as well as the high standard of Roman society. Not until centuries after the overthrow of the old monarchy had wealth attained predominance, and then

it was only through a long gradation of unjust economic principles. For since the services of the martial soldier brought no pay and since the spoils of war went into the pockets of the commercial classes, the fortunes of the rich had consequently advanced in greatness while the small estates of the common farmer had become more and more at the mercy of capital.

It was with such unjust means that commercialism so ardently pushed the struggle. As is well known, money first turned its attention to the ownership of land. It did so because in a monopoly of the grain production there was seen a chance for the eviction of the common, martial husbandman, and hence for the further ascendancy of capital. A move, of course, that brought for the former certain ruin. For the reason that only the estates of the possessors, the big landlords, were provided with a full complement of utensils, they could no longer sustain themselves in the close lines of competition and when the price of staple crops had been reduced to the point of bare subsistence, the average Roman farmer, the one who had fought and won the battles of his country without cost to it, could then meet his burden of taxes only with a loan from his more opulent neighbor, whose very ability to grant it was the result of the kind of law-making that takes the earnings of one man to make the hoard of another.

Thus Rome's once independent husbandman and soldier was driven into the servitude of a hopeless debtor—into the serfdom of an indebtedness which gave to the landed magnates a victory most decisive, for when debts went unpaid at Rome the creditor had the right by law to seize and hold the person of an unfortunate insolvent,

So it was that legislation and the other economic combatants of Rome's industrial system had, soon after the Carthaginian defeat brought the whole estates of Italy into the hands of about two thousand economists. In this way Rome's farmer-soldier was crowded out and that too by an enemy whose greed was more destructive of property than the forces of a Gallic Army, whose boldness was greater than the rapacity of a Teutonic vandal and whose power was stronger than the hate of Hannibal—that monster was an out-growth of economic predominance.

But such eviction of the farmer classes and such accumulation of enormous fortunes into the hands of the few caused even worse miseries. To the shrewd Roman capitalist it was plain that the labor of Eastern slaves meant bigger profits to him than that of his original vassals. And on that basis extensive traffic in Asiatic slaves began. Still the slight cost of these throngs of misery did not appease his greed entirely. Paid militia at once invaded Macedonia and the East, bringing back, besides the material treasures of conquest, hordes of these victims. And with this wide adoption of Asiatic slaves competition at Rome again reached a point of dangerous enormity. Another displacement was inevitable. Why? Because no Roman economist would employ a fellow-countryman when his labor could not maintain a parity of profit with that of his numerous and newly-acquired slaves. Since employment could not be obtained, hundreds were driven to crime—the record of the idle poor of all countries. The arenas of the amphitheatre were filled with crowds of desperate gladiators and the rabble was constantly swelled by it at the capital city—a splendid thing for the rival demagogues.

Trampled below the level of human beings, religion lost its influence over them. Their chief deities had failed

to make good. It had been taught that *Ceres* supplied Rome with abundant harvests, but the disinherited farmers saw that their bread now came from the public crib; it had been held that *Mars* made the Romans a race of warriors, they saw instead that the Senate was fast filling their legions with foreign soldiers; it had been conceded that *Jupiter* created men and Gods, the importation of Germans proved there were no Gods but much sterility; finally a common belief had prevailed that *Pluto* dwelt only in the infernal regions, but the suffering and injustice visible on all sides showed that the Devil himself was abroad in the land and that he was debauching their social and industrial system.

Through the force of money the great common people had lost faith in their national gods. It was not strange then that their civilization plunged deeper and deeper into the sulphurous crater of national corruption—into an abyss more turbulent than the rumbling interior of Vesuvius.

Every casual reader of Roman affairs must note that in such outcome her basis had felt the civilizing agencies of economic predominance. Capital having been brought to act in unison, the Senate and the army became tools in the hands of it and for this reason both the creation and enforcement of laws favored the big man at the expense of the little one. By successive consolidations of capital, by vigorous methods of usury, by the competition of Asiatic slavery, Rome's martial husbandman was driven from point to point and from debt to debt; from an independent farmer to vassalage, from vassalage to vagrancy, from vagrancy to beggarism and from beggarism to the last ditch—complete extermination. With his crush the monied oligarchy stood absolutely supreme. But, according to Brooks Adams, the weakness of the economic class lay in their very power of supremacy, for inas-

much as they had changed all the relations of life, the domestic, as well as the military and industrial, marriages grew infrequent, the ruling class failed to propagate itself. Thus depleted, the

center of trade and influence shifted from Rome to Constantinople and the science, the philosophy and laws of the old Tiber lapsed into the dark shadows of the Middle Ages.



John C. Calhoun on War

("Oregon Question," in 1845)

BUT I oppose war, not simply on the patriotic ground of a citizen looking to the freedom and prosperity of his own country, but on still broader grounds, as a friend of improvement, civilization, and progress. Viewed in reference to them, at no period has it ever been so desirable to preserve the general peace which now blesses the world. Never in its history has a period occurred so remarkable as that which has elapsed since the termination of the great war in Europe, with the Battle of Waterloo, for the great advances made in all these particulars. Chemical and mechanical discoveries and inventions have multiplied beyond all former example, adding, with their advance, to the comforts of life in a degree far greater and more universal than all that was ever known before. Civilization has, during the same period, spread its influence far and wide, and the general progress in knowledge, and its diffusion through all ranks of society, has outstripped all that has ever gone before it. The two great agents of the physical world have become subject to the will of man, and have been made subservient to his wants and enjoyments; I allude to steam and electricity, under whatever name the latter may be called. The former has overcome distance, both on land and water, to an extent which former generations had not the least conception was possible. It has, in

effect, reduced the Atlantic to half its former width, while at the same time, it has added three-folds to the rapidity of intercourse by land. Within the same period electricity, the greatest and most diffuse of all known physical agents, has been made the instrument for the transmission of thought—I will not say with the rapidity of lightning, but by lightning itself. Magic wires are stretching themselves in all directions over the earth, and when their mystic meshes shall have been united and perfected, our globe itself will become endowed with sensitiveness, so that whatever touches on any one point will be instantly felt on every other. All these improvement, all this increasing civilization, all the progress now making, would be in a great measure arrested by a war between us and Great Britain. As great as it is, it is but the commencement—the dawn of a new civilization, more refined, more elevated, more intellectual, more moral, than the present and all preceding it. Shall it be we who shall incur the high responsibility of retarding its advance, and by such a war as this would be?

“I am, in this connection, opposed to war between the States and Great Britain. They are the two countries furthest in advance in this great career of improvement and amelioration of the condition of our race. They are, besides, the two most commercial, and are diffusing, by their widely extended

commerce, their blessings over the whole globe. We have been raised up by Providence for these great and noble purposes, and I trust we shall not fail to fulfil our high destiny. I am, besides, especially opposed to war with England at this time, because I hold that it is now to be decided whether we are to exist in future as friends or enemies. War at this time and for this cause, would decide supremacy; we shall hereafter stand in the attitude of enemies. It would give birth to a struggle in which one or the other would have to succumb, before it terminated; and which, in the end, might prove ruinous to both. On the contrary, if war can be avoided, powerful causes are now in operation, calculated to cement and secure a lasting—I hope, a perpetual—peace between the two countries, by breaking down the barriers which impede their commerce, and thereby uniting them more closely by a vastly enlarged commercial intercourse, equally beneficial to both. If we should now succeed in setting the example of free trade between us, it would force all other civilized countries to follow it in the end. The consequence would be to diffuse a prosperity greater and more universal than can be well conceived, and to unite by bonds of mutual interest the people of all countries. But in advocating the cause of free trade, I am actuated not less by the political consequences likely to flow from it than the advantages to be derived from it in an economical point of view. I regard it in the dispensation of Providence as one of the great means of ushering in the happy period foretold by inspired prophets and poets when war should be no more.

“I am finally opposed to war because peace—peace is pre-eminently our policy. There may be nations, restricted to small territories, hemmed in on all sides, so situated that war may be necessary to their greatness. Such is not our case. Providence has given

us an inheritance stretching across the entire continent, from east to west, from ocean to ocean, and from north to south, covering by far the greater and better part of its temperate zone. It comprises a region not only of vast extent but abundant in all resources, excellent in climate, fertile and exuberant in soil; capable of sustaining, in the plentiful enjoyment of all the necessaries of life, a population of ten times our present number. Our great mission, as a people, is to occupy this vast domain; to replenish it with an industrious, virtuous, and industrial population; to convert its forests into cultivated fields; to drain the swamps and marshes, and cover them with rich harvests; to build up cities, towns, and villages in every direction, and to unite the whole by the most rapid intercourse between all the parts. War would but impede the fulfilment of this high mission, by absorbing the means and diverting the energies which should be devoted to the purpose. On the contrary, secure peace, and time, under the guidance of a sagacious and cautious policy, ‘a wise and masterly inactivity,’ will speedily accomplish the whole. I venture to say ‘a wise and masterly inactivity’ in despite of the attempt to cast ridicule upon the expression. Those who have made the attempt would seem to confound such inactivity with mere inaction. Nothing can be more unlike. They are as wide apart as the poles. The one is the offspring of indolence, or ignorance, or indifference. The other is the result of the profoundest sagacity and wisdom—a sagacity which looks into the operations of the great causes in the physical, moral, and political world; which, by their incessant operation, are ever changing the condition of nations for good or evil; and wisdom, which knows how to use and direct them when acting favorably, by slight touches, to facilitate their progress, and by removing impediments which might thwart or impede their

course—and, not least, to wait patiently for the fruits of their operation. He who does not understand the difference between such inactivity and mere inaction—the doing of nothing—is still in the hornbook of politics, without a glimpse of those higher elements of statesmanship by which a country is elevated to greatness and prosperity. Time is operating in our favor with a power never before exerted in favor of any other people. It is our great friend, and under the guidance of such a policy it will accomplish all that we can desire. Our population is now increasing at the rate of about 600,000 annually, and is progressing with increased rapidity every year. It will average, if not impeded, nearly a million during the next twenty-five years, at the end of which period our population ought to reach to upwards of forty millions. With this vast increase, it is rolling westwardly with a strong and deep current and will, by the end of that period, have spread from ocean to ocean. Its course is irresistible. The coast of the Pacific will then be probably as densely populated, and as thickly studded with towns and vil-

