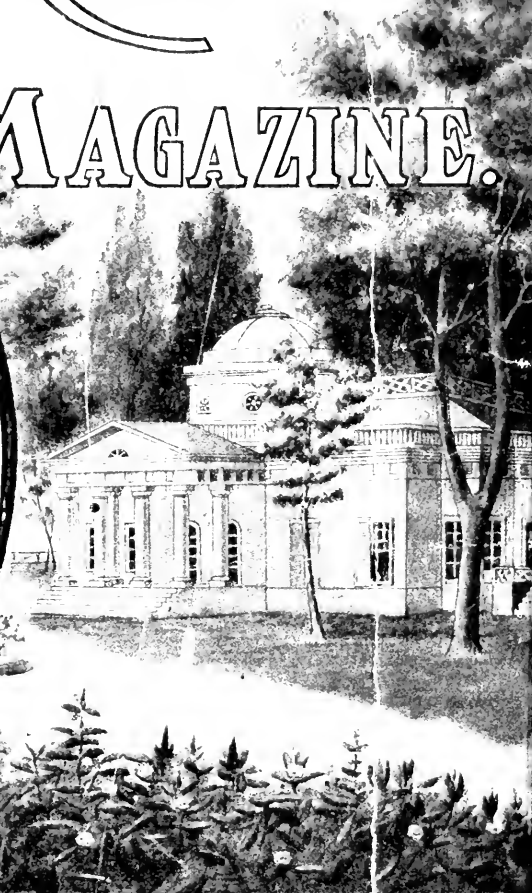
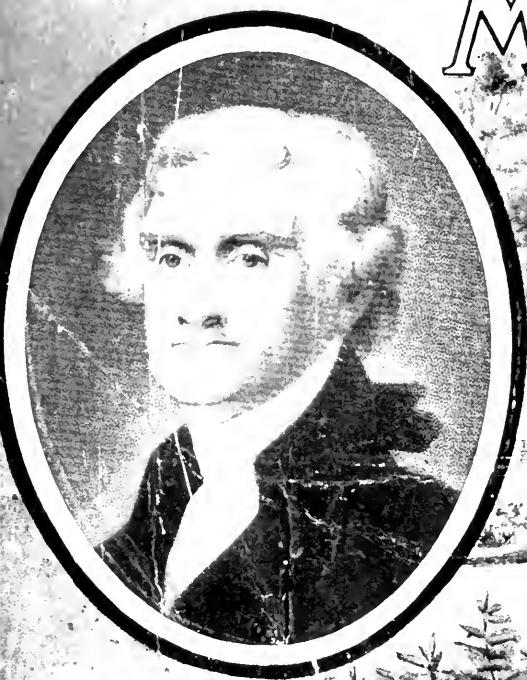


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WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE.

THOS. E. WATSON,
Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. 2.

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HOW THEY WORK IT.

Did you ever hear of Mister Morgan,—John Pierpont Morgan? He is the Wall Street banker, you know. He not only owns a big bank in New York, but likewise a big bank in London. He owns magnificent town houses and country seats, both in Europe and America.

I shouldn't wonder if you could find in the vaults of the Morgan banking syndicate a mortgage on every nation of Europe. You would be almost certain to find a mortgage on Turkey, Greece and Egypt.

You would also find a mortgage on the United States of America.

How did Mister Morgan get this mortgage on his native land?

The facts are these :

Morgan.—“Mister Morgan,” as our Federal Supreme Court deferentially calls him,—is a Republican in his politics, and he was one of the mighty men who brought about the election of Benjamin Harrison to the Presidency.

Having helped Harrison to the Presidency, Mr. Morgan naturally thought that Mr. Harrison should help the Morgan syndicate in the carrying out of certain plans which it had made. In short, Mister Morgan wanted bonds. He and August Belmont and the Rothschilds were *determined* to have another issue of bonds.

They called the Secretary of the Treasury, Charles Foster, over to New York, wined him, dined him, showed him glittering visions, perhaps, and converted him to the necessity of an immediate issue of bonds.

There had been no war; there was no danger of war; there wasn't a cloud upon the horizon. Profound peace prevailed. What reason, then, was there for an issue of bonds?

The President could see none. Harrison was not the biggest man who was ever sent to the White House, but he was honest, stubborn and independent.

When he found out what Foster was about to do, he put his foot down hard, and forbade the issue of the bonds. *Foster had gone so far as to prepare the plates on which the bonds were to be printed.*

Balked in their efforts to control Harrison, what did the bond-seekers do?

They knifed Harrison in the next campaign, threw the victory to Grover Cleveland, *and got the bonds.*

From the very plates which Foster had prepared, and which a Republican President would not allow to be used, were printed those bonds which Cleveland sold to Morgan, Belmont and Rothschild at a

midnight conference at the White House. *Mister Morgan, the Republican, got bonds from a Democratic President, and got them for less than the niggers of Jamaica were getting for theirs.* When Rothschild of Paris died, a few years ago, he was found to have been in possession of \$40,000,000 of these bonds.

Altogether, this episode constitutes the darkest and most infamous sell-out of the people that our history presents.

How was the deal worked?

Mister Morgan, the Republican, and August Belmont, the Democrat, made themselves partners, elected a willing Democrat instead of an unwilling Republican, and thus steered to success their robbery of the National Treasury.

* * * * *

The manner in which the Morgan-Belmont-Rothschild combination punished Harrison for his disobedience sunk its lesson deep in the hearts of the Republican politicians, and the next President whose way they cashed to the White House was warranted by Mark Hanna to be "safe and sound—one that any lady could drive."

Personally, McKinley was an amiable man, but a more pliant tool of plutocracy never lived than the bankrupt who was selected by Mark Hanna to win back the confidence and the support of the money-kings of Wall Street.

Republicans of Wall Street had helped to elect Cleveland when Harrison refused to be their tool.

And Democrats of Wall Street helped to elect the Republican President who succeeded Cleveland. John A. McCall, President of the New York Life Insurance Company, one of the most powerful Democrats in the North, stated under oath that he helped McKinley with money both times. Fifty thousand dollars was his contribution to the campaign funds of the Republican Party.

And to get the money he stole it from the trust funds committed to his keeping,—money which belongs to widows and orphans.

That's the way the game is played.

Money buys the Presidency for the candidate who will do the bidding of *Money*.

Democratic money-kings want the same privileges, favors, monopolies, franchises that Republican money-kings want, and there is *never* a division among *them*. They divide the people into two warring camps and they control the leaders of both camps. If a Republican President kicks over the traces, they take him out of harness and hook up a safe and sane Democrat. If a Democrat is nominated on a platform which they do not like, they throw influence and money to elect the Republican.

The big Democrats of the insurance companies, the metropolitan

banks, the railroad corporations and the protected industries, all contributed to Mark Hanna's slush fund which elected the well-broken-go-all-the-gaits McKinley.

And they would do it again!

The big Republican financiers who were turned down by President Harrison contributed to the election of a *safe and sane Democrat* to succeed him—

And they would do it again!

* * * * *

Special Privilege, corporate greed, concentrated wealth, are divided throughout the Union between those who call themselves Republicans and those who call themselves Democrats, but the difference in the name will not forever succeed in hiding from the people the fact that *Democrats of that sort* want exactly the same governmental favors which are demanded by *Republicans of that sort*. Who controls the national machinery of the Republican Party? Republicans who fatten on Special Privilege, embody corporate greed, revel in concentrated wealth.

Examples: Andrew Carnegie, J. Ogden Armour, John D. Rockefeller, J. Pierpont Morgan, Coal-King Baer, H. H. Rogers, Chauncey Depew, Thomas Platt, Stephen B. Elkins, E. H. Harriman, James J. Hill.

Who controls the national machinery of the Democratic Party? Democrats who labor for Special Privilege, represent corporate greed, and feast on concentrated wealth.

Examples: Thomas F. Ryan, August Belmont, Gassaway Davis, Charles Murphy, Patrick McCarren.

* * * * *

Let us see what the men who control the national Republican machinery stand for.

Andrew Carnegie got rich by reason of the monopoly of the American home market, which our blessed Tariff gave him. The blessed Tariff was so constructed that foreign capital could not compete with Andrew. Hence Andrew had it all his own way.

Of course, the Aldriches of the Senate and the Dalzells of the House, who voted to maintain high Tariffs, did not profess to be serving Carnegie. Oh, no. The Aldriches and Dalzells always contend that they erect Tariff walls for the good of American labor.

But the Aldriches and Dalzells open wide the doors of immigration to the foreign laborer; and he comes marching in from all parts of the world by the hundreds, thousands, millions, to compete with American labor, and to serve the purposes of Carnegie in maintaining his monopoly of the home market.

But the laborers never see it. They keep on voting for Carnegie's Tariff, which gives *him* a monopoly, and which enables him to devote his loose change to the purchase of a few books for them to read, the creation of hero funds, and the muzzling of public discontent by donations to churches and schools.

J. Ogden Armour. He is the man of the Beef Trust, and that's as much as you need to know of *him*.

John D. Rockefeller. He is the man who compelled the railroads to give him secret rates of freight, much lower than his rivals got, *and who also compelled the roads to divide with him the freight which they charged his rivals.* Thus the diabolical old thief stole from three classes at the same time—the people, who had to pay for his oil; his rivals, whose freights were divided with him, and the railroads who hauled his stuff.

J. Pierpont Morgan; you already know about *him*.

The late A. J. Cassatt; chief of the Pennsylvania Railroad, which politically owns Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and which, through venal Congressmen, robbed the people of millions of dollars' worth of their land in Washington City.

Coal-King Baer; who recently filed a plea in court, defending his extortionate methods, upon the ground that the Republicans had promised him immunity.

H. H. Rogers; he of Lawson's "Frenzied Finance."

Chauncey Depew; the Senator of the Vanderbilt family, incidentally one of the thieves who stole part of the money which you and I, and other fools, had paid into the Equitable Life Assurance Society.

Thomas Platt; Senator from the Express Companies, who rob the people of millions of dollars every year in the carriage of small parcels which the Government ought to carry. Platt's business in the United States Senate is to see to it that the Government does not interfere with the monopoly enjoyed by the Express Companies. To aid him in this noble work, Platt employed a woman named Eva Wood to act as a spy for him. She had a situation in the Postal Service, and the Government paid her a salary, but her business was to tell Platt of anything which happened in the Postoffice Department which might be favorable to the public but injurious to the Express Companies.

Stephen B. Elkins; represents Coal and Iron Corporations in the United States Senate.

E. H. Harriman; looter of the Alton Railroad, millionaire by reason of enormous frauds in stocks and bonds.

James J. Hill; railroad king, millionaire, partner of Mister Morgan in the Northern Securities affair; stands so high that the Supreme Court calls him "Mister Hill," when it catches him in the act of violating the law.

* * * * *

Now let us consider the men who control the national machinery of the Democratic Party.

Thomas F. Ryan; scooper of the Equitable scoopers, who had previously scooped me and you and four hundred thousand other fools; secret chief of that den of thieves known as Tammany Hall; boss of the Street Car monopoly; ditto of the Seaboard Air Line Railway; ditto of one or two New York banks; a man sunk up to his very eyebrows in the depths of the corruption, the graft, the legalized robbery of the weak by the strong, the rapacious plundering of the people by the corporations which have their fortress in Wall Street.

August Belmont; American agent for the Rothschilds, as his father was before him; King of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad which is defying the State of Alabama; King of the Subway Railroads of New York City; ditto of a great banking institution which has always been mixed up in national bond issues and refunding schemes.

Gassaway Davis; millionaire owner of coal and iron properties. He is the nice old party who was nominated on the Democratic Presidential ticket with Alton B. Parker, and who rushed up to New York, after the nomination, and tried to win the support of the Wall Street Kings by assuring them in a public speech that the platforms of the two old parties were now "*almost identical.*"

Charles Murphy; nominal chief of Tammany; owns and operates a contracting Trust in New York, out of which he is making bushels of money; is the useful and valuable tool of Thomas Ryan, August Belmont and the Standard Oil Company; belongs body and soul to the greedy Corporations, among which his own corporation is one of the most ravenously greedy; adept in election methods which degrade humanity and reek with crime.

Patrick McCarren—the Brooklyn edition of Charles Murphy; is the paid lobbyist of the Standard Oil Company; was one of the most active workers at St. Louis for the nomination of Parker, as also were Charles Murphy, August Belmont and Thomas Ryan.

It is hardly necessary to point to the fact that the Commander-in-Chief of the National Democratic Party is Thomas Taggart, Chairman of the National Democratic Executive Committee. What sort of human being is Thomas Taggart?

Thomas has for many years been at the head of the American Monte Carlo at French Lick Springs, Ind., where the gay, giddy, fashionable sports—male and female—go during the good old summertime to enjoy themselves—eating, drinking, dancing *and gambling.*

Yes—Tom Taggart; at the time he was made Commander-in-Chief

of the Democratic Party, was the manager of the biggest and most fashionable gambling-hell in the United States.

Not long ago the State Auditor of Indiana gambled away ten thousand dollars of the State's funds at Tom Taggart's establishment, and the Governor ousted him in disgrace from office.

It is said that Vice-President Fairbanks, the Republican, was a partner in this gambling establishment with Tom Taggart, the Democrat.

If Taggart, the Democratic Chief, went into co-partnership with Fairbanks, the Republican Chief, to operate this Monte Carlo, he simply followed a well-established precedent.

That is the way they organize every other predatory money-grabbing scheme—part Democrat and part Republican. The idea is to have friends at court no matter which of the two parties is in power.

* * * * *

Will the time never come when the people who compose the rank and file of both these old parties will realize that the game, when played by such players, is one in which the common people can win no stakes?

Such players will always play into each other's hands.

A fight over the offices there may be, and will be; but *never* a fight over principles.

As Gassaway Davis said, "*The Platforms are almost identical.*"

And had Parker been elected the "almost identical" program would have prevailed throughout his administration.

That's the way they play the game.

And the people are beginning to see it, as they never did before.



“THE LATE.”

Reader, did you ever run over the pages of a monthly magazine, scanning items of news, dipping into heated discussions, pausing at the love-stories, as a humming-bird would at a flower, and suddenly find yourself at the last page, where the editor chronicles the list of “The Late?”

Who are “The Late?” They are the men who have acted their part, and have left the stage. They are the dead. Last month they were full of life-bustling, working, quarreling, loving, hating, scheming, dreaming, planning for indefinite futures, as though all Time was theirs. They read the magazine last month, just as you are doing this month. They scanned the news, dipped into the discussions, laughed at the jokes, lingered with the lovers, and sighed over the chronicles of “The Late.” Then they closed the book—and now *their* life-books are closed; and *they* join the lists of “The Late,” which you and I are, this month, to read and to sigh over.

How sad it all is.

Last month here was a scholar, delving deep into the hidden lore of granite rocks, of dust-laden manuscripts, of ruined temples, of monumental inscriptions leading back to the hoary ages of the Past,—and now his nerveless hands are crossed, and his eager feet hurry no longer after knowledge. Last month he was a palpitating actuality, all ablaze with hope and purpose; this month he heads the list of “The Late.”

On the other hand, there was an author, one who had long been suitor to fame; one who had toiled and fought poverty and cold neglect. Year after year he had struggled upward to the light—falling back again with many a sickening disappointment. But at last, as the silver threads began to streak his head, a sudden sun-burst of Fame was his. The storm lifted, and the haven was there. The wilderness ended, and the labor of travel was over. Poverty fled, and golden ducats rained. Neglect vanished and the world crowded upon him, with plaudits, with the eager offerings of universal Fame.

All this was last month. Your whole heart went out to the storm-tossed mariner who had so joyfully made port. Your hands clapped in unison with all the others for the brave soldier who had at last won his fight.

That was last month.

Where is the author now? Dead. You will read his name in the list of “The Late.” His Fame still rings around the world, but, alas! his ears are too dull to hear. You may hand him ever so many crowns of

laurels, ever so many wreaths of flowers; his closed eyes cannot see, his frozen hands cannot hold.

Yonder, again, was the statesman,—the politician, if you like. Last month, what a robust figure was his! How he hustled, how he shoved, how he aspired! With what immense vitality did he strive to lift his voice above other voices, his head above other heads! What schemes did fill his busy brain! Throughout all the walks of life there was not a man more active, more resolute, more full of pluck and ambition. He clashed against his foes with a force that made the arena ring. He would shiver a spear with any challenger who struck his shield. Ardently he sought honors, fiercely he combated opposition, tirelessly he served friends—hoping that they would serve him in turn.

That was last month. All eyes followed him as he gallantly rode down the lists, armed from golden spur to plume-dressed helm, seeking in honorable strife to bear away the prize, and live a space in the huzzas of brave men, in the smiles of lovely women.

That was *last* month, and now it is all over. Death struck him as he rode. The lance fell from his hand, his good steed gallops riderless down the lists. The brave knight will seek the prize no more. His name appears on the list of "The Late."

And so it all goes—sad, unspeakably sad. And it cannot be helped. *We* have trodden down the dead of last month, the living will tread us down next month.

Preach peace as much as you will, and preach love and charity. May their kingdom come. May they rule the world. They do not rule it now.

However much we wish to disbelieve it, the race is mostly to the swift, the battle to the strong.

The strong nation oppresses the weaker nation, the strong man the weaker man.

You hold your place in life as in a battlefield. You hold it by being able to hold it. When your strength fails, you retreat.

Bismarck grows old—and is forced off the field. Gladstone decays, and the reins spurn his palsied hands.

I look over the list of "The Late" and read the name of one I knew. Was he my foe? Was there enmity between us?

Alas, how pale and worthless the feud now appears. My passion is all gone. His white hand seems to wave me a flag of truce. Death obliterates his faults (if indeed they were *his* faults and not *my* prejudices), and I recall whatever was manly and strong and admirable in him. I review our differences, mourn over the estrangement, and grieve that malice ever arose between us. The way is so short, the time for joy so brief, human ills of the inevitable sort so numerous, that it seems to me

now a supreme pity that we wilfully added to the thorns which beset the path.

Was "The Late" my friend? Was the dead man one who has loved me, stood by my side in some hour of danger, come to my relief when I was friendless, poor and down-hearted?

Then indeed what terrible words are these, "The Late." I cannot see them through the mist of tears; I see only the white face of my friend. I think only of those folded hands, that loyal heart which beats no more.

Reader, some day our names will go into the columns of "The Late." The list is there, and our names will be written into the blank, after awhile.

To us it will not matter at all what the world may think, or may say, when it reads our names in the list. We will be at rest then—so far as the world is concerned. Love cannot reach us—nor malice, thank God! Misconstruction, envy, hatred can hurt us no more. It matters not what the world says, except in so far as the world speaks the *Truth!*

While we lived, the *False* may have worked us enormous harm. It can never harm us again. The True will reign supreme—blessed be God!

While we lived we found lies to be much more terrible things than the Sunday-school books (and others) had prepared us to believe. We found that lies had power to damn, so far as the world was concerned. We found that the people were ignorant, credulous, easily duped, and falsely led. We found that a lie, repeated every day, became practically the truth. We found that the public scarcely knew the whole truth about anything, and that the people were designedly kept weltering in lies, and half-truths (which were more deceptive than lies), in order that the "powers that be" could continue to misrule. We found that the world had become so wedded by custom to this system that it was hardly possible to tell the people the whole truth upon any subject whatever.

But all the while you felt that a lie was a despicable thing—a thing preordained to death and damnation. Deep down in your soul you felt that there was finally no hope of your landing on your feet on the eternal rocks, unless you fought Lies and championed Truth.

Did you do it?—That is the question which now assumes terrible importance.

Can it be *truly* said that you loved Truth and Right. Justice and Mercy? Can it be truly said that your heart turned always to humanity, and strove ever for better things? Can it be said that Duty, as you understood it, was your gospel, from first to last, through good report and evil, through cloudy days and fair?

Or, did you bend and twist, here and there, first one way and then the other, true to nobody, true to no conception of right, fawning upon

wrong to get a part of the fruits thereof, adding your voice to the clamor of Ignorance, and Superstition, and Prejudice, and Evil, in order that you might be one of the dominant majority? Did you lay down your manhood at the feet of Error, and join in the carnival of Wrong, simply because the greater numbers were on that side?

Did you put your soul into bondage, knowing that it was a Falsehood you obeyed?

These, and these only, will be the vital questions when we shall have left "the quick" and joined "the dead."

God pity us all!

And may Truth, the handmaiden of the Most High, claim us as votaries in that dread day when we shall have been added to the hosts of "The Late."

LITTLE THINGS.

BY ETTIE ASHLEY.

Just a little word,
The smallest ever heard,
 But uttered in a time of need;
Just a little look,
But pain away it took,
 And planted there a kindly seed.

Just a little frown,
But smiling eyes looked down,
 And then there came a tiny sigh;
Just a little dart,
But it had pierced a heart,
 The sting it left will never die.

Any little thing,
But let it brightness bring,
 And you will never know regret;
Just a gentle word,
The smallest ever heard,
 But some have never heard it yet.

TO VIRGINIA AND RETURN.

(A Sketch Written Several Years Ago.)

When one has stayed at home until all things have become monotonous, all things taste alike, look alike, and sound alike—when the howling dog, the lowing cow, and the local piano become a weariness to the flesh, when the old books cease to charm and the new ones to attract, it is time to have the satchel packed, and get up and get.

And I did it.

From Thomson to Augusta, and from Augusta to Lynchburg, was the first stage, and even this first stage was eventful, for it had Tillman in it.

You know they have in South Carolina a great College—Clemson—which is supposed to be an agricultural training-school, and where agriculture plays pretty much the same part which it does at our own State University. Well, there had been a row at Clemson between teachers and students, and father Tillman had run down from Washington to paternally straighten things out. Clemson is his offspring, his pet and his pride, and Clemson was about to go to pieces.

Tillman had worked hard to get matters adjusted, had succeeded, and was now on his way back to Washington.

As he came into the car, I knew him at once, though I had never seen him but one time, when he was at my home in 1896. He looked tired and rumpled, and his eagle eye passed me over without recognition. Waiting until he could settle down, and finish with the conductor and such local friends as had a word to say, I ventured to intrude upon the weary statesman with a "How are you, Senator?"

"How do you do, sir?" retorted Tillman. The tone of voice was unmistakable. Didn't know me from Adam's house-maid.

"Senator, you don't know me," I said.

"Your name is Parker, is'nt it?"

Dear me! to think of being called Parker by a United States Senator, within a few miles of home. Had spent the day with me, too, in 1896, and I had been obliged to see him to the midnight train. Also, to tote his satchel. And now he was calling me Parker!

It made me feel like turning round and going back home. There are things in the world worse even than the local piano, but not many.

"Senator, my name is Watson."

"What Watson.—Tom Watson?"

"Yes, Senator."

And then followed talk, of which Tillman got in ten words to my one, all along the line, till he went to bed. And this was just to my taste, for Tillman is the best of talkers, with a voice that rises above the roar and rush and rattle of the train, and which makes passengers from the rear look to the front and passengers in front look to the rear.