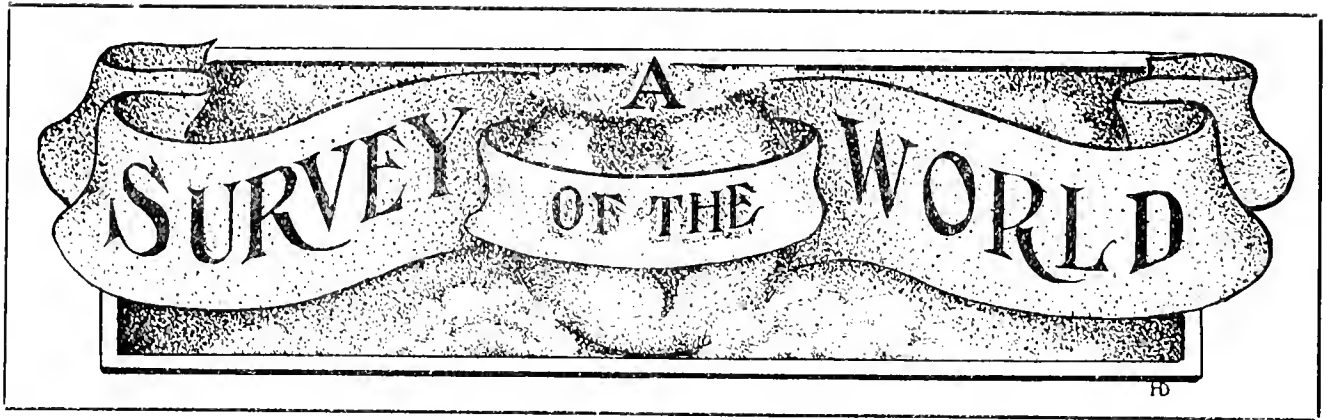
lages, in proportion to its capacity to sustain population, as that of the Atlantic now is. At the same rate, we shall have increased to upwards of eighty millions of people at the end of another twenty-five years, when, with one foot on the Atlantic and the other on the Pacific, and occupying a position between the eastern and the western coasts of the old continent, we shall be better able to control the commerce of both oceans, and to exert an influence over both continents, than any other country in the world. If we avoid war, and adhere to peace, all this will be effected—effected, I trust, without the loss of our free popular institutions. I am aware how difficult is the task to preserve free institutions over so wide a space, and so immense a population, but we are blessed with a Constitution admirably calculated to accomplish it. Its elastic power is unequalled, which is to be attributed to its federal character. The hope of success depends on preserving that feature in its full perfection, and adhering to peace as our policy. War may make us great; but let it never be forgotten that peace only can make us both great and free.”



Tidings

Stokely S. Fisher

*Just a breath of the apple bloom
From the orchard over the way,
But the May floats into my room!
Just a breath of the apple bloom,
But my veins fill with sharp perfume,
My eyes with dew of the May!—
Just a breath of the apple bloom
From the orchard over the way!*



By THE EDITOR

AS I glance over the world this sunny afternoon (May thirteenth) my interested orbs of vision rest, with inexpressible feelings, upon an item of local news, on the last page of the current issue of *The Washington Herald*. The headline is—

“SHELTER FOR STRAY CATS.”

The reporter goes on to state, that the Washington Stray Cat Club held its regular monthly meeting, at the residence of Mrs. L. H. Bixby. Permit me to quote:

“The pressing need of a shelter for stray cats was discussed at length.” By whom, pray? By a lot of women, each of whom has a “Mrs.” in front of her cognomen. Mrs. Bixby, Mrs. West, Mrs. Moyer, Mrs. Tompkins, etc.

Allow me another quotation:

“Such a place” (a Home for Stray Cats, of the four-footed variety,) “would materially aid in ridding the streets of the poor, starved and sick cats; and there would be no further excuse for the number of cats deserted in the summer time.” Poor, deserted Tom cats, Pussy cats, sick cats, and hungry cats!

If you feel disposed to contribute to the establishment and maintenance of a Home in which a squad of two-hoofed cats will superintend the washing, combing, feeding, physicking, and putting to bed of such four-footed felines as can be captured on the streets of Washington City, you may send any-

thing that you think that any sort of cat would like, to “Mr. Edward S. Schmid, 712 Twelfth Street, Northwest.”

Why it is that a Horrid Man had to be taken into this thing, and made the custodian of the Sacred Stray-Cat Fund, baffles my comprehension. It is one of the very few puzzles which escape my curiosity and investigation.

However, it is my purpose to save up all the rats and mice I catch; to send them regularly, once a month, to Edward Schmid, in order that he may lay them before the ladies of the “Washington Stray Cat Club,” as my contribution to the commissariat of the Stray-cat Home.

* * * * *

From Stray Cats, in Washington, to Insurrectos, in Mexico, is a long leap; but I must take it. When the revolt against the Diaz despotism first broke out, nearly every American traveler, just returned from that country, assured the newspaper reporters that, “The revolution is a joke.” But at this writing, it appears to be certain that Diaz will have to go. If he resigns now, he *may* escape to Europe with what’s left of his life.

If he continues to defy his country, and thus becomes the sole cause of continuous bloodshed, it is practically certain that he will meet the fate of Maximilian.

* * * * *

One of the few publishers in the United States who persist in speaking favorably of Diaz, is William R. Hearst. It has been asserted that Mr. Hearst is one of the Americans to whom Diaz ceded a huge tract of land, belonging to the people of Mexico.

It is well known that the concessions made by the Diaz government to dollar-made foreigners—mostly Americans—was one of the chief causes of the dissatisfaction of the Mexicans with their government. It is also said Diaz had his share in this looting of his country; and that his private fortune is enormous. Unless he has converted it into cash, and the cash into bills of exchange, he will probably lose the most of it. To restore to the people, by confiscation, what he took away from them through dishonest use of his power, would be justice.

AMERICAN snobdom is making a fool of itself, and bringing grief to the judicious by its passionate longing to witness the coronation of a very ordinary individual, named George Guelph. At prodigious expense, and with no end of ceremonial, this commonplace person is to be crowned King of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales! (I believe they left off France, some years ago.)

As all the world knows, the English monarchy is not governed by its King, but by a Parliamentary ministry, which has to resign when a majority of the representatives of the people vote them down on any important issue! Therefore, the coronation of Mr. Guelph is a mere pageant. It means, politically, nothing more than that one figure-head is gone, and that another is put in his place. The change in the coronation oath—demanded by the Vatican and weakly conceded by the ministry—was immeasurably more important than the accession of another powerless "King" to an impotent "throne."

* * * * *

The monarch who finds himself in the most ludicrous position of all, is fantastic Billy Hohenzollern, titular ruler of Germany. Mr. Hohenzollern is not permitted to rule anything, not even his own tongue. For, sometimes, his ministers have to coerce him into publicly unsaying some of his public sayings.

To have to eat one's own words, in public, is humiliating enough, in all conscience; but there are other dishes, equally as unpalatable, that our ferociously moustached Kaiser has to consume, in the open, while the irreverent world looks on with a grin.

Pardon me for saying it, but the Socialists have got hold of Billy, by the umbilical cord. The utter helplessness to which they have reduced him is so apparent that the more he blusters and displays his own military strength, the greater is the amusement of mankind.

But sagacious observers are deploring the folly of his attempt to escape his dilemma. Instead of surrendering to the Center, and thus voluntarily bending his neck to the hateful yoke of Rome, he should frankly and graciously come to terms with the Socialists, yielding to the rational demands *upon which they are united*.

The Socialists of the Reichstag have not gone a step farther than the Populists of this country went.

A spirit of mutual concession, on the part of the German Socialists and the German ministry, *is the one escape from Vatican domination*.

When the Kaiser refused to attend the celebration of Italian Unity, after having promised to go, he made a pitiable exhibition of his fear of the Catholic group in the Reichstag.

ONE by one the flowers fade: Dickinson has left President Taft's cabinet. Only a short while ago, we lost our Richard Achilles Ballinger. Both Richard and Mr. Taft roared virtuously, as they bade each other official

farewell. But Dickinson departs with the quietude that Longfellow ascribes to the Arab. As gently as the leaf falls in Autumn, Dickinson drops into the obscurity from which Taft lifted him. No tears at this end. That Gettysburg speech, in which Dickinson *crawled*, to curry favor with the North, is something that we find it difficult to forgive or forget. The speech was unmanly, and it was untrue. The South is *not* glad that she failed in her effort *to perpetuate democracy*, in America.

* * *

Our great National Smile, William Taft, has appointed a New York lawyer Secretary of War. His name is Stimson. He is so insignificant a person that his name does not appear in "Who's Who in America." Mr. Roosevelt fished him out of obscurity and ran him for Governor of New York; and that's all we know about him. He got beat by the Tammany crowd; and I presume that his fight against the Tiger qualified him to become Secretary of War. What Stimson does not know about the army and navy, would make a large, up-to-date library. I wonder how it makes Generals, Admirals, Staff-officers, and so forth feel to be ordered around and about by a glittering succession of fourth-rate lawyers!

I wonder what the Army and Navy really think of our Great National Smile!

IN Chicago, there is an Art Institute, in which the Life class draws, paints and models naked women. To do this, *to life*, the Life class studies young ladies, who pose before the class, undressed.

The Life class in this Chicago Art Institute is composed of young men. At least one of the art students is a burly young negro, who probably joined the Life class for no stronger reason than that he would thereby enjoy the opportunity of gloating, lustfully, over

the delicate and beautiful form of a young white woman.

The young ladies who posed to the Life class have protested, piteously, against the presence of the negro; but neither the Faculty nor the Life class took any action.

A few weeks ago, a remarkably well-made and handsome girl named Mayme Blanka was engaged to pose, nude, before the class. Just as she was about to disrobe, she happened to see the burly young negro, *who had taken his seat as near to her as he could approach*. She immediately halted, and asked that the black man be put out. He rose insolently and defiantly; but when half-a-dozen of the white men rose angrily, also, the negro left.

What do you suppose that infamous Faculty did? They notified the modest white girl that unless she consented to pose naked before this, or any other negro who might be present in the Life class, her services would be dispensed with! White men of that type are blacker at heart than decent negroes are.

On learning this shameful incident, I telegraphed Miss Blanka, offering her a good, permanent position under The Jeffersonian Publishing Company.

IN Washington City, the currents and cross-currents of policy and purpose, make a political Hell-gate. The Insurgent Republicans refuse to enter the caucus, where they can be securely fettered by the numerical strength of the stand-patters.

They are occupying practically the same ground that the Populists, under my lead, took in December, 1891. The very same newspapers that hounded me to my political destruction, *then*, are rapturously applauding the course of the Insurgents, *now*.

La Follette is now breasting the storm of abuse, from his own party, that broke over my head, twenty years ago, when I, elected as a Democrat, on a

platform of Insurgency, declined to enter a closed-door caucus where my hands would have been tied.

OPPOSING the Canadian Reciprocity measure, the patriotic manufacturers of print paper have noisily invaded the corridors and committee-rooms, in Washington, lustily demanding that their strangle-hold on the American publishers shall not be relaxed. These manufacturers denounce the President, denounce the newspapers, denounce the magazines, denounce everybody and everything favorable to cheaper paper. Nevertheless, "Reciprocity" is an idea that has come to stay.

THE Burns Detective Agency claims to be in possession of the most conclusive evidence of the guilt of the McNamaras and the other Union Labor men, who have been arrested and jailed, for dynamiting the publishing-house of Gen. Otis, in Los Angeles, last October.

With equal positiveness, the imprisoned men assert their innocence. This being so, an impartial country will wait to hear the sworn testimony, before expressing an opinion.

In the meantime, I rise to remark, that fair-minded men, of all classes, have a decided disrelish to the difference of treatment accorded by officers of the law to Labor suspects and to Capital suspects.

This way they have of grabbing a Union Labor man, and rushing him over a state-line, in an automobile, giving him no chance to test the legality of the proceedings, or to give bond for his appearance in court, is repugnant to one's sense of square-dealing.

Particularly is this true when we remember how vastly polite and considerate the Law has been to Sugar Trust magnates, Beef Trust barons, and Bribe-giving lords of the Lumber Trust.

When those Sugar Trust officials, were wanted, by criminal warrants,

they were not arrested at all. They were deferentially *requested* to appear in court, next morning.

Such contrasts are most odious.

IN a Survey of the World is this item unworthy of attention?

"Judge Reid informed Mrs. Dietz and Leslie that they were discharged.

"Mr. Dietz," asked the judge, "have you anything to say before sentence is passed?"

With a calm manner Dietz faced the judge.

"Do you suppose," he asked, "I haven't known sooner or latter the Trust, because it is big and I am little, would kill me or put me out of the way? I have fought my fight and defended my home and family.

"The trust has one creed, one law, one purpose. That is rule or ruin. It could not rule John Dietz. So they tried for six years to ruin him. Now it looks as if they have got what they were after.

"I have done nothing wrong and the state has. And yet it is the state that sends me to jail.

"It is the state that waylaid my children, took one away to jail and put a bullet through the other—a young girl."

"I cannot see, Mr. Dietz, that that has anything to do with the killing of Oscar Harp," said Judge Reid.

Judge Reid overruled Dietz's motion for a new trial, but gave him ten days in which to file exceptions, after sentencing him to prison for life."

* * *

In the foregoing case, Judge Reid was the voice of insolent corporation aggressiveness. Poor Dietz is the Natural Man, as God made him. Under our system—the outgrowth of the Civil War—the Corporation rules. The natural man must submit, obey or be crushed. Poor John Dietz! He owned a little bit of land, and a little bit of water; and because he stood up for his rights against the Lumber Trust, the Law jailed his son, put a bullet through his daughter, and consigns him to a life-term in the penitentiary.

When the Lumber Trust can buy seats in the U. S. Senate for its Lorimers; and can obliterate the private property and personal rights of an obstructive individual, like John Dietz, is it any wonder that Socialism spreads

and that an intense hatred of our present system deepens and widens?

THE GOVERNOR OF WISCONSIN SHOULD PARDON BRAVE JOHN DIETZ!

ANDREW CARNEGIE is again putting the "blow-hole" side of his character on exhibition. A few years ago, he was swindling the Government out of big sums, by putting defective armor-plate on our battle-ships. Caught in the act, he confessed his guilt, and was let off by President Cleveland, with a trifling fine. On one vessel alone his dishonesty cost us \$165,000. The fine, for all of his misdemeanors, was only \$15,000, which he hurriedly and thankfully paid.

Andrew's latest rascality crops out in the matter of the failure of the Carnegie Trust Company, of New York. This banking institution has been in existence many years. I used to see its magnificent building, on Broadway, every time I went to Gotham, in 1905. The Carnegie name was conspicuously displayed. Andrew knew all about it, and knew that thousands of people were patronizing the bank, because of the fact that *his* name was advertised as an asset in the business. Everybody supposed that he was back of the bank.

And everybody had a right to this opinion.

The President of the Carnegie Trust Company was nominated by Andrew Carnegie himself. Therefore, the public was justified in believing that Joseph T. Howell, elected as chief officer of the bank, on motion of Andrew, the Philanthropist, was a representative of the Library-Booker Washington man.

The leading Director of the busted bank was R. A. Franks, the financial secretary of Andrew, Philanthropist. Accordingly, the public was authorized to infer that the man who controlled both the bank and Andrew's private affairs, was acting for the Philanthropist in both capacities.

When Mr. Howell accepted the presidency of the Carnegie Trust Company, he was assured by Franks that Carnegie would see to it that the bank did not "drown." At least, Howell so construed the vague language employed by Franks.

But inasmuch as Carnegie is not bound, *in writing*, to pay the debts of the defrauded depositors of the bank, the Philanthropist disavows responsibility.

Many a family must suffer, because the head of it put confidence in the name of Carnegie. It is *so* much harder to quietly pay an honest debt than it is to dine Booker Washington, or to officiate at the opening of another Library!

THE Supreme Court of the United States has decided in favor of the Government, against the Standard Oil Company. Old John D. Rockefeller, *et al.* are ordered to disperse, disband, dissolve, separate and go to pieces within the next six months. Why the learned fossils of the Supreme Court hit upon that length of time, as the proper limit of toleration, I am unable to tell you. The action of fossilized intellects is not to be fathomed or comprehended by ordinary mortals.

In my own mind, there lurks a suspicion that the Standard Oil Company and other Trusts are neither surprised nor displeased by this much belauded decision. The Court, while ordering the dissolution of the Oil Trust, virtually holds that there may be combinations of capital that are lawful, even though they restrict competition. The Standard Oil Company, as now organized, must dissolve, because it is a monopoly, which admits of *no competition*. But the component parts of this same monopoly may, under the Supreme Court decision, do business *as separate corporations*; and, although these separate companies *restrain trade*, they will not be unlawful!

As a lawyer, I regard the Government's "victory," in this case, a barren one.

THE Sherman act declares that *any* combination or contract, in restraint of trade is criminal. The Supreme Court holds *that some* combinations in restraint of trade may be lawful.

Has our Jesuit Judge, White, steered the Court into a position where it may decently decide that Roman Catholic Ryan's Tobacco Trust is legal?

Judge Harlan's dissenting opinion is good law: the decision read by Jesuit White *is not*.

HONS. SAMUEL GOMPERS, John Mitchell, *et al.* will *not* have to be imprisoned for contempt of court. The Supreme Court of the U. S. has so decided.

Thank the Lord! In this day and generation, when there prevails such universal contempt for American courts, it would be a sin and a shame to put people in jail for it.

Let's all keep on cussing the Courts, until they get to doing better.

In the meantime, we cannot promise to print everything that Judge Wright, of the District of Columbia, thinks about those Supreme fossils who reversed him.

ALMOST coeval with the existence of English law, are the crimes of Fore-stalling, Engrossing and Re-grating. The Code of Georgia makes it the duty of the judges of our Superior Courts to give these misdemeanors in charge to

the Grand Jury, at each semi-annual session.

Fore-stalling is the buying up of merchandise or provisions, on their way to market, with the intent of selling them at a higher price in the same market. Engrossing is the "cornering" of provisions in the market. That is, the Common Law of England made it a crime to buy up *a controlling quantity*, for the purpose of exacting a monopoly price.

Re-grating was, *speculation in the necessities of life*.

In a national way, the Sherman anti-trust law aimed at penalizing, in the United States, what has immemorially been unlawful in England. But the decision of the U. S. Supreme Court, voiced by the Jesuit Chief Justice, kills the act of Congress, and violates fundamental principles that are far more ancient than the Great Charter against which a Pope fulminated.

The Jesuit-inspired Court holds that restraint of trade must be "unreasonable," else it is not illegal.

In this manner, the act of Congress is nullified. Every combination of Capital is given an opportunity to prove that it is not "unreasonable;" and every life-tenure Federal judge is licensed to apply his own measure to the question of unreasonableness.

I wonder if such an odious trust-tool as Pete Grosseup would ever hold that *any* restraint of trade is unreasonable!

What a shame it is that nobody in Congress has the temerity to propose an immediate repeal of the Judiciary Act of 1789. The entire rotten system of Federal Courts ought to be swept out of existence!



Some Reminiscences From Men on the Firing Line

[All the tales of the Civil War have not been written nor told. *Watson's Magazine* proposes to publish each month short narratives from those who actually took part in the "War of the '60's." In fighting their battles over, the old Veteran will be surprised first, then gratified at the eager interest with which their tales are read. We hope our old Confederate Veterans will send in their recollections; their war-time anecdotes, the history of the foraging tours, their brief romances, and all the data which went to make up the lives of "the Boys in Gray" in '61-'65.—The Editor.]

A Thrilling Incident of the Civil War. Two Ladies Held Prisoners at Sherman's Headquarters for a Week

In the March *Reviews of Reviews* is an account of the capture of Savannah by Sherman in December, 1864, with incidental mention of the preliminary assault and capture of Fort McAllister. The mention of the assault on the Fort calls up an incident of the occasion that is so unusual in modern warfare, I beg for it a place among the interesting Civil War stories that are appearing in *WATSON'S*.

I quote a paragraph from the Review article written by Major George Haven Putnam, 17th New York Infantry:

"The men in the division of General Hazen, which was the first command to reach the Savannah river, could see down the river the smoke of the Yankee gunboats and of the transports, which were bringing * * * from New York the much-needed supplies. But between the boys and the food lay the grim earthworks of Fort McAllister." Of course it is not material to the Major's story that he puts Fort McAllister on the Savannah river instead of on the Ogeechee, though it does provoke a smile from those who are familiar with conditions at that time on the lower Savannah, when he writes of Hazen's men five or six miles above Savannah (for this was about the distance of the investing line from the city) "seeing down the river the smoke of the gunboats and of the transports" that were ten or twelve miles below the city.

But he is correct in saying that Hazen

made the assault and captured the Fort and thus opened communication between Sherman and the gunboats. But to my story.

When Sherman reached the vicinity of Savannah his cavalry captured, near the Ogeechee river bridge, the last outgoing train on what was then called the Atlantic and Gulf railroad. On this train as passengers were Mr. R. R. Cuyler, the aged president of the Central Railroad, and two young ladies in his care who had "refugeed" from Guyton, on the Central Railroad, to Savannah, and were now again "refugeeing" to friends and relatives in Thomasville and Americus, determined to keep out of Sherman's way. But now, horror of horrors! here they were—made prisoners by a band of his cavalry. The coaches were at once set on fire and while watching them burn they saw another body of cavalry coming at a gallop. Thinking they were Confederates coming to their rescue the ladies clapped their hands with joy. But they were mistaken. Their supposed rescuers proved to be a company of Federals. But let justice be done; their captors offered no indignities, not even requiring President Cuyler to give up his watch.

Soon an army ambulance drove up and they were told to get into it and under guard they were escorted to General Sherman's headquarters. Luckily for them, they found him occupying as his headquarters the residence of Rev. Mr. King, who had taught school in Savannah many years, and one of the young ladies had been his pupil. He

was at home, though his family had "refugeed."

The feeling of relief to the ladies on reaching Mr. King can be readily imagined. They were at once notified, however, by a member of Sherman's staff, that they would be held as prisoners for several days at least and Mr. King would arrange for their accommodation. Nothing could be done but to "accept the situation," and they resolved to do so with as good grace as possible.

When meal time arrived the ladies were notified that their meals would be sent to their room if they so preferred, but that General Sherman would be glad to have them occupy seats at his military family table, as Mr. King was doing. Knowing it would give less trouble to adopt the latter course, they did so.

Now, it was Sherman who, on expelling the people from Atlanta, had written the memorable words, "The women and children at home must be made to feel the effects of the war as well as the men in the army," and it was his soldiers in the march through Georgia and South Carolina who were allowed to torture old men to make them tell where their watches and other valuables were concealed and to enter and pillage private residences and carry off whatever suited their needs or fancy, but on this occasion it was Sherman, himself, who, when the ladies entered the dining room courteously asked that one of them take the head of the table; and, witting to "promote the agreeable" even as prisoners in the enemy's hands, the elder of the ladies, with her old teacher on one side and her "sister in affliction" on the other, occupied the seat at the head of the table and for a week "poured coffee" for Sherman and his staff. It was often the case that the officers would discuss at the table the progress of the siege and of the preparations for the capture of Fort McAllister. On the evening before the assault

was made, Sherman invited General Hazen to take supper with him, to discuss the matter. In answer to Sherman's question, "are you quite sure, General, that you are ready?" Hazen replied, "Our long range guns are all in position and by nine o'clock the Fort will be yours."