He has been doing some great fighting in the Senate, representing ultra Southern sentiment on the negro question, the Philippine question, and any other question that carries sectionalism, or principle, anywhere about its person. A born fighter, a man of varied reading, sound thinking and great experience, Tillman is looming up as the Southern giant in the Senate. Senator Bacon, I am told, considers him the ablest man in that body. The Republicans certainly stand in dread of his ready and fearless tongue, and even their strongest men—Spooner, Lodge and Foraker—are none too fond of a rough-and-tumble scrap with Tillman.

So there we were on the cars fighting senatorial battles over again. I had pointedly told the Senator that I knew he must be fatigued, and that he musn't talk unless he felt like it, but it was caution wasted. He felt like it, and away he went telling me and Col. Yancey, of Rome, all that we could hold. He once more damned General Sherman for burning Columbia, and for the infamous falsehood he had told on Wade Hampton; the negro question rose up in huge proportion, and once more Tillman settled it with the straight out policy of Anglo-Saxon domination; the Philippine horrors passed in review, and Tillman fiercely denounced Republicanism there, also.

Gradually the ardor of battle filled him. He forgot that he was talking to but two men, Yancey and myself; he plunged ahead as though he addressed thousands. His voice rang through the train, his eye flashed, his face flushed, his arm flew out in gestures, banging the seat in front of him, or sawing the air. Passengers in the car stared and bunched together and pointed toward our group. Some drew near to listen, some laughed, some simply appeared to be wondering what it all meant.

When at length the Senator arose to retire to the Pullman, one of the men who had been listening reached over to me and asked, "Who was that?"

"That was Senator Tillman."

"Why, I didn't know that Tillman was a one-eyed man!"

And as he went back to his companions I could hear him say, "Why, that was Tillman. I never knew before that he was one-eyed."

His tone was that of boundless admiration for a man who could see so much with only one eye. To his friends, he exultantly exclaimed, "He gave old Sherman hell, didn't he?"

If certain emergencies arise in the South, Ben Tillman will be its

national leader. He is more of the Andrew Jackson type than any man in public life.

* * * * *

I had left home wearing an alpaca coat and cotton trousers, and even they were oppressive, for it was hot. By the time Lynchburg was reached that night, I wanted an overcoat, and a heavy one at that.

The difference in climate, going or coming, between Northern Virginia and Southern Georgia, is remarkable.

Lynchburg is a great hive of industry,—anyone can see that at a glance—but then all Southern cities are growing marvellously, and there is nothing to say specially about Lynchburg.

Traveling by the James River valley, one sees a beautiful stream gradually grow wider and wider and deeper, sees the strips of red bottoms broaden into lovely farms where corn grows as well as anywhere in the world, looks from the car-windows from the foot-hills to the tree-lined banks of the river, marvels at the trim attractiveness of it all,—seeing that there is no swamp, no putrid lagoons, no ugly gashes in the banks—only a smooth stretch of valley land for miles and miles from the city of Lynchburg down to Richmond. It takes a first-class two-horse team to turn this sod, and then it has to be thoroughly harrowed; and *then* it becomes a garden of the gods.

From fifty to eighty bushels of eorn to the acre is the average yield.

From Richmond to Fredericksburg is a splendid region. The forest growth is phenomenal. Finer white-oak, hickory and poplar I never saw than in the territory of the Rappahanock.

Far from being a dead town, old Fredericksburg is doing a large business, building more new houses, and giving out more symptoms of solid growth than at any time since the Civil War. Sauntering along a street, to pass off time till the train should come, I noticed a granite slab rising from the inner edge of the sidewalk. There was a stepping-stone, so that one might rise to the level of the polished top, where there was some lettering. I did this, and read the brief words which makes the heart beat faster as one reads, for it was on this spot that the glorious Georgian, Thos. R. R. Cobb, fell in battle, May, 1862.

A stone wall runs all along the base of the ridge here, and it was behind this that the Confederate troops lay entrenched as the Union lines came on to the assault. Old residents say that you could have walked on dead Yankees from the stone wall to the depot, a distance of some two hundred yards, or more.

On the summit of this ridge is one of the National Cemeteries, as beautiful a place as ever you saw. Perfect trees of all sorts, perfect smoothness and freshness of grass underneath, broad walks leading to the various portions of the grounds, perfect quietude reigning, where thousands of

modest little granite tablets mark the graves of the brave men who fell in the desperate struggle.

The place, as a cemetery, is so majestic and appropriate in its natural features that the tall marble monument, with its garish golden tip, seemed, to my taste, impertinent and vulgar, just as it seemed to me that the naturally plaintive notes of the wood dove which was resting in one of the trees was the music of *that* place—a brass-band would be a profanation.

From Richmond down to Old Point, by rail, is a swift, short journey through a bountiful land. Clover fields were in full blossom, and one who has never seen a ten-acre stretch of red clover has not yet looked upon as lovely a picture as our Southern sun ever paints.

Old Point is just a place of hotels, big and little, but all the shores round about, Hampton and Phœbus, hum with enterprise and seeming prosperity.

In the old Fortress Monroe you may see squads of young men in uniform being drilled; another squad will be playing baseball; another squad "taking things easy;" another squad blowing the bugle.

I was there but a short while, but I saw so many uniforms and bayonets I was scared half my time, and it seemed to me the bugle was blowing the other half.

Strolling over the causeway toward the Soldiers' Home, I stumbled upon an old Vet who appeared to be as much in need of company as I was myself. So I pumped up courage to ask:

"Have you got the time and inclination to answer a few questions for a stranger?"

For, you see, I have been loaded with short answers and cross-looks till I was getting to where Chauncey Depew's man got; I only wanted "common civility, and that of the d—est commonest kind."

My old Vet met me with the promptest "Yes, certainly," and he then answered them all about as well as he could, which wasn't very well, after all.

When I got through with my questions it turned out that he had one. It was this: "Say, Mister, have you got such a thing as a nickle about you?" which was answered promptly by the production of the nickel. And then reflecting upon the limited capacity of one nickel to gratify human thirst, I produced another.

He was deeply pleased, and he showed me the nearest route to the vast Soldiers' Home, where well-meant, but mistaken charity, has separated 4,500 old men from wife, child, friends, and all the interests of life, and have buried them alive in a magnificent mausoleum called a Soldiers' Home.

The narrow streets which approach the grounds are lined with bar-rooms. In fact, the sole business of the town which has sprung up around

the Home seems to be the furnishing of cheap facilities for getting drunk. It was the afternoon when I was there, and scores of the old Vets were out for their evening stroll, and for their "evening's evening." Some of them were sober—those that had just got out, probably; some of them were as quietly, as sedately, and as philosophically drunk as ever I saw men in my life.

Inside the grounds, how lovely it all was! The trees, the grass, the flowers, the birds, the inspiring ocean view! A grander location than this could not be found. But look at those old soldiers! What is the matter with them? This Home is their's, this glorious sea breeze, these lovely surroundings; they have good clothes to wear, good food to eat, and are allowed every public privilege which is consistent with running the establishment decently and in good order. Yet the veterans look tired; time weighs them down; their faces are dull; they take no interest in anything; they talk mostly in low, monotonous tones.

I sat down on a bench near two of these old fellows, and they talked on without minding me. They spoke at intervals, they bored each other dreadfully, but what little they did say was about the folks at home. And such sighs as these old men heaved! And yawns—if one wants to see the gape in its fullest development, let him study the Soldier's Home yawn.

Finally, one of the two old Vets could stand the other no longer, and he loafed off to another part of the grounds. Then I took his place on the bench and the old soldier became, in a little while, quite animated and talkative. He was a hale, hearty man of seventy, an Irishman, and he was sick, sick, sick of the Soldier's Home. First looking all around to be certain that no one heard, he poured out his discontent: "A man might as well be dead; nothing to do; nothing to interest one in anything; rules too strict; old boy can't go out and take a little too much beer without being cut off from the blsssed privilege of doing it again for 30 days; plenty to eat, but the cooking"—here he gave his chin that upward jerk so peculiar to an Irishman. The cooking was evidently something too much for words.

Then he told me that the men became so down-hearted, so listless, that to shake off the blues they *would* drink too much, and that they took no exercise, and that they were dying off very fast. "Seven men in the dead-house, yesterday," said he. "Nothing to look forward to"—there is the secret of the Soldiers' Home yawn.

It has always been my belief that whatever aid is given the soldier should be directly to the soldier, to be used as he sees fit, at his own home, among his own people, and in the locality where his human attachments and interests are. To separate thousands of men from all they know and love, to herd them in quarters to themselves, to set over them a boss

and a lot of rules, to cut them off from everything that induces a human being to take an interest in life, is the same as burying a man before he is dead.

The only inmates of this Home who seemed to be luxuriously contented were the negroes. They were in heaven. They oozed insolent satisfaction out of every pore in their skins.

I shall never forget one stalwart mulatto, who looked able to split his 500 rails without a grunt, ambling along the water-front terrace, clad elegantly in navy-blue, and wearing upon his feet embroidered slippers. His air was so infinitely complacent, supercilious and generally unbearable, that I thought to myself "what a grand sight it would be to see a stout six-footer like Clarence Ellington take you by the nape of the neck and kick you into the middle of the Atlantic ocean!"

Friday morning came, and with it the steamer from Norfolk, on its way up the Chesapeake. Among the passengers were Rev. Thos. Dixon, Jr., who had lectured in Norfolk the night before, and was now on his way home, where I was to be his guest.

Nothing can be finer than a trip up the Chesapeake. Those glorious waters defy description. The shores in every direction are lined with the elegant houses of a fine people.

North River (really a prong or inlet of Chesapeake Bay) is the favorite residence portion of the bay; and here are some ideally lovely homes. I am sure I never saw anything more charming than the home of Dr. Dixon. The brilliant lecturer and novelist knows almost every part of the Union and has chosen this—the Venice of America, as Fiske the historian called it—for his dwelling place. His mansion is one of those lovely old-time dwellings which the wealthy planters of the Tide-water Virginia erected in their palmiest days. The house alone cost \$40,000. A nobler hall and stairway I have never seen, and many of the rooms (of which there are 36 in all) are palatial in size and finish. The water view is superb; the lawn about the house dotted with noble trees, and a splendid farm stretches back nearly a mile. The steamboat landing is within a hundred yards or so of the mansion, and a beautiful sheet of water reaches from the bay back into the farm half a mile. Just across this and almost hidden in a natural grove, stands the small outbuildings in which this Southern genius wrote "The Leopard's Spots." Dr. Dixon's home is a typical Southern home of the best class, and his wife, a Georgia lady, is one of those comely, cultured, warm-natured women whom it is a rare pleasure to know.

Back to Norfolk by steamer, one informant said I couldn't get an Augusta train that night, and I rode in a cab to the hotel, where the driver said I could make an Augusta train, so he drove on to the depot. The entire distance ridden was about 250 yards.

“What do I owe you?” I asked the negro.

“One dollar!”

“A dollar?”

“Yes. Fifty cents to the hotel and fifty cents to the depot.”

“But I didn’t get out at any hotel.”

“Well, I couldn’ help that. It’s a regular tariff, and that’s the price.”

Had me, it seems; and I paid one dollar for riding less than a quarter of a mile. And once more I wished I was a six-footer of corresponding brawn, and had the leisure to reason, physically, with this Norfolk nigger.

To Charlotte, to Augusta, to Thomson, was easy and tame. It was Sunday evening and the natives were astir. Impromptu remarks being in order, mine was. “Virginia is glorious, but the more I see of other States, the better I love old Georgia.”

A ROSE.

BY S. H. LYLE, JR.

’Twas only the bud of a red June rose
 That grew in a garden fair,
 Deep hid in a quiet and sunny nook,
 Breathing the perfumed air.

I plucked the bud—ah, ruthless man!—
 And placed it in a vase;
 And there in softest tints it bloomed—
 So once did bloom her face.

But the rose did fade, and my heart was sore
 For the deed of my thoughtless hand;
 Even so she faded years ago—
 And now I understand.

A SURVEY OF THE WORLD.

A most amazing extension of the power of the Government over the individual, is that proposed in the Prussian Diet by Chancellor Prince von Buelow. This minister of the Kaiser proposes that where the Poles do not consent to sell their homes,—to make way for colonies of Germans,—the Government shall *condemn the land*, as in the case where a right of way is acquired by a railroad.

It will be remembered that in Poland the King was elective, and the country was heavily burdened by the priest and the hereditary noble. Torn by factions, Poland could make no effectual resistance to Russia, Prussia and Austria, when those robber nations united to partition her. Each of these robbers took a portion of the spoils, and it was because Napoleon Bonaparte refused to sign a pledge that the independence of Poland should never be restored, that the Emperor Alexander of Russia assumed that attitude of hostility which, violating the Treaty of Tilsit, led to the invasion of Russia and the disastrous retreat from Moscow.

But nationality is strong in Poland, as in Ireland and Scotland. The Poles love their own language, customs and homes. They resist the persistent efforts of the robber nations to Russianize and Germanize them. Prussian Polanders refuse to sell their homes to make way for German colonies. Hence it is that Chancellor von Buelow coldly proposes to condemn the property of the Poles, and to oust them by the State's exercise of the right of eminent domain.

A more utterly indefensible proposition was never made in the name of *Government*.

* * * *

The sons of three obscure lawyers

came upon the stage in France at about the same time.

Moreau, celebrated for his skilful retreats rather than for his victories was, nevertheless, the victor of Hohenlinden, which schoolboys long celebrated in Friday evening declamation of Thomas Campbell's stirring lines. Conspiring against the Consular Government, he was exiled, came to the United States, returned to accept service under the allied kings against his own country, and was mortally wounded before Dresden by a cannon-ball fired in obedience to Napoleon's personal order to a battery to "fire one dozen bullets into that little group, there may be some general-officer in it."

Bernadotte was a private in the ranks, rose rapidly, married the daughter of a rich soap-maker of Marseilles—whose other daughter had accepted Joseph Bonaparte,—and thus attached himself to the fortunes of another lawyer's son, Napoleon Bonaparte. Refusing to help the Bonapartes on the day of Brumaire, he conspired against the First Consul in the mysterious affair of Rennes, secretly plotted against the Emperor when he was in Spain, betrayed his master and his country on the day of Jena and Auersdatd, insolently claimed all the credit for Wagram, schemed and intrigued for the throne of Sweden, fawned before the Emperor to obtain his consent, accepted with profuse assurances of gratitude the money which Napoleon gave him to make a creditable appearance in Sweden, and then leagued himself with the enemies of France,—invading his bleeding country at the head of the overwhelming legions of the North.

Moreau died on the field of battle;



THOMAS E. WATSON

As he appears today. From a photograph taken by The Washington Times
Photographer.

Napoleon expired in a renovated cow-house, a miserable captive; Bernadotte lived twenty odd years as ruler of Sweden and died peacefully in his bed, as many another scoundrel has done.

The price of his perfidy was Norway.

Great Britain, by force of arms, seized this independent country and flung it, mangled and protesting, to Bernadotte. This traitor and his descendants held the reward of his perfidy until last year. Then, at last, Norway threw off the yoke of Sweden, and asserted her independence.

And they say that Bernadotte's grandson, Oscar the Second, King of Sweden, (who died Dec. 8th), *died of a broken heart because of the loss of Norway!*

* * * *

Out in Nevada certain miners were at work in the coal mines. All day, and day after day, they risked their lives, hundreds of feet beneath the earth's surface, digging coal. In narrow, dismal tunnels they stooped to their tasks, with cold water dripping upon their backs and saturating their clothes. At the end of the week, these toil-begrimed and weary men come out of the mines and go around to the cashier's window for their money. Can't get any. The corporations which own the mines have learned a new trick from those silk-hat rascals of New York,—can't pay out any money—can only give a cashier's check. The men who have worked all the week at the risk of their lives, believing that they would be paid their wages in money, are coolly told they can't get any money—must be content with a piece of bank paper which is *not* money, and which no man need accept as money.

The miner's family supplies are to be bought, his rent to be paid, food and raiment for wife and children provided; and after working hard in the coal mine all the week he is paid

off in something which is not money, and which leaves him at the mercy of those with whom he has to trade.

Is it right?

The miners went on a strike. They demanded *money for their work*.

WAS THE DEMAND UNREASONABLE?

Yet the Corporations appealed to the Governor, and the Governor to the President, and a force of U. S. troops, niggers mostly, have been hurried to Nevada "to preserve order."

If President Roosevelt had made it a condition precedent that the dishonest corporations *should pay their men the wages due them, IN MONEY*, he would have taught a most useful lesson to silk-hat rascality. *The laborer is worthy of his hire*, and the Government makes a serious blunder when it impliedly sanctions the illegal conduct of the corporations which refused to pay the wages of their men *in money*.

* * * *

Could there be anything more chaotic than the present condition of national politics?

We quite agree with the Washington, D. C., *Herald* that President Roosevelt's latest deliverance on the matter of a third term leaves the situation unchanged—so far as he himself is concerned.

Mr. Roosevelt is not, and will not be a candidate; but if it should happen that, in some unmistakable way, the nation should make a requisition on him for four years more of service, he would be in duty bound to obey.

There is absolutely nothing in the Constitution against a third term, and it is a well known fact that Andrew Jackson would have been a candidate for a third term had it not been for his broken-down physical condition.

Really, there is some doubt as to whether Mr. Roosevelt is correct in alluding to the unexpired McKinley term as *his* first term. Properly

speaking. Mr. Roosevelt is *now* serving his first term.

* * * *

One of the peculiarities of the situation is that the President, in his Message, advocated the payment, out of the national treasury, of the campaign expenses of the two leading parties.

Mr. Bryan not only endorses this amazing proposition but complacently refers to the fact that he wrote a magazine article on it.

The mental picture of campaign boodlers helping themselves to the money which is taken from the people by the taxing power, is something too much for one's equanimity.

What! Does Mr. Bryan care so little for the Constitution, and for the principles of common justice, that he is willing to have the tremendous power of taxation prostituted to such a purpose as that?

By what right will you tax the Socialist, the Single Taxer, the Prohibitionist, and the Populist to raise funds for Democrats and Republicans to spend in keeping up "the twins'" business?

How would such a law prevent the corporations from buying favors from campaign managers, just as they are now doing?

The amount paid out of the U. S. Treasury would be *additional* to what they would get from the corporations which want special privileges,—and that's all there is to it.

* * * *

Equally surprising was the suggestion of Mr. Bryan that the Federal Government should guarantee the deposits of the national banks.

The first effect of such a law would be that every other bank in the Union would be disemboweled. The deposits would, of course, go to the national banks, which could offer the national guarantee.

Mr. Bryan, it is true, further sug-



gested that the States guarantee the deposits of State banks.

But where is the law for all this?

The States and the nation have no better right to guarantee for the banks than for the Insurance Companies.

The people *should* have a place where they can put their surplus money. This place should be absolutely safe,—so that each depositor can draw out his money when he wants it.

Recent events have demonstrated the wide-spread rottenness of our present banking system, and never again will the people have any confidence in it. These nasty little Clearing House Certificates, the refusal of bankers to give to their customers what was legally theirs, the criminal methods which were practised to hide reckless banking, the insolence with which certain New York banks refused to cash the Government's own checks, the keeping in their own hands practically all of the public funds which the Government had taxed out of the people—these things make a chapter which will long be remembered and render imperative a system of Postal Savings Banks in which the Government will handle the money and will be responsible for it.

The JEFFERSONIAN hails with joy the declarations of the President and



Postmaster General Meyer in favor of such a system.

* * * *

In adopting the present Constitution of the United States, our forefathers created a Supreme Court, but left it to Congress to establish Federal Courts of inferior jurisdiction.

The Act of Congress of 1789 created these inferior Courts, set the limits of their powers and carefully guarded against judicial chaos and judicial encroachments by denying to these inferior Courts the authority to pass upon the constitutionality of State laws.

This original act creating Federal Courts inferior to the Supreme Court expressly provides that cases to test the constitutionality of State laws must be brought in the State Courts, and that a writ of error may be taken from the Supreme Court of the State to the Supreme Court of the United States.

Thus the dignity of the State is preserved, and the uniformity of decisions insured.

If every little one-hoss judge can pull out his ready injunction, and cry "Halt!" to a State, orderly government is at an end.

Some of the little fellows will decide one way and some another, and confusion will prevail. The Fathers never meant anything of the kind; and the federal judges have been allowed to usurp jurisdiction which does not legally belong to them.

It is a cheering sign of a general awakening when from Massachusetts rings out the challenge of the Springfield *Republican* to these judicial usurpers, and the denial that the 14th Amendment worked any change in the Judiciary Act which created these lower Courts and marked the limits of their jurisdiction.

* * * *

The Acts of Congress, 1862 and '63,

authorize the issue of \$450,000,000 in treasury notes.

Only \$346,681,000 are now outstanding.

Therefore, the Government has full authority to issue more than one hundred million dollars in Greenbacks whenever it chooses to do so.

Why not do it? These notes would rest on the credit of the Government, just as the national bank notes do. It is a self-evident proposition that if Government credit sustains a banker's note, the same credit will sustain the Government's own note.

Unless treasury notes are issued, the financial crisis will be at its worst next spring. The national bankers have caught the business world in a trap. They mean to keep us there until they force Congress to pass that infamous Asset Currency bill. The way to smash the trap and defeat the silk-hat conspirators, is to issue treasury notes until we have the \$450,000,000 authorized by law.

If \$100,000,000 of Greenbacks are issued, thrown into the State banks of the West and South, and put into immediate circulation through these channels, the panic will pass away, wheat will advance, corn ditto, and cotton will bound to fifteen cents.

Try it, Mr. President.

* * * *

In 1819 the Supreme Court of the United States—Judge Story delivering the opinion—held that a treasury note, issued by the Government, was legal tender for any debt for which the act of Congress made it receivable.

While in going to this extent the statement of the Court was *Obiter Dicta*, yet it is extremely significant that so conservative a Court should have announced the principle so broadly. In 1884, the same Court, in *Greenman vs. Juilliard*, had the issue squarely presented, and the decision made good law out of the *dictum* of

Judge Story in 1819.

Therefore, any man who now opposes Governmental paper money must do so upon some other ground than for the reason that it is unconstitutional.

In fact, the Government has constantly issued treasury notes, as it needed them, down to the year 1873, when the last issue of \$26,000,000 of Greenbacks was made.

* * * *

Under our present system, the national banker gets the use of the Government's credit to float his own notes as money.

Why should any government surrender its credit for the private gain of a favored few? How can such a system reconcile itself to any sound conception of *democracy*?

Is it equal and exact justice to all men to allow six thousand national bankers to turn the Government's credit into a mint for themselves, at the expense of all other citizens?

Can any defense be made of the system which not only turns over to these favored few the Government's *Credit*, but also the Government's *Cash*?

These six thousand men not only use the credit of the Government as an inexhaustible gold mine, but they are actually and constantly using in their business practically all of the revenues of the Government.

Since God made the world no such exploitation of a nation by a class was ever known.

* * * *

The national banker puts his money in bonds, draws interest in advance, and pays no tax. He is then handed notes to be used as money, to the full amount of the money he puts in the bonds. Nominally, these notes cost him five dollars on the thousand. He lends them out at, say, eight per cent. interest, or eighty dollars on the thousand.

Thus he clears seventy-five dollars, net profit, on each thousand dollars, in addition to the interest he gets on the bonds.