The Fort was built to meet an attack or approach from the sea, and its heavy guns could not be shifted to respond to this bombardment from the rear, and so it proved as General Hazen predicted.

"But imagine my feelings," I often heard this lady Confederate prisoner at headquarters say, "as I sat at my window that night and looked towards the doomed Fort. How I wished for wings, that I might fly over to it and tell our boys what was coming."

As soon as the Fort was captured our prisoners at headquarters were told they would be sent anywhere within forty miles that they wished to go. The next morning they left in an ambulance for Guyton, about 35 miles across the country and arrived that afternoon without further incident of interest.

The young lady who poured the coffee for Sherman, a prisoner at his headquarters in Mr. King's home on the Ogeechee, afterwards became a wife and mother. It was from her own lips I learned this unique and interesting story.

I had held it a sacred memory, hoping some day to weave it into a story in enduring form, but the shadows are growing long with me and the busy days seem no fewer and I fear my hope will never be realized. Its heroine has passed over the river, though two sons and a daughter survive her and they will repeat the story to their children, and it may be that in the hereafter one will rise up who shall not only put the story in enduring shape, but at the same time pay adequate tribute to the patriotic devotion to the Confederacy the kind heart, the sweet disposition and

the rare good sense of this typical Southern woman of the days of our Civil War.

B. M. ZETTLER.

Kirkwood, Ga.

Who Captured His Fiddle and His Prayer-book?

I am an old Confederate veteran. Born in Colleton county, South Carolina, in 1842. Enlisted as a volunteer in Company H, Eleventh Regiment South Carolina Volunteers on July Fourth, 1861. My company was ordered to Hilton Head Island, S. C. Here we remained until the seventh day of November, 1861. The Northern fleet bombarded the island and we were forced to give it up, as our fortification was built of sand, it was not a very great stronghold. Company H and Company C were then placed to support the artillery. Part of our camp was a wooden building, two stories, my room being upstairs on the south side, and, like most of the boys in those days, I carried my trunk from home as we thought the war would last several weeks and we would likely need more clothes than we could conveniently carry otherwise, and sure enough it did, and besides my wearing apparel in my trunk I had my "Fiddle," which I prized very highly, as I was the only musician in my company, and when we were tired of watching the ebb and flow of the tide and grieving of home and mother, I would then be called on to cheer the crowd by playing a few selections on the violin. Some would want to hear "The Soldier's Joy," while others would want "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

I also had a prayer book, presented to me by my mother, my name being on both the violin and the prayer book. I thought it might be possible to locate the soldier who captured these things and upon proper identification get him to return them to me, as it would be quite a pleasure to me now to look on these old relics in my old age, as

they would present to me many fond memories of my boyhood's happy days. So if you will be kind enough to an old soldier to insert this in your magazine and it may be possible that the soldier who captured these things would read it, and I am sure he would return them if he knew the joy and pleasure they would bring.

My best wishes to all the old veterans.

WILLIAM LOCKLIER.

Manchester, Ga.

The Bombardment of Fort Sumter and Another Engagement

Fifty years ago the first shell fired from a Confederate mortar fell on the inside of Fort Sumter, the echo of which, it has been said, resounded around the world. Then followed four years of the most active and educating time of my life. I was young then, energetic and active and was probably up and out about the lot, looking after the stock, when at 4:30 o'clock in the morning Beauregard fired the first gun. We were planting corn in a field named Cedar Grove, on the north side of Hollow Creek, about two miles from Silver Bluff, on the Savannah River, twelve miles from Augusta, on the lower edge of Edgefield District, S. C. We distinctly heard the terrific cannonading from Charleston, where we were at work. It lasted nearly all day. In my own estimation I increased in size and importance nearly one-third during that momentous day. I imagine that every young boy in South Carolina who was in hearing of that bombardment during that day felt "bristled up," and wanted to fight somebody or something. The crops were almost abandoned by our young men; drill meetings were held every evening in the week. My father rubbed up his war experience in Florida among the Seminoles and was out drilling the young men with sticks for guns. I think the station caller on the train took up the dialect of the drill-master immediately after the war.

When the drill-master would want to command "Right dress! Forward, march!" he would ball out, "Hite ress! 'owad 'arch!" then sing out, "Hep! hep! hep!" meaning left.

Hardee's Tactics were more in demand and studied harder than the Blueback Speller, Bible, or Blackstone. Picture in your mind a half dozen young men escorting as many girls from the spring to the church house in time of preaching, and using the words, "Hep, Hep!" and the girls keeping time by striking the ground with the left foot promptly at every call. They go inside and take seats and find a young preacher tongue-lashing the Yankees. He tells them how Henry Ward Beecher told his Northern congregations that the Southerners put their slaves in stalls like cattle and fed them on cotton seed. Of course, the young men became indignant at the idea of any preacher telling in a sermon that after we had coon hunted with Caesar, Pete, or Pomp, that we would come in about 11 o'clock and tie him or them in a cow-shed and throw them a few cotton seed by way of refreshment! But our young preacher continued his sermon like this. He said, "I am too young to stay at home and preach, boys; I am going with you to the front." The young part of the congregation rose to their feet enmasse and, with difficulty, suppressed what afterwards became the famous rebel yell. I have vaguely described to you in a feeble way the first naval engagement that ever occurred in the South Atlantic coast since I can remember. And the last one that I remember came off on the coast of Florida, between Tom Watson, with a \$2.50 shotgun, and a Northern banker, with a Winchester rifle.

J. B. HOWARD.

A "Dandy" on the Firing Line

The company to which I belonged was camped on the south end of Cumberland Island from September, 1861,

to March, 1862. While in this camp nearly every member of the company had a trunk or clothing in camp with him.

Among the members of this company was one whom we will call Jay, as that was not his name but rhymes with it. Jay's most cherished possessions, of which he was very proud, were a violin and a pair of calf-skin boots.

Several members of the company, on their return from a visit to St. Mary's, Ga., reported that a fleet of one hundred vessels had sailed from New York to attack Fernandina, which was defended by Fort Clinch and the battery manned by our company.

The captain of the company, Dr. J. S. Blain, was the only physician at our camp. When in Jay's presence the talk among most of the boys was confined almost exclusively to this reported attack, with consequent results; one would wonder who would command the company in this coming engagement. Another replying, "Why Captain Blain." While another would put in, "No, Captain Blain will be busy back of the magazine cutting off arms and taking out eyes and shattered teeth, cutting off legs," etc., and with this kind of consolation they would keep Jay on the rack of misery all the time.

Finally, the mess to which Jay belonged announced that it was time for this attacking fleet to arrive and that these Yankees should not have their valuable possessions, and that they were going to bury their trunks. These they loaded into wheelbarrows, taking all the shovels or spades except a broken one, and rolled them off into the woods which surrounded the camp.

Jay, after meditating for awhile, got the broken spade, carried his trunk into the woods and buried it, after carefully placing his cherished violin and boots therein.

The next morning on starting out to roll call he found his feet delayed by many trunks, purposely placed in his

way. His first assertion to the boys was, "Why, I thought you boys had buried your trunks," met by the reply, "Why we never thought of such a thing. Did you bury yours?"

After a day's torment by all kinds of jeers and jibes and the beating of the dead march on tin pans, etc., around the grave of the trunk, its obituary was read, which I give in part:

OBITUARY.

There was a trunk which died of late,
And Angels did impatient wait
To bear this poor old trunk away
From its immortal Master Jay.

They laid it amidst the old oak's roots.
It contained one pair of calfskin boots;
They laid it down so gently to rest,
With a violin on its breast.

They laid it beneath the old oak's shade,
The work was done with a broken spade.

Here memory faileth as to the remainder of the obituary and not a line of the resurrection of this trunk, which was penned on the next day by the authors of the obituary, can I recall.

J. J. SPEARS,

Brunswick Riflemen, Co. A, 26th Ga.
Regiment.

Lines on a Confederate Bill

The following beautiful poem was written by Mrs. Lytle, wife of Dr. R. M. Lytle, who was a surgeon in the Confederate army, and she accompanied her husband throughout the war. The circumstance under which the poem was written are of peculiar interest, as they give emphasis to the spirit which prompted it at the time.

Just after General Johnston's surrender Mrs. Lytle was at Griffin, Ga., where she met an old friend, a Mr. Price, of Virginia, who had been dis-

charged from service as the war was over. Mrs. Lytle and the soldier were talking over the surrender and the future looked very dark and gloomy. During the conversation Mr. Pucci pulled a roll of Confederate bills from his pocket, with the remark, "What is it good for now?"

Under the inspiration of the moment, Mrs. Lytle wrote the poem, just as it appears below, and the soldier copied it on the back of a \$5.00 bill.

Wingo, Ky. Mrs. I. A. WESSON.

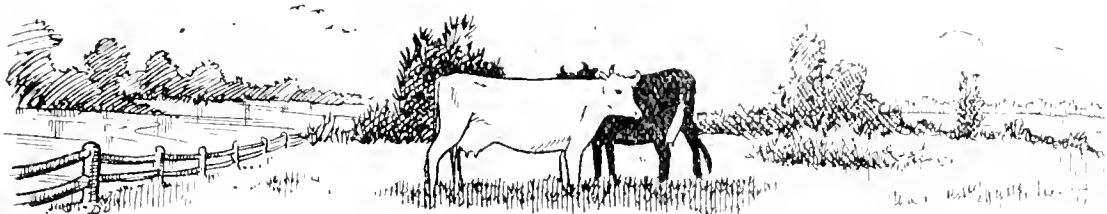
A \$5.00 CONFEDERATE BILL—WHAT WAS IT?

Representing nothing on God's earth now,
Nor in the waters below it;
The pledge of a nation that's dead and gone;
Keep it, dear friend, and show it—
Show it to those who will bend an ear
To the tale that this paper shall tell,
Of Liberty, born of a patriot's hope,
Of a storm-cradled nation that fell.

Too poor to possess the precious ore,
And too much of a stranger to borrow,
We issued today, our promise to pay,
And we hoped to redeem it tomorrow.
But the days rolled by, and weeks became
years,
And our coffers were empty still;
Coin was so scarce that our treasurer quaked
If a dollar should drop in the till.

But the faith that was in us was strong, indeed,
And our poverty, well we discerned;
And those paper bills represented the pay
That our suffering veterans earned.
We knew it had hardly a value in gold,
Yet as gold our soldiers received it;
It gave on its face a promise to pay,
And each patriot soldier believed it.

Our boys little thought of price or pay,
Or of wage that was overdue;
They knew if it bought them their bread that
day,
'Twas the best their poor country could
do.
Then keep it! It tells our victory o'er,
From the birth of the dream to the last—
Glorious! and born of a nation's hope,
Like our hope of success—it passed.



A Snag in the Baby Show

WE'VE had our first bit of trouble in the Baby Show, and it's a big trouble, too.

You may remember, we told you how the baby photographs were pouring in,



A

and maybe you'll understand how the trouble happened.

The photographs are sent to an engraver in Atlanta, who returns the photographs with the plates to be used in the magazine.

When the pictures and the plates reach the office, proofs—or copies—of each plate is made, and on these proofs the name and age of each baby is written. This data is then given to the foreman of the composing room to be used by him in making up the page.

Well—here's the trouble: the young man who was told to "check up the

cuts and send the pictures back to the parents," didn't know that "checking up" meant putting the names on the proofs, and he sent the photographs back, without giving a name to one of the blessed little cherubs you see with letters, instead of names under their pictures.

Isn't it awful?

So please, Sir, and please Ma'am, will you send us the letter under your baby, and its name?



B

It isn't much comfort to us to know that the accident was a peculiar one, as it has upset our plans and calculations to a great degree.

If you are going to enter your baby, hurry up, as the contest is drawing to

its close and no photographs will be received after the last week in May.

All photographs will be used, and each entry will receive a set of post-cards with interesting views of THE JEFFS, the people connected with them and the Chief of the Weekly and the Magazine.

The conditions are simply that each entry be accompanied by one dollar for

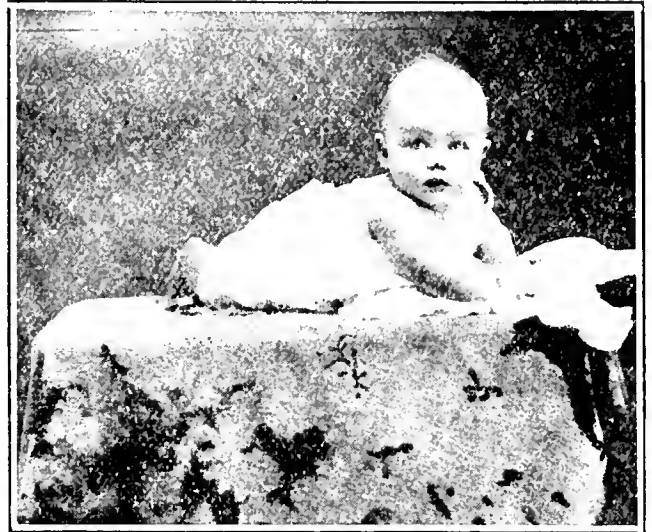


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a year's subscription to the Magazine, and the baby must not be over three years of age at the time the photograph was taken.

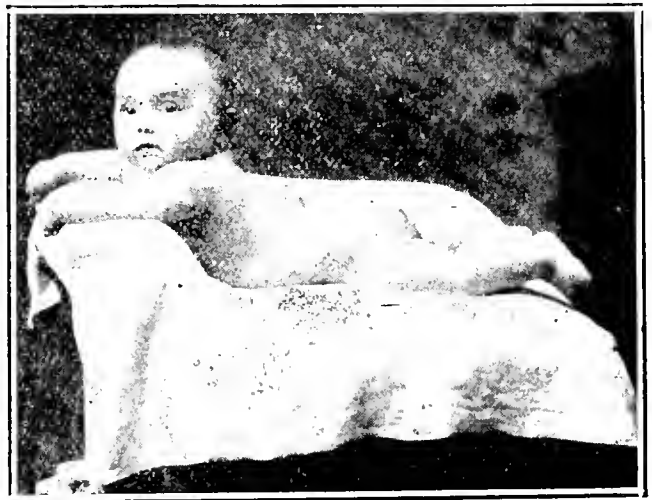
The last week in May was the time limit first set for receiving photographs, and it cannot by any possibility be extended. The photographs now on hand will require a great deal of space, and it will probably be October before all have been used.

The awards will be made as soon as all the photographs have been published; each entry will also receive a full set of post-cards showing THE JEFF family and their new home.



D

The interest in the Baby Show was greater than THE JEFF folks had any idea it would be; the expense has been heavy, too, as the plates from which the



E

pictures were made were the best of the engraver's art.

Altogether, THE JEFF Baby Show has been a delightful feature and everyone has enjoyed it.



F



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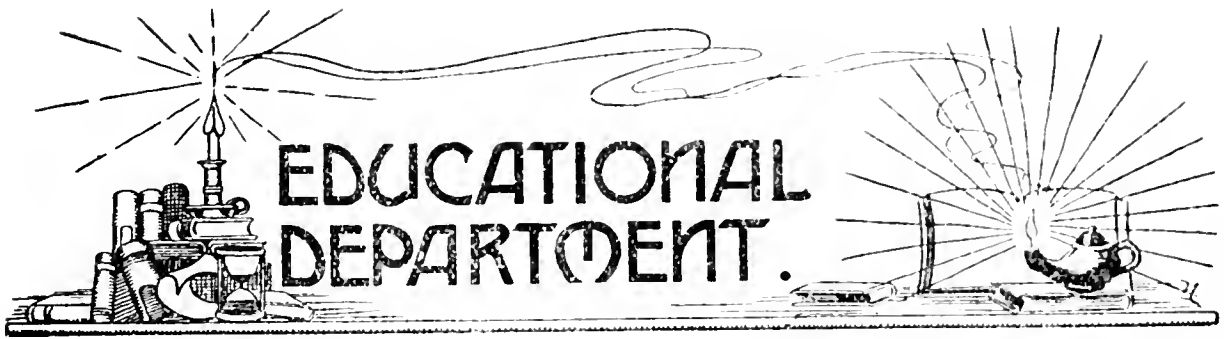
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I



1. James Roger Rice (nine months), Osierfield, Ga. 2. Floyd Alois Mathis (two years, four months) Los Angeles, Cal. 3. Maudie Lewis (eight months), Corn Hill, Texas. 4. Cecit Bush (seven months), Wrightsville, Ga. 5. Lester Elrod Eyeans (ten months), Forsyth, Ga. 6. Irma Wilson (eight months), Thomson, Ga. 7. Claude Daniel (nine months), LaGrange, Ga. 8. Walter Carlton Hines (ten months), Shilox, Ga. 9. Oler Gardner (seven months), Wheeler, Miss. 10. John Kutz Moore (seven weeks), Birmingham, Ala. 11. Charlotte Bedingfield, Trenton, Miss. 12. Fannie Watson Smith (seven months), Elgin, Texas.



SOME QUERIES OF INTEREST, AND THE ANSWERS.

Dear Sir: Will you please answer through the Educational Department of your magazine, the following questions? If so, I shall be very grateful:

1. In what country do the common people enjoy the most of real freedom and exercise their political rights to the greatest extent?

2. Do you think the U. S. government is afraid to raise the battleship Maine, on the grounds that it may be learned the explosion was from within instead of without? I have heard such hinted.

3. Do you know whether the assertion is true that the church contributing most liberally to Foreign Missions is the best Home Missionary?

Please answer at your earliest convenience, and oblige,
Most sincerely yours,

J. WYATT GRIMMER.

Rockland, Cal.

Answer.

(1) In Switzerland the people have the direct making of laws; they enjoy also the Initiative, Referendum and Recall.

(2) That the explosion was from within; of this there seems to be no doubt; preparations are now being made to raise the hulk.

(3) This is one of the statements which gains currency and credence because so often repeated; no one knows it to be true. As an instance: The Capitol Avenue Church in Atlanta does a tremendous amount for Foreign Missions and scarcely anything for Home Missions. T. E. W.

SOME QUESTIONS AS TO THE GEORGIA SENATORSHIP.

Dear Friend: I have not imposed on your kind generosity for some time and I do not see anything coming from Augusta. I will ask a few questions if you will kindly answer same I will appreciate it:

1. Why our State Executive Committee, after seeing the great evil of legislature-elected Senators, is so persistent that the unexpired term of four years, caused by the death of our late Senator Clay, should be fought out in that way?

2. Why, if Hoke Smith and his friends are successful in turning the trick for him

and themselves, is then the use of the committee ordering a primary to select a candidate to run for governor? Is not the four-years Senatorship of more importance than that of the governorship for two years?

4. Why not then turn over the whole mess of pottage to the legislature and let them elect a governor?

5. Would it not be well to disband the State Executive Committee as being of no service to the people? Why not let the Legislature have all the spoils?

6. Why can't those of the committee that stand out against the people be spotted, and when they come again to the political crib shut the door in their faces?

7. And why can't the bought-up presses be handed the lemon by the people?

We have one in Augusta. Just boosts popular elections and government by the people in nearly everything except this particular. It surely must be their goose that is to be cooked this time, and they don't want him burned.

I think the good people ought to select some good, honest and able man—one that has always stood for the people—then demand that a popular election be held; raise such a howl that the committee will have to come across whether they like it or not. Well, I must change cars here. With best wishes to yourself and family, I remain,
Very respectfully,

A FRIEND TO THE JEFF.

Answer.

(1) Our State Executive Committee seems to know and to heed its master's voice. Its master is mortally afraid to face the people, for he realizes that they have found him out. He believes that in the Legislature he can play the Lorimer game. When his dummy candidates get the votes all split up, so that none of them can win, the Monumental Humbug will "consent" to accept the Senatorship, in the interest of Harmony. His tactics at this time are thoroughly characteristic. There isn't a friend or a principle that he would not sacrifice to his inordinate selfishness and ambition. He knows that he is putting every one of his former lieutenants in a ludicrously embarrassing position; but he doesn't care. His friends are for use. When he can no longer use

a friend, there is an end to the friendship.

(2) Yes; the Committee would order a primary for Governor. Of course, the two-year governorship is of far less importance than the four-year Senatorship. A governor of Georgia has only to administer laws already made, for one state; whereas, the Senators **make** laws for all the states. A governor, even if he be a wicked one, can do harm for but two years, and on a comparatively small scale; a senator can do harm on the largest scale, and can make bad laws whose blighting effect may be felt for generations. The hands of a governor are tied, almost completely, by statutes, court-decisions, and customs: if he goes wrong, the people can very quickly take him to task, and vote him out. A Senator has a free hand, and can vote for any outrageous bill—the people being helpless in the premises. See how Bailey of Texas is misrepresenting his people, by voting for that Republican rascal, Lorimer. He knows that they are powerless to punish him.

(4) We might as well do it.

(5) Ditto.

(6) We have spotted them. We will keep them spotted. Help us put local pressure on them.

(7) They could be—only, the people won't take the trouble to handle the lemons. Let us all whirl in, and manifest the proper amount of interest in these public matters. T. E. W.

WHAT THE PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT WERE FOR.

Dear Sir: Please answer, through the Educational Department:

1. What theories have ever been advanced to explain the purpose of the Pyramids?

2. When were they built—the first of them?

3. What solitary wonder of Egypt exceeded in cost and splendor (if not the Pyramids) all the temples of the Greeks put together?

I am pleased with your magazine and would like the above questions answered.

FLETCHER O. BAXLEY.

Clanton, Ala.

Answer.

(1) That they were burial-places for the royal families: that they were treasure-houses: that they were astronomical and religious.

(2) The first records of Pyramids as tombs for Egyptian kings, date before the fourth Egyptian dynasty.