Then, by a system of bank credits which would be incredible if it were not so capable of proof, he multiplies his loans until he draws compound interest on from ten to thirty times more money than he has ever put in his business.

To cap the climax, he gets the Government to surrender its revenues to his keeping, and he lends out these millions also.—drawing another interest from the taxpayers, whose own money he is lending back to them.

God of our fathers! What a mock-

ery of "equal and exact justice."

And at the last, when the chickens come home to roost,—when the bogus dollars come to the doors of the bank, clamoring for recognition and redemption, these silk-hat thieves get together, refuse to honor their own notes, refuse to pay depositors, decline to cash checks, issue a nasty little Clearing House Certificate, compel the business world to accept it as money, and thus *make another profit out of the written evidence of their own dishonesty!*

If such men lived in a frontier community, they would steal horses for a living, and they would be lynched.



WHITE HOUSE CALLERS.

COUSIN LIZZIE.



SEE her now, as I have seen her for thirty years. First, the foster mother to dear, sweet little motherless girls,—except as she mothered them,—and that was

with a never-failing, true, patient, loving care;—and that was her second charge, her first having been her own troubled mother, who, having two children,—one bold, wild and dissipated, as a youth, left home, his invalid mother and sweet, faithful sister, never to return,—the burden of caring for them did not suit his spoiled, petulant nature. So, Daughter Lizzie, thoughtful beyond her years and ever tender and affectionate, was chosen by Colonel Sweet as a mother to his little daughters,—Lizzie's mother having been his sister. She was, also, their cousin, and thus I first saw and knew Cousin Lizzie, and “to know her was to love her.”

At this time she was the affianced sweetheart of a good, true man, and her answer to his pleadings to “fix the day” was ever the same.—“wait till my girls are settled; I must not leave them alone.” In the course of a few years, patiently and lovingly filled up by duties cheerfully and womanly done, “the girls” were claimed in marriage and she was then free to reward the manly man who had so loyally, faithfully awaited her self-imposed service as mother and chaperone, but alas and alack for “the plans of mice and men oft gang alee,” and just as the roseate dawn of her years of expectant wifehood was shaping itself for a glorious fruition, her best and truest friend, Aunt Mary, lost her husband, and the sad news that he died insolvent

brought a term of “penal servitude” as assistant to that dear old soul in conducting a city boarding house! Once more her love dream was cruelly crushed, and the waking dream was a struggle for bread for the family! Not a word, not a sigh, but with a true and royal Christian grace, lovelier in the sweet submission to “Him who doeth all things well,” than the dream of young wifehood, with the warm, tender lips of “her own,” she filled into the niche of daily routine, and thus began her third term,—“lengthened,” not “shortened,” by “good conduct,” as the vile transgressor of man's laws enjoys when his term of penal servitude is on! For many years, made monotonous and heavy by unappreciative dependents, who, devoid of the holy, sustaining influence of self-sacrifice for love's sake yet found fault where no fault existed, felt slights where only affection was lavished,—yet made the one load which bore on the heart filled with the devotion of a pure and noble spirit. Not only did the close relations, but all joined by remote connection, look up to, depend upon and love Cousin Lizzie, and when, after a long life, which made many others better and brighter for its having been lived, Aunt Mary joined her loved ones “gone on before.”

Then the thought was mothered by the wish that Cousin Lizzie would now take her time for the happiness which she so richly deserved. Not yet! The Fates were exceeding hard. The mill, grinding slow, did grind exceeding long, as well as fine! Just as the deep gloom of “first mourning” was giving place to more cheerful feeling, another calamity befell the dear, precious martyr, and once more she was prompted by the

unerring and unfailing dictates of her heart to *mother* and *sister* others of her loved cousins, so Aunt Rebecca's saintly form and sweet face were supplied by Cousin Lizzie, and still she gives her love, her life, her all, where her angelic sympathy tells her she is most needed! Thus putting away from her the cup of joy, she takes up her work as though life were but in its infancy, and her heart and hand are as ready for the sacrifice to-day as when she first told her ardent and impetuous lover: "I cannot leave the old folks now: we better bide a wee!"

Cousin Lizzie's head is mantled with approaching Winter now, and her step is not as buoyant as when first I met her, but she is as young in

hope, as robust in love and as patient and cheerful in spirit as the day she exchanged the promise of home, with husband's love and care,—for *duty*.

One of "the girls" is a Grandma now, and the epoch which made her so numbered the fourth Elizabeth honored by her dear name, though ours is just plain Lizzie, with the cherished hope that some day she will become another "Cousin Lizzie!"

(NOTE: The foregoing is the life-sketch of one of those martyr-like women whose whole existence is one long sacrifice of self to a sense of duty. When the pearly gates swing open, what Queen, what Empress, what High Society Sultana should take precedence of "Cousin Lizzie?")

TO JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

BY CARL HOLLIDAY.

Beneath the Southern pines and palms,
Midst languid, scented air,
I read his simple-hearted psalms
Of homely joy and care.

Maud Muller raking in the hay
And dreaming far-off dreams;
The barefoot boy content with play
And woods and winding streams.

I see the snow-heaped hills and dales,
The staring, sullen sky,
And ruddy through the evening gales
The hearth-fire burning high.

And though beneath a Southern sun
I read the quaint, sweet word,
I feel the kinship that must run
Where'er his songs are heard.

But ah, above this human touch,
How strong his child-like trust!
Why, as I read, on God I clutch
And strive to leave the dust.

And when some day by Silent Sea
"I wait the muffled oar,"
I'll know, yes, know, that God must be
Upon you darksome shore.

THE NATION VERSUS HARRIMAN.

One man has undermined a fixed national policy of this government. He shall not be permitted to destroy it. That is the meaning of the report of the Interstate Commerce Commission on the deeds and methods of Edward H. Harriman.

The transcontinental railroads were created by no capitalist nor set of capitalists. The Pacific coast was linked with steel to the older States by the nation's faith in its future. To tempt the money from Europe needed for the building of the Union Pacific the lands of the nation were given and the credit of the nation was pledged.

The purpose of the Government and the consideration exacted for its concessions are stated clearly in every federal law affecting a trans-Mississippi trunk line. Great values were given in order to secure the development of new territory, the extension of trade and population and the preservation of freedom and competition in transportation, without which such extension and development are impossible.

That policy of the nation is expressly approved in the constitutions of nearly forty states. In seven years it has been nullified by one man's discovery that the endless chain can be applied to the vocation of the gambler.

"Water, borrow and buy" has been the unvarying Harriman formula. A convertible bond issue of \$100,000,000 by the Union Pacific in 1901 was his bankroll. It was neither used nor intended for maintenance, trackage, terminals, extension, betterment nor any other legitimate function of the Union Pacific. It was meant and used to annul the principle, essential

to progress and prosperity, that railroads shall not acquire parallel and competing lines. With road after road, the plan of "water, borrow and buy" was applied, until to-day all transportation between New York and China is at one man's mercy.

Draw roughly a parallelogram with Chicago, Portland, New Orleans and Los Angeles at the corners. Within that territory Harriman is absolute master. But his law runs beyond even those wide boundaries. There was competition among steamship lines to Oriental ports. The Santa Fe's steamers have been abandoned and the Japanese line brought into the Harriman "community of interest." All the work of Hay and Taft and Root for the Asiatic open door terminates in the control of Harriman. All trade relations with Hawaii and the Philippines now pay him what tribute he chooses to demand.

He has closed his grip upon the strongest route of commerce between the Great Lakes and the Gulf of Mexico. The last twelve months have seen him reaching eastward, grasping a \$45,000,000 interest in the Baltimore and Ohio and \$20,000,000 in the New York Central.

His formula works with ever-increasing effectiveness. The Chicago and Alton is not an exceptional case, simply an extreme example. Seven years saw its indebtedness increase from less than \$34,000,000 to more than \$114,000,000. And of this \$80,000,000 watering, only \$18,000,000 was spent upon the Alton, leaving \$62,000,000 for Harriman to use in buying more material to water. "Indefensible finance" is the over-gentle term applied to these transactions in

the commission's temperate report. "Loot" and "wreck" are shorter, fitter words.

His own assertion is that "only the law" can prevent the passing of every railroad between Canada and Mexico into his hands. That reservation was wise. The law henceforth will have much to say to Edward Harriman. Whether civil or criminal proceedings be instituted against him is inconsequential. Whether he be made to undo all or only part of his handiwork is a matter of only comparative importance. The vital fact is that such men and such methods will no longer be permitted to go unchecked and unpunished by the American people.

Efforts to deceive the country concerning the cause of present financial conditions will fail. It is true that bonds of strong railroad companies are a drug on the market, and new issues for much-needed improvements are not made because investment demand is lacking. It is true that lenders, formerly willing to accept less than 4 per cent., now insist upon a rate of 5 or 6 on short-time notes. It is true that foreign investors are looking elsewhere. But it is not true that these conditions prevail because of attacks on capital by an unfriendly administration. There will be neither investment nor active speculation by

either Americans or Europeans while enterprises are unsafe. And there can be no sense of security while Harriman's control continues.

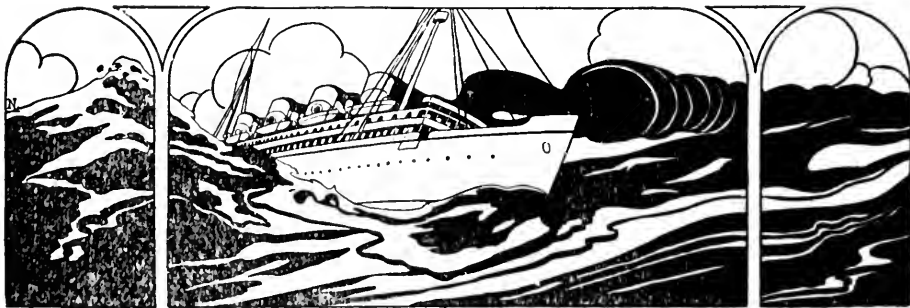
Because it is calm and moderate in tone, the summary of this man's career contained in the commission's report is all the more terrific an arraignment. And Harriman's answer is what? He says: "It is a political document." And further, "It is deemed good politics to attack me." Unwittingly, but beyond dispute, he tells the exact truth.

The correct definition of "political" is: "Relating to the management of the affairs of the State or nation; pertaining to the enactment of laws and the administration of civil affairs, and, in a more limited sense, sagacious, prudent, skilful."

This report, which, in substance, declares Harriman an enemy of the republic, is a political document.

The correct definition of "politics" is "the regulation and government of a nation or State for the preservation of its safety, peace and prosperity; the theory and practice of obtaining the ends of civil society as perfectly as possible."

The voice of the whole country proclaims it good politics to attack the methods of Harriman.—*Philadelphia North American*.



HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

TOM WATSON IS ENTITLED TO HONOR FOR THE R. F. D. SYSTEM.

McCAULEY, TEX., June 13, '07.
HON. THOS. E. WATSON,
Thomson, Ga.

It has been my impression all the while that you was the man who introduced the bill in Congress by which rural free delivery was obtained.

A clipping from the *Dallas News*, which I enclose herewith, gives the honor to Eugene Loud, of California. What about it? Please answer in *July Magazine*. Yours truly,

J. N. BRADBURY.

THOMSON, GA., June 17, '07.
Mr. J. S. BRADBURY,
McCauley, Texas.

Dear Sir:—Your favor received. Hon. Eugene F. Loud, of California, had nothing to do whatever with originating rural free delivery to people who live outside of towns, cities and villages. I remember very distinctly that Mr. Loud threw cold water on my proposition when I tried to pass the resolution which is the foundation of the present rural free delivery system. He said to me: "Why, that scheme of yours would cost the Government sixty millions of dollars." My reply to him was, "Well, even if it does, the people pay the money, and the people ought to get the benefit."

If the editor to whom you refer will turn to the *Congressional Record* for February 17, 1893, he will get the facts and will not have to depend on my word, or the word of any one else. He will find from the official record of Congress that on Feb-

ruary 17, 1893, Congress adopted as an amendment to the postoffice appropriation bill, a resolution of mine appropriating ten thousand dollars for experimental free delivery of mails to people living outside of towns, cities and villages. Previous to this time there had been what was called the "Rural Free Delivery System," instituted by Hon. John Wanamaker, Postmaster General, but this system was confined to incorporated cities and villages. The country people, proper, got no benefit from it whatever.

Yours truly,

THOS. E. WATSON.

We print the above because we have been taught in years gone by to spurn the name of Tom Watson. Politicians have said a great deal for the common people of our country, but we can see but little they have accomplished in the way of good. Watson has done a great deal of talking, but has accomplished some great things, and the politicians are now trying to steal the honor that belongs to him. The farmers will learn to give Watson the praise for originating the R. F. D. system.

And railroad men will learn to praise Watson, for it was this talented congressman from Georgia who introduced, fought for and secured the passage of the bill compelling the railroads to equip their cars with automatic couplers. This device is saving thousands of men from being killed since it has done away with the old link and pin method.

The National Democratic ticket was

once headed by Bryan and Watson. —Watson for president and Bryan
 Who would object to the party next for vice-president?—Scullin *Advo-*
 time being lead by Watson and Bryan *calc.* Ind. Ter'y.

THE SWORD IN THE SEA.

BY FRANCIS O. TICKNOR.

The billows plunge like steeds that bear
 The knights with snow-white crests;
 The sea-winds flare like eagles where
 The Alabama rests.

Old glories from their splendor-mists
 Salute with trump and hail
 The sword that held the ocean lists
 Against the world in mail.

And down from England's storied hills,
 From lyric slopes of France,
 The old bright wine of valor fills
 The chalice of Romance.

For here was Glory's tourney-field,
 The tilt-yard of the sea;
 The battle-path of kingly wrath,
 And kinglier courtesy.

And down the deeps, in sunless heaps,
 The gold, the gem, the pearl,
 In one broad blaze of splendor, belt
 Great England like an earl.

And there they rest, the princeliest
 Of earth's regalia gems,
 The starlight of our Southern Cross,
 The sword of Raphael Semmes.

THE FOURTEENTH AMENDMENT.

BY JOHN WITHERSPOON DUBOSE.

(Condensed from the writer's *History of Alabama, 1861-1901*. Ms. Prepared for the Alabama Department of Archives & History.)

A text book in the University of Alabama, used also in various American schools and colleges, and in foreign countries, teaches: "From a purely scientific point of view, the Constitution of the United States never reached its completion until after the adoption of the Fourteenth Amendment." (Growth of the English Constitution, Harris Taylor, LL.D., p. 70.)

The learned author says, further on: "The leading motives which led to the adoption of the Fourteenth Amendment was to reverse the Dred Scott case and secure the right of citizenship to the African race."

The late Senator Morgan never wearied of insisting upon the flagrant irreconcilability of the preamble of the Federal Constitution with the pretense of the war-amendments to effect the political equality of the African race. "We, the people of the United States," "and our posterity," he said, could not even by extravagant inference be made to include a race of people in bondage wherever known since the monuments of Egypt, the increase and perpetuity of whose bondage was expressly provided for in the body of the instrument itself.

However, the contention that the *Fourteenth Amendment* is a "stem out of the root of Jesse," must confront the fact that litigation under the article has been distinguished for forty years of experimentation with its proper relation to the structure of

American society and government by a record of unique disappointment to clients, of undisguised surprises to counsel, and of remarkable divisions of the appellate court.

TWO GREAT CASES.

The Slaughter-House Cases were perhaps the first in order of occurrence to test the court in the construction of the *Fourteenth Amendment*. The result was a division of the bench, five to four. The legal history transpired since tends to show a growth toward the position of the minority. At the time, there was great rejoicing in the *South* over the decree, although the *Democratic Chief Justice* and *Associate Justice Field*, Democrat, were of the minority. An important public discretion seemed to accept the dissenting opinions as a correct interpretation of the newly adopted article.

At any rate, one of the dissenting opinions clashes so sharply with the theory of evolution in the article that it is worth attending to. Justice Swayne, in dissent, said: "These amendments are a new departure. They are in this respect at the opposite pole of the first eleven. Fairly considered, these amendments may be said to rise to the dignity of a new Magna charter."

The other case in view here is of the most vital character, and is of later occurrence.

The Wilson tariff bill, which became a law in 1894, the second term

of President Cleveland, laid a tax of two per cent. on all incomes in excess of \$4,000. The salaries of members of Congress, officers of the army and navy, and all others, irrespective of private or public employment, were made liable. A corporation in the city of New York applied to a federal *District Judge* to enjoin the collection of this tax on its income. *The Judge* refused to grant the injunction. The contention of the plaintiff was, that *Congress* had omitted to apportion the direct tax among the *States* as the Constitution of 1787 prescribed, and that the corporation income being derived from the use of real and personal property could not be made subject to a direct tax that had not been apportioned among the *States*.

An appeal was taken from the decision of the *District Judge* and upon the hearing, the *Supreme Court*, eight members sitting, equally divided. The equal division determined the case for the plaintiff.

Associate Justice Jackson returned to his place from an illness, and within a month the New York case was called for a rehearing. One of the *Justices* suddenly changed his mind and upon rehearing the case stood, five for reversing the *District Judge* and four for sustaining him. This case created most intense excitement. Two of the dissenting opinions, with marked emphasis, declared the principle laid down would cripple the government in time of its greatest need and produce revolution.

In June, 1898, Senator Morgan offered an amendment to an appropriation bill, requiring the *Secretary of the Treasury* to proceed to collect the income tax under the Wilson bill and providing certain processes by which any citizen might get into court with complaint against that officer for failure or refusal to act.

The *Senator* from Alabama argued with great force, that the *Fourteenth*

Amendment had eliminated the rule of apportionment of direct taxes among the *States* and that the court had ignored the fact. His amendment contemplated a rehearing of the principle involved. He would make a case and felt confident that the New York case would be reversed. His amendment failed, 35 to 38. *Senators Gorman and Caffery, Democrats from Maryland and Louisiana, respectively, voting nay and thus defeating him.*

It may be questioned if an amendment to the *Constitution* of 1787 was at all necessary to establish the fact of a federal citizenship, determined by the federal courts, in logical operation upon the great interests of an ever expanding civilization, must have been evolved. *In every State*, the citizens of all the *States* had equal rights under the original organic law of the Union. *This principle* was the essence of a federal citizenship. Had there been no *Fourteenth Amendment*, ostensibly conferring federal citizenship, to all practical purposes a continued use of "the supreme law of the land" must have generated the fact of federal citizenship.

Difficult as the task may be, to select the comparatively few facts, from the grand aggregate, that press for recognition, like the stars of the firmament that twinkle and court our notice, as Emerson puts it, this must not be ignored. The "war amendments," except possibly the 15th, in a limited way, have conferred no practical rights, privileges or immunities upon the negro which the *State Constitution* had not conferred before any of those amendments went into effect. In Alabama, in September, 1865, a *State Constitution* was framed and put into effect which, by specific article, required the *Legislature* to enact laws to give equal protection to the negroes, freed by a previous article, in person and property with the whites. *The freedmen were*

the equals of white minors and white women in political rights. Several months afterwards the Thirteenth Amendment went into effect; three years later, in 1868, the Fourteenth Amendment was adopted; a year after that the Fifteenth Amendment was adopted.

The civilization of today moves *pari passu* with the conditions of constitutional government. Great interests are generated by the normal forces of a vivified and aggressive society and there must be compromise in their relations to each other. The fact of compromise established between them, when reduced to written form, is a Constitution.

The people of the United States are wholly dependent, for peace and order among themselves, in a national character, upon their ability to make and preserve a federal constitution. The facts involved in the genesis of the *Fourteenth Amendment* are of the utmost importance and should be carefully taught to the masses of the people. The proceedings of the fragment of *Congress*, composed of *Northern States* only, which prepared the article and submitted it to the States for acceptance, verify the following statements of fact:

1. In its first form of committee report, the *Fourteenth Amendment* was limited to the provisos of suffrage and citizenship.

2. These original provisos were debated between the Republican members, chiefly, because Democrats were few in the *Congress*. They were rejected by a decisive vote.

3. The ground of rejection of the report was, the prejudice then dominant in the *Northern States* against endowing the negro with equal political rights.

4. Many weeks after the debate closed, the report of the committee seemed hopelessly abandoned, carrying with it all prospect of a *Fourteenth Amendment*, their Senator

Wilson, from Massachusetts, an ardent supporter of the report, moved an amendment of a separate and distinct character.

The amendment of Senator Wilson, or rather of the committee offered by him, in its name, is now Section Four. The entire movement hung upon it. Silently ignored by many who comprehended its import, accepted by the multitude who did not understand the potentiality of the words, *Section Four has revolutionized commerce, built up a plutocracy the most arrogant and perilous to liberty in the annals of American history, and corrupted the Federal Government in its vitals.*

Thus amended, the report of the committee was readily accepted.

5. *The Fourteenth Amendment* was never legally ratified, nor ratified in accordance with the methods and procedures in the case of each of the thirteen prior amendments. Among the radical variations and distinctions attending the alleged adoption of the *Fourteenth Amendment*, as compared with the circumstances attendant upon each of the prior amendments, stands the refusal of the *Secretary of State* to certify to its legal ratification by States of the Union. *Congress* appealed to him to recant, but he refused to the last. *Secretary Seward never certified to the legality of the ratification of the article.*

The *Fourteenth Amendment* was never submitted to President Johnson, before sending it out to the *State Legislatures* for approval. In formal communication, *he warned the Congress of the lack of legality in the preparation..* He denounced the document as unconstitutional in its genesis.

The *President* reminded *Congress*, or the fragment then sitting, that *Senators and Representatives* from eleven States were then awaiting admission to their seats from which *Congress* alone excluded them. He

argued that *Congress* was estopped from the plea that the eleven States having been in rebellion were not qualified to choose Senators and Representatives. In August, 1861, after the battle of first Manassas, Congress passed a bill to apportion direct taxes among all the *States*, including each of the *members of the Southern Confederacy*. At the very time, in the spring of 1866, while Congress discussed the article, *Chief Justice Chase was holding court in North Carolina, as a State, and making rulings and deciding issues which acknowledged the State*. The Thirteenth Amendment had been submitted to every State of the former Confederacy, except Texas, by the Congress, and had been accepted by all of them. The act of ratification by these several *States* had been accepted by the very *Congress* then sitting.

The President warned the *Congress* against its plea of disqualification of the "States lately in rebellion" to resume their places in the Union. He said absolute monarchs might hold their conquests in war in slavery because they had the power before the war. *The United States had no power before the war to hold States of the Union in subjugation and therefore had no such power then.*

The easy reference of the reader is considered by the reproduction of the article, as finally adopted.

"ARTICLE XIV."

"Section 1. All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States of the State wherein they reside. No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty or property, without due process of law; nor deny to any person within its juris-

dition the equal protection of the laws.

"Section 2. Representatives shall be apportioned among the several States according to their respective number, counting the whole number of persons in each State, excluding Indians not taxed. But when the right to vote at any election for the choice of electors for President, Vice-President of the United States, representatives in Congress, the executive and judicial officers of a State, or the members of the Legislature thereof, is denied to any of the male inhabitants of such State, being twenty-one years old and citizens of the United States, or in any way abridged except for participation in rebellion, or other crime, the basis of representation therein shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of such male citizens shall bear to the whole number of male citizens twenty-one years of age in such State.