(3) The great Temple of Karnak.

T. E. W

THE MEANING OF SEIGNIORAGE.

Dear Sir: Please answer, through the next issue of your magazine, the following questions, viz.:

1. What is seigniorage?

2. Do we get seigniorage from coining gold?

3. What is the bullion of a \$20 gold piece worth?

4. Did Andrew Jackson issue any kind of paper money during his administration; if so, how much?

By answering the above questions you will confer a great favor on one of your numerous admirers. Yours truly,

McDonough, Ga.

READER.

Answer.

(1) Seigniorage, strictly speaking, is the "toll" which the government takes out of bullion to defray the expenses of coinage. But the term seigniorage was also applied to the profit the government made under the Sherman act of 1890 and coining it into dollars.

The amount of silver necessary to make a dollar costs less than a dollar; the difference between this market value of silver bullion bought and the dollars coined out of it, was a clear gain to the government, and was called seigniorage.

(2) No. Before gold is coined a certain amount of silver, or copper and silver, has to be mixed with it to harden it. This is called the "alloy" of the gold coinage.

The government charges the owner of the gold bullion a sufficient sum to pay for the alloy. Besides this, no toll is taken or charge made for the coinage of the gold. It is "free and unlimited;" and if the owner chooses to assay his gold himself and bring it to the "standard," the government charges nothing at all for coining it into dollars for him. Down to 1875, one-fifth of one per cent was charged by the government for converting gold bullion into coin, but the Resumption Act of 1875 repealed this section of the coinage law.

(3) It is worth considerably less than \$20, for the simple reason that it is not all gold.

By section 12 of the coinage laws of 1793, "the standard for all gold coins in the United States shall be eleven parts fine to one part alloy." The alloy is a mixture of silver and copper.

Therefore, a \$20 gold piece if full weight cannot possibly be worth more than eleven-twelfths of \$20, as bullion. To be exact about it, the gold in a \$20 gold piece cannot sell for more than \$18.33.

Gold standard leaders frequently declare that the gold in a gold dollar is worth a dollar. This mistake is founded on their

forgetfulness of the alloy of one-twelfth, which every gold dollar contains.

The fiat of the government lifts the alloy into equal value with gold; and thus it is that the one-twelfth, composed of copper and silver, is worth as much in the coin as any one of the eleven-twelfths composed of pure gold.

This is a point which the free silver Democrats never make, because they do not like to admit the power of the government's "fiat." It might carry them too far, you know.

(3) They are simple promises to pay, bearing interest, and the smallest denomination issued was \$50. T. E. W.

AS TO MARSHAL NEY, AGAIN.

Dear Sir: In the May number of your magazine you seem to think it strange that the alleged Marshal Ney did not return to France during the reign of Napoleon III. If I recall correctly, Napoleon III. was elected president of France in 1848, afterwards becoming Emperor. Ney of North Carolina died in 1845 or 1846, and therefore could not have returned during the second Empire.

Its true that Ney turned against the Emperor in 1814 and then again after Waterloo, but if Napoleon could have come upon the scene in 1821 or earlier, Ney would have gone over to his old master again. I do not see why Ney the Marshal, far away from home and native land and reflecting on the glorious past, would not have wept on knowing of the death of Napoleon. As to the exhumation of Ney's body in Paris, I have no authority for the statement, only hearsay.

Yours most respectfully,
H. H. NEWTON, JR.

Bennettsville, S. C.

P. S. —Since you have given to the world the best life of Napoleon and the best account of the battle of Waterloo, I hope and trust you will not deny us your account of the life of Robert E. Lee and Gettysburg.

H. M. N., Jr.

Answer.

I did not remember if I ever knew the date of the death of the pathetic Ney of North Carolina.

While it is true that Louis Napoleon was not elected President of the French Republic until 1848, it is likewise true that the Bourbons were overthrown in 1830. With the "Revolution of July" put an end to the proscription of the Bonapartists. Such Napoleonic soldiers as Marshals Mortier and Soult held the highest offices. The Napoleonic cult grew stronger and stronger, until there was an imperative demand for the return to France of Napoleon's body.

Had Marshal Ney re-appeared, among the French, at any time during the last fifteen years of the life of Peter Stuart Ney, he would have been welcomed with unbounded enthusiasm.

Had the North Carolina school-teacher been the unfortunate Marshal, he could not have resisted the temptation to return to his family and native land. He had possessed large estates, which were restored to his son; and he would not have been human had he not wished to meet his wife and children again. Even prior to 1830, it would have been perfectly safe for him to correspond with his kins-people and friends in France. No one claims that he did so.

Napoleon's body was carried back to Paris, in 1840. It was known, throughout the civilized world that this dramatic event was in preparation. Months were required to arrange for it. Other months were required for the outward voyage and the homeward cruise. The approaching pageant, in Paris, was the talk of millions of men. It occupied prominent space in all the gazettes. Practically everybody knew about it. To say that Michael Ney—hot, impulsive, lover of adulation—would have kept on teaching school in North Carolina, when the mere sight of him at Napoleon's second funeral would have electrified and rhapsodized the whole of France, is altogether unbelievable. The call of Home and of Glory would have been answered by Ney in person—had he been alive.

T. E. W.

SOME QUERIES ON SOCIALISM.

Dear Sir: Will you kindly answer the following questions through the Educational Department of your monthly *Jeffersonian*:

(1) Has Socialism ever been tried anywhere? If so, with what results?

(2) Under Socialism, will a man be allowed to choose his own place of abode? And those who owned homes before it came in power, will they be allowed to remain in their homes? Please give proof either way.

(3) Who is the founder of Socialism, and when was it founded? Please give the last national platform of the Socialist party. Thanking you in advance for answering the above, I remain,

Yours truly,
A SUBSCRIBER.
Olney, Texas.

(Answer.)

(1) Yes, repeatedly, and from time immemorial. It was given a fair trial in ancient Sparta; and it proved an utter failure.

In other parts of the ancient and modern

world it has been tried and found wanting. In the first colonization of our own country, it was practised, for a short while, and abandoned, as unworkable!

(2) No. Socialists propose a new order of society in which "Captains of Industry" will boss every thing and everybody. People will be "assigned" to their vocations by "society;" and society will decide the value of one's work.

Society will relieve the Head of the Family of his responsibility for its maintenance. The wife and children will look to "Society" for grub and education. Thus home-life, as we know it, would be abolished—especially as Socialism does not admit of the private ownership of land, or other property. Under Socialism, communism would prevail; that is to say, property would belong to society, and not to the individual citizens. No man could own a home, a horse, a cow, or plantation implements. These are all "materials of production;" and the individual could not own them.

For proof see the National Platform of the Socialist Party of the United States.

(3) St. Simon, Fourier, Babeuf, La Salle, Engels, Karl Marx, Her Bebel. These were the founders of modern Socialism; but the doctrine, in one shape or another, is coeval with the human race. It reaches back, through Thomas More and Rousseau, to Plato; and from Plato it can be traced to ancient Peru, on the one hand, and to India, on the other.

(4) The following is the last of the platforms of the National Socialist Party:

National Platform of the Socialist Labor Party, Adopted at New York, July, 1908.

The Socialist Labor party of America, in convention assembled, reasserts the inalienable right of man to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

We hold that the purpose of government is to secure to every citizen the enjoyment of this right; but, taught by experience, we hold furthermore that such right is illusory to the majority of the people, to wit, the working class, under the present system of economic inequality that is essentially destructive of their life, their liberty, and their happiness.

We hold that the true theory of politics is that the machinery of government must be controlled by the whole people; but again, taught by experience, we hold, furthermore, that the true theory of economics is that the means of production must likewise be owned, operated and controlled by the people in common. Man cannot exercise his right of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness without the ownership of the land on and the tools with which to

work. Deprived of these, his life, and his fate fall into the hands of the class that owns these essentials for work and production.

We hold that the existing contradiction between the theory of Democratic government and the fact of a despotic economic system—the private ownership of the natural and social opportunities—divides the people into two classes—the capitalist class and the working class; throws society into the convulsions of the class struggle, and perverts government to the exclusive benefit of the capitalist class.

Thus labor is robbed of the wealth which it alone produces, is denied the means of self-employment, and, by compulsory idleness in wage slavery, is even deprived of the necessaries of life.

Against such a system the Socialist Labor party raises the banner of revolt, and demands the unconditional surrender of the capitalist class.

The time is fast coming when, in the natural course of social evolution, this system, through the destructive action of its failures and crisis on the one hand, and the constructive tendencies of its trusts and other capitalist combinations on the other hand, will have worked out its own downfall.

We, therefore, call upon the wage-workers of America to organize under the banner of the Socialist Labor party into a class-conscious body, aware of its rights, and determined to conquer them.

And we also call upon all intelligent citizens to place themselves squarely upon the ground of working-class interests, and join us in this mighty and noble work for human emancipation, so that we may put summary end to the existing barbarous class conflict by placing the land and all the means of production, transportation and distribution into the hands of the people as a collective body, and substituting the co-operative commonwealth for the present state of planless production, industrial war and social disorder—a commonwealth in which every worker shall have the free exercise and full benefit of his faculties, multiplied by all the modern factors of civilization. T. E. W.

CLEVELAND'S SECOND ADMINISTRATION.

Dear Sir: In the article, "Story of Some Photographs," in your March issue, you refer to the second administration of President Cleveland as "the rottenest we have ever had since those which followed Lincoln." Please illuminate this by particularizing. There have been so many insinuations made about President Cleveland's personality that one does not know what you mean, whether you refer to matters of public policy or not. During the excitement and the animosities of the Civil War, President Lincoln, who was not a

polished expression of manhood, was called everything most uncomplimentary; a "boor," even—but he had the soul and genuine spirit which has made his name immortal. Cleveland had also the rough exterior, and his political enemies naturally have made all they could of this, but this opposition has been discouraged by men who try to be fair even to an opponent. Now, what and how much does your expression mean? Give us the particulars.

Belleville, Ill.

J. A. REID.

(Answer.)

General Grant was personally honest; but his administration was perhaps the most corrupt that our country has known. The demoralization following four years of titanic Civil War was in full force during the old soldier's two terms.

As to Cleveland, the facts are indisputable. Bear in mind that he was not only a coarse-fibred man, who was a bachelor until middle age, but he was a New York politician.

He had, while Governor, signed the bill which broke up the separate schools in New York City and threw white and black children together, on a footing of Social Equality. He afterwards denied this, but I produced the official record of the fact.

He denounced the Wilson-Gorman tariff as an act of party perfidy and dishonor; but he did not kill it with a veto.

His Secretary of the Treasury wrote the Sugar schedule, at Havemeyer's personal dictation. Cleveland knew that Carlisle did so, in compliance with the promises made the Sugar Trust before it contributed \$500,000 to the Democratic campaign fund. Yet, knowing all the facts, Cleveland allowed the Sugar schedule, thus bought, to become a law; and he allowed Carlisle to remain in the Cabinet.

Having assured the country, in his Warner letter that he went no further against silver coinage than to oppose an unlimited amount of it, he never rested until, by the use of Presidential influence and patronage, he secured enough voters in Congress to repeal the only statute under which we could get any addition to the free silver coinage on the same terms as were given to gold.