(Section 3 relates only to qualifications for office, Federal and State.)

"Section 4. The validity of the public debt of the United States, authorized by law, including debts incurred for payment of pensions and bounties for suppression of insurrection or rebellion, shall not be questioned. But neither the United States nor any State shall assume or pay any debt or obligation incurred in aid of insurrection or rebellion against the United States, or any claim for the loss or emancipation of any slave; but all such debts, obligations and claims shall be held illegal and void.

"Section 5. The Congress shall have power to enforce, by appropriate legislation, the provisions of this article."

THE REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE.

Fortunately for the fame of the American name, the fragment of *Congress* was not in session April 9th

when the Confederacy fell, or April 14th, when the foul assassination of President Lincoln afflicted the conqueror and the conquered. It was now the 39th Congress.

Immediately upon the convening of the body, December 4, 1865, a "Reconstruction Committee" was appointed composed of members from each branch, fifteen in number, with Thaddens Stevens, of the House, chairman. A most bitter partisan and most able leader was this chairman. Of this committee, so potential, twelve were Republicans, and three were Democrats. The proportion of party representatives was fair to the strength of the parties, respectively, in the *Congress*.

The Committee was at once besieged from every quarter of the *Northern States* by a great variety of organized societies and by town meetings and town councils to report bills dissolving the *State* governments, set up by authority of the President in the *South*. In the Senate, Mr. Sumner presented scores of such petitions. The conquest must be held until the conqueror was made safe.

The sword had done already all that sword ever did in the name of war. If revolution was the aim of the government, the most audacious measures were necessary to accomplish it. Revolution was the aim.

The question was, would the *Northern States* consent to an amendment of the Federal Constitution securing federal political equality to the negro, while most of those *States* denied the right, in their separate Constitutions and laws and customs. *Only* a short time before the Congress met, a vote was taken in a *Massachusetts* town upon the question of equality of the resident negroes in the municipal government, and the motion was voted down by an overwhelming majority. The State Constitution then in force in Indiana, adopted 30 years before, forbade any negro the right to enter

the *State*, and the law attached a fine of \$500 against any citizen who should harbor a negro entering the State against that proviso.

In order to prepare the public mind to accept an amendment to the Federal Constitution, favoring negro suffrage, and negro federal citizenship, two bills of extreme radical character were promptly introduced in Congress.

The Civil Rights bill was passed by a large majority, vetoed, and passed over the veto.

The Freedman's Bureau bill passed, was vetoed and killed.

On January 23, 1866, the Reconstruction Committee reported an article of amendment of the Constitution to be known as *Article Fourteen*.

Senator Wilson, from Massachusetts, a member of the committee, had charge of the report, which was as follows:

"Representatives and direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several States which may be included within this Union according to their respective numbers, counting the whole number of persons in each State, excluding Indians, not taxed. Provided, that whenever the elective franchise shall be denied or abridged in any State on account of race or color, all persons of such race or color shall be excluded from the basis of representation." (Cong. Globe, 39th Cong., Part I., p. 337.)

Senator Fessenden, from Maine, heartily approved the report because it expressed his mental and moral sentiments, but he doubted if the loyal States would sanction it. Very few of those States tolerated intermarriage of negroes with whites, for instance, and he did not expect to see them change their laws and constitutions to give the negro the electorate. "If we report a provision of this kind," he said, "is there the slightest probability that it will be adopted by the States? It is perfectly evident

there can be no hope of that description." (Cong. Globe, 39th Cong., Part I, p. 704.)

Senator John Sherman said, *Ohio would refuse to ratify an amendment to the Constitution giving the electorate to the negroes.*

Senator Charles Sumner bitterly opposed the committee report. He introduced a substitute, called on the *Secretary of the Senate* to read it, and spoke nine hours, in two succeeding days to it. He said Senators did not seem to see that "the Southern planter will drive his coach and six through their amendment." The freedmen, under the Constitution of 1787, possessed the right of being counted for representation, but then that right was taken away and they were left to the mercy of the separate States for any political weight in the Federal Government at all. "You will hand over wards and allies, through whom the Republic has been saved, and therefore our saviors, to the control of vindictive enemies, to be taxed and governed without their consent; and this you will do for a consideration 'nominated in the bond,' by virtue of which men may do a great wrong, *provided* they will submit as a *quid pro quo* to a proportionate abridgment of political power." cried the great orator.

Mr. Sumner said no amendment to the Federal Constitution was necessary to lift the freedmen of the *South* up to perfect equality under the law. *The Declaration of Independence* was the supreme law of the land. Under its beneficent doctrine, all men of all races and all degree and condition were equal. Besides, he had in committee a bill to amend the naturalization laws, so that negroes from the West Indies could come into South Carolina and other Southern States in great numbers. He hoped to see the negro race so strong numerically in those States as to force a settlement of the race question on a per-

fect foundation. Mr. Sumner's substitute resolution was as follows:

"Be it resolved by the *Senate and House of Representatives* of the *United States of America* in Congress assembled, that there shall be no oligarchy, aristocracy, castes, or monopoly, invested with peculiar privileges or powers, and there shall be no denial of rights, civil or political, on account of color or race, anywhere within the limits of the United States; but all persons therein shall be equal before the law of the land, anything in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding." (Cong. Globe 39th Cong., Part I, p. 674.)

Neither the splendid eloquence of Mr. Sumner nor the influence of his long maintained leadership of the extreme revolutionary faction availed to carry his substitute. As an abstract proposition the Congress well knew the people of the North were not ready for the introduction of the negro into political parties.

What was to be done? Certainly the article of amendment as it came from the committee giving conditional right of suffrage to the negro and establishing a federal citizenship to support the right, was dead in its reported form.

Senator Fessenden had, early in the debate, suggested an enlargement of the article to give protection to the Federal debt. Upon this hint the committee recovered their original report, amended it, restored it for consideration. The amendment was as follows:

"No payment shall ever be made by the United States or any State for or on account of the emancipation of any slave or for or on account of any debt contracted or incurred in aid of rebellion against the national Government."

Senator Wilson from the committee made the amended report. He said if the Southern States were per-

mitted to embarrass their productive energies with payment of the Confederate debt, foreign and domestic, State and Federal, the safety of the national debt would be menaced. The South then was bankrupt. If the freedmen were apportioned, the Southern States would at once attain to a numerical strength in Congress which might force the United States to pay the Confederate debt.

The Senator said the Southern States must be kept out of the National Government until the negro should be enfranchised, by an amended Federal Constitution, and until the national debt was made safe against Southern attack. Senator Wilson said:

“The holders of the public securities, the possessors of the currency founded on the public faith, the scarred soldiers of the Republic and the heirs of fallen heroes are hardly ready to entrust their inheritance, be that inheritance ever so small, to the men who have lost \$2,000,000,000 invested in the sinews of a race emancipated by the national authority and the holders of thousands of millions of Confederate bonds and obligations.”

The orator said farther: “The amendment of the committee will hedge about the national debt with additional securities and make safer every interest of the country and people. Let the second report be incorporated in the organic law of the Union before rebels lay their hands upon the statute book of the country to aid in shaping the future of the regenerated Republic.”

THE CANONIZATION OF “WATER.”

This amendment of this original report of the committee saved the suffrage and citizenship provisos from utter defeat. The general idea of protecting and perpetuating a public debt, to be possessed by the commercial classes, as a means of erecting a

class control of the Government, was Hamilton's. The idea reappeared now and through the agency of a distinctly sectional Congress, representing the commercial interests, it stands incorporated in Section four of the *Fourteenth Amendment*.

The exciting motive of the amendment to the report was the well known argument of President Johnson, that the Government bonds, representing largely in some parts more than fifty per cent. “water,” should be sealed to express only the money paid by the subscribers, and this done, the whole should be extinguished in thirty years. “*We should look on the national debt just as it is—not as a national blessing, but as a heavy burden on the industry of the country, to be discharged without unnecessary delay.*” said the President in his first annual message. The message had lain before Congress for months and the visits of members of Congress to the *White House* had confirmed their minds in the belief that the President was tremendously in earnest. He demanded the sealing of the debt and the payment of the remainder.

It is readily seen that the fourth section of the article carried an enormous influence into every part of the country. The national banks were founded on “watered” bonds; the banks issued much currency of their own and practically controlled the money of the land. The country at large was enormously prosperous, upon the labor of hundreds of thousands of disbanded soldiers. To preserve this statute from the views of President Johnson, a Southern Democrat, accidentally foisted into office, was reason enough to accept the suffrage and citizenship provisos, intended, and expected, to take effect detrimentally only in “the States lately in rebellion,” and surely Democratic without the negro vote.

The effect of section four upon general conditions and specially upon

industries employing great bodies of wage earners amounts to complete revolution.

The foundation of commerce in the United States no longer rests on the energy and intelligence of merchants but on the bonds or evidence of debt of the Government. By the aid of banks which issue currency, and control currency, on the basis of Government bonds, a few banks and favored individuals conspire to seize the sources of production, such as oil wells, iron mines, coal mines, the railroads, the water carriers, etc., to dictate Government measures, such as the tariff, the pensions, etc. The essential head of the monopoly is section four. To repeal it is to pay the public debt, and for the reasons assigned so incontestably by President Johnson, December, 1865.

THE ACTION OF THE STATES.

Six months after the appearance of the original report from the *Reconstruction Committee*, the Fourteenth Amendment was perfected and sent to Secretary of State Seward for transmission to all the States for their individual action upon it according to the Federal Constitution. Two years and six months after the original committee report, the Congress, yet a fragment, declared by resolution the ratification of the instrument.

It is to be noted, that *although the Constitution of 1787 expressly declares that "every State shall have at least one Representative," eleven States, to whom the article was sent for action, had no Representative because the House shut its doors against them.* Although the Constitution expressly forbids that any State be denied its equal representation in the Senate, "without its consent," *none of the eleven States were permitted to have Senators.*

In November, 1866, the General Assembly of Alabama in session re-

ceived from the Governor the Fourteenth Amendment, which had been in regular order transmitted to him from Secretary Seward.

Governor Patton, with marked emphasis, advised the Legislature to refuse ratification. In a fortnight, the Governor received secret intelligence from Washington, the source of which he was not free to reveal. He was assured, however, *that unless the Southern States accepted the Article, each and all of their own governments would be promptly overthrown and their territory and population be reduced to absolute military control.*

The Governor made all haste to communicate his news to the Legislature. He recanted. He advised most earnestly that the Article be ratified. Any form of civil government, he declared, would be preferable to absolute militarism.

The Legislature neglected the advice and adjourned in February, 1867, without action of any kind on the article.

On March 2 and March 27, 1867, Congress passed bills establishing military government over all the Southern States, thus abolishing their executive, legislative and judicial departments.

In November, 1867, by order of Major-General John Pope, commanding Military District No. 3, composed of the former States of Georgia, Florida, and Alabama, a Constitutional Convention assembled in the capitol at Montgomery. *The body was dominated entirely by carpet-baggers and was composed largely of negroes, only three or four of whom could sign their names.*

This Convention prepared, in a three weeks' session, a Constitution and ordered an election to test the acceptability of the document to the registered voters. The election came off in February, 1868, and the document was rejected at the polls by a

large majority. The General commanding so reported to the Government at Washington.

On June 25, following, Congress passed a resolution that the Fourteenth Article of Amendment had been accepted by Alabama and other States of the South and ordered the Legislature, Governor, State judges and county officers that had been voted for and defeated in February, to assume office.

In July following, that is July, 1868, Governor Smith took up the reins of authority under the orders of the General commanding, the reconstruction Legislature assembled and the article was promptly ratified.

The notification from the Secretary of State here transcribed is of greatest historic weight.

It is seen that he refuses to acknowledge the reconstructed States as competent factors in amending the Constitution. He denominates them as "newly constituted and established legislative bodies;" bodies competent to legislate by authority of the sword of the United States, but not States under the federal system.

"To all to whom these presents come greeting:" "Whereas, the Congress of the United States, on or about the 16th of June, 1866, passed a resolution, which is in the words and figures following, to-wit:

"Joint Resolutions proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the United States: "*Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled (two-thirds of both Houses concurring), that the following article be proposed to the legislatures of the several States as an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which, when ratified by three-fourths of said legislatures shall be valid as part of the Constitution, namely:*

"And whereas the second section of the Act of Congress, approved the

20th of April, 1818, entitled an act to provide for the publication of the laws of the United States and for other purposes, it is made the duty of the Secretary of State to cause any amendment to the Constitution of the United States which has been adopted according to the provisions of said Constitution to be published in the newspapers authorized to promulgate the laws, with his certificate, specifying the States by which the same may have been adopted and that the same has become valid to all intents and purposes as a part of the Constitution of the United States; and

"Whereas the act just quoted from, expressly or by conclusive implication, authorizes the Secretary of State to determine or decide doubtful questions as to the authenticity of the organization of State legislatures, or as to the power of any State legislature to recall a previous act or resolution of ratification of any amendment proposed to the Constitution, and

"Whereas it appears from official documents on file in this department that the amendment to the Constitution of the United States proposed as aforesaid has been ratified by the legislatures of the States of Connecticut, New Hampshire, Tennessee, New Jersey, Oregon, Vermont, New York, Ohio, Illinois, West Virginia, Kansas, Maine, Nevada, Missouri, Indiana, Minnesota, Rhode Island, Illinois, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Massachusetts, Nebraska and Iowa; and

"Whereas it further appears from documents on file in this department that the amendment to the Constitution proposed as aforesaid has also been ratified by newly constituted and newly established bodies avowing themselves to be and acting as the legislatures respectively of the States of Arkansas, Florida, North Carolina, Louisiana, South Carolina and Alabama; and

"Whereas it further appears from

official documents on file in this department that the legislatures of two of the States first above enumerated, to-wit, Ohio and New Jersey, have since passed resolutions, respectively, withdrawing the consent of each of said States to the aforesaid amendment;" and

"Whereas, it is deemed matter of doubt and uncertainty whether such resolutions are not irregular, invalid, and therefore ineffectual for withdrawing the consent of said two States or either of them to the aforesaid amendment; and

"Whereas the whole number of States in the United States is thirty-seven, to-wit * * * ; and

"Whereas the twenty-three States first before named, whose legislature never ratified the said proposed amendment, and the other States next hereafter named as having ratified the proposed amendment by newly constituted and established legislative bodies, together constitute three-fourths of the whole number of States in the United States,—

"Now, therefore, be it known that I, William H. Seward, Secretary of State of the United States, by virtue and in pursuance of the second sections of the act of Congress approved the 20th of April, 1818, hereinbefore recited, do hereby certify that if (sic) the resolutions of the Legislatures of Ohio and New Jersey ratifying said amendment are to be deemed as remaining of full force and effect, notwithstanding the subsequent resolutions of the legislatures of those States, which propose to withdraw the consent of said States for such ratification,—then the aforesaid amendment has been ratified in

the manner hereinbefore mentioned (sic) and so has become valid to all intents and purposes as a part of the Constitution of the United States."

Signed, July 10, 1868, by the Secretary in his office. (Documentary Hist. Constitution U. S., Vol. 2.)

Delaware, Maryland and Kentucky, border slave States, rejected the article.

Congress was highly incensed at the conduct of the Secretary of State. Senator Sherman offered a joint resolution, that the Fourteenth Amendment had been ratified by the requisite number of States, naming each by its own name. The motion carried.

A call was made upon Secretary Seward for a renewed certificate. Thereupon he sent to Congress, in effect, a notification of the passage of the Sherman resolution, accompanied by a practical re-assertion of his original certificate.

The Fourteenth Amendment should be repealed, *because the motive was irreconcilable with the fundamental principles* of the American theory of government and was in itself vicious; because the processes and procedures of adoption were unknown to the Constitution, and were null and void by every test of law and of history; because in application in the period of one generation and more no end of good government has depended on the letter or spirit of the article; because section four acts to the encouragement of abuse of the public debt, the perpetuation indefinitely of the public debt, with the multitude of evils social, industrial and political which it carries in its train.



LOVE AFTER DEATH.

They say if our beloved dead
Should seek the old familiar place,
Some stranger would be there instead,
And they would find no welcome there.

I cannot tell how it might be
In other homes—but this I know,
Could my lost darling come to me,
That she would never find it so.

Oftimes the flowers have come and gone,
Oftimes the winter winds have blown,
The while her peaceful rest went on,
And I have learned to live alone;

Have slowly learned from day to day
In all life's task to bear my part,
But whether grave, or whether gay,
I heard my memory in my breast.

Fond, faithful love has blest my way,
And friends are 'round me true and tried;
They have their place but her's today
Is empty as the day she died.

How would I spring with bated breath
And joy too deep for word or sign,
To take my darling home from death,
And once again to call her mine!

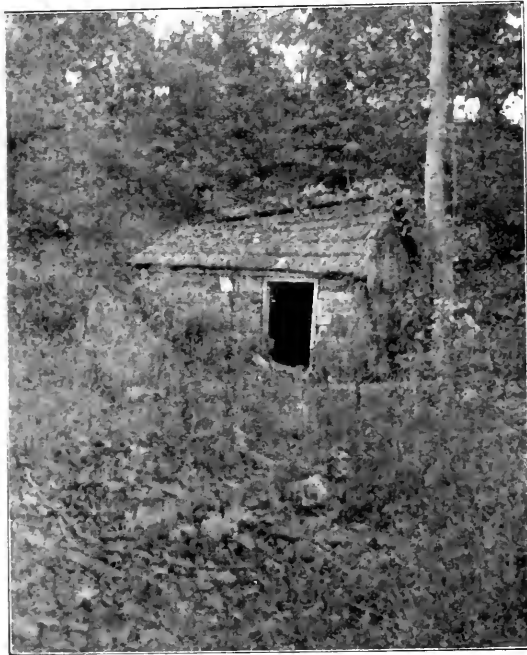
I dare not dream the blissful dream,
It fills my heart with wild unrest;
Where cold white marbles gleam,
She still must slumber—God knows best.

WHERE THE DUEL WAS FOUGHT.

It is doubtful whether there lives a human being, of average intelligence, who could stand on the summit of King's Mountain and feel no wave of emotion sweep through him, as he thought of the volunteer horsemen of the valleys of the South who dashed after the flying column of Ferguson, brought it to bay on that hill-top, crushed it with a resistless onset, and

The place where Hamilton fell before the pistol of Aaron Burr, will ever be one of the historic spots on the Hudson.

But while a vast deal has been written about this duel, and its every incident gone over, again and again, it hardly outranks the Jackson-Dickinson duel as a topic of perennial interest.



The Old Rock Spring House, where Jackson drank the milk after he was wounded.

thus turned the tide of fortune in the Revolutionary War.

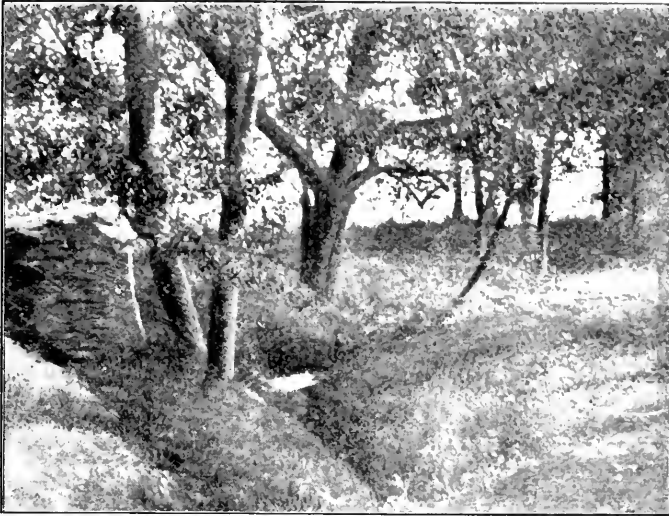
The spot where armies have met in the shock of battle has a human interest peculiar to itself, whether that spot be Marathon or Malvern Hill.

Of the same nature is the weird attraction which draws one to the scene where famous duels have been fought.

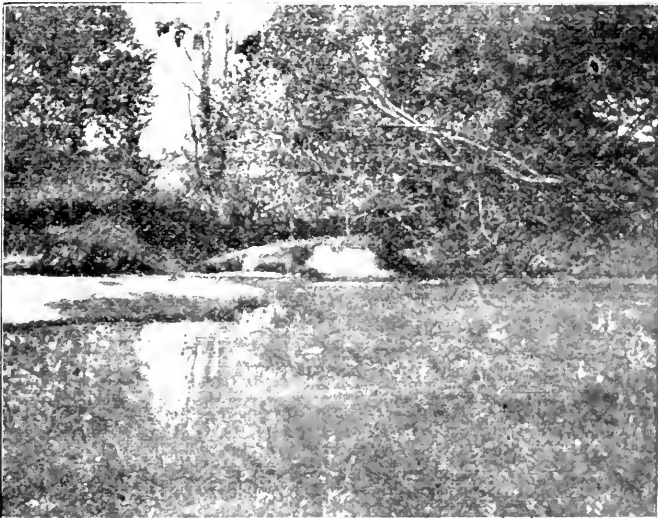
Strange to say, however, there has not been, so far as we know, any recent visitor to the scene of this duel, who went for the purpose of taking photographic views which would show the present appearance of the famous battle ground where the dashing young lawyer of the Nashville bar fell mortally wounded by Andrew Jackson.

THE JEFFERSONIAN is greatly indebted to our warm and loyal friend, W. L. Parks, of Adams, Tenn., for the illustrations which are here given.

have the opportunity to see just how the scene of that ancient tragedy now looks. There is the open space where the shots were exchanged, there is the



Spring where Dickinson was given water on way from duelling ground.



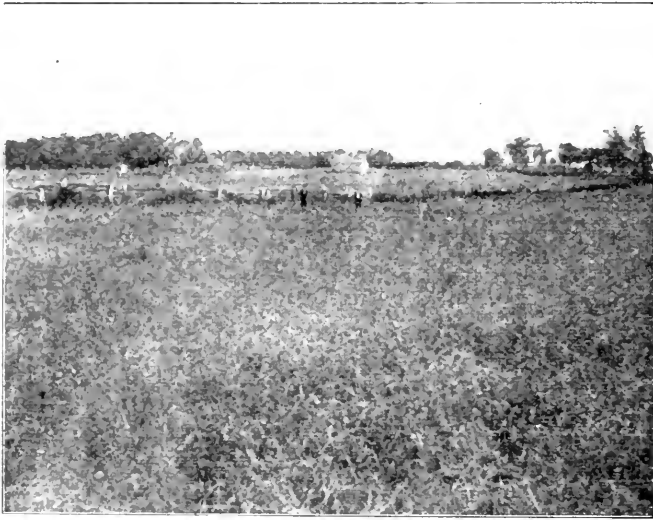
Scene on Red River near the duelling grounds.

Mr. Parks went over the ground a few weeks ago, photographed the various points of interest, and the readers of THE JEFFERSONIAN thus

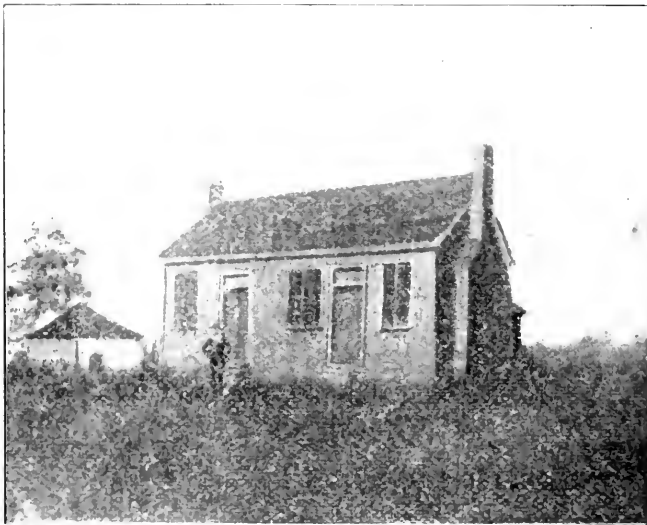
spring-house where Old Hickory cooled his burning thirst with buttermilk, there is the small tavern where he slept, and there is the house where

Dickinson spent those hours of agony before death put out the lights. race quarrel. Once more, let me say, that Dickinson was *not* the aggressor.

Once more, let me say that there is not a scintilla of evidence to prove This unfortunate young man fell a victim to the complication growing



The men stand near the exact spot where the duel was fought.



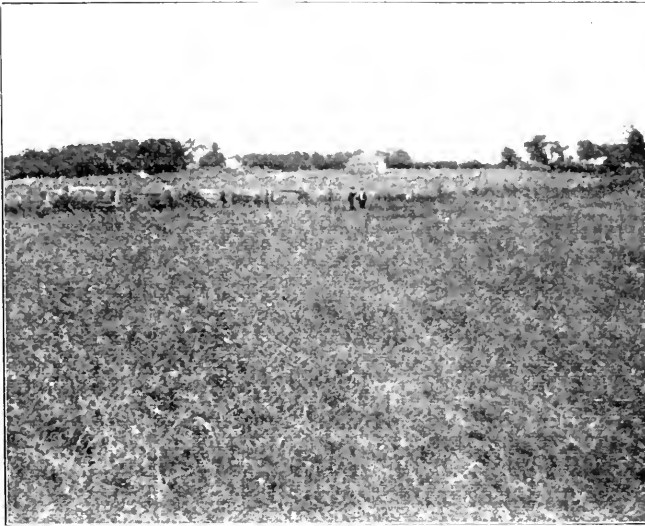
The Old Tavern, where Jackson spent the night before and after the duel.

that Dickinson ever said a disrespectful word about Jackson's wife. Once more, let me say, most positively, that the quarrel was nothing but a horse-

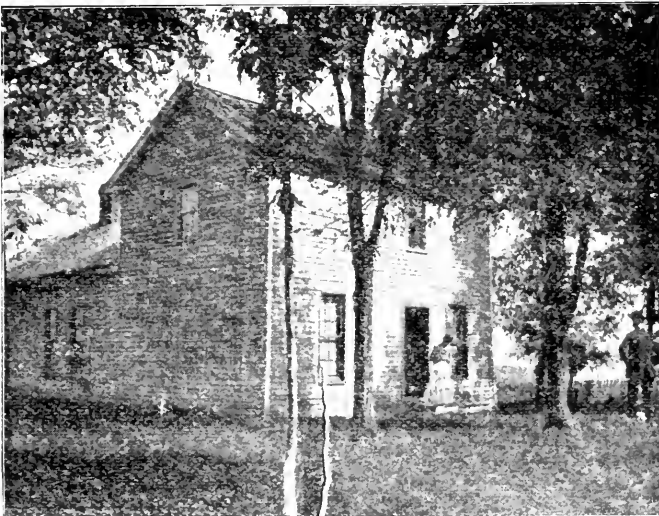
out of the false report circulated by Jackson's friend, Patten Anderson, the silly conduct of Thomas Swann,—Dickinson's friend,—and the mis-

taken notion, entertained by Jackson, that Dickinson had been the instigator of the insulting letter he had received from Swann.

from the start, *of Dickinson being dead*. Therefore, the excuses which Sam Houston, and other Jacksonians, *manufactured* for the purpose of lift-



The men stand near the exact spot where the duel was fought.



The house where Dickinson died. Died in room on right. At that time a log house. Since weatherboarded.

But to get the real facts of this duel firmly established, would be a Herculean task, indeed. The Jackson partisans had the immense advantage,

ing the duel above the level of a race-track dispute, gained currency and lives in robust vigor, even unto this day.

ANN BOYD

BY WILL N. HARBEN.

CHAPTER XXIX.



IN DIRE dread of facing the anger of his father, who was expected back from Savannah, for having sold the horse which the Colonel himself was fond of riding, and being in the lowest dregs of despondency and chagrin over the humiliating turn his affair with Virginia had taken, Langdon Chester packed his traveling-bag and hurried off to Atlanta.

There he had a middle-aged bachelor cousin, Chester Sively, who was as fair an example as one could find of the antebellum Southern man of the world carried forward into a new generation and a more active and progressive environment. Fortunately for him, he had inherited a considerable fortune, and he was enabled to live in somewhat the same ease as had his aristocratic forebears. He had a luxurious suite of rooms in one of the old-fashioned houses in Peachtree Street, where he always welcomed Langdon as his guest, in return for the hospitality of the latter during the hunting season on the plantation.

"Another row with the head of the house?" he smiled, as he rose from his easy-chair at a smoking-table to shake hands with the new arrival, who, hot and dusty, had alighted from a rickety cab, driven by a sleepy negro in a battered silk top-hat, and sauntered in, looking anything but cheerful.

"Why did you think that?" Langdon asked, after the negro had put down his bag and gone.

"Why? Oh, because it has been brewing for a long time, old chap," Sively smiled, "and because it is as natural for old people to curb the young as it is for them to forget their own youth. When I was up there last, Uncle Pres could scarcely talk of anything but your numerous escapades."

"We didn't actually have the row," Langdon sighed, "but it would have come if I hadn't lit out before he got back from Savannah. The truth is"—the visitor dropped his eyes—"he has allowed me almost no pocket-money of late, and, getting in a tight place—debts, you know, and one thing and another—I let my best horse go at a sacrifice the other day. Father likes to ride him, and he's going to raise sand about it. Oh, I couldn't stand it, and so I came away. It will blow over, you know, but it will do so quicker if I'm here and he's there. Besides, he is always nagging me about having no profession or regular business, and if I see a fair opening down here, I'm really going to work.

"You'll never do it in this world." Sively laughed, and his dark eyes flashed merrily as he pulled at his well-trained mustache. "You can no more do that sort of thing than a cat-fish can hop about in a bird-cage. In an office or bank you'd simply pine away and die. Your ancestors lived in the open air, with other people to work for them, and you are simply too near that period to do otherwise.

I know, my boy, because I've tried to work. If I didn't have private interests that pin me down to a sort of routine, I'd be as helpless as you are.

"You are right, I reckon." Langdon reached out to the copper bowl on the table and took a cigar. "I know, somehow, that the few business openings I have heard of now and then have simply sickened me. When I get as much city life as is good for me down here, I like to run back to the mountains. Up there I can take my pipe and gun and dog and—"

"And enjoy life right; you bet you can," Sively said, enthusiastically.

"Well, after all, it's six of one and half a dozen of the other. My life isn't all it's cracked up to be by men who say they are yearning for it. Between you and me, I feel like a defunct something or other when I hear these thoroughly up-to-date chaps talking about their big enterprises which they are making go by the very skin of their teeth. Why, I know one fellow under thirty who has got every electric ear-line in the city tied to the tips of his fingers. I know another who is about to get Northern backing for a new railroad from here to Asheville, which he started on nothing but a scrap of club writing paper one afternoon over a bottle of beer. Then there is that darned chap from up your way, Luke King. He's a corker. He had a little education, I am told, and sprang from the lowest cracker stock, but he's the sensation of the hour down here."

"He's doing well, then," Langdon said, a touch of anger in his tone as he recalled Virginia's reference to King, on their last meeting.

"Well? You'd think so. Half the capitalists in Atlanta are daft about him. They call him a great political, financial, and moral force, with a brain as big as Abraham Lincoln's. I was an idiot. I had a chance to get in on the ground-floor when that

paper of his started, but I was wise—I was knowing. When I heard the manager of the thing was the son of one your father's old tenants, I pulled down one corner of my eye and turned him over to my financial rivals. You bet I see my mistake now. The stock is worth two for one, and not a scrap on the market at that. Do you know what the directors did the other day? When folks do it for you or for me we will feel flattered. They insured his life for one hundred thousand dollars, because if he were to die the enterprise wouldn't have a leg to stand on. You see, it's all in his big brain. I suppose you know something about his boyhood?"

"Oh yes," Langdon said, testily; "we were near the same age, and met now and then, but, you know, at that time our house was so full of visitors that I had little chance to see much of the people in the neighborhood, and then he went West."

"Ah, yes," said Sively, "and that's where his boom started. They are circulating some odd stories on him down here, but I take them all with a grain of salt. They say he sold out his Western interests for a good sum and gave every red cent of it to his poor old mother and step-father."

"That's a fact," said Langdon. "I happen to know that it is absolutely true. When he got back he found his folks in a pretty bad shape, and he bought a good farm for them."

"Well, I call that a brave thing," said the older man—"a thing I couldn't do to save my neck from the halter. No wonder his editorials have stirred up the reading public; he means what he says. He's the most conspicuous man in Atlanta today. But, say, you want to go to your room, and I'm keeping you. Go in and make yourself comfortable. I may not get to see much of you for two or three days. I have to run out of town with some men from Boston who are with me in a deal for some

coal and iron land, but I'll see you when I return."

Three days later, on his return to town from a trip to the country, Sively, not seeing anything of his guest, asked Pomp where he was.

"Don't know whar he is now, boss," the negro said, dryly. "I haint seed 'im since dis mawnin', when he got out o' bed an' had me shave 'im up an' bresh his clothes. I tell you, Marse Sively, dat man's doin' powerful funny. He's certainly gone wrong somehow."

"Why, what do you mean?" the bachelor asked, in alarm. "He looked all right when he got here."

"Ifuh, I don't know what ails 'im, suh," the negro grunted, "but I kin see he's actin' curious. Dat fust mawnin' when I went into his room to clean up an' make de baid I come in easy like to keep fum wakin' 'im, but, bless you, he was already up, standin' at de window lookin' out in de street an' actually groanin' to hisse'f like some'n' was wrong wid his insides. I axed 'im what what was de matter, an' if he wants me to telephone fer de doctor, but he lit in to cussin' me at sech a rate dat I seed it wasn't any ailment o' de flesh, anyway. He ordered me to go to the cafe fer his breakfast, an' I fetched 'im what he always did fancy—fried chicken, eggs on toast, an' coffee wid whipped cream—but, bless you, he let 'em get stone cold on de table, an' wouldn't touch a thing but what was in yo' decanter."

"You don't tell me," Sively said, anxiously. "What has he been doing of evenings? Did he go to the Kimball House dance? I had Colville send him tickets. The Williamsons asked him to their card-party, too. Did he go?"

"Not a step," Pomp replied. "He had me lay out his claw-hammer coat an' get it pressed at de tailor shop dat fust night, an' stirred around considerable, wid several drinks in 'im.

He even had me clean his patent-leather pumps and ordered a cab fum de stable. Said he wasn't goin' to ride in one o' dem rickety street haeks wid numbers on 'em an' disgrace you. But, suh, de cab come an' I had everything out clean on de baid even to a fresh tube-rose for his buttonhole. He sat around smokin' and runnin' fer de decanter ever' now and den, but wouldn't take off a rag of his old clothes, an' kept walkin' de flo', fust to de winder an' den back to de lounge, whar he'd throw hisse'f down at full length an' roll an' toss like he had de eramps. I went to 'im, I did, at ten o'clock an' told 'im he was gwine to miss de grand promenade an' let all de rest of 'em fill up de ladies' cards, but he stared at me, suh, like he didn't know what I was talkin' about, an' den he come to his senses, an' told me he wasn't goin' to no dance. He went to de window an' ordered de cab off. De next mawnin' he had all his nice dress-suit stuffed in a wad in his valise. It was a sight, I'm here to tell you, an' he was settin' on de baid smoking. He said he'd had enough o' dis town, an' believed he'd take de train home; but he didn't, suh. De next night I was sho' oneasy, an' I watched 'im de best I could widout makin' 'im mad. He ate a bite o' de supper I fetched 'im, and den, atter dark, he started out on foot. I followed 'im, kase I 'lowed you'd want me to ef you was here."

"Yes, of course," Sively said; "and where did he go?"

"Nowhar, suh—dat is, he didn't stop a single place. He just walked an' walked everywhar and anywhar. It didn't make no odds to him, jest so he was movin' his laigs. He must 'a' covered five good miles in de most zig-zag travelin' you ever seed—went clean to de gate o' de Exposition grounds, an' den back, an' plumb round de Capitol and out Washington Street, wid me on his scent like a bloodhound after a runaway nigger;

but dar wasn't much danger o' me bein' seen, fer he didn't look round. Well, he finally turned an' come home an' tumbled in baid about two in de mawnin'. Yesterday de Williamson ladies an' deir maw driv' up to de do' an' axed about 'im. Dey said he was down on de list fer dinner at dey house, an', as he didn't come or send no word, dey 'lowed he was laid up sick. De lawd knows, I didn't know what to tell 'em. I've got myse'f in trouble befo' now lyin' fer white men widout knowin' what I was lyin' about, an' I let dat chance slide, an' told 'em I didn't know a blessed thing about it. Dey driv' off in a big huff; all three dey backs was as straight as a ironin'-board."

"Have you any idea where he is now?" Sively inquired, anxiously.

"I think he's over at de club, suh. De waiters in de cafe told me dat he makes a habit o' loungin' round de back smokin'-room by hisse'f."

"Drinking?"

"No, suh—dat is, not any mo'n he kin tote. He walks straight enough, it jest seems like it's some'n' wrong in his mind, Marse Sively," and Pomp touched his black brow significantly.

"Well," Sively said, after a moment's reflection, "order the horses and trap. If I can find him I'll take him out to the Driving Club. I'm glad I got back. I'll take him in hand. Between me and you, Pomp, I think he's had bad news from his father. I'm afraid my uncle has really laid down the law to him, cut off his spending-money, or something of the kind."

CHAPTER XXX.

In the darkest corner of the quietest room in the club, Sively found his cousin, gloomily smoking a cigar, a bottle of brandy on the table near him, and a copy of Luke King's paper on the floor at his feet. As he looked up his eyes had a shifting glare in

them, and there was an air of utter dejection on him, though, on recognizing his cousin, he made a valiant effort to appear at ease.

"Oh, you are back are you?" he said, awkwardly, flicking the ashes of his cigar over a tray.

"Yes, just in, old boy, and I've got my horses out for a spin to the Driving Club. Come along. The whole town is out on wheels; the afternoon is perfect. The idea of your sitting cooped up here, in smoke thick enough to cut with an axe, when you ought to be filling your lungs with ozone and enjoying life!"

Langdon hesitated, but it was evident that he could formulate no reasonable excuse for declining the invitation, and so he reluctantly gave in. "Let me get my hat," he said, and together they strolled down the wide entrance-hall to the hat-rack.

"I felt rather uneasy when I missed you at my rooms," Sively remarked, as they were approaching the trap at the door. "Pomp could give no account of you, and I didn't know but what you'd skipped out for home. Have a good time while I was away?"

"Oh, yes, yes," Chester answered, as he got into the vehicle, and began to adjust the lap robes about him. "I got along all right. You see, old man, I'm sort of getting on the social retired list. Living in the country, where we have few formalities, has turned me somewhat against your teas, dinners and dances. I never go without feeling out of it somehow. You Atlanta men seem to know how to combine business and society pretty well; but, having no business when I'm here, I get sick of doing the other thing exclusively."

"Oh, I see," said Sively, who was too deeply versed in human nature to be misled.

As they sped along the smooth asphalt pavement of Peachtree Street, dodging trolley-cars and passing or meeting open vehicles filled with

pleasure-seekers, Sively's hat and arm were in continual motion bowing to friends and acquaintances. The conversation languished. Sively found it very difficult to keep it going as he noted the deep lines of care which marked his cousin's face. He was quite sure something of a very serious nature had happened to Langdon, and his sympathies were deeply stirred.

After twenty minutes' brisk driving, they reached the club-house and entered the throng of fashionably dressed men and women distributed about at the numerous refreshment-tables under the trees. The club was on a slight elevation, and below them stretched the beautiful greensward of the extensive Exposition grounds. Several of the liveried servants, recognizing Sively, approached and offered chairs at their respective tables, but, sensing his cousin's desire not to be thrown with others, he led the way through the laughing and chattering assemblage to a quiet table in a little smoking-room quite in the rear of the building.

"There," he smiled, "this will suit you better, I know."

"Yes, I think it will, if it's all the same to you," Chester admitted, with a breath of relief. "The Lord only knows what I'd talk about out there in that chattering gang."

Sively ordered cigars, and, when the waiter had gone for them, he said, lightly: "No more liquor for you today, my boy. You hold your own all right, but you are too nervous to take any more."

"Nervous? Do you think so? Do I look it?" Chester asked.

"Oh yes, a little," said Sively. He was taking a bunch of cigars from the waiter, and, when he had signed his name to the accompanying slip of paper, he said, "Harry, pull the door to after you, and see that we are not disturbed."

"Certainly, sir."

Langdon, with widening eyes,

watched the negro as he went out and closed the door, then he glanced at his cousin inquiringly.

"I want to be alone with you, my boy," Sively said, with ill-assumed ease. "You can trust me, you know, and—well, the truth is, my boy, I want to know what you are in trouble about."

"Me? Good gracious!"

"Oh, don't begin that!" Sively said, firmly, as he struck a match and held it to the end of his cigar. "I won't stand it. You can't keep your feelings from me. At first, when Pomp told me about your not going out to those affairs when I was away, I thought your father had thrown you over for good and all, but it isn't that. My uncle couldn't do it, anyway. You are in trouble, my boy; what is it?"

Langdon flushed and stared defiantly across the table into the fixed eyes of his cousin for a moment, and then he looked down.

"No, my father is all right," he said. "He's found out about the horse, but he didn't take it so very hard. In fact, he went to Darley and bought him back for only a slight advance on what I sold him for. He is worried about me, and writes for me to come on home."

"Then, as I supposed, it is *not* your father," said Sively.

There was a pause. Langdon, with bloodless fingers, nervously broke his cigar half in two. He took another and listlessly struck a match, only to let its flame expire without using it.

"What's the trouble, my boy?" pursued Sively. "I want to befriend you, if I can. I'm older than you."

"Well, I *am* in trouble," Langdon said, simply. Then, in a low tone, and with frequent pauses, he told all about his acquaintance with Virginia. Once started, he left out no detail, extending his confidence till it had included an humble confession, even, of his humiliation by Ann Boyd and the girl's bitter words of contempt a few

days later. "Then I had to come away," Langdon finished, with a sigh that was a whispered groan. "I couldn't stand it. I thought the change, the life and excitement down here, would make me forget, but it's worse than ever. I'm in hell, old man—a regular hell."

Sively leaned back in his chair. There was an expression of supreme disgust about his sensitive nose and mouth, and his eyes burned with indignant, spirit-fed fires.

"Great God!" he exclaimed; "and it was *that* girl—that particular one—Jane Hemingway's daughter!"

"You've seen her, then?" Langdon said, in awakening surprise.

"Seen her? Great Heavens, of course I've seen her, and, now that I know all this, her sweet, young face will never go out of my mind—never as long as life is in me."

"I don't exactly see—I don't understand"—Langdon began, but his cousin interrupted him.

"I had a talk with her one day," he said, feelingly. "I had been hunting with your gun and dogs, and stopped at her mother's house to get a drink of water. Virginia was the only one at home, and she brought it to me in the little porch. I've met thousands of women, Langdon, but her beauty, grace, intelligence, and dazzling purity affected me as I never was before. I am old enough to be her father, but do you know what I thought as I sat there and talked to her? I thought that I'd give every dollar I had for the love and faith of such a girl—to leave this rotten existence here and settle down there in the mountains to earn my living by the sweat of my brow. It was almost the only silly dream I ever had, but it was soon over. A thousand times since that day, in the midst of all this false show and glitter, my mind has gone back to that wonderful girl. She'd read books I'd never had time to open, and talked about them as freely and

naturally as I would about things of every-day life. No doubt she was famished for what all women, good or bad, love—the admiration of men—and so she listened eagerly to your slick tongue. Oh, I know what you said, and exactly how you said it. You've inherited that gift, my boy, but you've inherited something—perhaps from your mother—something that your father never had in his make-up—you've inherited a capacity for remorse, self-contempt, the throes of an outraged conscience. I'm a man of the world—I don't go to church, I play cards, I race horses, I've gone all the gaits—but I know there is something in most men which turns their souls sick when they consciously commit crime. *Crime!*—yes, that's it—don't stop me. I used a strong word, but it must go. There are men who would ten thousand times rather shoot a strong, able-bodied man dead in his tracks than beguile a young girl to the brink of doom (of all ways) as you did—blinding her to her own danger by the holy desire to save her mother's life, pulling her as it were by her very torn and bleeding heart-strings. God!"

"Oh, don't—don't make it any worse than it is!" Langdon groaned. "What's done's done, and, if I'm down in the blackest depths of despair over it, what's the use to kick me? I'm helpless. I actually lay in bed and planned my escape. I wanted to turn on the gas, but I knew it would never do its work in that big, airy room."

"Oh, don't be a fool, Langdon!" Sively said, suddenly pulling around. "Never think of such a thing again. When a man that *is* a man does wrong there is only one thing for him to do, and that is to set it right."

"Set it right? But how?" Langdon cried, almost eagerly.

"Why, there are several ways to make a stab at it, anyway," Sively said; "and that is better than wiping

your feet on a gentle creature and then going off and smoking a gas-pipe. What I want to know is this: do you *love* that girl, really and genuinely *love* her?"

"Why, I think I do," said Langdon, "in fact I now *know* it; if I didn't, why should I be here miserable enough to die about what happened and her later treatment of me?"

"I couldn't take your diagnosis of your particular malady." Sively puffed thoughtfully at his cigar. "You'd be the last person, really, that could decide on that. There are some men in the world who can't tell the difference between love and passion, and they are led to the altar by one as often as the other. But the passion-led man has walked through the pink gates of hell. When his temporary desire has been fed, he'll look into the face of his bride with absolute loathing and contempt. She'll be too pure, as a rule, to understand the chasm between them, but she will know that for her, at least, marriage is a failure. Now, if I thought you really loved that pretty girl—if I thought you really were man enough to devote the rest of your days to blotting from her memory the black events of that night; if I thought you'd go to her with the hot blood of hell out of your veins, and devote yourself to winning her just as some young man on her own social level would do, paying her open and respectful attentions, declaring your honorable intentions to her relatives and friends—if I thought you were man enough to do that, in spite of the opposition of your father and mother, then I'd glory in your spunk, and I'd think more of you, my poor boy, than I ever have in all my life."