Cleveland violated the law when he gave to Wall Street the option of saying in which coin, silver or gold, the certificates should be redeemed. That option belonged to the Government and should never have been surrendered.

Indeed, the Sherman law provided, in so many words, that the silver certificates should be redeemed with the silver dollars coined from the bullion bought from month to month, by authority of the Sherman act.

By surrendering the option to Wall Street, the bankers created the endless chain, which caused Cleveland to exclaim:

"My God, Oates, the bankers have got the Government by the leg!"

The endless chain was this:

The bankers would collect a large sum in silver certificates, and take them to the Treasury, demanding that they be redeemed in gold. Even Greenbacks were thus "redeemed," in plain violation of law. When the bankers had drawn out sufficient gold to lower the Gold Reserve below \$100,000,000, their newspapers would raise a howl, and demand that bonds be issued, to get back the gold into the Treasury.

Thus the bankers had a picnic. They drew out the gold, with silver certificates and greenbacks; and then put it back, in exchange for bonds. It was the disgraceful surrender of popular interests to the Wall Street interests that had been witnessed in many years. Not until we saw how President Roosevelt acted, during the panic of 1907, could one imagine that an equally shameful sacrifice of the general interest could be made to the special.

During this carnival of treasury-looting, Cleveland and Morgan held their famous conference, at midnight, in the White House. By a private, secret deal, Morgan was given gold-bonds, at a lower price than the New England railroads and the Jamaica negroes were getting, for their gold-bonds.

Morgan and Belmont made a profit of \$11,000,000,000 on the bonds, just as soon as they could be put on the market.

Such a clamor of indignation followed that even Cleveland was forced to offer the remainder of the bond-issue to the public. These brought a much higher price than Morgan had paid for his. When the Paris Rothschild died, some years later, a large block of these "midnight" bonds were found among his assets. Therefore, it would seem that the Rothschilds were in cahoot with Belmont and Morgan.

Incidentally, the American representative of the Rothschild interests has been a power behind the throne, in the national Democratic party, for the last fifty years.

T. E. W.





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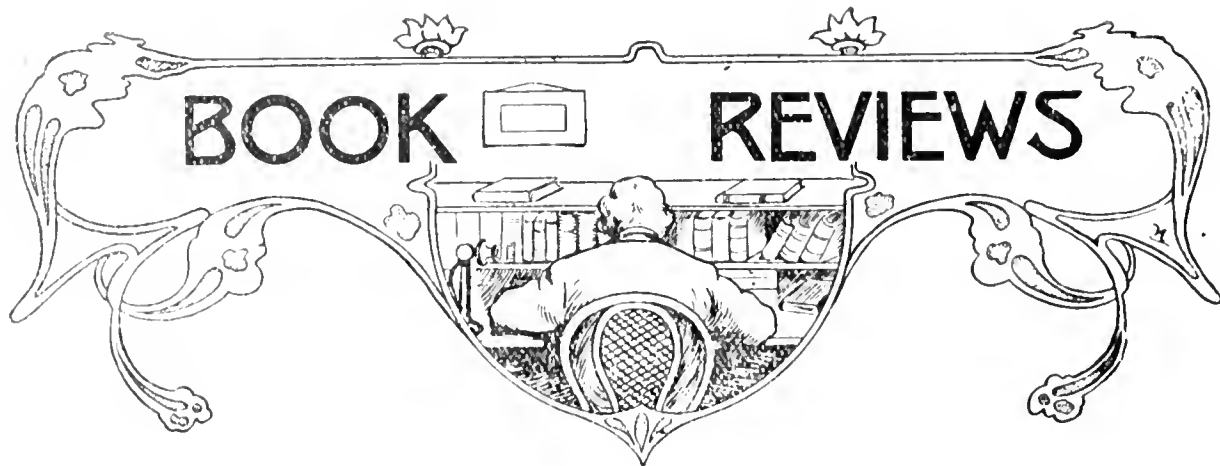
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TOM WATSON ON WATERLOO.

From Boston (Mass.) Advertiser.

Waterloo, by Thomas E. Watson. A new and revised edition. Neale Publishing Co., Washington.

Nothing in Tom Watson's "Waterloo" is more characteristic than his estimate of Wellington:

He was never known to laugh. * * * He married with as little excitement as he managed a military maneuver, and he begat children from a stern sense of duty. He heartily favored flogging in the army, and he bitterly opposed penny postage. In his old age he was asked whether he found any advantage in being "great." He answered, "Yes, I can afford to do without servants. I brush my own clothes, and if I was strong enough I would black my own shoes." He had ridden horseback all his life, but had a notoriously bad seat. Often in a fox hunt he gave his horse a fall, or was thrown. Like Napoleon, he always shaved himself. He was a man of few words, never lost his head, and was as brave as Julius Caesar.

Somewhat interlarded with the irrelevant, but vivid in projection of character. The whilom Populist chieftain is a more discriminative student of history than he ever was of politics. His "Napoleon" and "Life of Thomas Jefferson" are at once picturesque and forceful. These qualities enter into "Waterloo," originally written that the author might utilize material crowded out of his study of Napoleon, and now revised in the light of Lord Broughton's memoirs, and one or two other important publications of the last two years.

What took place at Waterloo on Sunday, June eighteenth, 1815, is still briskly debated. Much of the battle was hidden from both Napoleon and Wellington, and not one of the many officers who afterwards wrote about it could see it all. Wellington reported that he fought D'Erlon's corps at Quatre Bras. Yet D'Erlon did not come within striking distance of the English at any time during the day. As Watson puts it, his corps, which should have turned Blucher's reverse into utter defeat, was a

pendulum which swung first toward Napoleon, and then toward Ney, reaching neither. "Had not the emperor turned it back when on its way to join Ney, Wellington would have been crushed. Had not Ney recalled it when it was in sight of the emperor, Blucher would have been destroyed." But neither got the use of it, owing to miscarriage of one of Napoleon's orders and Ney's impetuous absorption in his own immediate task. It was on the march all day and did nothing. Napoleon's lack of it blocked a well-laid plan for annihilation of Wellington. Among many "ifs" contributing to the final result of Waterloo, somebody's blunder with D'Erlon looms largest.

Let us take it on another tack. Mr. Watson holds that reports of commissioners of the allied powers accompanying the English army leave no doubt that the English won not by their valor alone, but because Napoleon had to fight two armies at the same time. In other words, Wellington's supports arrived, and Napoleon's did not. Blucher did what he promised to do, while Grouchy failed to obey orders intended to keep the Prussian commander from coming up. Had it not been for Blucher's ardent fidelity and ruthless energy, Wellington would have been routed, and Napoleon would have sat down in Brussels to the supper prepared by Flemish noblemen in expectation of his triumphant entry.

In "The Corsican," a lately published volume of Napoleon's notes on his own life, he attributes defeat at Waterloo to his lack of Murat, who might have turned the tide by breaking the English squares with one of his incomparable charges of cavalry. Says Mr. Watson: "Whenever Napoleon talked of Waterloo he either confined himself to despairing ejaculations or involved himself in contradictions." At Waterloo he was already victim to a strange malady which caused occasional paralysis of will and dulled a mind wont to pounce upon the key to a military situation with superb alacrity.

It is surprising to find Mr. Watson believing that Napoleon was the champion of democracy. Speaking of the restored Bourbons of 1814, he inquires: "Had they not

set forth annihilating the glorious work of reform which had cost France so much—so much in well-spent treasure, so much in patriotic sacrifice, so much in heroic blood? Had they not done their best, in 1814, to blow the trump of resurrection for every abuse, every wrong, which France had buried amid the rejoicings of the progressives all over the world?" Yet Napoleon was possibly the most arrogant individualist in all history.

In passing, we may note Mr. Watson's comment, for which he is indebted to Sir William Fraser, on the scene of the ball made famous in Byron's poem. Generations of schoolboys have declaimed, "Withing a windowed niche of that high hall," and so on. It appears that the "high hall" was the storeroom of a carriage builder in the rear of the Duke of Richmond's palace. It was a low room, 13 feet high, 54 feet broad and 120 feet long. There was room enough for the 200 guests invited, but none to spare. So much for fact and poetry.

"The Currency - Trust Conspiracy." By Flavius J. Van Vorhis. C. E. Pauley & Co., Indianapolis, Ind., Publishers.

In this work, the Money Question is brought down to date.

Of course, there are those who say that there is no such thing as a Money Ques-

tion; that it has been "settled," etc. In fact, there is a tacit agreement among the politicians to ignore this issue, altogether. But it is merely dormant: it is not dead. Some day we will hear the low rumblings of this Vesuvius; and these will increase in volume until the volcano bursts into eruption.

The Jew has chained mankind with his Money Power; and the Gentile Banker has helped him to do it. But nations will not always wear these galling shackles. Humanity will not always furnish food for the Loan Shark.

Our present monetary system violates the Constitution; is a departure from our century-old practice; is an abdication of a sovereign function of government, in favor of a spoliative Few. Our present system is utterly at variance with Right, with Justice, with Mercy. It cannot forever stand. The house is built on usurpation and boundless greed. Some day the storm will break, and the whole damnable structure will topple.

Mr. Van Vorhis has long been known as a student and publicist, his specialty being the Money Question. In "The Money-Trust Conspiracy" he has made a timely and valuable contribution to the literature of the greatest of all economic questions.

T. E. W.

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Why Man of To-day is Only 50 Per Cent Efficient

By Walter Walgrove

IF one were to form an opinion from the number of helpful, inspiring and interesting articles one sees in the public press and magazines, the purpose of which is to increase our efficiency, he must believe that the entire American nation is striving for such an end.

And this is so.

The American man because the race is swifter every day: competition is keener and the stronger the man the greater his capacity to win. The stronger the man the stronger his will and brain, and the greater his ability to match wits and win. The greater his confidence in himself the greater the confidence of other people in him: the keener his wit and the clearer his brain.

The American woman because she must be competent to rear and manage the family and home, and take all the thought and responsibility from the shoulders of the man whose present-day business burdens are all that he can carry.

Now, what are we doing to secure that efficiency? Much mentally, some of us much physically, but what is the trouble?

We are not really efficient more than half the time. Half the time blue and worried—all the time nervous—some of the time really incapacitated by illness.

There is a reason for this—a practical reason, one that has been known to physicians for quite a period and will be known to the entire world ere long.

That reason is that the human system does not, and will not, rid itself of all the waste which it accumulates under our present mode of living. No matter how regular we are, the food we eat and the sedentary lives we live (even though we do get some exercise) make it impossible: just as impossible as it is for the grate of a stove to rid itself of clinkers.

And the waste does to us exactly what the clinkers do to the stove: make the fire burn low and inefficiently until enough clinkers have accumulated, and then prevent its burning at all.

It has been our habit, after this waste has reduced our efficiency about 75 per cent, to drug ourselves; or, after we have become 100 per cent inefficient through illness, to still further attempt to rid ourselves of it in the same way—by drugging.

If a clock is not cleaned once in a while it clogs up and stops; the same way with an engine because of the residue which it, itself, accumulates. To clean the clock, you would not put acid on the parts, though you could probably find one that would do the work, nor to clean the engine would you force a cleaner through it that would injure its parts; yet that is the process you employ when you drug the system to rid it of waste.