Langdon leaned forward. He had felt his cousin's contemptuous words less for the hope they embodied. "Then you think if I did that, she might—"

"I don't know what *she'd* do,"

Sively broke in. "I only know that when you finally saw her after that night and made no declarations of honorable intentions, that you simply emphasized the cold-blooded insult of what had already happened. She saw in your following her up only a desire to repeat the conduct which had so nearly entrapped her. My boy, I am not a mean judge of women, and I am afraid you have simply lost that girl forever. She has lowered herself, as she perhaps looks at it, in the eyes of another woman—the one who saved her—and her young eyes have been torn open to things she was too pure and unsuspecting even to dream of. However, all her life she has heard of the misfortune of this Mrs. Boyd, and she now realizes only too vividly what she has escaped. It might take you years to restore her confidence—to prove to her that you love her for herself alone, but if I stood in your shoes I'd do it if it took me a lifetime. She is worth it, my boy. In fact, I'm afraid she is superior to you in intellect. She struck me as being a most wonderful woman for her age. Given opportunity, she'd perhaps outstrip you. It is strange that she has had so little attention paid to her. Has she never had an admirer before?"

Langdon exhaled a deep breath before replying. "That is something I've been worried about," he admitted. "From little things she has dropped, I imagine this same Luke King used to be very fond of her before he left for the West. They have met since he got back, and I'm afraid she—"

"Good gracious! that puts another face on the business," said Sively. "I don't mean any disparagement to you, but if—if there ever was any understanding between them, and he has come back such a success, why, it isn't unlikely that you'd have a rival worth giving attention to. A man of that sort rarely ever makes a mistake in marrying. If he is after that girl,

you've got an interesting fight ahead of you—that is, if you intend to buck against him. Now, I see, I've made you mad."

"Do you think I'd let a man of his birth and rearing thwart me?" Langdon cried—"a mountain cracker, a elodhopper, an uncouth, unrefined—"

"Stop! you are going too far," said Sively, quickly. "Our old idea that refinement can only come from silk-lined cradles is about exploded. It seems to me that refinement is as natural as a love of art, music, or poetry. And not only has that chap got refinement of a decided sort, but he's got a certain sort of pride that makes him step clean over a reverence for our defunct traditions. When he meets a scion of the old aristocracy his clear eye doesn't waver as he stares steadily into the face as if to see if the old regime has left a fragment of brains there worth inspecting. Oh, he gets along all right in society! The Holts had him at the club reception and dinner the other night, and our best women were actually *asking* to be introduced to him, and—"

"But why are you telling all this stuff to me?" Langdon thundered, as he rose angrily to signify he was ready to go.

"Why do I?" Sively said, peacefully. "Because you've simply got to know the genuine strength of your rival, if he *is* that, and you have to cross swords with him. If the fellow really intends to win the girl, he will perhaps display a power in the undertaking that you never saw. I'd as soon fight a buzz-saw with bare hands as to tackle him in a fight for a woman's love. Oh, I've got started, my boy, and I'll have to reel it off, and be done with it. There is one thing you might get mad and jealous enough

to do—that is, in case you are this fellow King's rival—"

"What do you mean? What did you start to say?" Langdon glared down at his cousin.

"Why, you might—I say might—fall low enough to try to use the poor girl's little indiscretion against her. But if you do, my boy, I'll go back on you. I'll do it as sure as there is a God in heaven. I wish you luck with her, but it all depends on you. If you will be a man, you may be happy in the end, get a beautiful, trusting wife, and wipe the mire off your soul which is making you miserable. Go straight home and set about it in the right way. Begin with a humble proposal of marriage. That will show your intentions at the outset. Now, let's get out in the open air."

They walked through the gay throng again to the carriage, and as they were getting in Langdon said, almost cheerfully: "I'm going to take your advice. I know I love her, honestly and truly, for I want her with every nerve in my body. I haven't slept a single night through since the thing happened. I've simply been crazy."

"Well, the whole thing lies with you," said Sively. "The girl must have cared *something* for you at one time, and you must recover your lost place in her estimation. A humble proposal of marriage will, in my judgment, soften her more than anything else. It may be balm to her wounded pride, too, and you may win. You've got a fair chance. Most poor mountain girls would be flattered by the opportunity to marry a man above them in social position, and she may be that way. Be a man, and pay no attention to your father's objections. When the proper time comes, I'll talk to him."

(To be Continued.)

LIFE AND TIMES OF ANDREW JACKSON.

BY THOS. E. WATSON.

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CHAPTER XIII.

By the middle of March, 1814, General Jackson had under his command the largest and best appointed army that ever marched against the Red Men in America. Five thousand soldiers, accustomed to hardships of every kind, skilled in the use of fire-arms until they were, perhaps, the best rifle shots on earth, and amply provisioned and supplied with every munition of war, were now prepared to hurl themselves against less than one thousand Creek warriors. With a mistaken idea of how to defend themselves, the Indian Chiefs had made an elaborate trap and had then gone into it. In the great bend of the Tallapoosa River there was what appeared to them to be the best of places for a last stand against the invaders of their country. With the river at their back and on two sides, it seemed to them to require nothing more than a strong breastwork of logs across the mouth of this peninsula, to make it an impregnable fortress. As a matter of fact, when they had thus thrown their breastwork of logs across the narrow passage which led from the open country into this narrow tongue of land, they had trapped themselves most effectually, for while the river was not fordable in their immediate vicinity, it was easy enough to find fords a few miles away. Thus, there was no difficulty in throwing troops across the river to the rear and the flanks of the Indian camp, so that when the attacking force occupied a position in front of the land outlet, the Indians would be bottled up. If Jackson had simply invested the Indian fortress, surrounding it, entrenching his troops, simply feeding his own men,—as he was amply prepared to do,—the Indians, cut off from all supplies and absolutely helpless, *would have been compelled to surrender at discretion in less than ten days.* Not a shot need have been fired, no blood need have been spilt. Within that narrow tongue of land,—which is now a cultivated field of about one hundred acres,—the Indians could not have held out, for the simple reason that they had no supplies, and no way to get any. It is doubtful if they had so much as five days' rations on hand at the time when they concentrated themselves in the Horse Shoe Bend. On the morning of the 27th of March, 1814, when General Jackson appeared before the Indian breastworks, those nine hundred Red Men were as completely in his power as were the French at Sedau within the iron girdle of the Germans. Had General Jackson been content to surround the Indian camp and *wait*, what possible hope was there for nine hundred Indian warriors against five thousand of the crack riflemen of Tennessee?

Jackson, however, was in no mood to wait. He was bent upon making an immediate assault. With about one-half of his army he prepared to attack

in front, while General Coffee, with a force of whites and Indians which was fully equal to that of the enemy, was sent to ford the river two miles below, to get in the rear of the enemy, to cut off his retreat. Had General Coffee been content with merely carrying out his orders, there would have been no retreat to cut off. Nothing is more certain than that General Jackson would have failed on the direct attack upon the Indian breastworks had it not been that General Coffee, with the eye of a soldier, saw that he could do vastly better for General Jackson than to carry out the orders which had been given him. Acting upon his own bold initiative, General Coffee sent the friendly Indians to swim across the river and bring away the canoes which the doomed Red Men, intrenched in the Bend, had, with amazing carelessness, left without a guard. The canoes were soon brought over and they were manned by the troops of General Coffee, who rowed across the river, landed on the bend, and thus an army equal to that of the entrapped warriors was on their rear, burning their huts, terrorizing their women and children, and pouring deadly volleys into their ranks at the same time that General Jackson was attacking their breastworks in front. Under such conditions the Greeks who stood and died at Thermopylae would have been unable to have done more than to have stood and died in the Horse Shoe Bend.

With a stoical heroism unsurpassed in the annals of warfare these Red Men, caught between the two armies, outnumbered more than five to one, encumbered by their women and children, badly armed and with a scant supply of ammunition,—fought with undaunted courage until nightfall put an end to the butchery. Not one would beg for quarter; even the wounded fought desperately even after they fell to the ground. Dying, they hurled their curses and defiance at the invaders of their homes. When night put an end to this awful and unnecessary massacre, nearly six hundred of the Indians were dead in their camp, and perhaps several hundred were beneath the waters of the Tallapoosa. This battle ended the Creek war. Not only that, but it utterly broke the power and the spirit of the Creek Nation. It is true that many of the warriors sought a refuge and a new home in the Everglades of Florida, where, in later years, they resisted the whites with the same intrepid courage which they had shown in Alabama. It is true, also, that scattered bands intrenched in the swamps of Georgia, fought bloody skirmishes with the whites so late as 1836; but as a nation, capable of putting regular forces into the field to defend their nationality, the Creeks are known to history no more.

The women and children who were captured in this last battle were sent North into the territory which had already been swept clear of the "Red Sticks." The wounded warriors who would accept mercy were spared and cared for. General Jackson personally interested himself in one of these wounded warriors, who begged that he might be killed. Assuring the young Indian that he would be treated kindly thenceforth, Jackson continued to be the friend of the young warrior, and after the war, took him to Nashville, where he married a negro woman, and lived the remainder of his life.

It was in this battle of the Horse Shoe Bend that General Sam Houston won his spurs. For a long while the fighting in front of the breastworks was ineffectual. The small cannon balls fired from General Jackson's little pieces,—a three-pounder and a six-pounder,—made no

impression whatever on the large logs of which the breastworks were built. In the fury of the fight, it is said that the whites went right up to the breastworks on one side and the Indians on the other, and that in many cases the guns of the opposing men were almost in touch. The first man that sprang upon the breastworks to carry the assault into the Indian camp was Major L. P. Montgomery, of the thirty-ninth. He was instantly shot dead. Next was Sam Houston. He had no sooner mounted the parapet than an arrow sank deep into his thigh. Calling to one of his men, Houston ordered him to pull the arrow out. It was so deeply imbedded in flesh and muscle that the soldier made two efforts, without success. Suffering horrible pain, Houston ripped out an oath at the soldier and swore he would kill him if he did not pull the arrow out. Giving his full strength to it, the soldier made another effort, and drew out the arrow, but fearfully mangled the limb. Fearing that he would bleed to death, Houston re-crossed the breastwork, in order that the blood might be staunched and the limb dressed. General Jackson was witness to the bravery and the suffering of young Houston, and ordered him not to enter the fight again. Later in the day, however, we find the irrepressible Houston leading the last assault which was made upon some desperate warriors who had taken refuge in a cavern under the river bank. In this assault, made against orders, Houston received two bullets in his shoulder, and was again put out of action. In fact, it seemed to be so certain that he was to be numbered with the dead, that the surgeons paid very little attention to him during the night; and it was, perhaps, owing to this circumstance, that he survived.

Strange to say, there has always been more or less willingness on the part of Houston's political opponents to accuse him of cowardice. For instance, in "Seven Decades of The Union," by Henry A. Wise, we find the statement that General William Carroll denounced Houston on the streets of Nashville as a coward, declaring that at the battle of the Horse Shoe, Houston was struck in the arm and "blubbered so that General Jackson ordered the calf to be sent to the rear."

What General Carroll may have said in the heat of a political contest is not a matter of much importance; but General Andrew Jackson was, perhaps, as good a judge of courage as ever lived; and *he* certainly had quite as much confidence in the grit of Sam Houston as he ever had in that of William Carroll, after Carroll absented himself on the day of Jackson's fight with the Bentons.

In the story of this Creek war, the reader will have noticed that I have tried to make it plain that up to this time General Jackson had shown no extraordinary genius as a leader of men. It would be unfair to other commanders not to point out that it was Jackson's good fortune to have advantages which other Indian fighters had never had, and that while he measured up to the full standard of courage, tenacity of purpose, inflexible determination to win, persistence in spite of difficulties, yet considering that he always outnumbered the enemy two or three to one, the results, while eminently satisfactory and creditable, were by no means marvelous.

If I should be asked to name the hero of the Creek war, I should feel that truth and justice compelled me to mention the Indian Chief, Weatherford. This man's father was white, and he himself, in many respects, was a white man; yet he was absolutely true to his own people,

and the struggle which he made to preserve their homes and their liberty entitles him to a place among the heroes of nations. At the beginning of the Creek war he was a planter, in comfortable circumstances, owning slaves, living like a well-to-do white man, making a specialty of raising fine horses, and considered by all who knew him an honorable man in the various relations of life. When Tecumseh first came down from the Northwest to preach confederation to the Indian tribes of the South, Weatherford did not join the younger Creeks who were in favor of organizing to resist the encroachments of the whites. It was not until the white settlers of Tennessee, Georgia and Mississippi continued to hew down the forests of the Indian territories, plow up their hunting grounds, trespass upon their hunting grounds, muddy their beautiful streams with the scourings of soil from unprotected hillsides,—that Weatherford, fully aroused to the fact that he must make a stand against encroachments or see everything lost to his people, joined the war party and made ready for the fight of self-preservation. With such a man as this, it would have been possible to negotiate, and to make a binding treaty. No attempt of the kind was made. When those hot-heads from the Mobile territory ambushed the Indians who had gone to Pensacola to buy ammunition, the war was on. With great energy Weatherford collected a few hundred of his warriors, invested Fort Mims, led a dashing assault directly upon the gates, won a brilliant victory over the whites, and did his utmost to prevent the Red Men from abusing their victory. He threw himself between his enraged warriors and the women and children whom they were about to slay. Maddened with the lust of battle and of triumph, his own men turned upon him and lifted their tomahawks over his own head. Helpless and disgusted, he withdrew from a scene which he could no longer control or endure. Knowing perfectly well that this slaughter of women and children would call for vengeance, he made every effort to prepare for the evil day. As far as was in his power, he concentrated the women and the children and the warriors of his tribe at the "Holy Ground," the natural center of Indian resistance. Here he was attacked by the army of General Claiborne, of Mississippi. With great gallantry he resisted the attack, and the Mississippians were making no headway against him until his own men suddenly became panic-stricken and fled from him, when only about twenty-five on their side had fallen. With admirable prudence and foresight, Weatherford had withdrawn the women and children from the "Holy Ground," and they were out of reach of the whites when the stampede of the warriors left the great Chief alone. His death or capture seemed certain, but, dashing down a ravine on his splendid gray horse, he reached the river bank at a place where the ravine had worn the bluff's down to about fifteen feet above the water line. Without a moment's hesitation he rushed his horse over the bank, and horse and rider sank beneath the surface of the river below. As they came up, the Chief was clinging to the mane of his horse, and he once more got his seat in the saddle. Bullets struck the water on all sides but none struck him. Safely across the river, he gave a cry of defiance, and disappeared in the wilderness. The place where this leap was made is known to this day as "Weatherford's Bluff."

After this, Weatherford again got his warriors in hand. He fought a pitched battle with General Floyd and the Georgia troops. The whites were able to hold their ground, but they had been so roughly handled that General Floyd thought it prudent to retire. While the Georgians were making this movement, Weatherford, with the instinct of a natural soldier, sprang upon the whites, and just did miss winning a complete victory. The unsteadiness of the Indians, their childish tendency to sudden fright,—was all that saved the day for the Georgians. It was about this time, also, that Jackson had such a narrow escape in crossing the Enotohopeo. In fact, the Indians believed that they had routed the Tennesseans as well as the Georgians, and they boasted loudly of having “made Captain Jackson run.” If Weatherford had been a Scotchman, waging a defensive campaign to save native land, if he had been an Irishman, resisting British invasion; had he been a patriot of Hungary or of Poland, making a stand for home and hearth and the graves of ancestors,—his name today would be mentioned with admiration and sympathy by those who immortalize the heroism of O’Brien Born, of Wallace, of Kossuth, of Kosciusko.

With a pitiful force of twelve hundred warriors, half of them armed with bows and arrows, most of them hungry as they marched or fought, few national heroes have ever made a more heroic effort than Weatherford made to save their countrymen in the hour of national peril. To make his situation more discouraging and desperate, the very best spies in the service of the three white armies were Indians; and under the leadership of these three white commanders there were always just as many Indians as Weatherford could at any time collect together for battle.

When it was all over, the one man who knew that he was doomed to the death which follows such a failure, was Weatherford. Had he been a man of common mould, he would have mounted his horse and sped away to Pensacola, or to the Everglades of Florida. The others were doing it; panic had sapped the strength of the strongest of his warriors; dismay had broken their ranks and scattered their forces until within the old home of the Creeks nothing remained excepting terrified women and hungry children, *and brave William Weatherford*. He knew that the Indians who had followed the whites hungered and thirsted for vengeance. He knew that the Big Warrior, who stood at the head of the peace party, and who had reddened his knife in the life-blood of his own people, was fiercely intent upon taking the scalp of Weatherford. He knew that General Jackson and General Jackson’s troops regarded him as the author of the butchery of the women and children at Fort Mims, and that Jackson had sworn to have his life. But the fearless Indian hero, with a magnanimity and a breadth of patriotism which deserves to be remembered as long as human annals are kept,—mounted his horse, rode alone to Jackson’s tent, and said:

“Here I am; kill me if you like; I fought you as long as I could; I would fight you still longer if I could. My warriors are dead, or scattered; their bones are at the bottom of the river, or whitening on the battlefield; our homes are burned; our fields have been laid waste; our women and children are huddled in the wilderness, with no shelter over their heads, no food to stave their hunger. I cannot fight you longer, I

surrender. Your men want me killed; kill me; but send food to the helpless women and children!"

To such an appeal there was but one answer which a manly man could give. Jackson was not a cold-blooded English prig, like the Lord Bathurst to whom Napoleon appealed; the warm blood of Erin coursed through Jackson's veins, and when this fearless, high-minded Indian proposed to sacrifice himself for the salvation of the remnant of his race, Jackson was completely won. To the soldiers who came clamoring to the tent and crying "*Kill him! kill him!*" the Commander sternly said, "*Silence! He who would harm as brave a man as this, would rob the dead.*"

In response to Weatherford's appeal, all of the hostiles who had come in and surrendered, as well as all the women and children, were collected and sent North into the territory over which Jackson had already made his victorious march. Here, for many months, they were cared for by the whites, and about five thousand Indians were fed on rations furnished by the Government.

After the war, Weatherford resumed his plantation life, was respected by his white neighbors, and died peacefully, some years later, in his own home, from natural causes. Take him all in all, it is doubtful if the Indian race ever produced a more admirable character.

It is related of him that after he had settled down to farming again, he witnessed the brutal, unprovoked murder of an old man by two white ruffians. The crime was committed in the presence of an aged magistrate, who in vain called on the white men present to arrest the murderers. At length Weatherford said to the magistrate, "If you will authorize me to arrest them, I will do it." The magistrate promptly requested him to act, and Weatherford, drawing his butcher knife, made the arrest of both murderers, without having to struggle with either.

In drawing up his official report of the battle of Tohopeka,—or Horse Shoe Bend,—General Jackson was in something of a dilemma. He had not made the slightest headway in his attack on the breastwork until after General Coffee, without orders, had sent his men across the river to the rear of the Indian line and was pouring deadly volleys into them. It was after the confusion which this double attack naturally caused that there was a hope of successfully storming the breastwork. In making this decisive assault, Colonel Williams, in command of the 39th Regiment of Regulars, was the mainstay of the situation. So deeply indebted to Colonel Williams did General Jackson feel, that after the fight was won and the full glow of excitement and exultation was on him, General Jackson rode up to Colonel Williams and exclaimed, "To you, Colonel Williams, I am indebted for this victory. You have placed me under everlasting obligations, and you have put me, sir, on the high-road to military fame!"

Now, when it came to drawing up the official report, Jackson would have been more than human if he could have said to the public what he had said to Colonel Williams on the battlefield; nor could he very well admit that General Coffee's bold initiative in throwing a force across the river, on the Indian rear, had been the master stroke of the day. Therefore, while giving as much credit to Colonel Williams and General Coffee as he well could, General Jackson did not go to the extent which the facts justified. General Grant could hardly have been expected to admit that he owed his success in the Chattanooga campaign

to the charge made up Lookout Mountain without his orders;—yet such is the truth of history. In like manner, Jackson could hardly be expected to admit that he owed his crowning triumph in the Creek war to his subordinates. General Coffee probably never gave a second thought to the matter of Jackson's official report,—but with Colonel Williams the case was different. He felt that in disregarding his instructions and carrying his regiment of Regulars to Jackson's relief in the wilderness, he had saved a desperate situation. He had given to Jackson himself that support of disciplined troops which made it possible for Jackson to have poor John Woods shot, and to over-awe the volunteers to such an extent that they thereafter submitted to Jackson's rigorous discipline. He also felt that he was due just about the amount of credit for the victory of Tohopeka as Jackson himself measured out on the battlefield; therefore, when Jackson's official report failed to allot to Colonel Williams that share of credit which he felt to be his due, the soldier who had done so much for Jackson was profoundly hurt and angered.

After the Creek war, Colonel Williams was elected to the United States Senate. When a motion was made to investigate Jackson's high-handed conduct in Florida, Williams voted for the resolution. Soon after this vote, a man known to be very close to Jackson, called on the Senator, and said: "I am afraid, Senator Williams, that the spirit of hostility you have manifested toward General Jackson by your vote on the Florida matter will lead to a hostile meeting."

Williams replied: "If *you* are afraid of a meeting on the field of honor between Jackson and myself, I am not afraid of it. I suppose Jackson sent you to me to see what effect your implied threat would have on me. You go to him and tell him I am ready to meet him at any time. I am not to be dictated to by him as to how I shall discharge my Senatorial duties. I think I am a better rifle shot than he is."

Colonel Williams was every whit as game a man as Jackson himself, and would no doubt have promptly given Old Hickory "satisfaction," had the General been hot-headed enough to carry matters to extremes. But no challenge was sent, and Jackson fought out the feud on another line.

When Colonel Williams became a candidate for re-election to the United States Senate, he would surely have been elected had not Jackson himself entered the race. In this he had the support of Colonel Williams' brother-in-law, Hugh L. White. The fact that General Jackson came into the Senatorial race, after Colonel Williams was committed to it, and after his election appeared to be a foregone conclusion,—infuriated Colonel Williams beyond all bounds. Jackson won by a majority of seven votes.

Williams then announced himself as a candidate for the State Senate, and he was elected, although the county was a strong Jackson county. During the campaign for the State Senate, Williams made speeches in which he denounced Jackson most bitterly.

Colonel John Williams died at his home in Knoxville in 1837, from the sting of a spider. He had gone through all the dangers of the march and the battle, just as the great African traveler, Bruce, had gone through all the dangers of the savage wilderness in seeking to find the sources of the Nile; and at last the strong soldier was brought down by the sting

of an insect, just as the great traveler, Bruce, was brought to his untimely end by making a misstep at his own door.

Well might the old Tennessee warrior say: "I wish I had been killed at the head of my regiment; there would have been honor in that; but it is the irony of fate that a man who has often imperilled his life on the field of battle should die by the sting of a d—d spider."

A THOUGHT.

BY KATE HAYNES FORT.

There is a thought that I would fain express,
A thought that forms itself, O Love, of thee;
Wild as the shattered bloom of wilderness,
Sweet as the yearning sadness of the sea—
Yet I would have thee not as this to me.

The hush of twilight drooping o'er the wave,
The little bird aflutter to her nest,
The stars, that trembling, mid the waters lave
Each shining crest—
And lo, my dream is thee, and thou art rest.

A POETESS OF RARE GIFTS.



MARY CHAPIN SMITH.

The readers of the JEFFERSONIAN cannot have failed to recognize in the verses of Mary Chapin Smith that subtle, undefinable quality which goes by the name of *genius*.

Believing the literary world would like to become better acquainted with a lady who is capable of such work as "Theocritus," "Fantasies," "Twilight," and other poetical gems which have appeared in the MAGAZINE, we requested Mrs. Smith to give us a sketch of her life.

Her response was not written for publication, but she tells the story so well that we asked and obtained her

permission to use her own narrative.

* * * *

"I was born in Illinois in 1855, but my parents being New Englanders returned to the East while I was a small child, and there I was brought up. My father was descended from Dea. Samuel Chapin, one of the first settlers of Springfield, Massachusetts, whose imaginary portrait exists in Saint Gaudens statue of the *Puritan*; but curiously enough this puritan was undoubtedly of Huguenot descent. My mother, who was a Loomis, was descended from Thomas Lyman, one of the founders of Hartford, Conn.,

whose pedigree includes many romantic figures in the history of the middle ages.

“My father’s home was on one of the hilltops of Uxbridge, Massachusetts, a beautiful old town full of hills and woods and waters. The two passions of my life have always been for books and for the outdoor world. My dear, gentle, little mother was a nature worshiper, and among other things she taught me to love the birds and flowers, the stars and the heavens.

were spent in large cities, yet I have always been a true lover of country life, and when I came here for the sake of my mother’s health, twenty-three years ago, it was like coming to my own, so friendly did these mountains and forests seem, as I explored them on horseback or afoot, so that this lovely Blue Ridge country was thoroughly adopted into my heart of hearts. Not long after I was married to a Pennsylvania man, also a health-seeker, and here we have lived ever



Photo. by R. H. Scadin.

HER HOME.

“Five years at Wheaton Seminary, in Norton, Massachusetts, only increased my ardor, for I was turned loose in their richly stocked library, while the teachers of the natural sciences were enthusiasts, who taught *afield* in the many woods and meadows of Norton as long ago as the sixties and seventies, and even earlier. All these things made a deep impression, and although portions of some years

since, and expect to spend the rest of our days. My husband is as great a lover of nature as myself, and we have made a wild garden of our place, setting out hundreds of the shy woods plants, and feeding and protecting the birds so that we have intimate feathered friends all the year round.

“When a girl, some of my teachers used to urge me to write, but my response was always that I would rather

live first. But I have been so very busy living that until recently there have been only a few useless attempts at writing. My health was always uncertain from childhood, and five years ago there was a serious breakdown from overwork, from which I have not yet fully recovered. But "it's an ill wind that blows nobody

good." It has given me at times the much-desired leisure to write. This is an unspeakable delight to me, so with my work and my studies, with books tumbling all over the house, with the birds and wild plants around me, I am generally a very happy woman."

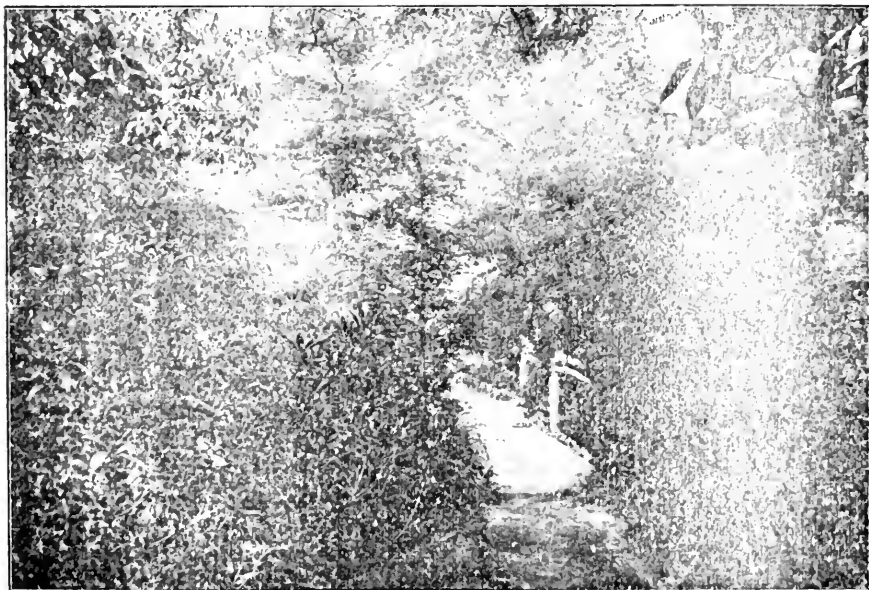


Photo. by R. H. Scadin.

A WALK IN THE GROUNDS.

A GOLDEN-HEARTED HEROINE.

BY C. J. PERRYMAN.

"Gentlemen, would you like to hear a story of the Civil War in which I am a conspicuous character?" Colonel Hamilton asked, as he and several guests sat before a glowing fire, in his home, on a cold winter night.

"Yes, Colonel, do tell it, we know it is interesting," they replied.

After passing cigars around, he assumed a comfortable attitude in his chair and said, "Well, it begins on the night following Pickett's charge at Gettysburg. The Confederates had been driven back to their position on Seminary Ridge, in the afternoon, with heavy losses. General Lee, at nightfall, being puzzled as to what the movements of the enemy might be, ordered that squads of twelve men go in different directions to keep watch. I was in a squad from Longstreet's corps sent beyond the extreme southern wing of the Federal lines. We were going cautiously along through a body of woods when a volley of twenty or thirty shots was fired at us—one shot taking effect just above my left knee, causing me to fall and disabling me from further action. Our men returned the fire, but not knowing the strength of the enemy, turned and fled, leaving me alone. In a moment after my comrades fled, I could hear the enemy rapidly retreating. Possibly, their retreat was due to the same cause.

"For several hours I lay there, in too much pain to rise. Conscious of my growing weakness, from the loss of blood, I felt that I could not live many hours longer. Naturally, my thoughts were of loved ones at home and the mysterious eternity I was soon to enter. That sweet old song,

"Jesus Lover of My Soul," the favorite hymn of my mother, came into my mind, and I thought I would sing it before I died.

"I had not sung more than one line when a voice about thirty or forty yards away, where the enemy had fired upon us, took it up, and together in tremulous tones we sang it through. It was the sweetest song I ever heard. No song, even by the most gifted singer, could have been sung with more expression. There was a strain in it that only one in the presence of death could appreciate. I knew the other singer was a Federal soldier who had been wounded by some of our squad.

"After we finished singing, I feebly called him and asked if he was mortally wounded. He replied that he thought he was. I told him that my condition was also serious, and that I did not expect to see another sun rise. In a voice full of pathos he said, 'Though we have so lately been enemies, let us die as friends.' I assured him that such was my will. We were so far apart and our minds so absorbed in solemn thought, we never continued the conversation further.

"I had not lain there much longer, when my mind grew dark and heavy, and all was blank.

"When I regained consciousness, I was lying on a comfortable bed, in an elegantly furnished room. The rich lace curtains were drawn back, and the fresh morning air, laden with the fragrance of roses, was blowing softly through the open windows. I wondered why I was there. The keen pain I felt in my leg, as I attempted

to turn over, brought back afresh the incident at Gettysburg. My comrades had taken me back to the South and had thus provided for me. I thought. Just then a young lady, graceful, beautiful, with soft brown eyes, and wavy auburn hair, entered the room and placed a vase of roses on the center table. As she turned towards my bed, her eyes met mine, and blushing slightly, she asked how I felt. I told her I felt very comfortable, but weak. In response to her inquiry whether she could do anything for me, I told her there was nothing, only I should like to know where I was, and why I was there. She assured me she would take pleasure in telling me.

"She seated herself by my bedside and proceeded to answer my questions. She told me that I was at her father's home, in Pennsylvania, about two miles from Gettysburg; that her father was Doctor Marshall, and she, his daughter Lillian; that she was out riding on horseback, on the morning following the last day's battle, and found me upon a litter, near the roadside, in a small body of woods, about a mile away; that at first she thought me dead, but after closer observation, discovered I was still alive, but unconscious; that she hastened back and reported to her father, who, together with herself, drove out in the carriage and brought me to their home; that her father had carefully dressed my wounds, believing that with proper attention I would recover; and that for nearly two days they had been anxiously awaiting results, which, she was glad to see, were favorable.

"With a grateful heart I thanked her for her kindness, but she asked that I feel under no obligations whatever, that it was a pleasure and a duty to alleviate the suffering of a fellow-being.

"I presumed that the family were in sympathy with the South, but when I asked her, she promptly replied that

they were true Federals; that her only brother had been brought home from Gettysburg the night previous to the morning I was brought in, severely wounded in the cause of the Union; and that she was out enjoying the fresh morning air, after a sleepless night, when she found me. She said being Federals would not prevent their ministering to the needs of an unfortunate Confederate who, after all, differed from them only in belief.

"I congratulated her for her noble sentiment. It was uncommon. It bore the impress of the virtues taught by Christ.

"In reply to my inquiry concerning the condition of her brother, she said that his wound was not necessarily dangerous, though on account of the nature of it, he would be confined to his bed longer than I; but if he had gone as long as I without attention, it, doubtless, would have proven fatal. With this, she excused herself to report my improvement to the others.

" 'Marshall,' I whispered, 'that name is familiar to me. I had a classmate at Yale by that name and he and I were like brothers, but he was from Michigan. This is evidently a different family.'

"In a short while Dr. and Mrs. Marshall came into the room, gave me a cordial greeting, and expressed delight in finding me so much improved. I thanked them for their kindness, but they, like Miss Lillian, said that what they had done was a pleasure. We conversed a few moments about the nature and extent of my wound, the length of time before I could leave my room, the wound of their son, then they excused themselves for the reason that for the present I needed quietude.

"After they left the room, I lifted my heart in prayer: I was so grateful to find myself in the care of such kind people. Exceptionally kind, I thought, to care for a Southern soldier when a member of their own family

was lying under the same roof wounded by a Southerner's bullet. I have never seen, before nor since, such a sublime demonstration of nobility of character.

"During the two weeks I was confined to my bed, I received every attention. Dr. Marshall was as prompt and careful in dressing my wound as if I had been his own son; and the interest Mrs. Marshall manifested in my welfare was next to that of a mother in her own child. Miss Lillian would place a fresh bouquet of roses on the center table every morning, and would converse with me, or read some favorite poem or pleasant story for my entertainment. This, combined with my secret fondness for Miss Lillian, whose beauty and pleasing personality had captivated me from the beginning, made my environment such as would rival the fancy of a poet, or equal the dream of an artist.

"The morning I arose from my bed Dr. Marshall brought me a Federal uniform, which he requested me to wear during the remainder of my stay at his home and until I should reach the Southern army. He gave me two reasons for his request, one being that if I were seen at his home, in my own uniform, he might be thought disloyal to the Union; the other, that I could more easily reach my company. I thanked him and put it on.

"Being able to leave my room with the aid of crutches, I suggested to the Doctor that I be allowed to see his son. He conducted me to his son's room and was about to introduce us, when his son exclaimed, 'Emory.'

"'John,' I replied, rushing to his bed and grasping him warmly by the hand.

"'I really did not know it was you, Emory, old boy,' he said. 'I understood that it was a Mr. Hammond. I certainly am glad to see you.'

"His surprise was no greater than mine. I never dreamed of being in

the home of my old college mate. It was certainly a happy meeting.

"Mrs. Marshall and Miss Lillian came into the room at this time, and they, together with the Doctor, were surprised to learn that John and I were already acquainted and had been congenial friends.

"During our conversation, John told me the circumstances under which he was wounded. He said he was out with a party of soldiers reconnoitering, on the night following the storming of Cemetery Ridge by the Confederates, when they came unexpectedly upon a squad of the enemy, upon whom they opened fire, which was returned, he being seriously shot; and that as he lay there, as he thought, alone and dying, a Confederate soldier, whom his men had wounded, began singing 'Jesus Lover of My Soul,' and that it sounded so clear and sweet through the silence, he joined in and together they sang it. Each one was sure he would die, he said, and there they agreed to wipe out all bitterness and die as friends. Pathetically, he expressed a hope that all were well with the poor unfortunate soldier.

"I could not refrain from shedding tears as I clasped him again by the hand and said, 'John, I am that soldier.'

"'Thank God, Emory,' he said, tears welling up in his eyes, 'I am so glad you lived. I have felt sad ever since that night, fully believing that that soldier was dead. The song we sang and the conversation we had touched me deeply.'

"The others, too, were touched. It must have been an impressive scene to see us, Federal and Confederate, mingling our tears like brothers.

"When I told him I had no recollection of being taken from where I was shot, he said that he remembered hearing his comrades, who were bearing him home, say something about coming close to some Confederate soldiers. This was probably the explan-

ation. My comrades were bearing me away, and, thinking me dead, rather than hazard their lives, fled, leaving me where I was found by Miss Lillian.

"The remainder of my stay was exceedingly pleasant. The family gave me every evidence that they were glad to have me with them. John and I were as warm friends as we had been in college days.

"I naturally enjoyed being with Miss Lillian. I spent many pleasant hours listening to her soft, sweet music on the piano and sitting with her in the flower garden discussing those subjects that appeal most strongly to the minds of young men and young women. Several times I resolved to tell her I loved her, but each time, thinking it might be inappropriate under the circumstances, I would not.

"Just after tea, in the evening preceding my departure, she and I strolled out into the flower garden. As we were passing a rose bush, she said, 'Stop, Mr. Hamilton, as this may be our last walk together, let me give you a rose. I do not object to giving a flower to a Southern soldier.' She plucked the prettiest one she could find and pinned it on me. I could refrain no longer. Taking her soft, white hand in mine, I told her all and asked if she loved me. 'You know I do, Mr. Hamilton,' she said, as her soft brown eyes met mine.

"I placed my arm around her, drew her gently to my bosom, and kissed her. At that moment I knew no North, no South; it seemed as though I were in the bowers of Eden.

"How different were those calm, tranquil moments, sweetened by the breath of flowers and softened by the holy touch of love, from the noisy, turbulent one, fraught with carnage and destruction, on the battlefield! Oh! the cruelty of war, I thought. I realized as never before its horrors, and prayed that it might soon end. I resolved, however, that if it must go

on, I would never prove disloyal to my flag.

"My sentiments were in accord with Miss Lillian's. She bade me be true to my country and my flag, saying that there was no deeper blot on the pages of American history than the treason of Benedict Arnold; that there was no one more deserving of contempt than a traitor; and that even an enemy honored an opponent loyal to his cause.

"It being the last evening I was to spend at Dr. Marshall's, courtesy demanded that I spend it with the family, though no situation in which I could have been placed would have been more inviting than the present one. Before leaving the garden, we promised to be true to each other, though we should be apart during the war.

"It was with a sad heart that I left next morning to join my company, which I learned was back in Virginia. The family had been so kind to me it was almost like leaving home.

"I was taken for a Federal soldier while among the enemy, and hospitably entertained, though it required a good deal of self-confidence and a vivid imagination to spin out yarn after yarn of the triumph of the Federal arms. I was about to congratulate myself on being a successful deceiver, when the crisis came. I was about to pass at night around the Federal line that separated me from Lee's army, when I came suddenly upon a Federal soldier on picket duty.

"'Halt! Give me the countersign,' he demanded.

"'Don't you see I have on a Federal uniform?' I replied.

"'That doesn't matter, sir, give me the sign,' he rejoined.

"'A spy!' he said leveling his gun at me when I failed to give it. 'Drop your gun, I'll take charge of you!'

"Giving a shrill whistle, another nearby picket joined him and they took me to headquarters. Horrible

thoughts came into my mind as I lay handcuffed upon the floor of an old log house guarded by two well-armed soldiers; thoughts of the ignominious death of a spy; thoughts of mother, home and Lillian all became confused in my mind. I wished that I had died at Gettysburg.

"The next morning I was tried. Honor forbade that I disclose the part my benefactors had taken to enable me to reach the Confederate army. I resolved that though my life be taken, their lives should not be jeopardized nor their loyalty to the Union questioned. In vain I pleaded that I had been left for dead in Pennsylvania, and having recovered, had disguised myself in order to pass through Federal territory, with no other purpose than to reach Lee's army. The circumstances were too strongly against me. I was condemned to be shot as a spy on the following morning.

"Language is inadequate to express my feelings when I was again placed in my prison. I walked the floor, I sat down, I lay down, I prayed, I cried, I groaned, conscious that each moment brought me nearer my end, while hope of escape grew fainter and fainter. At midnight some one rapped on the prison door. One of my guards opened it and a young Federal soldier entered.

"'Who is this you are guarding?' the soldier asked.

"'A spy,' replied the guard.

"'I guess it will be your privilege to shoot him,' continued the soldier.

"'I do not know,' the guard said, 'but it would be a painful duty for me to perform.'

"'Painful!' rejoined the soldier, sneeringly. 'I could shoot a spy with as much grace as shooting a snake.'

"These last words pierced my heart like arrows. To see such supreme indifference manifested for the life of a suffering fellow being, intensified the agony of my soul.

These words of the soldier gained

the confidence of the guard and he said, 'Say, friend, you know it is against orders for a guard to allow anyone to take his place, but I know I can trust you. I've got some liquor down at my tent and I want you to act in my place till I can slip down there and get it. The other guard here was up late last night, and I am letting him take a nap. Both of us will need a bracer to carry us through the night.

"'Under the circumstances, I guess I can take your place for a few minutes,' the soldier replied.

"As soon as the guard left, the soldier took a key from his pocket and unlocked my handcuffs. My heart leaped with joy. 'Be silent and come with me,' the soldier said, 'I am Lillian.' On and on we went unobserved through the darkness, with only an occasional word. The sun was just rising when Lillian stopped and said, 'We must now part. Just beyond that hill is Lee's army. May God protect you from further harm.'

"'But, darling,' I said, as I kissed her, 'it is so hard for me to leave you. Twice you have saved my life. It seems that Providence has made you my guardian angel. How did you learn of my fate?'

"'I had a presentiment,' she said, 'that something would happen to you. It worried me all day after you left. That night I wrote a note and left it on the table in my room, stating that I would be gone several days. I then slipped John's uniform, together with some old handcuff keys, mounted my horse, set out on your path, which with some difficulty I kept. When I came near to the Union army, I put on the uniform and went among the soldiers, from whom I learned a spy had been captured and condemned. I did not know positively that it was you, but I determined to bide my time and find out. Well, you know the rest. We must now say good-bye.'

“‘But not forever,’ I said, as I gave her a long, lingering embrace.

“I joined my company and continued in the war till it closed, without any other serious misfortune. After the war closed, I spent a few weeks

at home and then made a visit to Dr. Marshall’s home—but, gentlemen, I shall not continue the story further. Here comes Lillian, my wife, who best represents how the story ended.”

MEMORIES.

I wandered down the village street
At the close of golden summer day,
And memories sad and memories sweet
Came trooping from the far away.
The land-marks of the olden time
Had swiftly changed on every side,
But still the same old church-bell’s chime
Swept sweetly o’er the eventide.

The shady banks above the stream
Thro’ changing years had crumbled low,
Where once I stood in boyhood’s dream
In blissful hours of long ago,
At sunset time, when softest eyes
Gazed long and lingeringly into
The royal purple changing skies,
Bekissed with mellow twilight’s dew.

The somber hills as Alpine peaks
O’er bosom of the valley hung,—
Loomed down o’er rills and winding creeks
Which knew our step when hearts were young,—
Oh, dearest hills; oh, hallowed hills,—
When far away in distant lands
Their memory woke the fondest thrills,—
The vanished touch of hearts and hands.

For in that calm sequestered shade
Which hovered near the summits there,
The children of wild fancy played
And found the first sweet cure for care,—
The souging wind; the birds that gave
You music from the heavens above,
Till o’er your soul there swept a wave
Rolled from the sea of Nature’s love.

Adown the valley green and deep
The pine-tree bends her weeping head
Above the mounds where loved ones sleep
Within the vineyard of the dead.
And sweet the memories as we gaze
Upon the marble shafts below,—
The kindest words of other days,
The smiles and tears of long ago.

I wandered down the village street
At close of golden summer day,
The air with rose and bloom was sweet,
And rose and bloom of youth were gay,
But land-marks of the olden time
Had sadly changed on either side,
But still the same old church-bell’s chime
Swept sweetly o’er the eventide.

JAMES TANDY ELLIS.

TREASURE TROVE.

FIRST.

It has long been the wish of the editor of the JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE to rescue from oblivion many of those treasures of literature which are in danger of being forgotten in the rush of more recent publications.

In many cases, the poems which the JEFFERSONIAN will reproduce have never appeared in book form.

Selecting with a view to permanent merit, we will give to our readers, from month to month, some of the choicest of these neglected, or forgotten, gems. In each case, we will preface the poems, themselves, by a biographical sketch of the author. This feature of the Magazine should be very popular, since it will pass in review many an old favorite, and many a treasure which might otherwise soon be lost.

We will begin with Mrs. L. Virginia French.

This lady, who was a Virginian by birth, was educated in Pennsylvania; but she appears to have left her father's home in 1848, because of some lack of congeniality in her relations with her stepmother. Accompanied by her sister, she went to Memphis, Tennessee, and taught school. While living in Memphis as a school-teacher, she began to contribute articles to local periodicals under the pen name of "L'Inconnue."

In 1852, she became associated in the publication of the "Southern Ladies Book." In 1853, she was married to John H. French, of McMinnville, Tenn. Mrs. French was so happy in her home life that she wisely declined to concentrate herself upon literary work; therefore, her poetry is the result of an occasional inspiration which would take no denial, rather than the product of the persistent effort of a professional worker.

Mrs. French died at her home in McMinnville, Tenn., March 31, 1881.

Mrs. French is described, by those who knew her, as having been a lady possessed of a noble nature, "full of generous emotions and fine impulses; large hearted and liberal minded, taking broad views of humanity, possessed of a catholic charity which circles all the human race." That she possessed the "faculty divine," will be doubted by none who will read the two poems which the JEFFERSONIAN lays before its readers.

* * * * *

THE ELOQUENCE OF RUINS.

High on a desert, desolated plain
In the far Orient, a stately band
Of giant columns rise. Above the sleep
Of devastated cities, mouldering,

Yet haughtily they stand; grim sentinels,
 Calling the watches of a vanished race,
 And guarding still from Ruin's felt-shod tread
 The mutilated chronicles of Eld.

Heavy with melodies all vast and vague,
 Lifts up a solemn voice where Ages lie
 Entombed with empires, in the crumbled pride
 Of old Byzantium. Dark Egypt's lore
 Lies in her catacombs; her histories
 In fallen temples; while her Pyramids,
 Like ponderous old tomes upon the sands,
 Teem with the hidden records of the Past.
 Amid their gloomy mysteries, the Sphinx,
 A gaunt-eyed oracle, essays to speak,
 And the weird whisper of her stony lip
 Sounds o'er the tumult of the rushing years.