You would clean your clock and engine with a harmless cleanser that nature has provided, and you can do exactly the same for yourself as I will demonstrate before I conclude.

The reason that a physician's first step in illness is to purge the system is that no medicine can take effect nor can the system work properly while the colon (large intestine) is clogged up. If the colon were not clogged up the chances are 10 to 1 that you would not have been ill at all.

It may take some time for the clogging process to reach the stage where it produces real illness but, no matter how long it takes, while it is going on the functions are not working so as to keep us up to "concert pitch." Our livers are sluggish, we are dull and heavy—slight or severe headaches, come on—our sleep does not rest us—in short, we are about 50 per cent efficient.

And if this condition progresses to where real illness develops, it is impos-

ADVERTISING SECTION.

sible to tell what form that illness will take, because—

The blood is constantly circulating through the colon and, taking up by absorption the poisons in the waste which it contains, it distributes them throughout the system and weakens it so that we are subject to whatever disease is most prevalent.

The nature of the illness depends on our own little weaknesses and what we are the least able to resist.

These facts are all scientifically correct in every particular, and it has often surprised me that they are not more generally known and appreciated. All we have to do is to consider the treatment that we have received in illness to realize fully how it developed, and the methods used to remove it.

So you see that not only is accumulated waste directly and constantly pulling down our efficiency by making our blood poor and our intellect dull—our spirits low and our ambitions weak, but it is responsible through its weakening and infecting processes for a list of illnesses that if catalogued here would seem almost unbelievable.

It is the direct and immediate cause of that very extensive and dangerous complaint—appendicitis.

If we can successfully eliminate the waste all our functions work properly and in accord—there are no poisons being taken up by the blood, so it is pure and imparts strength to every part of the body instead of weakness—there is nothing to clog up the system and make us bilious, dull and nervously fearful.

With everything working in perfect accord and without obstruction, our brains are clear, our entire physical being is competent to respond quickly to every requirement, and we are 100 per cent efficient.

Now, this waste that I speak of can not be thoroughly removed by drugs, but even if it could the effect of these drugs on the functions is very unnatural, and if continued becomes a periodical necessity.

Note the opinions on drugging of two most eminent physicians:

Prof. Alonzo Clark, M. D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says: "All of our curative agents are poisonous, and as a consequence, every dose diminishes the patient's vitality."

Prof. Joseph M. Smith, M. D., of the same school, says: "All medicines which enter the circulation poison the blood in the same manner as do the poisons that produce disease."

Now, the internal organism can be kept as sweet and pure and clean as the external and by the same natural, sane method—bathing, by the proper system warm water can be introduced so that the colon is perfectly cleansed and kept pure.

There is no violence in this process—it seems to be just as normal and natural as washing one's hands.

Physicians are taking it up more widely and generally every day, and it seems as though every one should be informed thoroughly on a practice which, though so rational and simple, is revolutionary in its accomplishments.

This is rather a delicate subject to write of exhaustively in the public press, but Charles A. Tyrrell, M. D., has prepared an interesting treatise on "Why Man of Today Is Only 50 Per Cent Efficient," which treats the subject very exhaustively, and which he will send without cost to any one addressing him at 134 West 65th Street, New York, and mentioning that they have read this article in *WATSON'S MAGAZINE*.

Personally, I am enthusiastic on Internal Bathing because I have seen what it has done in illness as well as in health, and I believe that every person who wishes to keep in as near a perfect condition as is humanly possible, should at least be informed on this subject; he will also probably learn something about himself which he has never known through reading the little book to which I refer.



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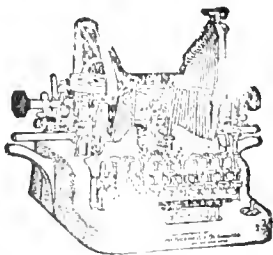
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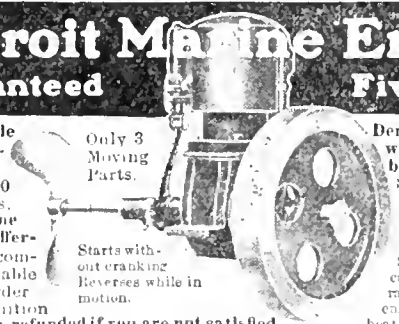
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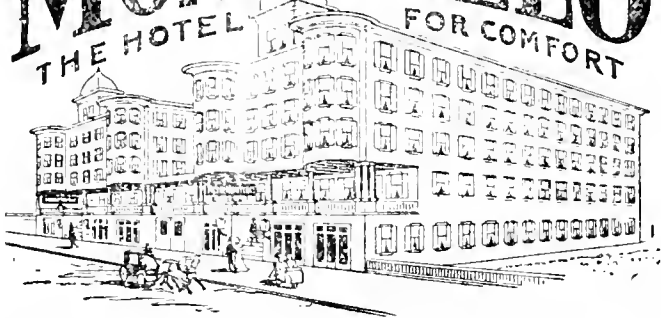


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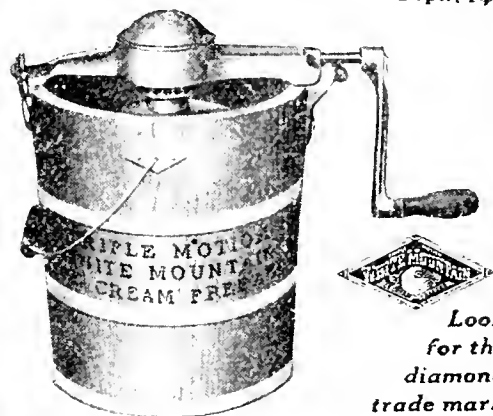
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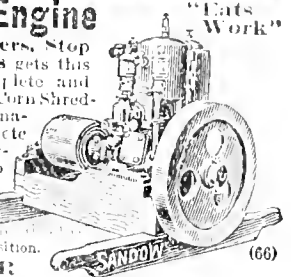
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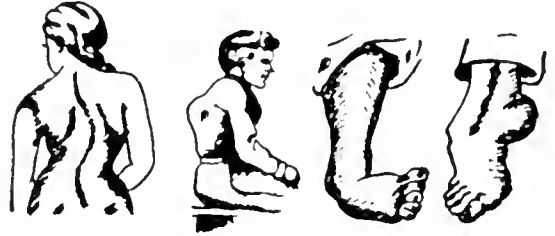
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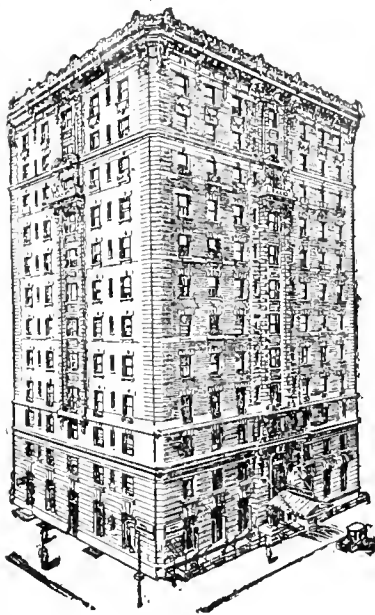
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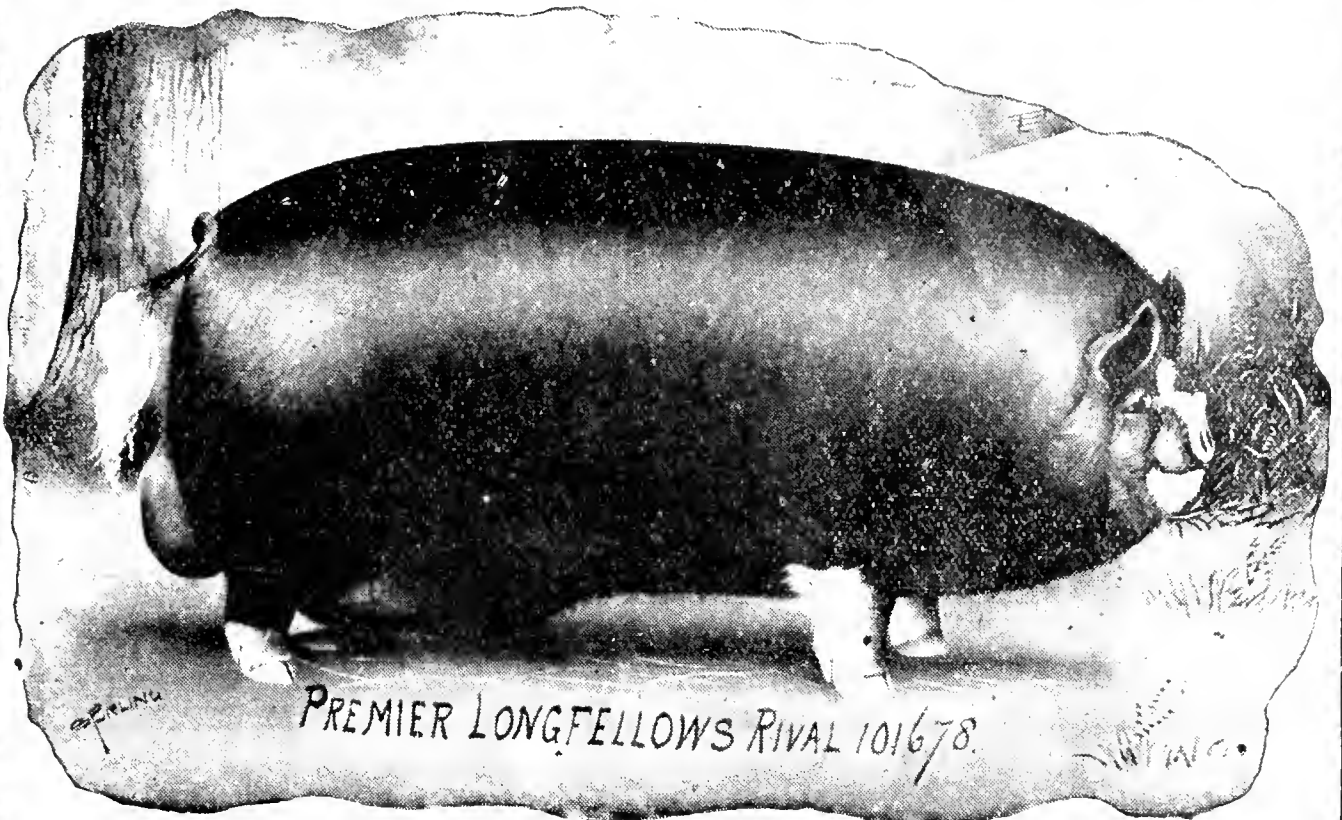
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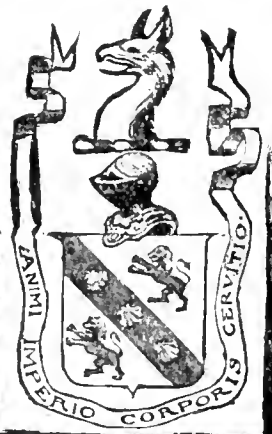
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