Greece! how her shattered domes reverberate
 The thunders of a thousand gods, that dwelt
 On Ida and Olympus! Porticos
 That droop above their portals, like to brows
 Of meditative marble over eyes
 Dim with the haze of revery, still speak
 Of ancient sages; and her pillars tell
 Of heroes who have sought the Lethean wave,
 And shores of Asphodel. Then, rising where
 The yellow Tiber flows, some stately shaft,
 Like a proud Roman noble in the halls
 Of the great Forum, stands—the orator
 Of nations gone to dust. The obelisk,
 Girt with resistance, gladiator-like,
 From his arena challenges a host
 Of stealthy-footed centuries!

The lone,
 Dark circle of the Druid, with its stones
 Rugged and nameless, hath a monotone
 Wild as the runes of Sagas at the shrine
 Of Thor and Odin. Slow and silently
 The pallid moonlight creeps along the walls
 In the old abbey shadow. Timidly,
 It creepeth up, to list the tales they tell
 Of beauty and of valor, laid to sleep
 In the low, vaulted chancel. Ivy-crowned,
 And crumbling to decay, how loftily
 Rise the old castle towers! Its corridors
 Resound with elfin echoes as the bell,
 Wind-rocked upon its turret, sends a knell
 From cornice to cavazion. The owl,
 A dim-eyed warder, watches in his tower;
 And zephyr, like a wandering troubadour,
 Sports on the ruined battlement, and sings
 To broken bastion, shattered oriel,
 And fallen architrave.

The western wild
 Spreads out before us, and her voice of might
 Shakes the old wilderness. Alone it swells,
 Where tropic bloom, and gray corrosion strive
 To crush the deep and restless mutterings
 Of hoary-headed ages. Dim and strange,
 The priest, the vestal, and the dark cazique
 Rise on the Teocallis; and below
 Flit the swart shadows of the nameless tribes
 That peopled Iximaya. Ruins all—
 Yet mighty in their magic eloquence!

O "land we love!" O mother, with the dust
 And ashes on thy robe and regal brow—
 Deeper, and wilder, more melodious far,
 The voice of melancholy, wailing o'er
 Thy desolated homesteads! *That* awakes
 Its echo in the memory; it brings
 (Alas! that it should be but memory!)
 The carol of the robin—and the hum
 Of the returning bee—the winds at eve,
 And the low, bell-like tinkle of the brook
 That ripples round the garden. Then we see
 The great elm-shadow, with the threshold stone
 That garnered up the sunshine; and the vine
 That crept around the colonnade, and bloomed,
 Close-clinging as a love unchangeable.

We dream of gay boy-brothers, sleeping now
 'Neath grasses rank on lonely battle-fields—
 And seem to feel, perchance, the blessed light
 Of our sweet mother's smile—the holy breath
 Of a good father's benison. We think
 Of the white marbles where their hearts are laid
 Down to a dreamless slumbering;—ah! *then*
 Rush the thick, blinding tears—and we can see
 No more!

THE AUCTIONEER.

Up with the red flag! wave it wide
 Over the gay and fair;
 O'er things of love and things of pride
 It flaunteth everywhere.
 Bring the hammer—the auction-block,
 Gather ye hearts of stone—
 "Here's excellent bargains, and premiums stock—
 Going—going—gone!"

Wrecks of a ruined household band
 Cast on a silent shore;
 Heart-breaks scattered along the sand,
 Where the tide comes up no more.
 Amid the relics the auctioneer
 Standeth—a wrecker lone;
 Bidding them off with a jest and jeer—
 "Going—going—gone!"

Here's a mirror—a faithful friend—
 For, without a shade of guile,
 It tells when passions the dark brow bend,
 And it gives you smile for smile.
 No more—no more will its counsels lend—
 Ha! hark to that flippant tone—
 "How much?—how much for this faithful friend?
 Going—going—gone!"

Here is a purple divan—soft,
 And circled with silken fringe;
 Here the lord of the manor slumbered oft,
 And the couch's richest tinge
 Was dull and cold to the golden shower
 Which over his visions shone:
 "Who bids?—who bids for the dreams of power?
 Going—going—gone!"

A pendule strikes—with a dreamy chime,
 Like that which the spirit hears
 In the notes of a curious, quaint old rhyme,
 That telleth of bygone years.
 But the owner's passed to another clime,
 His last sad sands are run:
 "How much?—how much for the wings of time?
 Going—going—gone!"

Costly lamps: when the golden spire
 Rose o'er the festal board,
 How dim it shone to the eyes of fire,
 Where Love's sweet light was stored!
 But those eyes grew dark—like stars that roam
 Afar from the "great white throne:"
 "Who bids?—who bids for the lights of home?
 Going—going—gone!"

Statues, too: here's an angel band
 Just parting a curtain's fold,
 While a cherub places a flowery band
 In the fair young sleeper's hold;
 Then a laughing boy, with his two white doves,
 Carved in the Parian stone:
 "How much?—how much for the household loves?
 Going—going—gone!"

A dainty volume, clasped with gold,
 Its links still bright and new;
 It whispered a love that could ne'er be told,
 And it bound the giver true:
 On the first blank leaf it is written now—
 "Thine—thine alone!"
 "Who bids? who bids for the broken vow?
 Going—going—gone!"

And here is a picture—pale and fair,
 What a soul looks from its eyes
 Through shadowy clouds of golden hair,
 Like a peri from the skies!
 So like to her in the church-yard laid
 When the autumn rains came on:
 "How much for a beauty that cannot fade?
 Going—going—gone!"

Here is the carpet, with flowers dense,
 Her fairy feet once trod,
 And the little cradle-bed from whence
 Her baby went up to God,
 Here is the harp with its broken strings
 Her white hand moved upon:
 "Who bids?—who bids for this lot of things?
 Going—going—gone!"

Thank God, he cannot sell the heart—
 We bury our treasures there;
 Warm tears that up to the eyelids start,
 And the baby's lisping prayer;
 Songs that we loved in a bygone day—
 Sweet words, many a one;
 We bury them deep—where none may say,
 "Going—going—gone!"

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE NORTH STAR. A Story of Medieval Norway. By Mrs. E. E. Henry-Ruffin. Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Publishers.

A powerfully conceived and vividly expressed story of love and war, of struggle and sacrifice, of the clash between Christianity and paganism.

No pen has ever drawn a finer type of the dauntless warrior, who is at the same time full of manly tenderness and a noble capacity for friendships, for loyal comrades and devotion to pure womanhood.

Brave as Ivanhoe, he is not an incomplete hero, like Ivanhoe. Leonine as Richard Plantaganet, he is not ferociously brutal as *Cœur de Lion* was. Comparing the hero of "The North Star" with other war-like heroes of fiction, he is incomparably superior to the Wallace of Jane Porter's "Scottish Chiefs," altogether a truer, finer conception than Maurice Hewlett's "Richard Yea and Nay," and equal in every respect to the wonderful Arthur of Tennyson's "Idylls of the King."

"The North Star" is a book full of incident and diabolism but one feels that it reproduces faithfully the ruthless methods, the wild passions, the rude manners, the bloody strife for place and plunder and power that rent Denmark and Norway, Britain and Ireland, at that era. The conclusion of the book is especially fine.

King Olaf's last wife nags at him, goads him, taunts him, now weeping, now jeering, until he starts up in desperation and agrees to make war upon enemies much more powerful than himself. There is a great sea fight, but Olaf is betrayed and overpowered. Crushed, broken-hearted, he quits Norway, forsakes the world, and journeys to the Holy Land.

His faithful harper, grieving at his separation from his lord, bids farewell to wife and child, and goes forth to find Olaf. The book closes with Olaf's death in the desert.

Thomas Carlyle, in his "Early Kings of Norway" calls Olaf "the most beautiful and far-shining soul ever seen in the North."

THE SEVEN AGES OF WASHINGTON. By Owen Wister. The Macmillan Company, New York City.

The most satisfying portrayal of Washington—the *real Washington*—that has ever been put in a book.

The author's phraseology is extremely happy and his clearness of thought and statement delightful. In making his studies for this work, Owen Wister has read thoroughly, but not widely. The material which he uses is of the best character, and his use of it is honest, discriminating and masterly. Yet, if one is to take the bibliography given by the author as the measure of his reading on the subject of his own book, a vast deal of Washington material was deliberately ignored. It is particularly to be regretted that Owen Wister did not consult Moncure D. Conway's *Life of Edmund Randolph*, and the *Memoirs of Moncure D. Conway*, recently published. These, I am sure, would have convinced Owen Wister that Washington did his faithful friend, Randolph, the grossest injustice, and that Randolph was innocent of the accusation brought against him by the English party and the Hamilton clique.

STARTING IN LIFE. By Nathaniel C. Fowler, Jr. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Price \$1.50.

In this unique and most wholesomely instructive work, the author takes, one by one, the various vocations which boys and girls choose for their life-work, and upon each he has something to say that is well worth consideration.

Suppose a young man or young woman decides to become a stenographer; in that case, Mr. Fowler's chapter of advice, suggestion, and instruction is worth its weight in gold. So it is with his chapters in which he counsels with him who means to be a physician, or an architect, or a clerk in a department store, or a book-keeper, or a lawyer, or a musician, or a teacher. In fact, the author runs the whole gamut of occupations, public and private, and he has something helpful to say on every one of them.

I have always considered Todd's "*Student's Manual*" a book so extremely useful to young men who are about to be sent off to college that it has been a wonder to me that some philanthropic society did not make a specialty of keeping it prominently before the eyes of parents, guardians and trustees. The work is now out of print, and few copies could be found for love or money. Yet it was a book that made a better boy out of every youth who read it, and no one who *did* read it before going to college, as I did, could help feel a sincere regret that a work so full of wisdom, of sympathetic advice, of *judicious warning*, should have been permitted to die.

Now, of like faith and order is, "*Starting in Life*." The book is wholesome, is helpful, is practical, is full of common sense advice, warning, and instruction. No young person of either sex could possibly read it carefully without being materially benefited.

RUNNING HORSE INN. A Novel. By Alfred Tresidder Sheppard. Philadelphia; J. B. Lippincott Co.

A weirdly fascinating story of English life-among-the-lowly, at the beginning of the Nineteenth Century. It is a story of two sons of an innkeeper who love the daughter of a rich, ambitious neighbor who has determined that she shall wed an adjoining landowner.

The younger brother goes to the wars and serves with gallantry under Wellington in Spain. He falls, severely wounded,

at Toulouse, and is reported "missing." His family think him dead.

His elder brother wins the proud man's daughter, and the book opens with a dramatic and melancholy return home of the soldier to the Running Horse Inn, on the evening when his brother is returning from church with his bride. She has eloped while her father is in London and *he* comes to the Inn, also, to insult the groom and curse the bride. He does both with great vigor.

The history of the married life of the young couple, of the unhappiness of the ex-soldier, of the ruin brought upon the young people by going into debt to enlarge and improve the Inn, the downward path of the ex-soldier, his going up to London to take part in an abortive revolt against the Government, his return to the Inn from which he had been driven because of his efforts to betray his brother's wife, the final bitter quarrel of the brothers, the application of the forlorn ex-soldier to the rich neighbor for work, the desperation which takes possession of the outcast when he is driven off—threatened with having the fierce watchdog set on him,—the fury which drives him to set fire to the rich man's hay-rick, the rush of his married brother to extinguish the flames, the climax when the proprietor comes upon the scene and is shot,—make a narrative of intense and sustained interest.

There are not many books which throw more sidelights upon the times of one hundred years ago. The Running Horse Inn proves that its author saturated his mind with the customs, manners and mannerisms of that period, before putting pen to paper to write this most readable volume.

The character-drawing is extremely good, and the fireside talk of the ale-drinking group is full of humor.

I doubt whether the horrors of war have even been set forth with a more terrible vividness than in the revelations of the ex-soldier who had been with Wellington in Spain.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

WHARTON, N. J., Sept. 16, 1906.
HON. THOS. E. WATSON, Editor.

My Dear Sir:—Please find herewith forty cents in stamps, and I will thank you to mail me copy of your May and June JEFFERSONIAN. I must add a word of congratulation and encouragement. The effect your Magazine has in this district is wonderful. My own community is quite inclined to populism where the Magazine, as expected, is correctly estimated. But I was given a pleasant surprise some weeks ago when, in making an address on the "Pioneer" and mentioning your name as one of our pioneer thinkers, the applause was almost extravagant. Your historical works are indeed "crumbs of comfort" to the natural Democrat, and are treasures to any library. On what days are you in Atlanta? I contemplate a trip through the South the latter part of this month and I would keenly appreciate the opportunity to shake your hand. My best wishes are for your health, happiness and success.

Most truly yours,
W. C. ELLIS.

AMERICUS, GA., Oct. 11, 1907.
DEAR MR. WATSON:

Your card of the 5th inst. to hand. Your Magazine is the cleanest, most attractive and most instructive Magazine on the market. With best wishes for you and success of your work, I am,

Yours very truly,
J. L. KENYON.

BENNETTSVILLE, S. C., Sept. 11, 1907.

My Dear Sir:—I have read with great pleasure and profit your Life and Times of Thomas Jefferson, and I wish to express to you my appreciation of the

work. As great as my admiration has been for Jefferson, you have increased that respect by this volume. You have changed my estimate of Hamilton, and removed from my mind certain "clouds," as touching the work of Jefferson in many different circumstances. I, as a young Southerner, thank you for this book. Your "Napoleon" has also been enjoyed.

Respectfully,
J. K. OWENS.

JOHNSTON, W. Va., Oct 14, 1907.
THOMAS E. WATSON.

Dear Sir:—Please send the Magazine when time is up. I want them to leave to my children. I think it the best education, generally, I ever saw.

I left the Republican party when they resumed specie payment. I have no confidence in the Democratic party nor any other party or man that swaps jackets every other day.

I am nearly 80, and for 30 years have been what is called a "Greenbacker," in a Democratic neighborhood, and I can't make the people believe that you are a Democrat.

Please excuse this awkward note. The Magazine—send it.

FRANK MOUNT.

P. S. I have taken it from the first one that came out, and will take it as long as I can see to read it.

FRANK MOUNT.

PITTSBURGH, PA., July 19, 1907.
MR. THOS. E. WATSON,
Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir:—Your card and July Magazine received. Find enclosed subscription for one year.

I think that this move of the corpor-

ations to conceal themselves behind the Fourteenth Amendment is merely a part of their scheme of deception. They realize that no State has the right to charter an organization that has power to "abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States," and that, therefore, their charters are not valid. They have it figured out that their only salvation is to get Federal charters or else get the Fourteenth Amendment repealed. In their effort to make use of this amendment they aim to create public sentiment against it and thus pave the way for repeal. They reason that race prejudice will help their scheme, and if they can supplement this with the growing prejudice against trusts they will be in a fair way to succeed with this trick.

It seems to me that literal interpretation of the Constitution is absolutely essential to its stability. If it amounts to anything it must *speaks for itself*. If it has no intrinsic meaning it has no value. Mankind can not consistently render allegiance to principles of which they have no advance knowledge. If we must go back over the uncertain records of history in search of "legislative intent" there will always be argument as to what the Constitution means. It seems to me, therefore, that the *intent*, as expressed by the preamble, should be taken as the basis of all interpretation.

If the corporation is a "citizen," does not the Eleventh Amendment apply to an action by same against a State? If I understand that amendment the Federal court has no jurisdiction in such cases.

In my judgment it will be a sorry day for the American people when the politicians get to tinkering with the Constitution.

Very truly yours,

JAS. M. ALLEN.

Diamond Sqr. S. S., Pittsburg, Pa.

WARNER, N. II., 1907.

MR. THOMAS WATSON,

Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Sir: I trust the contents of this letter will excuse my addressing a personal letter to you.

The first numbers of *Tom Watson's Magazine* was called to my attention while staying at Fruithurst, Ala. I was so impressed with the good it might accomplish that I subscribed for it and sent it to a radical Republican friend and voter in Massachusetts. About a year later I sent a year's subscription to a friend in Maine and another to my brother in New Hampshire, with the request that he would read it and then loan it to his neighbors to read.

Last year while spending the season here I sent in a subscription for the public library in this village. On my return this summer I learned that only two numbers were received, as its publication was then suspended. The librarian has written the publishers and has at last just received a number of *The Business World* from them. Well, the brilliant editorials of the *Tom Watson's Magazine* are missing, and so I venture to ask you to send, at least, a sample copy of your new Magazine, which I learn from the April number of *Cosmopolitan* you are publishing in Atlanta, to the library here. Of course they would be glad if the year's subscription could be filled out by you, which, of course, I recognize, under the circumstances, you are under no obligation to do. I remain,

Yours most truly,

M. E. BURKE.

MORRIS HEIGHTS, N. Y., Sept. 27, 1907.

HON. THOMAS E. WATSON,

Thomson, Ga.

Dear Mr. Watson: I have just finished your "Life and Times of Thomas Jefferson," and am taking this opportunity of writing you and saying how much I have enjoyed it. I have always been an admirer of Jefferson, but I derived more information about him from your book than from any other work, and it always seemed to me that he was a ripe scholar and an admirable President.

I have not read Woodrow Wilson's book, nor Lodge's history, so of course am not capable of passing an opinion on their works. It seems to me, however, that you are rather hard on Madison. Is

he not looked upon as a scholar, and a man of a good deal of force? And I should imagine his private life was above reproach.

Yours,

JOHN MCK. CAMP.

NOTE: Mr. Madison *was* a scholar. Our correspondent will not find that I classed him otherwise. In a deliberative assembly, and at the Councilboard, he *was a man of force*; but he was *not a man of action* and, therefore, he failed, miserably, to measure up to the occasion during the War of 1812.

In fact, Madison was something of a prig,—though of statesmanly proportions. In his heart of hearts, he was *not* a Jeffersonian democrat.

—————
MONTGOMERY, ALA., 1907.

HON. THOS. E. WATSON,

Thomson, Ga.

My Dear Sir: I have been much interested in your "Napoleon," parts of which I have read several times.

"He had come to believe that interest governed all men,—that no such things as disinterested patriotism, truth, honor, and virtue existed on earth."—Pp. 127.

This was practically true; but it occurs to me that Napoleon gave the loftiest of reasons for his state of mind. These reasons are recorded in the "Memoirs" of Madame Rimusat in course of a conversation between herself and Napoleon (during the Consulate), on a journey through Belgium. You will find the matter referred to in the first part of her chapter devoted to a description of that journey.

If you would care to read it and have not the Remusat Memoirs, will be glad to send you a copy of extract. Have not the book before me now.

Faithfully yours,

W. C. SWANSON.

—————
BOONEVILLE, ARK., Aug. 7, 1907.

THOS. E. WATSON.

Dear Sir and Brother: I have been keeping five copies of your Magazine going in this community ever since you commenced in New York. I sell one each month, I swap two each month for local

reading, and give one to some poor fellow who looks like he needed a draught of first-class knowledge. I have sent you one subscriber, Marshal Brooks, of Magazine, Ark. I could help you more, but I work ten hours each day, and seven days in the week, besides some overtime, which leaves me but little time for anything else. I delight to read your strong, manly editorials. When I see the untold and colossal opportunities that the people throw down before the idol of party, I no longer wonder at the heathen casting themselves under the wheels of the juggernaut car. I think if they had had as much sense as the people of today they would have all crawled under the car, priest and all.

Yours for the success of right,

L. A. SMITH.

Booneville, Ark., Box 75.

—————
COPPEROPOLIS, CAL., Oct. 5, 1907.

HON. THOMAS E. WATSON,

Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir: A few days ago I received, by the kindness of some patriot, a copy of *Watson's Weekly Jeffersonian*, the first that I have had the pleasure of seeing. Of course it has the right ring, and although not very large, is chock full of news as well as logie. Yes, I like its style very much, but as I am a subscriber to its twin brother, the *JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE*, I will not subscribe for a little while yet, at least not until some of my other Eastern subscriptions run out. And I am taking several at this time, among which is Mr. Tibbles' *Omaha Investigator, A Star*; also Mr. Berges' *Independent*, before and even after its consolidation with *Farmer and Hog Breeder*.

But all this has nothing to do with what I really want to say. In looking over the copy that was sent me, I caught the heading, "Why Not Sell the Philippines." Why, certainly that interested me. Why not sell out? But before I got through with the article I was disgusted. It appears that the *Age-Herald*, whatever that may be, was quoting the *New York Herald* as advocating the sale

of the islands and its people to Tom, Dick or Harry, or whoever would give the most money. Now, Mr. *Age-Herald*, I want to say to you—whoever you are—that, according to my way of thinking (however, I claim to be a patriot), you did not do your duty or you would have just punched the New York *Herald* once in the ribs, by informing him that patriots and lovers of liberty never sold countries and their people to outsiders, but if they sell, they must go to the true owners or occupants of the land and say to them: Gentlemen, we have a bad job on our hands, and we want to unload, and will unload to you at cost, but will sell to no one else. How quick (in my opinion) they would jump at the chance of not only paying the original twenty million given to Spain, but also the subsequent expenses of twenty-five or thirty millions more, caused principally by boodle and graft.

Oh, yes, they will take the whole load, and glad of the chance, and, moreover, they will pay it, too, and that within ten or fifteen years. So that is the way. Mr. *Age-Herald*, I suggest that you talk to the New York *Herald*, or anyone else advocating similar lines.

Yours for a patriot,
T. A. DENSON.

PARIS, TEX., Aug. 6, 1907.
HON. THOS. E. WATSON,
Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir: I see from last week's *Jeffersonian* that you have taken the circulation of your two publications into your own hands and request the names of reading men be sent you. I sent in 14 names for first issue of your JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE. All seem well pleased. The voters here are not reading as they did a few years ago. We are having an election here today, six amendments to our State Constitution having been submitted by the legislature. Less than one-half of

the voters know that an election has been ordered at this time. On the second inst. I met seven fairly intelligent gentlemen, of middle age and over, and only one knew of the election. Such is the result of having one dominant political party or two, controlled by men whose interests are identical. I send you a few names; could send more, but many have changed to rural routes and have Tom Watson boxes at their gates or on the public roads, and I am not advised of their place of distribution or route number. Many of the old guard have moved West or to the Territories. Weather fine, crops late, business dull. Wishing you great success.

Yours truly,
H. M. McCRISTIAN.

OZARK, ALA., Sept. 6, 1907.
HON. THOS. E. WATSON,
Thomson, Ga.

My Dear Sir: I have just finished reading your splendid work on the "Life and Times of Thomas Jefferson." Such was my unqualified enjoyment of it, that I cannot refrain from offering (humbly) my congratulations to its author, although I know not whether or not you care for, or have time to listen to the plaudits of your obscure brothers of this section. Mr. Watson, you are doing a grand work. If you, perchance, succeed only measurably in rescuing the growing Southern youth from the hands of a prejudiced and biased literature, you shall not have striven in vain. Between the lines, and even in the glowing sentences, I gather that this seems to be the chief burden of your effort. Oh, most noble purpose—worthy cause—the cause of *Truth!*

May God bless you, dear sir, and give you a long measure of enjoyable days here as the meed of your labors. With great respect, I am, my dear sir,

Yours most truly,
F. B. CULLENS.

